

Music: *Ernest Hastings*
Lyrics: *Percy French*

The Emigrant's Letter
Or
Cutting the Corn

Compiled into Sibelius by Ross Boyle

The Emigrant's Letter

Percy French

Ernest Hastings

Moderato

De ar Dan-ny-I'm- ta-kin' the

f *p.* *rit.* *p*

This system contains the first six measures of the piece. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic, followed by piano (*p.*), a ritardando (*rit.*) section, and then piano (*p*). The vocal line starts with a rest for the first six measures, then begins with the lyrics 'De ar Dan-ny-I'm- ta-kin' the'.

7

pen in me hand T-o tell you we're just out o' sight o' the land In the grand Al-lan

This system contains measures 7 through 13. The piano accompaniment continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'pen in me hand T-o tell you we're just out o' sight o' the land In the grand Al-lan'.

14

Li-ner I'm sail-ling in style But I'm sail-ling a - way from the Em-er - ald Isle And a

rit.

This system contains measures 14 through 20. The piano accompaniment continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Li-ner I'm sail-ling in style But I'm sail-ling a - way from the Em-er - ald Isle And a'. The system concludes with a ritardando (*rit.*) marking.

21

long sort o' sigh seemed to come from us all As the waves bid the lust bit of ould Don-e-

28

gal, Oh it's well to be you that is tak - in yer

32

tay Where they're cut - tin' the cor - run in Cree - shla the day.

The Emigrant's Letter

1:

Dear Danny, I'm taking the pen in me hand
To tell you we're just out of sight of the land
In the grand Allan liner, I'm sailing in style
But I'm sailing away from the Emerald Isle
And a long sort of sigh seemed to come from us all
As the waves hit the last bit of ould Donegal
Oh, it's well to be you that is taking your tea
Where they're cutting the corn in Creeshla today

2:

I spoke to the captain—he won't turn her round,
And if I swum back I'd be apt to be drowned,
So here I must stay—oh! I've no cause to fret,
For their dinner was what you might call a banquet.
But though it is 'sumpchus,' I'd swop the whole lot,
For the ould wooden spoon and the stirabout pot;
And sweet Katty Farrell a-wettin' the tay
Where they're cuttin' the corn in Creeshla the day!

3:

There's a woman on board who knows Katie by sight
So we talked of ould times 'till they put out the light
I'm to meet the good woman tomorrow on deck
And we'll talk about Katie from this to Quebec
I know I'm no match for her, oh not the least
With her house and two cows and her brother a priest
But the woman declares Katie's heart's on the sea
While mine's with the reapers in Creeshla today

4:

If Gaffney comes courting or John Michael Mick
Put a word in for me with a lump of a stick
Don't kill Gaffney outright, he's no kind of chance,
But Mickey's a rogue you might murder at once
For Katie may think as the longer she waits
A boy in the hand is worth two in the States
And she'll promise to honour, to love and obey
Some ruffian that's roaming round Creeshla today

5:

Goodbye to you Danny, no more's to be said
And I think the salt water's got into me head
For it drips from me eyes when I call to my mind
The friends and the colleen I'm leaving behind
And still she might wait; when I bid her goodbye
There was just the least taste of a tear in her eye
And a break in her voice when she said `You might stay
But please God you'll come back to ould Creeshla some day'