



MOORE'S

IRISH MELODIES.



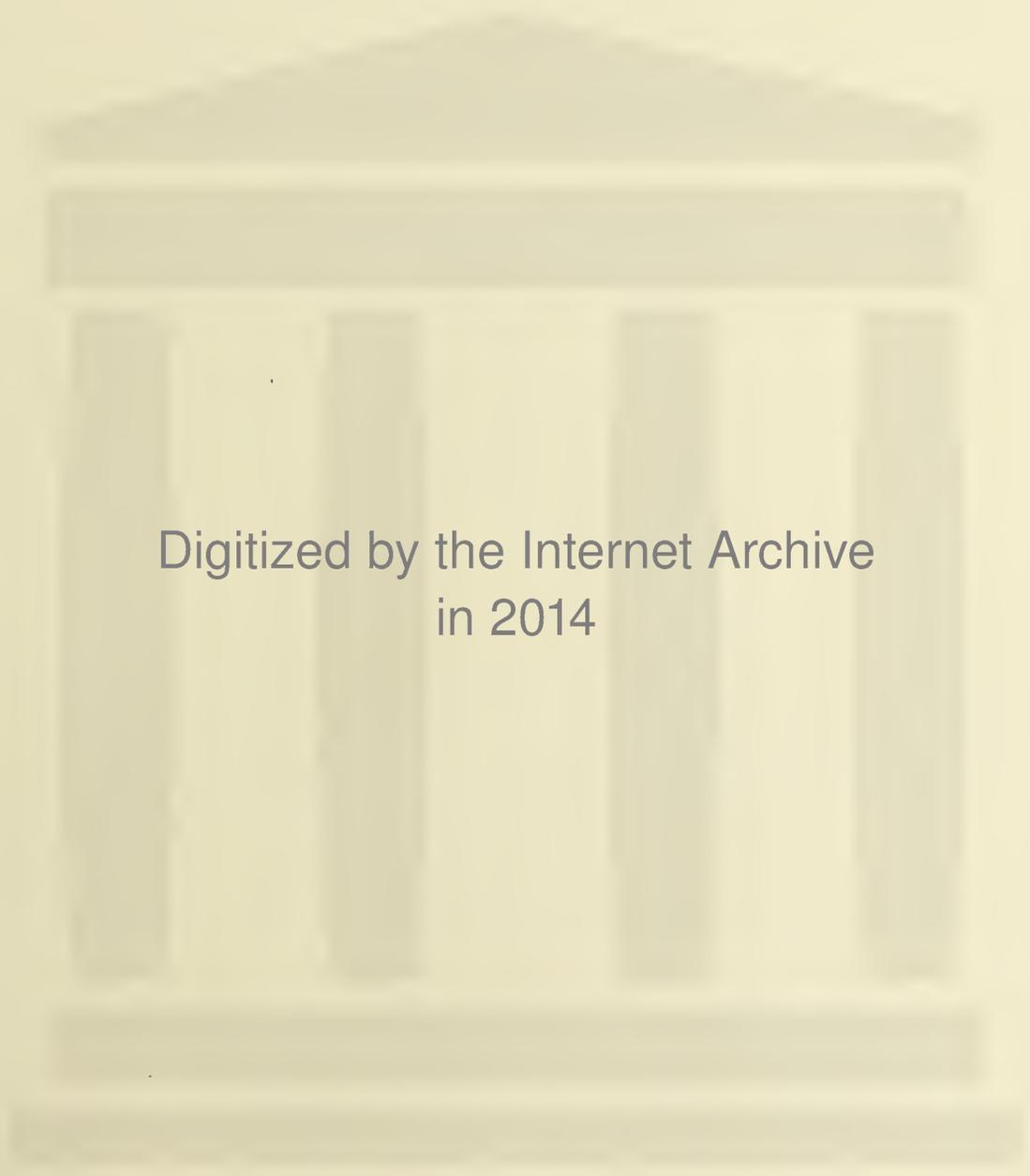
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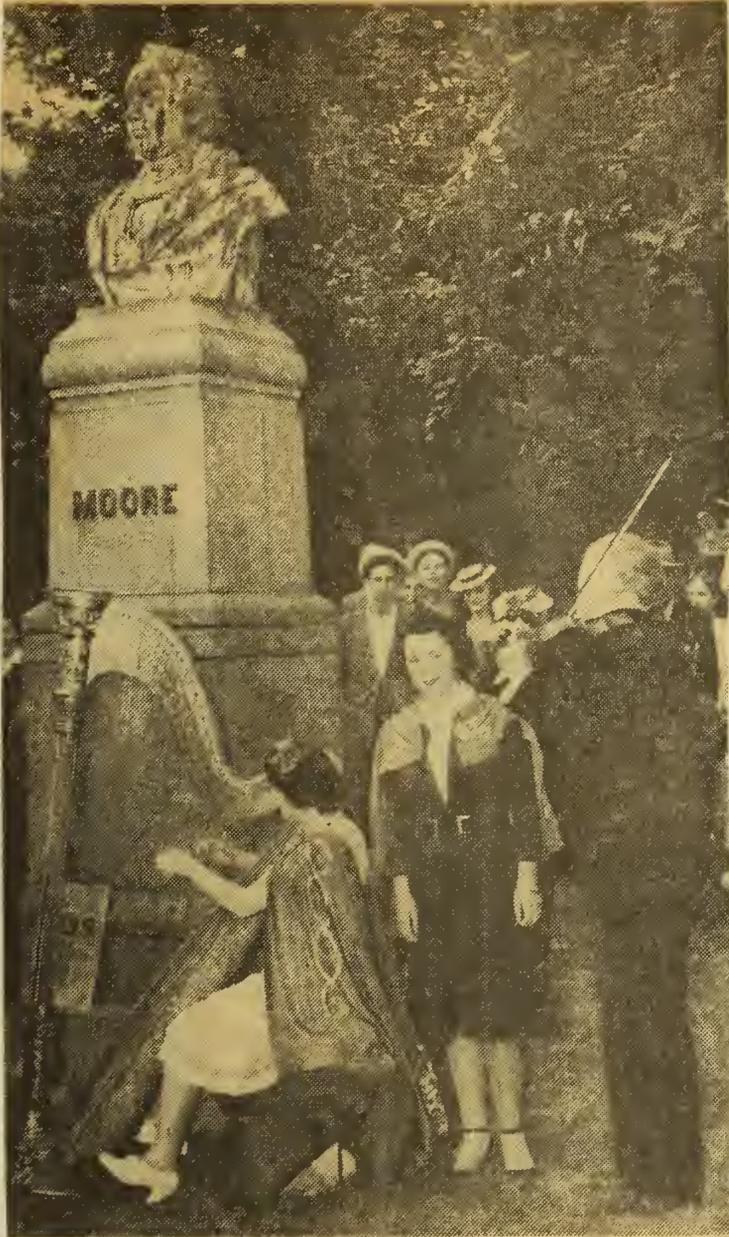
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HONORING MEMORY AND MELODY OF IRISH POET



At the foot of the statue of Thomas Moore in Central Park, Mae Behan, mezzo-soprano, is accompanied by Josephine P. Smith, harpist, and Francis Flanagan, violinist, as she sings, "The Last Rose of Summer."

The New York Times

THOMAS MOORE HONORED

Irish Sing Poet's Melodies in Central Park Observance

The skirl of bagpipes and voices singing Irish melodies drew hundreds of persons yesterday to the statue of the Irish poet, Thomas Moore, near the Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue entrance to Central Park. The program, marking the 173d anniversary of the poet's birthday, was presented by the Feis Committee of the United Irish Counties Association of New York.

While most of the two-hour program was devoted to the singing and playing of Moore's poems and melodies, brief speeches were made by Garth Healy, Irish Consul General in New York, James J. Comerford, assistant district attorney of New York County and chairman of the committee, and Joseph F. McLoughlin, chief clerk of the Appellate Term of Supreme Court.

Entertainers included Margaret Leary, Mary and Eileen Cagney, Kathleen Doyle, Helen Legge, Seamus O'Doherty, Edward Flaherty, Josephine Smith, Francis Flanagan, and members of the Armagh Pipers Band. Sean P. Keating, president of the association, placed a wreath at the monument.

5-25-53

A memorial service for Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, was held yesterday afternoon, on the 164th anniversary of his birth, at the Moore Monument near the East Fifty-ninth Street entrance to Central Park. The program included the singing of several of Moore's melodies and a talk on the life of the poet by Professor James O'Brien of the Romance Language Department at Fordham University. 5-30-43

Professor O'Brien referred to Moore as "the most universal voice the people of Ireland have ever had in sorrow, or in gladness."

The ceremony opened with "The

Star-Spangled Banner," the music of which is identical with that of Moore's "To Anacreon in Heaven." Among the other songs were "The Last Rose of Summer" and the "Soldiers' Song," sung by Mae Behan, Rita McLoughlin, Seamus O'Doherty and Julia R. Lennon to the accompaniment of Josephine P. Smith, harpist, and Francis Flanagan, violinist.

The exercises ended with the placing of a wreath on the Moore Monument by Terry Long, president of the Dublin Society. Joseph F. McLoughlin, chairman of the Irish Feis to be held on the Fordham campus June 20, made the arrangements for the ceremony.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

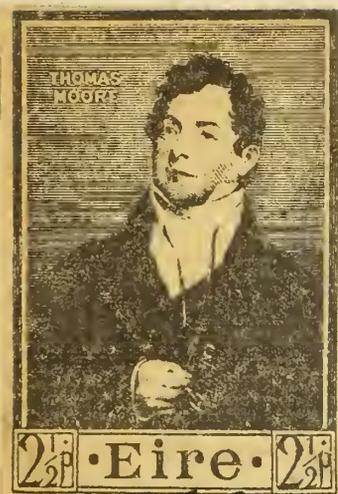
IN COMMEMORATION

OF THE

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

BIRTH OF THE POET.



10-23-52 Zurich
A special commemorative to mark the 100th anniversary of the death of the Irish poet, Thomas Moore, will be issued by the Irish Post Office on November 10, 1952. The stamp will be issued in two denominations, 2½d. wine color, 3½d. green. The portrait of Moore appearing on the stamp is a reproduction of a painting by the Irish artist, Sir M. Archer Shee, which hangs in the National Gallery of Ireland. Moore, a musician as well as poet, is perhaps best known for his ever popular songs such as "Oft in the Stilly Night," "Meeting of the Waters," and "Last Rose of Summer."

MOORE'S
IRISH MELODIES

1911
WITH

THE CELEBRATED AND UNSURPASSED

SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

OF

SIR JOHN STEVENSON, MUS. DOC.,

AND

SIR HENRY BISHOP.

Illustrated by Twenty Original Steel Engravings,

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.

“Come, God, must the heart be,
And void of emotion,
That loves not the music
Of Erin-go-bragh!”

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V. 1

CONTENTS.

FIRST LINES.	AIRS.	PAGE
ALONE IN CROWDS	<i>Shule Aroon</i>	342
AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS	<i>Unknown</i>	298
AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW	<i>The Young Man's Dream</i>	26
AS SLOW OUR SHIP	<i>The Girl I left behind me</i>	348
AS VANQUISHED ERIN	<i>The Boyne Water</i>	310
AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT	<i>Molly, my Dear!</i>	144
AVENGING AND BRIGHT	<i>Crooghan a Venée</i>	125
BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS	<i>My Lodging is on the Cold Ground</i>	60
BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE	<i>The Brown Irish Girl</i>	313
BY THE FEAL'S WAVE BENIGHTED (DESMOND'S SONG)	<i>Unknown</i>	306
BY THE HOPE WITHIN US SPRINGING (BEFORE THE BATTLE)	<i>The Fairy Queen</i>	78
COME O'ER THE SEA	<i>Cuishliu ma chree</i>	178
COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM	<i>Lough Sheeling</i>	196
COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE	<i>We brought the Summer with us</i>	56
DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY	<i>New Langolee</i>	210
DRINK TO HER	<i>Heigh ho! my Jacky</i>	92
DOWN IN THE VALLEY (THE FORTUNE-TELLER)	<i>Open the door softly</i>	122
DRINK OF THIS CUP	<i>Paddy O'Rafferty</i>	267
ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE	<i>Aileen Aroon</i>	6
FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE	<i>Cummilum</i>	294
FAREWELL! BUT, WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR	<i>Moll Roone</i>	158
FILL THE BUMPER FAIR	<i>Bob and Joan</i>	206
FLY NOT YET	<i>Planxty Kelly</i>	14
FORGET NOT THE FIELD	<i>The Lamentation of Aughrim</i>	239
FROM THIS HOUR THE PLEDGE IS GIVEN	<i>Renardine</i>	376
GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE	<i>The Maid of the Valley</i>	1
HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?	<i>Sly Patrick</i>	356
HERE WE DWELL IN HOLIEST BOWERS		
(LOVE AND THE NOVICE)	<i>Cean dubh Delish</i>	135

FIRST LINES.	AIRS.	PAGE
HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES	<i>The Twisting of the Rope</i>	34
HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED	<i>The Dear Black Maid</i>	40
HOW SWEET THE ANSWER ECHO MAKES (ECHO) ..	<i>The Wren</i>	264
I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME	<i>The Rose Tree</i>	171
I SAW FROM THE BEACH	<i>Miss Molly</i>	202
I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME	<i>Domhnall</i>	95
I'VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE	<i>Oh! Southern Breeze</i>	291
I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE	<i>I wish I was on yonder Hill</i>	119
IF THOU'LT BE MINE	<i>The Winnowing Sheet</i>	236
IN THE MORNING OF LIFE	<i>The Little Harvest-Rose</i>	350
IN YONDER VALLEY (THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE) ..	<i>The Mountain Sprite</i>	302
IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED ..	<i>The Sixpence</i>	98
LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE	<i>If the Sea were Ink</i>	363
LESBIA HAS A BEAMING EYE	<i>Nora Creina</i>	111
LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD	<i>The Red Fox</i>	52
LIKE THE BRIGHT LAMP (ERIN! OH ERIN!) ..	<i>Thamama Halla</i>	66
MY GENTLE HARP	<i>The Coina or Dirge</i>	31
NAY, TELL ME NOT	<i>Dennis, do n't be Threatening</i>	128
NE'ER ASK THE HOUR	<i>My Husband's a Journey to Portugal gone</i> ..	248
NIGHT CLOSED AROUND THE CONQUEROR'S WAY		
(AFTER THE BATTLE)	<i>Thy Fair Bosom</i>	84
NO, NOT MORE WELCOME	<i>Luggelaw</i>	181
OF ALL THE FAIR MONTHS (O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS)	<i>The Little and Great Mountain</i>	150
OH ARRANMORE, LOVED ARRANMORE	<i>Killdroughalt Fair</i>	360
OH, BANQUET NOT	<i>Planxty Irwine</i>	272
OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD	<i>Kitty Tyrrel</i>	70
OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME	<i>The Brown Maid</i>	8
OH, COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD OF OURS ..	<i>Basket of Oysters</i>	319
OH! DOUBT ME NOT	<i>Yellow Wat and the Fox</i>	100
OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME	<i>Unknown</i>	242
OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE	<i>Sheela na Guira</i>	156
OH! HASTE, AND LEAVE THIS SACRED ISLE		
(ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY)	<i>The Brown Thorn</i>	28
OH! THE DAYS ARE GONE (LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM) ..	<i>The Old Woman</i>	63
OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING	<i>Planxty Sudley</i>	281
OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT ..	<i>John O'Reilly the Active</i>	20
OH! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK	<i>Thady, you Gander</i>	86
OH! WEEP FOR THE HOUR (EVELEEN'S BOWER) ..	<i>Unknown</i>	45
OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE	<i>Sios agus sios liom</i>	233
OH, YE DEAD	<i>Plough Tune</i>	258
ONE BUMPER AT PARTING!	<i>Moll Roe in the Morning</i>	146

CONTENTS.

vii

FIRST LINES.	AIRS.	PAGE
QUICK! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND	<i>Paddy Snap</i>	345
REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE		
(WAR SONG)	<i>Molly Macalpin</i>	4
REMEMBER THEE	<i>Castle Tirowen</i>	224
RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE	<i>The Summer is coming</i>	23
SAIL ON, SAIL ON	<i>The Humming of the Ban</i>	252
SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT	<i>Macfarlane's Lamentation</i>	168
SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND	<i>Open the Door</i>	261
SHE SANG OF LOVE	<i>The Munster Man</i>	366
SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTIVE HALLS	<i>The Green Woods of Truigha</i>	379
SILENT, O MOYLE! BE THE ROAR OF THY WATER		
(THE SONG OF FIONNUALA)	<i>Arrah, my dear Eveleen</i>	54
SING—SING—MUSIC WAS GIVEN	<i>The Humours of Ballamaguiry; or, The Old Langolee</i>	369
SING, SWEET HARP, OH SING TO ME	<i>Unknown</i>	330
STRIKE THE GAY HARP, SEE THE MOON IS ON HIGH		
(THE NIGHT DANCE)	<i>The Night-cap</i>	352
SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING	<i>The Black Joke</i>	103
SWEET INNISFALLEN	<i>The Captivating Youth</i>	284
TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE	<i>Dermott</i>	37
THE DAWNING OF MORN	<i>Stacca an Mharaga</i>	278
THE DREAM OF THOSE DAYS	<i>I love you above all the rest</i>	323
THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS	<i>Gramachree</i>	12
THE MEETING OF THE WATERS	<i>The Old Head of Denis</i>	213
THE MINSTREL BOY	<i>The Moreen</i>	152
THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING	<i>Pease upon a Trencher</i>	190
THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME		
(THE SONG OF O'RUARK, PRINCE OF BREFFNI)	<i>The Pretty Girl milking her Cow</i>	154
THE WINE-CUP IS CIRCLING	<i>Michael Hoy</i>	373
THE YOUNG MAY MOON	<i>The Dandy O!</i>	270
THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH	<i>The Priest in his Boots</i>	174
THEY CAME FROM A LAND BEYOND THE SEA		
(SONG OF INNISFAIL)	<i>Peggy Bawn</i>	216
THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART	<i>Coolon Das</i>	316
THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE	<i>Noch bonin shin doe</i>	245
THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUERED	<i>The Bunch of Green Rushes</i>	138
THOUGH DARK ARE OUR SORROWS (THE PRINCE'S DAY)	<i>St. Patrick's Day</i>	106
THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET	<i>Farewell, Eamon</i>	326
THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN	<i>Coulin</i>	18
THROUGH ERIN'S ISLE (OH, THE SHAMROCK)	<i>Alley Croker</i>	141
THROUGH GRIEF AND THROUGH DANGER		
(THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS)	<i>I once had a True-Love</i>	90

FIRST LINES.	AIRS.	PAGE
'T IS BELIEVED THAT THIS HARP	<i>Gage Fane</i>	165
'T IS GONE, AND FOR EVER	<i>Savournah Deelish</i>	198
'T IS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER	<i>Groves of Blarney</i>	162
TO LADIES' EYES	<i>Fague a Ballagh</i>	193
TO-MORROW, COMRADE, WE (SONG OF THE BATTLE-EVE) ..	<i>Cruiskeen Lawn</i>	334
'T WAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS	<i>The Song of the Woods</i>	288
WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD	<i>Garyone</i>	43
WEEP ON, WEEP ON	<i>The Song of Sorrow</i>	108
WHAT LIFE LIKE THAT OF THE BARD CAN BE (THE WANDERING BARD)	<i>Planxty O'Reilly</i>	338
WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWRET	<i>The Yellow Horse</i>	132
WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH	<i>Limerick's Lamentation</i>	220
WHEN DAYLIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING UNDER THE BILLOW (ILL OMENS)	<i>Kitty of Coleraine; or, Paddy's Resource</i> ..	76
WHEN FIRST I MET THEE	<i>O Patrick, fly from me</i>	184
WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE	<i>The Fox's Sleep</i>	10
WHEN IN DEATH I SHALL CALM RECLINE (THE LEGACY)	<i>Unknown</i>	42
WHEN THROUGH LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE (ON MUSIC)	<i>Banks of Banna</i>	116
WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES	<i>Father Quinn</i>	230
WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT	<i>Oonagh</i>	72
WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE	<i>Paddy Whack</i>	186
WREATH THE BOWL	<i>Noran Kitsa</i>	226
YES, SAD ONE OF ZION! IF CLOSELY RESEMBLING (THE PARALLEL)	<i>I would rather than Ireland</i>	255
YOU REMEMBER ELLEN	<i>Were I a Clerk</i>	275

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAINTER.	PAGE
PORTRAIT OF MOORE	SIR T. LAWRENCE, P.R.A. (<i>Frontispiece.</i>)	
RICH AND RARE	FISHER	23
EVELEEN	R. I. BOTT	45
THE IRISH GIRL	A. ELMORE, R.A.	48
LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM... ..	A. DERBY	63
YOUNG KITTY	J. WRIGHT	76
LESBIA	W. P. FRITH, R.A.	111
NORAH CREINA	W. P. FRITH, R.A.	<i>ib.</i>
O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS	W. MADDOX	150
THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER	W. MADDOX	162
LAUGHING EYES	W. P. FRITH, R.A.	230
THE PLANET	H. T. BOTT	245
THE EXILE	W. P. FRITH, R.A.	261
THE HAMLET'S PRIDE	H. ROOM	275
THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE	J. WOOD	302
THE DESMOND'S LOVE... ..	CROWLEY	306
KATHLEEN	E. HANKES	313
THE GARDEN FLOWER... ..	J. WRIGHT	319
THE MORNING OF LIFE	W. P. FRITH, R.A.	350
THE STRICKEN DEER	A. ELMORE, R.A.	356

LIFE OF THOMAS MOORE.

BRILLIANT as have been the examples of genius which the Emerald Isle has produced, few have equalled, and none exceeded in gaining the universal popularity which has fallen to the lot of the National Poet, Thomas Moore. From its earliest days, Ireland has been the land of song and poetry. Her Bards had no annals nor records but what were in verse. These Bards were the only people who delivered down the history of their time to modern ages. "The wonderful tales which they told, and the melody with which they accompanied them, made these people the delight of the simple ages." Moore amply fulfilled such a mission in modern days. The late Earl Russell tersely gives his estimate of him. "As a poet, Moore must always hold a high place. Of English lyrical poets, he is surely the first. Beautiful specimens of lyrical poetry may, indeed, be found, from the earliest times of our literature, to the days of Burns, of Campbell, and of Tennyson, but no one poet can equal Moore in the united excellence and abundance of his productions."

Thomas Moore, like many great men, sprung from comparatively obscure origin. In his own Memoirs, he says, "At this period, (1778), as I always understood, my father kept a small wine store in Johnson's Court, Grafton Street, Dublin: the same court, by the way, where I afterwards went to school. On his marriage, however, having received, I rather think, some little money with my mother, he set up business in Aungier Street, No. 12, at the corner of Little Longford Street; and in that house, on the 28th of May, 1779, I was born.

Moore's account of his early education is amusing. He relates that he went to a school kept by a "wild odd fellow," named Malone. This worthy used to pass the greater part of his nights in drinking at public-houses, and hardly ever made his appearance at school before noon, an event which was followed by his whipping all the scholars, for disturbing his slumbers. But thanks to his natural quickness, and the kindness of his mother, Moore fared better than his play-fellows. His poetic power, and lively imagination early showed their buddings. He was, at about the age of fourteen, sent to the grammar school of Samuel Whyte, the best then in Dublin. It was by the same master that the celebrated Brinsley Sheridan was educated. Under this person, Moore's talent for recitation and acting was encouraged; Mr. Whyte had a great fondness for the drama, and was fre-

quently employed in preparing persons who intended to follow the stage as a profession. Moore gives an amusing account in his "Memoirs," of his early attempts at dramatic performances, when only eleven years old; and it was at about this period, that he made his second attempt at versification. On one occasion, when a performance was got up by the lads of the school, he personated Patrick in "The Poor Soldier," and Harlequin in a pantomime, besides contributing an appropriate epilogue.

Young Moore was intended by his father for the bar; but his family were Catholics, and to members of the Roman church the Dublin University was at that period closed, and thus the only recognised avenue to the learned professions was barred against their entrance. Although this restriction was swept away by the memorable Act of 1793, which abolished the most offensive enactments against the Catholics, yet this unjust exclusion seems to have cherished in the mind of the Poet that patriotic ardour and political energy, which, in early youth, were nearly placing him in an unenviable, if not a dangerous position. He was among the first of his faith who availed themselves of the new privilege of being educated at their national University, though they were still excluded from the attainment of college honours and emoluments. He entered the University in 1794. He remarks that in 1793 he first saw his verses in print, and that then he had become a determined rhymist. Having attracted notice by his early versification, Moore determined to attempt a free translation of some of the songs and odes of Anacreon into English verse; and after accomplishing a portion of this task, he submitted the manuscript to Dr. Kearney, then one of the senior Fellows of the University, afterwards Bishop of Ossory, and requested his advice relative to laying it before the Board, in the hope of obtaining some honourable reward or distinction. That gentleman spoke very highly of the translation, and encouraged him to persevere with it, but told him he did not see that the Board of the University could, by any public reward, give their sanction to verses of so convivial and free a character. In the year 1798, or 1799, he took his degree as Bachelor of Arts, and left the University.

The young poet then proceeded to London, for the twofold purpose of keeping his terms in the Middle Temple, and publishing his translation of Anacreon, by subscription. His name had been entered in the Middle Temple so early as the year 1795 or 1796, together with that of an intimate friend of his. The account he gives of his journey to the Metropolis, and his initiation into the forms of the Middle Temple, are richly humorous, yet also at times pathetic. The elegant and voluptuous productions of the Greek poet had the credit, we are told, of softening the mind of Polycrates into a spirit of benevolence towards his subjects. "They are, indeed," says Moore, "all beauty, all enchantment. He steals us so insensibly along with him, that we sympathise even in his excesses." It is somewhat singular that Moore's first work should be dedicated to the Prince of Wales, against whom, in after years, he aimed so many of his brilliant laughing satires. Two years later Mr. Moore published his juvenile efforts, under the title of "The Poems of the late

Thomas Little ;” these were pleasing amatory trifles, some of which, in years of maturity, he would willingly have forgotten. In his preface, Moore reminds us that they were “the productions of an age when the passions very often give a colouring too warm to the imagination ; and this may palliate, if it cannot excuse, that air of levity which pervades so many of them.”

In 1803, Mr. Moore had the comparative sinecure of the treasurership of Bermuda conferred upon him ; but slight as the duties were, they were not to his taste ; so he appointed a deputy, and then proceeded on a tour through some parts of North America. American society also was not to his taste. He returned to England in no very excellent humour, and the Irish Republican Poet indulged an inconsistent sneer at what he rather superciliously called “rabble senators and merchant kings.” He admitted, however, that the title of “Poet” bespoke everywhere a kind and distinguishing welcome for its wearer ; the captain of the packet in which he crossed Lake Ontario, not only loaded him with civilities, but begged on parting to be allowed to decline payment for his passage. Progress is rapid in America ; on his journey to the Falls of Niagara he met with a slight accident, which detained him some days at Buffalo, then a mere village, consisting of huts and wigwams ; many years have rolled away since then, and the village has now become a populous and splendid city. The first sensation of the Poet on beholding the terrific fall of waters at Niagara was that of slight disappointment ; but its wild grandeur soon entirely captivated his imagination, and on each succeeding visit he seemed to behold new beauties. He tells us, “I should find it difficult to say on which occasion I felt most deeply affected : when looking on the Falls of Niagara, or when standing by moonlight among the ruins of the Coliseum.” It was during this visit that he penned that universal favourite, “The Canadian Boat Song.” The publication of two volumes of Odes and Epistles in 1806 followed Moore’s return to his native land. In the poems descriptive of American scenery, he delineates the wild and beautiful features of that vast continent, not only with the graces of imagination, but with a singularly graphic accuracy. But the work, which Moore admits, called upon him a heavy storm of censure and criticism was followed by results that more than repaid him, for subsequently the most severe of his censors became one of his most cordial and valued friends.

The satirical poems “Corruption” and “Intolerance” appeared in 1808, and the “Sceptic” in the following year. In the preface of the two first poems, Moore indicated his strong political opinions from an Irishman’s point of view, and in the “Sceptic” he gives some hard hits on the want of charity among religionists of all sects. But meanwhile, Moore had commenced his “Irish Melodies,” which have done more to popularise his name than any of his works. Their production extended from 1807 to 1828, or perhaps 1834. It would be superfluous to criticise melodies that are known and sung, it might be said, throughout all the civilised world ; but an extract from Moore’s preface to their collected edition may be of interest. He remarks : “With respect to the verses which I have written for these melodies, as they are intended rather to be sung

than read, I can answer for their sound with somewhat more confidence than their sense; yet it would be affectation to deny that I have given much attention to the task, and that it is not through want of zeal or industry if I unfortunately disgrace the sweet airs of my country by poetry altogether unworthy of their taste, their energy, and their tenderness." So far he speaks of *his* work, but he pays a high compliment to Sir John Stevenson, and we feel sure that our readers will agree with Moore in the just eulogy he passes on that composer, to whom we are indebted for the adaptation of music to the Melodies. Moore remarks: "In those airs, which are arranged for voices, his skill has particularly distinguished itself; and although it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet often, when a favourite strain has been dismissed, or having lost its charm for novelty for the ear, it returns in a harmonised shape with new claims upon our interest and attention; and to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure, independent of the rest, so artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) *gavelled* the melody, distributing an equal portion of sweetness to every part." The present work contains the musical adaptations of Sir John Stevenson, above referred to, and those of Sir Henry Bishop.

It may be briefly remarked, that the eminently National Irish spirit evinced in some of the Melodies, may in part be traced to Moore's connection, as friends, in 1798, with some of the prominent leaders of the rebellion of that period. Indeed, in his introduction to the Melodies, after giving a historical sketch of the rise and progress of the rebellion, he says in his Memoirs:—"I have continued them down to the very verge of the warning of the outbreak of 1798, the slight sketch of my early days; nor could I have furnished the Irish Melodies with any more pregnant illustration, as it was in these times, and among the events then stirring, that the feeling which afterwards found a voice in my country's music, was born and nurtured." Moore showed that he largely inherited the *esprit de corps* of his countrymen, for when Jeffrey had severely criticised his work already referred to—the "Odes and Epistles"—in the *Edinburgh Review*, Moore boldly challenged him to a hostile meeting. The "duel" was to have taken place at Chalk Farm, near London, in 1806; but just as the combatants were ready, "the Bow Street runners appeared from behind a hedge," and the valorous duellists ended the affair by being bound over to keep the peace.

Moore was now becoming a well-known man in the world of literature. In 1811 his opera, "M.P., or the Blue-Stocking," appeared, but it was not successful. In a letter, which he dates, Dublin, September 11, 1811, he complains bitterly of certain criticisms on this dramatic attempt, but he consoles himself with the following reflections:—"I shall now take to my poem, and do something, I hope, that will place me above the vulgar herd, both of worldlings and of critics; but you shall hear of me again when I get among the maids of Cashmere, the sparkling springs of Rochabad, and the fragrant bouquets of the Peris. How

much sweeter employments these than the vile joke-making I have been at these two months." These remarks foreshadow the production of "Lalla Rookh."

Moore having thus gained access to the highest class of literary and social distinction, Lord Holland, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Grey, Lord Lansdowne, Rogers the poet, Croker, and even royalty courted his company. He makes a plea for not meeting Mr. Longman before 4 p.m. on the following day, because "I dare say I shall be up all night at Carlton House." But, to some extent, he cast anchor in the sea of fashion's frivolities. In 1811 he married Miss Bessy Dyke, and thus formed an alliance of happiness. In reference to this portion of his life the opinion of the late Earl Russell may be quoted, himself a pattern of domestic felicity. The Earl remarks, in regard to this period:—"From the year of his marriage to that of his death, this excellent and beautiful person received from him the homage of a lover, enhanced by all the gratitude, all the confidences, which the daily and hourly happiness he enjoyed were sure to inspire. Thus, whatever amusement he might find in society, whatever sights he might behold, whatever literary resources he might seek elsewhere, he always returned home with a fresh feeling of delight." As a father, Earl Russell adds, that his affections "were no less genuine, but were not equally rewarded." The deaths of some of his children at an early period, of his remaining daughter and of his sons at a more advanced age, together with many other circumstances, cast a gloom over the latter years of his life, which was never entirely dispelled.

Passing over some details of the life of Moore, the production of "Lalla Rookh" may be next noticed. It appeared in 1817. Messrs. Longman agreed to give him the large sum of 3,000 guineas for a poem upon an Eastern story. Moore retired to the picturesque banks of the river Dove, in Derbyshire, went through a course of Oriental reading, and in three years produced his exquisite poem of "Lalla Rookh." Its success was triumphant, and at once dissipated from the mind of its author the doubts which, during the long anxious period of labour, would occasionally haunt him, respecting its reception by the public. It was the first product of a new school of poetry, perfectly Oriental in character; the warm rays of an Eastern sun seem to radiate from every page: the judgment of the reading world was taken captive, and bound in chains of flowers.

Moore thus relates how he prepared himself for this work. He says:—"Having thus laid open the secrets of the workshop to account for the time expended in *writing* this work, I must, in justice to my own industry, notice the pains I took in long and laboriously *reading* for it. To form a storehouse, as it were, of purely Oriental, and so familiarised myself with its various treasures, that, as quick as fancy, in her airy spiritings, required the assistance of fact, the memory was ready, like another Ariel, at her 'strong bidding,' to furnish materials for the spell-work—such was, for a long while, the sole object of my studies; and whatever time and trouble this preparatory process may have cost me, the effects resulting from it, as far as the humble merit of truthfulness is concerned, have been such as to repay me, more than sufficient, for my pains."

With respect to "Lalla Rookh," numerous have been the critics. But

bearing in mind that the late Earl Russell was his most intimate friend, and his literary executor, his opinion of the work is here selected in preference to others. After making contrasts between the old epic poets, such as Homer, Virgil, and in more recent days, Milton and others, Earl Russell observes:—"Such charm of versification, such tenderness of womanly love, such strains of patriotic ardour, and such description of blind and fierce fanaticism, as are found in 'Lalla Rookh,' are found nowhere else in a poem of this length. Indeed, the fault on which most readers dwell is that the feast is too sumptuous, the light of a splendour which dazzles the eyes they were meant to enchant, and the flowers of a fragrance which overpowers the sense they were meant to delight." Further, in regard to "Paradise and the Peri," the Earl esteems it as "a short poem of exquisite beauty, and perhaps the most perfect in the volume."

Though Moore had obtained the highest popularity, and his company was coveted by the greatest in the land, yet he had to feel painful reverses. It has already been stated that he had received a kind of sinecure appointment at Bermuda, the duties of which he left in the hands of a deputy. The latter proved faithless, and Moore bitterly describes his disappointment in a letter addressed to his friend, Mr. Power, dated April 6, 1818. He says,—“My deputy at Bermuda, after keeping back from me my proper share of the receipts of his office, has now, it seems, made free with the proceeds of a sale of a ship and cargo, deposited in his hands, and I am called upon by a monition from Doctor's Commons, to be accountable for it. I know not what may be the extent of his defalcations, but it *may* be more than I can even attempt to pay. What a life it is! I am not, however, thank Heaven! at all cast down by the prospect; as it is not by my own misdeeds I shall suffer, there will be nothing in it to embitter my conscience, and I shall smile at Fortune still. They cannot take away from me either my self-respect, or my talents.”

Here we have a melancholy picture. Moore in the zenith of his prosperity, reduced to the depths of adversity. But, at this juncture, his friends rallied round him. Jeffrey, with whom, as already related, he had nearly fought a duel, sent him an order for £500, and an offer for an advance for an equal amount. But his pecuniary difficulties were so severe that he was compelled to take refuge abroad.

Consequently, in September, 1819, Moore again visited Paris, now in the company of Lord John Russell; after remaining there a short time, they proceeded to the Simplon, going from thence to Milan, where they parted, the Politician proceeding to Genoa, and the Poet to visit Lord Byron at Venice. Moore also spent some time at Rome, where he carried on a delightful intercourse with those high-priests of the Arts—Canova, Chantrey, Lawrence, Jackson, Turner, and Eastlake. This delightful trip was followed by the appearance of a volume entitled "Rhymes on the Road," a light and pleasing record in verse of his travels, in which he expressed the various impressions made upon him by the exquisite productions of art and nature that everywhere met his dazzled and enraptured view.

Moore afterwards returned to Paris, and remained there until 1822. He

produced, during his stay in that gay city, his sweet and melodious poem, "The Loves of the Angels," which seems to have been penned during a long dream of poetic love and sensuous rapture; and "The Fables of the Holy Alliance," a collection of political satires, some of which possess, not only a bold, but an enduring character. Probably he felt that the apparent trifler could tell home-truths with impunity, for his laughing muse has given birth to utterances which might have drawn down dangerous consequences upon the head of a more serious and sterner writer.

At length his difficulties in connection with the Bermuda affair were arranged, partly by the relations of his defaulting deputy, and also by his friends, Lord Lansdowne and Lord John (late Earl) Russell. On his return to England he took up his residence at Sloperton Cottage, in the immediate vicinity of the beautiful demesne of Bowood, the seat of his distinguished and ever constant friend, the late Marquis of Lansdowne. Here, surrounded by scenery in which a Poet would have chosen to dwell, visited by literary friends, and, indeed, enjoying an intercourse with all that was exalted in intellect, rank, or beauty, did he pass the remainder of his life. Here it was that he perfectly realised Lord Byron's generous eulogy, that he was "the Poet of all circles, and the idol of his own."

In the full maturity of intellect, Moore turned his attention to prose writing, and in 1825 he penned a biography of the brilliant but thoughtless Sheridan; five years later, his well-known "Life of Byron" emerged from the press; it is a perfect picture of the literary and domestic character of that great creature of impulse and passion,—a photograph of the man, in words, although not by sunbeams. On this Macaulay remarks: "Considered merely as a composition, it deserves to be classed among the best specimens of English prose which our age has produced." In 1831, he produced the "Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," that rash and ill-fated patriot, who terminated a life of enthusiasm by a melancholy death in prison. Besides these biographical efforts, Moore produced, in 1827, his gorgeous prose romance, illustrative of Egyptian life, entitled "The Epicurean." This delightful book, of which the language, though not in verse, often rises to poetry, is, in some respects, his most elevated work.

We must now turn to the closing scenes of Moore's life, and for a description of them, the following is quoted from Earl Russell's "Life of Moore." "The latter years of Moore were clouded by loss of memory, and a helplessness almost childish; yet he preserved his interest about his friends; and when I saw him for the last time, on the 20th December, 1849, he spoke rationally, agreeably, and kindly on all those subjects which were the topics of our conversation. But the death of his sister Ellen and of his two sons, seem to have saddened his heart, and obscured his intellect. The wit which sparkled so brightly, the gaiety which threw sunshine over society, the readiness of reply, the quickness of recollection, all that marked the Poet and the Wit were gone. As we left his house, Lord Lansdowne remarked that he had not seen him so well for a long time. . . . But that very evening he had a fit from the

effects of which he never recovered. The light of his intellect grew still more dim; his memory failed still more; yet there was never a total extinction of that bright flame. To the last day of his life, he would inquire with anxiety about the health of his friends, and would sing, or ask his wife to sing to him, the favourite airs of his past days. Even the day before his death he 'warbled' as Mrs. Moore expressed it; and a fond love of music never left him but with life."

The Poet died calmly and without pain at his residence, Sloperton Cottage, on the 26th of February, 1852. In the following June, a committee of his friends, and admirers, met at the house of Lord Lansdowne, for the purpose of erecting a monument to his memory in his native city, Dublin. But such a man needed no such testimonial. Many have been the estimates of his character. His intimate friends have shown his virtues with an occasional hint at his failings. His works have been severely criticised, but have been generally applauded. But all the praise and cynicisms that have been heaped upon him are now matters of history and of little interest. His works, his songs, and his sentiments are left to us; and had we the honour of writing an elegy on the Man, and the Poet, we should only have selected his own words,—this favourite melody—"The Farewell to My Harp."

THE FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

Dear Harp of my country, in darkness I found thee,
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
 When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,
 And gave all thy cords to light, freedom, and song!
 The warm lay of love, and the light note of gladness,
 Have awaken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
 But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
 That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine,
 Go,—sleep, with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
 Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
 If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
 Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone,
 It was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
 And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own!

INTRODUCTION TO THE IRISH MELODIES;
AN
ESSAY ON THE MUSIC OF IRELAND,
By THOMAS MOORE.

It has often been remarked, and oftener felt, that our music is the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness—the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament to shake off or forget the wrongs which lie upon it. Such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music; and there are many airs which, I think, it is difficult to listen to without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems peculiarly applicable. Sometimes, when the strain is open and spirited, yet shaded here and there by a mournful recollection, we can fancy that we behold the brave allies of Montrose marching to the aid of the royal cause, notwithstanding all the perfidy of Charles and his ministers, and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of their present sacrifice. The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit for ever the land of their birth, (like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated); and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile, mingling regret for the ties he leaves at home, with sanguine expectations of the honours that await him abroad—such honours as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valour of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day in favour of the French, and extorted from George II. that memorable exclamation, “Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!”

Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that our finest and most popular airs are modern; and, perhaps, we may look no further than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and which were applied to the mind as music was formerly to the body, “*decantare loca dolentia*.” Mr. Pinkerton is of opinion that none of the Scotch popular airs are as old as the middle of the sixteenth century; and though musical antiquaries refer us for some of our melodies to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few of a *civilized* description (and by this I mean to exclude all the savage ceanans, cries, &c.), which can claim quite so ancient a date as Mr. Pinkerton allows to the Scotch. But music is not the only subject upon which our taste for antiquity is rather unreasonably indulged; and, however heretical it may be to dissent from these romantic speculations, I cannot help thinking that it is possible to love our country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that Irish was the language spoken in Paradise—that our ancestors were kind enough to take the trouble of polishing the Greeks—or that Abaris, the Hyperborean, was a native of the north of Ireland.

By some of these archæologists, it has been imagined that the Irish were early acquainted with the counterpoint, and they endeavour to support this conjecture by a well-known passage in Giraldus, where he dilates with such elaborate praise upon the beauties of our national minstrelsy. But the terms of this eulogy are too vague, too deficient in technical accuracy, to prove that even Giraldus himself knew anything of the artifice of counterpoint. There are many expressions in the Greek and Latin writers which might be cited with much more plausibility to prove that they understood the arrangement of music in parts: yet I believe it is conceded in general by the learned, that however grand and pathetic the melody of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern science to transmit the “light of song” through the variegating prism of harmony.

Indeed, the irregular scale of the early Irish (in which, as in the music of Scotland, the interval of the fourth was wanting) must have furnished but wild and refractory subjects to the harmonist. It was only when the invention of Guido began to be known, and the powers of the harp were enlarged by additional strings, that our melodies took the sweet character which interests us at present; and while the Scotch persevered in the old mutilation of the scale, our music became gradually more amenable to the laws of harmony and counterpoint.

In profiting, however, by the improvements of the moderns, our style still kept its originality sacred from their refinements; and though Carolan had frequent opportunities of hearing the works of Geminiani and other masters, we but rarely find him sacrificing his native simplicity to the ambition of their ornaments, or affectation of their science.

In that curious composition, indeed, called his Concerto, it is evident that he laboured to imitate Corelli; and this union of manners so very dissimilar, produces the same kind of uneasy sensation which is felt at a mixture of different styles of architecture. In general, however, the artless flow of our music has preserved itself free from all tinge of foreign innovation, and the chief corruptions of which we have to complain arise from the unskilful performance of our own itinerant musicians, from whom, too frequently, the airs are noted down, encumbered by their tasteless decorations, and responsible for all their ignorant anomalies. Though it be sometimes impossible to trace the original strain, yet in most of them, “*auri per ramos aura refulget*” (Virgil, *Æneid* lib. 6, v. 204), the pure gold of the melody shines through the ungraceful foliage which surrounds it; and the most delicate and difficult duty of a compiler is to endeavour, as much as possible, by retrenching these inelegant superfluities, and collating the various melodies of playing or singing each air, to restore the regularity of its form, and the chaste simplicity of its character.

I must again observe that, in doubting the antiquity of our music, my scepticism extends but to those polished specimens of the art which it is difficult to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern improvement; and that it would by no means invalidate the claims of Ireland to as early a rank in the annals of minstrelsy as the most zealous antiquary may be inclined to allow her. In addition, indeed, to the power which music must always have possessed over the minds of a people so ardent and susceptible, the stimulus of persecution was not wanting to quicken our taste into enthusiasm; the charms of song were ennobled with the glories of martyrdom, and the Acts against minstrels, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics.

Though the humble nature of my contributions to this work may exempt them from the rigours of literary criticism, it was not to be expected that those touches of political feeling, those tones of national complaint, in which the poetry sometimes sympathises with the music, would be suffered to pass without censure or alarm. It has been accordingly said, that the tendency of this publication is mischievous, and that I have chosen these airs but as a vehicle of dangerous politics—as fair and precious vessels (to borrow an image of St. Augustine) from which the wine of error might be administered. To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see in every effort for Ireland a system of hostility towards England—to those, too, who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness, like that Demophon of old, who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered!—to such men I shall not deign to apologise for the warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But as there are many among the more wise and tolerant who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet think that allusions in the least degree bold or inflammatory, should be avoided in a publication of this popular description—I beg of these respected persons to believe that there is no one who deprecates more sincerely than I do any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude; but that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society, a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers—it is found upon the pianofortes of the rich and the educated—of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them; and of many whose nerves may be now and then alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears than could ever be expected from their justice.

Having thus adverted to the principal objection which has been hitherto made to the poetical part of this work, allow me to add a few words in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs by the chromatic richness of the symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his harmonies. We might cite the example of the admirable Haydn, who has sported through all the mazes of musical science in his arrangement of the simplest Scottish melodies; but it appears to me that Sir John Stevenson has brought a national feeling to this task which it would be in vain to expect from a foreigner, however tasteful or judicious. Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his country’s music; and, far from agreeing with those critics who think that his symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs which they introduce, I would say that, in general, they resemble those illuminated initials of old manuscripts, which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly coloured and more curiously ornamented.

In those airs which are arranged for voices, his skill has particularly distinguished itself, and though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet often, when a favourite strain has been dismissed as having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns in a harmonized shape, with new claims upon our interest and attention; and to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure, independent of the rest, so artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) *gavelled* the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Tenderly.

AIR—MAID OF THE VALLEY.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a piano introduction. Dynamics markings include *f*, *p*, *f*, *p*, and *pp*.

The second system of musical notation continues the piano introduction. It features a variety of rhythmic patterns and dynamics, including *cres.*, *f*, *ff*, and *p*.

espress. lento.

The third system of musical notation includes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef and contains the lyrics: "Go where glo - ry waits thee ; But, while fame e - lates thee, Oh ! still re - mem - ber". The piano accompaniment is in bass clef and provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

espress. lento.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line contains the lyrics: "me. When the praise thou meetest To thine ear is sweetest, Oh ! then re-member". The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support.

me. O - ther arms may press thee, Dear - er friends ca - ress thee,

a tempo.

f

All the joys that bless thee Sweeter far may be; But when friends are nearest,

And when joys are dear - est, Oh! then re - member me.

lento.

2ND VERSE.

espress. lento.

When, at eve, thou rov - est By the star thou lov - est, Oh! then re - mem - ber

p

espress. lento.

me. Think, when home re- turning, Bright we've seen it burning, Oh, thus re- member

a tempo.

me. Oft, as sum - mer clos - es, When thine eye re - pos - es

On its ling'ring ros - es, Once so lov'd by thee, Think of her who wove them,

lento.

Her who made thee love them; Oh, then re - member me.

When around thee, dying,
Autumn, leaves are lying,
Oh, then remember me :
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh, still remember me.

Then should Music, stealing
All the soul of Feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee ;
Then let Mem'ry bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee ;
Oh, then remember me.

WAR SONG.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.

Bold. AIR—MOLLY MACALPIN.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of five systems of music. The first system is an instrumental introduction with a treble clef and a bass clef. The second system continues the instrumental introduction. The third system begins with the vocal melody in the treble clef, with the lyrics 'Re-mem-ber the glo-ries of'. The fourth system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'BRI-EN the brave,* Tho' the days of the he-ro are o'er; Tho' lost to Mo-no-nia† and'. The fifth system concludes the vocal melody with the lyrics 'cold in the grave, He re-turns to Kin-ko-ra‡ no more! That star of the field, which so'. The piano accompaniment is written in the bass clef and provides harmonic support throughout the piece.

p *stac.* *f*

f *p espress.*

Re-mem-ber the glo-ries of

f *p* *p*

espress.

BRI-EN the brave,* Tho' the days of the he-ro are o'er; Tho' lost to Mo-no-nia† and

cold in the grave, He re-turns to Kin-ko-ra‡ no more! That star of the field, which so

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

† Munster.

‡ The Palace of Brien

espress. lento.

often has pour'd Its beam on the battle, is set ; But e-nough of its glory re-

a tempo.

mains on each sword To light us to vic - to - ry yet!

II.

III.

Mononia ! when Nature embellish'd the tint
 Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
 Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
 The footstep of slavery there ?
 No, Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
 Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
 That 't is sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine
 Than to sleep but a moment in chains !

Forget not our wounded companions,* who stood
 In the day of distress by our side ;
 While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
 They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died !
 The sun, that now blesses our arms with his light,
 Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain :—
 Oh ! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
 To find that they fell there in vain !

* This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dal-gais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted, in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. "Let stakes," they said, "be stuck in the ground ; and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these

stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man."—"Between seven and eight hundred wounded men," adds O'Halloran, "pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops!—Never was such another sight exhibited."—HISTORY OF IRELAND, Book XII. Chap. I.

ERIN, THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

Slow. AIR—AILEEN AROON.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, B-flat major, and begins with a *p* dynamic. It features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The piece concludes with a *f* dynamic flourish in the right hand, followed by a *dim.* and *p* dynamic section.

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

E - RIN, the tear and the smile in thine eyes Blend like the rain - bow that

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a *p* dynamic and includes *cres.*, *p*, *pp*, and *cres.* markings. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

hangs in the skies; *f* *p* Shin - ing through sor - row's stream, Sadd'ning through

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line features a *f* dynamic peak and a *p* dynamic section. The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic accompaniment.

cres. *f* *pp* plea - sure's beam, Thy suns, with doubt - ful gleam, Weep while they rise!

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes *cres.*, *f*, and *pp* markings. The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with a final chord.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) at the beginning, followed by a *cres.* (crescendo) and a *f* (forte) dynamic. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

2ND VERSE.

The second verse begins with a vocal line on a treble clef staff. The lyrics are: "E - rin, thy si - lent tear ne - ver shall cease, E - rin, thy lan - guid smile". The piano accompaniment is shown on two staves below. Dynamics include *p*, *cres.*, *pp*, and *cres.*

The second verse continues with the lyrics: "ne'er shall in - crease, Till, like the rain - bow's light, Thy va - rious". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a steady bass line. Dynamics include *f* and *p*.

The second verse concludes with the lyrics: "tints u - nite, And form, in Hea - ven's sight, One arch of peace!". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a steady bass line. Dynamics include *cres.*, *f*, and *pp*.

The piano conclusion consists of two staves, mirroring the structure of the first piano introduction. The right hand has a melodic line with dynamics *p*, *cres.*, and *f*. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment.

OH, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

AIR—THE BROWN MAID.

Pensively.

a tempo.

Oh! breathe not his name—let it sleep in the shade Where

cold and un-honour'd his re-lies are laid! Sad, si-lent, and dark, be the

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

OH, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, followed by a half note. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

2ND VERSE.

The second system of music includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a whole rest, followed by a double bar line and then the lyrics. The piano accompaniment begins with a *pp* dynamic marking, followed by a *p* marking. The accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

But the night - dew that falls, tho' in si - lence it weeps, Shall

brighten with ver - dure the grave where he sleeps ; And the tear that we shed, tho' in

se - cret it rolls, Shall long keep his me - mory green in our souls.

The final system of music features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line concludes with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment ends with a *pp* dynamic marking. The accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.*

Slow and with feeling.

AIR—THE FOX'S SLEEP.

First system of piano accompaniment, featuring a treble and bass clef with dynamic markings *f* and *p*.

Second system of piano accompaniment, featuring a treble and bass clef with dynamic markings *ff* and *p*.

Third system, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment with lyrics and dynamic markings *p* and *espress.*

When he who a - dores thee has left but the name Of his

Fourth system, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment with lyrics and a trill marking *tr*.

fault and his sor - row be - hind, Oh! say, wilt thou weep when they

Fifth system, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment with lyrics.

dark - en the fame Of a life that for thee was re - sign'd? Yes,

* These words allude to a story in an old Irish manuscript, which is too long and too melancholy to be inserted here.

espress. *for.*

weep! and, how-e-ver my foes may con-demn, Thy tears shall of-face their de-

cree; For Heav'n can wit-ness, though guil-ty to them, I have

been but too faith-ful to thee!

cres.

p

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
 Every thought of my reason was thine :—
 In my last humble pray'r to the Spirit above,
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine !
 Oh ! bless'd are the lovers and friends who shall live
 The days of thy glory to see ;
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee !

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord, a - lone, that

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano).

breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells:— Thus Free - dom now so seldom wakes, The

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present in the piano part.

on - ly throb she gives Is when some heart in - dignant breaks, To show that still she lives!

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for this section.

The piano conclusion mirrors the introduction, featuring a melodic line in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand.

FLY NOT YET.

Lively. AIR—PLANNY KELLY.

f

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time, marked *Lively.* and *f*. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When plea - sure, like the mid - night flow'r, That

p

The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The piano part is marked *p*. The lyrics are: "Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When plea - sure, like the mid - night flow'r, That".

scorns the eye of vul - gar light, Be - gins to bloom for sons of night, And

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "scorns the eye of vul - gar light, Be - gins to bloom for sons of night, And".

maids who love the moon! 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That

The third system concludes the vocal and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "maids who love the moon! 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That".

beau - ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at - trac - tions glow - ing

Set the tides and gob - lets flow - ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— Joy so sel - dom

weaves a chain Like this to - night, that, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so

soon. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— Joy so sel - dom weaves a chain Like

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

lento.

2ND VERSE.

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd, In times of old, thro' Am-mon's shade,* Tho'

p

i - cy cold by day it ran, Yet still, like souls of mirth, be - gan To

burn when night was near; And thus should wo - men's heart and looks At

noon be cold as win - ter brooks, Nor kin - dle till the night, re - turn - ing,

* Solis Fons, near the Temple of Ammon.

Brings their ge - nial hour for burn - ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— When did morn - ing

e - ver break, And find such beam - ing eyes a - wake, As those that spar - kle

here! Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— When did morn - ing e - ver break, And

find such beam - ing eyes a - wake, As those that spar - kle here!

f

ritando.

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

AIR—COULIN.

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

p *cres.* *f*

Tho' the last glimpse of E - RIN with sor - row I

see, Yet wher-ev - - er thou art shall seem E - RIN to me; In

ex - ile thy bo - som shall still be my home, And thine eyes make my

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. The first system features a vocal line with the lyrics "cli - mate wher - e - - ver we roam." and a piano accompaniment. The second system is a piano solo with a *cres.* marking. The third system continues the piano solo with *cres.* and *dim.* markings.

II.

To the gloom of some desert, or cold rocky shore,
 Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
 I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
 Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind:--

III.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
 And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
 Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
 One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.*

* "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an Act was made respecting the habits and dress in general of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulines* (long locks), on their heads, or hair on the upper 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 meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song the Air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—WALKER'S HISTORICAL MEMOIRS OF IRISH BARDS, page 134.—Mr WALKER informs us also, that about the same period there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

OH, THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT

Playful.

AIR—JOHN O'REILLY THE ACTIVE.

f

Oh, think not my spi - rits are al - ways as light, And as
The thread of our life would be dark, Hea - ven knows! If it

p

free from a pang, as they seem to you now; Nor ex -
were not with friend - ship and love in - ter - twin'd; And I

pect that the heart-beam-ing smile of to-night Will re-turn with to-
care not how soon I may sink to re-pose, When these bless-ings shall

mor-row to bright-en my brow:— No, life is a waste of
cease to be dear to my mind! But they who have loved the

wea-ri-some hours, Which sel-dom the rose of en-joy-ment a-
fond-est, the purest, Too oft-en have wept o'er the dream they be-

dorns; And the heart that is soon-est a-wake to the flow'rs Is
lieved; And the heart that has slum-ber'd in friend-ship se-curest Is

al - ways the first to be touch'd by the thorns! But send round the
hap - py in - deed if 't was ne - ver de - ceived. But send round the

fz

bowl, and be hap - py a - while; May we ne - ver meet worse in our
bowl; while a re - lic of truth Is in man or in wo - man, this

pil - grimage here Than the tear that en - joy - ment can gild with a
prayer shall be mine—That the sun - shine of LOVE may il - lu - mine our

lento. smile, And the smile that com - pas - sion can turn to a tear!
espress. youth, And the moon - light of Friend - ship con - sole our de - cline!

mf
a tempo.



RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

Moderate time.

AIR—THE SUMMER IS COMING.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic and a piano (p) dynamic. The left hand starts with a bass clef, the same key signature and time signature, and plays a rhythmic accompaniment.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,* And a bright gold

The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a rhythmic pattern. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

ring on her wand she bore; bore; But, oh! her beau - ty was far be - yond Her

The second system of the song includes first and second endings. The vocal line has a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment has two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first ending is marked '1st.' and the second ending is marked '2nd.'.

spark - ling gems and snow-white wand. But oh! her beau - ty was far be - yond Her

The third system of the song includes first and second endings. The vocal line has a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment has two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first ending is marked '1st.' and the second ending is marked '2nd.'.

* This Ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—"The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion by the great example of BRIEN, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed, a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other with a wand

only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels." —WARNER'S HISTORY OF IRELAND, Vol. I. Book 10.

spark-ling gems and snow - white wand.

2ND VERSE.

“La - dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love - ly, thro’ this bleak way?”

1st.

2nd.

way? Are E - RIN’s sons so good or so cold As not to be tempted by

2nd.

2nd.

woman or gold? Are E - RIN’s sons so good or so cold As not to be

tempt-ed by woman or gold?”

p

3RD VERSE. *p*

1st.

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least a-larm; No son of E-rin will offer me harm; Sir

2nd.

harm; For, tho' they love woman and gold-en store, Sir Knight, they love honour and

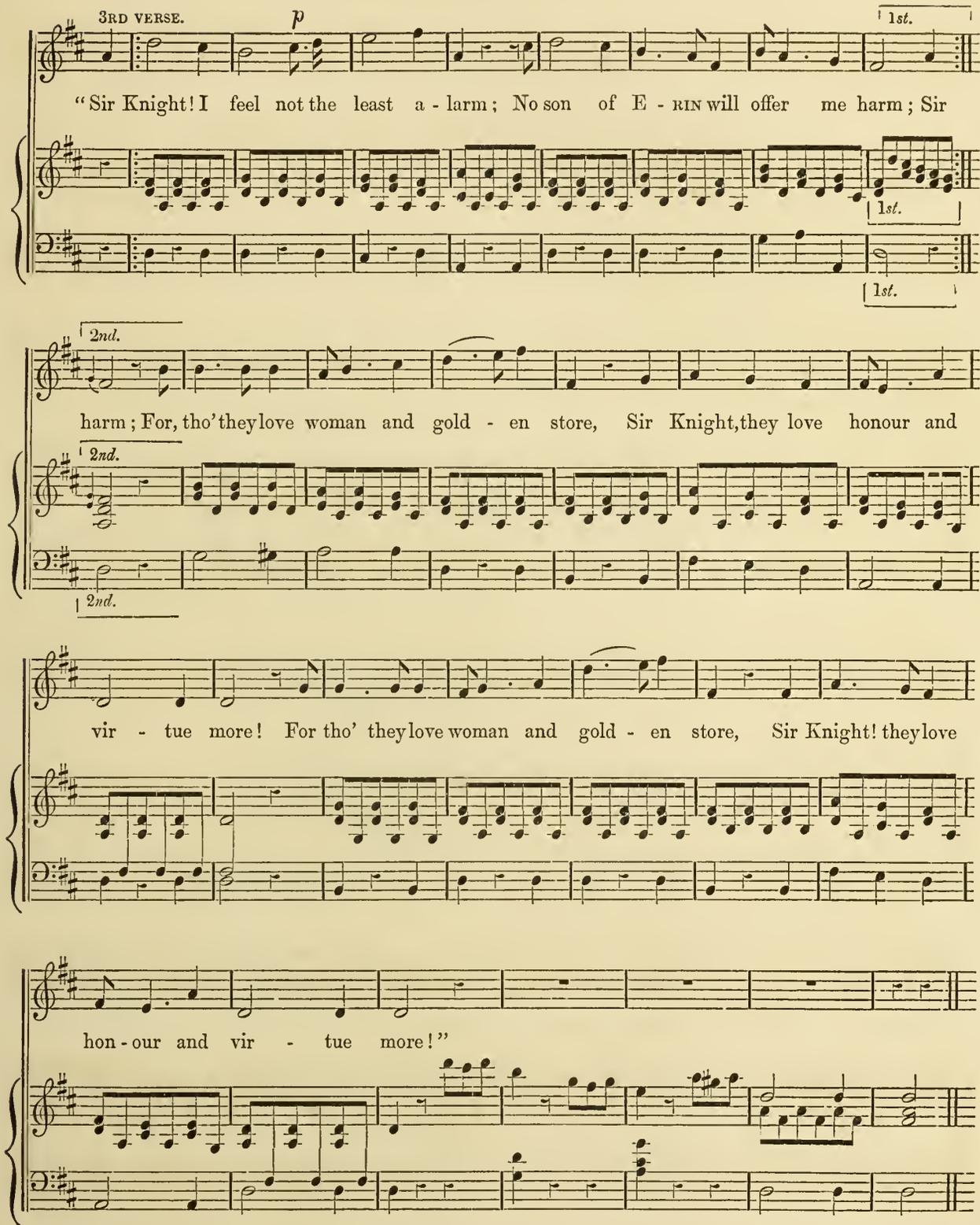
1st.

2nd.

vir-tue more! For tho' they love woman and gold-en store, Sir Knight! they love

2nd.

hon-our and vir-tue more!"



IV.

On she went, and her maiden smile
 In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
 And bless'd for ever is she who relied
 Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride!

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

AIR—THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM.

Pensively.

8va loco cres.

As a beam o'er the face of the wa - ters may

glow, While the tide runs in dark - ness and cold - ness be -

low, So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sun - ny smile, Tho' the

cold heart to ru - in runs dark - ly the while.

f *ff* *pp* *p*

II.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow, that throws
 Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
 To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
 For which Joy has no balm, and Affliction no sting :—

III.

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
 Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's bright ray ;
 The beams of the warm Sun play round it in vain—
 It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again !

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.*

Moderate time.
staccato.

AIR—THE BROWN THORN.
cres. f

pp

pp

pp

pp

ST. SENANUS.
p

"Oh! haste and leave this sacred isle, Un-ho-ly bark! ere morning smile; For on thy

p

cres.

tr

lentando.

deck, tho' dark it be, A female form I see; And I have

p

* In a Metrical Life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the Island of Scatterry, and his resolution not to admit any Woman of the party; he refused to receive even a Sister Saint, St. Cannera, whom an Angel had taken to the Island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious Answer of Senanus, according to his Poetical Biographer:—

*Cui Præsul, Quid foeminis
Commune est cum monachis!
Nec te, nec ullam aliam,
Admittemus in insulam.*

See the ACTA SANCT. HIB. page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a Personage than the River Shannon; but O'Connor, and other Antiquarians deny this Metamorphosis indignantly.

sworn this sainted sod Shall ne'er by wo - - man's feet be

THE LADY.

trod. "Oh! Fa - ther, send not hence my

bark, Thro' win - try winds, and o'er billows dark; I come, with hum - - ble heart, to

share Thy morn and ev'n - - ing pray'r; Nor mine the feet, oh! ho-ly

Saint, The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The Lady's pray'r Se - na - nus spurn'd ; The wind blew fresh, and the bark re-

turn'd ; But legends hint, that had the maid Till morning's light - - de-

lay'd, And giv'n the Saint one ro - sy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely

isle. And giv'n the Saint one ro - sy smile, She ne'er had left his lone-ly

isle.

MY GENTLE HARP ONCE MORE I WAKEN.

With feeling.

AIR—THE COINA OR DIRGE.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line in 3/4 time, starting with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

My gen - tle Harp! once more I waken The sweetness of thy slumb'ring

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "My gen - tle Harp! once more I waken The sweetness of thy slumb'ring".

strain; In tears our last fare - well was taken, And now in tears we meet a -

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "strain; In tears our last fare - well was taken, And now in tears we meet a -".

gain. No light of joy hath o'er thee broken, But, like those Harps whose heav'nly

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "gain. No light of joy hath o'er thee broken, But, like those Harps whose heav'nly".

skill Of slav'-ry dark as thine hath spok-en—Thou hang'st up - on the wil-lows

still.

2ND VERSE.

And yet, since last thy chord re - sound-ed, An hour of peace and tri - umph

came, When ma - ny an ar - dent bo - som bounded With hopes, that now are turn'd to

shame. Yet e - ven then, while Peace was singing Her hal - cyon song o'er land and

sea, Tho' joy and hope to o - thers bringing, She on - ly brought new tears to

thee.

III.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
 My drooping Harp, from chords like thine ?
 Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
 As ill would suit the swan's decline !
 Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
 Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
 When ev'n the wreaths, in which I dress thee,
 Are sadly mix'd—half flowers, half chains !

IV.

But, come,—if yet thy frame can borrow
 One breath of joy,—oh breathe for me,
 And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
 How sweet thy music still can be ;
 How lightly, ev'n mid gloom surrounding
 Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill—
 Like Memnon's broken image, sounding,
 Mid desolation tuneful still ! *

* Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ,
 Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.—JUVENAL.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR WHEN DAY-LIGHT DIES.

Slow, and to be played very smoothly.

AIR—THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.*

Piano introduction in C major, 4/4 time. The treble staff features a melodic line with triplet ornaments (marked '3') and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

First system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment in 3/4 time. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "How dear to me the hour when". The piano accompaniment is in C major and includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

Second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment in 3/4 time. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "day - - light dies, And sun-beams melt a - long the si - lent sea;". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment.

Third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment in 3/4 time. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "For then sweet dreams of o - ther days a - rise, And". The piano accompaniment features a more active texture with sixteenth-note patterns in the right hand.

lento.

Mem'ry breathes her ves - per sigh to thee! For then sweet dreams of o - ther

days a - rise, And Mem'ry breathes her ves - per sigh to

thee!

2ND VERSE.

And, as I watch the line of

tenuto dim.

cres.

p

light that plays A - long the smooth wave tow'rd the burn - ing west,

I long to tread that gold - en path of rays, And

lento.
think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest! I long to tread that gold-en

path of rays, And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of

rest!

pp *p*

tenuto. pp

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

[WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.]

With feeling.

AIR—DERMOTT.

The first system of music features a piano accompaniment in the lower register and a vocal line in the upper register. The piano part begins with a series of chords and moving lines in the left hand, while the vocal line starts with a melodic phrase. The dynamic marking *mf* is present.

Take back the vir - gin page, White and un - writ - ten still ;

The second system continues the musical piece. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support for the vocal line. A dynamic marking *p* is used in the piano part. The vocal line continues with the lyrics.

lento.

Some hand, more calm and sage, The leaf must fill. Thoughts come as pure as light,

The third system is marked *lento.* The tempo is slower. The piano accompaniment and vocal line continue with the lyrics.

lento.

1st.

Pure as ev'n you require; But oh! each word I write Love turns to fire.

The fourth system concludes the piece. It is marked *lento.* and includes a first ending bracket labeled "1st." for both the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment features a steady rhythmic pattern.

2nd.

fire.

lento.

mf

2nd.

2ND VERSE.

Yet let me keep the book; Oft shall my heart renew,

p

lento.

When on its leaves I look, Dear thoughts of you! Like you 't is fair and bright;

lento.

1st.

Like you, too bright and fair To let wild Pas-sion write One wrong wish there!

1st.

2nd.

there.

lento.

mf

2nd.

3RD VERSE.

Hap - ly, when from those eyes Far, far a - way I roam,

Should calmer thoughts a - rise Tow'rds you and home, Fan - - cy may trace some line

Wor - thy those eyes to meet; Thoughts that not burn, but shine, Pure, calm, and sweet!

sweet!

And, as the records are,
Which wand'ring seamen keep,
Led by their hidden star
Through winter's deep;

So may the words I write
Tell through what storms I stray,
You still the unseen light,
Guiding my way!

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

Slow and with solemnity. AIR—THE DEAR BLACK MAID.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line is written in a single staff with lyrics underneath. Dynamics include *mf*, *p*, and *f*. The tempo is marked 'Slow and with solemnity'.

mf

How oft has the Ben - shee cried!

p

How oft has Death un - tied Bright links that Glo - ry wove,

f

p Sweet bonds en - twined by love! Peace to each man - ly soul that sleep - eth!

pp

Rest to each faith - ful eye that weep - eth! Long may the fair and brave

Sigh o'er the he - ro's grave.

dim.

II.

We're fall'n upon gloomy days;*
 Star after star decays:
 Ev'ry bright name, that shed
 Light o'er the land, is fled.
 Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
 Lost joy or hope, that ne'er returneth;
 But brightly flows the tear
 Wept o'er the hero's bier!

III.

Oh! quench'd are our beacon-lights,
 Thou,† of the hundred fights!
 Thou, on whose burning tongue
 Truth, peace, and freedom, hung!‡
 Both mute—but, long as Valour shineth,
 Or Mercy's soul at war repineth,
 So long shall Erin's pride
 Tell how they lived and died!

* I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this Work, to allude to that 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.

† This designation, which has been applied to LORD NELSON

before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Gnive, the Bard of O'Nial, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," page 433:—"Con, of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories!"

‡ FOX, "ultimus Romanorum."

THE LEGACY.

WHEN IN DEATH I SHALL CALM RECLINE.

With Feeling and Gaiety

AIR—UNKNOWN.

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 6/8 time. The melody is marked *mf*.

When in death I shall calm re - cline, O bear my heart to my mis - tress dear ;

Musical notation for the first line of the song, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *p*.

Tell her it lived up-on smiles, and wine Of the brightest hue, while it lin - ger'd here :

Musical notation for the second line of the song, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow To sul - ly a heart so brilliant and light ; But

Musical notation for the third line of the song, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

bal-my drops from the red grape bor-row, To bathe the relic from morn till night.

Musical notation for the fourth line of the song, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

m f

2ND VERSE.

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

p

Hang it up at that friendly door Where wea - ry tra - vel - lers love to call :*

Then if some Bard, who roams for - saken, Re - vive its soft note in passing a - long, Oh !

let one thought of its mas - ter waken Your warm - est smile for the child of Song.

m f

* "In every house was one or two Harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed, the more they excelled in Music."—
O'HALLORAN.

3RD VERSE.

Keep this cup, which is now o'er - flowing, To grace your revel when I'm at rest ;

Never, oh! never, its balm be - stowing On lips that beauty hath sel - dom blest!

But when some warm de - vot - ed lov - er To her he a - dores shall bathe its brim, Oh!

then my spi - rit a - round shall hov - er, And hallow each drop that foams for him.

mf



EVELEEN'S BOWER.

Plaintively.

AIR—UNKNOWN.*

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

Second system of musical notation.

Oh! weep for the hour, When to E - ve - leen's bower The Lord of the Val - ley with

Third system of musical notation, including the first line of lyrics and a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

false vows came; The moon hid her light From the Heavens that night, And

Fourth system of musical notation, including the second line of lyrics.

wept be - hind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame. The clouds past soon From the chaste cold moon, And

Fifth system of musical notation, including the third line of lyrics.

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

Heav'n smiled a - gain with her ves - tal flame; But none will see the day When the

lento.
clouds shall pass a - way, Which that dark hour left up - on E - ve - leen's fame.

2ND VERSE.

The white snow lay On the narrow path - way, Where the Lord of the Val - ley crost

o - ver the moor; And ma - ny a deep print On the white snow's tint Show'd the

track of his foot - step to E - ve-leen's door. The next sun's ray Soon melted a - way Ev'ry

trace on the path where the false Lord came; But there's a light a - bove, Which a -

lento.

lone can re - move That stain up - on the snow of fair E - ve - leen's fame.

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

Merrily. AIR—GARYONE.

for

We may roam thro' this world like a child at a feast, Who but

p

sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest, And, when plea - sure be - gins to grow

dull in the east, We may or - der our wings and be off to the west; But if



The Irish Girl.

hearts that feel, and eyes that smile, Are the dear - est gifts that Heav'n sup-plies, We

never need leave our own Green Isle For sen - si - tive hearts and for

sun - bright eyes. Then re - mem-ber, wher-ev - er your gob - let is crown'd, Thro' this

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

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

2ND AND 3RD VERSES.

In Eng - land the gar - den of Beau - ty is kept By a
In France, when the heart of a wo - man sets sail, On the

dra - gon of pru - de - ry, placed with - in call; But so oft this un - a - mi - able
o - cean of wed - lock its for - tune to try, Love sel - dom goes far in a

dra - gon has slept, That the gar - den's but care - less - ly watch'd, af - ter all. Oh! they
ves - sel so frail, But just pi - lots her off, and then bids her good - bye! While the

want the wild sweet - bri - ery fence, Which round the flow'rs of E - rin dwells, Which
daughters of E - rin keep the boy Ever smiling be - side his faith - ful oar, Thro'

warns the touch while winning the sense, Nor charms us least when it
bil-lows of woe and beams of joy, The same as he look'd when he

most re - pels. Then re - mem - ber, wher - ev - er your gob - let is crown'd, Thro' this
left the shore. Then re - mem - ber, wher - ev - er your gob - let is crown'd, Thro' this

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

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

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD

Grand and spirited. AIR—THE RED FOX.

The musical score is written in C major, 2/4 time, and consists of a piano accompaniment and a vocal line. The piano part begins with a 'for' marking and features a lively, rhythmic accompaniment. The vocal line starts with the lyrics 'Let E - rin re - mem - ber the' and continues with 'days of old, Ere her faith - less sons be - tray'd her, When Ma - la - chi wore the col - lar of gold,* Which he won from her proud in - va - der; When her Kings, with standard of'.

Let E - rin re - mem - ber the

days of old, Ere her faith - less sons be - tray'd her, When Ma - la - chi wore the

col - lar of gold,* Which he won from her proud in - va - der; When her Kings, with standard of

* "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the Tenth Century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their Champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a Collar of Gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the Sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."—WARNER'S HISTORY OF IRELAND, Vol. I. Book 9.

green un-furl'd, Led the Red-Branch Knights* to dan - ger, Ere the em'rald gem of the

west - ern world Was set in the crown of a stran - ger.

On Lough-Neagh's bank,† as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear cold eve 's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining!
 Thus shall Memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
 Thus, sighing, look through the waves of Time
 For the long-faded glories they cover!

* "Military Orders of Knights were very early established in Ireland; long before the birth of CHRIST we find an hereditary Order of Chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the Palace of the Ulster Kings, called *Teagh na Craoibhe 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 Soldier."—O'HALLORAN'S INTRODUCTION, &c. Part I. Chap. 5.

† It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough-Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water:—"Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste sereno tempore conspiciunt, et extraneis transeuntibus reiquæ causas admirantibus frequenter ostendunt."—TOPPER, HIB. DIST. 2, C. 9.

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.*

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

Mournfully. AIR—ARRAH, MY DEAR EVELEEN.

Si - lent, O Moyle! be the roar of thy wa - ter, Break not, ye breez - es! your

chain of re - pose, While, mur - mur - ing mourn - ful - ly, Lir's lone - ly daugh - ter

* To make this story intelligible in a Song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a Swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers of Ireland, till

the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the Mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.—I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of MOIRA.

Tells to the night-star her tale of woes. When shall the Swan, her

death-note singing, Sleep with wings in dark-ness furl'd? When will Heav'n, its

sweet bell ringing, Call my spi-rit from this storm-y world?

cres. *p* *pp*

Sadly, O Moyle! to thy winter-wave weeping,
 Fate bids me languish long ages away;
 Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
 Still doth the pure light its dawning delay!
 When will that day-star, mildly springing,
 Warm our Isle with peace and love?
 When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
 Call my spirit to the fields above?

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

Spirited.

AIR—WE BROUGHT THE SUMMER WITH US.

The piano introduction is in 6/4 time, B-flat major. The right hand features a melodic line with dynamics *p*, *f*, *p*, *f*, and *p*. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

First system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Come, send round the wine, and leave points of be - lief To". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

Second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "sim - ple - ton sa - ges and reas'n - ing fools; This mo - ment's a". The piano accompaniment features a repeat sign in the right hand.

Third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "flow'r too fair and brief, To be wi - ther'd and stain'd by the". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

scherzando.

dust of the schools, Your glass may be pur - ple and mine may be

blue; But while they're both fill'd from the same bright bowl, The

fool that would quar - rel for diff'rence of hue De-

serves not the com - fort they shed o'er the soul.

2ND VERSE.

Shall I ask the brave sol - dier who fights by my side In the

cause of man - kind, if our creeds a - gree? Shall I give up the

friend I have val - ued and tried, If he kneel not be - fore the same

scherzando.
p
al - tar with me? From the he - re - tic girl of my soul shall I

fly, To seek some - where else a more or - tho - dox kiss? No!

per - - ish the hearts and the laws that try Truth,

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is common time. The vocal line begins with a dotted quarter note on 'per', followed by eighth notes for 'ish', 'the', 'hearts', and 'and'. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

va - - lour, or love, by a stand - ard like this!

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a dotted quarter note on 'va', followed by eighth notes for 'lour', 'or', 'love', and a quarter note on 'by'. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern in the right hand. Dynamics markings 'f' and 'p' are present in the piano part.

The third system shows the piano accompaniment continuing. The right hand features a more complex eighth-note pattern with accents and a trill-like figure. The left hand provides harmonic support with chords and a bass line. Dynamics markings 'f' and 'p' are used.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

With feeling.

AIR—MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.

The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. It begins with a series of eighth notes and quarter notes, featuring a trill on the first measure. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

The second system of the piano introduction continues with two staves. The upper staff has a few rests followed by a melodic line with a trill and a triplet. The lower staff continues with harmonic accompaniment, including a triplet in the bass line.

The first line of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to -". The music is in the same key and time signature as the introduction.

The second line of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "day, Were to change by to - mor - row, and fleet in my arms, Like". The music continues with the same key and time signature.

fair - y gifts, fad - ing a - way,— Thou wouldst still be a - dored as this

mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will; And a -

round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly

2ND VERSE.

still ! It

is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks un - pro-faned by a

tear, That the fer - vour and faith of a soul can be known, To which

time will but make thee more dear! Oh! the heart, that has tru - ly loved,

ne - ver for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close; As the

sun - flow - er turns on her god, when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he

rose!



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LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

OH! THE DAYS ARE GONE, WHEN BEAUTY BRIGHT.

Moderate time, with expression.

AIR—THE OLD WOMAN.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

Oh! the days are gone, when beau - ty bright My heart's chain wove; When my dream of life, from

The first system of the vocal melody is written on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is shown in two staves, with the right hand playing a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and the left hand providing harmonic support.

morn till night, Was love, still love! New hope may bloom, And days may come, Of

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains its rhythmic accompaniment, supporting the vocal line.

mild - er, calm - er beam, But there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream! Oh! there's

The final system of the piece shows the vocal melody concluding with a final note. The piano accompaniment continues to the end of the system.

nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream !

2ND VERSE.

Tho' the bard to pur - er fame may soar, When wild youth's past; Tho' he win the wise, who

frown'd be - fore, To smile at last; He'll never meet A joy so sweet In

all his noon of fame, As when first he sung to woman's ear His soul - felt flame, And at

ev'ry close, she blush'd to hear The one loved name !

3RD VERSE.

Oh! that fairy form is ne'er forgot, Which first love traced; Still it ling'ring haunts the

greenest spot On mem'ry's waste! 'Twas o - dour fled As soon as shed! 'Twas

morning's winged dream! 'Twas a light, that ne'er can shine again On life's dull stream! Oh! 'twas

light, that ne'er can shine again On life's dull stream!

Dim - in - u - en - do.

ERIN, OH! ERIN.

LIKE THE BRIGHT LAMP

With feeling and solemnity.

AIR—THAMAMA HALLA.

Like the bright lamp that lay on Kil-dare's ho-ly shrine,* And burn'd thro' long

a-ges of dark-ness and storm, Is the heart that sorrows have

frown'd on in vain, Whose spi-rit out-lives them, un-fad-ing and

* The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions—"Apud Kildariam occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quod extingui non possit, sed

quod tam sollicitè moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, fovent et nutriunt, ut à tempore virginis, per tot annorum curricula, semper mansit inextinctus."—GIRALD. CAMB. *de Mirabil. Hibern.* Dist. 2. c. 34.

LIKE THE BRIGHT LAMP.

warm! E - rin! oh E - rin! thus bright, thro' the tears Of a

long night of bond - age, thy spi - rit ap - pears! E - rin! oh

E - rin! thus bright, thro' the tears Of a long night of bond - age, thy

spi - rit ap - pears!

tr

2ND VERSE.

The na - tions have fall'n, and thou still art young; Thy sun is but

ris - ing, when o - thers are set: And, tho' Slave - ry's cloud o'er thy

morn - ing hath hung, The full noon of Free - dom shall beam round thee

yet. E - rin! oh E - rin! tho' long in the shade, Thy

star will shine out, when the proud - est shall fade! E - rin! oh

E - rin! though long in the shade, Thy star will shine out when the

proud - est shall fade!

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
 The lily lies sleeping through Winter's cold hour,
 Till the hand of Spring her dark chain unbind,
 And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.*
 Erin! oh Erin! *thy* Winter is past,
 And the hope, that lived through it, shall blossom at last!

* Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite Lines on the Lily, has applied this image to a still more important subjects

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.*

With expression.

AIR—KITTY TYRREL.

Oh! blame not the Bard, if he fly to the bowers, Where Pleasure lies carelessly smil-ing at

Fame; He was born for much more, and, in hap-pi - er hours, His soul might have burn'd with a

ho-li-er flame. The string, that now lan - guishes loose o'er the lyre, Might have bent a proud

* We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering Bards, whom Spencer so severely, and perhaps truly, describes in his *State of Ireland*, and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device,

which gave good grace and comeliness unto them; the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

bow* to the war - rior's dart; And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire, Might have
 pour'd the full tide of the pa - tri-ot's heart!

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

II.

But, alas for his country! her pride is gone by,
 And that spirit is broken which never would bend:
 O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
 For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend!
 Unprized are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray,
 Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires:
 And the torch, that would light them through dignity's way,
 Must be caught from the pile where their country expires!

III.

Then blame not the Bard, if, in Pleasure's soft dream,
 He should try to forget what he never can heal!
 Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
 Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
 That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
 Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored;
 While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
 Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.†

IV.

But, though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
 Thy name, loved Erin! shall live in his songs;
 Not ev'n in the hour when his heart is most gay
 Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs!
 The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
 The sigh of thy Harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
 Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
 Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

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

become the land of Concord."—LLOYD'S *State Worthies*, ART. *The Lord Grandison*.

† See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus, *Ἐν μύρτου κλαδί το ξίφος ῥορησω*—"I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," &c.

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

Tenderly. AIR—OONAGH.

While

gaz - ing on the moon's light, A mo - ment from her smile I turn'd, To

look at orbs, that, more bright, In lone and dis - tant glo - ry burn'd: But

too far Each proud star For me to feel its

warm - ing flame; Much more dear That mild sphere, Which

near our pla - net smil - ing came;* Thus, Ma - ry dear! be

thou my own— While bright - er eyes un - heed - ed play, I'll

love these moon-light looks a - lone, Which bless my home, and guide my way!

* "Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together."

WHISTON'S *Theory*, &c.

In the *Entretiens d'Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with the words, *Non mille, quod absens*.

Sva. - - - - - The

day had sunk in dim showers, But mid - night now, with lus - tre meek, Il -

lu - min'd all the pale flowers, Like hope, that lights a mourn - er's cheek. I

said, (while The moon's smile Play'd o'er a stream, in

dimp - ling bliss,) "The moon looks On ma - ny brooks; The

brook can see no moon but this;* And thus, I thought, our

for - tunes run, For ma - ny a lov - er looks to thee; While,

oh! I feel there is but *one*, *One* Ma - ry in the world for me!

Sva. - - - - -

* This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works:—"The moon looks upon many night-flowers; the night-flower sees but one moon."

ILL OMENS.

WHEN DAYLIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING.

Moderate time.

AIR—KITTY OF COLERAINE;* OR, PADDY'S RESOURCE.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

When day-light was yet sleep-ing un-der the bil-low, And stars in the hea-vens still

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The melody is in a minor key and has a moderate tempo.

lin - ger - ing shone, Young Kit - ty, all blush - ing, rose up from her pil - low, The

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics describe a young woman named Kitty who has just woken up.

last time she e'er was to press it a - lone: For the youth, whom she treasured her

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics mention a youth whom the woman treasured.



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heart and her soul in, Had promised to link the last tie before noon; And when once the young

heart of a maid-en is stol-en, The maid-en her-self will steal af-ter it soon!

II.

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
 Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
 A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
 Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.
 Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
 She brush'd him—he fell, alas! never to rise:—
 “Ah! such,” said the girl, “is the pride of our faces,
 For which the soul's innocence too often dies!”

III.

While she stole through the garden, where heart's-ease was growing,
 She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;
 And a rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing,
 That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too:
 But, while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
 Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost:—
 “Ah! this means,” said the girl, (and she sigh'd at its meaning,)
 “That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!”

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

BY THE HOPE WITHIN US SPRINGING.

AIR—THE FAIRY QUEEN.*
Harmonized for four Voices.

Majestically.

1ST TREBLE.

2ND TREBLE.

TENOR
8 NOTES LOWER.

BASS.

PIANOFORTE.

By the hope within us springing, Herald of to-morrow's strife,
And by that sun, whose light is bringing

* In order to bring this fine air of CAROLAN within the compass of the voice, it was necessary to raise some parts of it an octave higher than they are in the original setting, and to convert into a symphony the wild characteristic passage, which, more than once, breaks so boldly across the course of the Melody. The merit of this

arrangement, as well as the responsibility, rests entirely with SIR JOHN STEVENSON. He gave me the air in its present harmonized form; and I found it rather a difficult task to follow, with words of any tolerable meaning, those abrupt varieties of expression with which it abounds

Oh! re-mem-ber, life can be No charm for him, who
 Chains or freedom, death or life— Oh! re-mem-ber, life can be No charm for him, who
 Oh! re-mem-ber, life can be No charm for him, who
 Oh! re-mem-ber, life can be No charm for him, who

lives not free! Sinks the he-ro to his grave,
 lives not free! Sinks the he-ro to his grave, 'Midst the
 lives not free! Like the dav-star in the wave, 'Midst the
 lives not free! 'Midst the

dew - fall of a na - tion's tears! Bless-ed is he, o'er
 dew - fall of a na - tion's tears! Blest is he, o'er
 dew - fall of a na - tion's tears! Blest is he, o'er

The smiles of home may soothing shine,
 whose decline The smiles of home may soothing shine, And light him down the steep of
 whose decline The smiles of home may soothing shine, And light him down the steep of
 whose de-cline The smiles of home may soothing shine, And light him

p

But, oh! how
 years : But, oh! how
 years : But, oh! how
 down the steep of years : But, oh! how

cres.

f

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

Vic - tory's breast! O'er his watchfire's fad - ing em - bers

Vic - tory's breast!

Vic - tory's breast!

Vic - tory's breast! *cres.*

This system contains five staves. The top four are vocal staves, each with the lyrics "Vic - tory's breast!". The fifth staff is a grand staff for piano accompaniment, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a *cres.* (crescendo) marking.

Now the foe-man's cheek turns white,
When his bod - ing heart that field re - mem - bers,

This system contains five staves. The top two are vocal staves with the lyrics "Now the foe-man's cheek turns white," and "When his bod - ing heart that field re - mem - bers,". The bottom three staves are piano accompaniment.

Nev - er let him bind a - gain A
Where we dimm'd his glo-ry's light! Nev - er let him bind a - gain A
Nev - er let him bind a - gain A
Nev - er let him bind a - gain A

This system contains five staves. The top four are vocal staves with the lyrics "Nev - er let him bind a - gain A", "Where we dimm'd his glo-ry's light! Nev - er let him bind a - gain A", "Nev - er let him bind a - gain A", and "Nev - er let him bind a - gain A". The fifth staff is piano accompaniment.

chain like that we broke from then! Oh! before the ev'ning falls,
 chain like that we broke from then! Oh! before the ev'ning falls, May we
 chain like that we broke from then! Hark! the horn of com-bat calls!— May we
 chain like that we broke from then! May we

pledge that horn in tri-umph round! * Ma - ny a heart, that
 pledge that horn in tri-umph round! Ma - ny hearts that
 pledge that horn in tri-umph round! Ma - ny hearts that

In slum - ber cold at night shall lie,
 now beats high, In slum - ber cold at night shall lie, Nor wak - en ev'n at Vic - t'ry's
 now beats high, In slum - ber cold at night shall lie, Nor wak - en ev'n at Vic - t'ry's
 now beats high, In slum - ber cold at night shall lie, Nor wake . . . nor

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

But, oh! how
sound
sound
wake at Vic-tory's sound: But, oh! how

blest O'er whom a wond'ring
blest but, oh! how blest the he - ro sleeps, O'er whom a wond'ring
bless - ed, how bless - ed, but, oh! how blest the he - ro sleeps, O'er whom a wond'ring
bless-ed, how bless-ed, but, oh! how blest the he - ro sleeps, O'er whom a wond'ring

world shall weep!
world shall weep!
world shall weep!
world shall weep! *tr*

AFTER THE BATTLE.

NIGHT CLOSED AROUND THE CONQUEROR'S WAY.

With solemnity.

AIR—THY FAIR BOSOM.

The first system of music consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The time signature is 3/4. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody in the treble clef begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes trills (*tr*) on the second and fifth measures. The bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The second system continues the musical piece. It features a variety of dynamics, including piano (*p*) and forte (*f*). Trills (*tr*) are used again in the treble clef. The bass clef accompaniment includes some chords with a sharp sign, possibly indicating a key change or a specific harmonic effect.

The third system contains the first line of lyrics: "Night closed a - round the conqueror's way, And lightning show'd the". The melody in the treble clef includes a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment in the bass clef continues with a steady rhythmic pattern.

The fourth system contains the second line of lyrics: "dis - tant hill, Where those, who lost that dread - ful day, Stood". The melody in the treble clef features a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment in the bass clef provides a consistent harmonic support.

The fifth system contains the final line of lyrics: "few and faint, but fear - less still! The soldier's hope, the patriot's". The melody in the treble clef ends with a fermata over the final note. The piano accompaniment in the bass clef concludes the piece with a final chord.

zeal . . . For ev - er dimm'd, for e - ver crost— Oh!

who shall say . . . what he - roes feel, When all but life and

hon - our's lost?

The last sad hour of Freedom's dream
 And Valour's task moved slowly by,
 While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
 Should rise, and give them light to die!—
 There is a world, where souls are free,
 Where tyrants taint not Nature's bliss:
 If death that world's bright opening be,
 Oh! who would live a slave in this?

OH! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

Playfully.

AIR—THADY, YOU GANDER.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major, 6/8 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "Oh! 'tis sweet to think that, where'er we rove, We are sure to find some thing

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "bliss - ful and dear, And that, when we're far from the lips we love, We have

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "but to make love to the lips we are near! *The heart, like a ten - dril, ac-

* I believe it is Marmontel who says, "*Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.*"—There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconsistency to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact

as themselves, and to remind them that Democritus was not the worse physiologist for having playfully contended that snow was black, nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.

custom'd to cling, Let it grow where it will, cannot flour - ish a - lone, But will

lean to the near - est and love - li - est thing It can twine with it - self, and make

close - ly its own. Then, oh! what pleasure, wher - e'er we rove, To be

doom'd to find some - thing still that is dear; And to know, when far from the

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

The first system of music consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with similar rhythmic patterns. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

2ND VERSE.

The second system begins with a vocal line in the treble staff. The lyrics are: 'Twere a shame, when flow - ers a - round us rise, To make light of the rest if the

The piano accompaniment continues in the bass and treble staves, supporting the vocal melody.

The third system continues the vocal line with the lyrics: rose is not there; And the world's so rich in re - splend-ent eyes, 'Twere a

The piano accompaniment continues in the bass and treble staves.

The fourth system continues the vocal line with the lyrics: pi - ty to lim - it one's love to a pair. Love's wing and the peacock's are

The piano accompaniment continues in the bass and treble staves.

The fifth system concludes the vocal line with the lyrics: near-ly a - like; They are both of them bright, but they're changea - ble too: And, wher-

The piano accompaniment continues in the bass and treble staves.

ev - er a new beam of beau-ty can strike, It will tinc - ture Love's plume with a

dif - - fer - ent hue. Then, oh! what pleasure, wher - e'er we rove, To be

doom'd to find some - thing still that is dear; And to know, when far from the

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

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

THROUGH GRIEF AND THROUGH DANGER.

AIR—I ONCE HAD A TRUE-LOVE.

With feeling.

Through grief and through dan - ger thy

smile hath cheer'd my way, Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that

round me lay; The dark - er our for - tune, the bright - er our pure love

burn'd, Till shame in - to glo - ry, till fear in - to zeal was turn'd: Oh! slave as I

was, in thy arms my spi - rit felt free, And bless'd e'en the sor - rows that

made me more dear to thee.

II.

III.

Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd;
 Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd;
 She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves;
 Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
 Yet cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be,
 Than wed what I loved not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
 Hadst thou been a false one, thy check had look'd less pale!
 They say too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
 That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains;
 Oh! do not believe them—no chain could that soul subdue;
 Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too!*

* "Where the Spirit of the LORD is, there is liberty."—ST. PAUL, 2 *Corinthians* iii. 17.

DRINK TO HER.

AIR—HEIGH HO! MY JACKY.

Playful. *Sva.*

Drink to her, who long Hath waked the po - et's sigh—The girl, who gave to Song What
loco.

gold could nev - er buy! Oh! wo - man's heart was made For

minstrel-hands a - lone; By o-ther fingers play'd, It yields not half the tone. Then

here's to her who long Hath waked the poet's sigh— The girl, who gave to Song What

gold could never buy!

2ND VERSE.

At Beauty's door of glass, When Wealth and Wit once stood, They ask'd her, "*Which* might pass?" She

loco.

p

an - - swer'd, "He who could." With gold - en key Wealth thought To

p

pass—but'twould not do; While Wit a dia-mond brought, Which cut his bright way thro'! Then

here's to her who long Hath waked the po - et's sigh—The girl, who gave to Song What

gold could nev - er buy!

The Love, that seeks a home
 Where wealth or grandeur shines,
 Is like the gloomy gnome,
 That dwells in dark gold mines :
 But, oh! the poet's love
 Can boast a brighter sphere ;
 Its native home's above,
 Though woman keeps it here!
 Then drink to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh—
 The girl, who gave to Song
 What gold could never buy !

I SAW THY FORM.

Tenderly. AIR—DOMINALL.

I saw thy form in youth - ful prime, Nor thought that pale de - cay . . . Would

steal be - fore the steps of time, And waste its bloom a - way, MARY!

Yet still thy features wore that light Which fleets not with the breath; And life ne'er look'd more

purely bright Than in thy smile of death, MARY!

2ND VERSE.

As streams, that run o'er gold - en mines, With mod - est mur - mur glide, . . . Nor

. seem to know the wealth that shines With - in their gen - tle tide, MARY!

So, veil'd beneath a sim - ple guise, Thy ra - diant ge - nius shone, And that, which charm'd all

other eyes, Seem'd worthless in thy own, MARY!

3RD VERSE.

If souls could al-ways dwell a - bove, Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere; Or,

could we keep the souls we love, We ne'er had lost thee here, MARY!

Tho' many a gift-ed mind we meet, Tho' fair - est forms we see, To live with them is

far less sweet Than to re - member thee, MARY!*

* I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of SHENSTONE'S—"Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse?"

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.*

With expression.

AIR—THE SIXPENCE.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

It is not the tear at this mo-ment shed, When the

The first system of the song features a vocal line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The lyrics are: "It is not the tear at this mo-ment shed, When the".

cold turf has just been laid o'er him, That can tell how be - loved was the

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "cold turf has just been laid o'er him, That can tell how be - loved was the".

soul that's fled, Or how deep in our hearts we de - plore him : 'T is the tear thro' ma-ny a

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "soul that's fled, Or how deep in our hearts we de - plore him : 'T is the tear thro' ma-ny a".

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

long day wept, Through a life by his loss all shad - ed ; 'T is the

sad re - mem - brance, fond - ly kept, When all light - er griefs have

fad - ed !

Oh ! thus shall we mourn ; and his memory's light,
 While it shines through our hearts, will improve them ;
 For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
 When we think how he lived but to love them !
 And, as buried saints the grave perfume,
 Where, fadeless, they've long been lying,
 So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
 From the image he left there in dying !

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

With feeling and cheerfulness.

AIR—YELLOW WAT AND THE FOX.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with grace notes and slurs, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

Oh! doubt me not—the sea-son Is o'er, when Fol-ly made me rove, And

The first line of lyrics is accompanied by a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a bass line with sustained notes.

now the ves-tal, Rea-son, Shall watch the fire a-waked by Love. Al-

The second line of lyrics is accompanied by a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment.

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

The third line of lyrics is accompanied by a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more active accompaniment.

on-ly shook some blos-soms down, Its fruit has all been kept for thee. Then

The fourth line of lyrics is accompanied by a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part concludes with a final chord and a fermata over the final note.

doubt me not—the sea - son Is o'er, when Fol - ly made me rove, And

now the ves - tal, Rea - son, Shall watch the fire a - waked by Love.

2ND VERSE.

And though my lute no long - er May sing of pas - sion's ar - dent spell, Oh!

trust me, all the strong - er I feel the bliss I do not tell. The

bee thro' many a gar - den roves, And hums his lay of court - ship o'er, But

when he finds the flower he loves, He set - tles there and hums no more. Then

doubt me not— the sea - son Is o'er, when Fol - ly kept me free, And

now the ves - tal, Rea - son, Shall guard the flame a - waked by thee.

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING WHICH LIBERTY SPOKE.

With spirit.

AIR—THE BLACK JOKE.

The first system of music consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff contains the melody, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The bass staff provides a piano accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Sub - lime was the warn - ing which Li - ber - ty spoke, And grand was the mo - ment when

The second system features a vocal line on a treble staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass). The lyrics are: "Sub - lime was the warn - ing which Li - ber - ty spoke, And grand was the mo - ment when".

Spaniards a - woke In - to life and re - venge from the Con - quer - or's chain!

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Spaniards a - woke In - to life and re - venge from the Con - quer - or's chain!".

Oh, Li - ber - ty! let not this spi - rit have rest Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Oh, Li - ber - ty! let not this spi - rit have rest Till it move, 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 E - rin for - got While you add to your gar-land the

Ol - ive of Spain!

2ND VERSE.

If the fame of our fath-ers, bequeath'd with their rights, Give to country its charm and to

home its de-lights; If de - ceit be a wound and sus - pi - cion a stain;

Then, ye men of I - be - ria! our cause is the same— And, oh! may his tomb want a

tear and a name, Who would ask for a no - bler, a ho - li - er death, Than to

turn his last sigh in - to Vic - to - ry's breath For the Shamrock of E - rin and

O - live of Spain!

III.

Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resiga'd
 The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
 That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for in vain,
 Breathe a hope that the magical flame, which you light,
 May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright;
 And forgive even Albion, while, blushing, she draws,
 Like a truant, her sword, in the long-sighted cause
 Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

IV.

God prosper the cause!—Oh! it cannot but thrive,
 While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
 Its devotion to feel and its rights to maintain:
 Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
 The finger of glory shall point where they lie;
 While far from the footstep of coward or slave,
 The young Spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
 Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

THE PRINCE'S DAY.*

THOUGH DARK ARE OUR SORROWS.

With spirit and feeling. AIR—ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Tho' dark are our sor-rows, to - day we'll for - get them, And
 Con-tempt on the min-ion, who calls you dis - loy - al! Tho'
 He loves the green isle, and his love is re - cord - ed In

smile thro' our tears, like a sun - beam in show'rs; There nev - er were hearts, if our
 fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true; And the tri-bute most high to a
 hearts which have suf - fer'd too much to for - get; And hope shall be crown'd, and at-

rul - ers would let them, More form'd to be tran - quil and blest than ours! But,
 head that is roy - al, Is love from a heart, that loves liber - ty too. While
 tach - ment re - ward - ed, And E - rin's gay ju - bi - lee shine out yet! The

* This Song was written for a Fête in honour of the PRINCE OF WALES's Birth-day, given by my friend, Major BRYAN, last year (1810), at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

just when the chain Has ceased to pain, And hope has enwreath'd it round with flow'rs, There
 cow-ards, who blight Your fame, your right, Would shrink from the blaze of the battle ar - ray; The
 gem may be broke By many a stroke, But no - thing can cloud its na - tive ray; Each

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

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

tho' 'twere the last lit - tle spark in our souls, We must light it up now, on our
 show what the arm of old E - rin has in it, When rous'd by the foe on her
 spi - rit, that beams thro' each suf - fer - ing part, And now smiles at their pain, on the

Prince's Day.
 Prince's Day.
 Prince's Day.

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

Mourningfully.

AIR—THE SONG OF SORROW.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past; Your dreams of pride are o'er; The

The first system of the vocal melody is shown on a single staff. Below it, the piano accompaniment is written for two staves, with the right hand mirroring the vocal line and the left hand providing a steady accompaniment.

fa - tal chain is round you cast, And you are men no more! In vain the He - ro's

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment continues the piece, maintaining the same musical structure as the first system.

heart hath bled; The Sage - - 's tongue hath warn'd in vain;—Oh, Free - dom! once thy

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment continues the piece, maintaining the same musical structure as the first system.

flame hath fled, It ne - ver lights a - gain!

The final system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment concludes the piece with a double bar line.

2ND VERSE.

Weep on— per - haps in af - - ter days, They'll learn to love your

name; And many a deed may wake in praise, That long hath slept in

blame! And, when they tread the ru - in'd isle, Where rest, at length, the

lord and slave, They'll wond' - ring ask, how hands so vile Could

con - quer hearts so brave?

3RD VERSE.

"Twas fate," they'll say, 'a way - ward fate, Your web of dis - cord

wove; And while your ty - rants join'd in hate, You nev - er join'd in

love! But hearts fell off, that ought to twine, And man pro-faned what

God had giv'n, Till some were heard to curse the shrine, Where

o - thers knelt to Heav'n!"



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LESBIA HAS A BEAMING EYE.

With lightness and expression.

espress.

AIR—NORA CREINA.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/8.

Les - bia has a beam - ing eye, But no one knows for whom it beam - eth; Right and left its

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'Les - bia has a beam - ing eye, But no one knows for whom it beam - eth; Right and left its'. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern.

ar - rows fly, But what they aim at no one dream - eth! Sweeter 't is to gaze up - on My

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'ar - rows fly, But what they aim at no one dream - eth! Sweeter 't is to gaze up - on My'. The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

No - ra's lid, that sel - dom ris - es; Few her looks, but ev' - ry one, Like

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'No - ra's lid, that sel - dom ris - es; Few her looks, but ev' - ry one, Like'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

un - ex - pect - ed light sur - pris - es! Oh, my No - ra Crei - na dear! My

gentle, bash - ful No - ra Crei - na! Beauty lies In ma - ny eyes, But

love in yours, my No - ra Crei - na!

espress.

2ND VERSE.

Les - bia wears a robe of gold, But all so close the nymph has laced it, Not a charm of



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beauty's mould Presumes to stay where nature placed it! Oh! my No - ra's gown for me, That

floats as wild as moun - tain breez - es, Leav - ing ev' - ry beauty free To

sink or swell as heaven pleas - es! Yes, my No - ra Crei - na dear! My

simple, grace - ful No - ra Crei - na! Nature's dress Is love - li - ness, The

dress *you* wear, my No - ra Crei - na!

espress.

3RD VERSE.

Les - bia has a wit re-fined, But, when its points are gleam-ing round us, Who can tell if

they're design'd To dazzle mere - ly, or to wound us? Pillow'd on my No - ra's heart, In

saf - er slum - ber love re - pos - es;— Bed of peace! whose roughest part Is

but the crumpling of the ros - es! Oh, my No - ra Crei - na dear! My

mild, my art - less No - ra Crei - na! Wit, tho' bright, Has not the light That

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'mild, my art - less No - ra Crei - na! Wit, tho' bright, Has not the light That'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

warms your eyes, my No - ra Crei - na!

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics 'warms your eyes, my No - ra Crei - na!'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic patterns as the first system.

espress.

The third system concludes the musical score. The piano accompaniment in the right hand features a more active eighth-note pattern. The system ends with a double bar line. The tempo marking *espress.* is placed above the vocal line.

ON MUSIC.

WHEN THROUGH LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE.

Slow and with feeling. AIR—BANKS OF BANNA.

When thro' life un-blest we rove, Los-ing all that made life dear, Should some notes, we
 used to love In days of boy-hood, meet our ear; Oh! how welcome breathes the strain,
 Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept— Kindling form-er smiles a-gain In

fad-ed eyes, that long have wept!

2ND VERSE.

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

breath of Song, That once was heard in happier hours. Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,

Though the flow'rs have sunk in death: So, when Plea-sure's dream is gone, Its

mem'ry lives in Music's breath!

3RD VERSE.

Mu - sic!— oh! how faint, how weak! Language fades be - fore thy spell! Why should Feel-ing

ev - er speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well? Friendship's balm-y words may feign,

Love's are ev'n more false than they; Oh! 'tis on - ly Mu - sic's strain Can

sweetly soothe, and not be - tray!

I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.

Mournful. AIR—I WISH I WAS ON YONDER HILL.

The musical score is written in common time (C) and consists of four systems. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a prominent bass line with a 'legati.' marking in the first system and a 'pp' marking in the second system. The lyrics are: 'I wish I was by that dim Lake,* Where sin - ful souls their fare - well take Of this vain world, and half - way lie In death's cold sha - dow, ere they die. There, there,'

* These verses are meant to allude to that ancient haunt of superstition, called Patrick's Purgatory. "In the midst of these gloomy regions of Donegall (says Dr. Campbell) lay a Lake, which was to become the mystic theatre of this fabled and intermediate state. In the lake were several islands; but one of them was dignified with that called the Mouth of Purgatory, which, during the dark ages, attracted the notice of all Christendom, and was the resort of penitents and pilgrims, from almost every country in Europe."

"It was," as the same writer tells us, "one of the most dismal and dreary spots in the North, almost inaccessible, through deep glens and rugged mountains, frightful with impending rocks, and the hollow murmurs of the western winds in dark caverns, peopled only with such fantastic beings as the mind, however gay, is from strange association wont to appropriate to such gloomy scenes."—*Structures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland.*

far from thee, De - ceit - ful world, my home should be— Where,

come what might of gloom and pain, False hope should ne'er de -

ceive a - gain!

p *f* *p*

2ND VERSE.

The life - less sky, the mourn - ful sound Of

pp

un - seen wa - ters, fall - ing round— The dry leaves quiv' - ring

o'er my head, Like man, un - qui - et ev'n when dead—These, ay,

these should wean My soul from life's de - lud - ing scene, And

turn each thought, each wish I have, Like wil - lows, down - ward

tow'rds the grave.

As they, who to their couch at night
 Would welcome sleep, first quench the light,
 So must the hopes, that keep this breast
 Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.
 Cold, cold, my heart must grow,
 Unchanged by either joy or woe,
 Like freezing founts, where all that 's thrown
 Within their current turns to stone.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY, COME MEET ME TO-NIGHT.

Significantly and in moderate time.

AIR—OPEN THE DOOR SOFTLY.

pp e stacc. mf pp

smorz. f pp

Down in the val-ley, come, meet me to-night, I'll tell you your for-tune tru - ly As

sempre staccato molto.

ev - er 't was told, by the new moon's light, To young maid-en, shin - ing as new - ly—As

ev - er 't was told, by the new moon's light, To young maid-en, shin - ing as new - ly.

cres. mf pp p

ten. f p

2ND VERSE.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh, Lest hap - ly the stars should de - ceive me—These

se - crets be - tween you and me and the sky Should nev - er go far - ther, be - lieve me. These

se - crets be - tween you and me and the sky Should nev - er go far - ther, be - lieve me.

cres. mf pp f

ten. f p

3RD VERSE.

If at that hour the heav'ns be not dim, My science shall call up be - fore you A

male ap - par - it - tion—the im - age of him, Whose des - ti - ny 'tis to - a-

dore you. A male ap - pa - ri - tion—the im - age of him, Whose

cres. *mf* *pp*

des - ti - ny 'tis to a - dore you.

f *pp*

IV.

Then to the phantom be thou but kind,
 And round you so fondly he'll hover,
 You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
 'Twixt him and a true living lover.

V.

Down at your feet, in the pale moon-light,
 He'll kneel, with a warmth of emotion—
 An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite
 You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

VI.

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

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

Boldly AIR—CROGGHAN A VENEE.*

A - veng - ing and bright fall the

swift sword of E - rin, On him, who the brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd!

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

The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the lamentable fate of the sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'FLANAGAN (see Vol. I. of Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin), and upon which it appears that the "Darthula" of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, king of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story (says Mr. O'FLANAGAN) has been from time immemorial held

in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, 'The death of the Children of Touran,' 'The death of the Children of Lear' (both regarding Tuatha de Danans), and this, 'The death of the Children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story."—It will be recollected, that, at page 54 of these Melodies, there is a Ballad upon the story of the Children of Lear or Lir: "Silent, O Moyle!" &c.

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

espress.

For ev' - ry fond eye which he wak - en'd a tear in, A

f

drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

2ND VERSE.

By the red cloud which hung o - ver

Con - or's dark dwell - ing, When U - lad's three cham - pions lay sleep - ing in gore—

By the bil - lows of war which, so of - ten high swell - ing, Have

waft - ed these he - roes to vic - to - ry's shore!—*

III.

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
 The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
 Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
 Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

IV.

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
 Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
 Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes and affections,
 Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

* "Oh Naisi! view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red." *Deirdre's Song*, Ulad, Ulster.

NAY, TELL ME NOT.

AIR—DENNIS, DON'T BE THREATENING.

With gaiety and spirit.

Nay, tell me not, dear! that the gob - let drowns One charm of feel - ing, one

fond re - gret; Be - lieve me, a few of thy an - gry frowns Are

all I've sunk in its bright wave yet. Ne'er hath a beam Been

lost in the stream That e - ver was shed from thy form or soul; The

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

hal - low my bowl! Then fan - cy not, dear - est! that wine can steal One

bliss - ful dream of the heart from me; Like founts, that a - wak - en the

pil - grim's zeal, The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

The first system of music consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The music is in a common time signature and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

2ND VERSE.

The second system begins with the second verse. The vocal line starts with the lyrics "They tell us that Love in his fai - ry bow'r Had two blush - ros - es, of". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

The third system continues the second verse with the lyrics "birth di - vine; He sprinkled the one with a rain - bow's show'r, But". The musical notation follows the same pattern as the previous system.

The fourth system continues the second verse with the lyrics "bathed the o - - ther with mant - ling wine. Soon did the buds, That". The musical notation follows the same pattern as the previous system.

The fifth system concludes the second verse with the lyrics "drank of the floods Dis - till'd by the rain - bow, de - cline and fade; While". The musical notation follows the same pattern as the previous system.

those, which the tide Of ru - by had dyed, All blush'd in - to beau - ty like

thee, sweet maid! Then fan - cy not, dear - est! that wine can steal One

bliss - ful dream of the heart from me; Like founts, that a - wak - en the

pil - grim's zeal, The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWRET.

Playfully. AIR—THE YELLOW HORSE.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, B-flat major. The right hand features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with quarter notes and chords.

HE

What the bee is to the flow - ret, When he looks for ho - ney dew

The vocal line begins with a half note 'HE' followed by a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

Thro' the leaves that close em - bower it, That my love, I'll be to you!

The vocal line continues with a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

SHE

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

The vocal line begins with a half note 'SHE' followed by a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

Whisp'ring kiss-es, while they're go - ing, That I'll be to you, my dear!

DUETTO.

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

Whisp'ring kiss - es, while they're go - ing, That I'll be to you, my dear!
 Whisp'ring kiss - es, while they're go - ing, That I'll be to you, my dear!

SHE.

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

sweets are gone; And when once the kiss is o - ver, Faithless brooks will wan - der on!

HE.

Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks, If sun-ny banks *will* wear a-way,

'Tis but right, that bees and brooks Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

DUETTO.

Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks, If sun - ny banks *will* wear a - way,
 Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks, If sun - ny banks *will* wear a - way,

'Tis but right, that bees and brooks Should sip and kiss them, while they may.
 'Tis but right, that bees and brooks Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

HERE WE DWELL IN HOLIEST BOWERS.

Smoothly and in moderate time.

AIR—CEAN DUBH DELISH.*

The first system shows the piano introduction. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

“Here we dwell in ho - li - est bow - ers, Where An - gels of light o'er our

The second system contains the first line of the vocal melody and its piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: “Here we dwell in ho - li - est bow - ers, Where An - gels of light o'er our

o - ri - sons bend ; Where sighs of de - vo - tion and breathing of flow - ers To

The third system contains the second line of the vocal melody and its piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: o - ri - sons bend ; Where sighs of de - vo - tion and breathing of flow - ers To

hea - ven in mingled o - dours as - cend ! Do not dis - turb our calm, oh Love ! So

The fourth system contains the third line of the vocal melody and its piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: hea - ven in mingled o - dours as - cend ! Do not dis - turb our calm, oh Love ! So

like is thy form to the che - rubs a - bove, It well might de - ceive such hearts as ours.”

The fifth system contains the fourth line of the vocal melody and its piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: like is thy form to the che - rubs a - bove, It well might de - ceive such hearts as ours.”

* 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.

The first system of music consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with various ornaments and a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) near the end. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

2ND VERSE.

Love stood near the No - vice, and lis - ten'd, And Love is no no - vice in

The second system includes the first line of lyrics. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is shown in the bass staff.

tak - ing a hint; His laugh - ing blue eyes soon with pi - e - ty glis - ten'd; His

The third system contains the second line of lyrics. The musical notation follows the same format as the previous systems.

ro - sy wing turn'd to hea - ven's own tint. "Who would have thought," the ur - chin cries, "That

The fourth system contains the third line of lyrics. The melody and accompaniment continue.

Love could so well, so gravely dis - guise His wan - der - ing wings, and wounding eyes?"

The fifth system contains the fourth line of lyrics. The musical notation follows the same format as the previous systems.

The sixth system concludes the piece with a final melodic phrase in the treble staff and a corresponding piano accompaniment in the bass staff, ending with a double bar line.

3RD VERSE.

Love now warms thee, wak - ing and sleep - ing, Young No - vice! to him all thy

o - ri - sons rise; *He* ting - es the hea - ven - ly fount with his weep - ing, *He*

brightens the censer's flame with his sighs! Love is the saint enshrined in thy breast, And

an - gels themselves would ad - mit such a guest, If he came to them, cloth'd in Pi - e - ty's vest.

f

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUERED.

With feeling and gaiety.

AIR—THE BUNCH OF GREEN RUSHES THAT GREW AT THE BRIM.

This life is all chequ - er'd with plea - sures and woes, That
When Hy - las was sent with his urn to the fount, Thro'

chase one an - o - ther like waves of the deep, Each
fields full of sun - shine, with heart full of play, Light

bil - low, as bright - ly or dark - ly it flows, Re -
ram - bled the boy o - ver mea - dow and mount, And neg -

flect - ing our eyes, as they spar - kle or weep. So
lect - ed his task for the flowers on the way.* Thus

close - ly our whims on our mi - se - ries tread, That the
some who, like me, should have drawn and have tast - ed The

laugh is a - waked ere the tear can be dried; And as
foun - tain, that runs by phi - lo - so - phy's shrine, Their

fast as the rain - drop of Pi - ty is shed, The goose -
time with the flowers on the mar - gin have wast - ed, And

plum - age of Fol - ly can turn it a - side, But
left their light urns all as emp - ty as mine! But

pledge me the cup— if ex - ist - ence would cloy, With
pledge me the gob - let— while I - dle - ness weaves Her

hearts ev - er hap - py, and heads ev - er wise, Be
flower - ets to - ge - ther, if Wis - dom can see One

ours the light grief, that is sis - ter to joy, And the
bright drop or two, that has fall'n on the leaves From her

short bril - liant fol - ly, that flash - es and dies!
foun - tain di - vine, 'tis suf - fi - cient for me!

OH THE SHAMROCK!

In moderate time.

AIR—ALLEY CROKER.

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef line with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a few notes and rests. The middle and bottom staves are grouped together as a grand staff, with a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The middle staff has a treble clef and contains a melodic line with various notes and rests. The bottom staff has a bass clef and contains a bass line with chords and single notes. The word "Thro'" is written at the end of the first system.

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef line with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line with various notes and rests. The middle and bottom staves are grouped together as a grand staff, with a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The middle staff has a treble clef and contains a bass line with chords and single notes. The bottom staff has a bass clef and contains a bass line with chords and single notes. The lyrics "ERIN'S Isle, To sport a-while, As LOVE and VALOUR wan-der'd, With WIT, the sprite, Whose" are written below the top staff.

The third system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef line with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line with various notes and rests. The middle and bottom staves are grouped together as a grand staff, with a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The middle staff has a treble clef and contains a bass line with chords and single notes. The bottom staff has a bass clef and contains a bass line with chords and single notes. The lyrics "quiver bright A thou-sand ar - rows squan-der'd; Where'er they pass, A triple grass* Shoots" are written below the top staff.

The fourth system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef line with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line with various notes and rests. The middle and bottom staves are grouped together as a grand staff, with a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The middle staff has a treble clef and contains a bass line with chords and single notes. The bottom staff has a bass clef and contains a bass line with chords and single notes. The lyrics "up, with dewdrops streaming, As soft - ly green As em'ralsds seen, Thro' pur-est crystal gleam-ing!" are written below the top staff.

* SAINT PATRICK is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a

national emblem. HOPE, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, "standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil or three-coloured grass in her hand."

Oh the Shamrock, the green, im - mor - tal Shamrock! Chosen leaf Of Bard and Chief, Old

E - rin's na - tive Shamrock!

2ND VERSE.

Says VALOUR, "See, They spring for me, Those leaf - y gems of morn - ing!"—Says

LOVE, "No, no, For me they grow, My fra - grant path a - dorn - ing!"—But WIT per - ceives The

tri - ple leaves, And cries, "Oh! do not sev - er A type, that blends Three god - like friends, Love,

VA-LOUR, WIT, for ev - er!" Oh the Sham - rock, the green, im - mor - tal

Sham - rock! Chos - en leaf Of Bard and Chief, Old E - RIN'S na - tive Sham - rock!

III.

So firmly fond
 May last the bond
 They wove that morn together,
 And ne'er may fall
 One drop of gall
 On WIT's celestial feather!
 May LOVE, as twine
 His flowers divine,
 Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
 May VALOUR ne'er
 His standard rear
 Against the cause of Freedom!
 Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old ERIN'S native Shamrock!

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

Slow, and with melancholy expression.

AIR—MOLLY, MY DEAR.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. A *cres.* (crescendo) marking is placed above the right hand staff in the fifth measure.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weep-ing, I fly To the lone vale we

The first line of the song includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is shown in two staves (treble and bass clefs).

loved, when life shone warm in thine eye; And I think that, if spir - its can

The second line of the song continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is shown in two staves.

steal from the re-gion of air To re - vi - sit past scenes of de-light, thou wilt come to me

The third line of the song concludes the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is shown in two staves.

there, And tell me our love is re-mem-ber'd ev'n in the sky!

2ND VERSE.

Then I sing the wild song, which once 'twas rap - ture to hear, When our voi - ces, both

mingl - ing, breath'd like one on the ear; And, as E - cho far off through the

vale my sad o - ri - son rolls, I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the king-dom of

souls,* Faintly an - swer - ing still the notes that once were so dear!

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

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

With animation.

AIR—MOLL ROE IN THE MORNING.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including some slurs and accents. The lower staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "One bum-per at part-ing!—tho' ma - ny Have cir-cled the board since we met, The". The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes in the treble staff, with a steady accompaniment in the bass staff.

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "full - est, the sad - dest of a - ny Re-mains to be crown'd by us yet. The". The musical notation remains consistent with the previous systems, showing the interplay between the vocal line and the piano accompaniment.

The fourth system concludes the piece on this page. The lyrics are: "sweet-ness that plea-sure has in it, Is al - ways so slow to come forth, That". The final notes of the melody and accompaniment are shown, ending with a fermata over the final chord.

sel-dom, a - las, till the mi-nute It dies, do we know half its worth! But,

oh! may our life's hap-py mea-sure Be all of such mo-ments made up; They're

born on the bo - som of Plea-sure, They die midst the tears of the cup.

f *cres.*

2ND VERSE.

As on-ward we jour - ney, how plea-sant To pause and in - hab - it 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 mas - ter, Cries "On-ward!" and spurs the gay hours—Ah!

nev - er does Time tra - vel fast - er, Than when his way lies a - mong flowers. But,

come—may our life's hap - py mea - sure Be all of such mo - ments made up; They're

born on the bo - som of Plea - sure, They die midst the tears of the cup.

f *cres.*

How brilliant the sun look'd in sinking!
 The waters beneath him how bright!
 Oh! trust me, the farewell of drinking
 Should be like the farewell of light.
 You saw how he finish'd, by darting
 His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
 So fill up, let's shine at our parting,
 In full liquid glory like him.
 And, oh! may our life's happy measure
 Of moments like this be made up;
 'T was born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 It dies mid the tears of the cup!

SONG OF O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS.*

OF ALL THE FAIR MONTHS, THAT ROUND THE SUN.

Smooth y and in moderate time. AIR—THE LITTLE AND GREAT MOUNTAIN.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 6/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a prominent bass line with sustained notes and moving eighth-note patterns. The vocal line is melodic and includes lyrics. Performance markings include *sempre pia e legati molto.*, *cres.*, *f*, *p*, *dim.*, *pp*, and *mf*.

sempre pia e legati molto.

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

Of all the fair months that round the Sun In light-link'd dance their

cir - cles run, Sweet May, sweet May, shine thou for me, Sweet

pp *mf* *pp*

* The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donohue and his White Horse may be found in Mr. Weld's Account of Killarney, or, more fully detailed, in Derrick's Letters. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen, on the morning of May-day, gliding over the lake on his favourite white horse, to the sound of sweet unearthly music, and preceded by

groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring-flowers in his path. Among other stories connected with this Legend of the Lakcs, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl, whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May-morning, threw herself into the Lake.



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May, shine thou for me; For still when thy ear - liest beams a -

rise, That Youth, who be - neath the blue lake lies, Sweet May, Sweet May, re -

turns to me, Sweet May, re - turns to me.

II.

Of all the bright haunts, where daylight leaves
 Its lingering smile on golden eves,
 Fair Lake, fair Lake, thou'rt dearest to me;
 For when the last April sun grows dim,
 Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him
 Who dwells, who dwells, bright Lake, in thee.

III.

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore
 Young plumed Chiefs on sea or shore,
 White Steed, white Steed, most joy to thee,
 Who still, with the first young glance of spring,
 From under that glorious lake dost bring
 My love, my love, my chief, to me.

IV.

While, white as the sail some bark unfurls,
 When newly launch'd, thy long mane* curls,
 Fair Steed, fair Steed, as white and free;
 And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
 Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
 Fair Steed, around my love and thee.

V.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
 Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
 Most sweet, most sweet, that death will be,
 Which, under the next May evening's light,
 When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
 Dear love, dear love, I'll die for thee.

* The boatmen at Killarney call those waves which come on a windy day, crested with foam, "O'Donohue's white horses."

THE MINSTREL BOY.

With strength and spirit.

AIR—THE MOREEN.

The first system of the score shows the piano introduction. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff with a melody in C major and a bass clef staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The music is in 4/4 time and begins with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

The second system shows the piano accompaniment for the first vocal line. The treble staff has a melody that begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) is present. The word "The" is written below the treble staff.

The third system contains the second vocal line and its piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a melody in the treble staff, with lyrics underneath: "Min - strel Boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His". A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present. The piano accompaniment is shown in both treble and bass staves.

The fourth system contains the third vocal line and its piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues the melody from the previous system with lyrics: "fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him." The piano accompaniment continues in both staves.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic, followed by a trill (*tr*) and a *tenderly* marking. The second system includes a *cres.* (crescendo) and a *p* (piano) marking. The third system concludes with a double bar line. The lyrics are: "Land of song!" said the war - rior bard, "Though all the world be - trays thee, One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee!"

f *tr* *tenderly.*

"Land of song!" said the war - rior bard, "Though all the world be -

cres. *p*

trays thee, One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall

praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!— but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring that proud soul under ;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder ;
 And said, " No chains shall sully thee,
 "Thou soul of love and bravery !
 " Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
 " They shall never sound in slavery."

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

THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.

In moderate time and according to the feeling of each verse.

AIR—THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW.

The val-ley lay smil-ing be-fore me, Where late-ly I left her behind; Yet I

trembled, and something hung o'er me, That sad - den'd the joy of my mind.

I look'd for the lamp which, she told me, Should shine, when her Pilgrim return'd, But, tho'

* These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of dividing, conquering, and enslaving us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran. "The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and con-

jured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns."—The monarch Roderick espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation), "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antoninus, and by the destruction of Troy."

dark-ness be-gan to in-fold me, No lamp from the bat-tle-ments burn'd!

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system features a vocal line on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment is shown in grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs). The second system continues the piano accompaniment with more complex rhythmic patterns and chordal textures.

II.

I flew to her chamber—'t was lonely
 As if the loved tenant lay dead—
 Ah, would it were death, and death only!
 But no—the young false one had fled.
 And *there* hung the lute, that could soften
 My very worst pains into bliss,
 While the hand, that had waked it so often,
 Now throbb'd to my proud rival's kiss!

III.

There *was* a t'ime, falsest of women!
 When BREFFNI's good sword would have sought
 That man, through a million of foemen,
 Who dared but to doubt thee *in thought*!
 While now—oh! degenerate daughter
 Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!
 And, through ages of bondage and slaughter,
 Thy country shall bleed for thy shame.

IV.

Already, the curse is upon her,
 And strangers her valleys profane!
 They come to divide—to dishonour—
 And tyrants they long will remain!
 But onward!—the green banner rearing,
 Go, flesh ev'ry brand to the hilt;
 On *our* side is VIRTUE and ERIN,
 On *theirs* is the SAXON and GUILT.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE.

With lightness and in moderate time.

AIR—SHEELA NA GUIRA.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Oh! had we some bright lit - tle". The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) and features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "isle of our own, In a blue sum - mer o - cean, far off and a -". The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "lone; Where a leaf nev - er dies in the still - blooming bowers, And the". The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

bee ban - quets on through a whole year of flowers. Where the sun loves to

pause With so fond a de - lay, That the night on - ly draws A thin veil o'er the

day; Where sim - ply to feel that we breathe, that we live, Is worth the best

joys that life else - where can give!

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
 We should love, as they loved in the first golden time;
 The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
 Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there!
 With affection as free
 From decline as the bowers;
 And with Hope, like the bee,
 Living always on flowers;
 Our life should resemble a long day of light,
 And our death come on holy and calm as the night!

FAREWELL! BUT, WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

With expression.

AIR—MOLL ROONE.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Fare-well!—but, when - e - ver you wel - come the hour, Which a-

The first system of the song includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues from the introduction.

wak - ens the night-song of mirth in your bower, Then think of the friend, who once

The second system continues the song. The vocal line includes dynamic markings *f* and *p*. The piano accompaniment provides a steady accompaniment.

wel - comed it too, And for - got his own griefs to be hap-py with you.

The third system concludes the song. The vocal line ends with a final note. The piano accompaniment provides a concluding accompaniment.

His griefs may re - turn— not a hope may re - main Of the

few that have brighten'd his path - way of pain— But he

f *dim.* *ad lib.*

ne'er will for - get the short vi - sion, that threw Its en-

a tempo.

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

p

2ND VERSE.

And still on that evening, when plea - sure fills up To the

high - est top spar - kle each heart and each cup, Wher-e'er my path lies, be it

gloom - y or bright, My soul, hap - py friends! shall be with you that night ;

Shall join in your rev - els, your sports, and your wiles, And re-

turn to me, beam - ing all o'er with your smiles! Too

a tempo.

blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer, Some
 kind voice had mur - mur'd, "I wish he were here!"

The musical score consists of three systems. Each system includes a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first system begins with the tempo marking 'a tempo.' The lyrics are: 'blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer, Some'. The second system continues the lyrics: 'kind voice had mur - mur'd, "I wish he were here!"'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a more active treble line with chords and melodic fragments.

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy—
 Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
 And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
 Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd !
 Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
 You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will ;
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still !

'T IS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Feelingly.

AIR—GROVES OF BLARNEY.

The first system of musical notation consists of a grand staff with a treble clef and a bass clef. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody in the treble clef begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. A trill (tr) is indicated over the C5 note. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment starting on G3.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble clef melody features a series of eighth notes and a final quarter note G4. The bass line continues with eighth notes, ending with a half note G3.

The third system includes the vocal line. The treble clef melody is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are: " 'T is the last rose of sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a -". The bass line continues with eighth notes.

The fourth system continues the vocal line. The treble clef melody is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are: " lone ; All her love - ly com - panions Are fad - ed and". The bass line continues with eighth notes.

The fifth system concludes the vocal line. The treble clef melody is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are: " gone ; No flower of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is". The bass line continues with eighth notes.



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nigh, To re - flect back her blushes Or give sigh for

sigh!

2ND VERSE.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the

stem; Since the love - ly are sleeping, Go, sleep thou with

them ; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the

bed, Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent - less and

dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from love's shining circle
 The gems drop away !
 When true hearts lie wither'd,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh ! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone ?

'TIS BELIEVED THAT THIS HARP.

AIR—GAGE FANE.

Moderate time.

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

'Tis be-lieved that this Harp, which I wake now for thee, Was a Sy - ren, of

old, who sung un - der the sea ; And who oft - en at eve through the

bright bil - low roved, To meet on the green shore a youth whom she loved.

2ND VERSE.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep, And in tears all the

night her gold ring-lets to steep, Till Heav'n look'd with pi - ty on

true love so warm, And changed to this soft Harp the sea - maid - en's form!

3RD VERSE.

Still her bo - som rose fair— still her cheek smiled the same—While her sea - beau-ties

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

all its bright rings, Fell o - ver her white arm, to make the gold strings!*

Hence it came that this soft Harp so long hath been known
To mingle Love's language with Sorrow's sad tone,
Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when away!

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

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT?

Solemnly but with spirit.

AIR—"MACFARLANE'S LAMENTATION"

p *es press.* *f* *p* *f* *p* *pp*

Shall the Harp then be

sostenuto.

si - lent, when he, who first gave To our coun - try a

pp *cres.* *pp*

name, is with - drawn from all eyes? Shall a min - strel of

f *p* *f* *p* *dim.* *pp* *f* *pp*

E - rin stand mute by the grave, Where the first—where the last of her

f *p*

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT?

2ND VERSE.

Pa - tri - ots lies? No— faint tho' the
 death - song may fall from his lips, Tho' his Harp, like his
 soul, may with sha - dows be crost, Yet, yet shall it
 sound, 'mid a na - tion's e - clipse, And pro - claim to the world what a
 star hath been lost!*

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

* It is only these two first verses that are either fitted or intended to be sung

What a union of all the affections and powers,
 By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refined,
 Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was ours,
 While its mighty circumference circled mankind!

Oh, who that loves Erin—or who that can see,
 Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime—
 Like a pyramid, raised in the desert—where he
 And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time!—

That *one* lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom
 And the madness of ages, when, fill'd with his soul,
 A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
 And, for *one* sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's goal!

Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drunk at the source
 Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
 In whose high-thoughted daring the fire, and the force,
 And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown—

An eloquence rich—wheresoever its wave
 Wander'd free and triumphant—with thoughts that shone through,
 As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,
 With the flash of the gem, its solidity too!

Who, that ever approach'd him, when, free from the crowd,
 In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
 'Mong the trees which a nation had given, and which bow'd,
 As if each brought a new civic crown for his head—

That home, where—like him, who, as fable hath told,*
 Put the rays from his brow, that his child might come near—
 Every glory forgot, the most wise of the old
 Became all that the simplest and youngest hold dear!

Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of life,
 But at distance observed him—through glory, through blame,
 In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
 Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same—

Such a union of all that enriches life's hour,
 Of the sweetness we love and the greatness we praise,
 As that type of simplicity blended with power,
 A child with a thunderbolt only portrays.—

Oh no—not a heart, that e'er knew him, but mourns,
 Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is shrined—
 O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns
 Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

* Apollo, in his interview with Phaëton, as described by Ovid:—" *Deposuit radios, propiùsque accedere jussit.*"

I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

Tenderly.

AIR—THE ROSE TREE.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and a trill-like figure. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth-note figures. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

The first line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "I'd mourn the hopes that leave me, If thy smiles had left me too; I'd". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

The second line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "weep, when friends de - ceive me, If thou wert, like them, un - true." The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

The third line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "But, while I've thee be - fore me, With heart so warm and eye so bright, No". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

The fourth line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "clouds can lin - ger o'er me That smile turns them all to light!". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

2ND VERSE.

'Tis not in fate to harm me, While fate leaves thy love to me; 'Tis

not in joy to charm me, Un - less joy be shared with thee.

f One minute's dream a - bout thee Were worth a long, an end - less year Of

ad lib.

a tempo.

wak - ing bliss with - out thee, My own love, my on - ly dear!

3RD VERSE.

And, though the hope be gone, love, That long spar - kled o'er our way, Oh!

we shall jour - ney on, love, More safe - ly, with - out its ray.

f Far bet - ter lights shall win me *ad lib.* A - long the path I've yet to roam, The

a tempo. mind, that burns with - in me, And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller, at first goes out,
He feels a while benighted,
And looks round in fear and doubt.

But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless star-light on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds!

THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH.

With liveliness and spirit, but not too fast.

AIR—THE PRIEST IN HIS BOOTS.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and slurs, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The dynamic marking *mf* is present.

This system shows the beginning of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a rest followed by a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and rhythmic patterns. Dynamic markings *f* and *pp* are used. The lyrics "There are" are written above the vocal line.

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "sounds of mirth in the night air ringing, And lamps from ev - e - ry case - ment shown, While". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and rhythmic figures.

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "voic - es blithe with - in are singing, That seem to say 'Come,' in ev - e - ry tone. Ah!". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and rhythmic patterns. The dynamic marking *dolce.* is present.

The fourth system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "once how light, in Life's young sea - son, My heart had bound - ed at". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and rhythmic patterns.

that sweet lay; Nor paused to ask of grey-beard Rea-son If I should the sy-ren

call o - bey.

2ND VERSE.

And

see—the lamps still live-li-er glit-ter, The sy-ren lips more fond-ly sound;—No,

seek, ye nymphs, some vic-tim fit-ter To sink in your ro-sy bond-age bound. Shall a

bard whom not the world in arms Could bend to ty - ran - ny's

mf

rude con - trol, Thus quail at sight of wo - man's charms, And yield to a smile his

fp

free - born soul?

mf *f*

3RD VERSE.

Thus

p

sung the sage while, sly - ly stealing, The nymphs their fet - ter a - round him cast, And, their

laugh - ing eyes the while con - ceal - ing, Led Li - ber - ty's Bard their slave at last. For the

Po - et's heart, still prone to lov - ing, Was like that rock of the

Dru - id race,* Which the gen - tlest touch at once set mov - ing, But

all earth's power could not shake from its base.

* The Rocking Stones of the Druids, some of which no force is able to dislodge from their stations

COME O'ER THE SEA.

With impassioned melancholy.

AIR—CUISHLIH MA CHREE.*

Come o'er the sea, Maid - en! with me, Mine thro' sun-shine, storm, and snows!

Sea-sons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same, wher - e'er it goes. Let

For - tune frown, so we love and part not; 'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis

* The following are some of the original words of this wild and singular Air;—they contain rather an odd assortment of grievances.

Cuishlih ma chree,
 Did you but see
 How, the rogue, he did serve me;—*Bis.*
 He broke my pitcher, he spilt my water,
 He kiss'd my wife, and he married my daughter!
 O Cuishlih ma chree! &c

death where thou art not! Then come o'er the Sea, Maid-en! with me, Come wher- ev - er the

wild wind blows; Sea - sons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same, wher -

e'er it goes.

2ND VERSE.

Is not the Sea Made for the Free, Land for courts and chains a - lone?

Here we are slaves; But, on the waves, Love and Li - ber - ty's all our own! No

eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us, All earth for - got, and all

hea - ven a - round us! Then come o'er the Sea, Maid-en! with me, Come wher - ev - er the

wild wind blows; Sea - sons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same, wher -

e'er it goes.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

AIR—LUGGELAW.

With expression.

lento.

a tempo.

No, not more wel - come the fai - ry num - bers Of mu - sic fall on the sleep - er's

ear, When, half a - wak - ing from fear - ful slum - bers, He thinks the

full quire of heav'n is near,— Then came that voice, when, all for-

lento.

sak - en, This heart long had sleep - ing lain, Nor thought its

lento.

cold pulse would ev - er wak - en To such be - nign, bless - ed sounds a-

lento.

gain.

2ND VERSE.

Sweet voice of com - fort ! 't was like the steal - ing Of summer wind thro' some wreathed

shell; Each se - cret wind - ing, each in - most feel - ing Of all my

soul e - choed to its spell! 'Twas whis - per'd balm—'t was sun - shine

lento.

spok - en!— I'd live years of grief and pain To have my

lento.

long sleep of sorrow brok - en By such be - nign, bless - ed sounds a-

gain!

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

In moderate time.

AIR—O PATRICK, FLY FROM ME.*

When first I met thee, warm and young, There shone such truth a - bout thee, And

on thy lip such pro - mise hung, I did not dare to doubt thee. I

saw thee change, yet still re - lied, Still clung with hope the fond - er, And

thought, tho' false to all be - side, From me thou couldst not wan - der.

* 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 the features of authenticity.

But go, de - ceiv - er! go,— The heart whose hopes could make it

Trust one so false, so low, De-serves that thou shouldst break it!

II.

When every tongue thy follies named,
 I fled th' unwelcome story ;
 Or found, in ev'n the faults they blamed,
 Some gleams of future glory.
 I still was true, when nearer friends
 Conspired to wrong, to slight thee ;
 The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
 Would then have bled to right thee.
 But go, deceiver! go,—
 Some day, perhaps, thou 'lt waken
 From pleasure's dream, to know
 The grief of hearts forsaken.

III.

Ev'n now, though youth its bloom has shed,
 No lights of age adorn thee ;
 The few, who loved thee once, have fled,
 And they who flatter scorn thee.
 Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
 No genial ties enwreath it ;
 The smiling there, like light on graves,
 Has rank, cold hearts beneath it!
 Go—go—though worlds were thine,
 I would not now surrender
 One taintless tear of mine
 For all thy guilty splendour!

IV.

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
 When ev'n those ties shall sever ;
 When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
 On her thou 'st lost for ever!
 On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
 With smiles had still received thee,
 And gladly died to prove thee all
 Her fancy first believed thee.
 Go—go—'t is vain to curse,
 'T is weakness to upbraid thee ;
 Hate cannot wish thee worse
 Than guilt and shame have made

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

Moderate time with energy.

AIR—PADDY WHACK.

First system of piano introduction. Treble clef, key signature of two sharps (D major), 6/8 time signature. The music features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and a melodic line in the right hand.

Second system of piano introduction. Treble clef, key signature of two sharps (D major), 6/8 time signature. Includes dynamic markings *cres.* and *p*.

Third system of piano introduction. Treble clef, key signature of two sharps (D major), 6/8 time signature. Includes dynamic marking *p*.

First line of lyrics: "While His - to - ry's Muse the me - mo - rial was keep - ing Of all that the dark hand of". Includes piano accompaniment with dynamic marking *p*.

Second line of lyrics: "Des - ti - ny weaves, Be - side her the Ge - nius of E - rin stood weep - ing, For". Includes piano accompaniment with dynamic marking *espress.*

hers was the sto - ry that blot - ted the leaves. But, oh! how the tear in her

eye - lids grew bright, When, af - ter whole pag - es of sor - row and shame, She saw

His - to - ry write, With a pen - cil of light, That il - lumed all the vol - ume, her

WEL - LING - TON's name!

2ND VERSE.

“Hail, Star of my Isle!” said the Spi - rit, all sparkling With beams, such as break from her

own dew - y skies;—“Thro’ a - ges of sor - row, de - sert - ed and darkling, I’ve

watch’d for some glo - ry like thine to a - rise. For, tho’ He - roes I’ve number’d, un-

blest was their lot, And un - hal - low’d they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame;—But,

oh! there is not One dis - hon - our - ing blot On the wreath that en - cir - cles my

WEL - LING - TON's name !

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled 'While History's Muse'. It consists of two systems of music. The first system features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'WEL - LING - TON's name !'. The piano accompaniment includes a right-hand part with flowing sixteenth-note patterns and a left-hand part with a steady bass line. The second system continues the piano accompaniment with more intricate right-hand figures and a consistent left-hand accompaniment.

“ And still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
 The grandest, the purest e'en thou hast yet known ;
 Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
 Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
 At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,
 Go plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
 And bright o'er the flood
 Of her tears and her blood
 Let the rainbow of Hope be her WELLINGTON's name ! ”

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

Lightly and in moderate time.

AIR—PEASE UPON A TRENCHIER.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G minor, 2/4 time, starting with a quarter rest followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The first line of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "The time I've lost in woo-ing, In watch-ing and pur-su-ing The". The music is in G minor, 2/4 time.

The second line of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "light that lies In Wo-man's eyes, Has been my heart's un-do-ing." The music is in G minor, 2/4 time.

The third line of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Tho' Wis-dom oft has sought me, I scorn'd the lore she brought me; My". The music is in G minor, 2/4 time.

The fourth line of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "on-ly books Were Woman's looks, And Fol-ly's all they've taught me." The music is in G minor, 2/4 time.

2ND VERSE.

Her smile when Beau - ty grant - ed, I hung with gaze en - chant - ed, Like

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

Like him, too, Beau - ty won me, But, while her eyes were on me, If

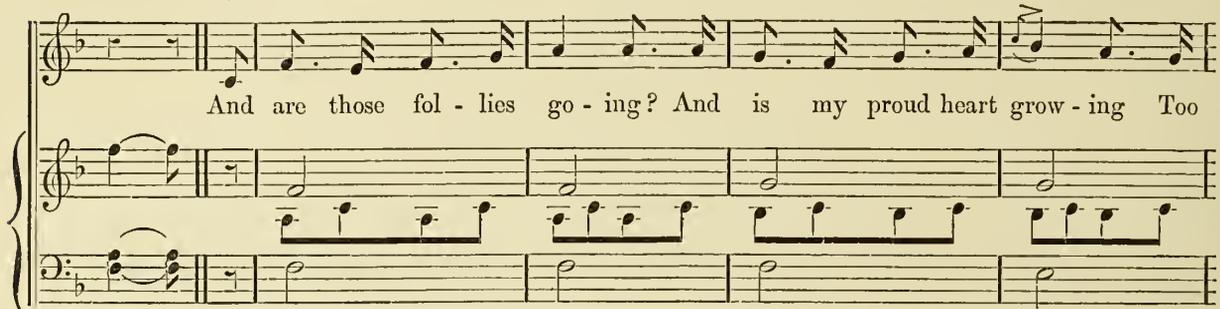
once their ray Was turn'd a - way, O! Winds could not out - run me.

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



3RD VERSE.

And are those fol - lies go - ing? And is my proud heart grow - ing Too



cold or wise For bril - liant eyes A - gain to set it glow - ing?



No— vain, a - las! th'en-deav - our From bonds so sweet to sev - er;—Poor



Wisdom's chance A - gainst a glance Is now as weak as ev - er!

