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(IRISH MELODIES.)

WITH SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

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SIR JOHN STEVENSON;

AND CHARACTERISTIC WORDS

••

THOMAS (MOORE.)

BOSTON:
OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 WASHINGTON STREET.
NEW YORK: C. H. DITSON & CO.

[1852]

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*Portrait of Thomas Moore Alexander-Marius
1844*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THOMAS MOORE.

Born with a genius musical and happy, the life and writings of Thomas Moore teem with hilarity and the spirit of melody. He wrote with ease; there was a freedom and fullness in the flow of his words perfectly bewitching, and the subjects he selected were of a kind best adapted to the exuberant and fanciful verse in which he enshrined them. At times he delights by ingenious creations—astonishes by daring imagery—melting by simple tenderness, and winning every heart by the sheer utterance of soft melody.

Thomas Moore was born in Dublin, May 30th. 1780. In his thirteenth year he was a regular contributor to a magazine, and being inclined to theatrical displays, frequently enacted the principal character in the performances of an amateur club. In the year 1793, he entered a Roman Catholic University. In the following year he wrote and published a paraphrase of Anacreon's Fifth Ode. He continued his translations with a hope of receiving honor or reward from the Board of the University. Disappointed in this expectation, but not despairing of ultimate success, Moore labored on improving his verses, and illustrating them by annotations, in which he exhibited considerable learning and skill.

When nineteen years of age, he left his native country, and resided in London, having two objects in view, namely, keeping his terms in the Middle Temple, and publishing by subscription his translation of Anacreon.

In 1803 Moore left London, having received an appointment from the Government to an office in Bermuda. Subsequently he visited the United States, and in 1806, as the result of the voyage, published two volumes, entitled, "Odes and Epistles," included in which was the celebrated "Canadian Boat Song."

In 1807 was commenced the publication of "The Irish Melodies," which met with the greatest success, and became at once universal favorites.

The year 1812 found Moore, at the age of thirty-two, enjoying a well earned fame. It was thought by many that the brilliancy of his productions necessarily confined them to contracted limits; that no long, continuous work could maintain throughout such a steady glow of splendor, such bright emanations of vivid fancy. Aware of the existence of this belief, Moore, in the year above mentioned, resolved upon taking the field in the same rank with Scott.

The task was delayed for two years, during which, however, he gathered material for the foundation of a structure which should endure for ages. At the end of that time the clouds which had for so long a period gathered about the prospect of success, were dissipated through the liberality of the house of Messrs. Longman, who agreed to pay the poet 3,000 guineas for his new poem, even before seeing a line of it.

In 1815, such progress had been made in the work as to enable the author to write to his publishers, informing them of his readiness

to submit the manuscript to them for their consideration. The manuscript complete was placed in the hands of Messrs. Longman in 1816, and in the following year, "Lalla Rookh" was hailed with a burst of admiration. Enchanted with the gorgeous scenes so gracefully portrayed by the gifted poet, every person of literary taste read with a delightful rapture never before experienced.

"And no wonder!" writes a late biographer, "It was a triple triumph of industry, learning, and genius." The broad canvass exhibited a gorgeous painting; from beginning to end the same lavish ornament, the same variegated and delicate tracery, the same revealing of a spirit happy in its intense enjoyment of beauty, that characterized the miniatures and gems that heretofore proceeded from the artist's pencil. So far from betraying a diminution of power, or an inability to maintain his high-pitched note, the poet pursued his strain until he fairly left his reader languishing with a surfeit of luscious song, and faint from its oppressive odors.

In 1817, in company with Rogers, Moore visited Paris, and gathered material for his satirical poem, "The Fudge Family," which became quite popular. Pointed with wit, the Satires of Moore were keen-edged and effective. Unused to severity, which finds its vent in harshness, he chastised with cunning witticisms, which instead of enraging, afforded a great fund of amusement, even to those who were by them made ridiculously prominent in public view.

In 1819, Moore travelled with Lord John Russell. After passing the Simplon, in Italy, the two parted company, the former to visit Lord Byron in Venice, the latter to proceed to Genoa.

On his return, "Rhymes on the Road" appeared, as a series of sketches of travel. Owing to the mismanagement of his deputy at Bermuda, the pecuniary affairs of Mr. Moore became much embarrassed. Aid from a host of friends was tendered, almost forced upon him; but he refused all such assistance, and alone with his pen he overcame all obstacles, made a full settlement of all claims, and became free.

Soon after he received £1,000 for "Loves of the Angels," and £500 for "Fables of the Holy Alliance." He wrote the "Life of Sheridan," and "The Epicurean," in 1827, the latter a prose poem, containing the spirit and beauty of "Lalla Rookh." In 1830 he put forth "Notices of the Life of Lord Byron," and in the following year "Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald."

Moore's latest production is "The History of Ireland," appearing from time to time in "Lardner's Encyclopaedia."

For several years his health rapidly declined, and it became evident that his end was near. Sand followed sand from the hour glass of his earthly existence, till on the 26th of February, 1852, at the age of 72, he left the scenes of his triumphs and the abiding place of his fame. On the 3d of March his remains found rest in the churchyard of Bromham, a little village near Devizes.

PREFATORY REMARKS.

The "Irish Melodies" originated in a desire to secure in one collection, and in a form that might not pass away, the numerous National Airs known among the wild and beautiful scenery of Ireland, and rapturously admired by all whose good fortune it had been to listen to their charming notes.

It was the pride of an Irishman to know that though political influence and legislative interference had labored hard to exterminate this peculiar feature of his native land, it continued to exist unharmed amidst the dangers with which it was surrounded; and, that above the noise and turmoil of distracted national affairs, its sweet and cheering melody failed not to be heard.

"There can be no doubt," says Moore, "that to the zeal and industry of Mr. Bunting, his country is indebted for the preservation of her Old National Airs. During the prevalence of the Penal Code, the Music of Ireland was made to share in the fate of its people. Both were alike shut out from the pale of civilized life; and seldom, anywhere, but in the huts of the proscribed race, could the sweet voice of the songs of other days be heard. Even of that class, the itinerant harpers,—among whom, for a long period, our ancient music had been kept alive,—there remained but few to continue the precious tradition; and a great Music Meeting was held at Belfast, in the year 1792, at which two or three still remaining of the old race of wandering harpers assisted, exhibited the last public effort made by the lovers of Irish Music, to preserve to their country the only grace or ornament left to her, out of the wreck of all her liberties and hopes. Thus, what the fierce legislature of the Pale had endeavored vainly through so many centuries to effect,—the utter extinction of Ireland's Minstrelsy,—the deadly pressure of the penal laws had nearly, at the close of the eighteenth century, accomplished; and, but for the zeal and intelligent research of Mr. Bunting, at that crisis, the greater part of our musical treasures would probably have been lost to the world. It was in the year 1796 that this gentleman published his first volume; and the national spirit and hope then awakened in Ireland, by the rapid spread of the democratic principle throughout Europe, could not but insure a most cordial reception for such a work; flattering as it was to the fond dreams of Erin's early days, and containing in itself, indeed, remarkable testimony to the truth of her claims to an early date of civilization.

"It was in the year 1797," continues Mr. Moore, "that through the medium of Mr. Bunting's book, I was first made acquainted with the beauties of our native music. A young friend of our family, Edward Hudson, the nephew of an eminent dentist of that name, who played with much taste and feeling on the flute, and, unluckily for himself, was but too deeply warmed with the patriotic ardor then kindling around him, was the first who made known to me this rich mine of our country's melodies—a mine, from the working of which my humble labors as a poet have since derived their sole lustre and value.

"About the same time I formed an acquaintance, which soon grew into intimacy, with young Robert Emmet. He was my senior, I think, by one class, in the university; for when, in the first year of my course, I became a member of the debating society,—a sort of nursery to the authorized Historical Society,—I found him in full reputation, not only for his learning and eloquence, but also for the lamelessness of his life, and the grave suavity of his manners."

Shortly after the date of this acquaintance, Moore was the owner of a copy of Mr. Bunting's volume, and "though," as he remarks, "never regularly instructed in music, could play over the airs with tolerable facility on the piano-forte.

"Robert Emmet," says Mr. M., "used sometimes to sit by me, when I was thus engaged; and I remember one day his starting up as from a reverie, when I had just finished playing that spirited

tune called the 'Red Fox,'* and exclaiming, 'Oh! that I were at the head of twenty thousand men, marching to that air!'

"How little did I then think that in one of the most touching of the sweet airs I used to play to him, his own dying words would find an interpreter so worthy of their sad but proud feeling;† or that another of those mournful strains‡ would long be associated, in the hearts of his countrymen, with the memory of her§ who shared with Ireland his last blessing and prayer.

"Though fully alive, of course, to the feelings which such music could not but inspire, I had not yet undertaken the task of adapting words to any of the airs."

In 1807, an announcement was made of the publication of "a Collection of the best Original Irish Melodies, with characteristic symphonies and accompaniments, and with words containing, as frequently as possible, allusions to the manners and history of the country." Moore immediately engaged with zeal and alacrity in a work so congenial with every feeling of his heart. He addressed a letter to Sir John Stevenson, which, as it gives a very comprehensive view of the matter, we transcribe.

Mr. Moore says:—"I feel very anxious that a work of this kind should be undertaken. We have too long neglected the only talent for which our English neighbors ever deigned to allow us any credit. Our National Music has never been properly collected,‡ and while the composers of the Continent have enriched their operas and sonatas with melodies borrowed from Ireland,—very often without even the honesty of acknowledgment,—we have left these treasures, in a great degree, unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our airs, like too many of our countrymen, have, for want of protection at home, passed into the service of foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better period of both politics and music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland, at least, appears too plainly in the tone of sorrow and depression which characterises most of our early songs.

"The task which you propose to me, of adapting words to these airs, is by no means easy. The poet who would follow the various sentiments which they express, must feel and understand that rapid fluctuation of spirits, that unaccountable mixture of gloom and levity, which composes the character of my countrymen, and has deeply tinged their music. Even in their liveliest strains we find some melancholy note intrude,—some minor third or flat seventh,—which throws its shade as it passes, and makes even mirth interesting. If Burns had been an Irishman, (and I would willingly give up all claims upon Ossian for him,) his heart would have been proud of such music, and his genius would have made it immortal.

"Another difficulty,—which is, however, purely mechanical,—arises from the irregular structure of many of these airs, and the lawless kind of metre which it will in consequence be necessary to adapt to them. In these instances, the poet must write not to the eye, but to the ear; and must be content to have his verses of that description which Cicero mentions, '*Quos si cantu spoliaveris nuda remanebit oratio.*' That beautiful air, 'The Twisting of the Rope,' which has all the romantic character of the Swiss '*Rins des Vaches.*' is one of those wild sentimental rakes which it will not be easy to tie down in sober wedlock with poetry. However, notwithstanding all these difficulties, and the very moderate portion of talent which I can bring to surmount them, the design appears to me so truly national, that I shall feel much pleasure in giving it all the assistance in my power."

It was a fortunate circumstance that two persons were found so well fitted to write Ireland's minstrelsy and song, as were Moore

* "Let Erin remember the days of old." † "O! breathe not his name."
‡ "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps." § Miss Curran
‡ Mr. Moore acknowledged in a note to this, that the valuable labors of Mr. Bunting and the patriotic genius of Miss Owenison, was cut of his memory at the moment of this writing.

and Stevenson. The task set apart for each was one of much difficulty, and one which required much severe toil to accomplish.

With a modesty characteristic of the man, Moore attributed the success of the undertaking to the genius and perseverance of his coadjutor. But the public never has, never will take his disclaimer as an evidence that the presence of his own exuberant fancy, and deep, impassioned, thoughtful sentiment, has had no part in the creation of that spirit of immortality with which the Irish melodies are stamped.

In a letter to the Marchioness Dowager of Donegal, Mr. Moore thus speaks of the labors of Mr. Stevenson:—"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. In those airs which he has 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 favorite strain has been dismissed, as having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns, in a harmonized shape, with new claims on 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, independently 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 has made a few memoranda and brief notices of several of the most popular of the melodies. "Of the few songs written with a concealed political feeling—such as 'When he who adores thee,' and one or two more,—the most successful in its day, was 'When first I met thee, warm and young,' which alluded in its hidden sense, to the Prince Regent's desertion of his political friends. It was little less, I own, than profanation to disturb the sentiments of so beautiful an air by any connection with such a subject. The great success of this song, soon after I wrote it, among a large party staying at Chatsworth, is thus alluded to in one of Lord Byron's letters to me:—"I have heard from London that you have left Chatsworth and all there full of 'entusymusy,' . . . and, in particular that 'When I first met thee' has been quite overwhelming in its effect. I told you it was one of the best things you ever wrote, though that dog * * * wanted you to omit part of it."

"It has been sometimes supposed that 'Oh, breathe not his name,' was meant to allude to Lord Edward Fitzgerald; but this is a mistake: the song having been suggested by the well known passage in Robert Emmet's dying speech,—'Let no man write my epitaph, . . . let my tomb remain uninscribed, till other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory.'

The feeble attempts to commemorate the glory of our great duke, 'When History's Muse, &c.'—is in so far remarkable, that it is made up amply for its want of poetical spirit, by an outpouring, rarely granted to bards in these days, of the spirit of prophecy. It was in the year 1815 that the following lines first made their appearance:

'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," &c.

About fourteen years after these lines were written, the Duke of Wellington recommended to the throne the great measure of Catholic Emancipation.

The fancy of the "Origin of the Irish Harp" was suggested by a drawing made, under peculiarly painful circumstances, by the friend previously mentioned, Edward Hudson. When, in consequence of the compact entered into between government and the chief leaders of the conspiracy, the state prisoners, before proceeding into exile, were allowed to see their friends, I paid Mr. Hudson a visit, in the jail of Kilmainham, where he had then lain imprisoned for four or five months, hearing of friend after friend being led out to death, and expecting every week his own turn to come. I found that to amuse his solitude he had made a large drawing with charcoal on the wall of his prison, representing that fancied

origin of the Irish Harp, which some years after I adopted as the subject of one of the Melodies. In connection with another of these matchless airs—one that defies poetry to do it justice—I find the following touching and singular statement in an article of the Quarterly Review. Speaking of a young and promising poetess, Lucretia Davidson, who died very early from nervous excitement, the Reviewer says, "She was particularly sensitive of music. There was one song (it was Moore's Farewell to his Harp) to which she took a special fancy. She wished to hear it only at twilight, thus (with that same perilous love of excitement which made her place the Æolian harp in the window when she was composing) seeking to increase the effect which the song produced upon a nervous system already diseasedly susceptible,—for it is said that whenever she heard this song she became pale, cold, and almost fainting,—yet it was her favorite of all songs, and gave occasion to those verses addressed in her fifteenth year to her sister.

"With the melody entitled 'Love, Valor, and Wit,' an incident is connected, which awakened feelings in me of proud, but sad pleasure; as showing that my songs had reached the hearts of some of the descendants of those great Irish families who found themselves forced, in the days of persecution, to seek in other lands a refuge from the shame and ruin of their own,—those whose story I have thus associated with one of their country's most characteristic airs:

"Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resigned
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which at home they had sighed for in vain.

"From a foreign lady of this ancient extraction,—whose names, could I venture to mention them, would lend to the incident an additional Irish charm,—I received, through the hands of a gentleman, a large portfolio, adorned inside with a beautiful drawing, representing Love, Wit, and Valor, as described in the song. In the border that surrounds the drawing, are introduced the favorite emblems of Erin,—the Harp, the Shamrock, the Mitred head of St. Patrick,—together with Scrolls, containing each, inscribed in letters of gold, the name of some favorite melody of the fair artist."

It is not necessary in concluding this sketch, to enter into a lengthened criticism of these admirable songs—now sparkling, now plaintive—here glowing with fervour—there laden with pathos—all teeming with exuberant illustration. The reader has them before him in all their richness of sentiment and harmony. It may be true that force and dignity are wanting to some of these lyrics; that occasionally fancy labors until art becomes too evident in strained and frigid similes; that ornament at times overlays sentiment, until nature pants beneath the glittering encumbrance; but it is equally certain that universal literature presents no lovelier or more affecting tribute to a nation's minstrelsy than the Irish Melodies of Thomas Moore.

The love of country that pervades and inspires his theme, his simple tenderness of feeling that at once strikes the heart as instantly to melt it, his facility of creation, linked with the glad appreciation of all that is beautiful in nature—the grace, the elegance, the sensibility, the ingenuity, that are never absent—the astonishing and thoroughly successful adaptation of sense to sound, of sweetest poetry to thrilling music,—are claims to admiration which the most prosaic of his species will find it impossible to resist.

From the commencement of the publication of the Irish Melodies, Moore's name and fame were known in every land. From that hour success and honor attended the results of his talent and industry.

He attributed all his poetical success to his strong and inborn feeling for Music. There can be no doubt that his obligations to nature in this respect were very great. Music and poetry were wedded in his heart, and were inseparably united.

In the form in which the Irish Melodies appear in this volume, Moore wished only to see them. With him the words and the music were one. "So intimately, indeed," says an English writer "were they united, that the sight of them crowded together in one volume, unaccompanied by notes with which they were always associated in his own mind, inflicted upon him positive pain."

This work has been translated into Latin, Italian, French and Russian, and will continue to command a popularity unequalled by that of any other composition of a similar kind

IRISH MELODIES.

INTRODUCTORY PIECE FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

CAROLAN'S CONCERTO.

Bold.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems of two staves each. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The dynamics are marked as follows: *ff*, *pp*, *f*, *p*, *pp*, *f*, *p*, *f*, *p*, *f*, *p*, *f*, *p*, *f*, *p*, *cres.*, and *ff*.

INTRODUCTORY PIECE.

The first system of the Introductory Piece consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. It begins with a series of chords and then moves to a melodic line of eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a bass line of eighth notes. Dynamic markings include *pp* (pianissimo) in the first measure, *cres.* (crescendo) in the second measure, and *ff* (fortissimo) in the third measure.

The second system continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff features a melodic line with a trill (tr) in the final measure. The lower staff provides a bass line with chords and eighth notes. The key signature and time signature remain consistent with the first system.

The third system consists of two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with a trill (tr) in the second measure. The lower staff has a bass line with chords and eighth notes. Dynamic markings include *cres.* (crescendo) in the first measure, *f* (forte) in the second measure, and *pp* (pianissimo) in the third measure.

The fourth system consists of two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with a trill (tr) in the first measure. The lower staff has a bass line with chords and eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *pp* (pianissimo) is present in the first measure.

The fifth system consists of two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with a trill (tr) in the second measure. The lower staff has a bass line with chords and eighth notes. Dynamic markings include *cres.* (crescendo) in the first measure and *ff* (fortissimo) in the second measure. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

INTRODUCTORY PIECES.

AIR - THE PLEASANT ROCKS.

Slow.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melodic line in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff. Trills and slurs are used throughout the piece.

The second system continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef, both in B-flat major and 3/4 time. The dynamics are marked as *pp* (pianissimo). The melodic line in the upper staff continues with various ornaments and slurs.

The third system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The tempo is marked *lento*. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *pp* (pianissimo). Trills and slurs are present in the upper staff.

The fourth system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Dynamics include *cres.* (crescendo), *f* (forte), *p* (piano), *cres.* (crescendo), and *ff* (fortissimo). Trills and slurs are used in the upper staff.

The fifth system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The tempo is marked *lento*. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the upper staff.

AIR—PLANXTY DRURY.

CAROLAN.

Andy.

The musical score for 'AIR—PLANXTY DRURY' is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is marked 'Andy.' and begins with a fermata over the first note. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The score includes several systems of music with various dynamics and articulations. The first system includes a 'cres.' marking. The second system includes a 'f' marking. The third system includes 'p' and 'f' markings. The fourth system includes 'p', 'f', 'p', 'cres.', and 'p' markings. The fifth system includes a 'ff' marking. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

AIR—THE BEARDLESS BOY.

The musical score for 'AIR—THE BEARDLESS BOY' is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of a piano accompaniment. The score is written in a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The piece begins with a fermata over the first note. The score includes several systems of music with various dynamics and articulations. The first system includes a 'p' marking. The second system includes a 'f' marking. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

INTRODUCTORY PIECES.

The first system of music 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). The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a forte (*f*) dynamic, then a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic, and finally a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. The notation includes various rhythmic values and articulation marks.

The second system of music 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. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and concludes with a crescendo (*cres.*) dynamic. The notation includes various rhythmic values and articulation marks.

The third system of music 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. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The notation includes various rhythmic values and articulation marks.

The fourth system of music 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. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The notation includes various rhythmic values and articulation marks.

The fifth system of music 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. The music begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and then transitions to a piano (*p*) dynamic. The notation includes various rhythmic values and articulation marks.

The sixth system of music 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. The music begins with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. The notation includes various rhythmic values and articulation marks.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

AIR—MAID OF THE VALLEY.

FOR ONE OR TWO VOICES.

Tenderly.

espress. lento.

Go where glo - ry waits thee ; But while fame e - lates thee, Oh ! still re - - mem - ber me.

Go where glo - ry waits thee ; But while fame e - lates thee, Oh ! still re - - mem - ber me.

Sym.

espress. lento.

When the praise thou meet - est, To thine ear is sweet - est, Oh ! then re - mem - ber me.

When the praise thou meet - est, To thine ear is sweet - est, Oh ! then re - mem - ber me.

O - ther arms may press thee, Dearer friends ca - ress thee, All the joys that bless thee Sweet - er far may be ;

O - ther arms may press thee, Dearer friends ca - ress thee, All the joys that bless thee Sweet - er far may be ;

p

lento.

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

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

2

When at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh ! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh ! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its ling'ring roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them ;
Oh ! then remember me.

3

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

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

AIR — AILEEN AROON.

Slow.

p *cres.* *f*

p *cres.* *p*

1. E - rin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes,

dim. *p*

pp *cres.*

Blend like the rain - - bow that hangs in the skies;

f *p*

Shin - ing thro' sor - - - row's stream, Sad - d'ning thro' plea - sure's beam,

cres. *f* *pp*

Thy suns, with doubt - ful gleam, Weep while they rise!

2

ERIN! thy silent tear never shall cease,
 Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
 'Till, like the rainbow's light,
 Thy various tints unite,
 And form, in Heaven's sight,
 One arch of peace!

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.

AIR—MOLLY MACALPIN.

WAR SONG.

Bold.

p Stac. *f*

ff p Espress.

p Espress.

Re-member the glo-ries of Brien 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-turms to Kin-ko-ra† no more! That

* Brien 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.

f *espress. lento.*

star of the field, which so oft - en has pour'd Its beam on the battle is set; But enough of its glo-ry re -

p a tempo.

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

f *p* *f* *stac.*

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

2

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 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

3

Forget not our wounded companions,* who stood
In the day of distress by our side; [blood,
While the moss of the valley grew red with their
They stirr'd not, but conquered 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 Dalgais, the favorite 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 re: "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., Chapter I.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

AIR—THE FOX'S SLEEP.

*Slow,
and with
feeling.*

1. *When he who a-dores thee has left but the name Of his fault and his sor - row be -
2. With thee were the dreams of my ear-li - est love, Ev'ry thought of my rea - son was

- hind, Oh! say, wilt thou weep when they darken the fame Of a life that for thee was re -
thine: In my last hum-ble prayer to the Spirit a-bove, Thy name shall be mingled with

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

espress. *for.*

sign'd? Yes, weep! and, howev-er my foes may condemn, Thy tears shall efface their de-
mine! Oh! bless'd are the lov-ers and friends who shall live The days of thy glo-ry to

cree; For Heav'n can witness tho' guil-ty to them I have been but too faithful to
see; But the next dearest blessing that Heav'n can give, Is the pride of thus dy-ing for

thee!
thee!

cres. *p*

f

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

AIR—GRAMMACHREE.

Slow.

The Harp that once, thro' Ta - ra's halls, The soul of Mu - sic shed, Now

hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled :-- So

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

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

2

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells;
 The chord, alone, that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells:
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To shew that still she lives!

FLY NOT YET.

AIR—PLANXTY KELLY

Lively

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is marked 'Lively'.

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When pleasure, like the midnight flow'r, That scorns the eye of vul-gar light, Be -

The first system of the song features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are: "Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When pleasure, like the midnight flow'r, That 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 second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "gins to bloom for sons of night, And 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 glowing, Set the tides and gob - lets flow - ing

The third system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "beau - ty and the moon were made ; 'Tis then their soft at - trac-tions glowing, Set the tides and gob - lets flow - ing".

Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— Joy so seldom 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

2. Fly not yet; the fount that play'd
 In times of old, through Ammon's shade,*
 Though icy cold by day it ran,
 Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
 To burn when night was near;
 And thus should women's hearts and looks
 At noon be cold as winter brooks,

Nor kindle till the night, returning,
 Brings their genial hour for burning,
 Oh! stay,— oh! stay,—
 When did morning ever break,
 And find such beaming eyes awake,
 As those that sparkle here!
 Oh! stay, &c.

* Solls Fons, near the Temple of Ammon

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

AIR—JOHN O'REILLY THE ACTIVE.

Playful.

1. Oh! think not my spir - its are al - ways as light And as
2. The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows! If it

free from a pang, as they seem to you now; Nor ex - pect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night Will re -
were not with friendship and love intertwin'd; And I care not how soon I may sink to re - pose, When these

turn with to-morrow to brighten my brow: No, life is a waste of wearisome hours, Which seldom the rose of en -
blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind! But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest, Too often have wept o'er the

joyment adorns ; And the heart that is soon-est a-wake to the flow'rs Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns! But dream they believ'd ; And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest, Is happy in - deed if 'twas never deceiv'd. But

fz

send round the bowl, and be happy a - while ; May we nev-er meet worse in our pil - grimage here Than the send round the bowl, while a re-lic of truth Is in man or in woman, this pray'r shall be mine, That the

lento. *espress.*

tear that en - joy - ment can gild with a smile, And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear ! sun - shine of Love may il - lu - mine our youth, And the moonlight of Friendship con - sole our de - cline !

a tempo.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

AIR—THE SUMMER IS COMING.

Moderate
time.

1. * Rich and rare were the gems she
2. "La - - dy! dost thou not fear to

wore, And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore; 1st. bore; But
stray, So lone and love - ly, thro' this bleak way? 2d. way? Are

oh! her beau - ty was far . . . be - yond Her spark - - ling
E - - rin's sons - so good or so cold As not to be

* 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, that 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 out 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.

gems and snow - white wand. But, oh! her beau - - ty was
tempt-ed by wo - man or gold? Are E - - RIN's sons so

far . . . be - - yond Her spark - - ling gems and snow - white
good or so cold As not to be tempt-ed by woman or

wand.
gold?"

pia.

3

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;
No son of ERIN will offer me harm;
For, tho' they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight they love honour and virtue more!"

4

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And blest forever was she who relied
Upon ERIN's honour and ERIN's pride.

THO' THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

AIR—COULIN.

Slow.

1. Tho' the last glimpse of E - RIN' with sor - row I see, Yet where-
 2. To the gloom of some des - ert or cold rock - y shore, Where the

- - e - - - - ver thou art shall seem E - - RIN to me!
 eye of the stran - ger can haunt us no more,

In ex - - ile thy bo - - som shall still be my home, And thine
I will fly with my Cou - lin, and think the rough wind Less

eyes make my cli - - mate wher - - e - - - - ver we roam.
rude than the foes we leave frown - - ing be - - hind:—

cres.

cres. *cres.* *dim.*

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 Cou'lins, (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.

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

AIR—THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM.

Pensively.

Sva.....loco.

cres.

1. 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

ting'd with a warm, sun - ny smile, Tho' the cold heart to

ru - - - in runs cold - ly the while.

f *ff* *pp* *p*

2

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.

3

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.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.*

AIR — THE OLD HEAD OF DENNIS.

THERE IS NOT IN THIS WIDE WORLD

With Expression.

1. There is not in this wide world a val - ley so sweet As that vale in whose bosom the
 2. Yet it *was* not that Na - ture had shed o'er the scene Her pur - est of crystal and

bright wa - - ters meet,† Oh! the last rays of feel - ing and
 bright - est of green ; 'Twas *not* the soft ma - gic of

* "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow: and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.

† The rivers Avon and Avoca.

*lento.**crs.*

life must de - part, Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart! Ere the streamlet or hill; Oh! no— it was something more ex - quis - ite still:— Oh!

bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!
no— it was something more ex - quis - ite still:—

3

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

4

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best, [cease,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world would
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.*

AIR—THE BROWN THORN.

SONG AND TRIO.

Staccato.

Moderate time.

Pia.

cres.

pp

1. Oh! haste, and
2. Oh! Father,

cres.

for.

leave this sa-cred isle, . . . Un - ho - - ly bark, ere morning smile ; For on thy
send not hence my bark, . . . Thro' win - try winds and o'er bil-lows dark ; I come, with

pia.

* In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS, and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniae*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to 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 biographers:—

“ Cui Proesnl, quid foemini
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.

pia. *cres.* *for.* *tr.* *lento.*

deck, though dark it be, A fe-male form I see! And I have sworn this sainted
 hum - ble heart, to share Thy morn and ev' - ning pray'r: Nor mine the feet Oh! ho-ly

sod... Shall ne'er by wo - man's feet be trod!
 saint, The brightness of... thy sod to taint.

pia.

TRIO.

The Lady's prayer Se-na-nus spurn'd, The wind blew fresh, and the bark return'd: But legends

The Lady's prayer Se-na-nus spurn'd, The wind blew fresh, and the bark return'd: But legends

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

cres. *for.* *lento. pia.*

hint... that had the maid.. 'Till morning's light..... de - lay'd And giv'n the Saint one ro - sy

hint... that had the maid.. 'Till morning's light.... de - lay'd And giv'n the Saint one ro - sy

lento.

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

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

left . . his lone-ly isle.

left . . his lone-ly isle.

pia.

THE DIRGE.—HOW OFT HAS THE BANSHEE CRIED. 35

AIR—THE DEAR BLACK MAID.

HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES.

Slow and with Solemnity.

1. How oft' has the Ban-shee cried, how oft has death un-tied
 2. We're fall'n up - on gloo-my days, * Star af - ter star de - cays,
 3. Oh! quench'd are our bea-con lights, Thout of the hun-dred fights'

Bright links that glo - - ry wove, Sweet bonds en - - twin'd by love!
 Ev' - ry bright name, that shed Light o'er the land is fled.
 Thou on whose burn - - ing tongue Truth, peace, and free - dom hung. †

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

† This designation, which has been before applied to Lord Nelson, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Gnive, the bard of O'Niel, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey in the South of Ireland," page 433. "Con of the hundred Fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories."
 † "Fox. Romanorum ultimus."

First Voice.
Peace to each man-ly soul that sleepeth, Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth,

2nd Voice.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth, Lost joy or hope that ne'er re-turn-eth,

Tenor.
(See lower.)
Both mute, but long as va-lour shin-eth, Or mer-cy's soul at war re-pi-neth,

Bass.

Piano-Forte
Accomp.

Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the He-ro's grave, *p* Peace to each

But bright-ly flows the tear Wept o'er a Hero's bier! Peace to each

So long shall E-rin's pride Tell how they liv'd and died! Peace to each

Peace

man-ly Soul that sleepeth, Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave
 Soul that sleepeth, Rest to each eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave
 man-ly soul that sleepeth, Rest to each eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave
 peace, Rest to each eye . . . that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave

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

p *Dim.*

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES.

AIR — THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE

S no,
ana to be
played very
smoothly.

1. How
2. And

dear to me the hour when day - - light dies, And sun-beams melt a - long the
as I watch the line of light that plays, A - long the smooth wave, tow'rds the

si - - lent sea, For then sweet dreams of o - - ther days a - rise, And
burn - ing west, I long to tread that gold - en path of rays, And

lento.

Mem-'ry breathes her ves - - per sigh to thee. For then sweet dreams of o - - ther
think 't would lead to some bright isle of rest, I long to tread that gold - en

days a - rise, And Mem-'ry breathes her ves - per sigh to thee.
path of rays, And think 't would lead to some bright isle of rest.

pi.

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

AIR — DERMOT.

HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.

*With
Feeling.*

Piano introduction in 3/4 time, 4/4 signature. The music is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) and features a melodic line in the treble and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass.

1. * Take back the vir - - gin page, White and un -

2. Yet let me keep the book; Oft shall my

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the first two lines of lyrics. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment.

writ - - ten still; Some hand, more calm and sage, The leaf must fill.

heart re - new, When on its leaves - I look, Dear tho'ts of you.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the final two lines of lyrics. The piano part concludes with a final chord.

* Written on returning a blank book.

Thoughts come as pure as light, Pure as ev'n you re - quire; But oh! each
Like you it's fair and bright, Like you, too bright and fair To let wild

word I write Love turns to fire. fire.
pas - sion write one wrong wish there. there.

3
Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
Towards you and home;
Fancy may trace some line
Worthy those eyes to meet,
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet.

4
And as, o'er ocean far,
Seamen their records keep,
Led by some hidden star
Through the cold deep;
So may the words I write,
Tell through what storms I stray—
You still the unseen light,
Guiding my way

WHEN IN DEATH I SHALL CALM RECLINE.

AIR — UNKNOWN.

THE LEGACY.

With Feeling and Gaiety.

When in death I shall calm re-cline, O

bear my heart to my mis-tress dear; Tell her it liv'd up-on smiles, and wine of the

brightest hue, while it lin-ger'd here; Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow, To

sul-ly a heart so brilliant and light; But balm - y drops of the red grape borrow, To

bathe the re-lic from morn till night.

2

When the light of my song is o'er,
 Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
 Hang it up at that friendly door
 Where weary travellers love to call.*
 Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
 Revive its soft note in passing along,
 Oh! let one thought of its Master waken
 Your warmest smile for the child of song.

3

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
 To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
 Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
 On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.
 But when some warm devoted lover,
 To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
 Oh, then my spirit around shall hover,
 And hallow each drop that foams for him.

* "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.

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

AIR—GABYONE.

Merrily.

1. We may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast, Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest, And, when
 2. In Eng-land, the gar-den of Beau-ty is kept By a dra-gon of pru-de-ry plac'd within call; But so

pleas-ure be-gins to grow dull in the east, We may or-der our wings and be off to the west; But if
 oft this un-a-mia-ble dra-gon has slept, That the gar-den's but care-less-ly watch'd af-ter all. Oh! they

hearts that feel, and eyes that smile, Arc the dear-est gifts that heav'n sup-plies, We
 want the wild sweet brie-ry fence, Which round the flow'rs of E-rin dwells; Which

never need leave our own green Isle, for sen - si - tive hearts and for sun - bright eyes. Then re - warns the touch, while winning the sense, Nor charms us least when it most re - pels. Then, &c.

mem - ber, when - ev - er your gob - let is crown'd, Thro' this world whether eastward or westward 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.

3

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try;
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good bye.

While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
Ever smiling before his faithful oar,
Through billows of woe and beams of joy,
The same as he looked when he left the shore

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

AIR — UNKNOWN.*

Plaintively

1. Oh! weep for the hour, When to E-ve-leen's bow'r The Lord of the Valley with
 2. The white snow lay, On the narrow path-way, Where the Lord of the Valley crost

false vows came; The moon hid her light From the heavens that night, And
 o - ver the moor; And many a deep print On the white snow's tint, Shew'd the

* 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."

wept be-hind her clouds o'er the mai - den's shame ! The clouds past soon, From the chaste cold moon, And
 track of his foot - step to E - ve - leen's door. The next sun's ray Soon melt-ed a - way Ev'ry

heav'n smil'd a - gain with her ves - - tal flame ; But none will see the day When the
 trace on the path where the false Lord came ; But there's a light a - bove Which a

clouds shall pass a-way, Which that dark hour left up-on Eveleen's fame.
 lone can re - move That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

AIR — THE RED FOX.

Grand and Spirited.

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

tray'd her; When Mal-a-chi wore the collar of gold,* Which he won from the proud in - vad - er;

* '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, trophies of his victory.'—*Warner's History of Ireland.*

When her Kings, with standards of green un - furl'd, Led the Red Branch Knights* to

dan - ger, 'Ere the em-erald 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 ;

2

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 Craibhe 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 Craibhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called, *Bronbhearg*, 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 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 arcis sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste sereno tempore conspiciunt, et extraneis transeuntibus, reiquæ causas admirantibus, frequenter ostendunt.*—*Topogr. Hib. dist. 2, c. 9.*

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

AIR—MY DEAR EVELEEN.

SONG OF FIONNUALA.*

Mournfully.

1. Si-lent, Oh Moyle, be the roar of thy wa-ter; Break not, ye breezes, your chain of re - pose, While

mur - mur - ing mourn - ful - ly Lir's lone - ly daughter, Tells to the night-star her

* 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, in 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.

tale of woes, When shall the swan, her death - note singing, Sleep, with wings in

dark-ness furl'd, When shall heav'n, its sweet bell ring-ing, Call my spir-it from this

stor - my world.

p *tr* *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 shall heav'n, its sweet bell ringing,
 Call my spirit to the fields above.

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

AIR — WE BROUGHT THE SUMMER WITH US.

Spirited

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

reas'ning fools; This moment's a flow'r too fair and brief To be with - er'd and stain'd by the

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 quarrel for diff'rence of hue, Deserves not the com-fort they

shed on the soul.

2

Shall I ask the brave souldier, who fights by my side,
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me?

From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
 To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
 No! perish the hearts and the laws that try
 Truth, valour, and love, by a standard like this.

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING WHICH LIBERTY SPOKE.

AIR — THE BLACK JOKE.

With Spirit.

1. Sub - lime was the warn - ing which Li - ber - ty spoke, And grand was the mo - ment when
2. If the fame of our fathers bequeath'd with their rights, Give to coun - try its charm, and to

Spaniards a - woke In - to life and revenge from the Con - quer - or's chain!
home its de - lights; If de - ceit be a wound and sus - pi - cion a stain;

Oh! Li - ber - ty! let not this spir - it have rest, Till it moves, like a breeze o'er the
Then ye men of I - be - ria! our cause is the same! And oh! may his tomb want a

waves of the west; Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot, Nor, oh! be the Shamrock of
tear and a name, Who would ask for a nobler, a ho-li-er death, Than to turn his last sigh in-to

E - rin for - got, While you add to your gar - lands the O - live of Spain!
vic - to - ry's breath, For the Shamrock of E - rin and O - live of Spain!

3

Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which at home they had sigh'd for in vain,
Join, join in our hope that the 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!

4

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

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

AIR—MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.

HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.

With feeling.

1. Believe me, if all those endearing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to - day . . . Were to

2. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks unprofan'd with a tear . . . That the

change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms, Like fai - ry gifts fad - ing a - way, Thou wouldst

fer - vour and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear ! No, the

still be a-dor'd, as this moment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will, . . . And a -
heart that has truly lov'd nev-er forgets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close, . . . As the

round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart Would entwine it - self ver - dant - ly still . . .
sun - flower turns on her god when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose . . .

pia.

ERIN, OH! ERIN.

AIR—SHAMAMA HULLA.*

HARMONIZED FOR THREE VOICES.

With
Feeling and
Solemnity.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The left hand is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a series of chords and moving lines, primarily in the lower register, with some grace notes and slurs.

The vocal line is written on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It contains two verses of lyrics.

1. Like the bright lamp that lay in Kil-dare's ho - ly shrine,† And burn'd thro' long ages of darkness and storm, Is the
2. The nations have fall'n, and thou still art young, Thy sun is but rising when others are set; And tho'

The piano accompaniment for the first two verses consists of two staves. The right hand is in treble clef and the left hand is in bass clef, both with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The accompaniment provides harmonic support for the vocal line with chords and moving lines.

The vocal line continues on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature, containing the third and fourth verses of lyrics.

heart that sor-rows have frown'd on in vain, Whose spir - it out-lives them, un - fa - ding and
sla - very's cloud o'er thy morn - ing bath hung, The full noon of free - dom shall beam round thee

The piano accompaniment for the third and fourth verses consists of two staves. The right hand is in treble clef and the left hand is in bass clef, both with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

The vocal line continues on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature, containing the fifth and sixth verses of lyrics.

warm! E - rin! oh E - rin! thus bright, thro' the tears Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit ap-pears!
yet. E - rin! oh E - rin! tho' long in the shade, Thy star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade!

The piano accompaniment for the fifth and sixth verses consists of two staves. The right hand is in treble clef and the left hand is in bass clef, both with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The accompaniment concludes with chords and moving lines.

* There are various settings of this air; that which differs most from the set we have adopted, will be found at the end of this song.

† 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, inappetente materia, fovant et nutriunt! ut a tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus."—Girald. Camb. de Mirabil. Hib. Dial. 2, c. 84.

Erin! oh Erin! thus bright thro' the tears Of a long night of

Erin! oh Erin! thus bright thro' the tears Of a long night of

bond - age, thy spi - rit ap - pears!

bond - age, thy spi - rit ap - pears!

The musical score consists of three systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines.

3. Unchill'd by the rain, and unwak'd 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 liv'd thro' it, shall blossom at last.

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

SHAMAMA HULLA.

ANOTHER ARRANGEMENT OF THIS DELICIOUS MELODY.

The musical score for "SHAMAMA HULLA" is presented in ten staves. The key signature is G major (one sharp) and the time signature is 3/4. The notation includes a variety of rhythmic patterns, such as eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The melody is primarily written in the treble clef, with some bass clef notes in the lower staves. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

AIR — KITTY TYRRELL.

HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.

With Expression.

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

2. But, a-las! for his coun - try—her pride is gone by, And that spi - rit is broken, which

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

ne - ver would bend; O'er the ru - in her chil - dren in se - cret must sigh, For 'tis

* 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."

soul might have burn'd with a ho - li - er flame. The string, that now lan - guish-es
 trea - son to love her, and death to de - fend. Un - priz'd are her sons, 'till they've

loose o'er the lyre, Might have bent a proud bow* to the war - - ri-or's dart; And the
 learn'd to be-tray; Un - dis-tinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires; And the

lip which now breathes but the song of de - sire, Might have pour'd the full tide of the
 torch, that would light them thro' dig-ni - ty's way, Must be caught from the pile, where their

* 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 Grandieon."

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

pa - tri - ot's heart.

coun - try ex - pires!

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are vocal lines in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

3

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 Hermodius, should cover his sword.*

4

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.

* See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus,—“I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton.” See

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

AIR—MOLLY, MY DEAR.

*Slow,
and with
melancholy
expression.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 3/8 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melodic line with a trill on the first measure and a crescendo marking. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

1. At the mid hour of night, when stars are weep - ing, I

The first line of the song includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a trill on the first note. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a simple bass line.

fly To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye.

The second line of the song continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a trill on the first note of the second line. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

And I think that if Spi - rits can steal from the re - gions of air, To re -

vi - sit past scenes of de - light, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our

love is re - mem - ber'd ev'n in the sky.

2. Then I sing the wild song, which once 'twas rapture to hear,
 When our voices both mingling breath'd like one on the ear;
 And, as echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
 I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls,*
 Faintly answering 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 these souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

AIR — OONAGH.

Tenderly.

The first system of the score is a piano introduction. It consists of two staves of music in a 6/8 time signature. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and one sharp (F-sharp), indicating a key of D minor or F major. The music is marked 'Tenderly'.

1. While gaz-ing on the moon's light, A mo - ment from her
2. The day had sunk in dim show'rs, But mid-night now, with

The piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the song. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, both in 6/8 time and the same key signature as the introduction.

smile I turn'd, To look at orbs, that, more bright, In lone and dis - tant
lus - - tre meek, Il - - lu - min'd all the pale flow'rs, Like hope, that lights a

The piano accompaniment for the third line of the song, continuing the melody and bass line from the previous system.

glo - ry burn'd. But, too far Each proud star, For me to feel its
mour - ner's cheek. I said (while The moon's smile Play'd o'er a stream, in

The piano accompaniment for the final line of the song, concluding the piece with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass line in the left hand.

warming flame—Much more dear That mild sphere, Which near our planet smiling came ;* Thus dimpling bliss,) “The moon looks On many brooks, The brook can see no moon but this ;† And

Ma - ry dear ! be thou my own—While brighter eyes un - heed - ed play, I'll love those moonlight thus, I thought, our fortunes run, For many a lov - er looks to thee, While oh ! I feel there

looks alone, Which bless my home, and guide my way !
is but *one*, *One* Ma - ry in the world for me.

* “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'Artiste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with the words, *Non mille, quod absens*.

† 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.”

WHEN DAYLIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING UNDER THE BILLOW.

AIR — KITTY OF COLERAINE.*

ILL OMENS

Moderate time.

1. When daylight was yet sleeping un-der the bil-low, And stars in the heav-ens still lingering shone, Young
 2. As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses, Nor e-ver wants time for a sly glance or two, A

Kit - ty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow, The last time she e'er was to press it a - lone. For the
 but-ter-fly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses, Flew o - ver the mir-ror, and shad-ed her view. En -

* Having some reason to suspect that "Kitty of Coleraine" is but a modern English imitation of our style, I have thought it right to give an authentic Irish air to the same words, without, however, omitting the former melody, for which the words were originally written, and to which, I believe, they are best adapted. "Paddy's Resource" follows the present air.

youth, whom she treasur'd her heart and her soul in, Had promis'd to link the last tie before noon ; And, when rag'd with the in-sect, for hiding her graces, She brush'd him—he fell, a - las! nev-er to rise—" Ah .

once the young heart of a mai - den is sto - len, The mai - den her - self will steal such," said the girl, "is the pride of our fa - ces, For which the soul's in - no - cence

af - ter it soon!
too of - ten dies!

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 !"

WHEN DAYLIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING UNDER THE BILLOW.

NO. 2.

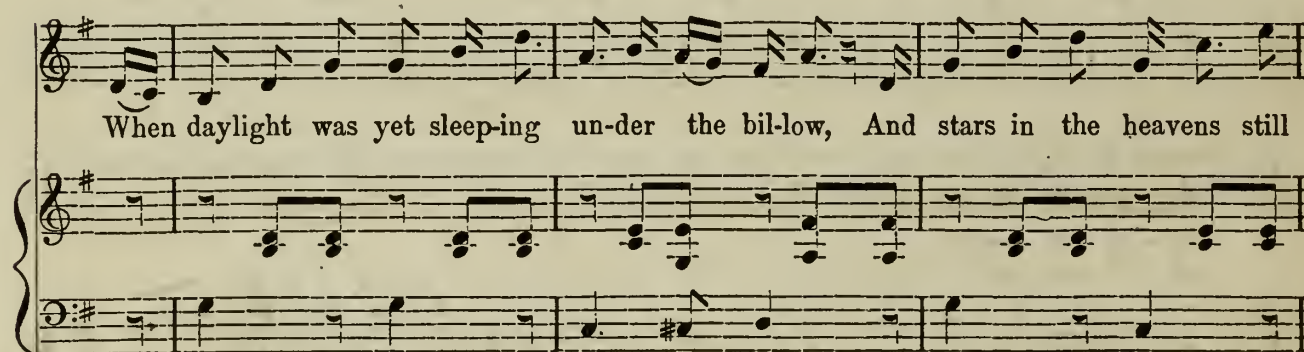
AIR - PADDY'S RESOURCE.

ILL OMENS.

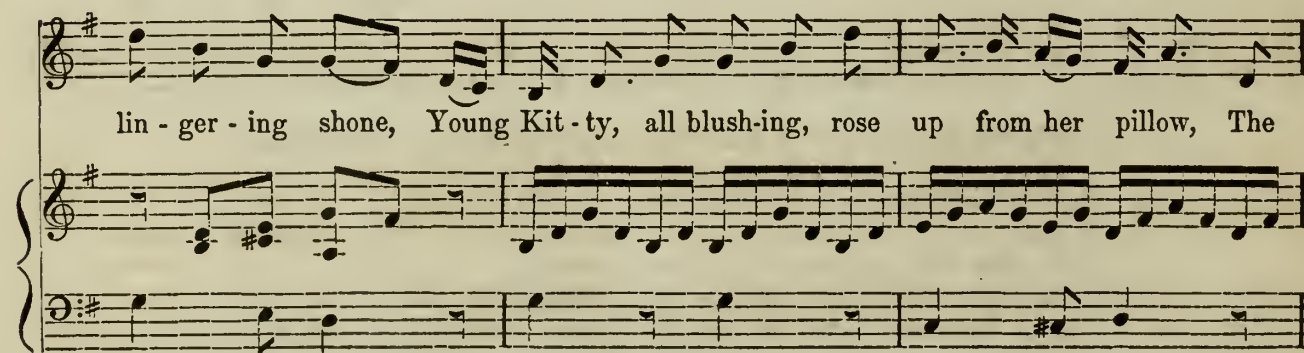
Moderate time.

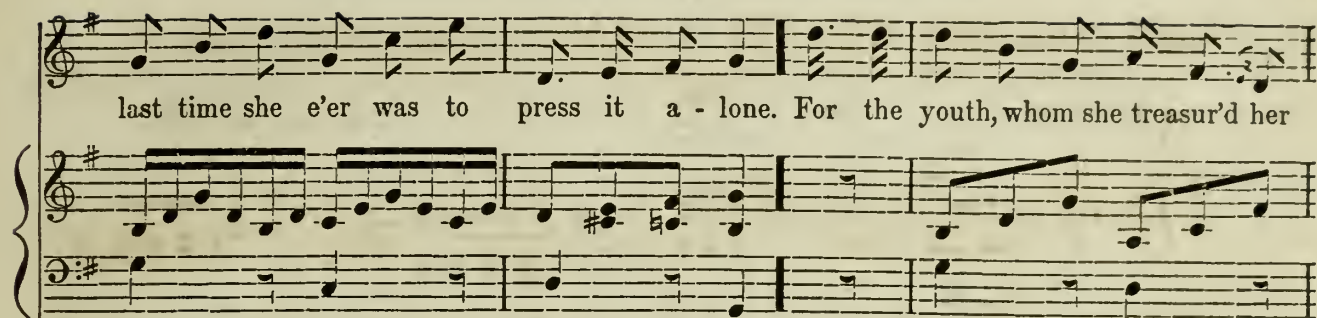


When daylight was yet sleeping un-der the bil-low, And stars in the heavens still

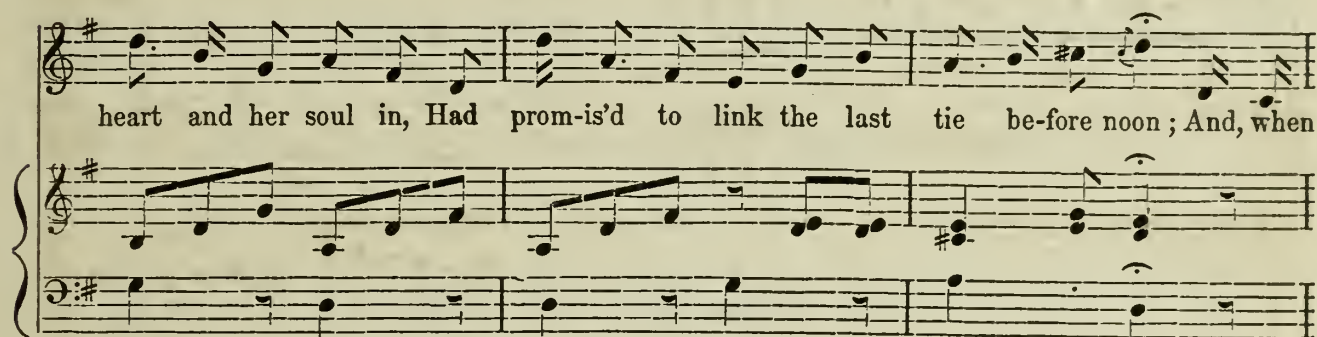


lin - ger - ing shone, Young Kit - ty, all blush-ing, rose up from her pillow, The

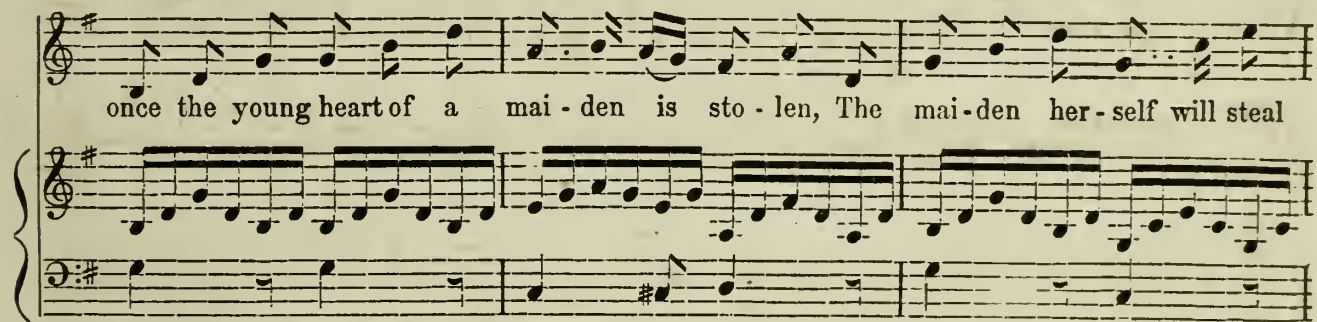




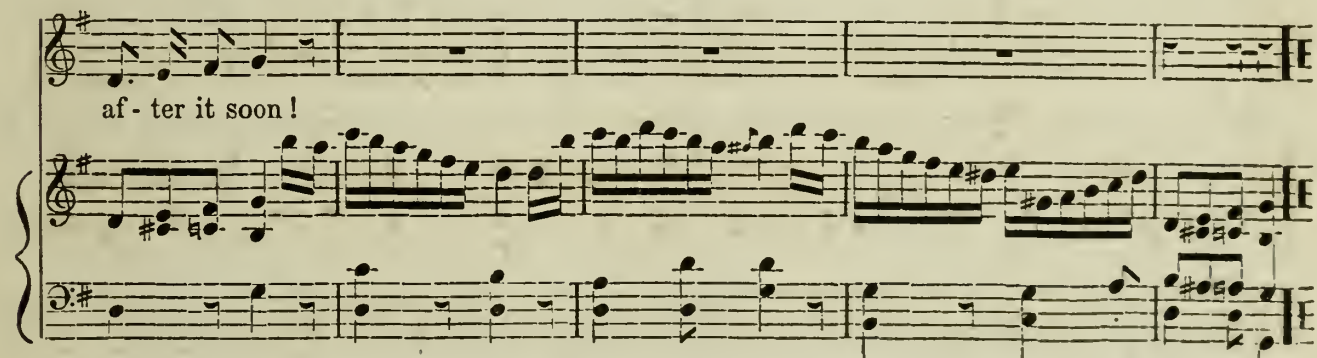
last time she e'er was to press it a - lone. For the youth, whom she treasur'd her



heart and her soul in, Had prom-is'd to link the last tie be-fore noon ; And, when



once the young heart of a mai - den is sto - len, The mai - den her - self will steal



af - ter it soon !

BY THE HOPE WITHIN US SPRINGING.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

AIR - THE FAIRY QUEEN.*

HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES.

Majestically.

1. By the hope, with-in us spring - ing, He - rald of to -
 2. O'er his watch-fire's fad - ing em - - - bers, Now the foe - man's

morrow's strife;
 cheek turns white,

And by that sun, whose light is bringing, Chains or freedom, death or life—
 When his boding heart that field re-mem-bers, Where we dimm'd his glory's light!

* 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 variations of expression with which it abounds. The Melody, in its original form, may be seen at page 75.

Oh! re - mem - ber, life can be No charm for him, who lives not free! Sinks a
 Ne - - ver let him bind a - gain A chain, like that we broke from then. Oh! be-
 Like the day-star in the wave,
 Hark! the horn of combat calls—

hero to his grave, 'Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears! Blessed is he o'er
 fore the evening falls, May we pledge that horn in triumph round! * Many a heart, that
 'Midst the dew - fall of a nation's tears! Blest is he, o'er
 May we pledge that horn in triumph round! Ma - ny hearts, that

* "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 at this day."—WALKER.

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

now beat high, In slum - ber cold at night shall lie, Nor wak - en ev'n at vic'try's sound:—

And light..... him down the steep of years:—
Nor wak - - en ev'n at vic'try's sound:—

p *cres.* *f*

But oh! how grand,
But oh! how blest,

But oh! how grand-ly how grandly, But oh! how grand they

But oh! how bless-ed, how bless-ed, But oh! how blest that

p *f*

Who close their eyes on vict'ry's breast!
O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep!

sink to rest, Who close their eyes on vict'ry's breast!
he - ro's sleep, O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep!

sink to rest, Who close their eyes on vict'ry's breast!
he - ro's sleep, O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep!

cres.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

f *tr* *f* *p*

tr *tr* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p*

tr *tr* *f* *p*

f *p* *f* *p*

f *p* *f* *p* *tr*

tr *p* *tr* *pp*

NIGHT CLOSED AROUND.

AIR—THY FAIR BOSOM.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

With Solemnity.

p

f *p* *f* *p* *f*

f *p*

Night clos'd a - round . the conqu'ror's way, And light-ning shew'd the dis - tant hill, Where

f *p*

those, who lost . . . that dread - ful day, . Stood few and faint, . but fear - less still! The soldier's

hope, the pa-triot's zeal, . . . For e - ver dimm'd, . . for e - ver crost — . Oh!

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

ho-nour's lost!

2

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 op'ning be,
 Oh! who would live a slave in this?

OH! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

AIR—THADY YOU GANDER.

Playfully.

Oh! 'tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove, We are sure to find something blissful and dear; And that,

when we're far from the lips we love, We have but to make love to the lips we are near! The

heart, like a ten-dril, ac-ens-tom'd to cling, Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish a-lone, But will

* 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 *jeu d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy 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 lugenious encomium of folly.

lean to the nearest and love-li-est thing, It can twine with it-self, and make closely its own. Then

oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove, To be doom'd to find something, 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.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
 To make light of the rest, if the rose is not there;
 And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
 'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
 Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike;
 They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too:

And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
 It will tincture love's plume with a different hue!
 Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be doom'd to find something, 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.

HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.

*With
Feeling.*

1. Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way, Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn, that

2. Thy ri - val was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd ; Thy crown was of bri - ars, while gold her

round me lay ; The dark - er our for - tune, the bright - er our pure love burn'd, Till shame in - to glo - ry, till

brows a - dorn'd ; She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves ; Her friends were all mas - ters, while

fear in - to zeal was turn'd ; Oh ! slave as I was, in thy arms my spir - it felt free, And bless'd ev'n the
 thine, a - - las ! were slaves ; Yet, cold in the earth, at thy feet I would ra - ther be, Than wed what I

sor - rows that made me more dear to thee.
 lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.

3. They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
 Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale !
 They say too, so long thou hast worn those ling'ring 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.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.*

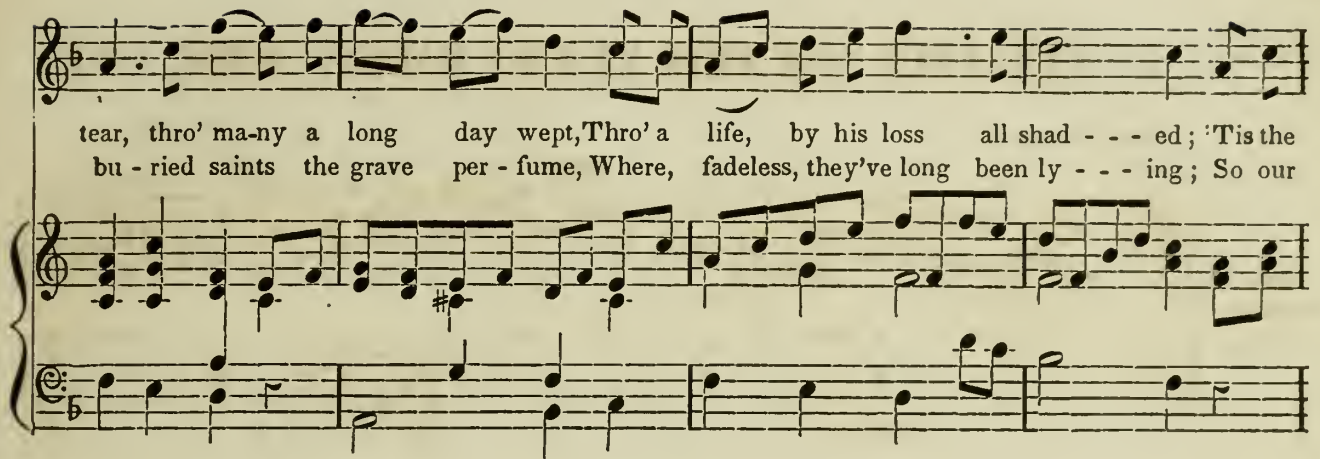
AIR — THE SIXPENCE.

With expression

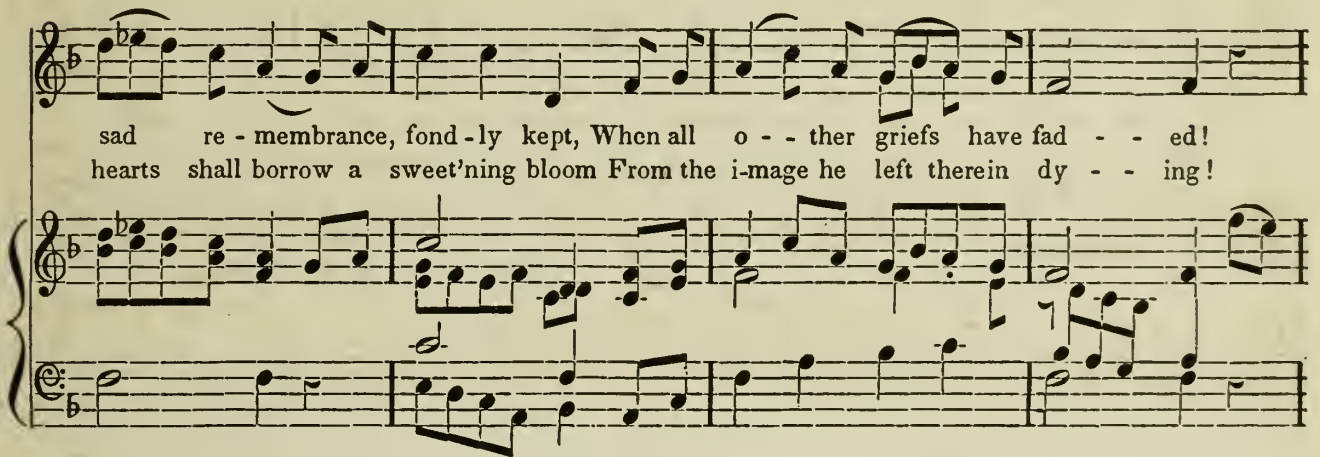
1. It is not the tear at this moment shed, When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him, That can
 2. Oh! thus shall we mourn, and his mem'ry's light, While it shines thro' our hearts, will im - prove them; For

tell how be-lov'd was the soul that's fled, Or how deep in our hearts we de-plore him. 'Tis the
 worth shall look fair-er, and truth more bright, When we think how he liv'd but to love them! And, as

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



tear, thro' ma-ny a long day wept, Thro' a life, by his loss all shad - - - ed; 'Tis the
bu - ried saints the grave per - fume, Where, fadeless, they've long been ly - - - ing; So our



sad re - membrance, fond - ly kept, When all o - - ther griefs have fad - - ed!
hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom From the i-mage he left therein dy - - - ing!



'TIS BELIEV'D THAT THIS HARP, WHICH I WAKE NOW FOR THEE.

AIR—GAGE FANE.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

Moderate Time.

1. 'Tis be - liev'd that this Harp, which I wake now for thee, Was a
 2. But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep, And in

Sy - ren, of old, who sung un - der the sea; And who
 tears, all the night, her gold ring - lets to steep, Till

p

of - ten at eve, thro' the bright bil - low rov'd, To
heav'n look'd, with pi - ty, on true love so warm, And

meet, on the green shore, a youth, whom she lov'd.
chang'd to this soft harp the sea - maid - en's form!

3

Still her bosom rose fair — still her cheek smil'd the same —
While her sea-beauties gracefully curl'd round the frame ;
And her hair, Shedding tear-drops from all its bright rings,
Fell over her white arm, to make the gold strings ! *

4

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known
Still 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

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

AIR—THE OLD WOMAN.

OH! THE DAYS ARE GONE.

Moderate time, with expression.

1. Oh! the days are gone when beau - ty bright My heart's chain wove; When my

dream of life, from morn till night, Was love, still love. New hope may bloom, And

days may come, Of mild - er, calm - er beam, But there's noth-ing half so

lento. tempo.

sweet in life As love's young dream. No! there's nothing half so sweet in life As

love's young dream.

2. Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
 When wild youth's past;
 Though he win the wise, who frowned before,
 To smile at last;
 He'll never meet
 A joy so sweet,
 In all his noon of fame,
 As when first he sang to woman's ear
 His soul-felt flame;
 And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
 The one lov'd name.

3. No! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
 Which first love trac'd;
 Still it ling'ring haunts the greenest spot
 On mem'ry's waste.
 'Twas odour 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 which ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

HARMONIZED FOR THREE VOICES.*

The piano accompaniment is written for a grand piano in G major and 3/4 time. It features a flowing melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. The piece concludes with a final cadence in G major.

SOPRANO.

The soprano line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (F major). The melody is simple and melodic, following the rhythm of the lyrics.

1. O the days are gone when beauty bright My heart's chain wove; When my dream of life from morn till night Was

TENOR.

The tenor line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is simple and melodic, following the rhythm of the lyrics.

2. Tho' the bard to pur - er fame may soar When wild youth's past, Tho' he win the wise who frown'd before To

BASS.

The bass line begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is simple and melodic, following the rhythm of the lyrics.

3. No, that hal-low'd spot is ne'er for-got, Which first - love trac'd; Still it ling'ring haunts the greenest spot On

This piano accompaniment is a second arrangement of the piece, featuring a more complex and rhythmic texture than the first. It includes triplets and sixteenth notes in the right hand, and a more active bass line in the left hand.

* It is scarcely necessary to offer any apology for inserting a second arrangement of this choice gem.

love, still love. New hope may bloom, And days may come Of milder, calmer beam, But there's nothing half so
 smile at last, He'll ne - ver meet A joy so sweet, In all his noon of fame, As when first he sang to
 mem' - ry's waste, 'Twas o - dour fled, As soon as shed, 'Twas morning's winged dream; 'Twas a light that ne'er can

*slentando a tempo.**ritardando.*

sweet in life, As love's young dream, No, there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.
 woman's ear, His soul - felt flame, And 'at ev - ry close she blush'd to hear The one lov'd name.
 shine a - gain On life's dull stream, 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull stream.

Dal Segno for Sym

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

AIR—THE SONG OF SORROW.

Mournfully.

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past; Your dreams of pride are

o'er; The fa - - tal chain is round you cast, And you are men no

more! In vain the He-ro's heart hath bled, The Sage's tongue hath

warn'd in vain; Oh! free-dom! once thy flame hath fled, It ne-ver lights a-

gain.

2
Weep on! perhaps, in after 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 ruin'd Isle,
Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wond'ring ask, how hands so vile,
Could conquer hearts so brave.

3
"Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate,
Your web of discord wove;
And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
You never join'd in love.
But hearts fell off that ought to twine,
And Men profan'd what God had giv'n,
Till some were heard to curse the shrine
Where others knelt to Heav'n."

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

AIR - DOMHNALL.

HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.

Tenderly.

1. I saw . . . thy form in youth-ful prime, Nor thought that pale de-cay Would
 2. As streams, that run o'er gold-en mines, Yet hum-bly calm-ly glide Nor

steal be-fore the steps of time, And waste its bloom a-way, MA-RY!
 seem to know the wealth that shines With-in their gen-tle tide MA-RY!

Yet still thy fea - tures wore that light Which fleets not with the breath: And
 So, veil'd be-neath a sim - ple guise, Thy ra-diant ge - - - nius shone, And

life ne'er look'd more pure - ly bright Than in thy smile of death MA-RY!
 that which charm'd all o - ther eyes, Seem'd worthless in thy own ... MA-RY!

3

If souls could always dwell above,
 Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
 Or could we keep the souls we love,
 We ne'er had lost thee here, MARY!

Though many a gifted mind we meet,
 Though fairest forms we see,
 To live with them is far less sweet
 Than to remember 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 te meminisse!"

BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.*

AIR — THE BROWN IRISH GIRL.

Moderate time.

By that Lake, whose gloomy Shore Sky-lark never warbles o'er, † Where the cliff hangs high and steep, Young Saint

Kevin stole to sleep. "Here, at least," he calmly said, "Woman ne'er shall find my bed." Ah! the good Saint little knew What the

wily sex can do, Ah! the good Saint little knew, What the wily sex can do.

* This Ballad is founded upon one of the many stories of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

† There are many other curious traditions concerning this Lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Coigan, &c.

2. 'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew—Eyes of most un - ho - ly blue ! She had lov'd him well and long, Wish'd him

her's, nor thought it wrong. Whereso - e'er the Saint would fly, Still he heard her light foot nigh; East or west, where'er he turn'd, Still her

eyes before him burn'd, East or west, where'er he turn'd Still her eyes before him burn'd.

3. On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth or heav'n is free
From her pow'r, if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

4. Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat,
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.

Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

5. Glendalough, thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
Soon the Saint (yet, ah! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, "Heav'n rest her soul."
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide
Smiling o'er the fatal tide.

WHEN THROUGH LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE.

AIR -- THE BANKS OF BANNA.

*Slow and
with feeling.*

When through life un - blest we rove, Los - ing ali that made life dear, Should some notes, we

us'd to love In days of boyhood, meet our ear ; Oh, how welcome breathes the strain! Wak'ning tho'ts that long have slept;

Kindling former smiles a - gain, In faded eyes, that long have wept !

2. Like the gale, that sighs a - long Beds of o - - ri - - en - tal flow'rs, Is the grate - ful
3. Mu - sic!—oh, how faint, how weak, Language fades be - - fore thy spell! Why should feeling

breath of song, That once was heard in hap - pier hours. Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
ev - er speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well. Friendship's balmy words may feign,

Though the flow'rs have sunk in death; So, when pleasure's dream is gone, Its mem' - ry lives in music's breath!
Love's are ev'n more false than they; Oh! 'tis on - ly Mu - sic's strain Can sweet - ly soothe and not be - tray!

DRINK TO HER.

AIR — HEIGH-HO! MY JACKY.

Playful.

8va.

1. Drink to her, who long Hath wak'd the po - et's sigh ; The girl, who gave to song What

loco.

p

gold could nev - er buy. Oh ! wo - man's heart was made For min - strel hands a - lone ; By

o - ther fin - gers play'd, It yields not half the tone. Then, here's to her, who long Hath

wak'd the po - et's sigh, The girl, who gave to song What gold could ne - ver buy!

2

At Beauty's door of glass,
 Where Wealth and Wit once stood,
 They asked her, "*which* might pass?"
 She answered "he who could."
 With golden key, Wealth thought
 To pass, but 'twould not do;
 While Wit a diamond brought,
 Which cut his bright way through!
 'Then here's to her, &c.

3

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;
 It's native home's above,
 Though woman keeps it here!
 Then drink to her, &c.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.*

AIR — THE BROWN MAID.

FOR ONE OR TWO VOICES.

Pensively.

pp *f* *p* *espress*

cres. *f* *dim.*

a tempo.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade, Where cold and un-honour'd his re - - - lies are laid.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade, Where cold and un-honour'd his re - - - lies are laid!

* This song was suggested by the well known preface, in Robert Emmett's dying speech: — "Let no man write my epitaph.....let my tomb remain un-inscribed, till other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory."

Sad, si-lent, and dark, be the tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

Sad, si-lent, and dark, be the tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

The first system consists of two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

The second system consists of two empty vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature. It features a melodic line in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics for this system are located at the bottom of the page.

2

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps ;
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

AIR — NORA CREINA.

*With
lightness
and
expression.*

espress.

1. Les - bia hath a beam - ing eye, But no one knows for whom it beam - eth; Right and left the

ar - rows fly, But what they aim at, no one dream - eth. Sweeter 'tis to gaze up - on My

No - ra's lid that sel - dom ri - ses; Few its looks, but eve - ry one, Like un - ex - pect - ed

light, sur - pris - es. Oh, my No - ra Crei - na dear! My gen - tle, bash - ful No - ra Crei - na!

Beauty lies In ma - ny eyes, But Love in your's, my No - ra Crei - na!

espress.

2. Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
 But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it,
 Not a charm of beauty's mould
 Presumes to stay where nature placed it.
 Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
 Leaving ev'ry beauty free
 To sink or swell as heaven pleases.
 Yes, my Nora Creina dear!
 My simple, graceful Nora Creina!
 Nature's dress,
 Is loveliness —
 The dress you wear, my Nora Creina

3. Lesbia hath a wit refin'd,
 But, when its points are gleaming round us
 Who can tell if they're designed
 To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
 Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
 In safer slumber love reposes —
 Bed of peace! whose roughest part
 Is but the crumpling of the roses.
 Oh, my Nora Creina dear!
 My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
 Wit, though bright,
 Hath no such light,
 As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!

THE SHAMROCK.

AIR — ALLEY CROKER.

In Moderate Time

1. Thro' E-rin's isle, To sport a-while, As Love and Va-lour wan-der'd, With wit, the sprite, whose quiver bright A

thou-sand ar-rows squan-der'd, Where'er they pass A tri-ple grass * Shoots up, with dew-drops stream-ing, As

* 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-colored grass in her hand."

soft - ly green As emeralds, seen Thro' purest chrys-tal gleaming. Oh, the Shamrock! The

green im-mor-tal Shamrock! Cho - sen leaf of Bard and Chief, Old E-rin's na-tive Shamrock!

2

Says Valour, "See!
They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning!"
Says Love, "No, no,
For *me* they grow,
My fragrant path adorning!"
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,

And cries, "Oh! do not sever
A type that blends
Three godlike friends,
Love, Valour, Wit, forever!"
Oh, the Shamrock!
The green immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AIR—CROOGHAN A VENEE.*

Boldly.

1. † A - veng - ing and bright fall the
2. By the red cloud that hung o - ver

swift sword of E - rin, On him who the brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd! —
Co - nor's dark dwelling, ‡ When U - lad's § three champions lay sleep - ing in gore —

* The name of this beautiful and truly Irish air, is, I am told, properly written *Cruachan na Feine* — i. e., the Fenian Mount, or Mount of the Finnian heroes, those brave followers of *Fin 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 Tonnan;' '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, on a previous page 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 lasting reproach upon our nationality if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement they so well merit.

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

§ Ulster.

espress.

For ev - 'ry fond eye he hath wa - ken'd a tear in, A
By the bil - lows of war, which so of - ten, high swell - ing, Have

f

drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.
waft - ed these he - roes to vic - to - ry's shore —

3. 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.
4. Yes, monarch, though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

AIR — OPEN THE DOOR.

HARMONIZED FOR ONE, TWO, OR THREE VOICES.

FIRST VOICE

TENOR.
(Sve lower.)

PIANOFORTE.

With melancholy expression.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the First Voice, the middle staff is for the Tenor (Sve lower.), and the bottom staff is for the Piano Forte. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 6/8. The piano part begins with the instruction 'With melancholy expression.' and features a complex accompaniment with many beamed sixteenth notes.

1. She is far from the land where her young he-ro sleeps, And lov-ers are round her sigh-ing :

2. She sings the wild song of her dear na-tive plains, Ev'ry note which he lov'd a -- wak - ing;—

3. He had liv'd for his love, for his coun - try he died, They were all that life had en - twin'd him;

The second system of the musical score contains the lyrics and the corresponding musical notation. It features three vocal staves (First Voice, Tenor, and Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 1. She is far from the land where her young he-ro sleeps, And lov-ers are round her sigh-ing : 2. She sings the wild song of her dear na-tive plains, Ev'ry note which he lov'd a -- wak - ing;— 3. He had liv'd for his love, for his coun - try he died, They were all that life had en - twin'd him; The piano accompaniment continues with a similar complex texture of beamed sixteenth notes.

But cold-ly she turns from their gaze and weeps, For her heart in his grave is ly - - ing.

Ah! lit-tle they think who de-light in her strains, That the heart of the minstrel is break ing.

Nor soon shall the tears of his coun - try be dried, Nor long will his love stay be - hind him.

4

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
 When they promise a glorious morrow!
 They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West
 From her own lov'd island of sorrow.

NAY, TELL ME NOT.

AIR — DENNIS, DON'T BE THREATENING.

With archness and spirit.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature, featuring a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including some grace notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 6/8 time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

1. Nay, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns One charm of feel-ing, one fond re-gret; Be -

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The melody is characterized by a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some slurs and accents. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the bass line.

lieve me, a few of thy angry frowns Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet. Ne'er hath a beam Been

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The melody remains in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics continue with a similar rhythmic pattern.

lost in the stream That ever was shed from thy form or soul; The spell of those eyes, The balm of thy sighs, Stil

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The melody is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics end with a final note on the word 'Stil'.

float on the surface, and hallow my bowl. Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal One blissful dream of the

heart from me ; Like founts that awak-en the pilgrim's zeal, The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

2

They tell us that Love, in his fairy bow'r,
 Had two blush-roses, of birth divine ;
 But sprinkled the one with a rainbow's show'r,
 He bath'd the other with mantling wine.
 Soon did the buds, that drank of the floods
 Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade ;
 While those which the tide, of ruby had dy'd,
 All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid !
 Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
 One blissful dream of the heart from me ;
 Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee ?

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOW'RET.

AIR—THE YELLOW HORSE.

TWO VOICES.

Playfully.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) features a rhythmic melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand (bass clef) provides a steady accompaniment with quarter notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4.

TENOR VOICE.

What the bee is to the flow'ret, When he looks for hon-ey dew, Thro' the leaves that close embow'r it,

The tenor voice part begins with a melodic line corresponding to the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern as the introduction, supporting the vocal line.

TREBLE.

That, my love, I'll be to you. What the bank with ver-dure glow-ing, Is to waves that

The treble voice part enters with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a more active, flowing melody in the right hand, with the left hand providing harmonic support.

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

The treble voice part concludes the phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with a lively, rhythmic accompaniment, ending with a final chord.

DUET.

What the bank, with ver-dure glowing, Is to waves that wan - der near, Whisp'ring kiss - es

Nay, if flow'rs will lose their looks, If sun - ny banks will wear a - - way, 'Tis but right that

while they're going That I'll be to you, my dear.

bees and brooks Should sip, and kiss them while they may.

2

TREBLE. But they say the bee's a rover,
That he'll fly when sweets are gone,
And when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on.

TENOR. Nay, if flow'rs will lose their looks,
If sunny banks will wear away,
'Tis but right that bees and brooks
Should sip, and kiss them while they may.

HERE WE DWELL.

AIR — CEAN DUBH DELISH.*

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

*Smoothly
and in moderate time.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line in G major with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

“Here we dwell in ho - li - est bowers, Where angels of light o’er our o - - ri - sons bend, Where

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in G major, 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment continues from the introduction, supporting the vocal line with chords and a steady bass line.

sighs of de - vo - tion and breathings of flowers, To heav - en in min - gled o - dors as - cend !

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes some chromatic movement in the bass line, particularly in the second half of the line.

Do not disturb our calm, Oh Love ! So like is thy form to the cher - ubs a - bove, It

The third line of the song concludes the vocal phrase on this page. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic support for the vocal line.

well might deceive such hearts as ours !”

2

Love stood near the Novice and listen'd,
 And Love was no novice in taking a hint;
 His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glisten'd,
 His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint,
 "Who would have thought," the urchin cries,
 "That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
 His wandering wings and wounding eyes."

3

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
 Young Novice to him all thy orisons rise.
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censor's flame with his sighs.
 Love is the saint enshrin'd in thy breast,
 And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
 If he came to them cloth'd in Piety's vest.

CEAN DUBH DELISH.

Slow.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.

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

*With
feeling and
gaiety.*

This life is all chequer'd with
When Hylas was sent with his

pleasures and woes, That chase one a-noth-er like waves of the deep,—Each billow, as brightly or
urn to the fount, Thro' fields full of light, and with heart full of play, Light rambled the boy, o - ver

dark - ly it flows, Re - flecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep. So close - ly our whims on our
meadow and mount, And neglected his task for the flow'rs on the way.* Thus many, like me, who in

* Proposito florem prætulit officio —PROPERT. lib. i. eleg. 20.

mi-se-ries tread, That the laugh is call'd up ere the tear can be dried; And as fast as the rain-drop of youth should have tasted The fountain that runs by philosophy's shrine, Their time with the flow'rs on the

pi-ty is shed, The goose plumage of folly can turn it a-side. But pledge me the cup, if ex-mar-gin have wasted, And left their light urns all as emp-ty as mine. But pledge me the goblet—while

istence would cloy With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise, Be ours the light grief that is sis-ter to joy, And the Idleness weaves These flow'rets together, should wisdom but see One bright drop or two, that has fall'n on the leaves, From her

short brilliant fol-ly that flash-es and dies!
fountain divine, 'tis suf - fi-cient for me!

THIS EARTH IS THE PLANET.

AIR—NOCH BONIN SHIN DOE.

*With
quiety
and
feeling*

1. They may rail at this life — from the hour I began it, I've found it a life full of
 2. In Mercury's star, where each minute can bring them New sunshine and wit from the

kindness and bliss ; And un - til they can shew me some happi - er pla-net, More so-cial and bright, I'll con-
 fountain on high, Tho' the nymphs may have livelier poets * to sing them, They've none, e-ven there, more e-

* Tous les habitans de Mercure sont vifs — *Pluralité des Mondes.*

tent me with this. So long as the world has such e - loquent eyes, As be - fore me this moment en -
namour'd than I. And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love, And that eye its di - vine in - spi -

raptur'd I see, They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies, But this earth is the pla - net for
ra - tion shall be, They may talk as they will of their E - dens a - bove, But this earth is the pla - net for

you, love, and me.

3

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight, so often we've roam'd through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
And look, in their twilights,* as lovely as you.
But though they were even more bright than the queen
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never these fair young celestials have seen,
Why, this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

4

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heav'n knows we have plenty on earth we could spare
O think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

* La Terra pourra être pour Venus l'étoile du berger et la mère des amours, comme Venus l'est pour nous. — Pluralité des Mondes

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

AIR—MOLL ROE IN THE MORNING.

*With
Animation.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth-note chords and single notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4.

1. One bumper at parting, tho' ma-ny Have

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "1. One bumper at parting, tho' ma-ny Have". The music is in the key of one sharp and 2/4 time.

cir-cled the board since we met, The full-est, the sad-dest of a - ny Re-mains to be crown'd by us yet; The

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "cir-cled the board since we met, The full-est, the sad-dest of a - ny Re-mains to be crown'd by us yet; The".

sweetness that pleasure has in it, Is al-ways so slow to come forth, That seldom, a - las! till the min-ute It

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sweetness that pleasure has in it, Is al-ways so slow to come forth, That seldom, a - las! till the min-ute It".

dies, do we know half its worth, But oh! may our life's hap-py measure Be all of such moments made up, They're

born on the bosom of pleasure, They die midst the tears of the cup.

2

As onward we journey, how pleasant,
 To pause and inhabit awhile
 Those few sunny spots, like the present,
 That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
 But Time, like a pitiless master,
 Cries "onward!" and spurs the gay hours,
 Ah, never does Time travel faster,
 Than when his way lies among flow'rs
 But come, may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up;
 They're born on the bosom of pleasure,
 They die midst the tears of the cup.

3

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;
 'Twas born on the bosom of pleasure
 It dies midst the tears of the cup

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

AIR — THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

Feelingly.

Accomp.

'Tis the

last rose of summer, Left bloom - ing a - - lone; All her

love - - ly com-pan-ions are fad - - ed and gone. No

flow'r of her kin - dred, no rose - - bud is nigh, To re -

- - flect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

2 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem ;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them ;
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

3. 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 ?

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES.

Feelingly.

TREBLE

ALTO.

TENOR.
(Sve lower.)

BASS.

ACCOMP.

'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom - - ing a - -

'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom - - ing a - -

'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom - - ing a - -

- - - lone, All her love - - ly com-pan-ions are fa - - ded and

- - - lone, All her love - - ly com-pan-ions are fa - - ded and

- - - lone, All her love - - ly com-pan-ions are fa - - ded and

gone; No flow'r of her kin - dred, no rose - - bud is

gone; No flow'r of her kin - dred, no rose - - bud is

gone; No flow'r of her kin - dred, no rose - - bud is

nigh, To re - - flect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

nigh, To re - - flect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

nigh, To re - - flect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

AIR — THE DANDY, O.

Lively.

1. The young May moon is beam-ing, love, The glow-worm's lamp is

ad lib. *a tempo.*

gleam - ing, love, How sweet to rove Thro' Mor - na's grove,* While the drow - sy world is dreaming, love!

* "Steals silently to Morna's grove." — See a translation from the Irish, in Mr. Bunting's collection, by John Brown, one of my earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.

Then a - wake! the heav'ns look bright! my dear! 'Tis ne - ver too late for de - light, my dear! And the

lento. *ad lib.* *a tempo.*

best of all ways To lengthen our days Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

2

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
 But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
 And I, whose star,
 More glorious far,
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.

Then awake! — 'till rise of sun, my dear,
 The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
 Or in watching the flight
 Of bodies of light,
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

AIR—THE MOREEN.

HARMONIZED FOR THREE VOICES.

With strength and Spirit.

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

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

fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.

harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a - - sun - der; And

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a single treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment is written in two staves, with the right hand in a treble clef and the left hand in a bass clef, both with a key signature of one flat. The music is in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

Tenderly. *f*

"Land of Song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays thee, One

said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee. Thou soul of love and bra - ve - ry! Thy

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the instruction *Tenderly.* and a dynamic marking *f* (forte). The piano accompaniment continues with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee!"

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

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom three staves are piano accompaniment, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

The second system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top three staves are vocal lines in treble clef with a key signature of one flat, containing rests. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The system concludes with a double bar line.

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

AIR — THE LAMENTATION OF AUGHHRIM.

Despondingly

1. For-get not the field where they pe-rish'd, The tru - est, the last of the brave — All

gone! and the bright hope we che-rish'd Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave.

2. Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts, as they bounded before,
In the face of high heav'n to fight over
That combat for Freedom once more :—
3. Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then.
Oh! 'tis not in man, nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

4. But 'tis past, and tho' blazon'd in story,
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free
5. Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illum'd by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen.
On Liberty's ruins, to fame!

OH! FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

AIR — NAME UNKNOWN.

Moderate time, with Spirit.

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 common time signature (C). It features a series of chords and melodic fragments. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with a steady eighth-note pattern.

1. Oh! for the swords of for-mer time! Oh! for the men who bore them, When arm'd for Right, they stood sublime, And

The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and common time. The piano accompaniment continues in the same key and time, with the upper staff providing harmonic support and the lower staff maintaining the rhythmic accompaniment.

tyrants crouch'd before them! When pure yet, ere courts be - gan With ho - nors to en - slave him, The

The vocal line continues in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and common time. The piano accompaniment remains in the same key and time, supporting the vocal melody.

best ho-nors worn by Man Were those which virtue gave him. Oh! for the swords of for - mer time!

Oh! for the men who bore them, When arm'd for Right they stood sub-lime, And tyrants crouch'd before them.

2

Oh! for the Kings who flourish'd then,
 Oh! for the pomp that crown'd them,
 When hearts and hands of free-born men
 Were all the ramparts round them!
 When, safe built on bosoms true,
 The throne was but the centre,
 Round which Love a circle drew,
 That Treason durst not enter.
 Oh! for the Kings, &c.

THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.

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

AIR—THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW.

According to the feeling of each verse.

1. The val-ley lay smil-ing be-fore me, Where late-ly I left her be-hind; Yet I
 2. I flew to her cham-ber,—'twas lone-ly As if the lov'd ten-ant lay dead! Ah,

trem-bled, and something hung o'er me, That sad-den'd the joy of my mind.
 would it were death, and death on-ly! But no—the young false one had fled.

* 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 profiting by our divisions and subduing 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 could it 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 conjured 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 Roderic 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 the chiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of 'roy."

I look'd for the lamp, which she told me Should shine when her pil-grim re - turn'd, But, tho'
And there hung the lute, that could soft-en My ve - ry worst pains in - to bliss, While the

dark-ness be - gan to in - fold me, No lamp from the bat-tle - ments burn'd.
hand, that had wak'd it so oft - en, Now throbb'd to my proud ri - val's kiss.

3

There *was* a time, falsest of women!
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dar'd 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.

4

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 sword to the hilt;
On *our* side is VIRTUE and ERIN,
On *theirs* is the SAXON and GUILT.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE.

AIR — SHEELA NA GUIRA.

With lightness, and in moderate time.

1. Oh! had we some bright lit-tle Isle of our own, In a blue summer
 2. There, with souls e - ver ar-dent and pure as the clime, We should love as they

o - cean, far off and a - lone; Where a leaf nev - er dies in the still-blooming
 lov'd in the first gold - - en time; The glow of the sun-shine, the balm of the

bow'rs, And the bee ban - quets on through a whole year of flow'rs.
 air, Would steal to our hearts, and make all sum - - mer there!

Where the sun loves to pause With so fond a de - - lay, That the
 With af - fec - - tion as free From de - cline as the bow'rs: And with

night on - - ly draws A thin veil o'er the day; Where sim - - ply to
 Hope, like the bee, Living al - ways on flow'rs; Our life should re -

feel that we breathe, that we live, Is worth the best joy that life
 - sem - ble a long day of light, And our death come on ho - ly and

else - where can give.
 calm as the night!

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

AIR — MOLL ROONE.

SONG OR DUET.

With Expression.

Fare - well! but whenever you welcome the hour That a - wak - ens the night-song of mirth in your bow'r, Then

Fare - well! but whenever you welcome the hour That a - wak - ens the night-song of mirth in your bow'r, Then

think of the friend, who once wel-com'd it too, And for - got his own griefs to be hap - py with you.

think of the friend, who once wel-com'd it too, And for - got his own griefs to be hap - py with you.

His griefs may re-turn, not a hope may remain Of the few that have brighten'd his path-way of pain, But he

His griefs may return, not a hope may remain Of the few that have brighten'd his path-way of pain, But he

ne'er will for-get the short vis - ion, that threw Its en - chantment a-round him, while ling'ring with you.

ne'er will for-get the short vis - ion that threw Its en - chantment around him, while ling'ring with you.

2

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles!
Too blest, if it tells me, that 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd 'I wish he were here!'

3

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 us'd 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.

FAREWELL, BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

ANOTHER ARRANGEMENT.*

By A. F. KEENE

Andantino.

1. Farewell, but when-e - ver you wel-come the hour, Which a

wa - kens the night-song of mirth in your bow'r, Then think of the friend who once welcom'd it too, And fo -

got his own griefs to be hap - py with you. His griefs may re - turn not, a hope may re - main Of the

* Although this is not an Irish air, and has not been inserted in the European edition of Moore's Melodies, yet the great favor with which it has been received in this country, will be deemed a sufficient apology for its insertion. — *Am. Ed*

few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw It's en-

chantment a-round him, while ling'ring with you. But he ne'er will for - get the short vi-sion that threw Its en -

chantment around him while ling'ring with you, ling'ring with you, ling'ring with you.

2

And still on that ev'ning, when pleasure fills up,
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles!
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd 'I wish he were here.'

3

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy,
And which come, in the night time of sorrow and care,
To 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

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.*

AIR — WERE I A CLERK.

*Simply,
and in
Moderate
Time.*

1. You re-mem-ber El-len, our ham - let's pride, How meekly she bless'd her hum - ble lot, When the

stran-ger William had made her his bride, And love was the light of their low - ly cot.

* This Ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story, told of a certain Noble Family in England.

To - geth-er they toil'd thro' winds and rains, 'Till William at length in sad-ness said, They must

seek their for - tunes on o - ther plains, Then sighing she left her low - ly shed.

2

They roamed a long and a weary way,
 Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
 When now, at close of one stormy day,
 They see a proud castle among the trees.
 "To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there,
 The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"
 So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
 And the Porter bow'd as they pass'd the gate

3

"Now welcome, Lady," exclaim'd the youth,
 "This castle is thine, and these dark woods all."
 She believ'd him wild, but his words were truth
 For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall,
 And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
 What William the stranger woo'd and wed
 And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
 Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

AIR—THE ROSE TREE.

FOR ONE, TWO, OR THREE VOICES

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) features a melodic line with eighth notes and a final triplet of eighth notes marked with an '8'. The left hand (bass clef) provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Tenderly.' The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is common time (C).

The first vocal line is written on a single treble clef staff. It begins with a half note G4, followed by a series of quarter notes and eighth notes, ending with a half note G4. The melody is simple and expressive.

1. I'd mourn the hopes that leave me, If thy smiles had left it too; I'd weep when friends deceive me, If

The second vocal line continues the melody from the first verse. It starts with a half note G4 and follows a similar rhythmic pattern of quarter and eighth notes.

2. 'Tis not in fate to harm me, While fate leaves thy love to me; 'Tis not in joy to charm me, Un-

The third vocal line continues the melody. It features a half note G4 at the beginning and maintains the established rhythmic structure.

3. And tho' the hope be gone, love, That long sparkled o'er our way, Oh! we shall journey on love, More

The piano accompaniment for the verses is shown on two staves. The right hand (treble clef) has a melodic line with some slurs and a 'loco.' marking. The left hand (bass clef) provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature and time signature remain consistent with the introduction.

thou wert, like them untrue. But while I've thee before me, With heart so warm and eyes so bright, No
 less joy be shar'd with thee. One minute's dream about thee Were worth a long, an endless year Of
 safe - ly, without its ray. Far better lights shall win me A - long the path I've yet to roam, The

tempo.

clouds can lin-ger o'er me, That smile turns them all to light?
 waking bliss without thee, My own love, my on - ly dear.
 mind that burns within me, And pure smiles from thee at home.

4 Thus, when the lamp that lighted
 The trav'ler at first goes out,
 He feels awhile benighted,
 And looks round in fear and doubt
 But soon, the prospect clearing,
 By cloudless starlight on he treads,
 And thinks no lamp so cheering
 As that light which Heaven sheds

COME O'ER THE SEA.

AIR - 'JISHLIH MA CHREE.

*With
Impassioned
Melancholy.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a melodic line with a sharp sign. The left hand (bass clef) provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The first vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "1. Come o'er the sea, Maid-en, with me, Mine thro' sun-shine,". Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment with two staves (treble and bass clefs).

The second vocal line continues the melody with the lyrics: "storm, and snows; Seasons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same where'er it goes. Let". Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment with two staves (treble and bass clefs).

fate frown on, so we lo^ve and part not; 'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou art not. Then,

come o'er the sea, Maid-en, with me, Come where-ev-er the wild wind blows; Seasons may roll,

But the true soul Burns the same where'er it goes.

2. Was not the sea
 Made for the free,
 Land for courts and chains alone?
 Here we are slaves,
 But, on the waves,
 Love and liberty's all our own.
 No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
 All earth forgot, and all heaven around us.
 Then, come o'er the sea, &c.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

AIR— SLY PATRICK

HARMONIZED FOR ONE OR TWO VOICES.

Simply and Tenderly.

1. Has sorrow thy young days shaded, As clouds o'er the morning fleet? Too fast have those young days

2. Has love to that soul, so tender, Been like our La-ge-nian mine,* Where sparkles of gold-en

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

fad - ed, That, e - ven in sorrow were sweet. Does Time, with his cold wing wi - ther Each
splen-dour All o - ver the sur - face shine. But if in pur-suit we go deep - er, Al -

feeling that once was dear? Then, child of misfortune, come hither, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.
lur'd by the gleam that shone, Ah! false as the dreams of the sleeper, Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

3

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,*
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory,
Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away.

4

If thus the young hours have fled,
When sorrow itself look'd bright;
If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus the cold world now wither
Each feeling that once was dear:—
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

* The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in its mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again." &c.—*Arabian Nights*

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

AIR — LUGGIELAW.

With expression.

f *p* *lentando.*

a tempo.

1. No, not more wel - come the fai - ry num - bers Of mu - sic fall on the sleep - er's ear, When half a

p

wak - ing from fear - ful slum - bers, He thinks the full choir of heav'n is near, — Than came that

lentando.

voice, when, all for - sa - ken, This heart long had sleeping lain, Nor thought its

lentando.

cold pulse would e - ver wa - ken To such be - nign blessed sounds a - gain.

2

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
 Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell;
 Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
 Of all my soul echoed to its spell.
 'Twas whisper'd balm — 'Twas sunshine spoken!
 I'd live years of grief and pain
 To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
 By such benign blessed sounds again.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

AIR—O PATRICK! FLY FROM ME.*

HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.

In Moderate time.

1. When first I met thee, warm and young, There shone such truth about thee, And on thy lip such

2 When ev'ry tongue thy fol - lies nam'd, I fled th'unwelcome sto - ry; Or found in ev'n the

promise hung, I did not dare to doubt thee. I saw thee change, yet still relied, Still clung with hope the

faults they blam'd Some gleams of future glo-ry. I still was true, when nearer friends Conspir'd to wrong, to

* 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.

fond - er, And thought, tho' false to all beside, From me thou couldst not wan - - der. But go, de-
 slyght thee; The heart that now thy falsehood rends Would then have bled to right thee. But go, de-

ceiv - er, go! The heart, whose hopes could make it Trust one so false, so low, Deserves that thou shouldst break it.
 ceiv - er, go! Some day, perhaps, thou'lt wak - en From pleasure's dream to know The grief of hearts for - sak - - en.

Slow.

3. Ev'n now, though youth its bloom has shed,
 No lights of age adorn thee;
 The few who lov'd thee once have fled,
 And they who flatter scorn thee.
 Thy mid-night cup is pledg'd 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!

4. 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 forever;
 On her, who in thy fortune's fall,
 With smiles had still receiv'd thee,
 And gladly died to prove thee all,
 Her fancy first believ'd thee.
 Go, go, 'tis vain to curse,
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
 Hate cannot wish thee worse
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

AIR — PADDY WHACK.

*Moderate Time,
with energy.*

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 rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The right hand has a melodic line with a *cres.* (crescendo) marking and a *p* (piano) marking. The left hand has a steady accompaniment.

The piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The right hand has a melodic line with a *p* (piano) marking. The left hand has a steady accompaniment.

The vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first two lines of lyrics. The vocal line starts with a *p* (piano) marking. The piano accompaniment is shown below the vocal line.

While Histo-ry's Muse the me-mo-rial was keeping Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves, Be -

The vocal line and piano accompaniment for the last two lines of lyrics. The vocal line starts with an *espress.* (espressivo) marking. The piano accompaniment is shown below the vocal line.

side her the Genius of E-rin stood weeping, For her's was the sto-ry that blotted the leaves. But

oh! how the tear in her eye-lids grew bright, When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame, She saw

His-to-ry write, With a pencil of light, That illumin'd the whole volume, her Wellington's name.

p

2. "Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling
 With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies,
 "Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
 I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
 For though Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
 And unhallow'd they sleep in the crossways of fame;
 But oh! there is not One dishonouring blot
 On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name.
3. Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
 The grandest, the purest, ev'n 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.

AIR—PEASE UPON A TRENCHER.

The piano introduction is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a trill in the final measure. The left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics for this system are: "1. The time I've lost in woo - ing, In watch - ing and pur - su - ing The". The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano).

The second system of the song continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics for this system are: "light that lies In wo - man's eyes, has been my heart's un - do - ing." The piano part continues with chords and moving lines, ending with a double bar line.

Tho' Wis - dom oft has sought me, I scorn'd the lore she brought me, My

on - ly books Were wo - man's looks, And fol - ly's all they've taught me.

2

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him the Sprite,*
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
Oh! winds could not outrun me.

3

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing.
No, vain, alas! th' endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever;
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance,
Is now as weak as ever.

* 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.

OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

AIR—SIOS AGUS SIOS LIOM.

Spirited.

1. Oh! where's the slave so low - ly, Condemn'd to chains un - ho - ly, Who, could he burst His
 bonds at first, Would pine be-neath them slow - ly? What soul, whose wrongs degrade it, Would

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of four systems. The first system is an instrumental introduction for piano, marked 'Spirited.', with a treble and bass clef. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The third system introduces the vocal melody with the lyrics: '1. Oh! where's the slave so low - ly, Condemn'd to chains un - ho - ly, Who, could he burst His'. The fourth system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics: 'bonds at first, Would pine be-neath them slow - ly? What soul, whose wrongs degrade it, Would'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support throughout, with a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and more active figures in the treble.

wait 'till time de-cay'd it, When thus its wing At once may spring To the throne of Him who

made it?

Slow and Melancholy.

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

2. Less dear the laurel growing,
 Alive, untouch'd and blowing,
 Than that whose braid
 Is pluck'd to shade
 The brows with vict'ry glowing

We tread the land that bore us,
 Her green flag glitters o'er us,
 The friends we've tried
 Are by our side,
 And the foe we hate before us
 Farewell, Erin, &c

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM

AIR — LOUGH SHEELING.

With melancholy feeling, but not too slow.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the lower staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. Both are in 3/4 time and the key of B-flat major. The music begins with a melodic phrase in the vocal line, followed by a piano accompaniment that provides harmonic support.

1. Come,

The second system continues the musical piece. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a long rest for the first few measures, then begins with the lyrics "1. Come,". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythmic pattern.

rest in this bo - som, my own strick - en deer, Though the

The third system continues the musical piece. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "rest in this bo - som, my own strick - en deer, Though the". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythmic pattern.

herd have fled from thee, Thy home is still here; Here still is the

smile, that no cloud can o'er-cast, And a heart and a hand all thy

own to the last.

2. Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.
3. Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
And thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.

COME REST IN THIS BOSOM.

ANOTHER ARRANGEMENT.*

BY KIALLMARK

Andante. *p*

1. Come rest in this

f *p*

bo - som, My own strick - en deer, Tho' the herd have fled from thee, Thy

* Although this is not an Irish air, and has not been inserted in the European edition of Moore's Melodies, yet the great favor with which it has been received in this country, will be deemed a sufficient apology for its insertion.

home is still here, Here still is the smile, That no cloud can o'er -

cast, And the heart and the hand All thy own to the last.

2. Oh, what was love made for,
 If 'tis not the same,
 Through joy and through torments,
 Through glory and shame;
 I know not, I ask not,
 If guilt's in that heart,
 I but know that I love thee,
 Whatever thou art.

3. Thou hast call'd me thy angel,
 In moments of bliss,
 Still thy angel I'll be,
 Mid the horrors of this;
 Through the furnace unshrinking,
 Thy steps to pursue,
 And shield thee, and save thee,
 Or perish there too.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

AIR — MISS, MOLLY.

FOR ONE OR TWO VOICES.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with several trills and triplet figures. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

1. I saw from the beach, when the morn-ing was shin-ing, A bark o'er the wa-ters move

2. And such is the fate of our life's ear-ly pro-mise, So pass-ing the spring-tide of

The piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the song. It features a steady harmonic accompaniment in the left hand and a more active melodic line in the right hand, mirroring the vocal parts.

lento.

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

joy we have known; Each wave that we danc'd on at morn-ing, ebbs from us, And

The piano accompaniment for the final lines of the song. It concludes with a series of chords and a final melodic flourish in the right hand, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment.

lento.

bark was still there, but the wa-ters were gone. I came when the sun o'er the beach was de - clin - ing, The
leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore a-lone! Each wave that we danc'd on at morn - ing ebbs from us, And

bark was still there, but the wa - ters were gone.
leaves us at eve, on the bleak shore a - lone!

3

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;
||: Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth ev'ning's best light. :||

4

Oh! who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first wak'd a new life through his frame,
||: And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame. :||

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

AIR—BOB AND JOAN.

Lively and Spirited.

1. Fill the bum - per fair, Ev - 'ry drop we sprin - kle O'er the brow of care,

Smooths a - way a wrin - kle. Wit's e - lec - tric flame Ne'er so swift - ly pass - es,

As when thro' the flame It shoots from brimming glass-es. Fill the bum - per fair,

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

2. Sages can, they say,
 Grasp the lightning's pinions,
 And bring down its ray
 From the starr'd dominions:
 So we, Sages sit,
 And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
 From the heav'n of wit,
 Draw down all its lightning! Fill, &c.

3. Would'st thou know what first
 Made our souls inherit
 This ennobling thirst
 For wine's celestial spirit?
 It chanc'd upon that day,
 When, as bards inform us,
 Prometheus stole away
 The living fire that warms us, Fill, &c.

4. The careless Youth, when up
 To Glory's fount aspiring,
 Took nor urn nor cup
 To hide the pilfer'd fire in.
 But oh! his joy, when round
 The halls of Heaven spying,
 Among the stars he found
 A bowl of Bacchus lying! Fill, &c.

5. Some drops were in that bowl,
 Remains of last night's pleasure,
 With which the Sparks of Soul
 Mix'd their burning treasure.
 Hence the goblet's show'r
 Hath such spells to win us;
 Hence its mighty power
 O'er the flame within us. Fill, &c.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

AIR - NEW LANGOLEE.

THE FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

In moderate time, with much warmth of expression.

* Dear Harp of my Coun-try! in

darkness I found thee, The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long, When proudly my own Is-land

♯ In that rebellious, but beautiful song, "When Erin first arose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—

"The dark chain of Silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace, at Almhair, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the *Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morni*, in Miss Brooke's *Reliques of Irish Poetry*

Harp? I unbound thee, And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song! The warm lay of love and the

light note of gladness Have waken'd thy fondest, thy live-li-est thrill, But so oft hast thou echo'd the

deep sigh of sad-ness, That ev'n 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.

2

If the pulse of the Patriot, Soldier, or Lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I rob'd was thine own!

MY GENTLE HARP!

AIR — THE COINA OR DIRGE.

With feeling

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note G, a quarter note F, and a quarter note E. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a half note D. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It features a series of chords and single notes, including a half note B-flat, a quarter note G, and a quarter note F, mirroring the upper staff's initial notes.

1. My gen - tle Harp! once more I wak-en The sweetness
 2. And yet, since last thy chord re - sounded, An hour of

The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a half rest, followed by a quarter note G, a quarter note F, and a quarter note E. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing harmonic support with chords and single notes.

of thy slumb'ring strain; In tears our last fare-well was tak - en, And now in
 peace and tri - umph came, When many an ar - dent bo - som bounded, With hopes, that

The vocal line continues in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a quarter note G, a quarter note F, and a quarter note E. The piano accompaniment continues in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing harmonic support.

tears we meet a - gain. No light of joy hath o'er thee broken, But, like those Harps, whose heav'n-ly
now are turn'd to shame. Yet e - ven then, while Peace was singing Her hal-cyon song o'er land and

skill Of slav-ry dark as thine hath spo-ken, Thou hang'st up - on . . . the wil - lows still.
sea, Tho' joy and hope to oth - ers bringing, She on - ly brought new tears to thee.

3
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 flow'rs, half chains.

4
But, come — if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy — O 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 can'st 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.

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

AIR — THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

*Moderate
time,
with
expression.*

The first system of music features a piano accompaniment in the lower register and a vocal line in the upper register. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The piano part consists of chords and single notes, while the vocal line is a melodic line with various note values and rests.

1. As slow our ship her foam - y track A - gainst the wind was cleav - ing, Her
2. When round the bowl of van - ish'd years We talk, with joy - ous seem - ing, And

The second system continues the musical piece. It includes piano accompaniment and a vocal line. The lyrics are positioned between the vocal line and the piano accompaniment. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

trem - bling pen - nant still look'd back To that dear isle 'twas leav - ing. So
smiles, that might as well be tears, So faint, so sad their beam - ing, While

The third system concludes the musical piece on this page. It features piano accompaniment and a vocal line. The piano part includes some more complex chordal textures and moving lines, while the vocal line continues the melodic theme.

loath we part from all we love, From all the links that bind us, So
mem - 'ry brings us back a - gain Each ear - ly tie that twin'd us, Oh!

turn our hearts, wher - e'er we rove, To those we've left be - hind us.
sweet's the cup that cir - cles then To those we've left be - hind us.

3

3. And, when in other climes we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flow'ry, wild, and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heav'n had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

4

4. As trav'lers oft look back, at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing.
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us!

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

AIR—THE LITTLE HARVEST ROSE.

FOR ONE OR TWO VOICES.

*In
moderate
time, and
with
feeling.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major and common time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a trill in the final measure. The left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes and chords.

The first vocal entry is on a single staff in G major, common time. The lyrics are: "In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown, And its". The piano accompaniment continues below, with the right hand mirroring the vocal melody and the left hand providing harmonic support.

The second vocal entry is on a single staff in G major, common time. The lyrics are: "plea - sures in all their new lus - tre be gin, When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own, And the". The piano accompaniment continues below, with the right hand mirroring the vocal melody and the left hand providing harmonic support.

ad lib. *a tempo.*

light that surrounds us is all from within ; O 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time We can love, as in hours of less

ad lib. *a tempo.*

light that surrounds us is all from within ; O 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time We can love, as in hours of less

transports we may: Of our smiles, of our hopes 'tis the gay sunny prime, But affection is warmest when these fade away.

transports we may: Of our smiles, of our hopes 'tis the gay sunny prime, But affection is warmest when these fade away.

2

When we see the first charm of our youth pass us by,
 Like a leaf on the stream, that will never return ;
 When our cup, which hath sparkled with pleasure so high,
 Now tastes of the other, the dark flowing urn ;
 Then, then is the moment affection can sway
 With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew ;
 Love, nurs'd among pleasures is faithless as they,
 But the Love, born of Sorrow, like sorrow is true !

3

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid their dyes,
 Yet faint is the odour the flow'rs shed about ;
 'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies,
 That call their full spirit of fragrancy out ;
 So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
 But 'tis only in grief true affection appears ;
 To the magic of smiles it may first owe its birth,
 But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears !

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

AIR — LIMERICK'S LAMENTATIONS.*

*Slow, and
with
melancholy
expression.*

p

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast lov'd, Be his

faults and his fol - lies for - - got by thee, then ; Or, if from their

slum-ber the veil be re - mov'd, Weep o'er them in si - lence and close it a -

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

- - gain. And oh! if 'tis pain to re - mem - ber how far from the path - ways of

light he was tempt - ed to roam, Be it bliss to re - mem - ber that thou wert the

star That a - rose on his dark - ness, and guid - ed him home.

cres. *p*

2
 From thee and thy innocent beauty first came,
 The revealings that taught him true love to adore,
 To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
 From the idols he darkly had knelt to before.
 O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
 Thou can'st like a soft, golden calm o'er the sea;
 And if happiness purely and glowingly smil'd
 On his evening horizon, the light was from thee.

3
 And though sometimes the shade of past folly would rise,
 And though falsehood again would allure him to stray,
 He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
 And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away.
 As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
 At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair:
 So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
 He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there.

REMEMBER THEE!

AIR - CASTLE TIBOWEN.

*Not too
slow,
and with
strong
feeling.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a quarter note, and then a series of eighth notes with a fermata over the final two notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. It features a series of chords, including a prominent bass line with a fermata over the final two notes.

The vocal line for the first phrase is written on a single treble clef staff. It begins with a quarter note, followed by a series of eighth notes, and ends with a quarter note.

1. Re - mem - ber thee! yes, while there's life in this heart, It shall

The piano accompaniment for the first phrase consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves feature a series of chords and eighth notes, providing harmonic support for the vocal line.

The vocal line for the second phrase is written on a single treble clef staff. It begins with a quarter note, followed by a series of eighth notes, and ends with a quarter note. A trill (tr) is indicated above the final note.

ne - ver for - get thee, all lorn as thou art; More

The piano accompaniment for the second phrase consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves feature a series of chords and eighth notes, providing harmonic support for the vocal line.

dear in thy sor - row, thy gloom, and thy show'rs, Than the

rest of the world in their sun - ni - est hours.

2

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious and free,
 First flow'r of the earth, and first gem of the sea ;
 I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
 But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now ?

3

No! thy chains, as they torture thy blood as it runs,
 But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons ;
 Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
 Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast !

WREATHE THE BOWL.

AIR—NORA KISTA.

Gaily and brilliantly.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in 6/8 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment in the same key and time signature, starting with a bass clef. The music is marked 'Gaily and brilliantly'.

The first system of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "Wreathe the bowl With flow'rs of soul, The brightest Wit can find us; We'll

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "take a flight Tow'rd's heav'n to-night, And leave dull earth be-hind us! Should Love a-mid the

The third system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "wreaths be hid That Joy, th'enchant-er, brings us, No dan-ger fear, While wine is near, We'll

drown him if he stings us. Then wreathe the bowl With flow'rs of soul, The brightest Wit can find us; We'll

take a flight Tow'rds heav'n to-night, And leave dull earth behind us.

2

'Twas nectar fed, of old, 'tis said,
 Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
 And Man may brew his nectar too,
 The rich receipt's as follows:—
 Take wine like this, let looks of bliss,
 Around it well be blended,
 Then bring Wit's beam to warm the stream,
 And there's your nectar splendid!
 So, wreathe the bowl with flow'rs of soul,
 The brightest Wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight tow'rds heav'n to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us.

3

Say, why did Time his glass sublime
 Fill up with sands unsightly?
 When wine, he knew, runs brisker through,
 And sparkles far more brightly.
 O lend it us, and smiling thus,
 The glass in two we'd sever,
 Make pleasure glide, in double tide,
 And fill both ends for ever!
 Then wreathe the bowl with flow'rs of soul,
 The brightest Wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight tow'rds heav'n to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us!

WHEN'E'R I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

AIR — FATHER QUINN.

*Slow and
tenderly.*

1. When-e'er I see those smil - ing eyes, All fill'd with hope, and joy, . . and light, As

if no cloud could e - ver rise, To dim a heav'n so pure - - ly bright; I

sigh to think how soon that brow In grief may lose its ev - 'ry ray, And

that light heart, so joy - ous now, Al - most for - got it once . . . was gay.

2

For Time will come with all his blights,
 The ruin'd hope, the friend unkind ;
 And Love, who leaves where'er he lights,
 A chill'd or burning heart behind ;
 And Youth, that like pure snow appears
 Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,
 When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears,
 Will never shine so bright again !

IF THOU WILT BE MINE.

AIR — THE WINNOWING SHEET.

HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.

Flowing and simple.

TREBLE.

1. If thou'lt be mine, the trea - surs of air, Of earth, and sea, shall

TENOR.

2. Bright flow'rs shall bloom wher - e - ver we rovc, A voice di - vine shall

PIANO FORTE.

lie at thy feet; What-e-ver in Fan-cy's eye looks fair, Or in Hope's sweet mu - sic
talk in each stream, The stars shall look like worlds of love, And this earth be all one

sounds most sweet, Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!
beauti - ful dream In our eyes, if thou wilt be mine, love!

3

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams that flow from heavenward hills,
Shall keep our hearts like meads, that lie,
To be bath'd by those eternal rills,
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

4

All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them who feel his spells;
That heav'n which forms his home above,
He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
As thou'lt own, if thou wilt be mine, love!

TO LADIES' EYES.

AIR—FAGUE A BALLAGH.

*Moderate
time,
with
Spirit.*

1. To Ladies' eyes a-round, boy, We can't re-fuse, we can't refuse, Tho' bright eyes so abound, boy, 'Tis

hard to chuse, 'tis hard to chuse, For thick as stars that lighten Yon ai-ry bow'rs, yon ai-ry bow'rs, The

countless eyes that bright - en This earth of ours, this earth of ours. But fill the cup, where'er, boy, Our

con spirito.
choice may fall, our choice may fall, We're sure to find love there, boy, So drink them all ! so drink them all !

2

Some eyes there are so holy,
 ||: They seem but giv'n, :||
 As splendid beacons, solely,
 ||: To light to heav'n ; :||
 While some, O ne'er believe them,
 ||: With tempting ray, :||
 Would lead us, (God forgive them !)
 ||: The other way. :||
 But fill the cup, &c.

3

In some, as in a mirror,
 ||: Love seems pourtray'd, :||
 But shun the flatt'ring error,
 ||: 'Tis but his shade. :||
 Himself has fix'd his dwelling
 ||: In eyes we know, :||
 And lips — but this is telling,
 ||: So here they go ! :||
 Fill up. fill up, &c.

THOUGH DARK ARE OUR SORROWS.

AIR—ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

THE PRINCE'S DAY.*

*With spirit
and feeling.*

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The music begins with a treble clef and a bass clef.

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has the lyrics: "Though dark are our sor-rows, to - day we'll for-get them, And". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern.

The third system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has the lyrics: "smile through our tears, like a sun-beam in show'rs; There nev - er were hearts, if our ru - lers would let them, More". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern.

The fourth system concludes the musical piece. The vocal line has the lyrics: "form'd to be grate - ful and blest than ours, But just when the chain Has ceas'd to pain, And Hope has enwreath'd it". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern.

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

round with flow'rs, There comes a new link Our spirits to sink—Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles, Is a

flash a - mid dark-ness, too brilliant to stay; But, though 'twere the last lit - tle spark in our souls, We must

light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

2

Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal !
 Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true ;
 And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
 Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.
 While cowards, who blight
 Your fame, your right,
 Would shrink from the blaze of battle array,
 The Standard of Green
 In front would be seen,—
 Oh—my life on your faith ! were you summon'd this minute,
 You'd cast ev'ry bitter remembrance away,
 And show what the arm of Old Erin has in it,
 When rous'd by the foe on her Prince's Day

3

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
 In hearts which have suffer'd too much to forget ;
 And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
 And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.
 The gem may be broke
 By many a stroke,
 But nothing can cloud its native ray ;
 Each fragment will cast
 A light to the last—
 And thus Erin my country, though broken thou art,
 There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay ;
 A spirit which beams through each suffering part,
 And now smiles at all pain on her Prince's day.

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

AIR — YELLOW WAT AND THE FOX.

HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.

With feeling and cheerfulness.

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

1. Oh! doubt me not, the sea - son Is o'er, when Folly made me rove, And now the ves-tal Rea-son Shall

2. And tho' my lute no long - er May sing of Passion's ardent spell, Oh! trust me all the stronger I

The vocal staves are in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment continues in the lower staves.

watch the fire awak'd by Love, Altho' this heart was early blown, And fairest hands disturb'd the tree, They

feel the bliss I do not tell. The bee thro' many a garden roves, And sings his lay of courtship o'er, But

The vocal staves continue with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment is shown in the lower staves, featuring chords and a steady bass line.

only shook some blossoms down, Its fruit has all been kept for thee. Then doubt me not, the sea - son Is
 when he finds the flow'r he loves, He settles there and hums no more. Then doubt me not, the sea - son Is

o'er when Folly made me rove, And now the ves - tal Rea - son Shall watch the fire a - wak'd by Love.
 o'er when Folly made me rove, And now the ves - tal Rea - son Shall watch the fire a - wak'd by Love.

'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

AIR—SAVOURNEEN DEELISH.

HARMONIZED FOR TWO, OR THREE VOICES.

With Feeling.

1. 'Tis gone, and for ev - er, the light we saw breaking, Like Heaven's first dawn e'er the sleep of the dead, When

2. For high was thy hope, when those glo-ries were dart - ing, A-round thee, thro' all the gross clouds of the world ; When

3. But, shame on those tyrants, who en - vied the blessing ! And shame on the light race, un - wor - thy its good, Who, at

man from the slum - ber of a - - ges a - wak - ing, Look'd up - ward and blest the pure light ere it fled !

Truth, from her fet - ters in - dig - nant - ly start - ing, At once, like a sun-burst, her ban - ner un-fur'd.*

Death's reeking al - tar, like fu - - ries ca - ress - ing The young hope of Freedom bap - tiz'd it in blood.

* The "Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the Royal Banner.

'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burn-ing But deep-en the long night of bond-age and mourning, That
 Oh! nev-er shall earth see a moment so splendid! Then, then, had one Hymn of De-liv-er-ance blend-ed The
 Then van-ish'd for ev-er that fair sunny vis-ion, Which, spite of the slav-ish, the cold heart's de-ri-sion, Shall

dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is re-turn-ing, And dark-est of all, hapless E-rin, o'er thee!
 tongues of all na-tions, how sweet had as-cend-ed The first note of Lib-er-ty E-rin, from thee!
 long be re-mem-ber'd, pure, bright, and e-ly-sian, As first it a-rose, my lost E-rin, on thee!

8va.

CONCLUDING PIECES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

AIR—CEAN DUBH DELISH.

Slow.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Slow.' The first system includes a '6/8' time signature in both staves. The melody in the treble clef features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some slurs and accents. The bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The second system includes a triplet of eighth notes in the treble clef. The third system continues the melodic and harmonic development. The fourth system features a more active treble clef with sixteenth-note patterns. The fifth system concludes the piece with a final cadence in the bass clef.

AIR—THE SNOWY-BREASTED PEARL. CAROLAN.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It begins with a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

The second system continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff features a triplet of eighth notes in the first measure. The lower staff continues the accompaniment.

The third system shows a change in key signature to one flat (Bb) and a common time signature. The upper staff has a treble clef, and the lower staff has a bass clef.

The fourth system continues in the key of one flat. The upper staff includes a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff provides the accompaniment.

The fifth system continues the piece with two staves in the key of one flat. The upper staff features a complex melodic line with many sixteenth notes.

The sixth system concludes the piece with two staves in the key of one flat. The upper staff ends with a final cadence, and the lower staff provides the final accompaniment.

AIR—PLANXTY JOHNSTONE.

CAROLAN.

Lively.

p

cres. *f*

AIR—CAPTAIN MAGAN.

f

CONCLUDING PIECE.

The first system of the concluding piece consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music features a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, primarily using eighth and sixteenth notes.

The second system continues the piece with two staves. The melodic line in the right hand shows some grace notes and continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass line provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

The third system is marked *Lively.* and consists of two staves. The right hand has a more active melodic line. The left hand begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking and features a steady bass line.

The fourth system consists of two staves. The left hand is marked with *cres.* (crescendo) and *f* (forte) dynamics, indicating a build-up in volume. The right hand continues with a melodic line.

The fifth system consists of two staves. The music continues with a consistent melodic and bass line, maintaining the lively character.

The sixth and final system consists of two staves. The piece concludes with a final melodic phrase in the right hand and a final bass line in the left hand.

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