Frances Mary Windle

J. POWER takes the Liberty of announcing to the Public a WORK which has long been a *Desideratum* in this Country. Though the Beauties of the National Music of Ireland have been very generally felt and acknowledged, yet it has happened, through the Want of appropriate English Words, and of the Arrangement necessary to adapt them to the Voice, that many of the most excellent Compositions have hitherto remained in Obscurity. It is intended, therefore, to form 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. Sir JOHN STEVENSON has very kindly consented to undertake the Arrangement of the Airs; and the Lovers of simple National Music may rest secure, that, in such tasteful Hands, the native Charms of the original Melody will not be sacrificed to the Ostentation of Science.

In the Poetical Part, POWER has had Promises of Assistance from several distinguished Literary Characters, particularly from Mr. MOORE, whose Lyrical Talent is so peculiarly suited to such a Task, and whose Zeal in the Undertaking will be best understood from the following Extract of a Letter which he has addressed to SIR JOHN STEVENSON on the Subject:—

"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 Neighbours ever deigned to allow us any credit. Our National Music has never been properly collected[a]; 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, for want of Protection at Home, have passed into the Service of Foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better Period both of Politics and Music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland at least, appears too plainly in the Tone of Sorrow and Depression which characterizes 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 compose 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 our 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 those 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 *Rans des Vaches*, is one of those wild and sentimental Rakes which it will not be very easy to tie down in sober Wedlock with Poetry. However, notwithstanding all these Difficulties, and the very little 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.

"*Leicestershire, Feb.* 1807."

The Work will be continued in Numbers, containing each Twelve Melodies, several of them arranged for One, Two, or Three Voices.

*** POWER *will be much obliged by the Communication of any Original Melodies which the Lovers of Irish Music may have the Kindness to contribute to this Work.*

---

[a] The Writer forgot, when he made this Assertion, that the Public are indebted to Mr. BUNTING for a very valuable Collection of Irish Music; and that the patriotic Genius of Miss OWENSON has been employed upon some of our finest Airs.

Printed by W. CLOWES,
Northumberland-court, Strand, London

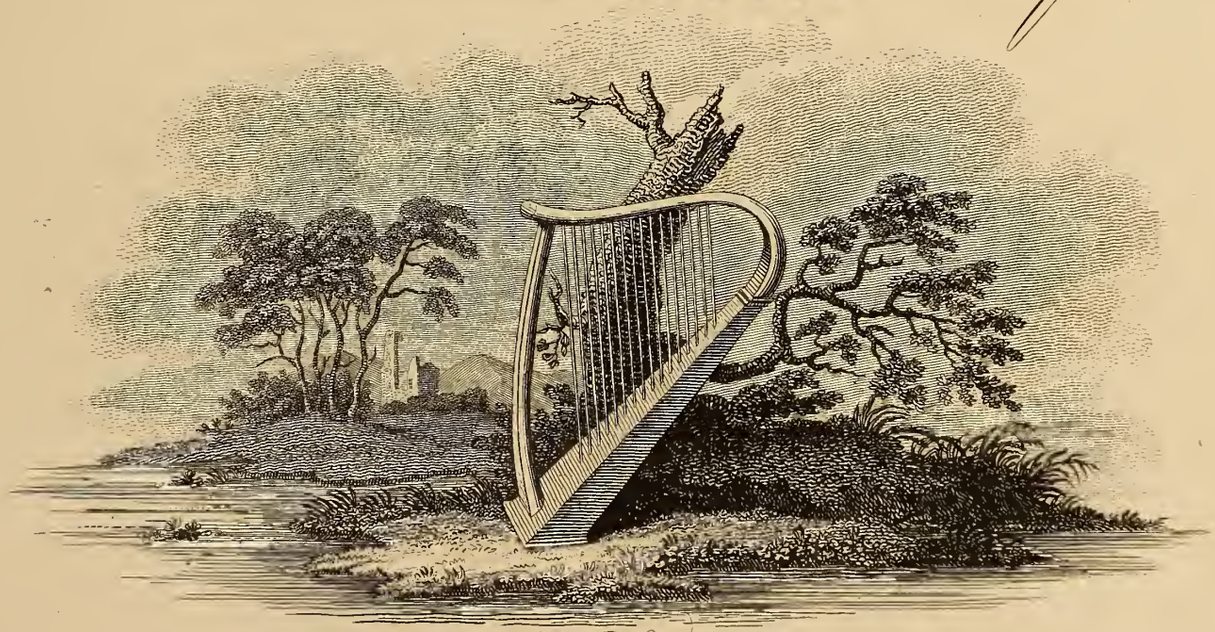
A Selection of Irish Melodies

with Symphonies and Accompaniments by

SIR JOHN STEVENSON Mus. Doc.

and Characteristic words by

Thomas Moore Esq.r



(First Number)

London

Price 15.s

Printed & Sold at J. Power's Music & Instrument Warehouse, 3-4, Strand.

Entd. at Stationers Hall

To the

Nobility and Gentry

of

Ireland.

The following Work

Is respectfully Inscribed

By

The Publisher.

Silvester & Son Sculpt.

INDEX

TO

THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

INDEX

TO

THE HARMONIZED AIRS.

Introductory piece for two Performers on one Piano Forte.

Carolans Concerto.

First Performer

Bold

Second Performer

ff ff pp ff ff

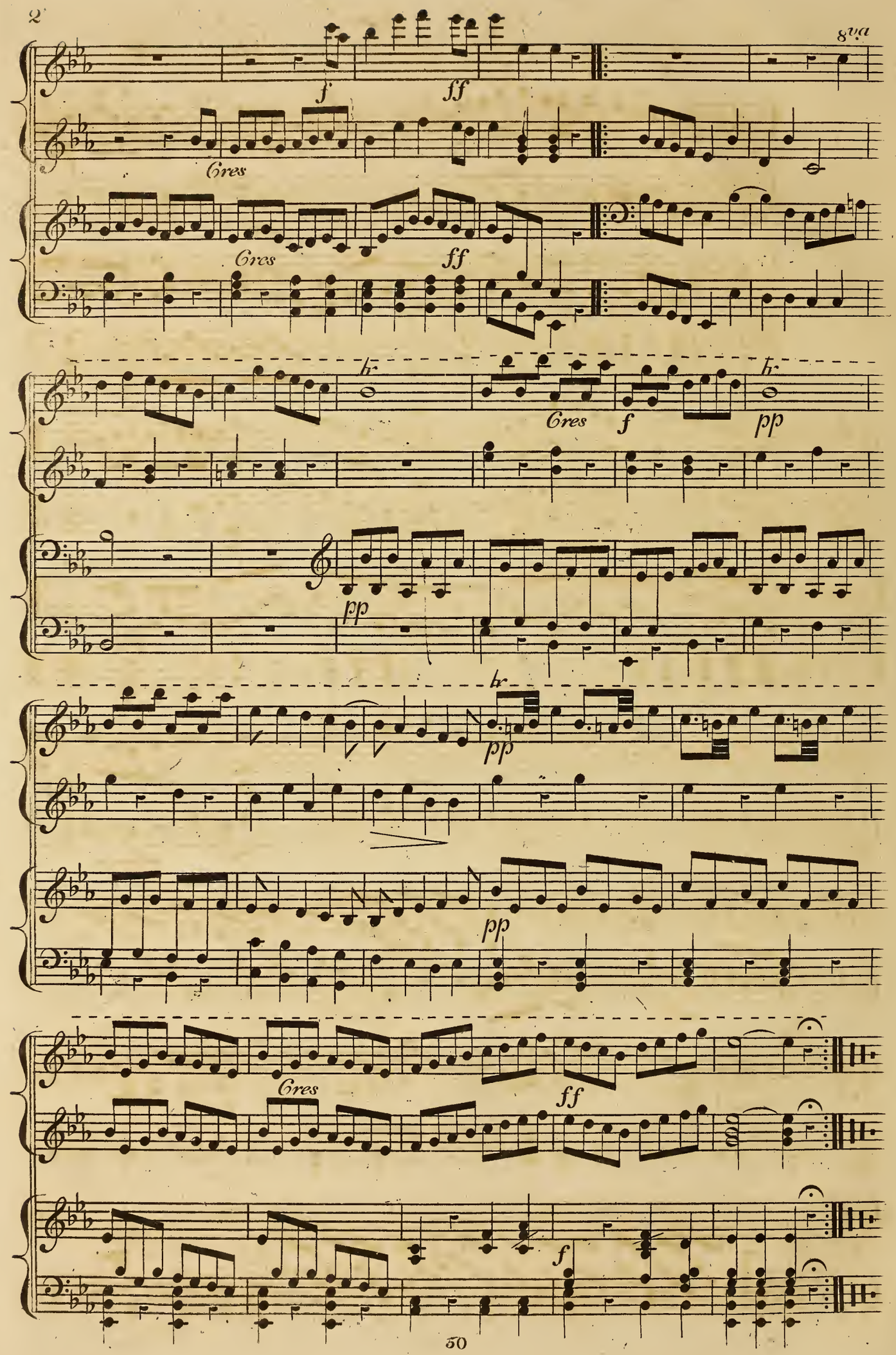
f p p f p f p

8va pp f p f p f p

f f f

loco f ff

Cres p Cres ff fp


8va
f
ff
Cres
Cres
ff
tr
Cres
f
pp
tr
pp
tr
pp
pp
Cres
ff
f

Air. The Pleasant Rocks.

First Performer

Flow

Second Performer

p pp Cres p Cres p

8va lentando. p Cres p pp p lentando. pp

Cres f p ff p

Cres f p ff

lentando f p f p

p f p f

Air: Planxty Drury.

Carolan.

First Performer

Lively

Second Performer

8va

p f ff f p

8va

p f p

f

Cres p ff

ff

Air The Heardless Boy.

First Performer

Minor

Second Performer

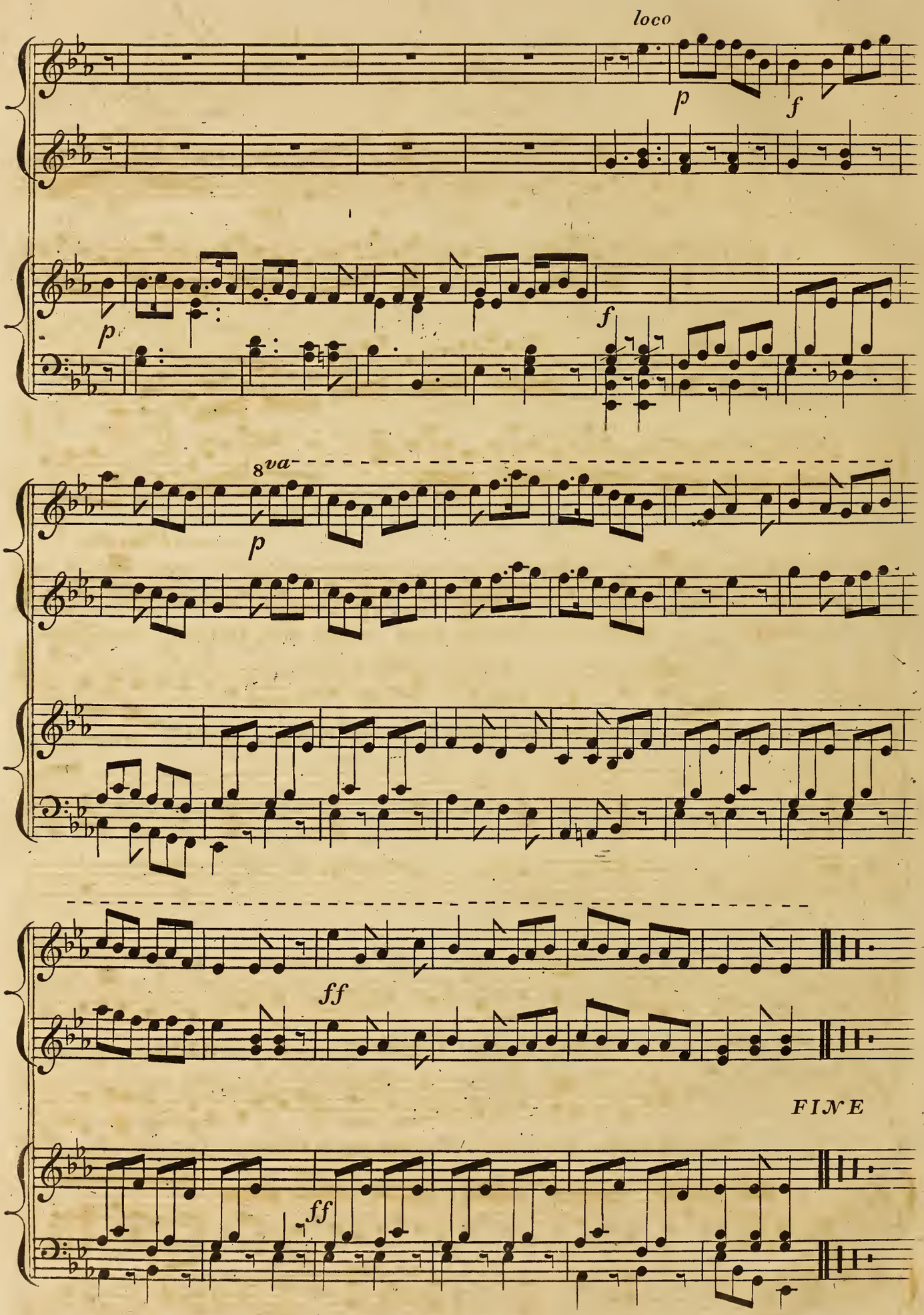
p f

p f pp ff

f ff

8va

p f ff


loco
p
f
p
f
8va
p
ff
FINE
ff

Go where Glory waits thee.

for one or two Voices.

Tenderly

f *p* *f* *p* *pp*

Cres *f* *ff* *p*

espress lentando.

Go where glo_ry waits thee; But, while fame elates thee, Oh! still remember

Go where glo_ry waits thee; But, while fame elates thee, Oh! still remember

espres lentando.

me. When the praise thou meetest To thine ear is sweetest, Oh! then remember

me. When the praise thou meetest To thine ear is sweetest Oh! then remember

Sym

me. O_ther arms may press thee, Dear_er friends ca_ress thee,

me. O_ther arms may press thee, Dear_er friends ca_ress thee,

a tempo

f *p*

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

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

lentando

And when joys are dear_est, Oh! then re_member me.

And when joys are dear_est, Oh! then re_member me.

2d VERSE.

espress lentando.

When, at eve, thou rov_est By the star thou lov_est, Oh! then remember

When, at eve, thou rov_est By the star thou lov_est, Oh! then remember

me. Think, when home re_turning, Bright we've seen it burning,

me. Think, when home re_turning, Bright we've seen it burning,

Sym

espress lentando

Oh! thus re_member me. Oft, as sum_mer clos_es,

Oh! thus re_member me. Oft, as sum_mer clos_es,

a tempo

f *p*

When thine eye re-poses On its ling'ring roses, Once so lov'd by thee,

When thine eye re-poses On its ling'ring roses, Once so lov'd by thee,

lentando

Think of her who wove them, Her who made thee love them; Oh! then remember

Think of her who wove them, Her who made thee love them; Oh! then remember

me.

me.

Air—*Maid of the Valley.*

I.

Go where glory waits thee;
But, while Fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.

II.

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 lov'd by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them;
Oh! then remember me.

III.

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 us'd to sing thee;
Oh! then remember me.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.

AIR—*Molly Macalpin.*

I.

REMEMBER the glories of Brien the Brave[a],
Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;
Tho', lost to Mononia[b], and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora[c] no more!
That star of the field, which so often has pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet.

II.

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!

III.

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

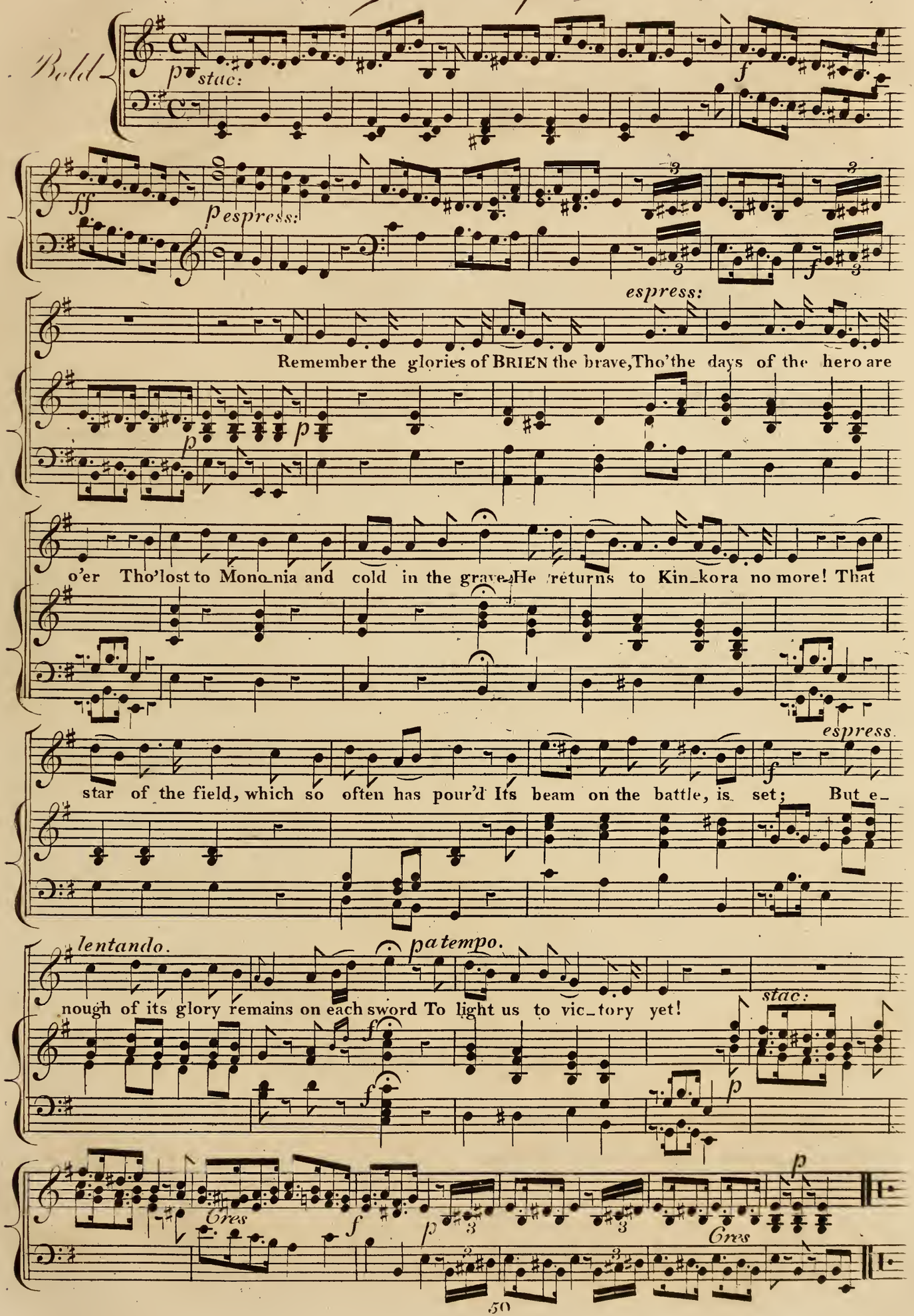
---

[a] 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.

[b] Munster. [c] The Palace of Brien.

[d] This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the Battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest.—"*Let stakes*" (they said) "*be stuck in the ground; and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed* "*in his rank by the side of a sound man.*"—"Between seven and eight hundred wounded men," (adds O'Halloran,) "pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops!—Never was such another sight exhibited."—HISTORY OF IRELAND, Book XII. Chap. I.

Remember the Glories of Brien the brave.



Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes.

Mod.

f *Dim* *p* *p* *Cres*

Cres *p* *pp* *Cres*

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

hangs in the skies; Shin-ing thro' sor-row's stream, Sadd'ning thro'

f *p*

Cres *f* *pp*

pleasure's beam, Thy suns, with doubt-ful gleam, Weep while they rise!

Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes.

Harmonized for four Voices.

Man

Dim *p* *f* *Cres*

1st Treble

p

E - RIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes

2nd Treble

E - RIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes

Tenor & Vts lower

E - RIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes *p*

Bass

E - - - RIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes Blend-

Piano Forte Accompt.

pp *Cres*

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

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

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

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

f *p*

Shin _ ing thro' sorrow's stream, Sadd'n _ ing thro' pleasure's beam,

Shin _ ing thro' sorrow's stream, Sadd'n _ ing thro' pleasure's beam,

Shin _ ing thro' sor row's stream, Sadd'n _ ing thro' pleasure's beam,

Shin _ ing thro' sorrow's stream, Sadd'n _ ing thro' pleasure's beam,

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

with doubt _ ful gleam, Weep while they rise!

with doubt _ ful gleam, Weep while they rise!

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

2d VERSE.

p

E__RIN! thy si__lent tear ne__ver shall cease,

E__RIN! thy si__lent tear ne__ver shall cease,

E__RIN! thy si__lent tear ne__ver shall cease,

E_____RIN! thy si__lent tear ne____ver shall cease, E__

pp *Cres*

E__RIN! thy lan__guid smile ne'er shall in__crease,

E__RIN! thy lan__guid smile ne'er shall in__crease,

E__RIN! thy lan__guid smile ne'er shall in__crease,

_____RIN! thy lan__guid smile ne'er shall in_crease,

f *p*

Till, like the rain - bow's light, Thy va - rious tints u - nite,

Till, like the rain - bow's light, Thy va - rious tints u - nite,

Till, like the rain - bow's light, Thy va - rious tints u - nite,

Till, like the rain - bow's light, Thy va - rious tints u - nite,

Cres *pp*

And form, in Hea - ven's sight, One arch of peace!

in Hea - ven's sight, One arch of peace!

in Hea - ven's sight, One arch of peace!

And form, in Hea - ven's sight, One arch of peace!

AIR—*Aileen Aroon.*

I.

ERIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies;
Shining thro' sorrow's stream,
Sadd'ning thro' pleasure's beam,
Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise!

II

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!

AIR—*The Brown Maid.*

I.

Oh! breathe not his name—let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid!
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

II.

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

Oh! breathe not his name.

for one or two Voices.

Pensively

pp *f* *p* *br*

espress *Cres* *f* *Dim*

a tempo

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

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

cold and un_honour'd his re_licks are laid! Sad, si_lent, and dark, be the

cold and unhonour'd his re_licks are laid! Sad, si_lent, and dark, be the

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

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

pp

2d VERSE.

But the night-dew that falls, tho' in si_lence it weeps, Shall brighten with

But the night-dew that falls, tho' in si_lence it weeps, Shall brighten with

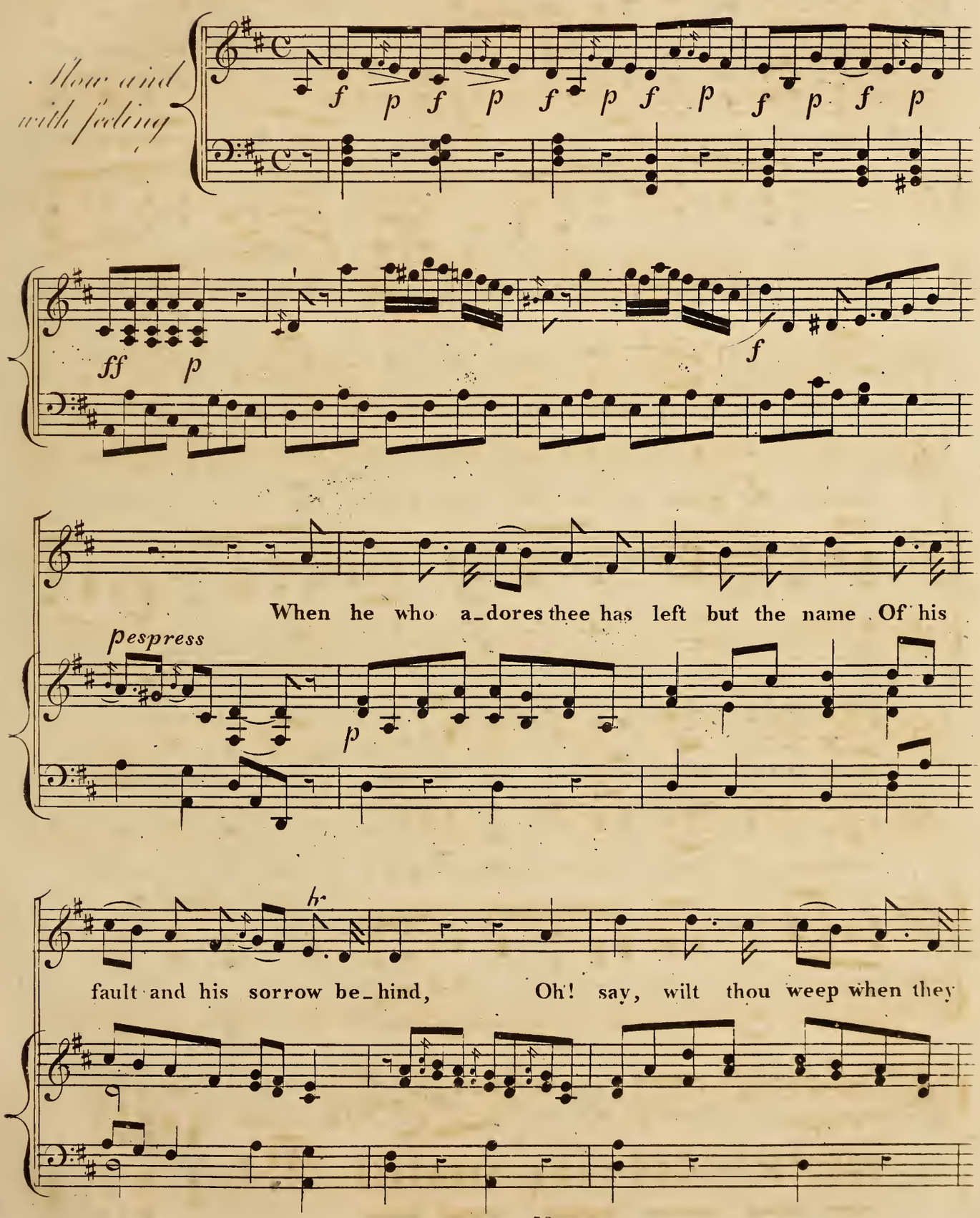
ver_dure the grave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed, tho' in

verdure the grave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed, tho' in

secret it rolls, Shall long keep his me_mory green in our souls.

secret it rolls, Shall long keep his me_mory green in our souls.

When he who adores thee.



dark_en the fame Of a life that for thee was re_sign'd? Yes,

espress *for*

weep! and, howe_ver my foes may condemn, Thy tears shall efface their de_

cree; For Heav'n can wit_ness, tho' guil__ty to them, I have

been but too faith_ful to thee!

Cres

p

Air—*The Fox's Sleep.*

I

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say, wilt thou weep when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep! and, however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, tho' guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee!

II.

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

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

---

AIR—*Gramachree.*

I.

THE harp that once, thro' Tara's halls,
The soul of Music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled :—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!

II.

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 show that still she lives!

The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls. 27

Slow

The Harp that once, thro' Tara'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

glory's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more!

The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls.

Harmonized for four Voices.

Slow

1st Treble: The Harp that once, thro' Ta - ra's halls, The soul of Music shed, Now

2nd Treble: The Harp that once, thro' Ta - ra's halls, The soul of Music shed, Now hangs on

Tenor & Alto lower: The Harp that once, The soul of Music shed, Now

Bass: The Harp thro' Ta - ra's halls, The soul of Music shed, Now hangs on

Piano Forte Accompt.

hangs as mute on Tara's walls As if that soul were fled: So sleeps the pride of former days, So

Ta - - ra's walls As if that soul were fled: So sleeps the pride of former days, So

hangs on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled: So - - - - sleeps the pride So

Ta - - ra's walls As if that soul were fled: So sleeps so sleeps the pride So

glo_ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now

glo_ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now

glo_ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now

glo_ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now

feel that pulse no more!

feel that pulse no more!

feel that pulse no more!

feel that pulse no more!

2d VERSE.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright The Harp of Tara swells; The

No more to chiefs and ladies bright The Harp of Tara swells; The chord, a_

No more to chiefs The Harp of Tara swells; The

No more to chiefs The Harp the Harp of Ta_ra swells; The chord, a_

Cres *f*

chord, a_ lone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ruin tells: Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes, The

p

lone that breaks at night, Its ru _ _ in tells: Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes, The

chord, that breaks at night, Its tale of ruin tells: Thus _ _ _ Freedom now The

lone that breaks Its tale of ruin tells: Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes, The

f *p*

only throb she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives!

only throb she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives!

only throb she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives!

only throb she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives!

Fly not yet!

Vivaly

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

beauty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at_tractions 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.

lentando

Fly not yet

Harmonized for two Voices.

Lively

Soprano First Voice

Soprano Second Voice

Tenor Second Voice *

Piano Forte Accompt.

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When plea_sure, like the

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When pleasure, like the

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When plea_sure, like the

midnight flow'r, That scorns the eye of vul_gar light, Be_gins to bloom for

mid_night flow'r, That scorns the eye of vul_gar light, Be_gins to bloom for

mid_night 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

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

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

* This part to be used if sung by a Male Voice.

beau_ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at_tractions glow__ing

beau_ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at_tractions glow__ing

beau_ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at_tractions glow__ing

Set the tides and gob_lets flow_ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— Joy so seldom

Set the tides and gob_lets flow_ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— Joy so seldom

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.

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

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

a tempo

Cres

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd In times of old thro' Ammon's shade, Tho'

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd In times of old thro' Ammon's shade, Tho'

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd In times of old thro' Ammon's shade, Tho'

i __ cy cold by day it ran, Yet still, like souls of mirth, began To

i __ cy cold by day it ran, Yet still, like souls of mirth, began To

i __ cy cold by day it ran, Yet still, like souls of mirth, began To

burn when night was near; And thus should wo_man's heart and looks At

burn when night was near; And thus should wo_man's heart and looks At

burn when night was near; And thus should wo_man's heart and looks At

noon be cold as win_ter-brooks, Nor kin_dle till the night, return_ing,

noon be cold as win_ter-brooks, Nor kin_dle till the night, return_ing,

noon be cold as win_ter-brooks, Nor kin_dle till the night, re_turn_ing,

Brings their ge_nial hour for burn_ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— When did morning

Brings their ge_nial hour for burn_ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— When did morning

Brings their ge_nial hour for burn_ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— When did morning

e_ver break, And find such beaming eyes a_wake As those that sparkle here!

e_ver break, And find such beaming eyes a_wake As those that sparkle here! Repeat the Chorus

e_ver break, And find such beaming eyes a_wake As those that sparkle here!

a tempo

Cres

Air—*Planxty Kelly.*

I.

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower,
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon!
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing!
Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.

II.

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd,
In times of old, thro' Ammon's shade[a],
Tho' icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near;
And thus should woman's heart 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!

[a] Solis Fons, near the Temple of Ammon.

AIR—*John O'Reilly the Active.*

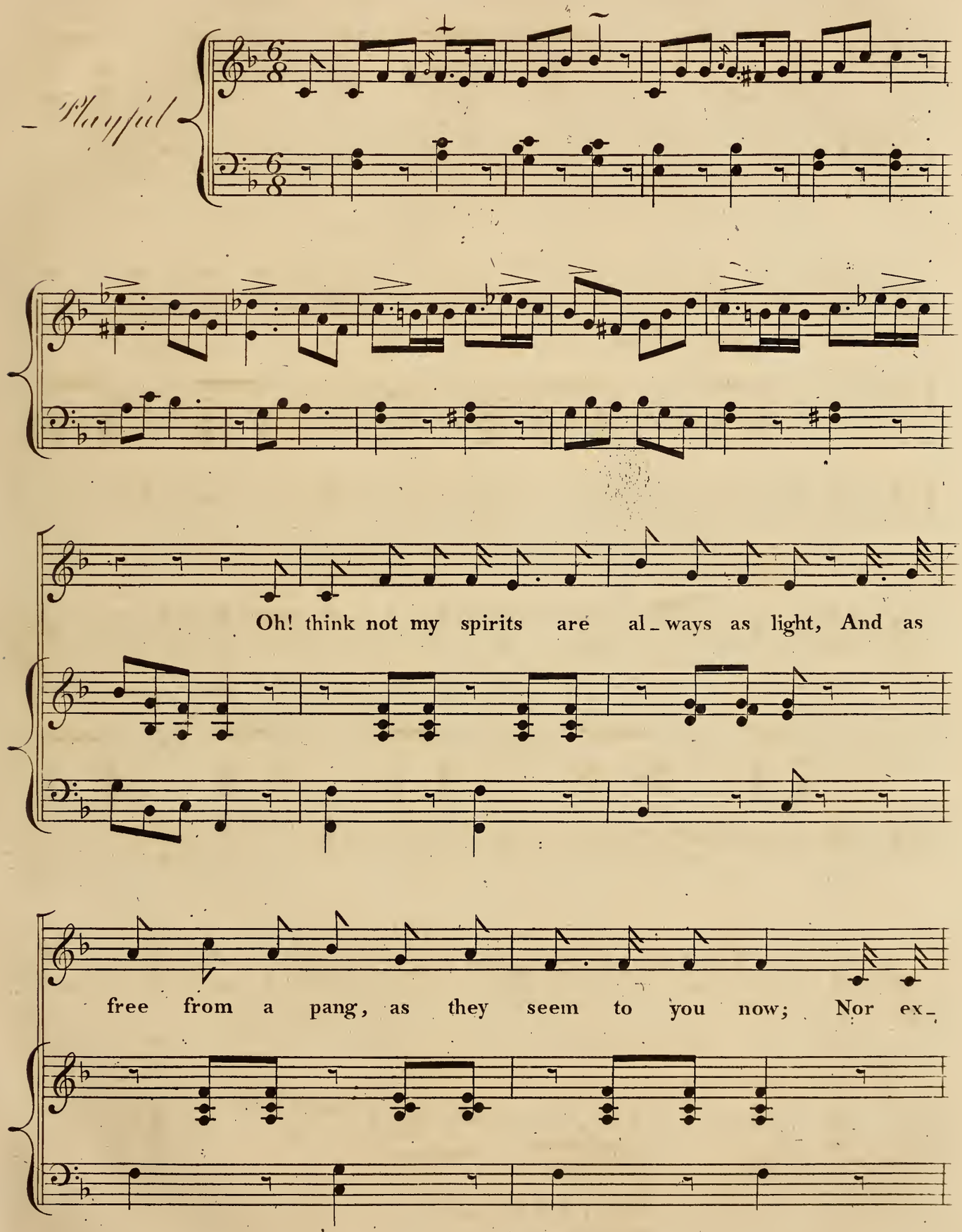
I.

OH! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow:—
No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile;
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear!

II.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these 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 dream they believ'd;
And the heart, that has slumber'd in friendship securest,
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceiv'd.
But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine—
That the sunshine of Love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of Friendship console our decline!

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light.



pect that the heart-beam_ing smile of to night Will re_turn with to-

morrow to brighten my brow:— No, life is a wase of

weari_some hours, Which sel_dom the rose of en__joyment a-

dorns; 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 send round the

bowl, and be happy a__while; May we never meet worse in our

pil_grimage here Than the tear that en_joy_ment can gild with a

lentando *espress*

smile, And the smile that compas_sion can turn to a tear!

a tempo

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin.

Slow

Cres *f* *p*

Cres *f*

Tho' the last glimpse of

ERIN with sorrow I see, Yet wher_e _ _ver thou art shall seem E_RIN to me;

In exile thy bosom shall still be my home, And thine eyes make my climate wher_

e _ _ver we roam.

Cres

Cres *Cres* *Dim*

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin

Harmonized for four Voices.

Mov.

Cres

1st Treble

Tho' the last glimpse of E_RIN with sor_row I see, Yet wher_e_ver thou art shall seem E_RIN to me;

2nd Treble

Tho' the last glimpse of E_RIN with sor_row I see, Yet wher_e_ver thou art shall seem E_RIN to me;

Tenor
8. Notes lower

Tho' the last glimpse of E_RIN with sor_row I see, Yet wher_e_ver thou art shall seem E_RIN to me;

Bass

Tho' the last glimpse of E_RIN with sor_row I see, Yet wher_e_ver thou art shall seem E_RIN to me;

Piano Forte Accomp.t

p

In ex__ile thy bo_som shall still be my home, And thine

In ex__ile thy bosom shall still be my home, And thine

In ex__ile thy bosom shall still be my home, And thine

In ex__ile thy bosom shall still be my home, And thine

hr

eyes make my cli__mate wher__e___ver we roam.

hr

eyes make my cli__mate wher__e___ver we roam.

eyes make my cli__mate wher__e___ver we roam.

eyes make my cli__mate wher__e___ver we roam.

Cres

Cres

Cres

lentando

Dim

2d VERSE.

To the gloom of the de_ _sert, or cold rock_ _y

To the gloom of the de_ _sert, or cold rock_ _y

To the gloom of the de_ _sert, or cold rock_ _y

To the gloom of the de_ _sert, or cold rock_ _y

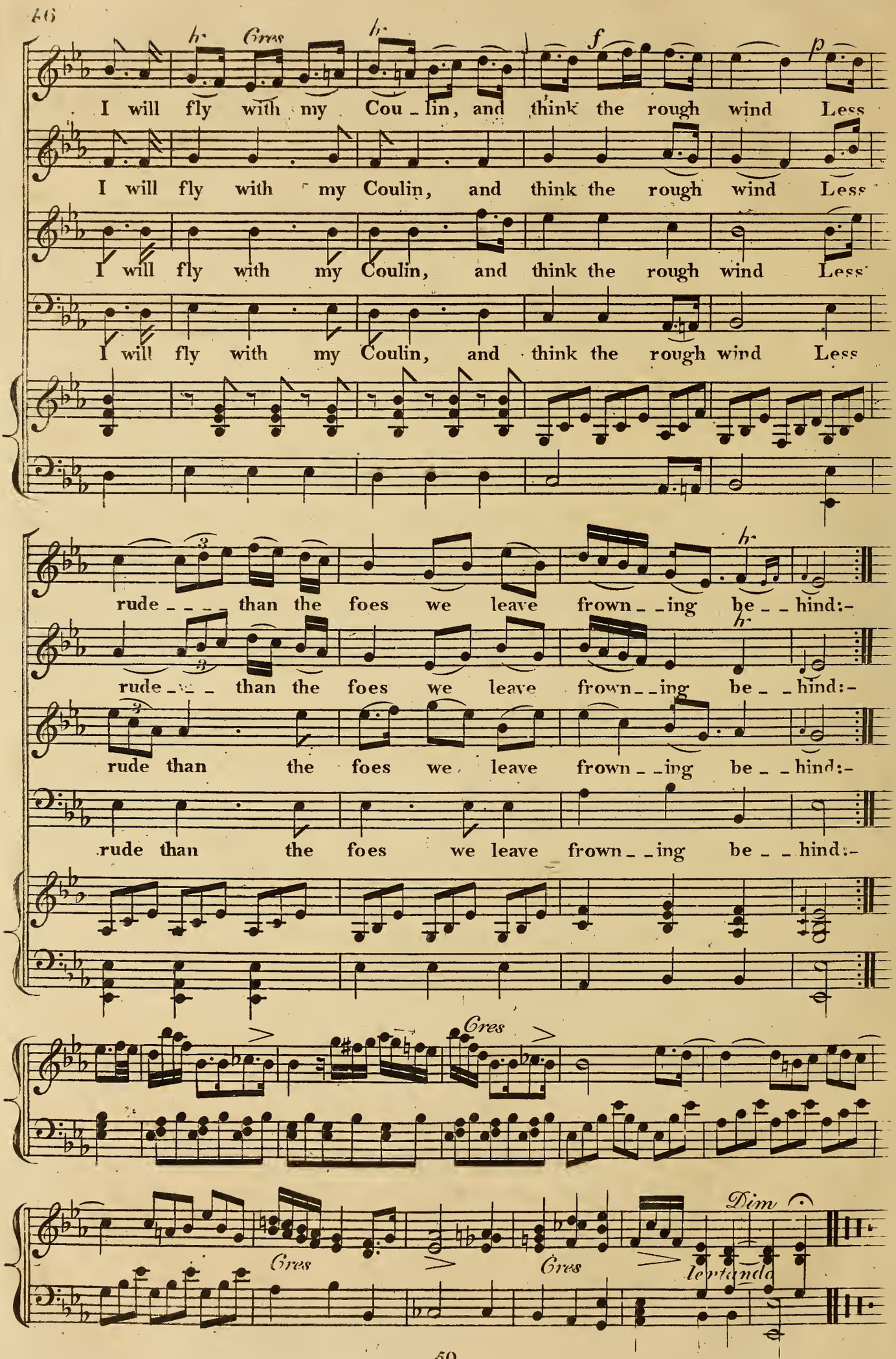
pia

shore Where the eye of the stran_ger can haunt us no more,

shore Where the eye of the stran_ger can haunt us no more,

shore Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,

shore Where the eye of the stran_ _ger can haunt us no more,


h
Cres
h
f
p
I will fly with my Cou _ lin, and think the rough wind Less
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind Less
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind Less
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind Less
rude _ _ _ than the foes we leave frown _ _ ing be _ _ hind:-
h
rude _ _ _ than the foes we leave frown _ _ ing be _ _ hind:-
rude than the foes we leave frown _ _ ing be _ _ hind:-
rude than the foes we leave frown _ _ ing be _ _ hind:-
Cres
Cres
Cres
Dim
lentando

AIR—*Coulin.*

I.

THO' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam

II.

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

III.

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

---

[a] "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 *Coulins*, (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.

AIR—*The Summer is coming.*

I.

RICH and rare were the gems she wore[a],
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But, oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

II.

" Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
" So lone and lovely, thro' this bleak way?
" Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
" As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

III.

" 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!"

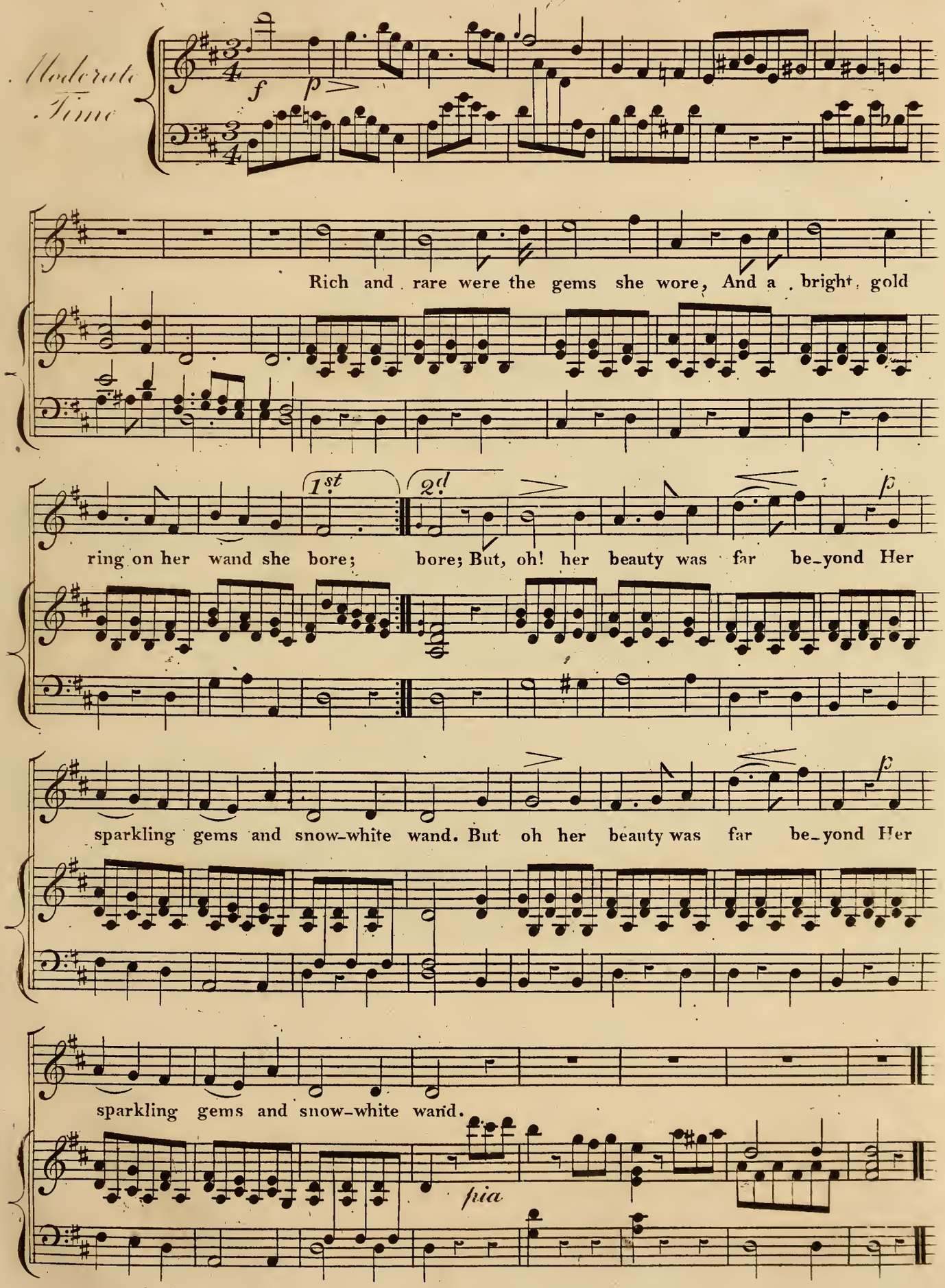
IV.

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

---

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

Rich and rare were the gems she wore.



2d VERSE.

1st 2d

"La_dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and lovely, thro' this bleak way? way? Are ERIN'S

sons so good or so cold As not to be tempted by woman or gold?" Are ERIN'S sons so

good or so cold As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

3d VERSE.

p

1st 2d

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least a_larm; No son of ERIN will offer me harm; Sir harm; For,

tho' they love woman and golden store, Sir Knight they love honour and vir_tue more!" For

tho they love woman and gold_en store, Sir Knight! they love honour and vir_tue

4th VERSE.

more! On she went, and her maid_en smile In

1st 2d

safety light_ed her round the Green Isle; Isle; And blest for e_ver was she who re_

lied Upon E_RIN'S honour and E_RIN'S pride! And blest for e_ver was she who re_

lied Upon E_RIN'S honour and E_RIN'S pride!

Rich and rare were the gems she wore.

Harmonized for four Voices.

Moderate Time

1st Treble

2nd Treble

Tenor
8. Notes lower

Bass

Piano Forte Accomp.t

f p

Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a

Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a

Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a

Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a

bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beauty was

bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beau_ty was

bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beauty was

bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beau_ty was

far be_yond Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand But oh! her

far be_yond Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand But oh! her

far be_yond Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand But oh! her

far be_yond Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand But oh! her

for

beauty was far be_yond Her sparkling gems and swow-white wand.

beauty was far be_yond Her sparkling gems and swow-white wand.

beauty was far be_yond Her sparkling gems and swow-white wand.

beauty was far be_yond Her sparkling gems and swow-white wand.

Cres

p

2d VERSE.

"La _ _ dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love _ ly, thro'

"La _ _ dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love _ ly, thro'

"La _ _ dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love _ ly, thro'

"La _ _ dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love _ _ ly, thro'

this bleak way? Are E _ RIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

this bleak way? Are E _ RIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

this bleak way? Are E _ RIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

this bleak way? Are E _ RIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

tempted by woman or gold? Are ERIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

tempted by woman or gold? Are ERIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

tempted by woman or gold? Are ERIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

tempted by woman or gold? Are ERIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

tempted by woman or gold?"

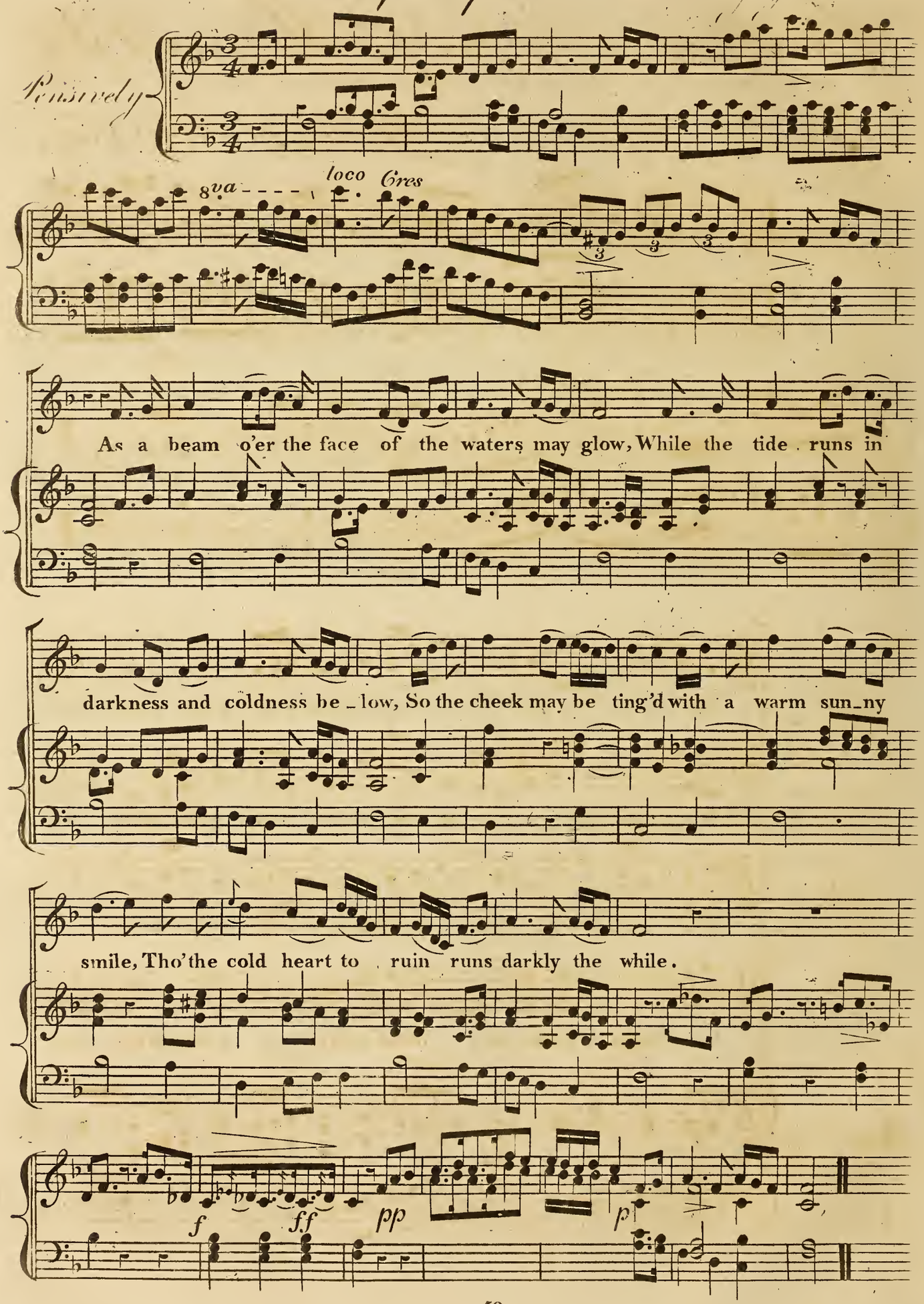
tempt_ed by woman or gold?"

tempted by woman or gold?"

tempted by woman or gold?"

Cres *p*

As a beam o'er the face of the Waters may glow.



As a beam o'er the face of the Waters may glow;

Harmonized for four Voices.

Pensively

8va loco Cres

1st Treble

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow, While the

2nd Treble

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow, While the

Tenor
8. Notes lower

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow, While the

Bass

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow, While the

Piano Forte
Accomp.t

tide runs in darkness and coldness be _ low, So the cheek may be ting'd with a

tide runs in darkness and coldness be _ low, So the cheek may be ting'd with a

tide runs in dark_ness and coldness be _ low, So the cheek may be ting'd with a

tide runs in dark_ness and coldness be _ low, So the cheek may be ting'd with a

warm sunny smile, Tho' the cold heart to ru_in runs darkly the while.

warm sunny smile, Tho' the cold heart to ru_ _in runs darkly the while.

warm sunny smile, Tho' the cold heart to ru_ in runs darkly the while.

warm sunny smile, Tho' the cold heart to ru _ in runs darkly the while.

p *p* *f* *pp* *p*

2d VERSE.

One fa__tal re_membrance, one sor_row, that throws Its

One fa__tal re_membrance, one sor_row, that throws Its

One fa__tal re___mem_brance, one sor_row, that throws Its

One fa___tal re_mem_brance, one sor_row, that throws Its

bleak shade a__like o'er our joys and our woes, To which

bleak shade a__like o'er our joys and our woes, To which

bleak shade a__like o'er our joys and our woes, To which

bleak shade a_like o'er our joys and our woes, To which

espress

life no_thing dark_er or bright_er can bring, For which

life nothing dark_er or bright_er can bring, For which

life nothing dark_er or bright_er can bring, For which

life no_thing dark_er or bright_er can bring, For which

Joy has no balm, and Af__flic_tion no sting:—

Joy has no balm, and Af__fliction no sting:—

Joy has no balm, and Af__flic_tion no sting:—

Joy has no balm, and Af__fliction no sting:—

p

p *pp* *p*

AIR—*The Young Man's Dream.*

I.

AS a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,
Tho' the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

II.

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

III.

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

THERE IS NOT IN THIS WIDE WORLD.

AIR—*The Old Head of Denis.*

I.

THERE is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet[b]
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!

II

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill;
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still:—

III.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made ev'ry 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.

IV.

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

---

[a] "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.

[b] The rivers Avon and Ovoca.

The meeting of the Waters.

With Expression

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet. Oh! the last rays of feel_ing and life must depart Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart! Ere the bloom of that val_ley shall fade from my heart!

lentando *Cres*

1833.

J. POWER takes the Liberty of announcing to the Public a WORK which has long been a *Desideratum* in this Country. Though the Beauties of the National Music of Ireland have been very generally felt and acknowledged, yet it has happened, through the Want of appropriate English Words, and of the Arrangement necessary to adapt them to the Voice, that many of the most excellent Compositions have hitherto remained in Obscurity. It is intended, therefore, to form 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. Sir JOHN STEVENSON has very kindly consented to undertake the Arrangement of the Airs; and the Lovers of simple National Music may rest secure, that, in such tasteful Hands, the native Charms of the original Melody will not be sacrificed to the Ostentation of Science.

In the Poetical Part, J. POWER has had Promises of Assistance from several distinguished Literary Characters, particulary from Mr. MOORE, whose Lyrical Talent is so peculiarly suited to such a Task, and whose Zeal in the Undertaking will be best understood from the following Extract of a Letter which he has addressed to Sir JOHN STEVENSON on the Subject:—

"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 Neighbours ever deigned to allow us any Credit. Our National Music has never been properly collected:[a] 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, for want of Protection at Home, have passed into the service of Foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better Period both of Politics and Music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland at least, appears too plainly in the Tone of Sorrow and Depression which characterizes 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 compose 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 our 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 those 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 nude remanebit oratio.*' That beautiful Air, 'The Twisting of the Rope,' which has all the romantic Character of the Swiss *Rans des Vaches*, is one of those wild and sentimental Rakes which it will not be very easy to tie down in sober Wedlock with Poetry. However, notwithstanding all these Difficulties, and the very little 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.

"*Leicestershire, Feb.* 1807."

The Work will be continued in Numbers, containing each Twelve Melodies; several of them arranged for One, Two, or Three Voices.

*** J. POWER *will be much obliged by the Communication of any Original Melodies which the Lovers of Irish Music may have the Kindness to contribute to this Work.*

---

[a] The Writer forgot, when he made this Assertion, that the Public are indebted to Mr. BUNTING for a very valuable Collection of Irish Music; and that the patriotic Genius of Miss OWENSON has been employed upon some of our finest Airs.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY C. ROWORTH, BELL YARD,
TEMPLE BAR.

Second Number

A Selection of IRISH MELODIES,

with Symphonies and Accompaniments

by

SIR JOHN STEVENSON Mus. Doc.

and Characteristic Words by

Thomas Moore Esq.re

LONDON Printed & Sold at J. Power's Music & Instrument Warehouse 34 Strand

Price 10s.

To the

Nobility and Gentry

of

Ireland.

The following Work

Is respectfully Inscribed

By

The Publisher.

Silvester sc. 27 Strand

INDEX

TO

THE SECOND NUMBER OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

INDEX

TO

THE HARMONIZED AIRS.

St Senanus and the Lady.

Moderate Time

Staccato

pp

Cres

f

pp

St Senanus

p

"Oh! haste, and leave this sacred isle Unho_ly

Cres

f

p

bark! ere morning smile; For on thy deck, tho' dark it be, A female

p

Cres

hr

lentando

form I see; And I have sworn this sainted sod Shall ne'er by

p

woman's feet be trod."

p

"Oh! Father, send not hence my bark, Through win_try winds, and o'er billows

dark; I come, with hum_ble heart, to share Thy morn and ev'n _ _ ing

pray'r; Nor mine the feet, oh! ho_ly Saint, The brightness

of _ _ thy sod to taint.

TRIO

The Lady's pray'r Sena_nus spurn'd; The wind blew fresh, and the bark re_

The Lady's pray'r Sena_nus spurn'd; The wind blew fresh, and the bark re_

The Lady's pray'r Senanus spurn'd; The wind blew fresh, and the bark re_

Cres *f*

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

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

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

lentando *p*

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

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

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

isle. And giv'n the Saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

isle. And giv'n the Saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

isle. And giv'n the Saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

p

St. Serapis and the Lady

St. Serapis

"Oh hasten and leave this sacred isle
Unholy barks on morning smile
For on thy deck the dark it be
A female form I see
And I have sworn this sainted sod
Shall never by woman's foot be trod"

OH! HASTE, AND LEAVE THIS SACRED ISLE.

Air—*The Brown Thorn.*

*St. Senanus.** " OH! haste, and leave this sacred isle,
" Unholy bark! ere morning smile;
" For on thy deck, tho' dark it be,
" A female form I see;
" And I have sworn this sainted sod
" Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod!"

The Lady. " Oh! Father, send not hence my bark,
" Thro' wint'ry winds, and billows dark;
" I come, with humble heart, to share
" Thy morn and ev'ning pray'r;
" Nor mine the feet, oh! holy Saint,
" The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The Lady's pray'r Senanus spurn'd;
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd:
But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delay'd,
And given the Saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

---

* In a Metrical Life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS. and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ,* we are told of his flight to the Island of 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 Biographer:—

Cui Præsul, quid fœminis
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.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

Air—*The Twisting of the Rope.**

I.

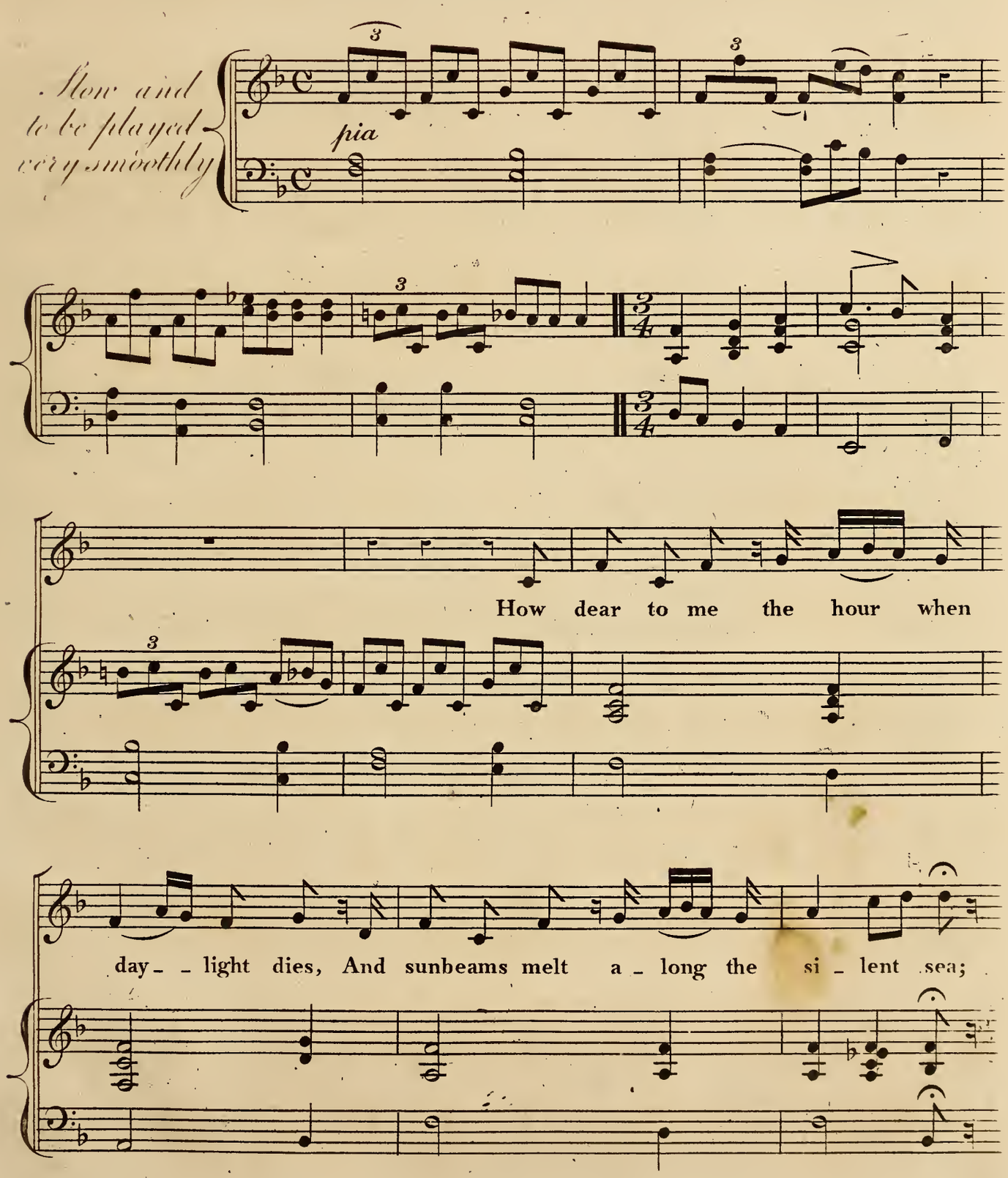
HOW dear to me the hour when day-light dies,
And sun-beams melt along the silent sea;
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And Mem'ry breathes her vesper sigh to thee!

II.

And, as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

* I had not sufficiently considered the structure of this delightful Air, when I asserted (in the Letter prefixed to this Work) that it was too wild for words of a regular metre.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies.



For then sweet dreams of o_ther days a_rise, And

lentando

Mem'ry breathes her vesper sigh to thee! For then sweet dreams of o_ther

days _ a_rise, And Mem'ry breathes her yes_per sigh _ to

thee!

pia

tenuto Dim

Cres

2d VERSE.

And, as I watch the line of light that plays Along the smooth wave tow'rd the

burning west, I long to tread that golden path _ _ of rays And

lentando

think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest! I long to tread that golden

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

pp

tenuto pp

pia

Take back the Virgin Page.

With Feeling.

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

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

lentando

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

lentando

1st 2d

lento

1st 2d

Take back the Virgin Page.

With Feeling

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

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

Some hand, more calm and sage, The leaf must fill.

Some hand, more calm and sage, The leaf must fill.

Thoughts come as pure as light, Pure as ev'n you require;

Thoughts come as pure as light, Pure as ev'n you require;

lentando 1st 2d

But oh! each word I write Love turns to fire. fire.

But oh! each word I write Love turns to fire. fire.

1st 2d

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

[*Written on returning a blank Book.*]

AIR—*Dermott.*

I.

TAKE back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still;
Some hand, more calm and sage,
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come as pure as light,
Pure as even you require;
But oh! each word I write
Love turns to fire.

II.

Yet let me keep the book;
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you!
Like you 'tis fair and bright;
Like you, too bright and fair
To let wild Passion write
One wrong wish there!

III.

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

IV.

And, as the records are,
Which wand'ring seamen keep,
Led by their hidden star,
Thro' winter's deep;
So may the words I write
Tell thro' what storms I stray,
You still the unseen light,
Guiding my way!

THE LEGACY.

AIR—*Unknown.*

I.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it liv'd upon smiles, and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn to night.

II.

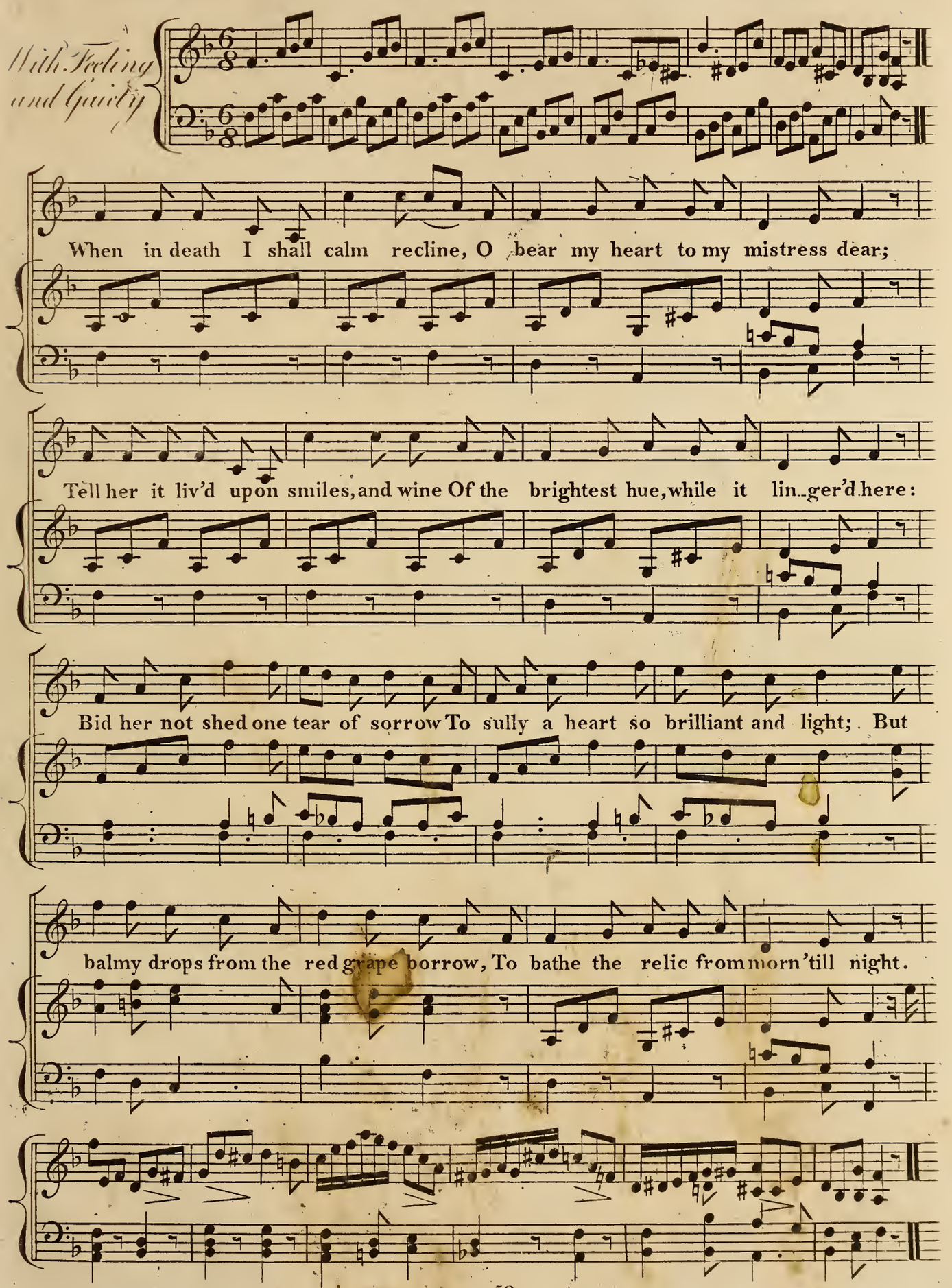
When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door
Where weary travellers love to call:*
Then if some Bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of Song.

III.

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.

When in Death I shall calm recline.



2d VERSE.

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 wea_ry tra_vel_lers love to call:

Then if some Bard, who roams for_saken, Revive its soft note in passing a_long, Oh!

let one thought of its master waken Your warmest smile for the child of song.

How oft has the Benshee cried?

Slow and with Solemnity

pia *for*

How oft' has the Benshee cried! How oft' has Death untied, Bright links that Glory wove,

pia *pp*

Sweet bonds entwin'd by love! Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth! Rest to each

Cres *for*

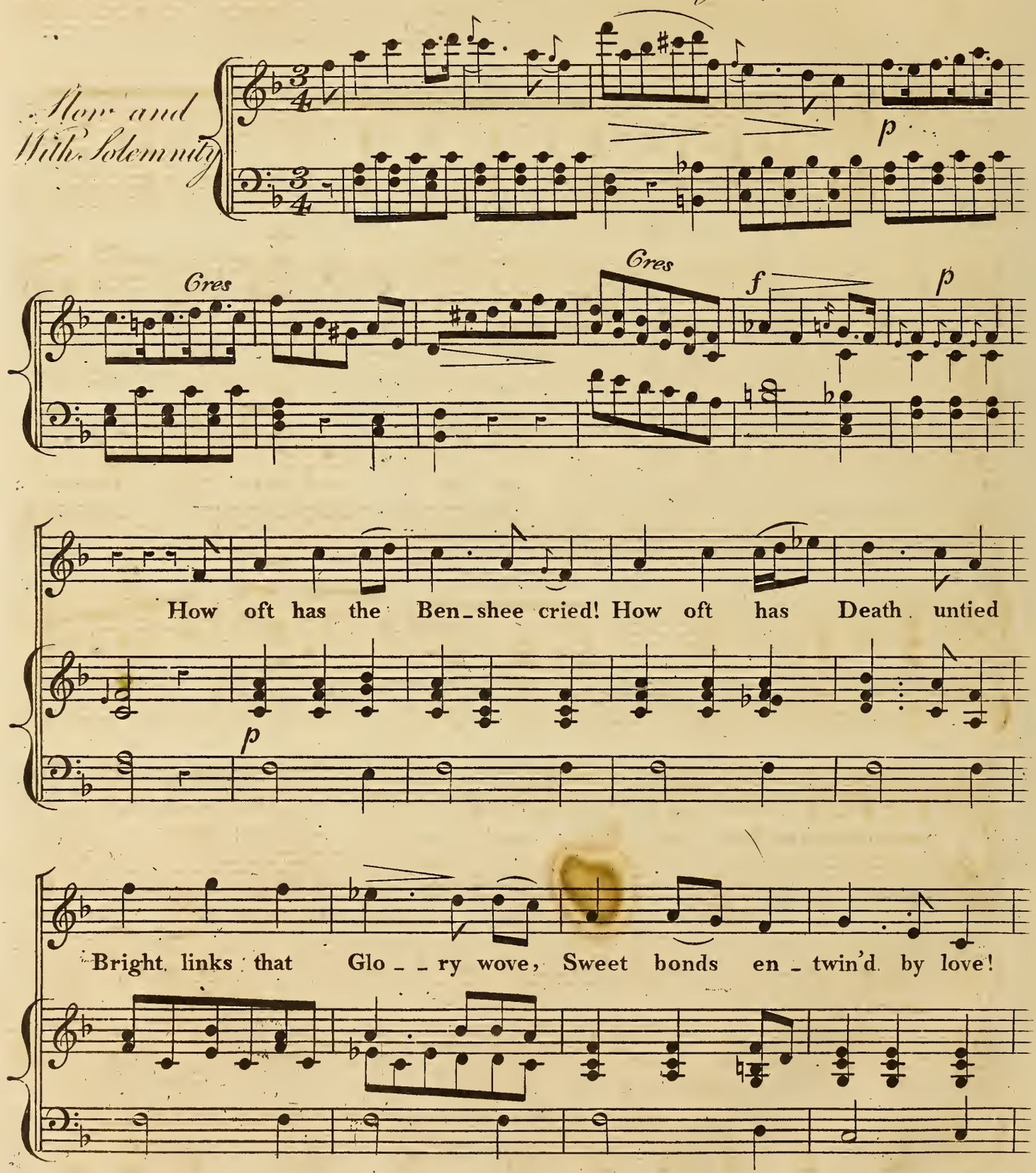
faithful eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

Dim

THE DIRGE.

How oft has the Benshee cried?

Harmonized for Four Voices.



First Voice

Peace to each man_ly soul that sleep_eth Rest to each

Second Voice

Tenor
8. Notes lower

Peace to each man_ly soul that sleep_eth Rest to each

Bass

Piano Forte

faithful eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the

eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the

p

he_ro's grave. Peace to each manly soul that sleep_eth! Rest to each

Peace to each soul that sleep_eth! Rest to each

he_ro's grave. Peace to each manly soul that sleep_eth! Rest to each

Peace Peace Rest to each

faith_ful eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

eye _ _ _ that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

p *Cres* *pp* *p*

We're fall'n up _ on gloo _ my days; Star af _ ter star de_cays:

Ev'_ ry bright name, that shed Light o'er the land, is fled.

p

Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth Lost joy or hope that ne'er returneth;

Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth Lost joy that ne'er returneth;

Cres *p*

But brightly flows the tear Wept o'er a he_ro's bier! Dark falls the

Dark falls the

But brightly flows the tear, Wept o'er a he_ro's bier! Dark falls the

Dark

tear of him who mourneth Lost joy or hope, that ne'er return_eth;

tear which mourneth Lost joy or hope, return_eth;

tear of him who mourneth Lost joy or hope, return_eth;

Dark Lost joy that ne'er _ _ _ return_eth;

But bright_ly flows the tear Wept o'er a hero's bier!

But bright_ly flows the tear Wept o'er a hero's bier!

But bright_ly flows the tear Wept o'er a hero's bier!

But bright_ly flows the tear Wept o'er a hero's bier!

p *p* *Dim* *pp*

Oh! quench'd are our bea_con lights, Thou, of the hundred fights!

Thou, on whose burn_ing tongue Truth, peace, and freedom, hung!

But mute— but, long as Va_lour shin_eth, Or Mer_cy's

But mute— but, long as Va_lour shin_eth, Or Mer_cy's

soul at war re_pineth, So long shall E_rin's pride Tell how they

soul re_pineth, So long shall E_rin's pride Tell how they

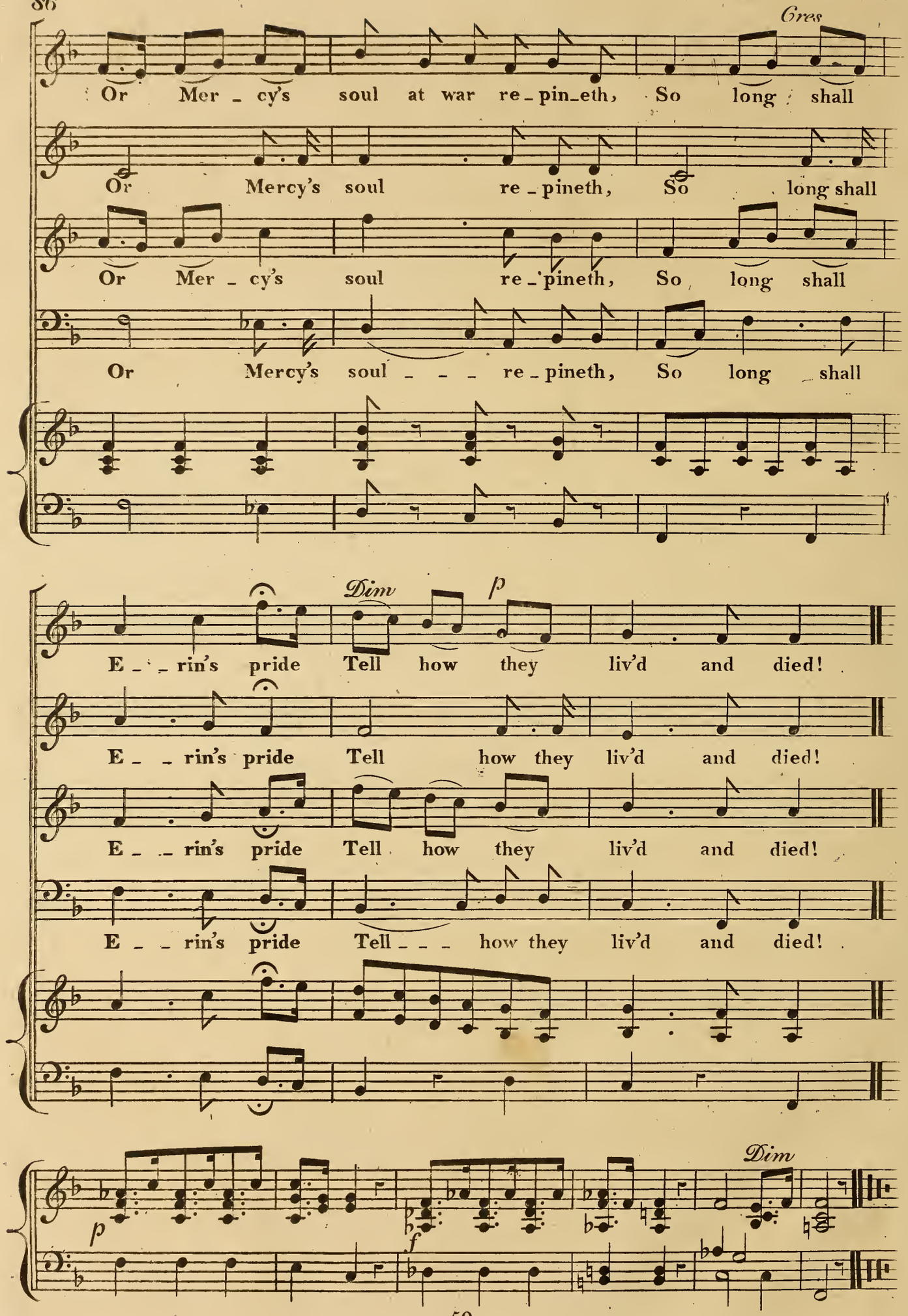
p

liv'd and died! Both mute— but, long as Va_lour shineth,

Both mute— but, while Love shineth,

liv'd and died! Both mute— but, long as Va_lour shineth,

mute— mute—


Cres
Or Mer _ cy's soul at war re _ pin_eth, So long shall
Or Mercy's soul re _ pineth, So long shall
Or Mer _ cy's soul re _ pineth, So long shall
Or Mercy's soul _ _ _ re _ pineth, So long shall
Dim
p
E _ _ rin's pride Tell how they liv'd and died!
E _ _ rin's pride Tell how they liv'd and died!
E _ _ rin's pride Tell how they liv'd and died!
E _ _ rin's pride Tell _ _ _ how they liv'd and died!
p
f
Dim

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

Air—*The dear Black Maid.*

I.

HOW oft has the Benshee cried!
How oft has Death untied
Bright links that Glory wove,
Sweet bonds entwin'd by Love!
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth!
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth!
Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave;

II.

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

III.

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

---

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

† This designation, which has been applied to LORD NELSON before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Gnive, the Bard of O'Nial, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," Page 433;—"Con, of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories!"

‡ FOX, "ultimus Romanorum."

WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.

AIR—*Garyone.*

I.

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 pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings, and be off to the west;
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own Green Isle
For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

II.

In England the garden of Beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery, plac'd within call;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd, after all.
Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells,
Which warns the touch while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

III.

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 beside his faithful oar,
Thro' billows of woe and beams of joy,
The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

We may roam thro' this World.

Merrily

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 pleasure begins to grow dull in the east, We may order our wings and be off to the west; But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile, Are the dearest gifts that Heav'n supplies, We

never need leave our own Green Isle For sen_si_tive heart and for

sun-bright eyes.Then remember wher_ever your goblet is crown'd, Thro' this

world whether eastward or westward you roam,When a cup to the smile of dear

woman goes round, Oh! remember the smile which a_dorns her at home.

Eveleen's Bower.

Plaintively

Oh! weep for the hour, When to Eveleen's bow'r The Lord of the Valley with false vows came; The moon hid her light From the Heavens that night, And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame. The clouds past soon From the chaste cold moon And Heav'n smil'd a-gain with her ves-tal flame; But none will see the day When the clouds shall pass a-way, Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

lentando

2d. VERSE.

The white snow lay On the narrow pathway, Where the Lord of the Val_ley crost o_ver the moor; And

many a deep print On the white snow's tint Shew'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door. The

next sun's ray Soon melted a_way_ Ev'ry trace on the path where the false Lord came; But

lentando

there's a light above, Which a_lone can remove That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

Evleen's Bower.

Harmonized for Three Voices.

Plaintively

Oh! weep for the hour, When to E_ve_leen's bow'r The

Lord of the Valley with false vows came; The moon hid her light From the

Heaven's that night, And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

First Voice

Tenor
8. Notes lower

Bass

Piano Forte

The clouds past soon From the chaste cold moon, And

The clouds past soon From the chaste cold moon, And

The clouds past soon From the chaste cold moon, And

Heav'n smil'd a_gain with her ves_tal flame; But none will see the day When the

Heav'n smil'd a_gain with her ves_tal flame; But no - - - - the

Heav'n smil'd a_gain with her ves_tal flame; But none will see the day When the

lentando

clouds shall pass a_way, Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

clouds ne'er pass a_way, Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

clouds pass a_way, Which that hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

lentando

2d VERSE.

The white snow lay On the nar_row path_ _ way, Where the

Lord of the Val_ley crost o_ver the moor; And many a deep print On the

white snows tint Shew'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door

The next sun's ray Soon melted a_way Ev'ry trace on the path where the

The next sun's ray Soon melted a_way Ev'ry trace on the path where the

The next sun's ray Soon melted a_way Ev'ry trace on the path where the

false Lord came; But there's a light above, Which a_lone can remove That

false Lord came; But there's a light a_bove, can remove That

false Lord came; But there's a light a_bove, Which a_lone can remove That

lentando

stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

stain upon fair Eveleen's fame.

lentando

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

Air—*Unknown.**

I.

OH! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the Heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.
The clouds past soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And Heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

II.

The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way
Where the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Shew'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.
The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Ev'ry trace on the path where the false Lord came;
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

* 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!"

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

AIR—*The Red Fox.*

I.

LET Erin remember the days of old,
  Ere her faithless sons betray'd her,
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,*
  Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
  Led the Red-Branch Knights† to danger,
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
  Was set in the crown of a stranger.

II.

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

---

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

WARNER'S HISTORY OF IRELAND, Vol. I. Book 9.

† "Military Orders of Knights were very early established in Ireland: long before the Birth of CHRIST we find an hereditary Order of Chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh,* or the Knights of the Red-Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the Palace of the Ulster Kings, called *Teagh na Craoibhe ruadh,* or the Academy of the Red-Branch; and contiguous to which was a large Hospital, founded for the sick Knights and Soldiers, called *Bron-bhearg,* or the House of the Sorrowful Soldier."

O'HALLORAN'S INTRODUCTION, &c. Part I. Chap. 5.

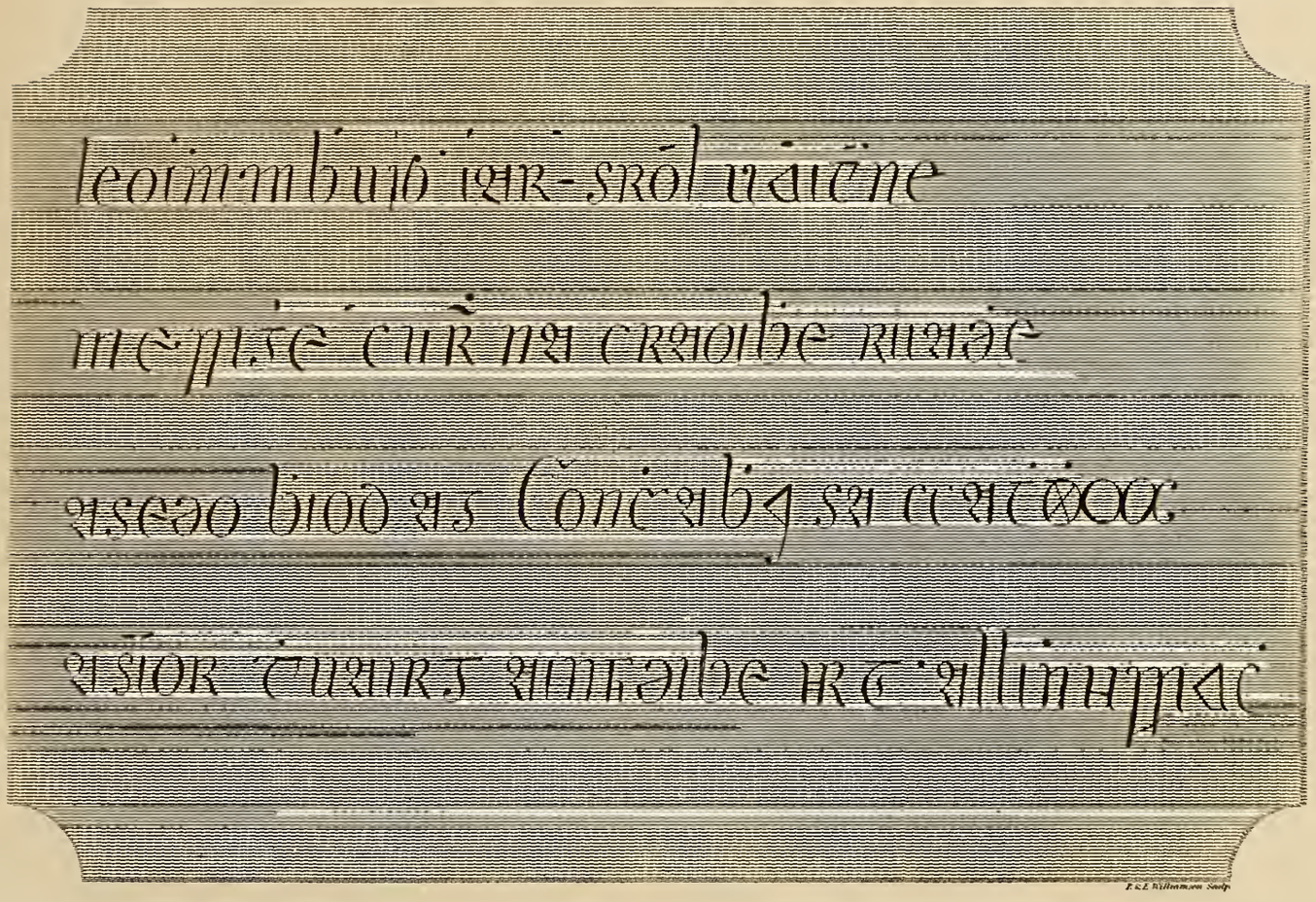
The Inscription upon Connor's Tomb (for the Fac-Simile of which I am indebted to Mr. Murphy, Chaplain of the late Lady Moira) has not I believe, been noticed by any Antiquarian or Traveller.

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

TOPOGR. HIB. DIST. 2. C. 9.

Fac Simile

of an ancient Irish Inscription upon a Tomb stone in the Abbey of Multifernon, County of Westmeath, Ireland.

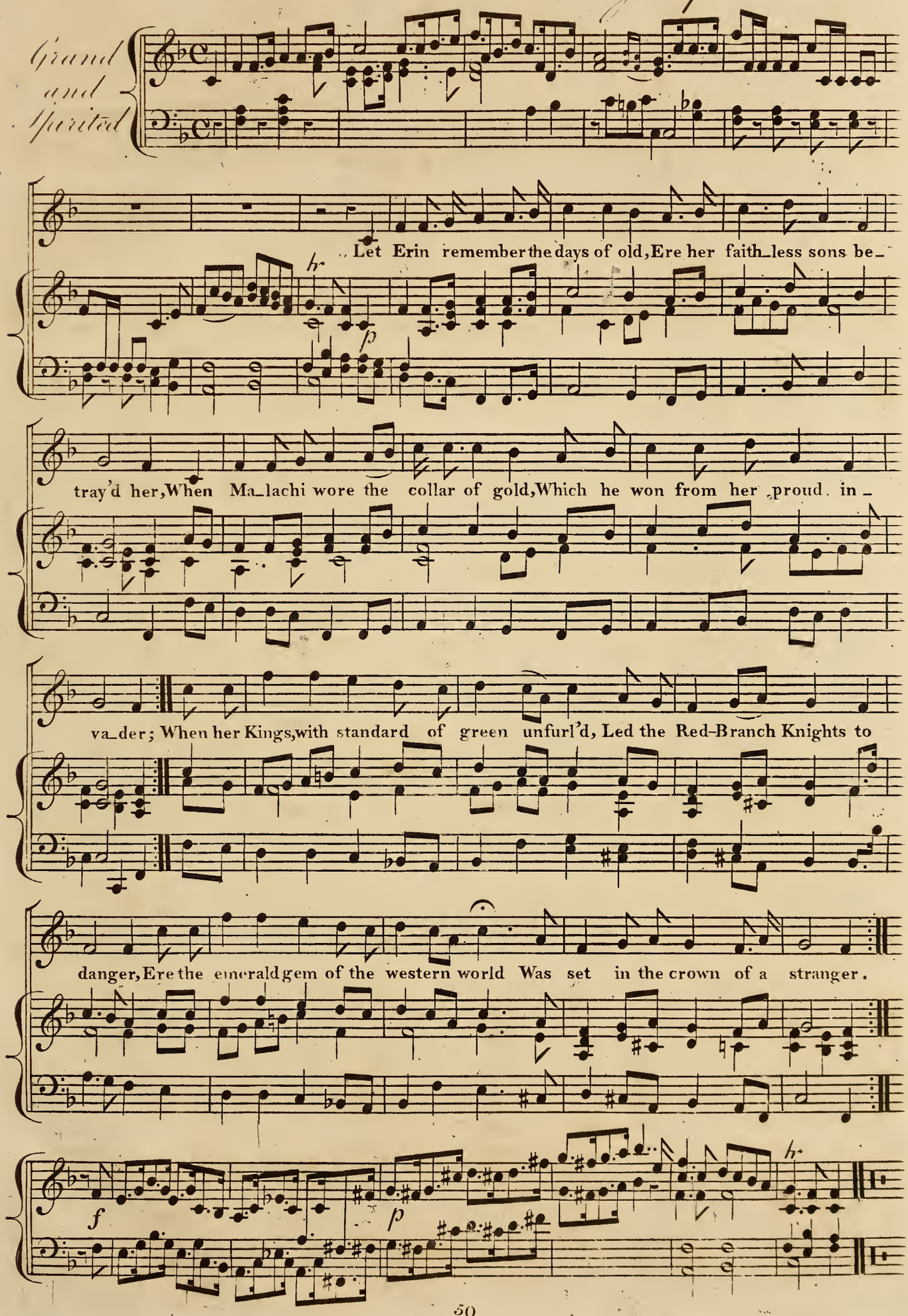


F. & E. Williamson Sculp.

Translation

A yellow Lion upon green Sattin
The Standard of the Heroes of the Red Branch
Which Conor carried in Battle
During his frequent Wars, for the expulsion of Foreigners.

Let Erin remember the days of Old.



2d VERSE.

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eve's de_

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eve's de_

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eve's de_

pia

clin_ _ing, He sees the round tow'rs of o_ther days In the

clin_ _ing, He sees the round tow'rs of o_ther days In the

clin_ _ing, He sees the round tow'rs of o_ther days In the

wave be_neath him shin_ _ing! Thus shall Mem'_ry of_ten, in

hr

wave be_neath him shin_ _ing! Thus shall Mem'ry often, in

wave be_neath him shin_ _ing! Thus shall Mem'ry often, in

dreams sub_lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are o_ver; Thus

dreams sub_lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are o_ver; Thus

dreams sub_lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are o_ver; Thus

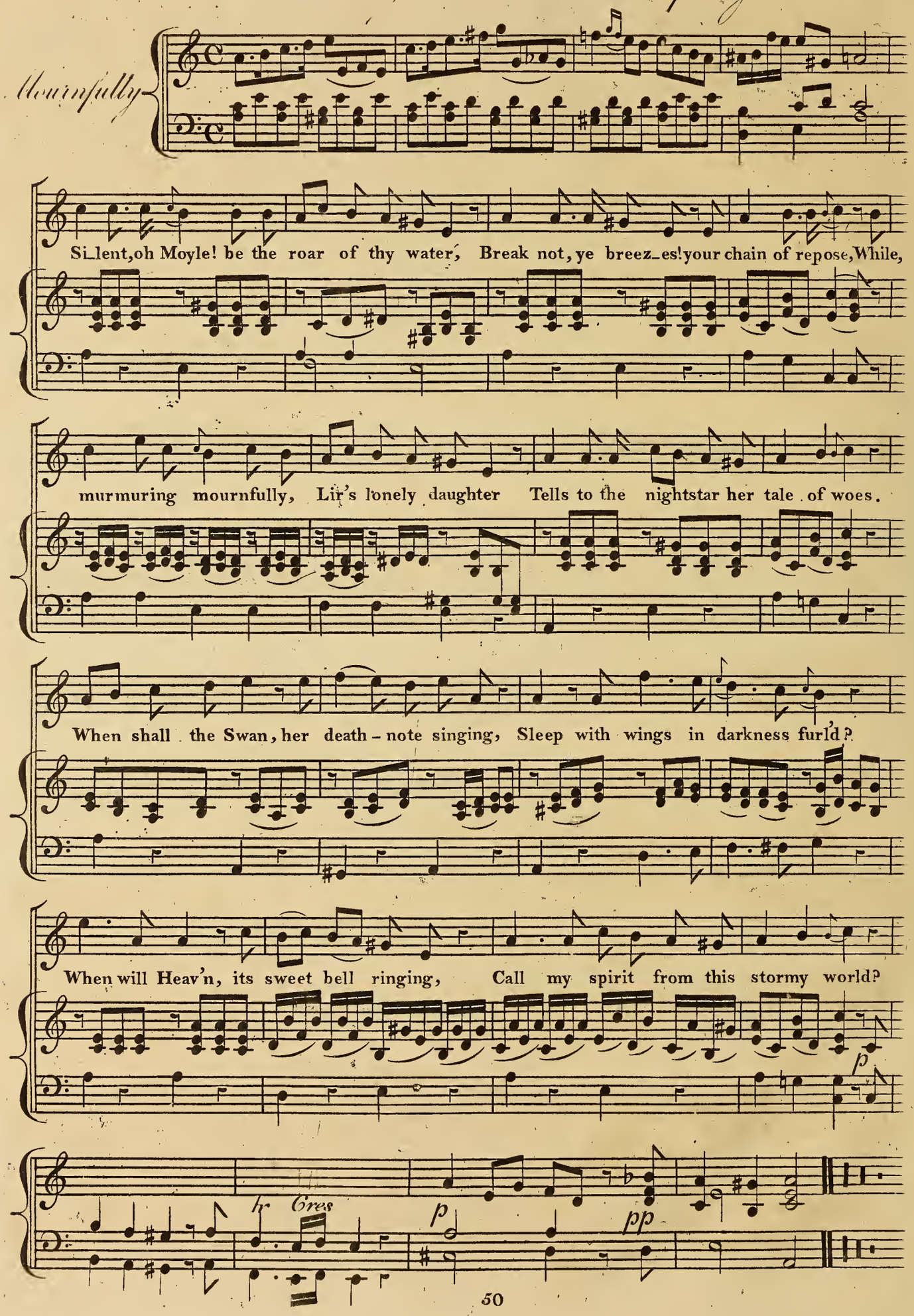
sighing, look thro' the waves of Time For the long_faded glories they co_ver!

sighing, look thro' the waves of Time For the long_faded glories they co_ver!

sighing, look thro' the waves of Time For the long_faded glories they co_ver!

for *pia* *for* *h.*

Silent, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy water.



THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.*

AIR—*Arrah, my dear Eveleen.*

I.

SILENT, oh Moyle! be the roar of thy water,
  Break not, ye breezes! your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
  Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the Swan, her death-note singing,
  Sleep with wings in darkness furl'd?
When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
  Call my spirit from this stormy world?

III.

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

---

* To make this story intelligible in a Song, would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a Swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers of Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the Mass-bell, was to be the signal of her release.—I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of MOIRA.

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

Air—*We brought the Summer with us.*

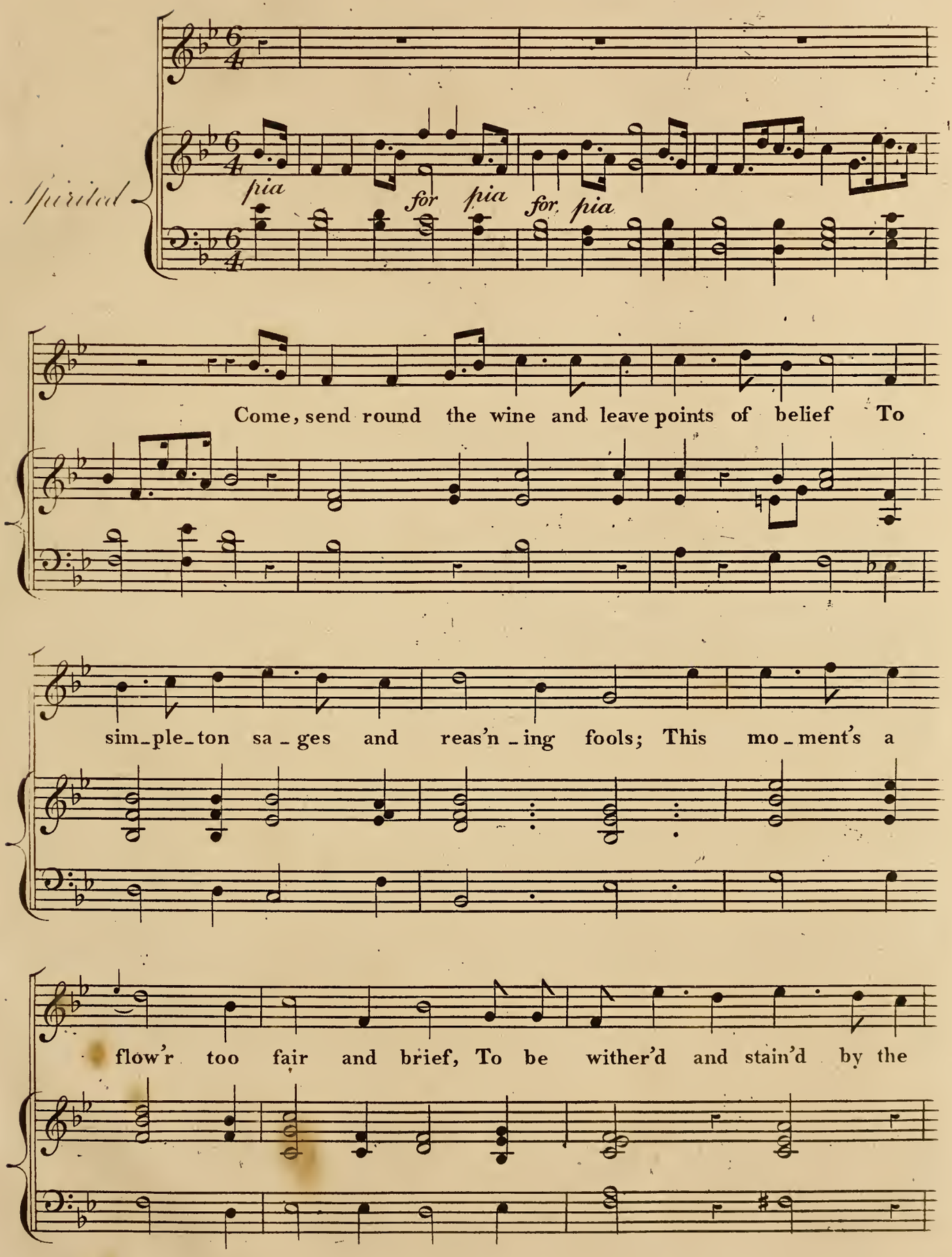
I.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages and reasoning fools;
This moment's a flower too fair and brief
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue;
But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
The fool who would quarrel for difference of hue
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

II.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valu'd and try'd,
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, or love, by a standard like this!

Come send round the Wine.



Scherzand

più

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 De_

serves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

for pia for

for pia

Sublime was the warning which Liberty spoke.

With Spirit

Sub_lime was the warning which Li_ber_ty spoke, And grand was the moment when

Spaniards awoke Into life and revenge from the Conqueror's chain! Oh,

Liberty! let not this spirit have rest Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west-Give the

light of your look to each sorrowing spot, Nor, oh! be the Shamrock of Erin forgot, While you

add to your garland the Olive of Spain!

2d VERSE.

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

home its de_lights; If de_ceit be a wound and sus_picion a stain; Then, ye

men of L_beria! our cause is the same—And, oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name, Who would

ask for a nobler, a holier death, Than to turn his last sigh in_to Victory's breath. For the

Shamrock of E_rin and O_live of Spain!

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

Air—*The Black Joke.*

I.

SUBLIME was the warning which Liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
Into life and revenge from the Conqueror's chain!
Oh, Liberty! let not this spirit have rest
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west—
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
Nor, oh! be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,
While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain!

II.

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,
Give to country its charm and to home its delights;
If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
Then, ye men of Iberia! our cause is the same—
And, oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into Victory's breath
For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

III.

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,
Breathe a hope that the magical flame, which you light,
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright;
And forgive even Albion, while, blushing, she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

IV.

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

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

AIR—*My Lodging is on the cold Ground.*

I.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,—
Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still!

II.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear!
Oh! the heart, that has truly lov'd, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose!

Believe me if all those endearing young Charms.

With Feeling

Be_lieve me, if all those en_dearing young charms, Which I gaze on so fondly to day, Were to change by to_morrow, and fleet in my arms, Like fairy-gifts, fading a_way,-Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art, Let thy loveliness fade as it will; And a_round the dear ruin each wish of my heart Would en_twine itself verdantly still!

Believe me if all those endearing young Charms,

Harmonized for Two Voices.

With Feeling

Treble

Be_lieve me, if all those endearing young charms, Which I gaze on so

Tenor
8. Notes lower

Be_lieve me, if all those endearing young charms, Which I gaze on so

Piano Forte

fondly to day, Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms, Like

fondly to day, Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms, Like

fai_ry gifts fading a _ way,— Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art, Let thy

fai_ry gifts fading a _ way,— Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art, Let thy

loveli_ness fade as it will; And a_round the dear ruin each wish of my heart Would en_

loveliness fade as it will; And a_round the dear ruin each wish of my heart Would en_

twine itself verdantly still!

twine itself verdantly still!

pia

2d VERSE.

It is not while beauty and youth are thy own, And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a

It is not while beauty and youth are thy own, And thy cheeks unpro_fan'd by a

tear, That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more

tear, That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more

dear! Oh! the heart which has truly lov'd never forgets But as tru_ly loves on to the

dear! Oh! the heart which has truly lov'd never forgets But as tru_ly loves on to the

close; As the sun-flow_er turns to her god, when he sets, The same look which she

close; As the sun-flower turns to her god, when he sets, The same look which she

turn'd when he rose!

turn'd when he rose!

pia

Printed by J. Power, 34 Strand, London.