CUSHENDALL

AN IRISH SONG CYCLE

THE POEMS BY

John Stevenson

SET TO MUSIC

BY

CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD

OP. 118

№ 1. IRELAND
„ 2. DID YOU EVER?
„ 3. CUSHENDALL
№ 4. THE CROW
„ 5. DADDY-LONG-LEGS
„ 6. HOW DOES THE WIND BLOW?
№ 7. NIGHT

Price 5/- net cash.

THE POEMS ARE TAKEN FROM "PAT Mc CARTY—HIS RHYMES" BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR AND Mr EDWARD ARNOLD

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CUSHENDALL.

IRELAND.

WHAT land is there like Ireland
To hold in sweetest thrall
The hearts of sons and daughters
Let good or ill befall!
God save her, pray her children,
Wherever they may roam,—
The green land of the shamrock,
Wet with Atlantic foam.

In Ireland there are voices
In winds and in the waves;
The stranger never hears them
How much soe'er he craves.
Before their words mysterious
Can sound to list'ning ears
The blood must flow in Ireland
For twice a hundred years.

O land of sunset glories,
Lone island of the west,
Of all lands to thy children
The fairest one and best.
Thy sons will cease to love thee
And for thy sake to toil
When clinging shamrock ceases
To love the Irish soil.

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever see the sun
When his day's work's nearly done,
Wi' his hand stuck in his pocket
And his head to one side cockit,
Smilin' beams o' golden light
While he's waitin' for the night?

Did you ever see the sea
Take it easy-like a wee
Wi' the gulls aboon her cryin',
And she at fu' length lyin'
On her bed o' brown sea-weed
Wi' her hands beneath her head?

Did you ever see the moon
On a winter afternoon
Mak' a lookin' glass o' water;
See the mirror quickly shatter
As it lay before your sight
Into bits o' silver light?

Did you ever hear the trees
Talk in whispers to the breeze
O' the Spring and Summer glories;
Laughin' at the funny stories,
That so cunnin'ly he weaves,
Till their laughter shakes the leaves?

Did you ever see the stars
Ridin' roon the sky on cars
Made o' clouds and mists and vapours,
Winkin', shootin', cuttin' capers,
Playin' hide-and-seek bo-peep,
When the moon is fast asleep?

Never saw such things, ye said,
Why, wherever were ye bred?
Doubtless in some township smoky
Where the air is thick and choky,
Where they have no sun nor moon,
Nor a breeze to play a tune,
Or to tell a funny story;
Where the water's mirror'd glory,
Sleepin' sea and starry blue,
Are for ever hid from view.
Och, I pity ye—I do.

CUSHENDALL.

AT night I hear the sea-gull's call:
From cloud-land as they pass ye by
They send ye doon a friendly cry—
The sea-bird loves ye, Cushendall.

The sycamores are braid and tall,
Green upon green their shades in spring,
And in their arms the thrushes sing—
The song-bird loves ye, Cushendall.

The hills are near ye. Chief of all
That on the westward hem ye round,
Lies Lurig like a sleepin' hound—
O Lurig loves ye, Cushendall.

When, far away, night's shadows fall
On sons whose fate has been to roam,
They dream about the dear old home—
The exile loves ye, Cushendall.

And they, the long departed, all [pray'd,
Who here liv'd, labour'd, lov'd, and
Then saw themselves the laid in Layde—
Their spirits love ye, Cushendall.

THE CROW.

IF men have got their counterparts
Among the birds, the craw
Wi' a' his cuteness and his arts
Is sure the man o' law.
He's got the impudence and cheek
That skill in thievin' brings,
He wears a black coat a' the week—
He's got a long attorney beak
For pokin' into things.
He takes some interest in lands,
And talks a kind o' jaw
That no man livin' understands,
Just like the man o' law.
He looks by or'nar stern and grim,
He's certain verra wise,
If ye would get the best o' him,
Ye'll early have to rise.
He'll unconsider'd trifles nab,
He knows what's twa and twa,
He loves the gentle game o' grab,
Just like the man o' law.
He cocks his head wi' knowin' look,
And scans ye wi' his eye,
As if to read ye like a book,
My faith, the bird is sly.
He gives ye help mayhap some days,
And kills a slug or twa;
But costs ye dear in other ways,
Just like the man o' law.

DADDY-LONG-LEGS.

FAITH, Nature was benevolent
The day she gave you legs,
Six o' them, and such trollopin',
Disj'inted kind o' pegs.
They say she never makes mistakes,
Is never ill-advis'd,
But really when I see your legs
I feel a bit surpris'd.
They are so long and crook'd and thin,
So numerous and quare;
I never saw the like o' them
On inseck anywhere.
They were, mayhap, ould stock laid by,
A prentice bit o' work;
A dozen misfits Nature made
One evenin' in the dark

And when she built your primal pair,
And tell't them to increase,
She thought o' this ould dozen legs
And gave them six apiece.
But O if she had had the thought.
If she had had the wit,
To take the scissors in her hand
And clip them short a bit,
You might ha' been a bummin' clock, *
Responsible, refin'd,
Wi' *otium cum*—thingumbob,
You might—well never mind.
You have the sense o' your defecks,
And wi' a proper shame
You try to moderate your legs
In lamp or candle flame.
It's doubtless wi' the thought I'd find
Them nourishin' as eggs,
I find, whiles, in my parritch bowl
A couple o' your legs.
Thankin' you kindly all the same
I here would stipulate,
Suparflus legs shall be dispoged
Beside, not *on*, my plate.

* Beetle.

HOW DOES THE WIND BLOW?

How does the wind blow?
North it is, neighbour.
This day a man's a man
Fit for his labour.
Listen! what noise it makes,
Hear the lum roaring,
That's a Goliath wind
Puffing and snoring.
Over a thousand leagues,
Singing, it courses,
Raising the white manes
O' the sea-horses.
Sure it's the breath o' life
Into ye blowing,
Sending the red blood
Pulsing and flowing.
Troth, and a windy day
Is to my liking.
I feel like Nimrod,
Or an ould Viking.

How does the wind blow?
East it is, biting,
Cutting to marrow-bones,
Shrivelling, blighting.
Cowld do ye say it is?
East's always chilling,
Cowld's just no name for it,
'Deed, and it's killing.
There's Brown's sheep again
Into my clover,
I'll have the law on him
Ere the month's over.
Never for me were
Sarvints so lazy,
Me wi' the toothache,
Driving me crazy.
There's half the roof off
Byre and the dairy,
And that ould cow sick.
Things *is* contrairy.

How does the wind blow?
West it is, rumbling;
West wi' a growl in it
Like a dog grumbling.
Wish I knew what to do,
Weather allowing.
I should have horses out,
I should be ploughing.
Is it a gentle blow,
Kind o' soft duster?
Or does a storm come,
Regular buster?
Life is a queer thing,
Troubles and sneezing,
Come like the west wind
At their own pleasing.
Skies are as black as pot,
Clouds do not scatter,
That last windy gust,
Smelt o' rain water.

How does the wind blow?
South, softly singing
Songs o' the bright time
She'll be soon bringing.
South wind is kindly,
Loving and giving,
Springtime is heartsome,
Life is worth living.
Trees stand no longer
Bare in such grim rows,
Under a hedge I
Found a new primrose;
Somehow it made me
Think of wee Jennie,
Always I thought her
Fairest of any.
Jen' has a bonnie face
(Beauty *does* matter),
Soft touzled black hair,
Eyes like deep water.
She's no big talker,
Not the loud-mouth kind.
Jen' has a sweet voice,
Low like the south wind.
He that will ax her—
Troth he will do well,
Jennie's a sweet girl,
Jennie's a jewel.

NIGHT.

The sun's away to other lands, the far lands o' the west,
And night o'er land and rock and sea her veil o' black has spread,
The silver moon, her journey done, has tirèd sunk to rest,
And sleepy stars are winking from the dark sky overhead.

Long since the wind has ceas'd to chase the clouds across the sky,
And homeward, slow, with flapping sails, the laden vessels creep;
And a plash from far off sandy shores sounds like a restful sigh
From the gently heaving bosom of the mighty sea,—asleep.

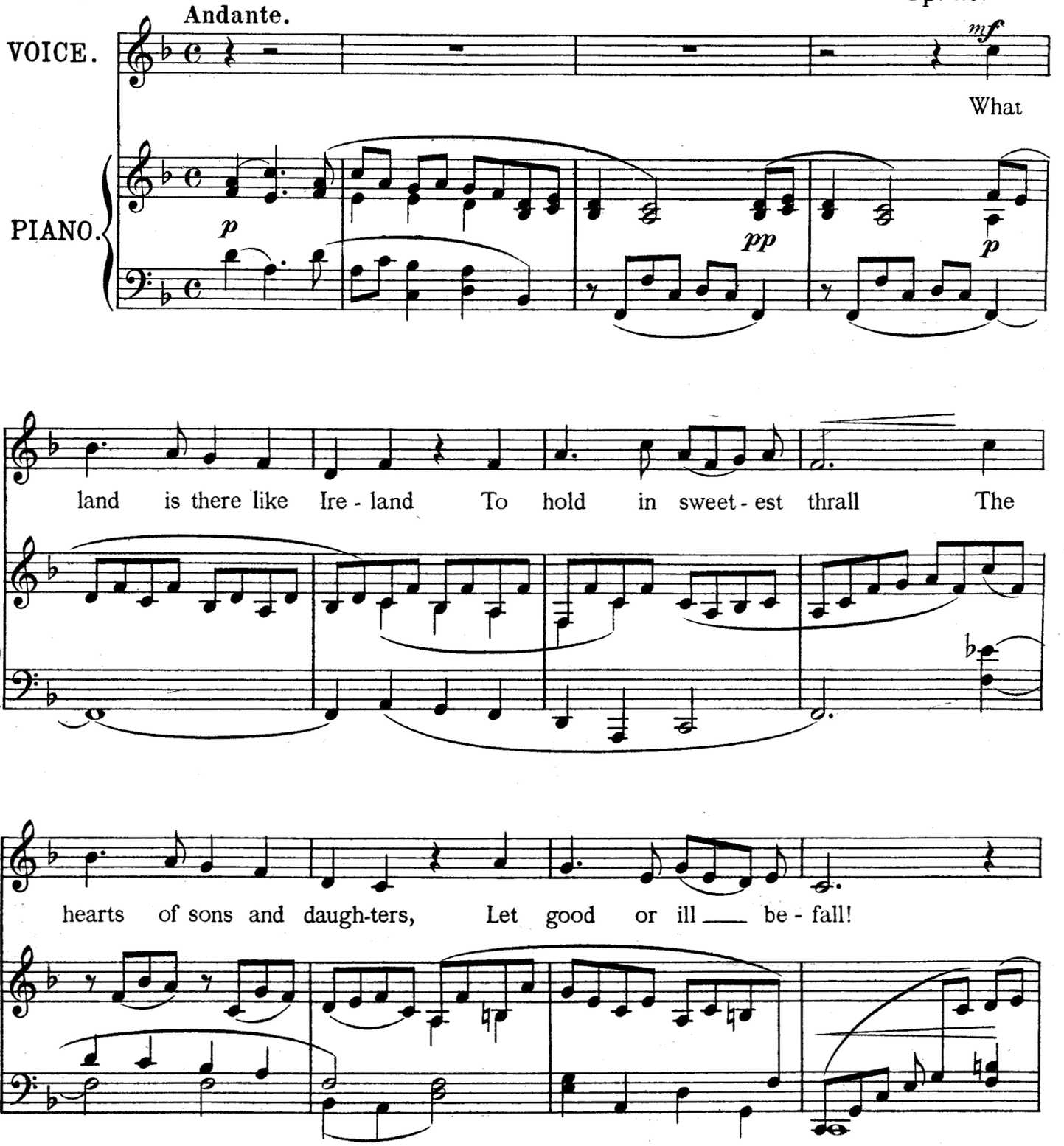
The words from "Pat McCarty his Rhymes" are printed by the kind permission of the Author and Mr. Edward Arnold.

No 1.

IRELAND.

Words by
JOHN STEVENSON.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.
Op. 118.



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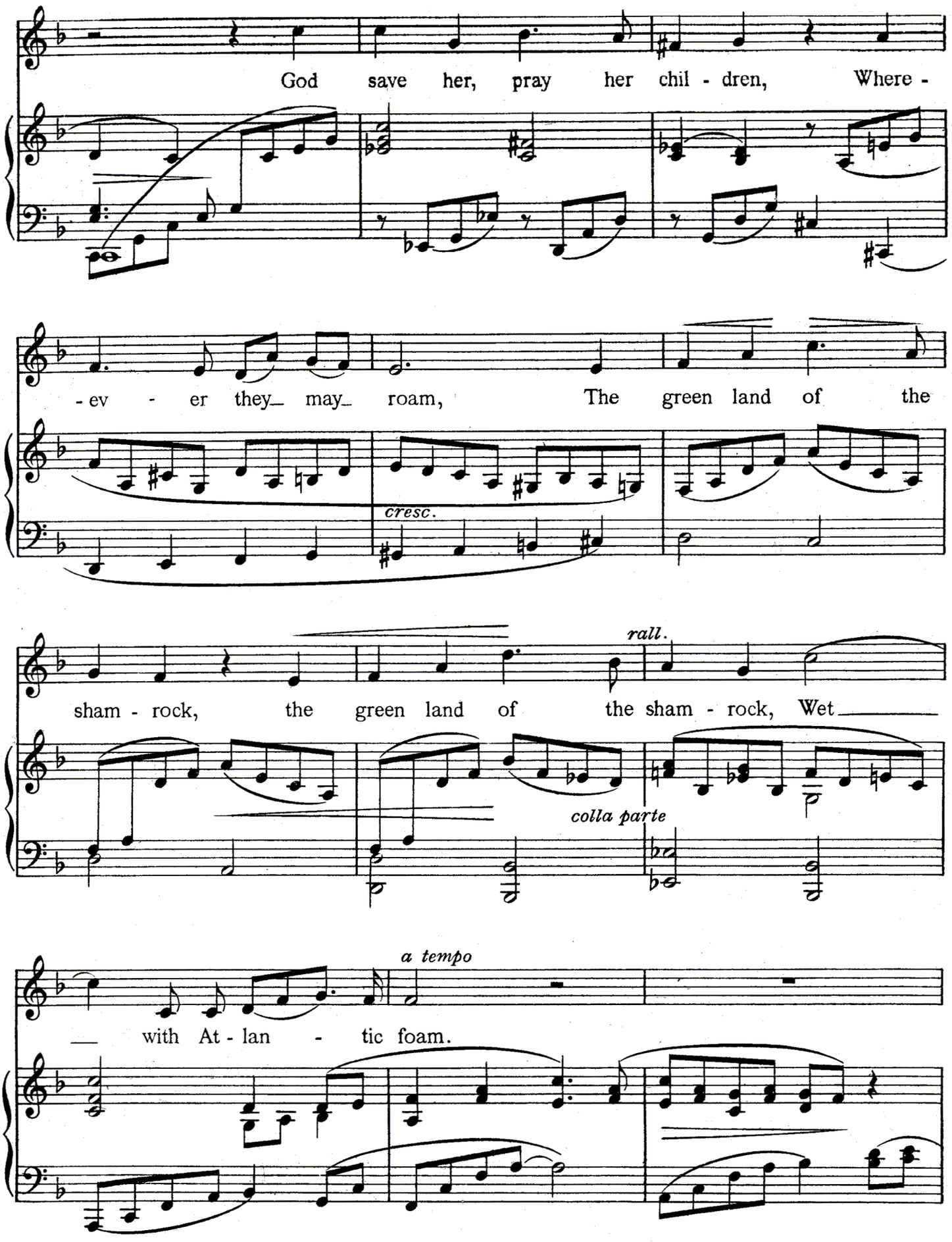
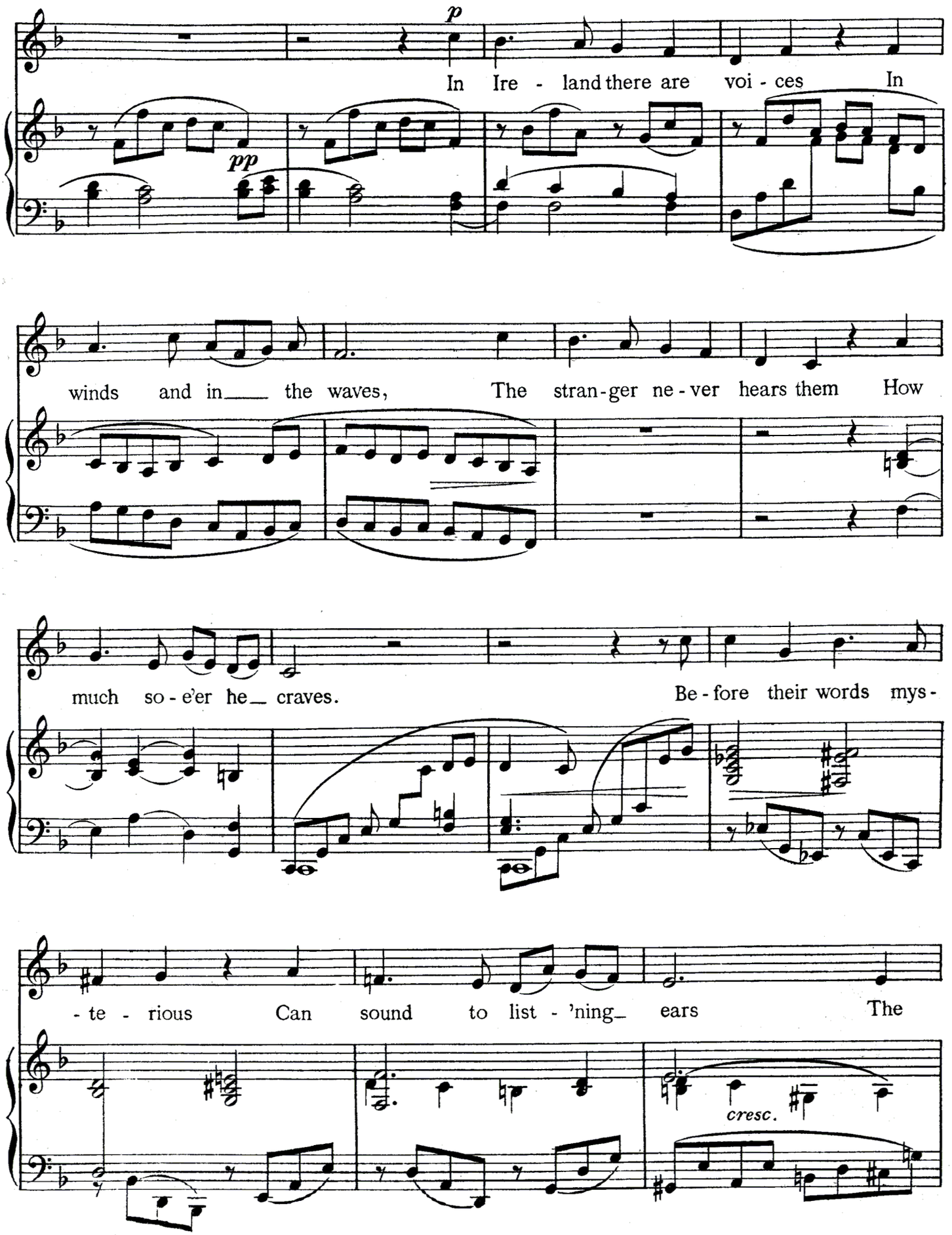
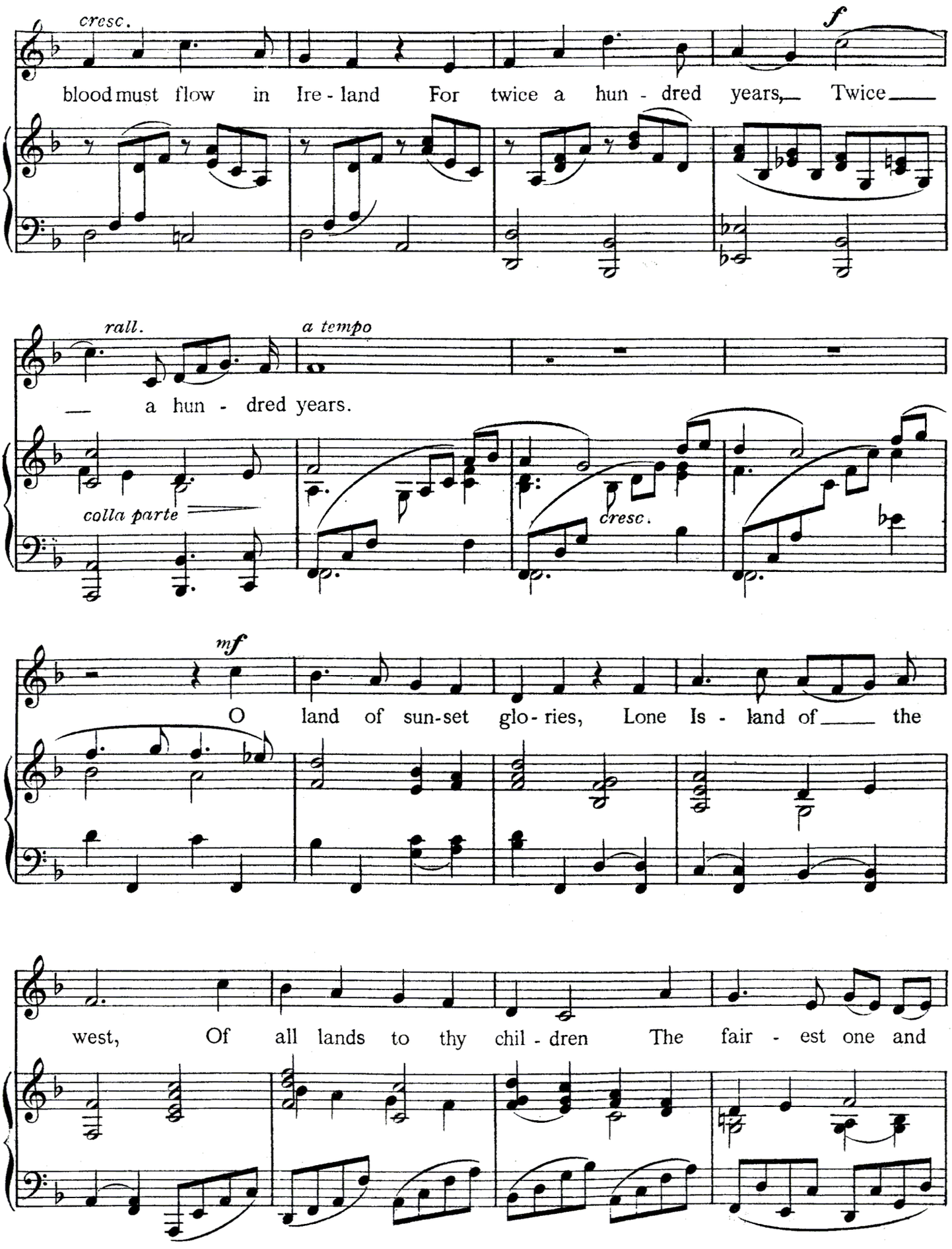
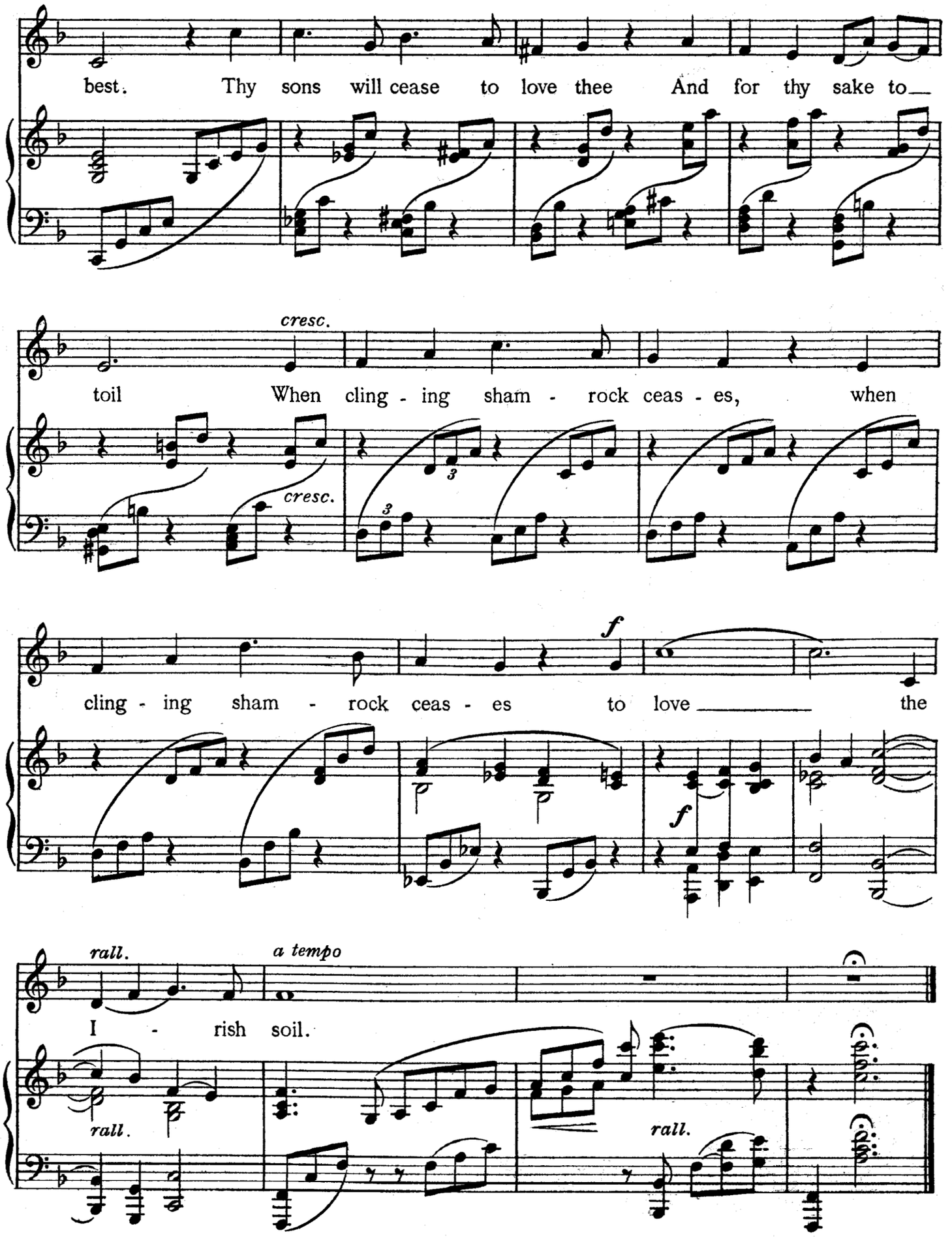

God save her, pray her chil - dren, Where -
- ev - er they_ may_ roam, The green land of the
cresc.
sham - rock, the green land of the sham - rock, Wet
rall.
colla parte
a tempo
with At - lan - tic foam.


p
In Ire - land there are voi - ces In
pp
winds and in the waves, The stran-ger ne-ver hears them How
much so-e'er he craves. Be-fore their words mys-
-te - rious Can sound to list - 'ning ears The
cresc.

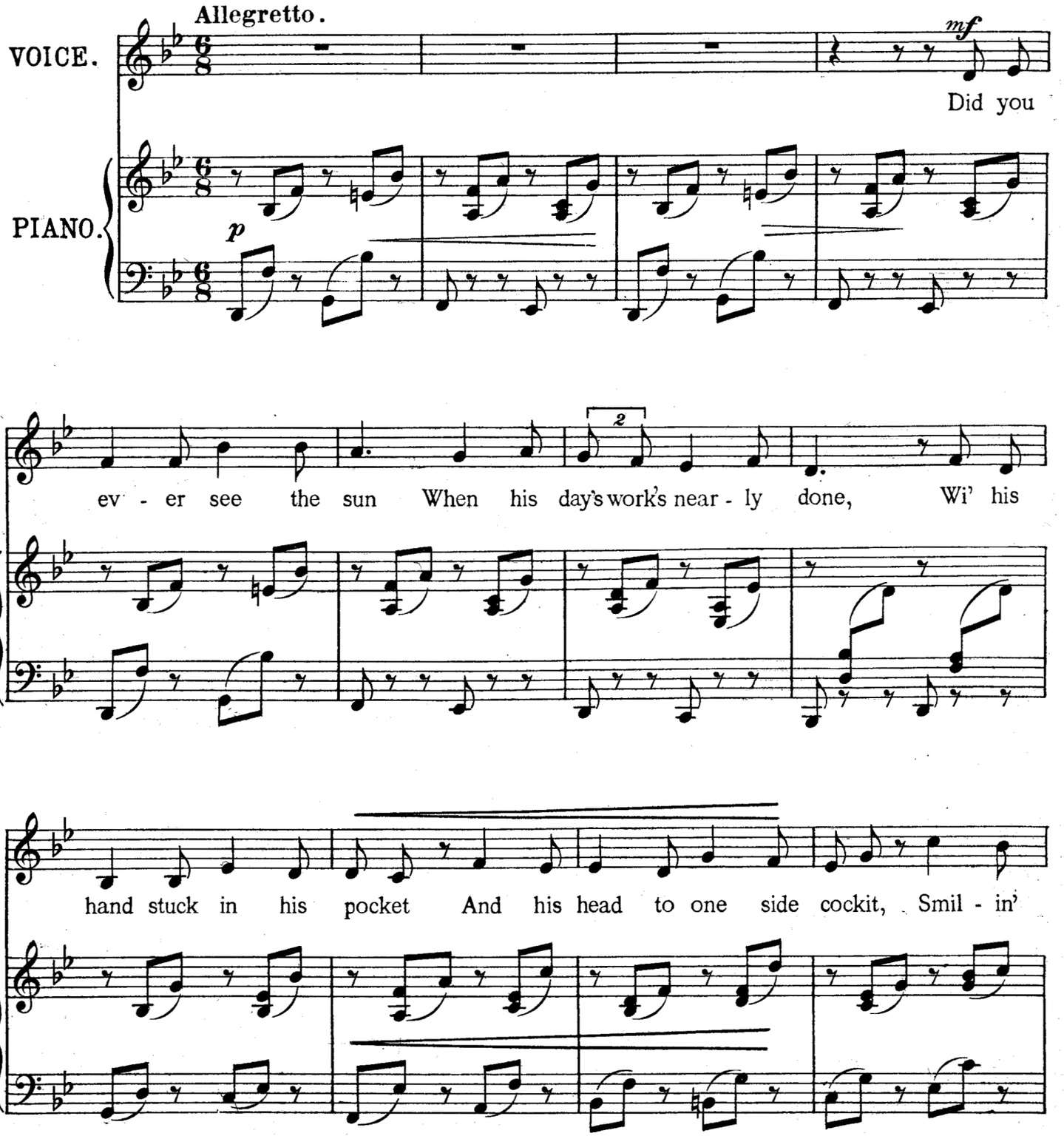

cresc.
f
blood must flow in Ire - land For twice a hun - dred years, Twice
rall.
a tempo
— a hun - dred years.
colla parte
cresc.
mf
O land of sun-set glo - ries, Lone Is - land of the
west, Of all lands to thy chil - dren The fair - est one and


best. Thy sons will cease to love thee And for thy sake to
cresc.
toil When cling - ing sham - rock ceas - es, when
cresc.
cling - ing sham - rock ceas - es to love the
f
f
rall.
a tempo
I - rish soil.
rall.
rall.

No. 2.

DID YOU EVER?

JOHN STEVENSON. C.V. STANFORD.



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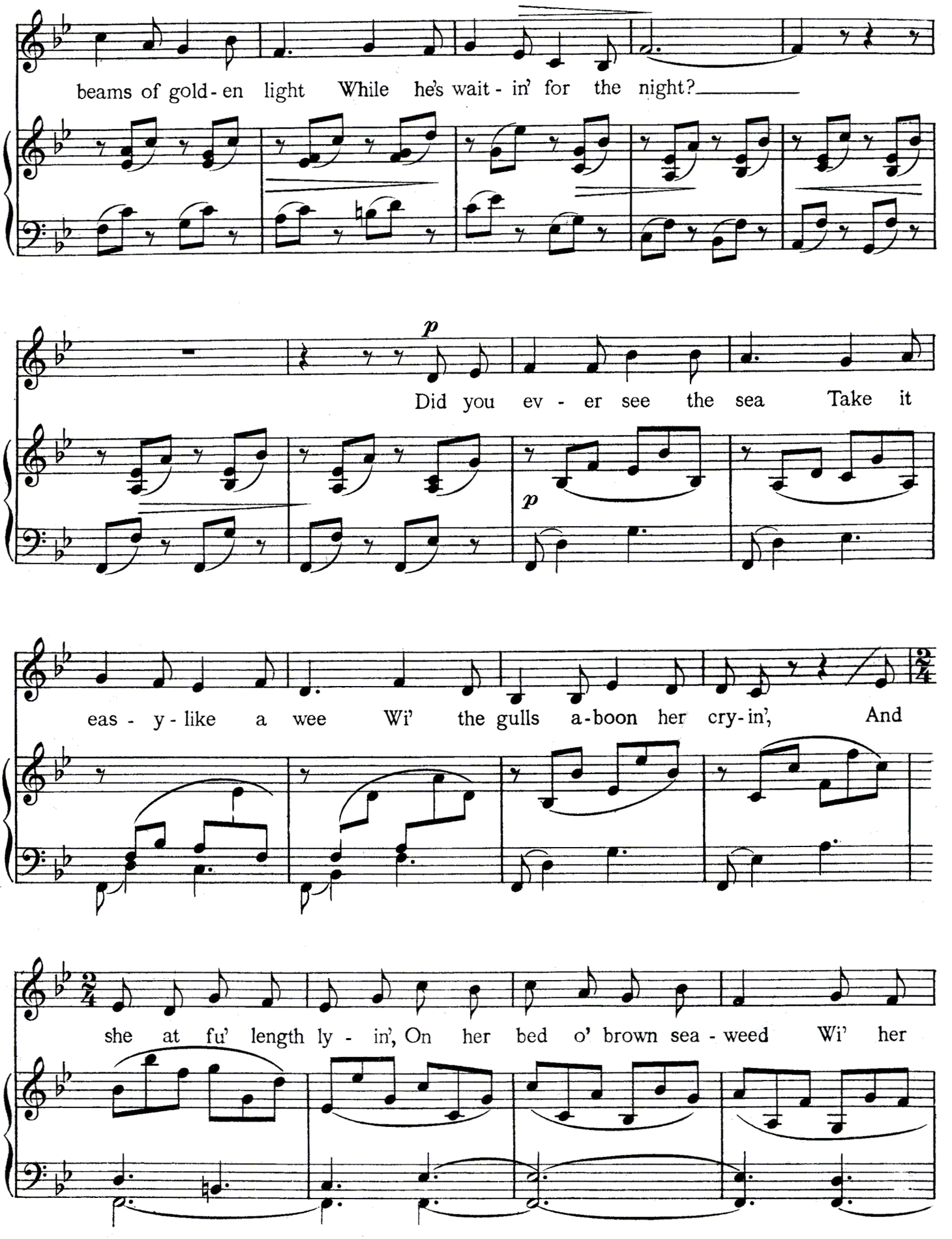
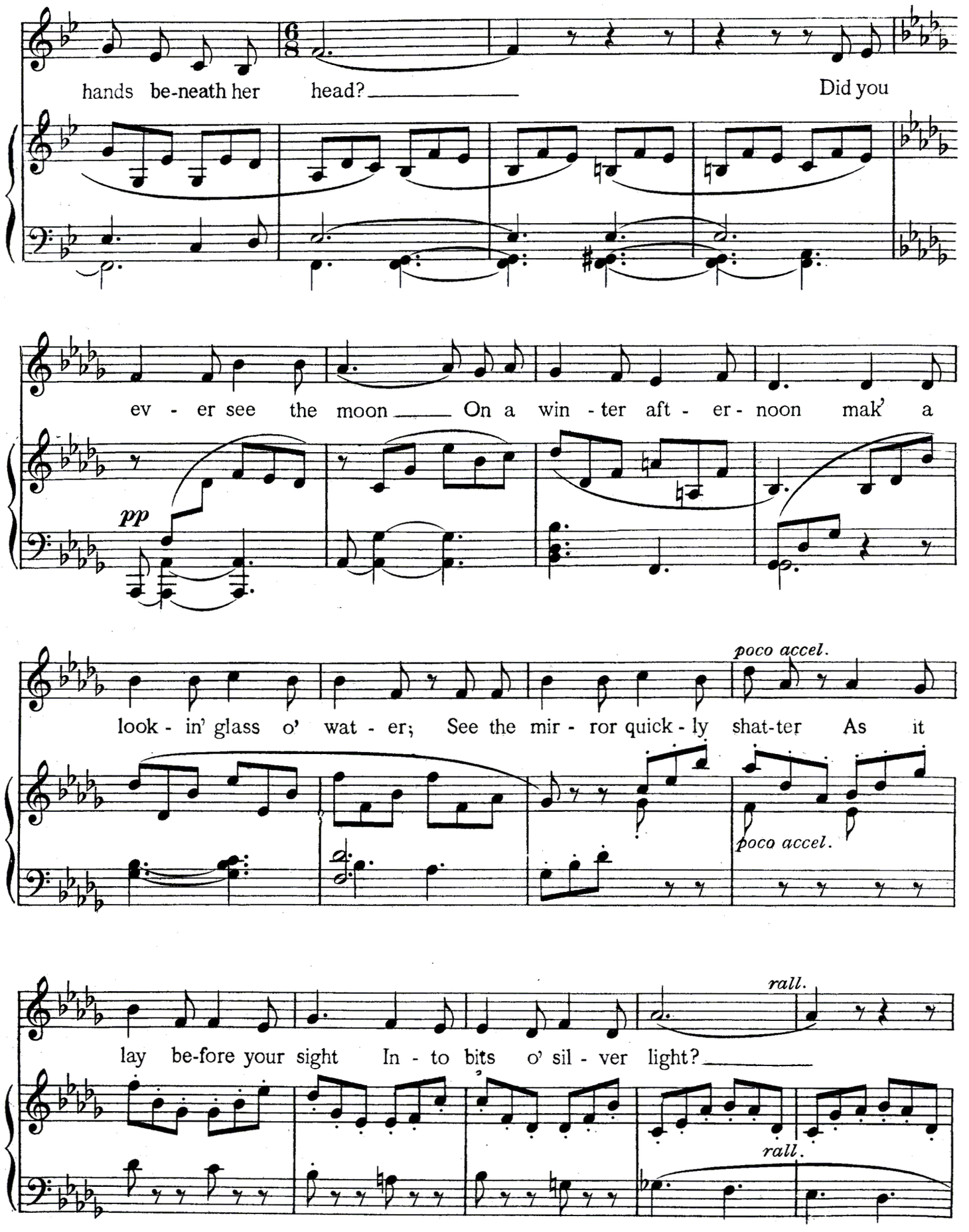
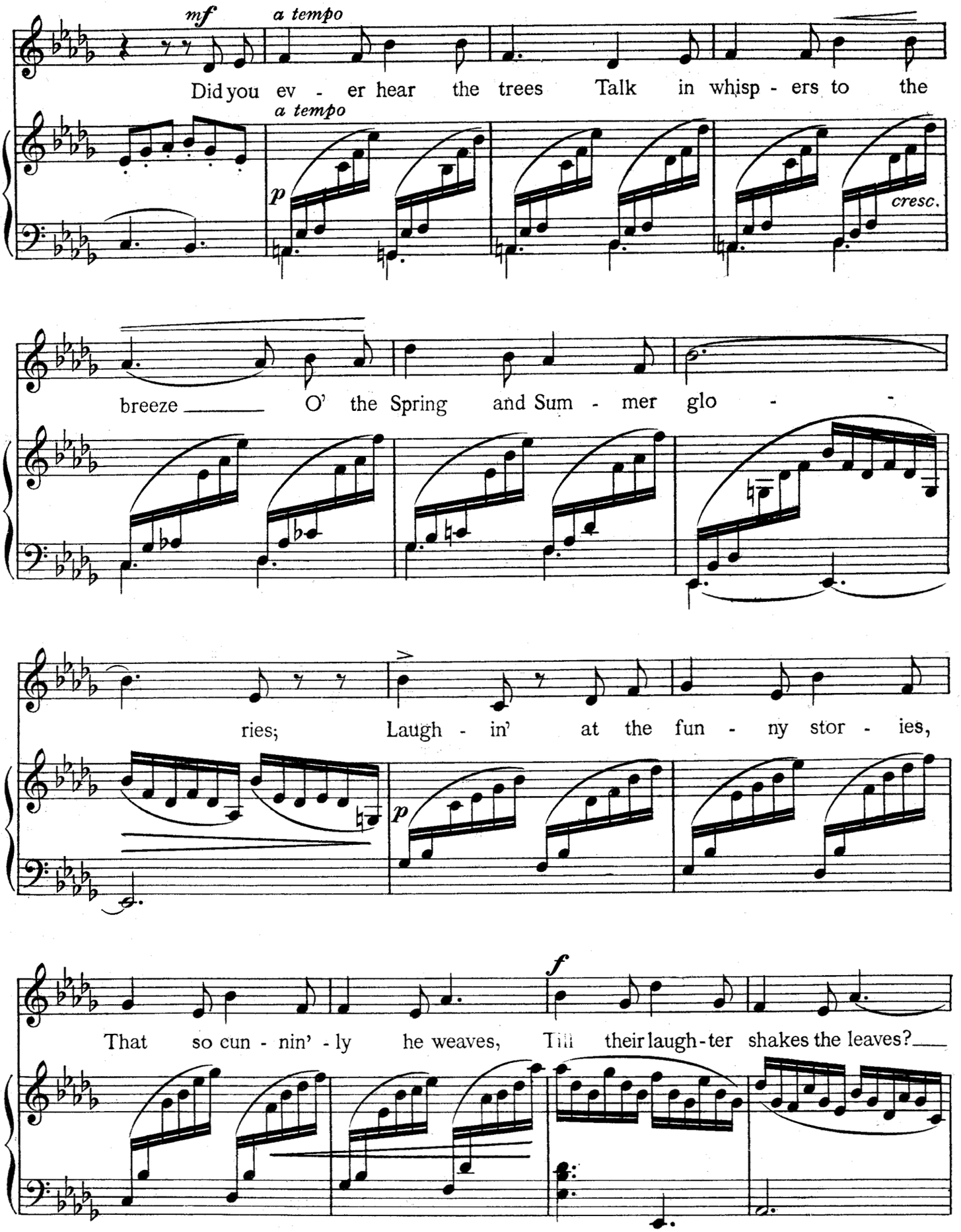
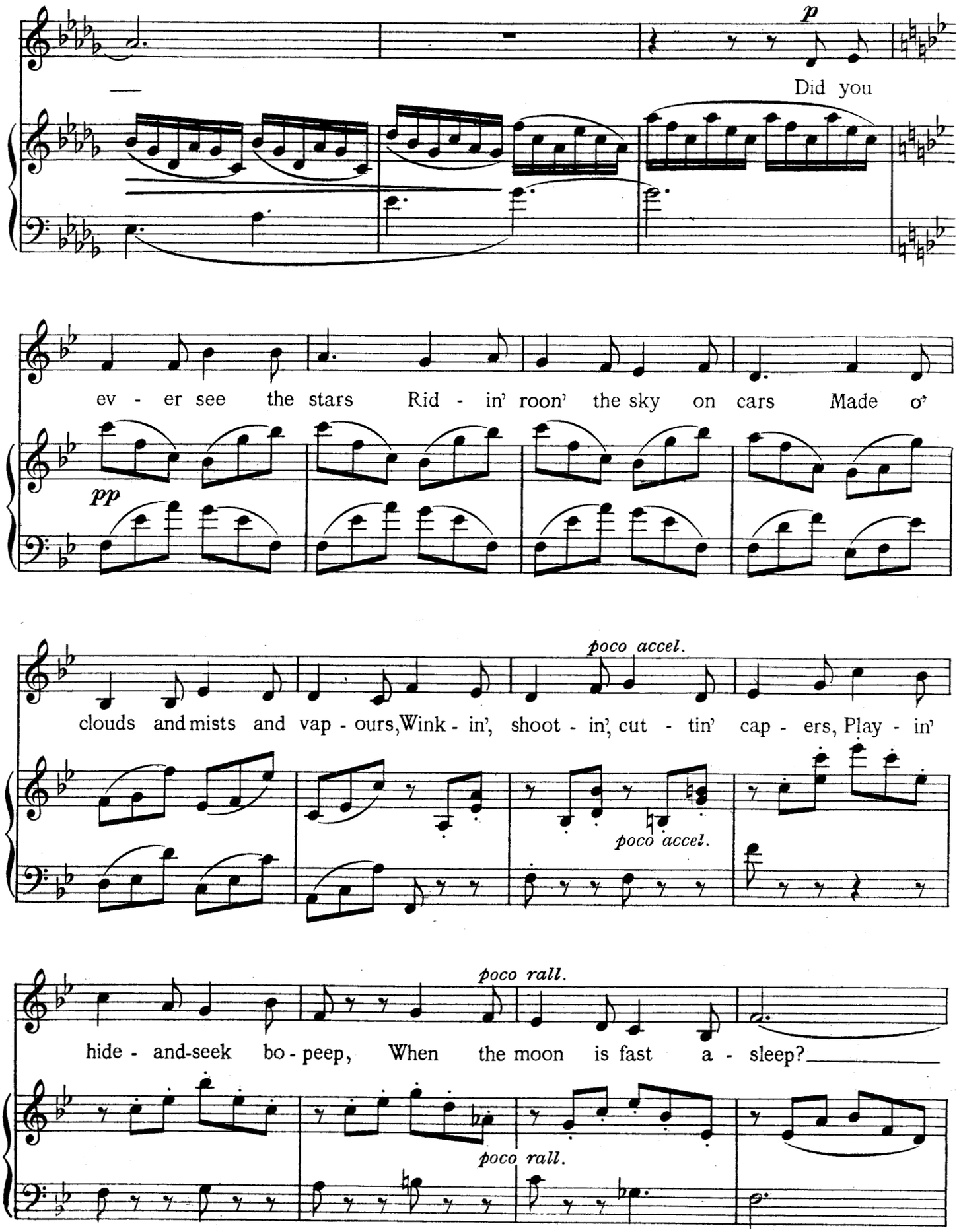
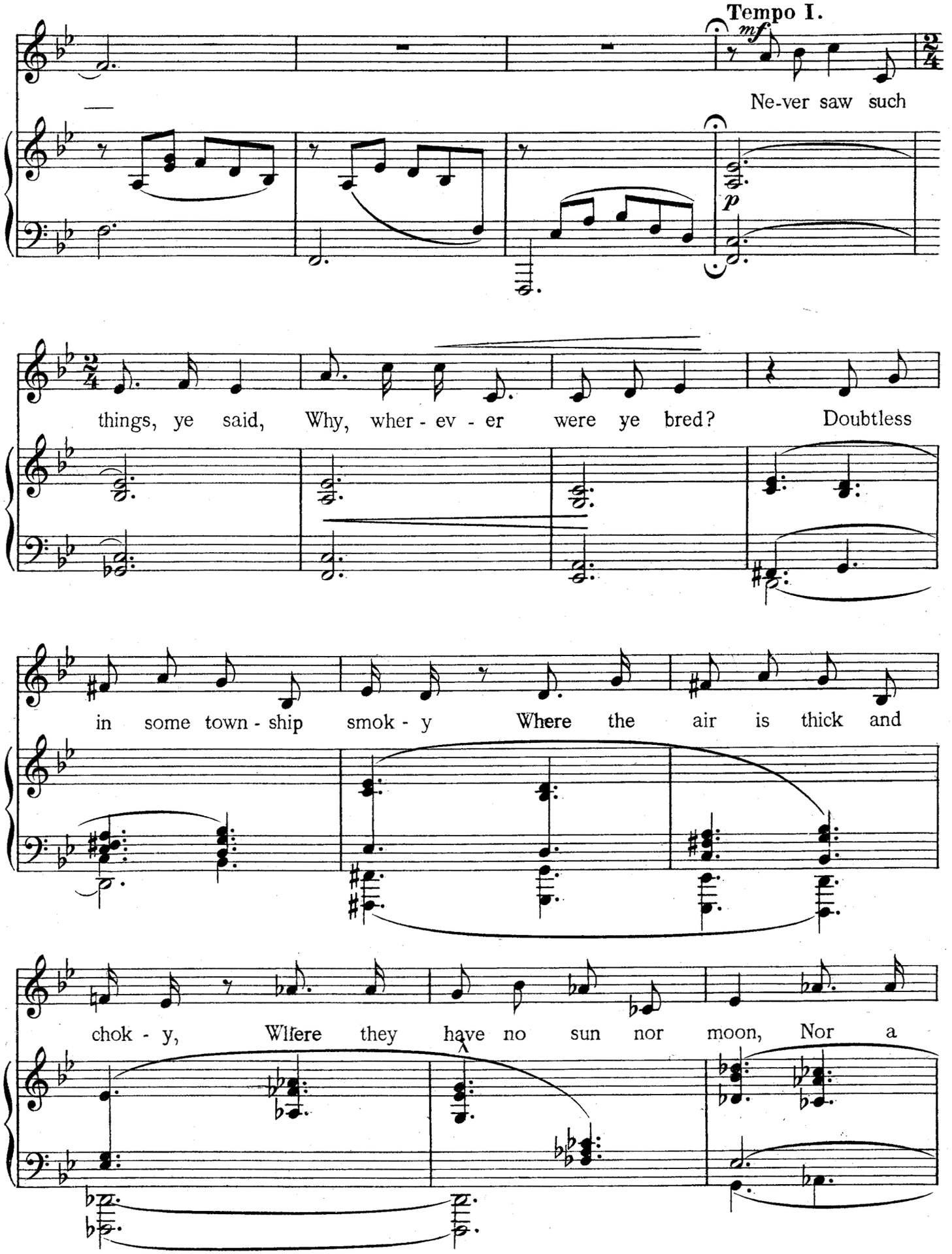
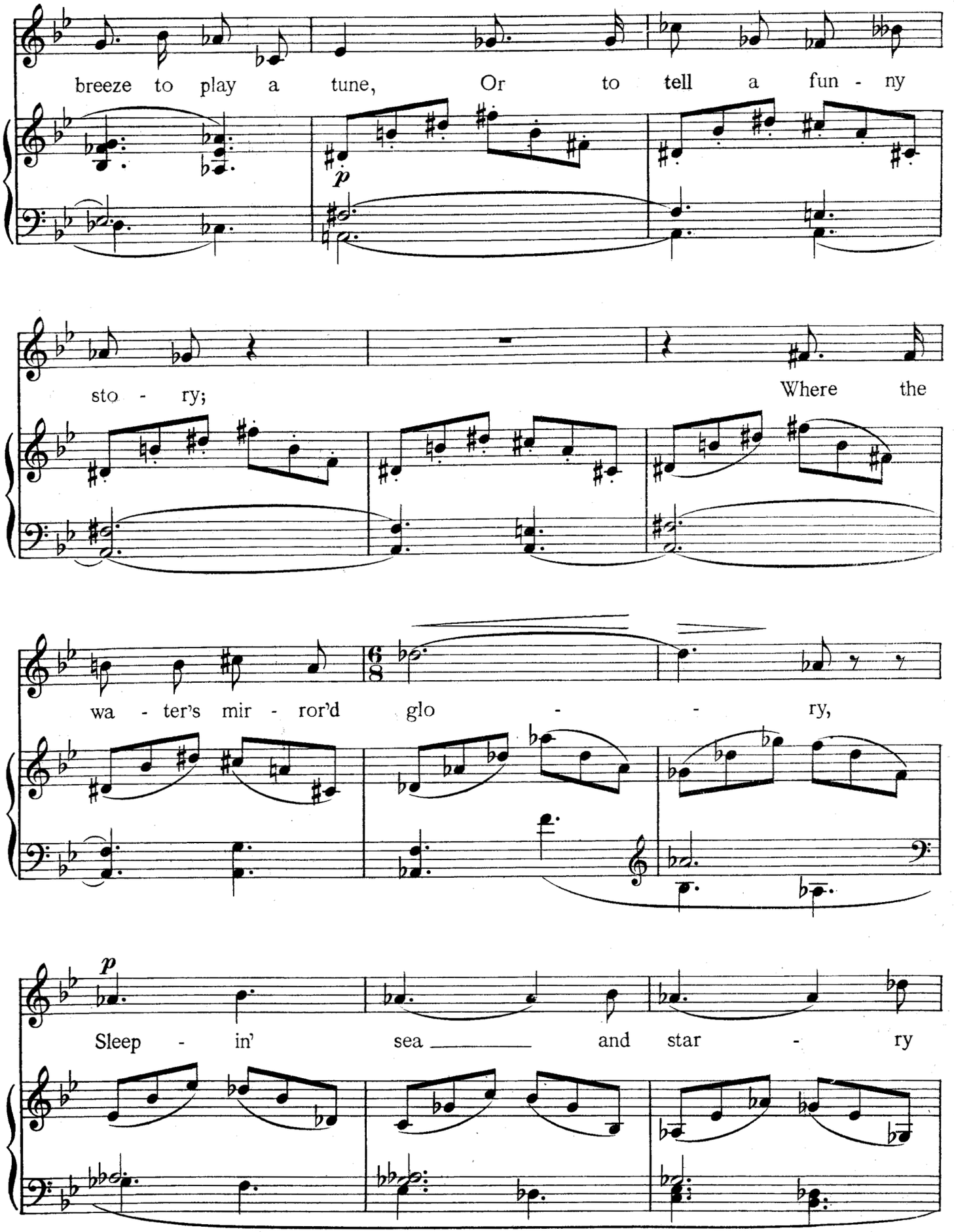

beams of gold - en light While he's wait - in' for the night?
p
Did you ev - er see the sea Take it
p
eas - y - like a wee Wi' the gulls a-boon her cry-in', And
she at fu' length ly - in', On her bed o' brown sea - weed Wi' her

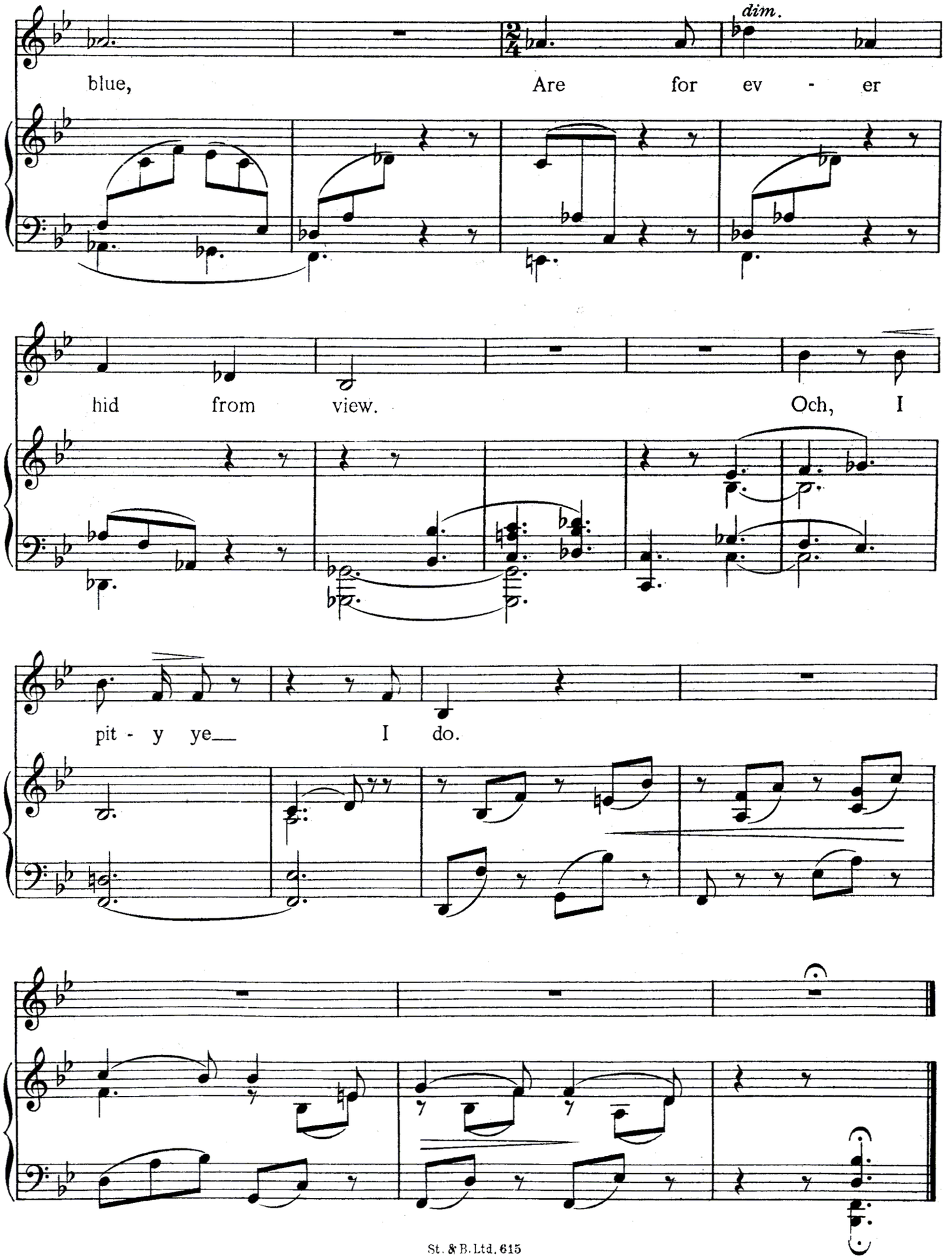

hands be-neath her head? Did you
ev - er see the moon On a win - ter aft - er - noon mak' a
pp
look - in' glass o' wat - er; See the mir - ror quick - ly shat-ter As it
poco accel.
poco accel.
lay be-fore your sight In - to bits o' sil - ver light?
rall.
rall.


mf
a tempo
Did you ev - er hear the trees Talk in whisp - ers to the
a tempo
p
cresc.
breeze O' the Spring and Sum - mer glo -
ries; Laugh - in' at the fun - ny stor - ies,
p
f
That so cun - nin' - ly he weaves, Till their laugh-ter shakes the leaves?


p
Did you
ev - er see the stars Rid - in' roon' the sky on cars Made o'
pp
poco accel.
clouds and mists and vap - ours, Wink - in', shoot - in', cut - tin' cap - ers, Play - in'
poco accel.
poco rall.
hide - and-seek bo - peep, When the moon is fast a - sleep?
poco rall.


Tempo I.
mf
Ne-ver saw such
p
things, ye said, Why, wher - ev - er were ye bred? Doubtless
in some town - ship smok - y Where the air is thick and
chok - y, Where they have no sun nor moon, Nor a

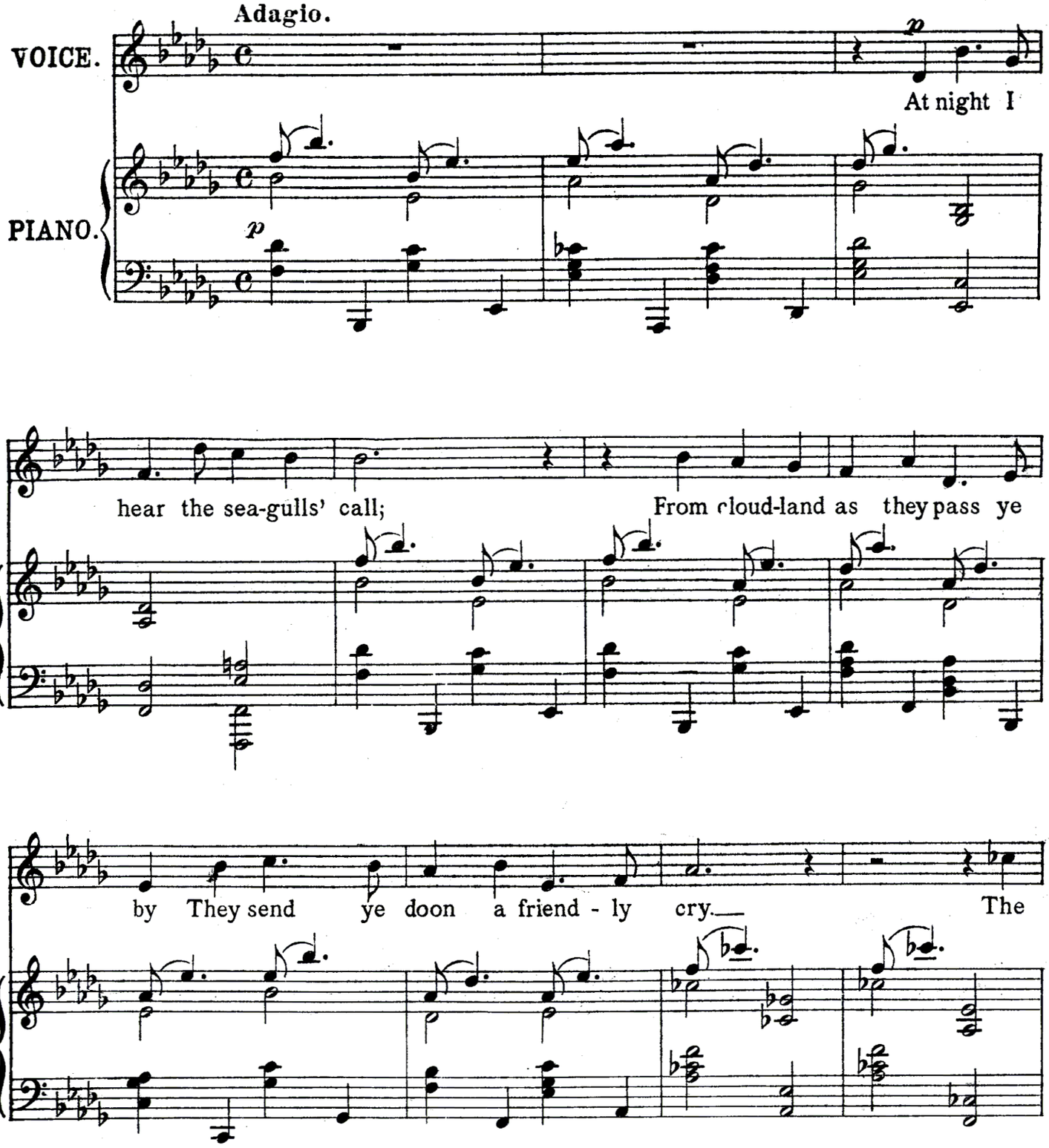

breeze to play a tune, Or to tell a fun - ny
p
sto - ry; Where the
wa - ter's mir - ror'd glo - - ry,
p
Sleep - in' sea and star - ry


dim.
blue, Are for ev - er
hid from view. Och, I
pit - y ye— I do.

No. 3.

CUSHENDALL.

JOHN STEVENSON. C. V. STANFORD.



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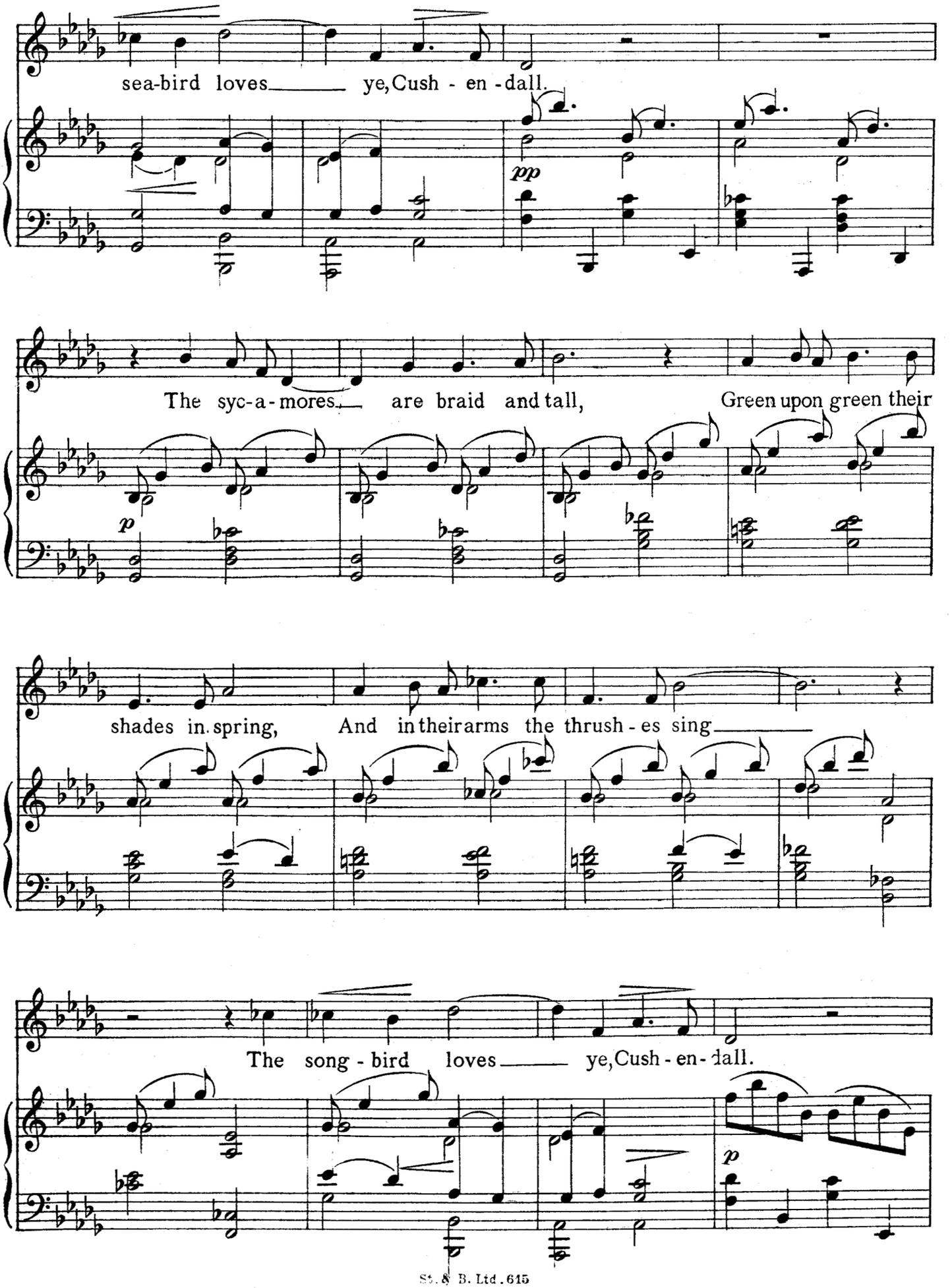
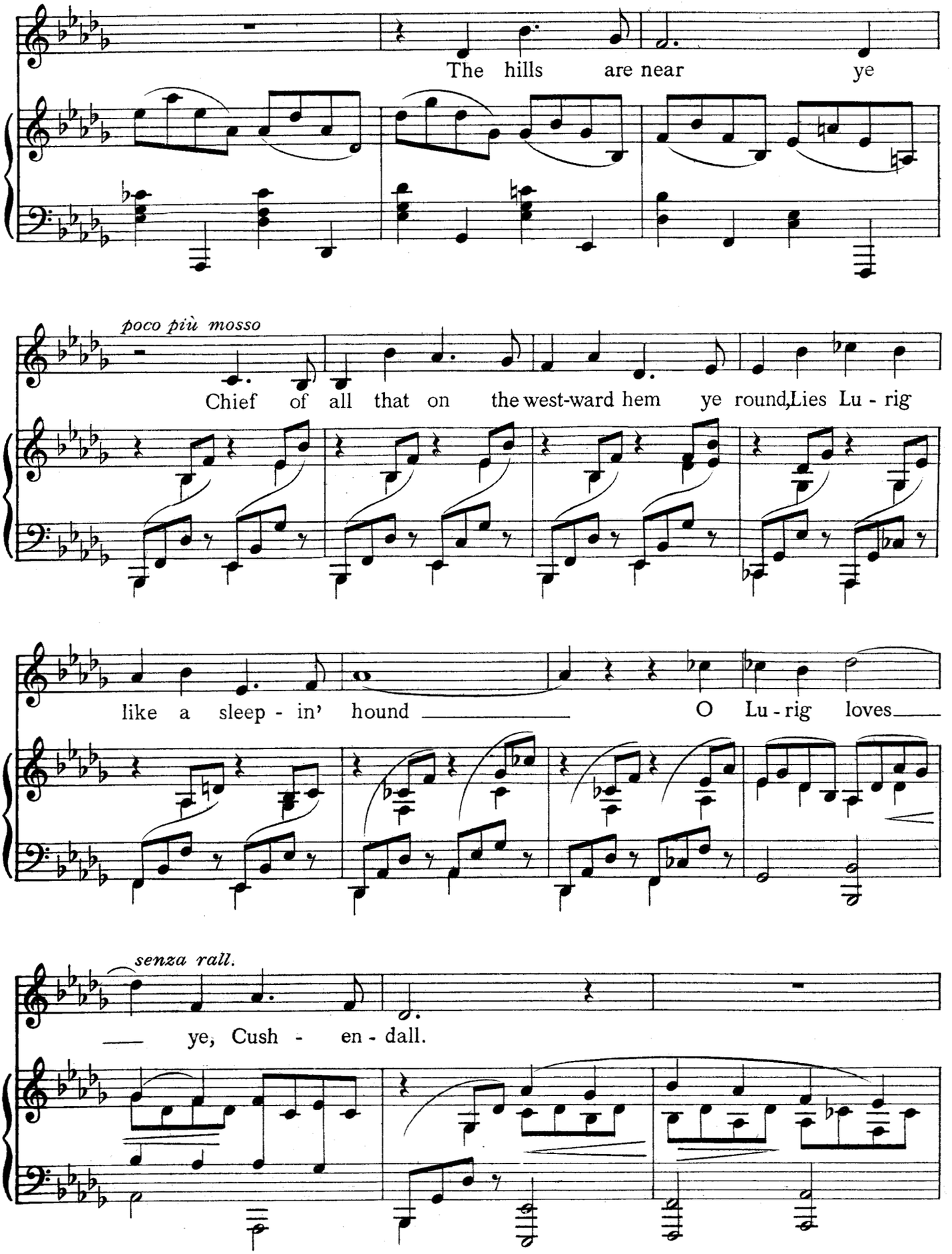
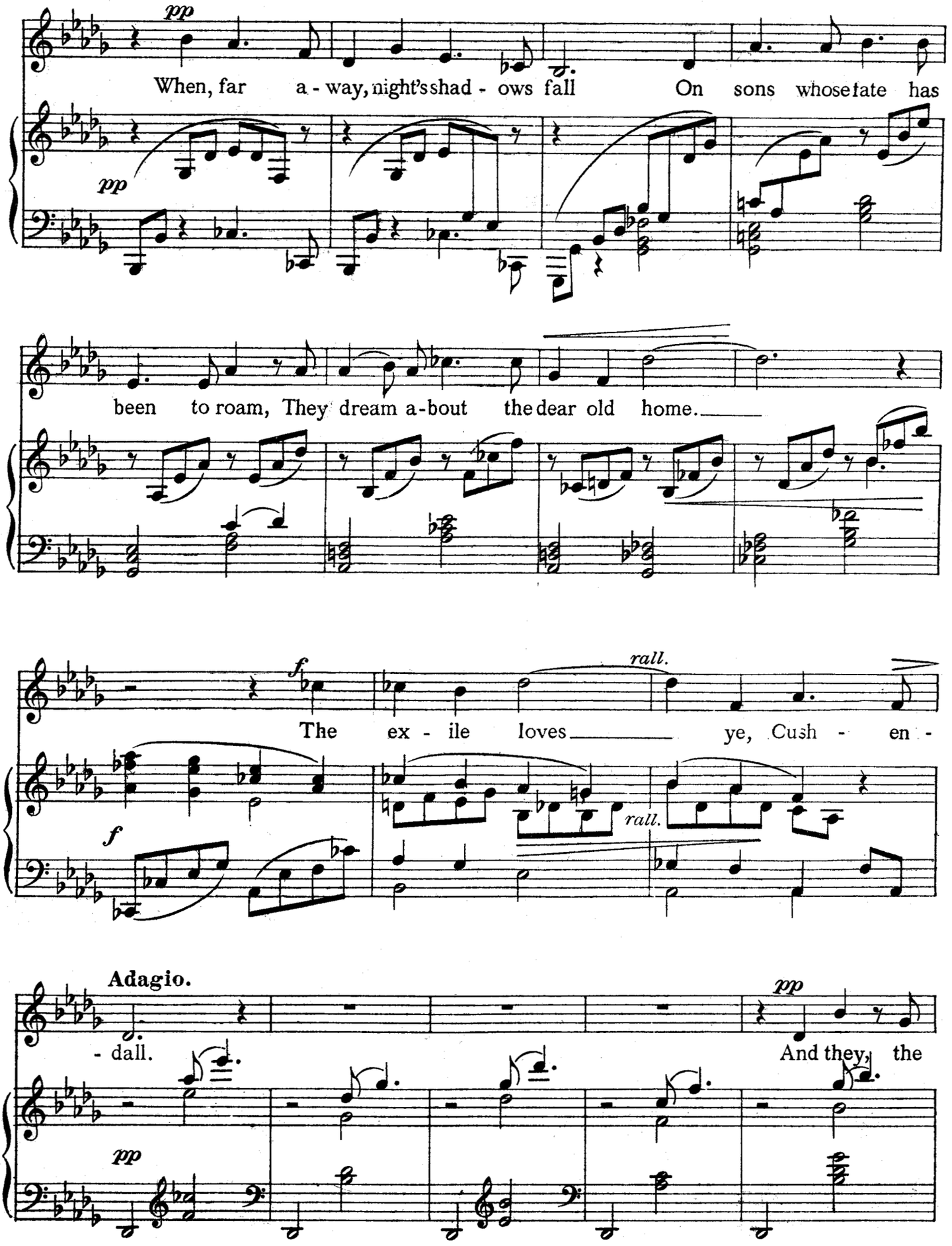
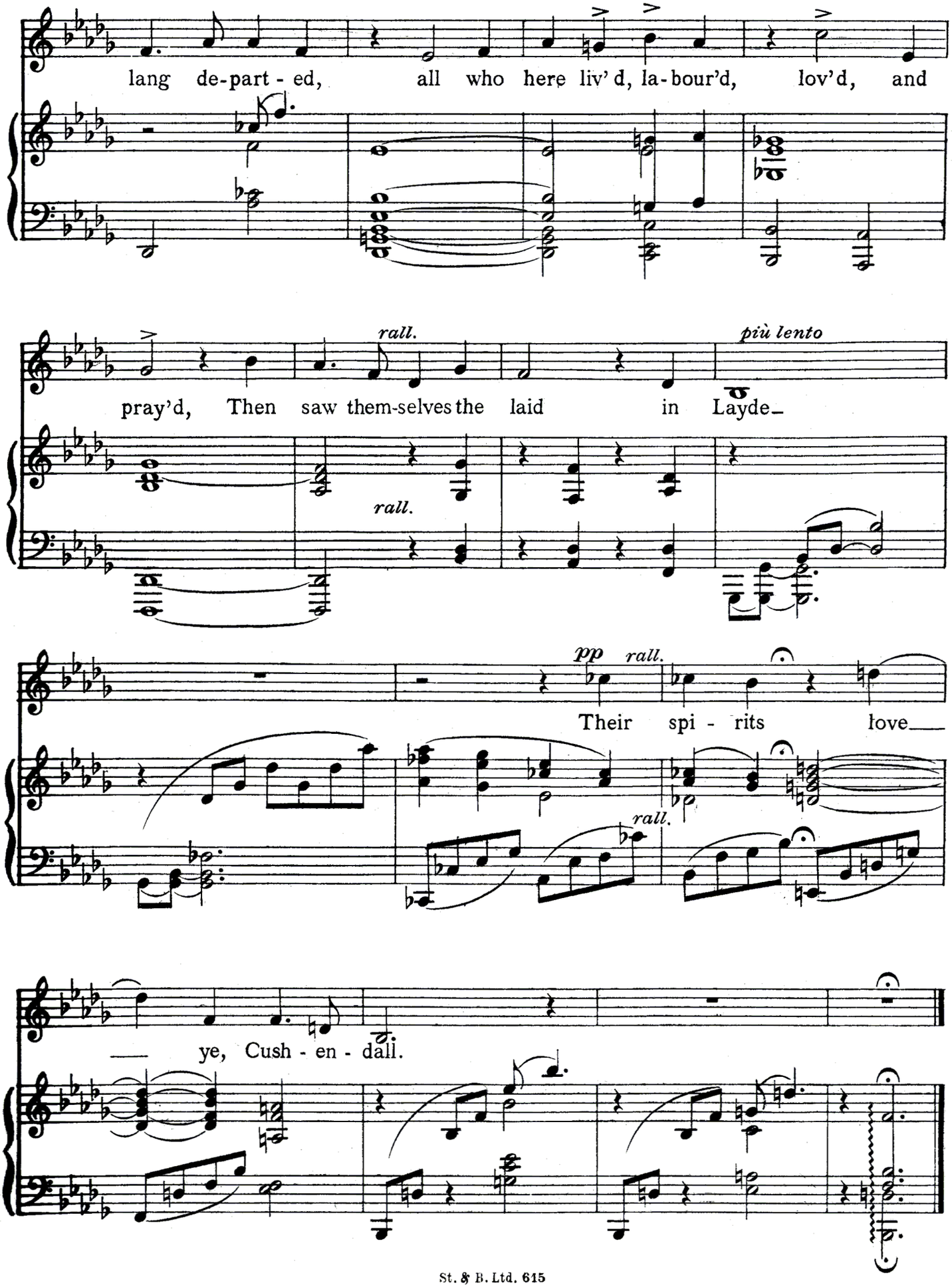

sea-bird loves ye, Cush - en - dall.
pp
The syc-a-mores are braid and tall, Green upon green their
p
shades in spring, And in their arms the thrush - es sing
The song - bird loves ye, Cush - en - dall.
p

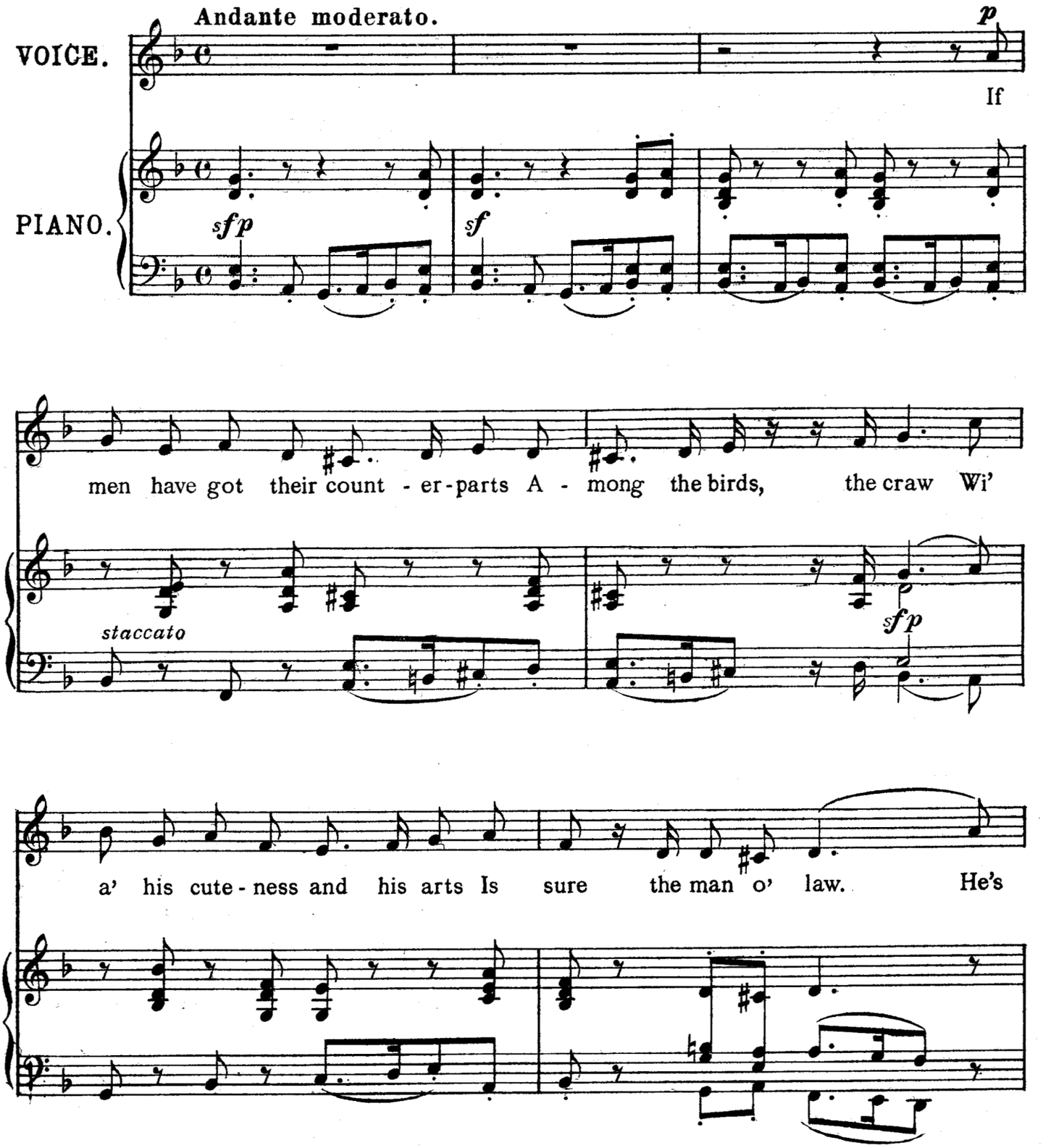

The hills are near ye
poco più mosso
Chief of all that on the west-ward hem ye round, Lies Lu - rig
like a sleep - in' hound O Lu - rig loves
senza rall.
ye, Cush - en - dall.


pp
When, far a - way, night's shad - ows fall On sons whose fate has
been to roam, They dream a-bout the dear old home.
f
rall.
The ex - ile loves ye, Cush - en -
Adagio.
- dall.
pp
And they, the


lang de-part - ed, all who here liv' d, la-bour'd, lov'd, and
rall.
più lento
pray'd, Then saw them-selves the laid in Layde_
rall.
pp rall.
Their spi - rits love_
rall.
_ ye, Cush - en - dall.

No. 4.
THE CROW.

JOHN STEVENSON. C.V. STANFORD.



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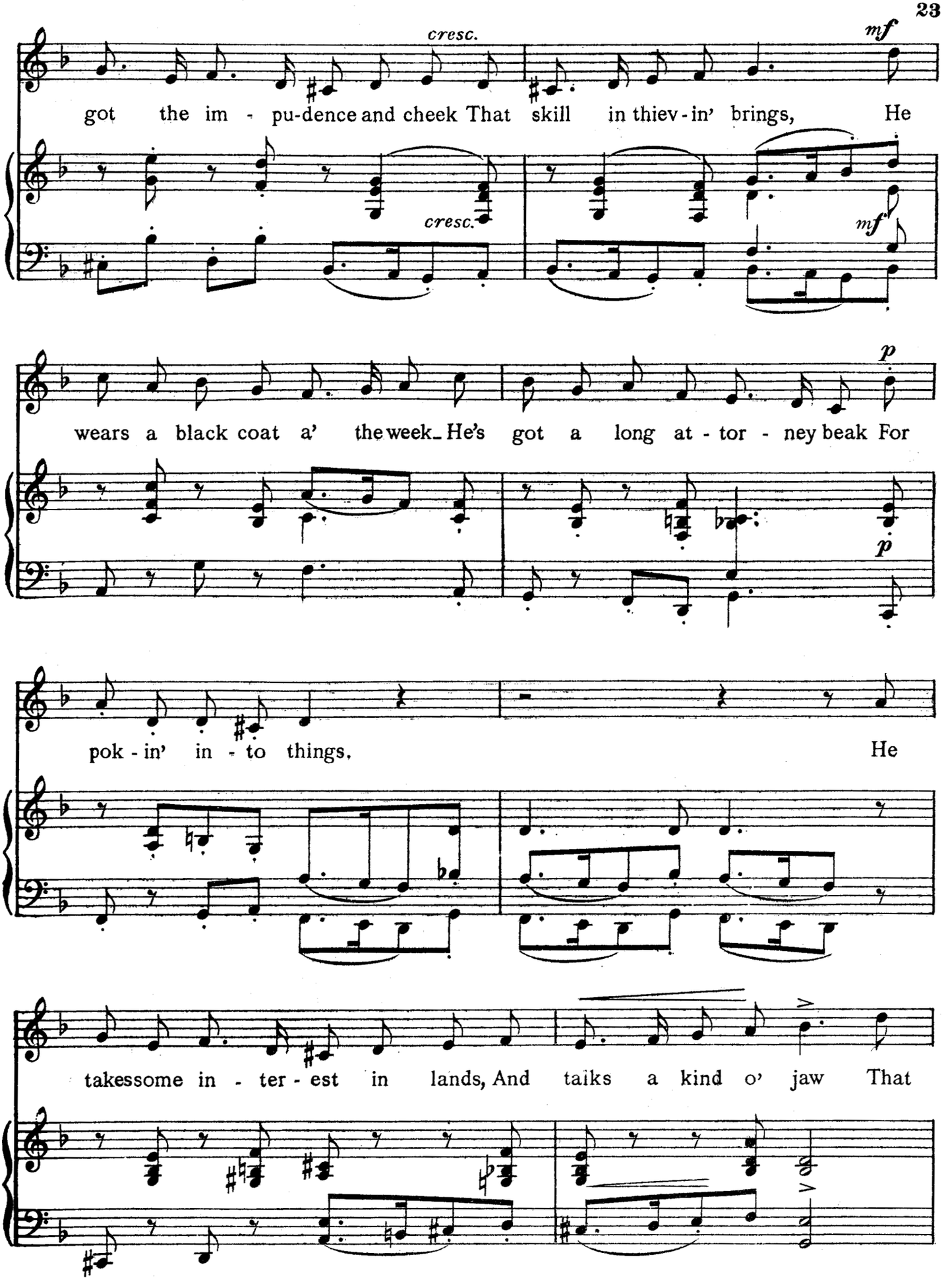
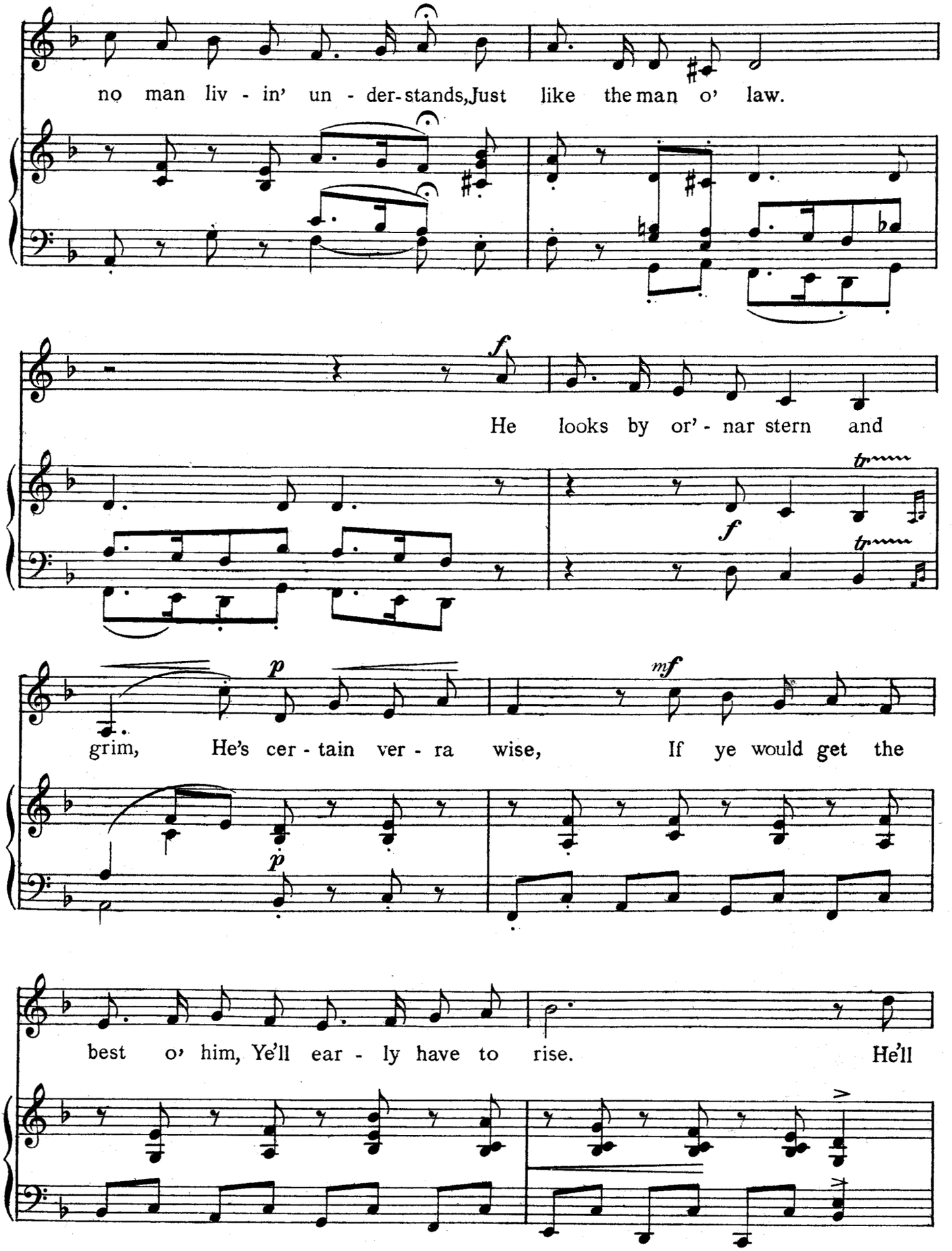
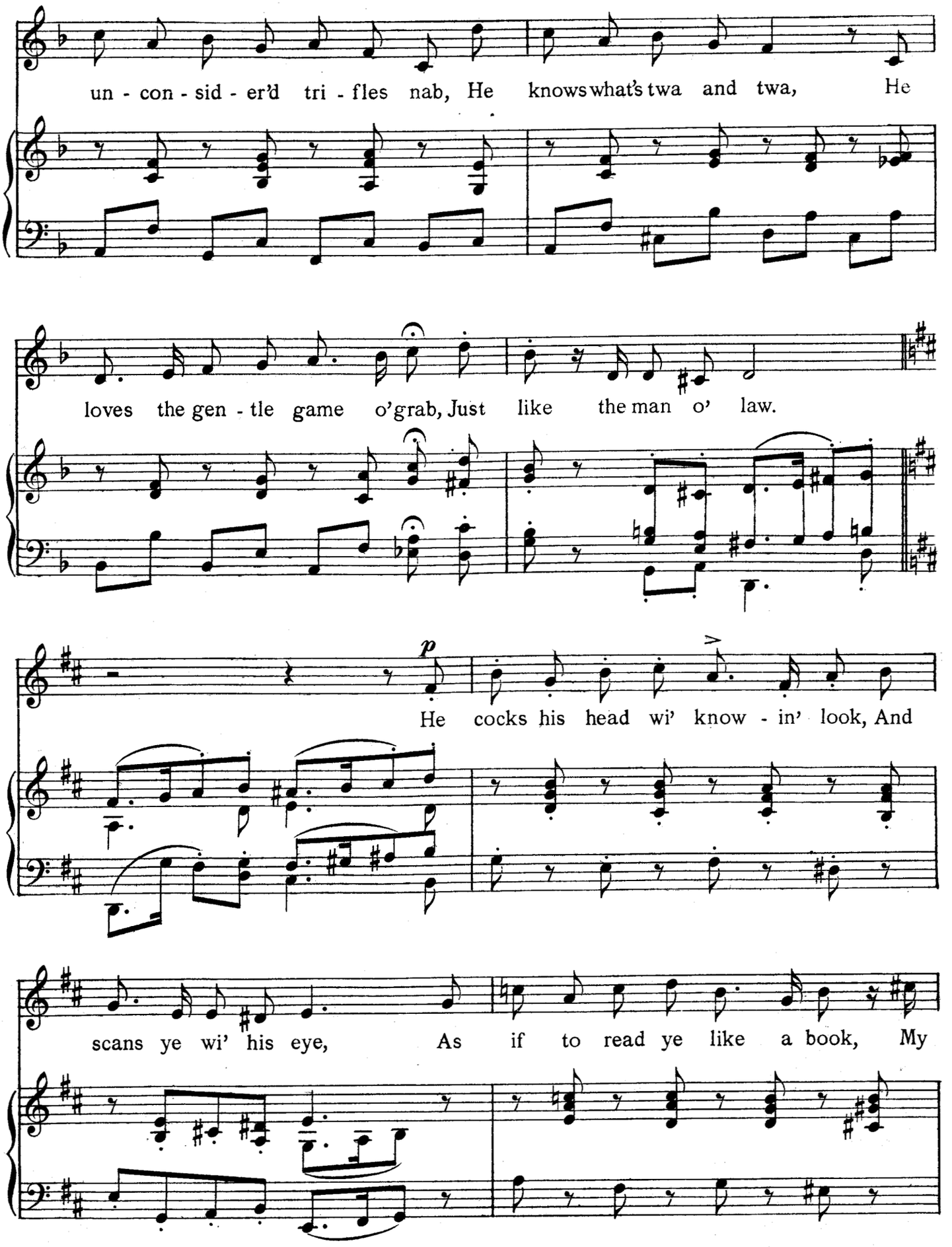
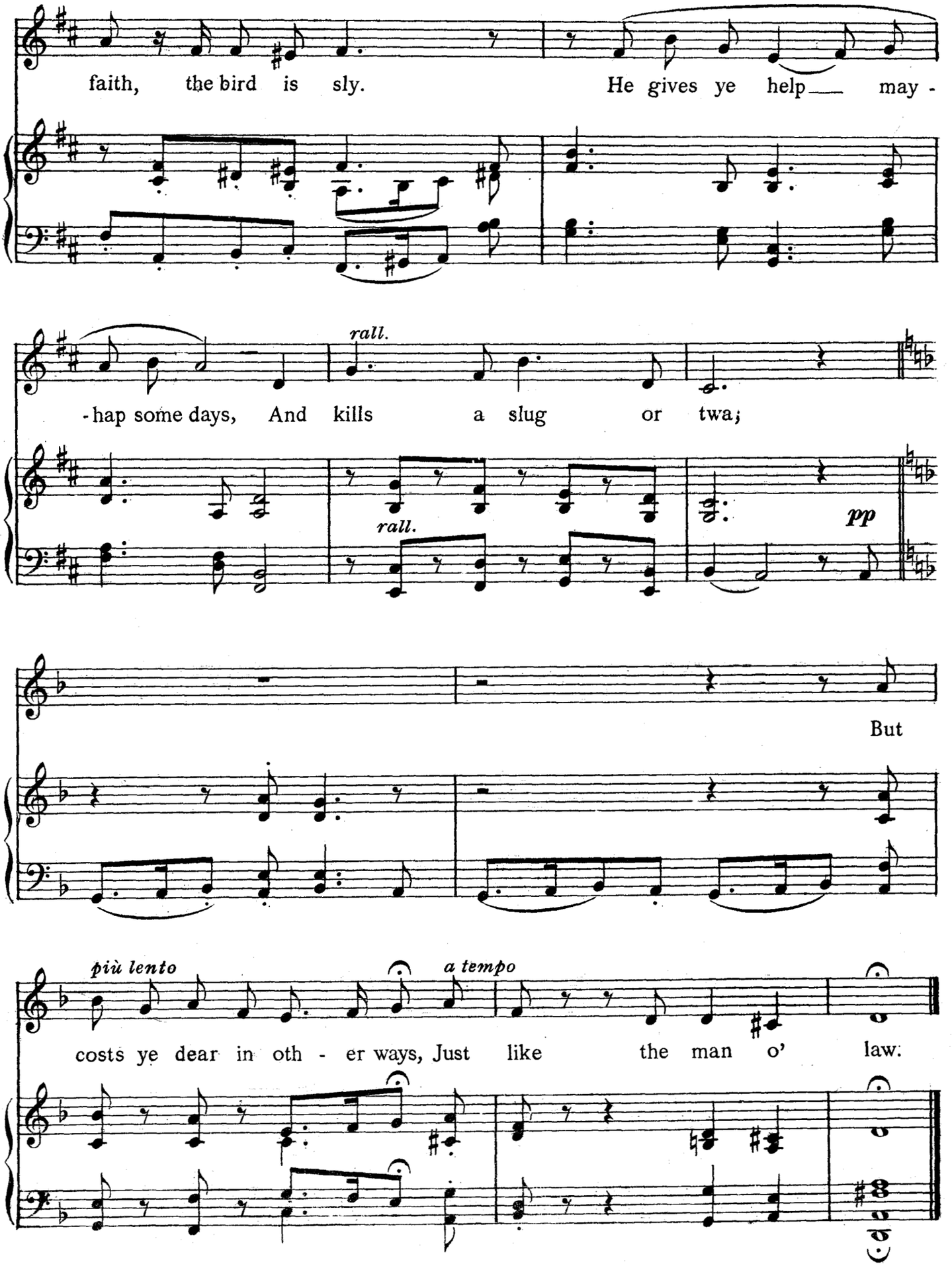

cresc.
mf
got the im - pu-dence and cheek That skill in thiev-in' brings, He
cresc.
mf
p
wears a black coat a' the week. He's got a long at - tor - ney beak For
p
pok - in' in - to things. He
takessome in - ter - est in lands, And taiks a kind o' jaw That

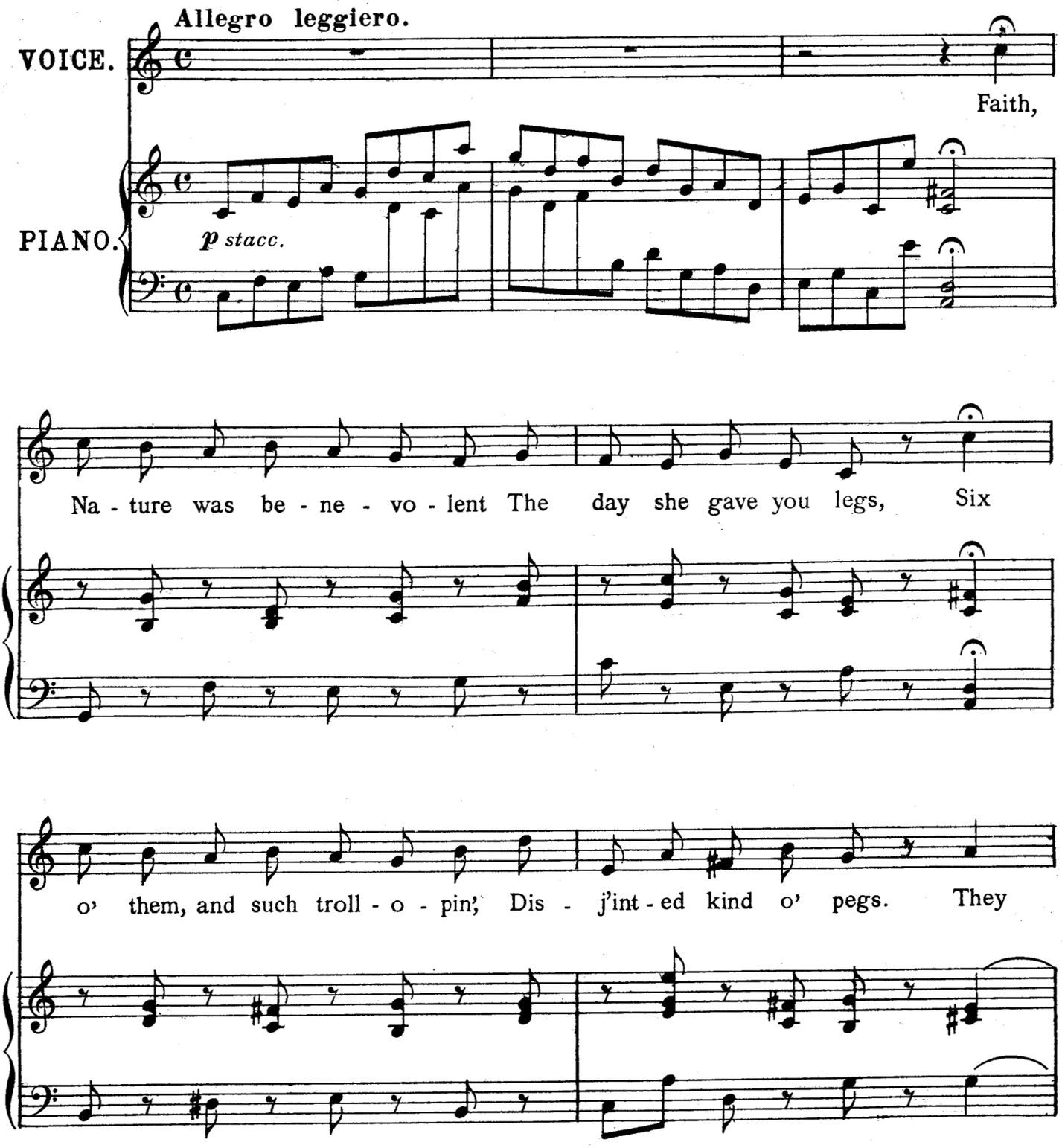

no man liv - in' un - der-stands, Just like the man o' law.
He looks by or' - nar stern and
grim, He's cer - tain ver - ra wise, If ye would get the
best o' him, Ye'll ear - ly have to rise. He'll


un - con - sid - er'd tri - fles nab, He knows what's twa and twa, He
loves the gen - tle game o'grab, Just like the man o' law.
p
He cocks his head wi' know - in' look, And
scans ye wi' his eye, As if to read ye like a book, My


faith, the bird is sly. He gives ye help — may -
rall.
-hap some days, And kills a slug or twa;
rall.
pp
But
più lento
a tempo
costs ye dear in oth - er ways, Just like the man o' law.

No. 5.
DADDY-LONG-LEGS.

JOHN STEVENSON. C. V. STANFORD.



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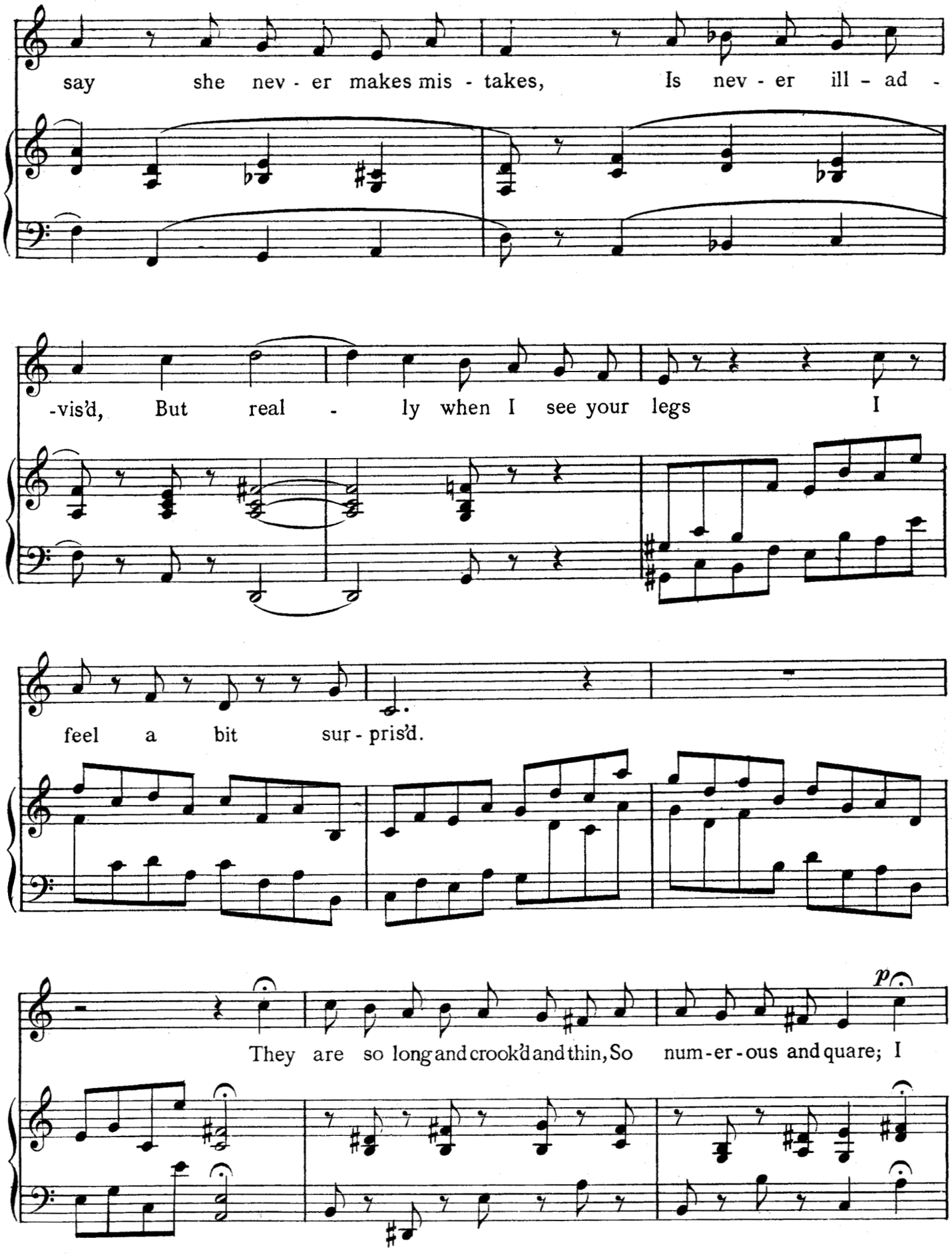
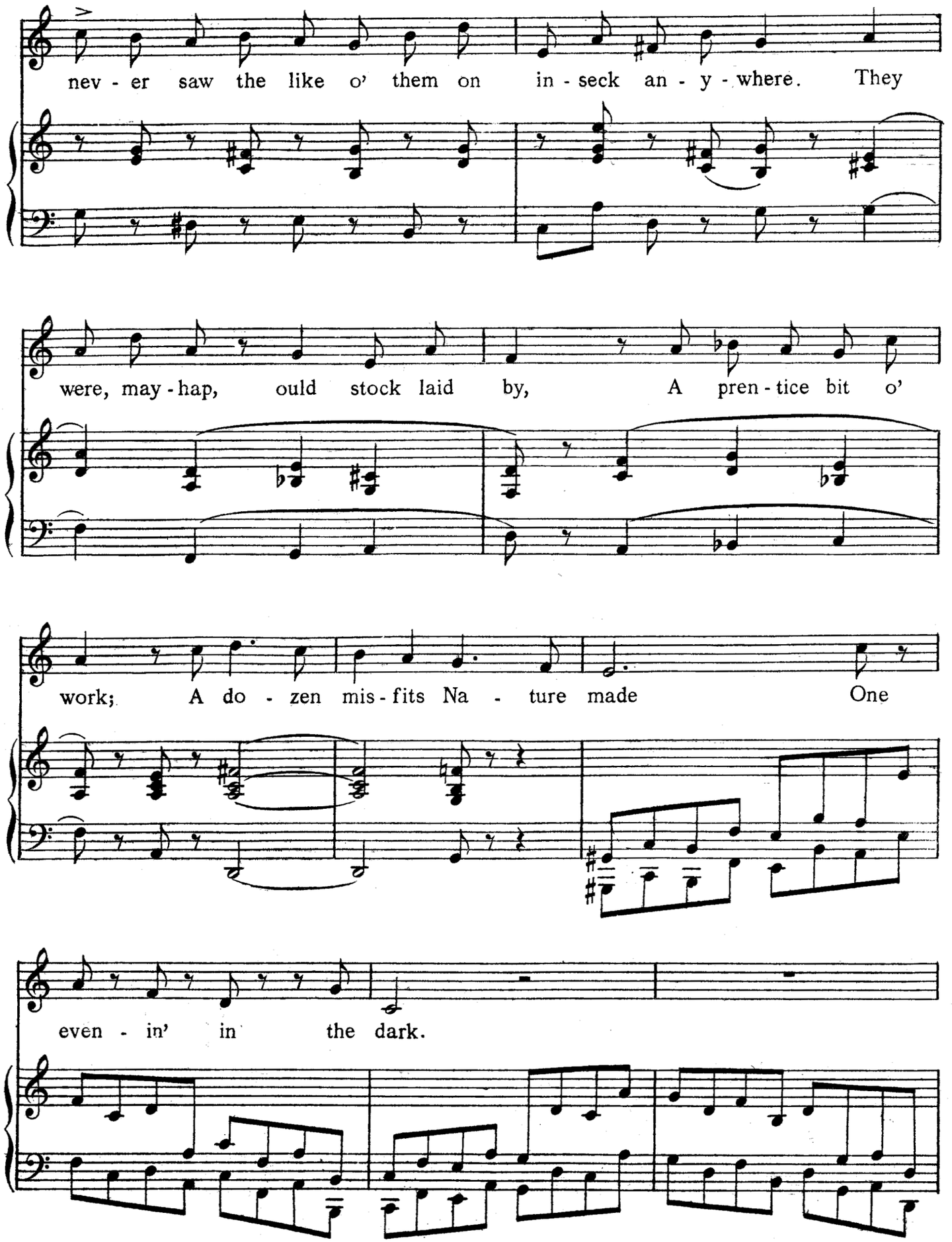
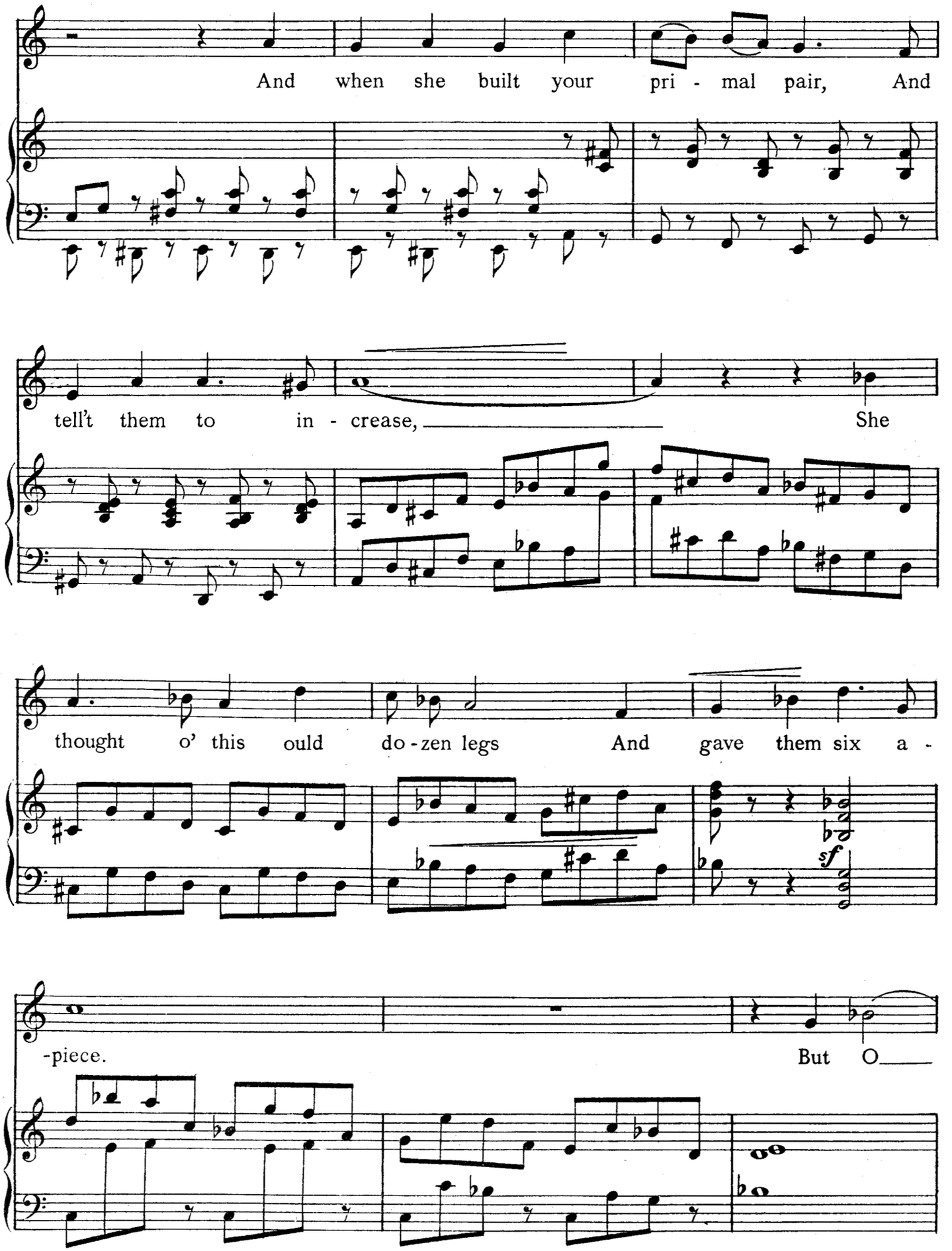
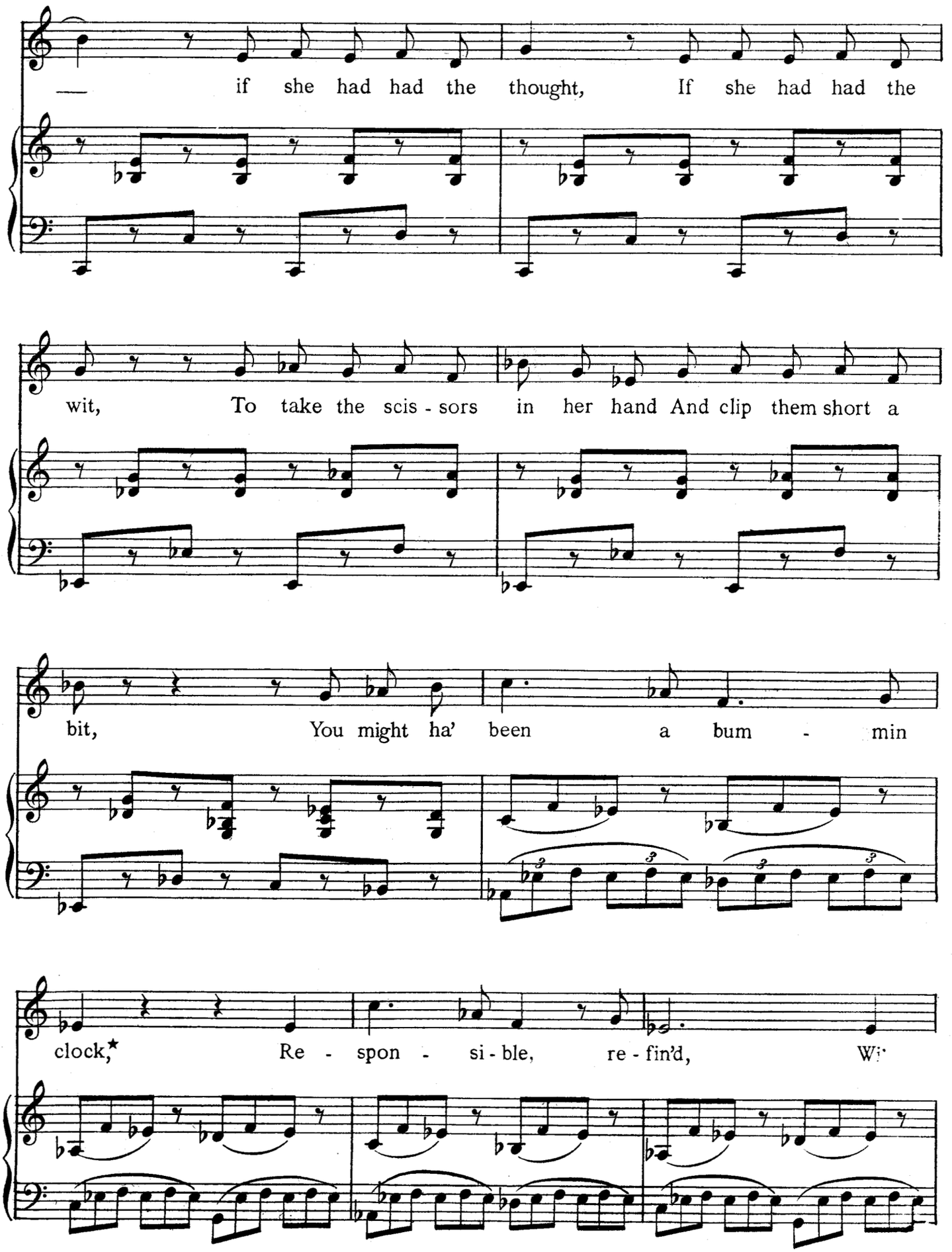
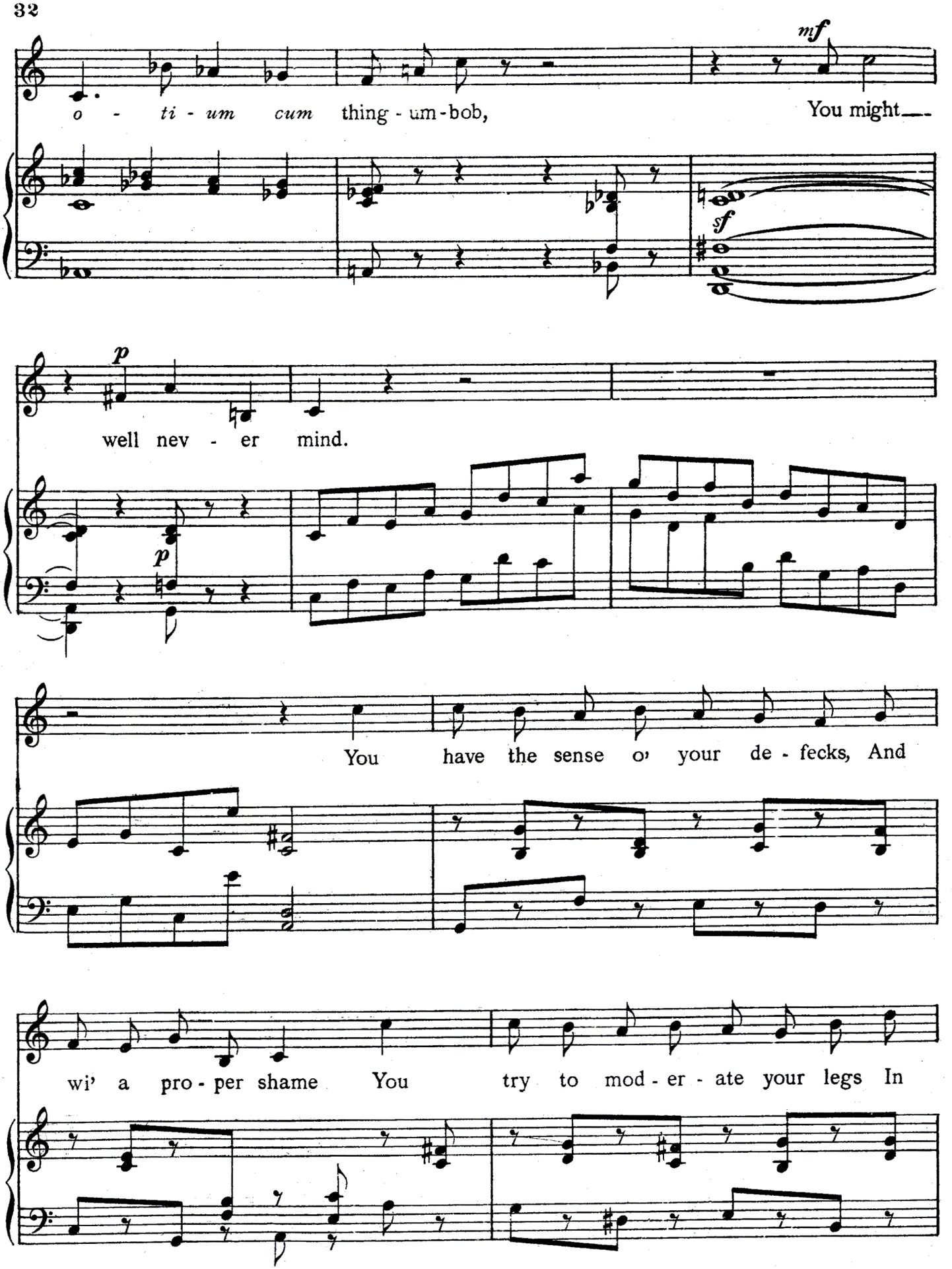
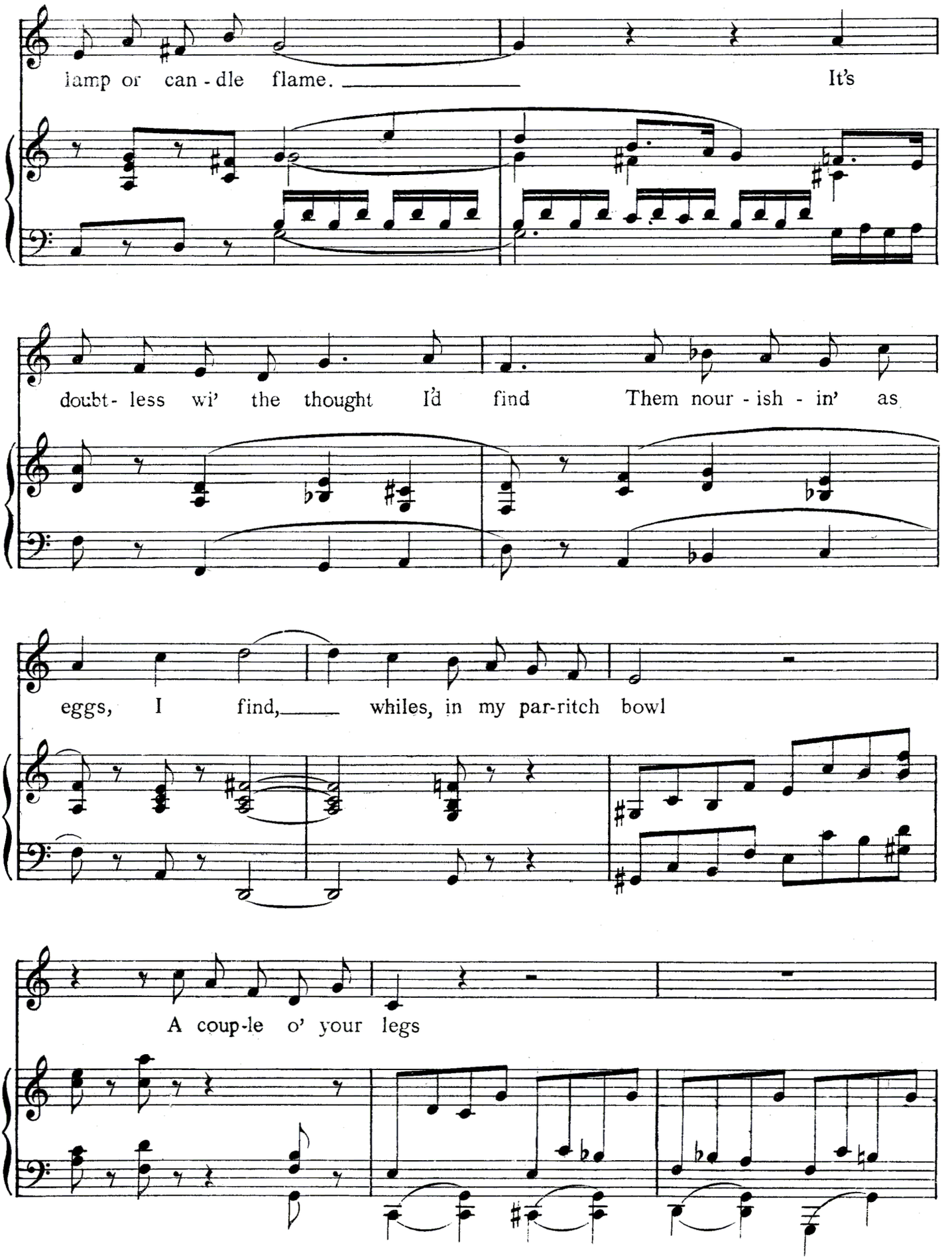

say she nev - er makes mis - takes, Is nev - er ill - ad -
-vis'd, But real - ly when I see your legs I
feel a bit sur - pris'd.
p
They are so long and crook'd and thin, So num - er - ous and quare; I

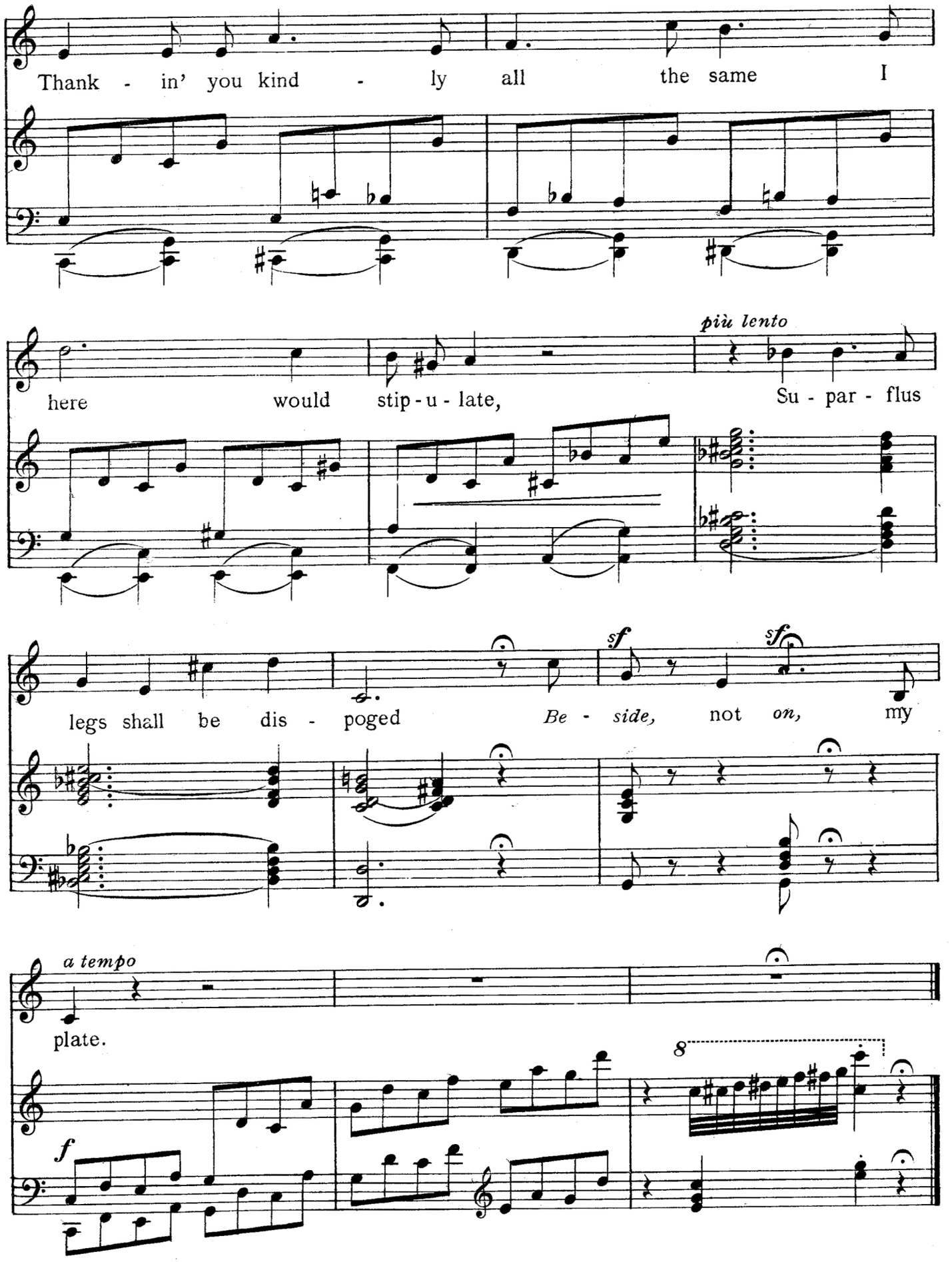

nev - er saw the like o' them on in - seck an - y - where. They
were, may - hap, ould stock laid by, A pren - tice bit o'
work; A do - zen mis - fits Na - ture made One
even - in' in the dark.


And when she built your pri - mal pair, And
tell't them to in - crease, She
thought o' this ould do - zen legs And gave them six a -
-piece. But O


— if she had had the thought, If she had had the
wit, To take the scis - sors in her hand And clip them short a
bit, You might ha' been a bum - min
clock,* Re - spon - si - ble, re - fin'd, Wi

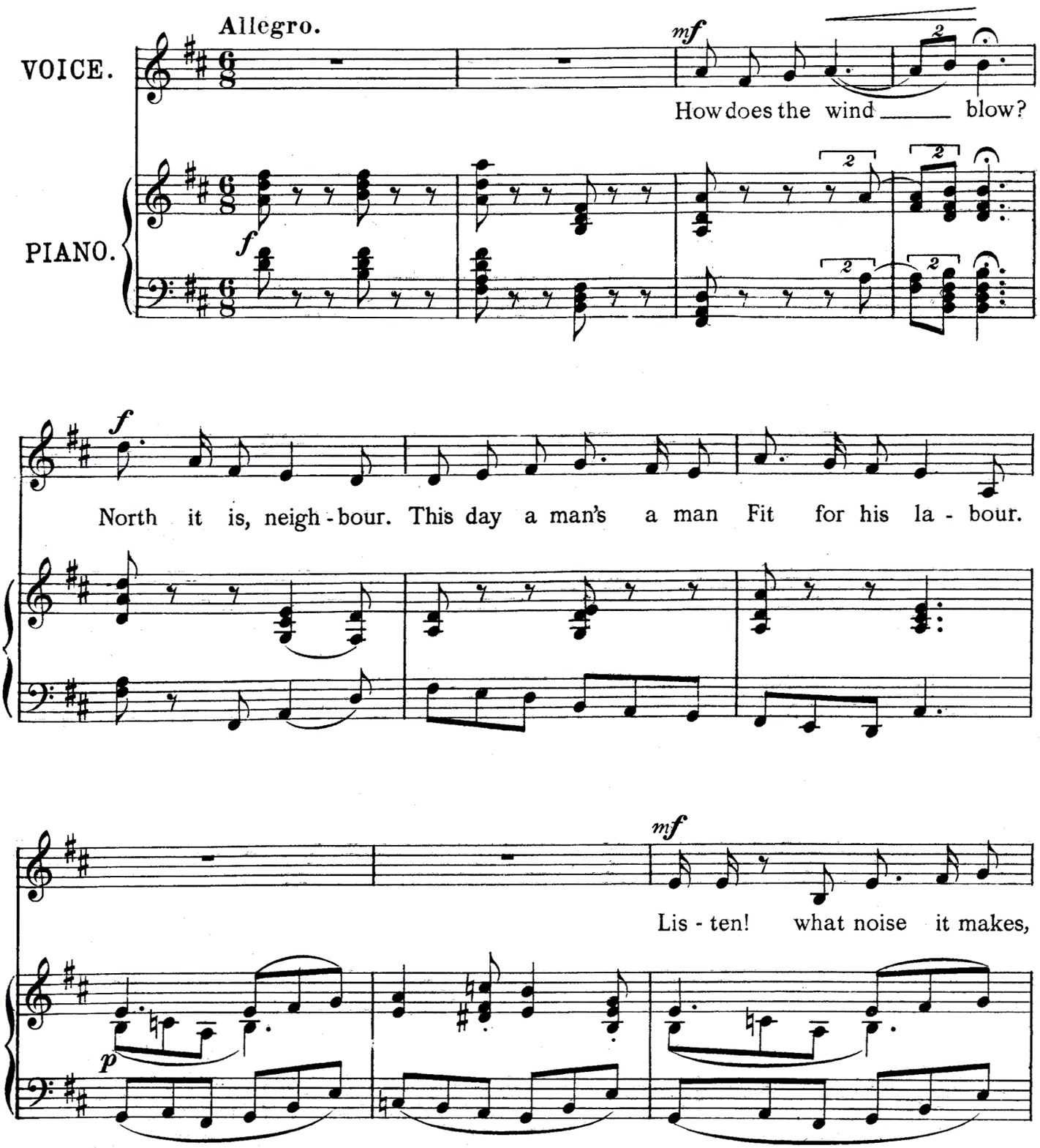

mf
o - ti - um cum thing - um - bob,
You might___
sf
p
well nev - er mind.
p
You have the sense o' your de - fecks, And
wi' a pro - per shame You try to mod - er - ate your legs In


lamp or can - dle flame. It's
doubt - less wi' the thought I'd find Them nour - ish - in' as
eggs, I find, whiles, in my par-ritch bowl
A coup-le o' your legs


Thank - in' you kind - ly all the same I
più lento
here would stip - u - late, Su - par - flus
sf
sf
legs shall be dis - poged Be - side, not on, my
a tempo
plate.
8
f

No. 6.
HOW DOES THE WIND BLOW?

JOHN STEVENSON. C. V. STANFORD.



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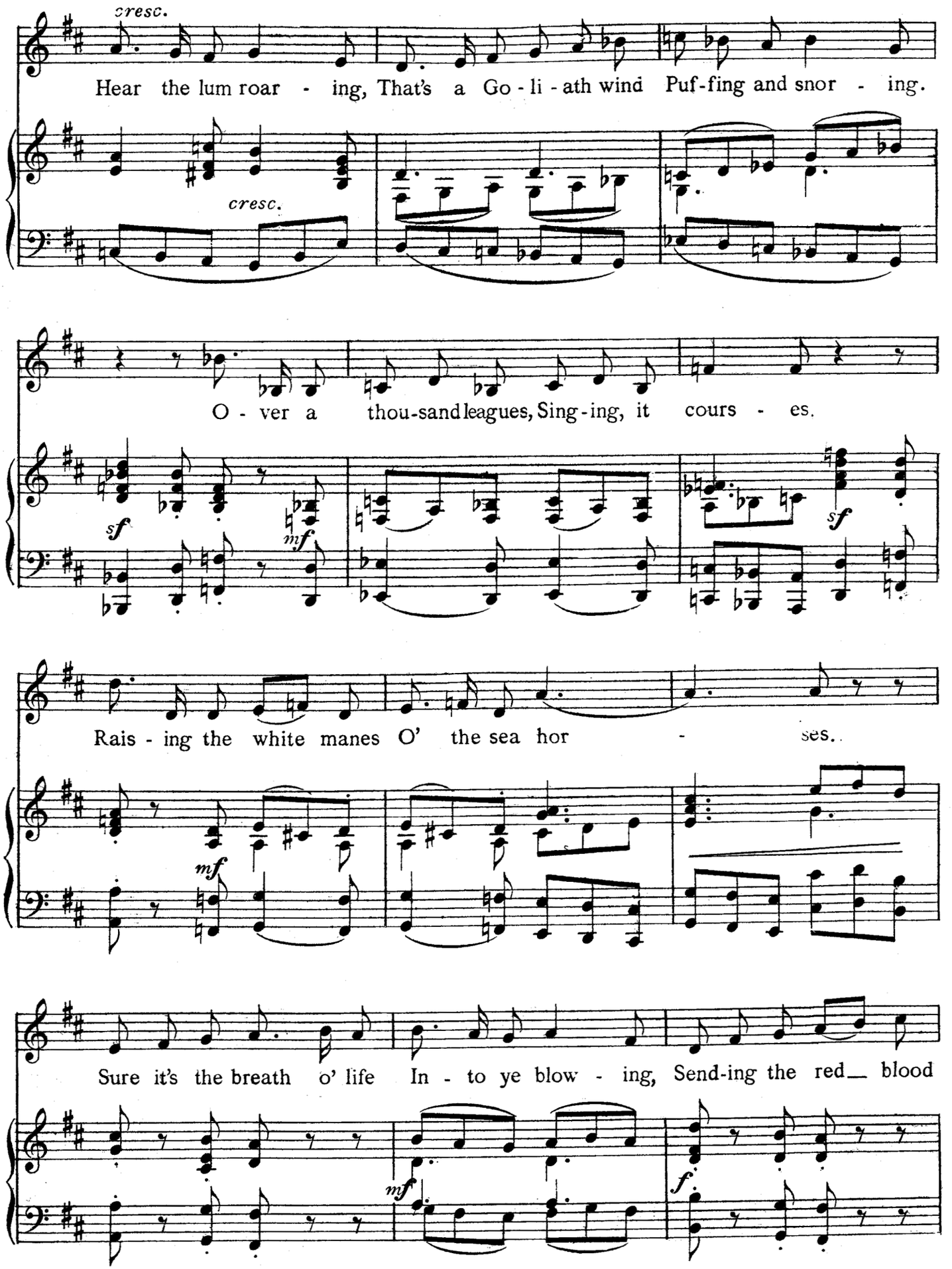
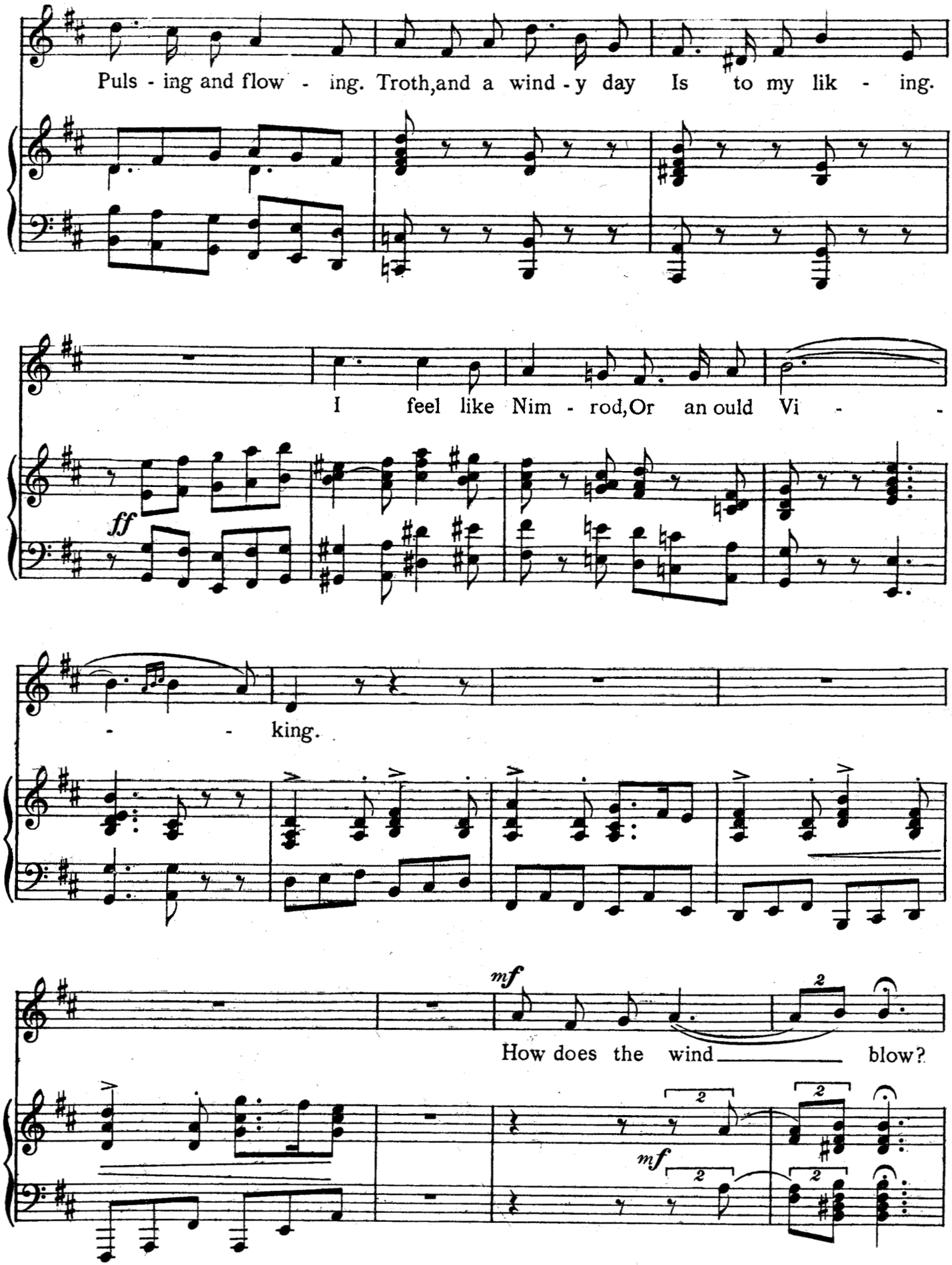
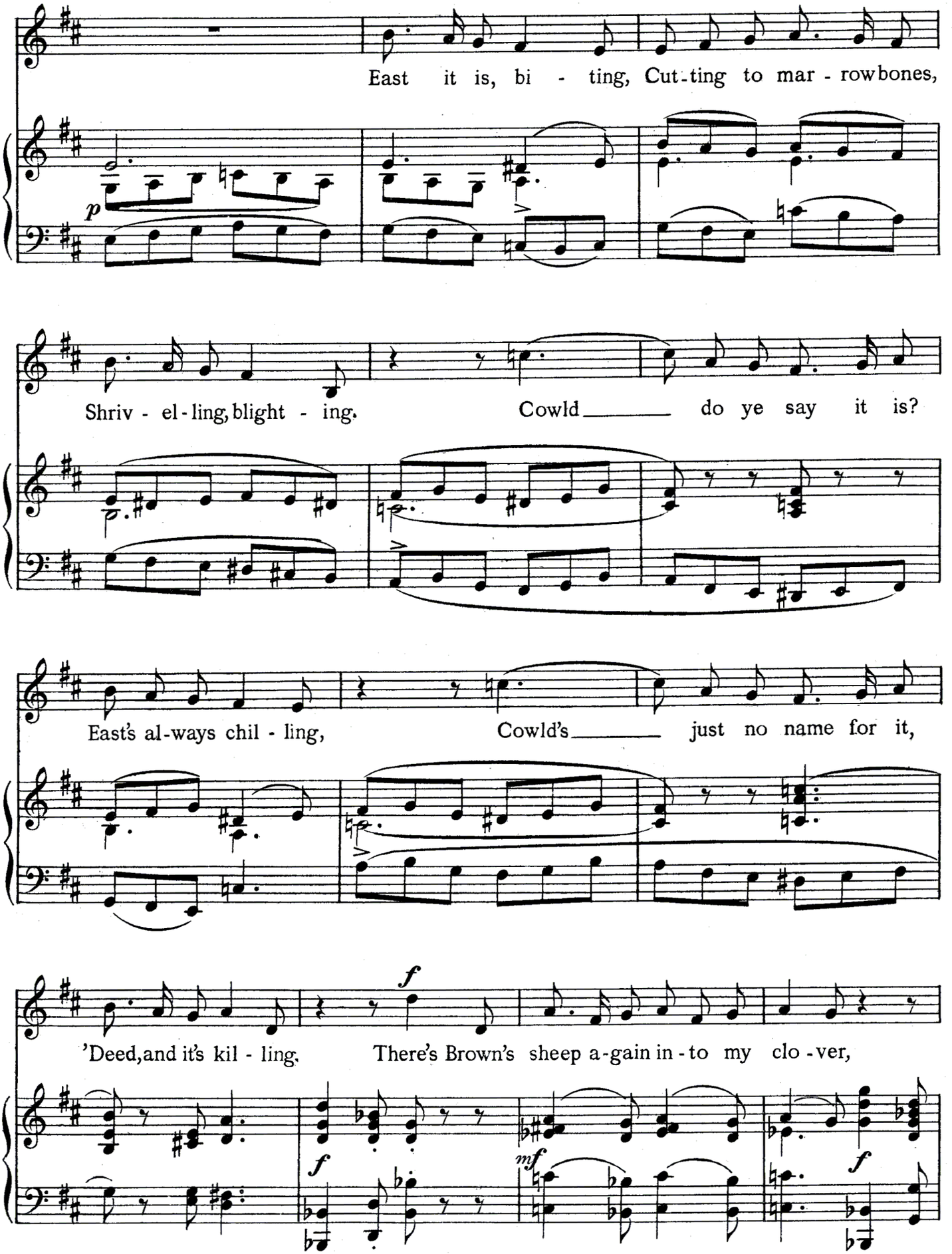
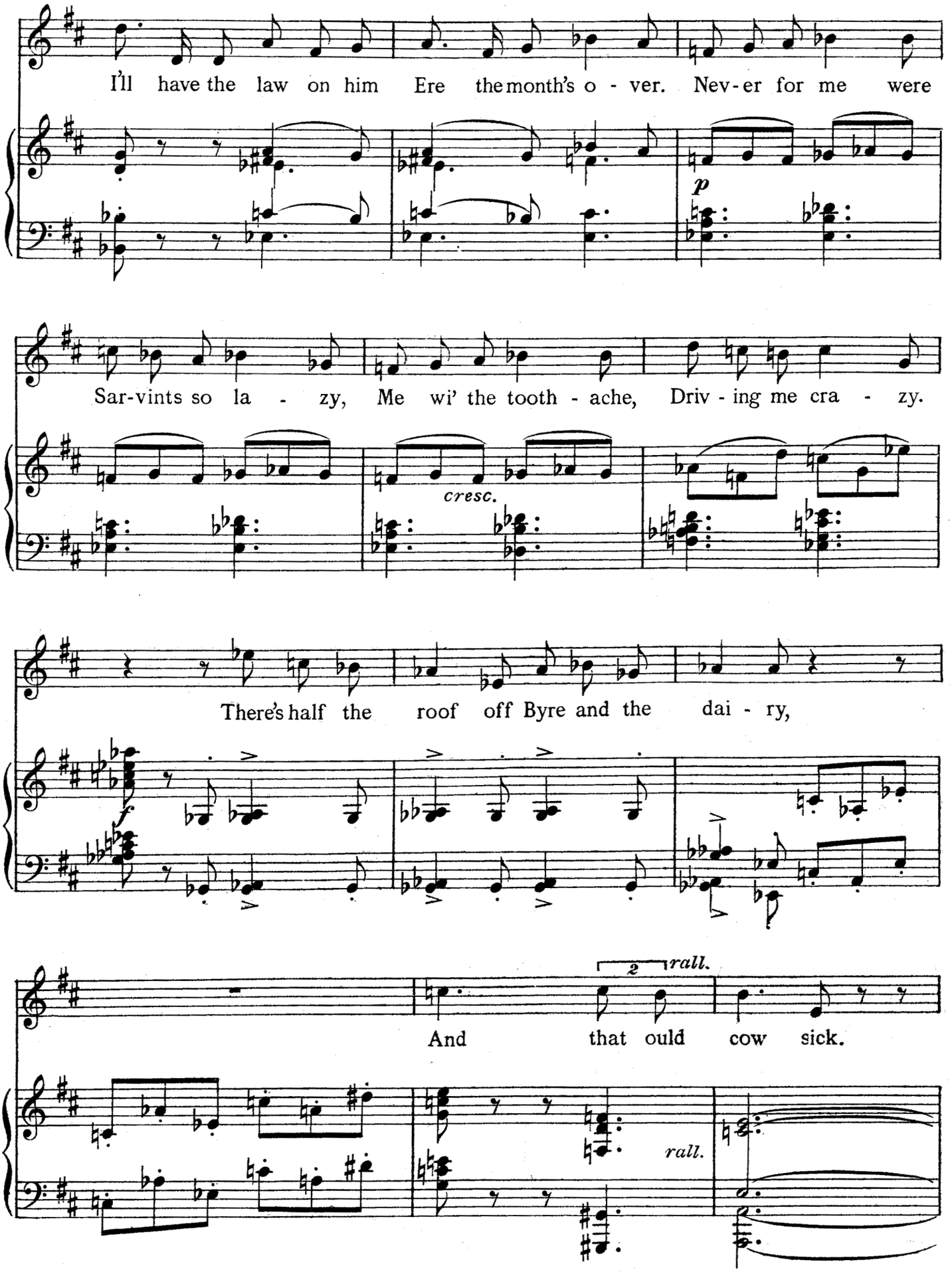
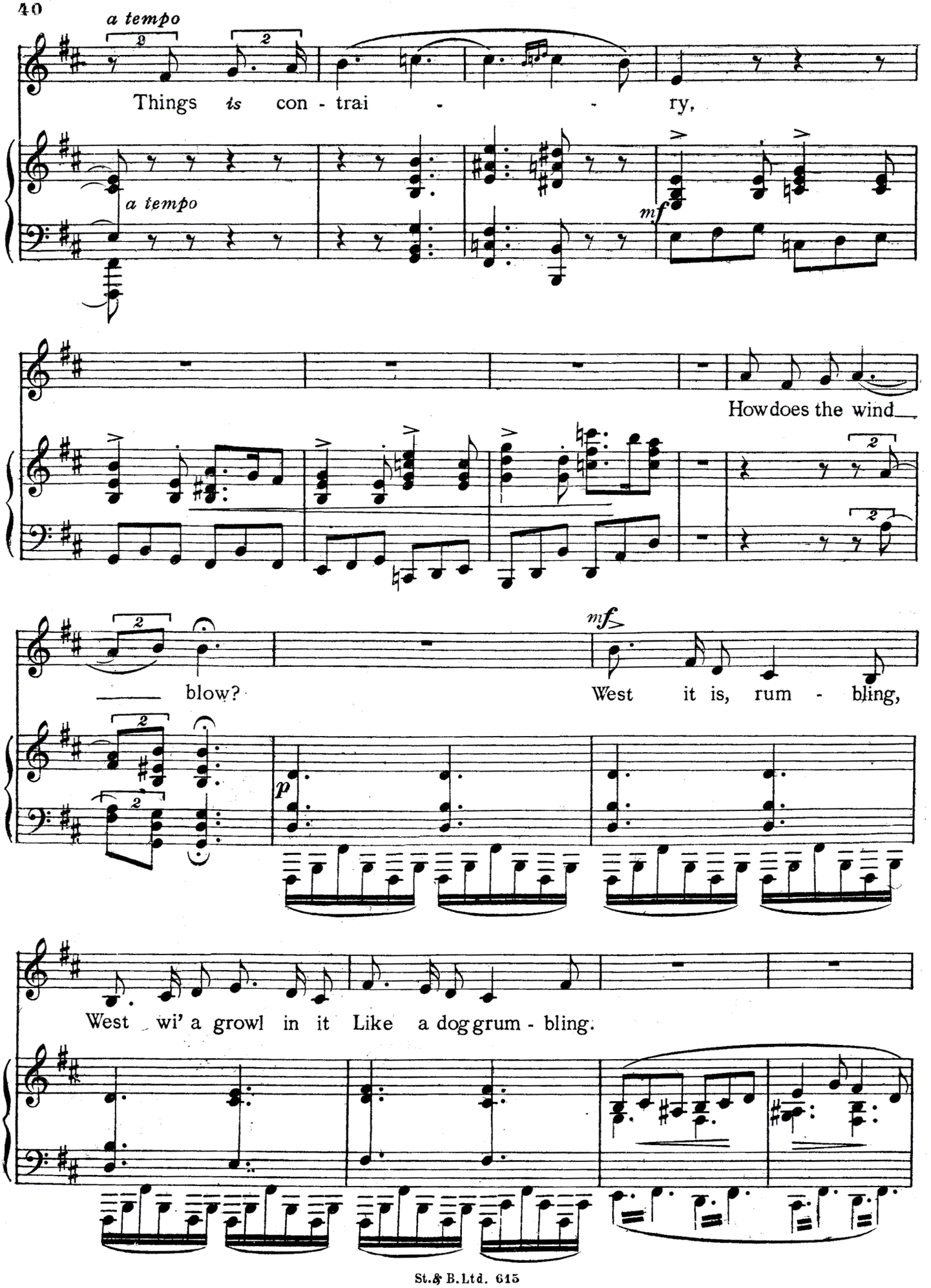
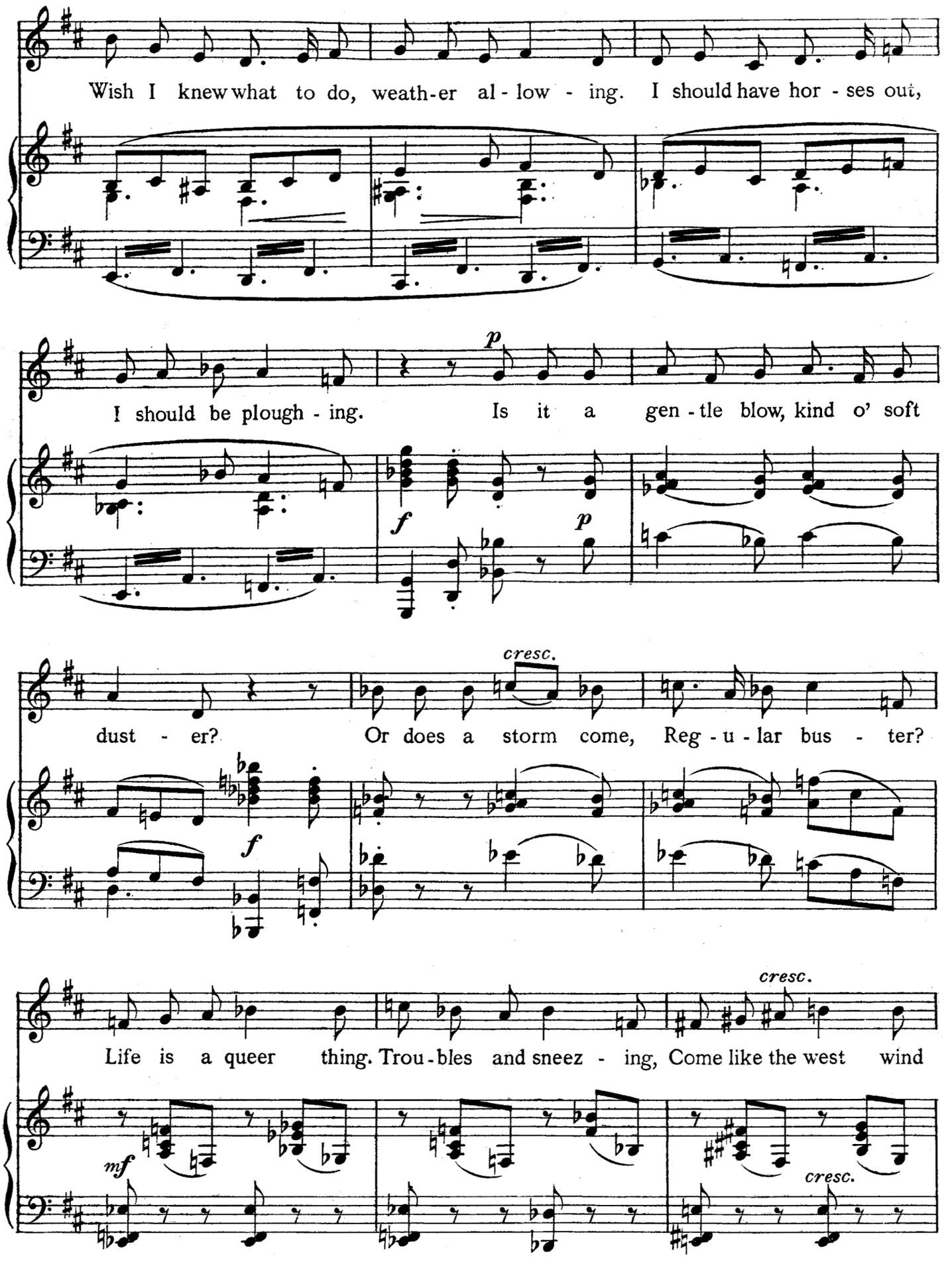

cresc.
Hear the lum roar - ing, That's a Go - li - ath wind Puf-fing and snor - ing.
cresc.
O - ver a thou-sand leagues, Sing-ing, it cours - es.
sf
mf
sf
Rais - ing the white manes O' the sea hor - ses.
mf
Sure it's the breath o' life In - to ye blow - ing, Send-ing the red blood
mf
f

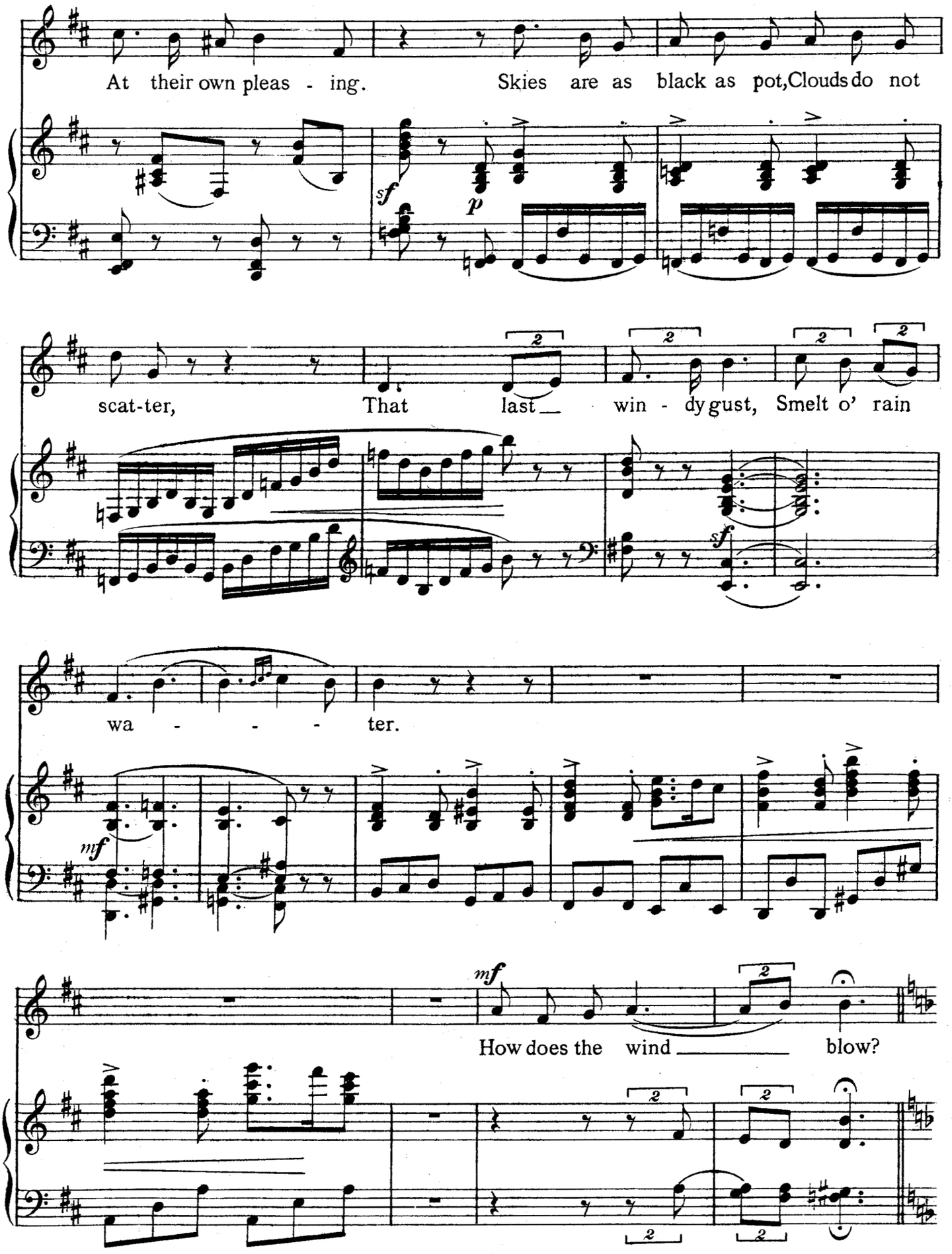

Puls - ing and flow - ing. Troth, and a wind - y day Is to my lik - ing.
I feel like Nim - rod, Or an ould Vi - - - king.
ff
mf
How does the wind blow?
mf

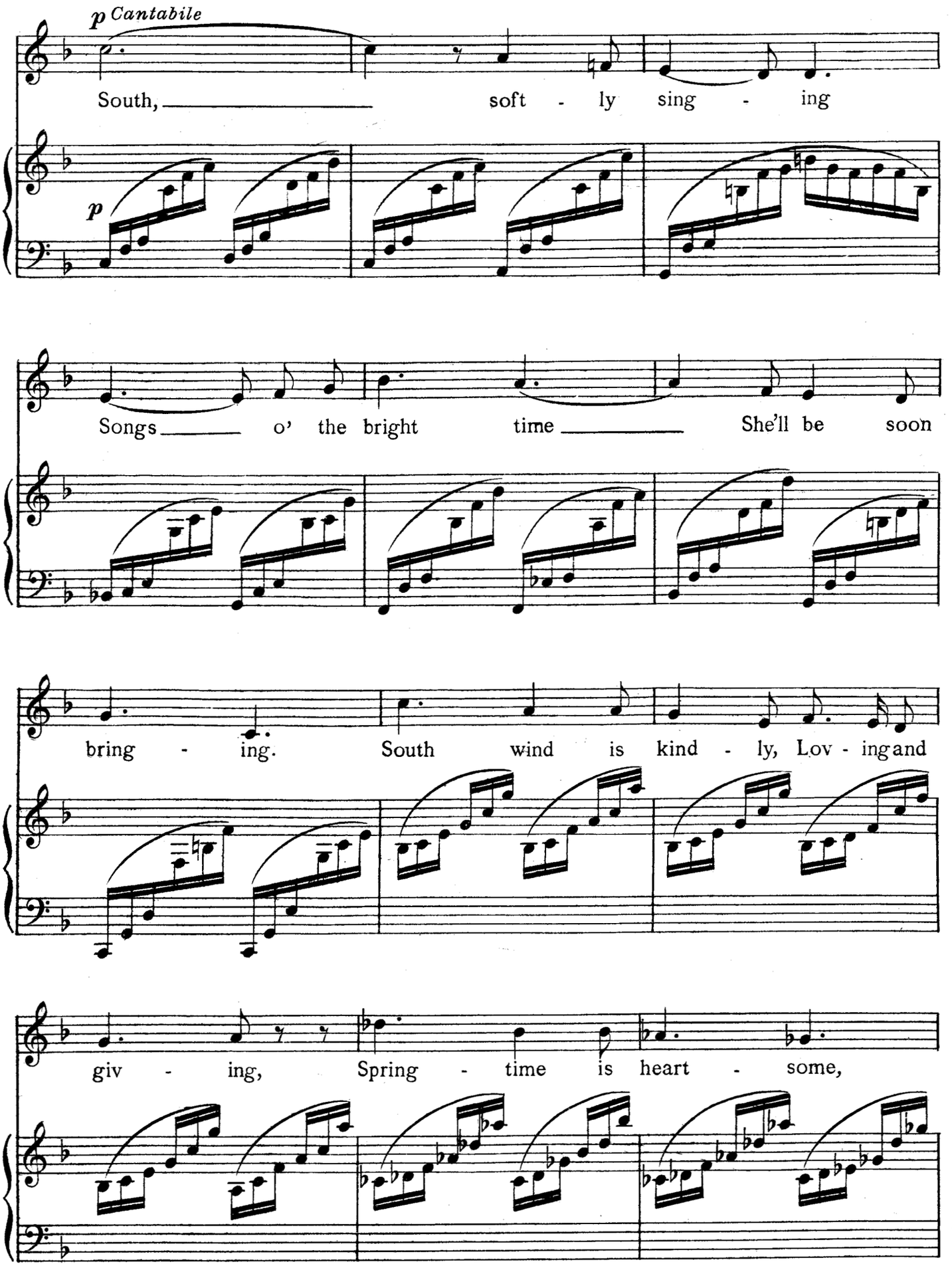

East it is, bi - ting, Cut-ting to mar - row bones,
p
Shriv - el - ling, blight - ing. Cowld ___ do ye say it is?
East's al-ways chil - ling, Cowld's ___ just no name for it,
f
'Deed, and it's kil - ling. There's Brown's sheep a-gain in - to my clo - ver,
f
mf
f

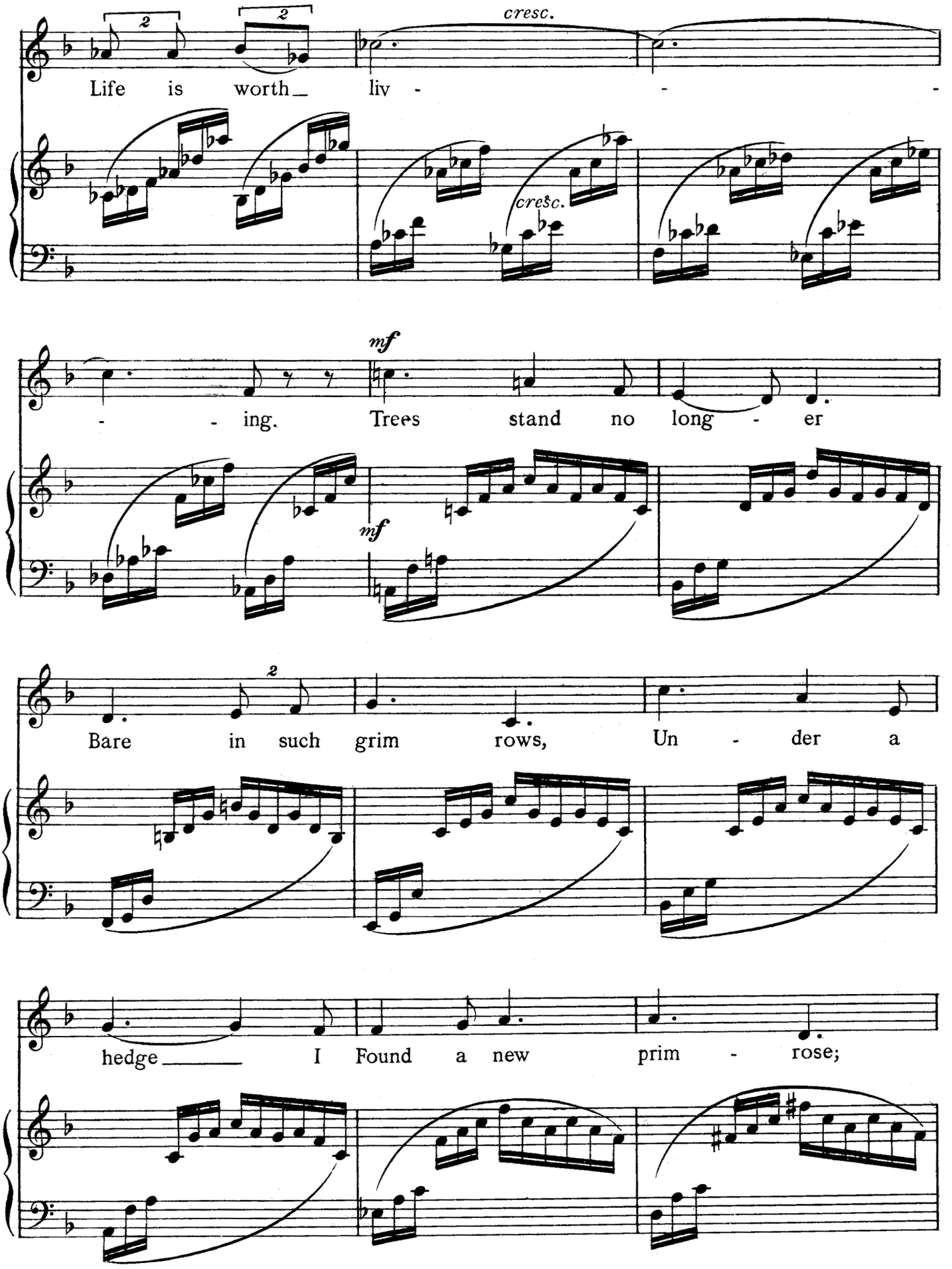

I'll have the law on him Ere the month's o - ver. Nev-er for me were
p
Sar-vints so la - zy, Me wi' the tooth - ache, Driv - ing me cra - zy.
cresc.
There's half the roof off Byre and the dai - ry,
f
2
rall.
And that ould cow sick.
rall.

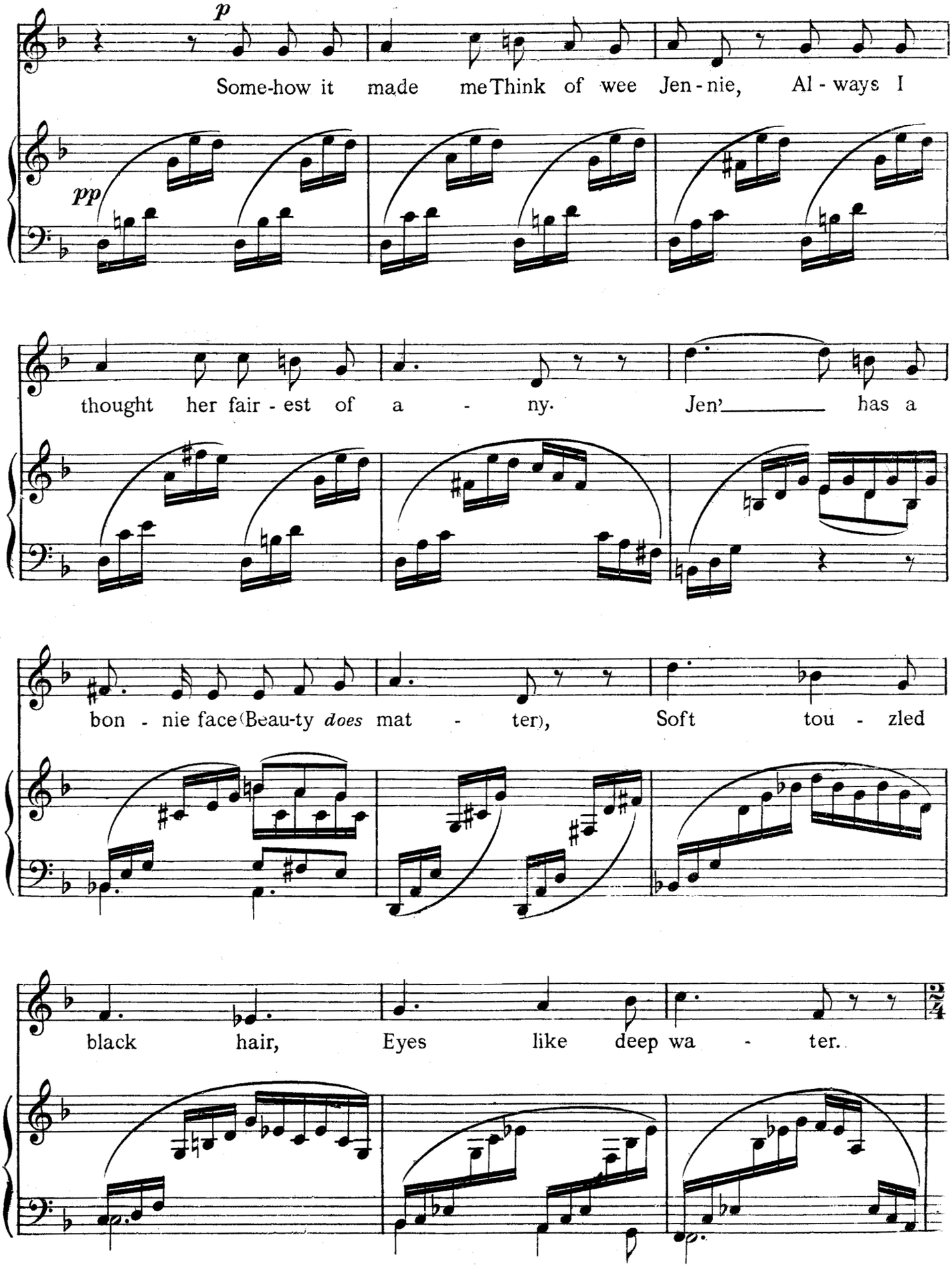

a tempo
Things is con - trai - - ry,
a tempo
mf
How does the wind
blow?
mf
West it is, rum - bling,
p
West wi' a growl in it Like a dog grum - bling.

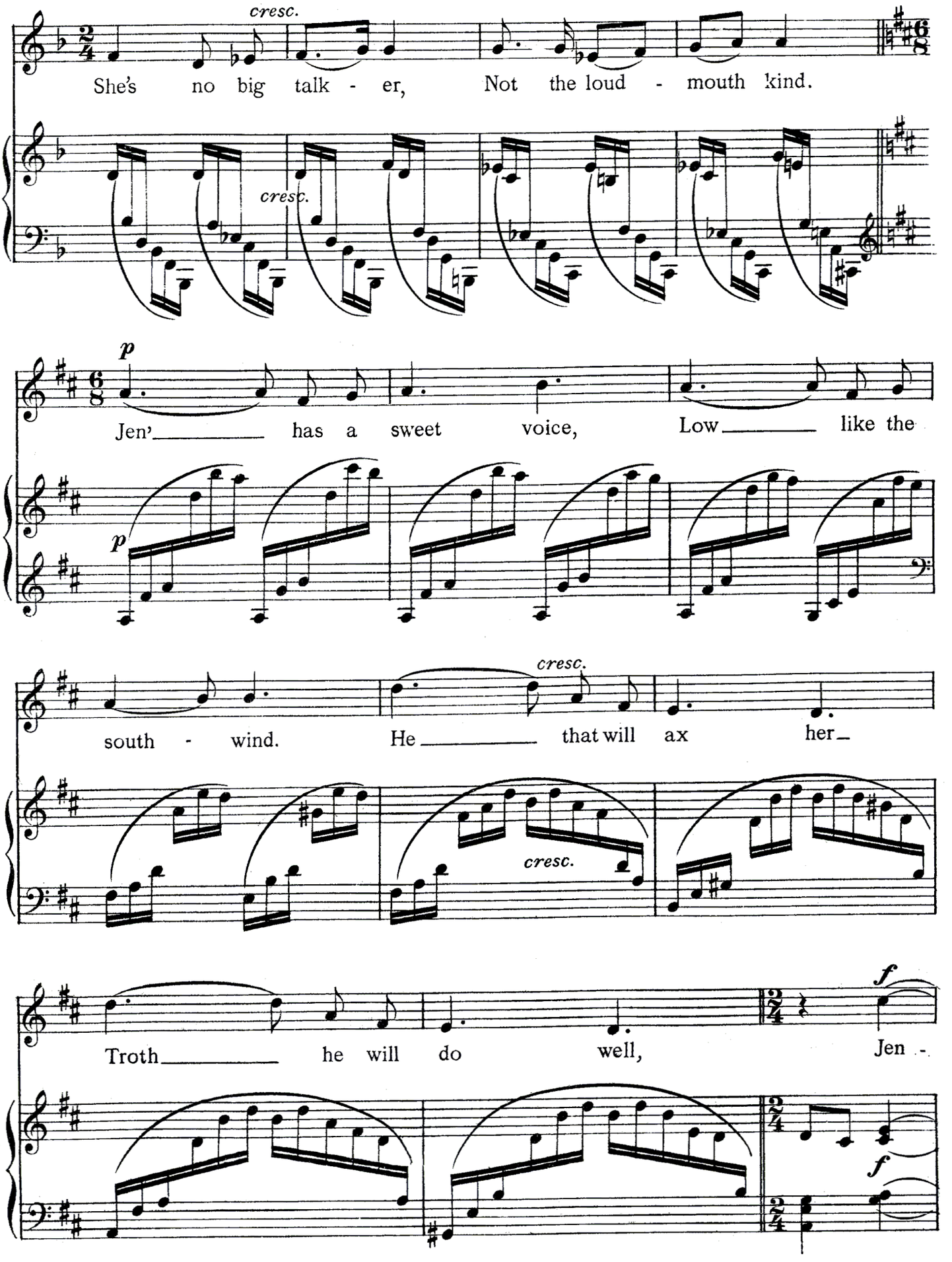

Wish I knew what to do, weath-er al - low - ing. I should have hor - ses out,
I should be plough - ing. Is it a gen - tle blow, kind o' soft
dust - er? Or does a storm come, Reg - u - lar bus - ter?
Life is a queer thing. Trou - bles and sneez - ing, Come like the west wind
p
f
p
cresc.
f
cresc.
mf
cresc.

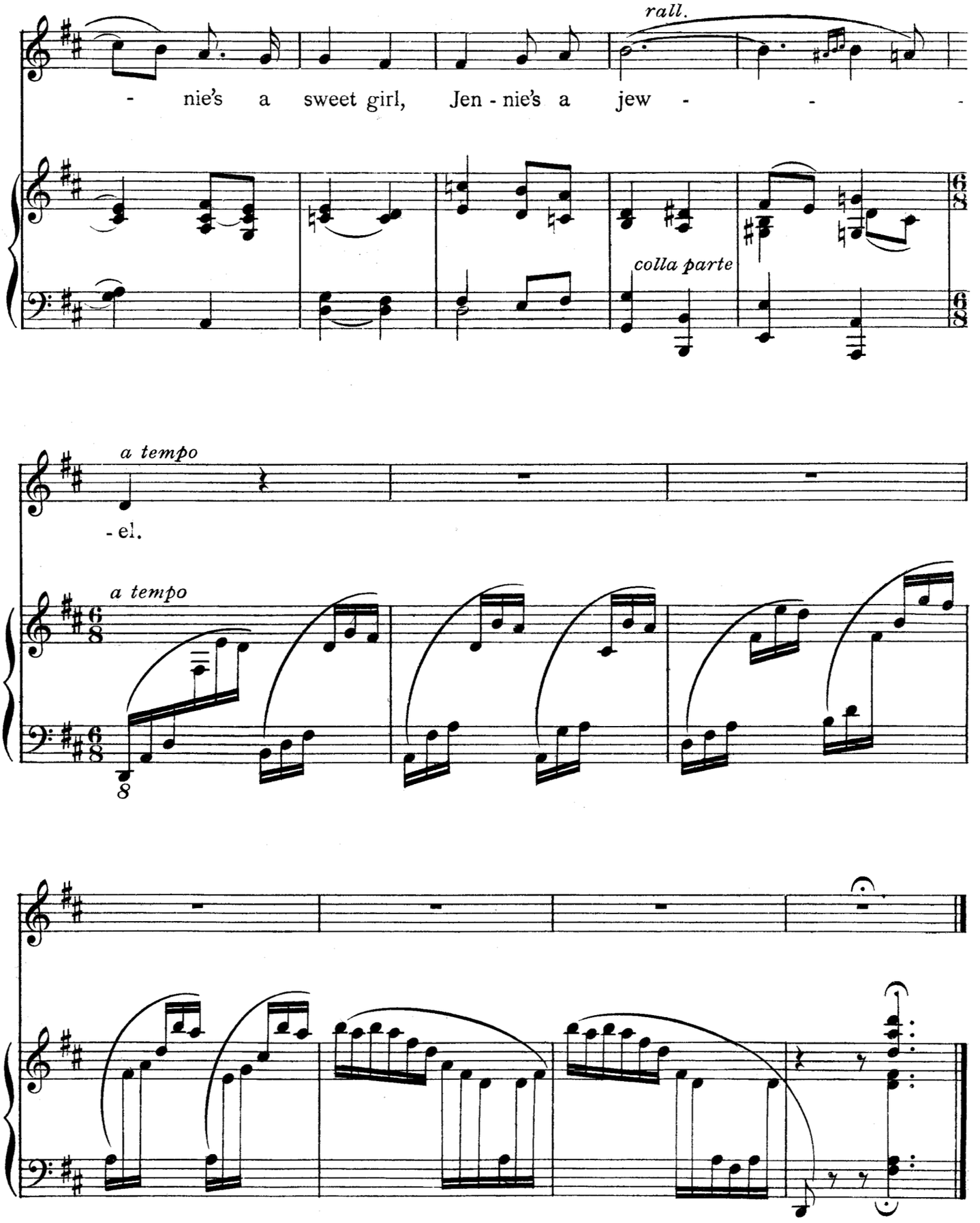

At their own pleas - ing. Skies are as black as pot, Clouds do not
sf
p
scat-ter, That last win - dy gust, Smelt o' rain
sf
wa - - - ter.
mf
mf
How does the wind blow?


p Cantabile
South, soft - ly sing - ing
p
Songs o' the bright time She'll be soon
bring - ing. South wind is kind - ly, Lov - ing and
giv - ing, Spring - time is heart - some,


cresc.
Life is worth_ liv - - -
cresc.
mf
- - ing. Trees stand no long - er
mf
Bare in such grim rows, Un - der a
hedge_____ I Found a new prim - rose;


p
Some-how it made me Think of wee Jen - nie, Al - ways I
pp
thought her fair - est of a - ny. Jen'_____ has a
bon - nie face (Beau-ty *does* mat - ter), Soft tou - zled
black hair, Eyes like deep wa - ter.

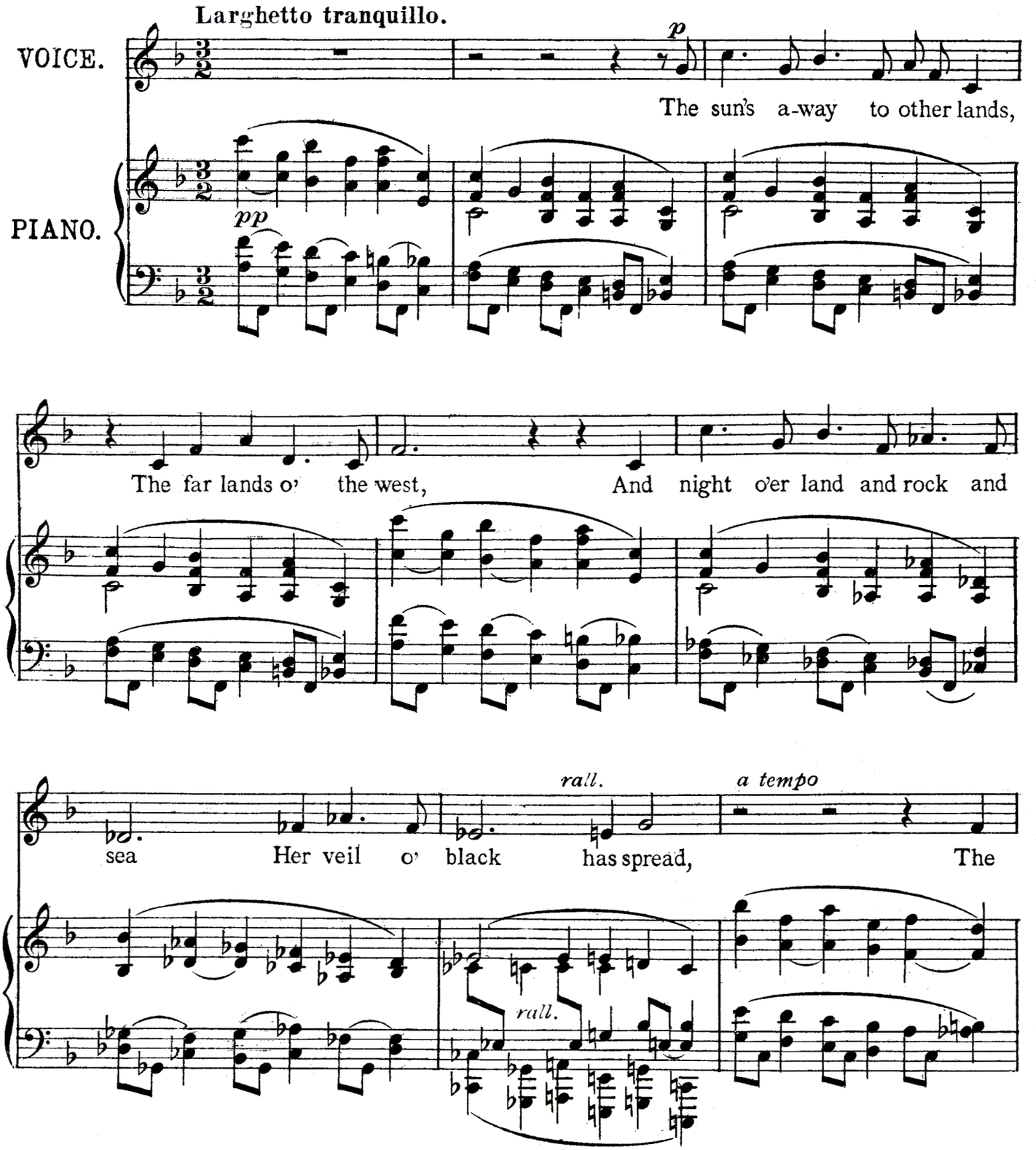

cresc.
She's no big talk - er, Not the loud - mouth kind.
cresc.
p
Jen'_____ has a sweet voice, Low_____ like the
p
cresc.
south - wind. He_____ that will ax her_
cresc.
Troth_____ he will do well, Jen -
f
f


rall.
- nie's a sweet girl, Jen - nie's a jew - - -
colla parte
a tempo
- el.
a tempo

No 7.

NIGHT.

JOHN STEVENSON. C. V. STANFORD.



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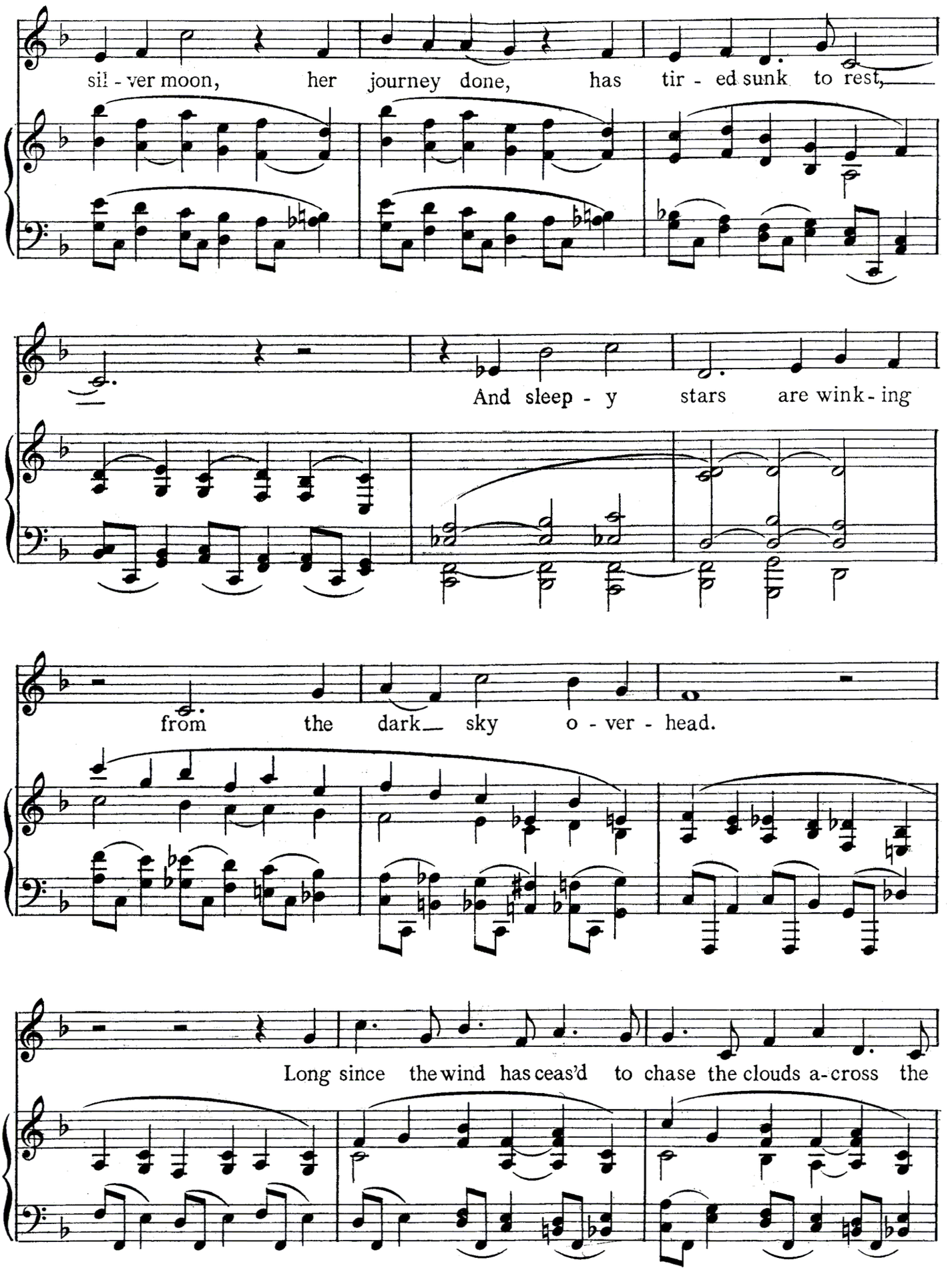
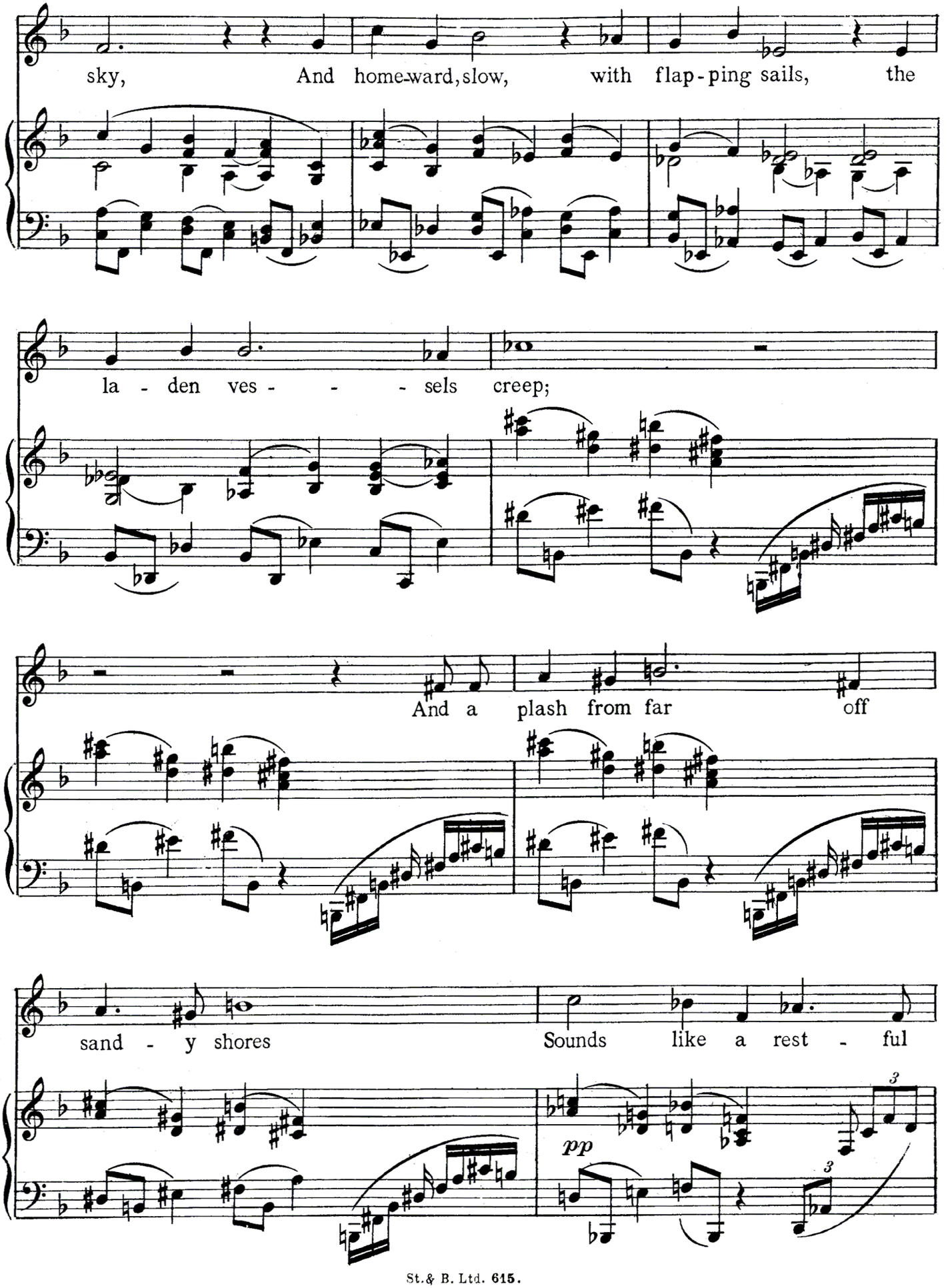
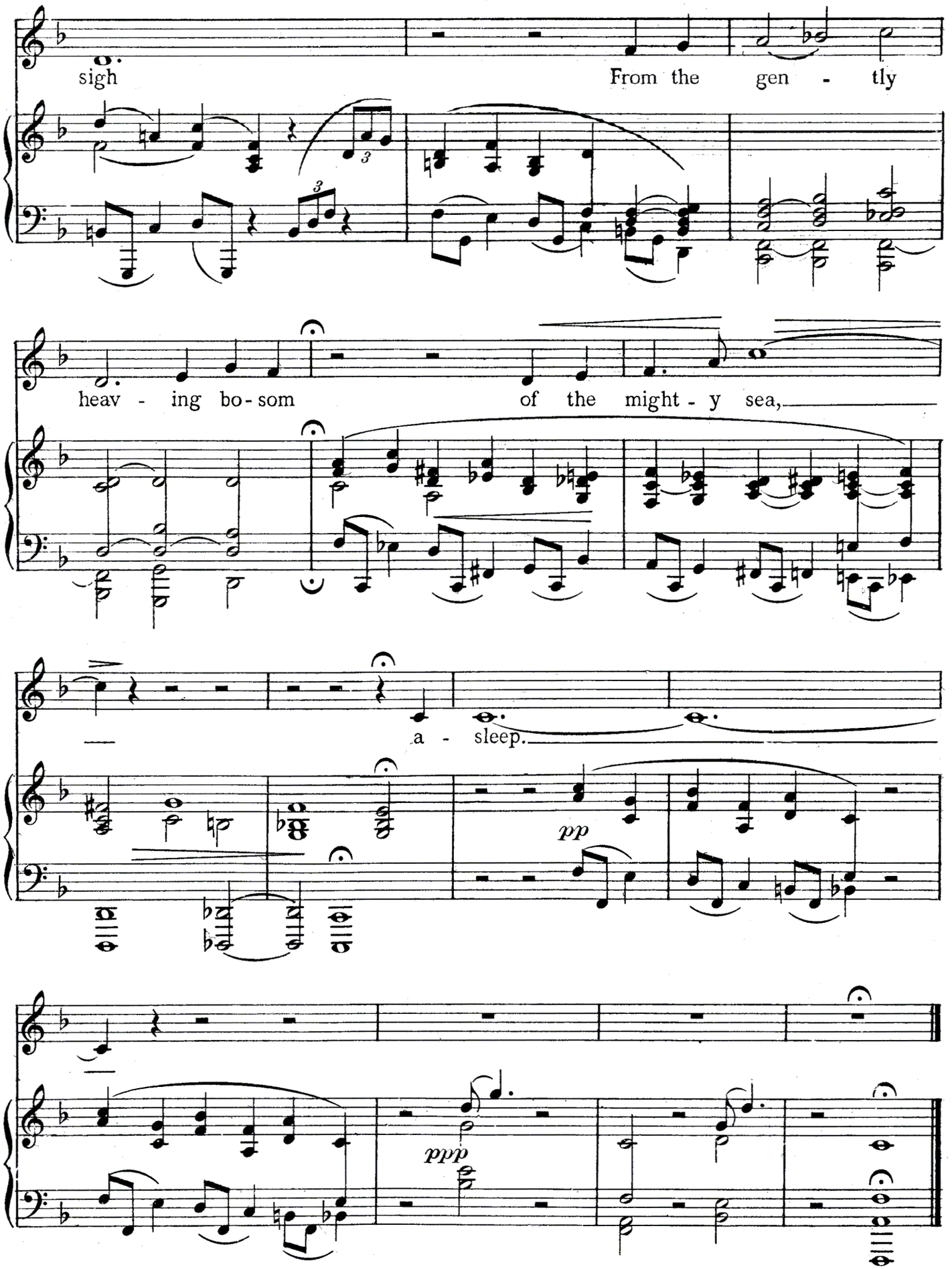

sil - ver moon, her journey done, has tir - ed sunk to rest,
And sleep - y stars are wink - ing
from the dark sky o - ver - head.
Long since the wind has ceas'd to chase the clouds a-cross the


sky, And home-ward, slow, with flap-ping sails, the
la - den ves - - - - sels creep;
And a plash from far off
sand - y shores Sounds like a rest - ful
pp


sigh
From the gen - tly
heav - ing bo - som
of the might - y sea,
a - sleep.
pp
ppp

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THE POEMS

BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

Set to Music

BY

CHARLES V. STANFORD

OP. 117

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