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SIXTY IRISH SONGS

SIXTY IRISH SONGS

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ARMS FISHER

FOR HIGH VOICE

BOSTON : OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

NEW YORK : CHAS. H. DITSON & CO. CHICAGO : LYON & HEALY

FOR THE PIANO

[PRICE: PAPER, $1.50; CLOTH, $2.50]

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IRISH MUSIC

A voice beside the dim enchanted river,
Out of the twilight where the brooking trees
Hear the Shannon's druid water chant forever
Tales of dead kings and bards and shanachies;
A girl's young voice out of the twilight singing
Old songs beside the legendary stream.
A girl's clear voice o'er the wan waters ringing,
Beats with its wild wings at the Gates of Dream.

. . . . . .

Sweet in its plaintive Irish modulations,
Her fresh young voice tuned to old sorrows seems,
The passionate cry of countless generations
Keenes in her breast as there she sings and dreams.
No more, sad voice; for now the dawn is breaking
Through the long night, through Ireland's night of tears.
New songs wake in the morning of her awaking
From the enchantment of eight hundred years.

JOHN TODHUNTER

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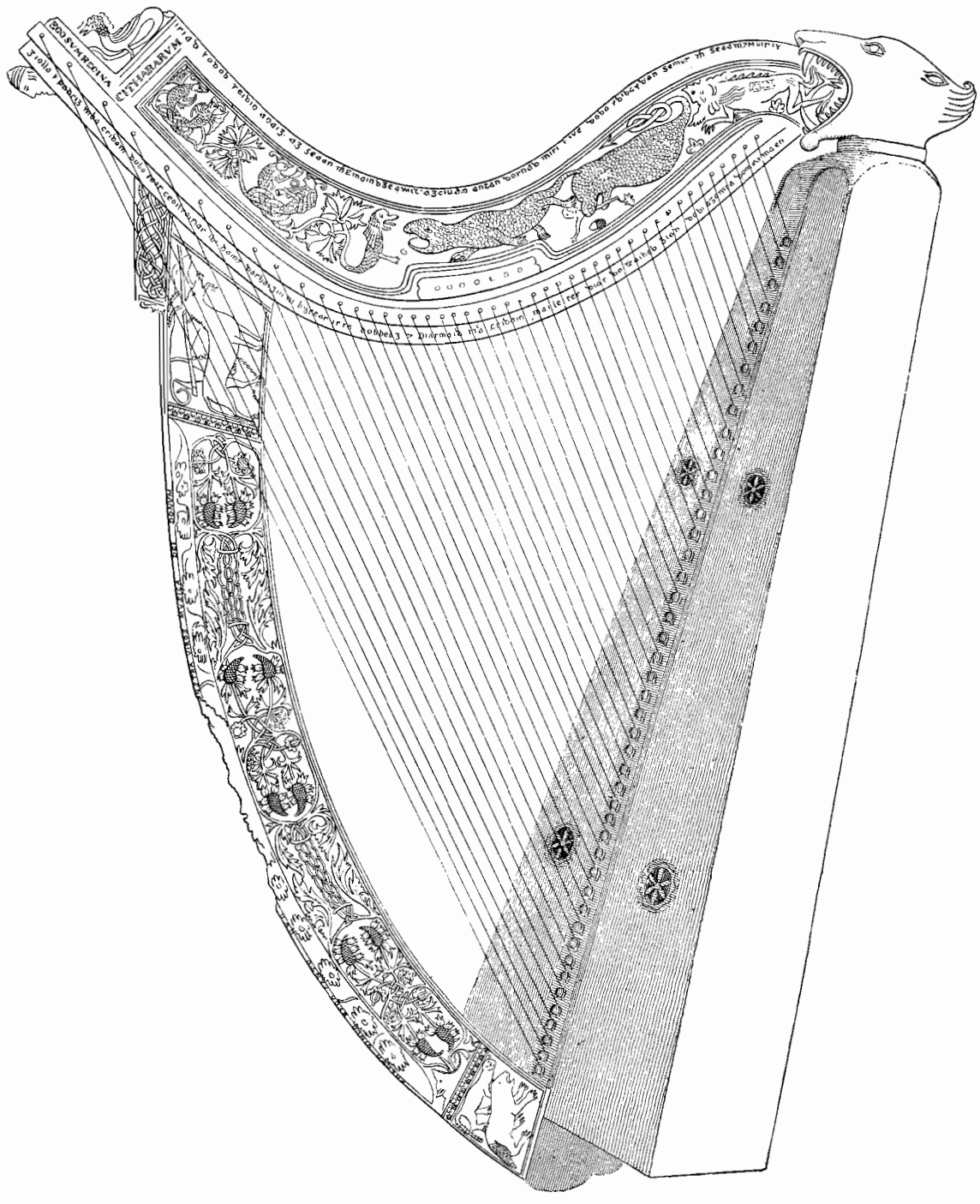
ANCIENT IRISH HARP

IN 1809 THIS INSTRUMENT WAS IN THE POSSESSION OF NOAH DALNIAY, ESQ., OF BELLAHILL, NEAR CARRICKFERGUS. AN ENGRAVING WAS MADE OF IT FOR THE FRONTISPIECE OF EDWARD BUNTING'S ANCIENT IRISH MUSIC, PUBLISHED IN LONDON, NOVEMBER, 1809



TRANSLATION OF THE INSCRIPTIONS

EGO SUM REGINA CITHARUM = I AM THE QUEEN OF HARPS

FROM THE GAELIC, BEGINNING WITH THE UPPER LINE: I, JOHN MCEMGIN, HAD AS MY PATRON, GERALD OF CLUAN, AT THE TIME THAT I PROFESSED POETRY AND MUSIC; AMONG MY OTHER PATRONS WERE JAMES MACSHANE AND MAURICE GILPATRICK, WHO WERE FAMOUS AS MEN OF MUSIC, KNOWN TO ME AS BEING UNEXCELLED; I MAY ALSO MENTION DIARMAID MACCRIDAM AND WITH HIM TWO SAGES OF AN ANCIENT SCHOOL WHO WERE WITH ME AS COLLABORATORS

SIXTY IRISH SONGS

OF the sixty songs included in this volume one-third are familiar to lovers of Irish music, while two-thirds are presented for the first time; that is, nearly forty folk-melodies of Ireland are here united to lyrics by Irish poets and welded with accompaniments that seek to express their spirit.

These melodies were culled by an examination of more than two thousand recorded folk-tunes, most of them wordless.

Songs hitherto published based on Irish folk-tunes have been of two types: the poet seeking melodies to match his lyrics, or the musician seeking lyrics to fit chosen melodies. Thomas Moore was of the first type, though he did not hesitate to change the melodies to fit his own lyrics. His successors have been of the second type, notably Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, who, respecting and cherishing the melodies of his country, has been fortunate in having the co-operation of an Irish lyricist of kindred spirit, Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, who with uncommon skill and sympathy wrote or adapted lyrics to match the recorded melodies without change.

A third and hitherto untried plan has been followed in the preparation of this volume. Instead of employing lyrics written to order, the editor has turned directly to the wealth of modern Irish lyric poetry, and after examining volumes containing in the aggregate over two thousand poems, he culled nearly two hundred that had the song quality, that were of the music-provoking type. Therefore the lyrics, instead of being by one hand, are the spontaneous work of many Irish poets.

After selecting melodies of charm and lyrics that were songful came the delicate task of finding the right melody for a chosen lyric, or the appropriate lyric for a chosen air, *without changing either melody or lyric* — the *sine qua non* being their mutual fitness, not merely in metre and in rhythm but in spirit, in kinship. The two should so accord as to seem to have been written for each other, or even written together. With what measure of success this new plan has been carried out the completed songs must evidence.

The fourth stage in the work was the congenial task of welding chosen melody and lyric into a complete union by means of an expressive accompaniment. As folksongs in their natural state are without accompaniment or any harmonic support whatever, the question arises as to the style of accompaniment most appropriate for them, or, indeed, whether they should be accompanied at all. To the extreme position of some folklorists it is enough to say, that unless these folk-tunes are to remain sealed in the silence of antiquarian tomes and the journals of Folksong societies, they must be given not only words but accompaniments. Shall these accompaniments be reduced to a mere skeleton barely sufficient to support the voice, or shall they be enriched with something of the color our sophisticated modern ears demand?

Broadly speaking, there are two ways of writing accompaniments to old melodies: the way of the *arranger*, and the way of the *composer*. The first manufactures a conventional piano part that is as unobtrusive as possible and therefore colorless and dull; the second, with careful regard for the character of both melody and text, creates a colorful accompaniment that enhances both, gives them fresh significance, and when most perfectly done charms the listener with the impression of a fresh and spontaneous creation. The humdrum commonplaceness of the first type suits well the pedestrian mind, and endless examples abound. The danger in the second type is lack of due restraint and forgetfulness of the beauty of simplicity. It may, of course, be argued that the natural sincerity and essential *naïveté* of folk-tunes tend to disappear, the more subtle the supplied accompaniment; that folk-music and art-music are too distinct and separate by nature to merge. These questions can be hotly debated.

The wordless folk-tunes in the first volume of Edward Bunting's *Ancient Irish Music* (London, 1796) led to the writing of Thomas Moore's earlier *Melodies*. In the poet's own words: "They were the mine from which the workings of my labors as a poet have derived their lustre and value."

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, the eminent Irish musician, in the preface to his revision of Moore's *Irish Melodies* (London, 1894), while acknowledging the value of Moore's work as the first popular presentation of the folksongs of Ireland, says: "There is scarcely a melody which Moore left unaltered, and, as a necessary consequence, unspoilt."

Moore's *Melodies* were published in sections at intervals from 1807 to 1834.[1] The poet's first co-laborer was Sir John Stevenson, who wrote the piano accompaniments in the current style of his day. Dr. Stanford calls him "a remarkable musician," but "much under the influence of the works of Haydn, and he seems to have imported into his arrangements a dim echo of the style of the great Austrian composer. He could scarcely have chosen a model more unsuited for the wildness and ruggedness of the music with which he had to deal." But Sir John, eminent in his own day, wrote in the fashion of his time, just as the eminent Sir Charles has accompanied the very same melodies in the fashion of his later day, stamped of course with his individual traits.

Bunting made his arrangements in the artificial florid style of the period; Beethoven's settings of Irish airs bear his own hallmark; Stevenson's thin and dry harmonizations[2] doubtless pleased Tom Moore's listeners, as the later arrangements of Bishop, Balfe, Hatton, and Molloy have in turn fitted the ever changing fashion of musical speech. Professor Stanford's late Victorian arrangements, again, are written in an idiom that his juniors doubtless regard as already passing, and, recently, Irish airs have appeared in London dressed in a garb that shows the influence, not of the remote Handel and Haydn, or the late Johannes Brahms, but of the contemporary Debussy.

In the nature of things no writer can escape his own period, can help inhaling the common air, or avoid writing in the current speech of his day. It is enough, then, to say that the accompaniments in this volume were written not yesterday but to-day, well knowing that to-morrow other hands will with equal enthusiasm set these and other Irish airs in a fashion that, whether simple or complex, will be of to-morrow.

As the writer has prepared these songs for singers to sing, rather than for students of folk-song, he has sought to weld melody, text, and harmonic scheme into songs that would appeal, not because of their source, but because they held something of that beauty the artist forever seeks. These songs were gathered "That all who hear may dream a little while." From a rich abundance a few sprays have been torn — torn

"from the green boughs of old Eire,
Green boughs of tossing always weary, weary!
The willow of the many-sorrowed world."

. . .

Few but avowed Celticists know with what lavish richness Ireland has poured out her heart in both melody and poetry. As this volume is a union of both, it is not out of place to say a word regarding each and to quote from those who speak with authority.

As to the abundance of Irish folk-music, none

[1] A Selection of Irish Melodies, with Symphonies and Accompaniments by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc., and characteristic words by Thomas Moore, Esq., *London, James Power, was issued in ten parts and a supplement between 1807 and 1834. The piano accompaniments of the first seven parts are by Stevenson. Part Seven is dated, October 1, 1818. Moore's co-laborer for the remaining parts was Sir Henry Bishop, Part Eight bearing the date, May, 1821. A pirated edition of this part appeared in Dublin in the same year, edited by the musician Bishop had supplanted — Sir John Stevenson.*

[2] *In* A Prefatory Letter to the Marchioness Dowager of D—— *that opens the original edition of the first volume of the* Irish Melodies *Moore feels called upon "to add a few words in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs by the chromatic richness of the symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his harmonies." This letter is dated, January, 1810.*

can speak with greater knowledge than the late Dr. P. W. Joyce, long President of the "Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland," himself an indefatigable collector of folk-tunes and an authority on Irish life and history. In his important collection, *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs* (London and Dublin, 1909), he states that over three thousand different Irish airs are now in print, and that from known sources this number could readily be increased to five thousand.

As to the character and quality of this abundance, Sir Hubert Parry writes: "Irish folk-music is probably the most human, most varied, most poetical in the world, and is particularly rich in tunes which imply considerable sympathetic sensitiveness."

Another English writer, Dr. Ernest Walker, is even more eloquent, for in his *History of Music in England* (Oxford, 1907) he says: "Few musicians have been found to question the assertion that Irish folk-music is, on the whole, the finest that exists. It ranges with wonderful ease over the whole gamut of human emotion from the cradle to the battlefield, and is unsurpassed in poetical and artistic charm. . . . In their miniature form the best Irish folk-tunes are gems of absolutely flawless lustre. . . . For sheer beauty of melody, the works of Mozart, Schubert, and the Irish folk-composers form a triad that is unchallenged in the whole range of art. . . . In form, as well as melody, the best Irish folk-music is exceptionally polished. The phrases have a quite exceptional freedom from anything like either vagueness or stiffness of line; the melodies never tie themselves into knots, and the rhythmical basis is always firm and coherent."

They who drink of Irish music draw from an olden fountain; its haunting airs bring back to mind forgotten things from long ago. It is to be regretted that the words of Ireland's recorded folksongs have, for the most part, been lost, yet the records of Irish literature are older far than any surviving music, for, in the words of the eminent Gaelic scholar, Professor Kuno Mayer, "The vernacular literature of ancient Ireland is the most primitive and original among the literatures of Western Europe. Its importance as the earliest voice from the dawn of West European civilization cannot be denied. It is not till the end of the eleventh century that we find the beginnings of a national literature in France and Germany; whereas Ireland had become the heiress of the classical and theological learning of the Western Empire of the third and fourth centuries, and a period of humanism was thus ushered in which reached its culmination during the sixth and following centuries, the Golden Age of Irish civilization." It was then that "Ireland drew upon herself the eyes of the whole world as the one haven of rest, as the great seminary of learning, in a turbulent world overrun by hordes of barbarians."

In the same vein Renan, in his essay *La Poésie de la Race Celtique*, writes: "Ireland is the sole country of Europe where the native can produce authentic documents of his remote unbroken lineage, and designate with certainty, up to prehistoric ages, the source from which he sprang. Restricted by conquest to some islands and peninsulas of the West, the Celtic race has habitually striven to oppose an impassable barrier to all alien influences. This ancient race has come down to our day still faithful to its language, its memories, its ideals, and its genius. In the grand concert of the human species, no family equals this for penetrating voices that go to the heart."

A strange melancholy characterizes the genius of the Celtic race. In the words of William Sharp: "For all the blithe songs and happy abandon of so many Irish singers, the Irish themselves have given us the most poignant, the most hauntingly sad lyric cries in all modern literature. Renan fully recognizes this, and how, even in the heroic age, the melancholy of inappeasable regret, of insatiable longing, is as obvious as in our own day, when spiritual weariness is as an added crown of thorns." Whence comes this sadness, he asks? "Take the songs of the sixth century bards; they mourn more defeats than they sing victories. The history of the Celtic race itself is but a long complaint, the lament of exiles, the

grief of despairing flights beyond the seas. If occasionally it seems to make merry, a tear ever lurks behind the smile." As one of her own poets has said of Eire: "The sorrow of a thousand years makes dark her ever youthful eyes."

The use of English by the native poets of Ireland may be said to have begun toward the end of the eighteenth century. At first the flavor of this Anglo-Celtic poetry was local and national rather than universal. It voiced the passion for nationality, or the cry of the exile in remembrance of his land with its wild and romantic past. Sometimes it voiced the spirit of rebellion, or the pain of misery and famine, the misery of a whole country; or in wild revolt from sadness it sang with rollicking abandon, or pictured the tender idyls of peasant life that appear despite Ireland's turmoil and pain. Much of this poetry is unpretentious and reaches no high level, for, with a few exceptions, it is only lately, in what is called the Celtic Revival, that Irish poetry in English can claim to be a fine art. The poets of this later group for the most part remain distinctively Irish, as they should, but their best work has the universal quality, and by its distinction of form, its haunting beauty, and its wistful charm, it gives them an individual place in the Song of the World.

The poetry of this modern group has what Matthew Arnold calls the "Celtic nearness to Nature and her secret; Celtic aerialness and magic; the sheer, inimitable Celtic note." The contemporary Anglo-Celtic poetry of Ireland, writes William Sharp, "has a quality which no other English poetry possesses in like degree; the quality which Matthew Arnold defined as natural magic — 'Celtic poetry drenched in the dew of natural magic.'"

That "inimitable Celtic note" lurks in the melodies and lyrics of this volume, for they both are Ireland's own. The editor on his part has sought only to enhance that note, and not to obtrude aught that is alien or discordant. In so far as he has succeeded will these songs pass on to others that magic of the Celt which Ireland's native songs have in a peculiar degree.

"Ne'er forgetful silence fall on thee,
Old music heard by Mona of the sea.
Nor may that eerie, wistful music die;
Still in the far, fair Gaelic places
Its sighing wakes the soul in withered faces,
And wakes remembrance of great things gone by."

Wm. Arms Fisher

Boston, June 15, 1915

SIXTY IRISH SONGS

ALL IN THE MORNING EARLY, O!

KATHARINE TYNAN-HINKSON

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

With brightness

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. The lit - tle red lark is shak - ing his wings, Straight from the breast of his
2. The beard of bar - ley is old man's - gray, All green and sil - ver the

rit. *a tempo*

love he springs; Lis - ten the lilt of the song he
new - mown hay, The dew from his wings he has sha - ken

rit. *a tempo*

poco rit. *a tempo*

sings, All in the morn - ing ear - ly, O! The
way, All in the morn - ing ear - ly, O! The

poco rit. *a tempo*

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sea is rock-ing a cra - dle hark! To a hush - ing song, and the
lit-tle red lark is high in the sky, No ea - gle soars where the

poco rit. *a tempo* *cresc.*

fields are dark, And would I were there with the lit - tle red lark,
lark may fly. Where are you go - ing to, high, so high?

poco rit. *a tempo* *cresc.*

All in the morn - ing ear - ly, O!
All in the morn - ing ear - ly, O!

a tempo *mf*

3. His wings and feath - ers are sun - rise red; He hails the

mf *mf*

sun and his gold-en head; Good-mor-row, sun, you are long a-bed.

All in the morn-ing ear-ly, O! I would I were where the lit-tle red

lark Up in the dawn, like a rose-red spark, Sheds the

brillante

day on the fields so dark, All in the morn-ing ear-ly, O!

f cresc.

f cresc.

sfz

Ped.

AT DAWNING OF THE DAY

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

With animation

PIANO

mf

1. As I roam'd out one morn - ing The stars were in the sky, But
2. Her feet out - vied the dai - sies, Her hair out-shone the sun; Her

f

Chan-ti - cleer his warn - ing Had flung it low and high. The
beau-ty, like the Gra - ces, Did join all sweets in one. Her

poco

accel.

lit - tle birds were talk - ing, The moun - tains yet were
eyes like twin - stars mar - ried, Her breath of new - mown

poco accel.

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poco rit.

gray, When *)Col-leen Dhas came walk - ing At— dawn - ing— of the
hay; A— milk-ing pail she— car - ried At— dawn - ing— of the

poco rit.

day.
day.

a tempo

p

cresc.

mf

3. Now,— are you ten - der— He - be? Or— may - be Ju - no—

mf

cresc.

bright? Your name it might be— Phoe - be, That robs the— sun of

cresc.

*) **Colleen Dhas:**—Pretty, fair-haired maiden.

poco accel.

light. Or_ are you love - ly___ Ve - nus That close be-side me___

poco accel.

poco rit.

stray? With the milk - ing - pail_ be - tween us At___ dawn - ing of the

poco rit.

day.

4. "Young

p

man," she said, "don't flat - ter, Your glance is bold and___ free; No___

stran-ger's praise will_ mat - ter To_ vir - tuous maids like me. Pray

deciso

go where you were go - ing, I_ take the oth - er_ way; And I

hear my Crum - my_ low - ing At_ dawn - ing_ of the day."

cresc.

a tempo

5. Up - on a bunch of_

rush - es A - lone I sat and_ heard Her_ voice out - sing the_

thrush - es And ev - 'ry_ wak-'ning bird. I_ heard the sweet milk

meno mosso

f

spurt - ing, The_ hedge be-tween us_ lay, And I long'd that we_ were_

court - ing At_ dawn - ing of the day.

f

meno mosso

3

Ped. ✻

AVENGING AND BRIGHT

THOMAS MOORE

Air: "Cruachàn na Fèine"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Con moto

VOICE

PIANO

f

1. A - - ven - ging and bright fall the swift sword of E - rin, On
2. By the red cloud that hung o - ver Con - or's dark "dwell-ing" When

sfz

him who the brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd! For
Ul - ad's three cham-pions lay sleep - ing in gore By the

dim.

dim.

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ev - 'ry_ fond_ eye which he wa - ken'd a_ tear in, A
bil - lows_ of_ war, which so oft - en,_ high swell - ing, Have

drop from his_ heart-wounds shall weep o'er_ her_ blade.
waft - ed_ these he - roes to vic - to - ry's_ shore!

rit.

rit.

a tempo

sfz

3. We swear to_ re - venge them! no joy shall be tast - ed, The

dim.

dim.

harp shall be si - lent, the maid - en un - wed, Our

halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wast - ed, Till

f cresc.

f cresc.

ven - geance is wreak'd on the mur - der - er's head!

rit.

rit.

a tempo

f

4. Yes mon - arch! tho' sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, Tho'

dim.

dim.

sweet are the tears that from ten - der - ness fall; Tho'

f cresc.

sweet are our friend - ships, our hopes and af - fec - tions, Re -

f cresc.

venge on a ty - rant is sweet - est of all!

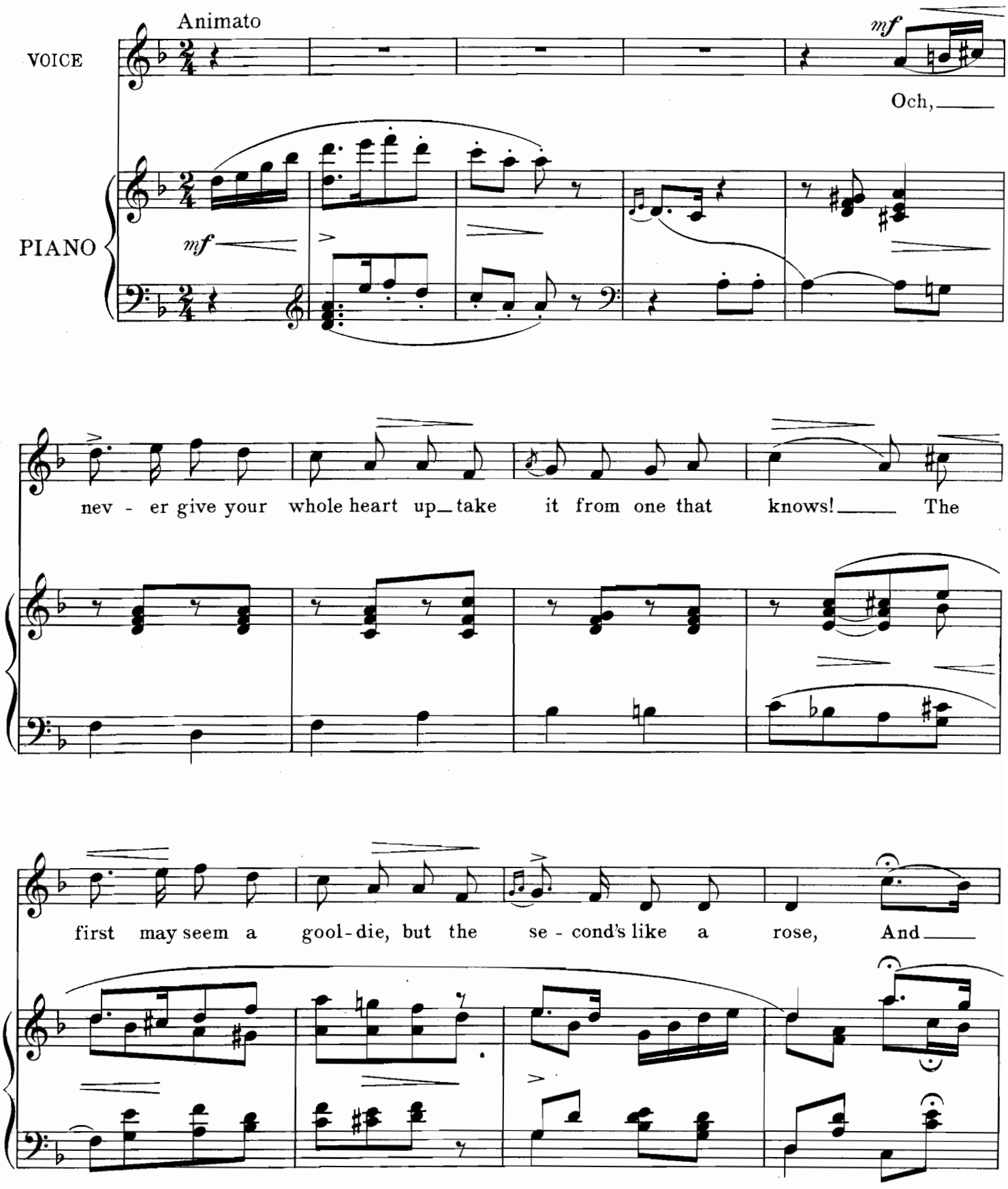
rit.

rit.

THE BLATHERSKITE

ARTHUR STRINGER

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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cresc.

kiss - in' still is kiss - in', lad, from An - trim down to Clare,— And the

cresc.

world is full of wom - en so the div - el take the care!

mf

Aye,— kiss a - way their

tears, me lad, and hold them at a song;— The heart that's lov - in'

light - est is the heart that's lov - in' long! So

leave the gerrl be - yont the hill, and greet the one a -

cresc.

bove Och, don't be lov - in' wom - en, lad, but

rit.

cresc.

just try lov - in' Love!

rit.

BARNEY O'HEA

SAMUEL LOVER

SAMUEL LOVER
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

With spirit

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. Now
2. I

let me a - lone tho' I know you won't, I know you won't, I know you won't,
hope you're not go - ing to Ban - don fair, to Ban - don fair, to Ban - don fair, For in-

f

Let me a - lone tho' I know you won't, Im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea!
deed I'm not want-ing to meet you there, Im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea!

L.H.

It makes me out - ra-geous When you're so con - ta - gious, And you'd
For Cor - ney's at Cork, And my broth - er's at work, And my

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bet - ter look out for the stout Cor - ney Creagh, For he is the boy that be -
moth - er sits spin-ning at home all the day, So no one will be there of poor

rit. *a tempo*

lieves I'm his joy, So you'd bet - ter be - have your-self, Bar - ney O' Hea,
me to take care, So I hope you won't fol - low me, Bar - ney O' Hea,

Im - pu-dent Bar - ney, None of your blar - ney,
Im - pu-dent Bar - ney, None of your blar - ney,

Ped. * Ped. *

Im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea, Im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea!
Im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea, Im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea!

mf

3. But as I was walk - ing up
4. He knew 'twas all right when he

mf

Ban - don street, up Ban - don street, up Ban - don street, Just
saw me smile, he saw me smile, he saw me smile, For

who do you think that my - self should meet But im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea! ___
he is the rogue up to ev - 'ry wile, Im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea! ___

L.H.

mf

He said I look'd kill - in'; I called him a vil-lain, And
He coax'd me to choose him, For if I re-fused him, He

mf

bid him that min-ute get out of my way; He said I was jok-ing, And
swore he'd kill Cor-ney the ver-y next day, So for fear 'twould go fur-ther, And

rit. *a tempo*

rit. *a tempo*

grinn'd so pro-vok-ing I could not help laugh-ing with Bar-ney O' Hea.
just to save mur-ther I think I must mar-ry that mad-cap O' Hea.

f

f

Im-pu-dent Bar-ney, He has the blar-ney,
Both-er-ing Bar-ney, 'Tis he has the blar-ney, To

Ped. * Ped. *

Im-pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea,— Im-pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea!—
make a girl Mis-tress O' Hea,— To make a girl Mis-tress O' Hea!—

f

f

BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

THOMAS MOORE

Air: "My lodging, it is on the cold ground"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato e graziosamente

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. Be - lieve me if all those en-
2. It_ is not while beau - ty and

mf

mf

con Pedale

dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to - day, _____ Were to
youth are thine own, And thy cheek un-pro-faned by a - tear, _____ That the

change by to - mor - row and fleet in my arms, Like fair - y gifts fad - ing a -
fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more

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way, _____ Thou wouldst still be a-dored as this mo-ment thou art, Let thy
dear! _____ Oh! the heart that has tru-ly loved nev-er for-gets, But as

love-li-ness fade as it will; _____ And a-round the dear ru-in each
tru-ly loves on to the close; _____ As the sun-flow-er turns on her

wish of my heart Would en-twine it-self ver-dant-ly still. _____
god when he sets, The same look that she turn'd (gave) when he rose. _____

L.H.

BRIGHT DARLING OF MY HEART
(A MHUIRNIN GEAL MO CHROIDHE)

SEUMAS MacMANUS

Irish Air.
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

PIANO

mf

1. The braes they are a - flame with whin, The glens with flow'rs re - joice; In ev - 'ry bush a glad - some bird Lifts up a tune - ful voice.
2. For whins may flame, and flow'rs may bloom, And sun flood hill and plain, And birds on ev - 'ry bough may sing, "Sweet sum - mer's come a - gain;" While I shall shiv - er

Yet whin, and flow'r, and

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bon-ny bird, And each sweet mel - o - dy,— But adds an ache to
for the chill That holds the heart of me— My Sun has set,— my

dim.

my sore heart, *) *A mhuir - nin geal mo chroidhe!*
Sum - mer fled, *A mhuir - nin geal mo chroidhe!*

dim.

p

3. You were my cher - ish'd

a tempo

dim. *rit.* *p*

Flow'r of Flow'rs, You were my War - bler sweet, You were my Sun of

*) Pronounced: *Avurn-yeen gal mo chree.* O, bright darling of my heart.

sum - mer, kind, You were my World com - plete. But the Flow'r has with - er'd

on the brae, The Bird has quit the tree, And all my world to

dim. e rit.

win - ter worn, *A mhuir - nin geal mo chroidhe!*

dim. e rit.

a tempo

p

4. O sad to think those eyes don't light, And

a tempo

poco rit.

p

I,— your Heart, so near. 'Tis sore that I should call, and call, And

you re - fuse to hear! But sleep, *a - ruin,* (my dear) for sure 'tis Night: And

soon glad Dawn shall be,— When lips will meet and souls will greet, *A*

dim.

dim.

e rit.

mhuir-nin geal mo chroidhe!—

e rit.

p

pp

A BROKEN SONG

MOIRA O'NEILL

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

p

Och, where am I

from? From the green hills of E - rin. Then have I no say? My

songs are all sung, An' what o' my love? 'Tis a - lone I am

rit.

fair-in'. For old grows my heart, an' my voice yet is young.

rit.

a tempo

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mf *cresc.*

An' if she was tall? Like a

mf *cresc.*

King's own daugh - ter. An' if she was fair? Like a morn - in' o'

accel.

May. Och, whin she'd come laugh - in' 'Twas the run - nin' wa-ther, An'

accel.

f

when she'd come blush - in' 'Twas the break — o' day.

f

p slower

Och, where did she dwell? Where one'st I had my

p slower

dwell - in' An' who loved her best? There's no one now will

know. Oh, where is she gone? Och, why would I be tell - in! For

rit.

rit.

where she is gone There I can nev - er go.

p

BY THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

mf

By the Lakes of Kil - lar - ney one morn - ing in May On my pipe of green hol - ly I war-bled a - way, While a black-bird high up on the ar - bu - tus tree Gave back my gay mu - sic with gush - es of glee; When my Ei - leen's voice stole From the thick - et of hol - ly And

L.H.

cresc.

cresc.

Ped. ✻

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turn'd just the whole Of our flirt - ing to fol - ly; And soft - ly a - long Through the

myr - tle and heath - er The maid and her song Swept up - on us to-geth - er.

'Twas an old I - rish tale full of

pas - sion - ate trust Of two faith - ful lov - ers long laid in the dust, And her

eyes as she sang look'd so far, far a-way, She went by me, nor knew she went

L. H.

cresc.

by where I lay. And my - self and the grass And the dee - shy red dai - sies Should

cresc.

Ped. *

p

let our love pass, On - ly whis-p'ring her prais-es; While the lass and her lay Through the

p

rit.

myr - tle and heath - er Like a dream died a-way, O'er the moun - tain to-geth - er.

rit.

p

523549

THE CURSE OF MORA

ETHNA CARBERY

Irish Airs:
"The Blind Beggar of the Glen"
and "The Yellow Blanket"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Misterioso

VOICE

PIANO

mf

The fret-ted fires of Mo-ra Blew o'er him in the night, He

mf

cresc.

thrills no more at lov-ing, Nor weeps for lost de - light. For when those flames have

cresc.

dim.

bit-ten Both joy and grief take flight; For when those flames have

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bit - ten Both joy and grief take flight.

mf *meno mosso*

A - - round his path the

dim.

meno mosso

shad - ows Stalk ev - er grim and high: Spears flash in hands long

f

f

with - er'd, And dent - ed shields give cry; Or mist - y wo - man -

mf

sfz *mf*

fa - ces Laugh out and pass_ him by; Or_ mist - y wo - man -

cresc.

f

dim. e rit.

fa - ces Laugh out and pass him by.

dim. e rit.

mp

Tempo I

He hears the wild Green Harp-er Chant

mp

sotto voce

sweet a fair - y rune, And through the sleep-ing si-lence, His

p

feet must track the tune. When the world is barr'd and

speck-led With sil - ver of the moon, When the world is barr'd and

speck-led With sil - ver of the moon.

Thus is he doom'd till Judg-ment Al -

though he cairn should hold His fe - ver'd heart in qui - et, And

hide his hair of gold, His soul shall wan - der

seek - ing, And its quest be nev - er told, For his

sou shall wan - der seek - ing, And its quest be nev - er told.

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY

Translated from the Irish by
P. W. Joyce, L L.D.

*) Irish Air.
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

PIANO

mf

mf

One_ morn - ing ear - ly as I walk'd forth By the

rit. *a tempo*

mar - gin of **) Lough Lene _____ The sun - shine dress'd the

trees in green, And_ sum - mer bloom'd a - - gain,_____ I

*) As collected by Charlotte Milligan Fox.
**) Lough Lene is the old name of the Lower and Middle Lake of Killarney.

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left the town and wan - der'd on Through fields all green and

gay; And_ who should I meet but my *) Cool - een Dhas, By the

dawn - ing of the day.

No_ cap or cloak this_

*) Cooleen Dhas means: Pretty, fair-haired maiden.

maid - en wore, Her_ neck and feet were bare._____ Down

cresc.

cresc.

to the grass in ring - lets fell Her_ glos - sy gold - en

hair. A milk - ing-pail was in her hand, She was

cresc.

love - ly young and gay; She bore the palm from_

f

f

f

Ve - nus bright, By the dawn - ing of the day.

mf

On a moss - y bank I sat me down With this

maid - en by my side; With gen - tle words I

court - ed her, And_ ask'd her for my bride._____ She

said, "Young man, don't bring me blame, But_ let me go a -

way,_____ For_ morn - ing's light is_____ shin - ing bright, By the

dawn - ing of the day."

*) DOWN BY THE SALLY GARDENS

W. B. YEATS

Air: "The Maids of Mourne Shore"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

PIANO

mp *rit.*

mf

Down by the sal - ly gar - dens my love and I did

a tempo

mf

meet; She pass'd the sal - ly gar - dens with

cresc.

lit - tle snow-white feet. She bid me take love

cresc.

*) An extension of three lines sung by an old woman of Ballisodare.

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eas - - y, as the leaves grow_ on__ the__ tree; But__

I, be-ing young and__ fool - - ish, with her did__ not a -

gree.

mf

In a

f

rit.

field__ by the__ riv - er my__ love and__ I did stand, And__

a tempo

mf

on my lean - ing shoul - - der she placed her snow - white

cresc.

hand. She bid me take life eas - - y as the

cresc.

grass grows on the weirs; But I was young and

dim. e rit.

fool - ish, and now am full of tears.

dim. *e rit.*

p

pp

ERE THE LONG ROLL OF THE AGES END

(FAINNE GEAL AN LAE)

"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away"

ALICE MILLIGAN

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

With passionate exaltation

VOICE

PIANO

f

1. Ere the long roll of the a - ges end And the days of time are done The Lord shall un - to E - rin send His own ap - point - ed One, Whose soul must wait the

dim.

cresc.

dim.

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hour of Fate, His— name be known to none; But his

ff *allargando*

feet shall stand on the I - rish land In the ris - ing of the sun.

ff *sfz*

f

2. In—
3. O—

dark - ness of our cap - tive night Whilst storms the watch-tow'r
per - fect pure, ex - - alt - ed One, For— whom in pray'r we

dim. *dim.*

cresc.

shake, Some shall not sleep, but vi - gil keep Un -
wait, Of I - rish born thou hap - piest son And

3 cresc.

dim.

til the morn - ing break; Un - til through clouds of
no - blest of the great; As night to noon goes

threat-'ning hate, And seas of sor - row o'er, The
swift and soon, May years now roll a - way And

allargando

first red beam of the sun - burst gleam Il - lu - mines E - rin's shore.
bring the hour of thy con - qu'ring pow'r And the dawn - ing of the day.

ff

sfz

FAREWELL TO SLIEV MORNA

GEORGE DARLEY (1795-1846)

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

p

Fare -

mf

p

cresc.

well to Sliev Mor-na, The hills of the winds! Where the hunt-ers of

f

mf

Ul - lin, Pur - sue the brown hinds! Fare - well to Loch

f

mf

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dim. e rit.

Ern where the wild ea - gles dwell! Fare - well to Shan -

dim. e rit.

f

a - von, Shan - a - von, fare - well!

3

f

a tempo

mf

Fare - well to our cas - tles, Our oak blaz - ing—

mf

cresc. ed accel.

halls, Where the red fox is prowl - ing A - lone in the

cresc. ed accel.

Tempo I

walls! Fare-well to the joys of the harp and the shell, Fare -

dim. e rit.

well to *)I - er - né, I - er-né, fare - well!

dim. e rit.

Ped. Ped.

*) *Ierné: ancient name for Ireland.*

FOR IRELAND

SEUMAS MacMANUS

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

mf

A

mf

cresc.

fierce flame burnt, at — boy-hood's dawn, with - in my ten - der — breast, Im -

mf

cresc.

pas-sion'd love my — soul con-sumed for — Moth-er-land op - prest. Her —

f

glo - ries gilt my wak-ing hours, her — woes my dreams o'er - cast; And the

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love that fed my heart's first fire, please God, shall light my last.

rit.

rit.

mf

There's

a tempo

mf

not a li - tle bell that blows in Ire - land's dew - y glens, There's

mf

not a sa - gan waves a spear a - bove her man - y fens, There's

mp

mp

not a ti - ny blade of grass on all her thou - sand

hills But this fond breast with ten-der love to o - ver-flow - ing

rit.

rit.

fills.

a tempo

mf

mf with devotion (a little slower)

O Ire - land, for your ho-ly sake I'll

mf

joy - ful bear all— pain. To your high cause I— con - se-crate my—

heart, my hand, my— brain. If— life and strife a - vail me not to—

allargando

save tha: soul one— sigh, Then,— crown-ing joy, in— your proud name let—

allargando

one in-worth - y— die.

dim.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Air: "Gramachree"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

mf

con Pedale

mf

The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic

mf

shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As

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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

dim. e rit.

feel that pulse no more.

dim. e rit. *a tempo*

No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra

swells, The chord a - lone that breaks at night Its tale of ru - in

f

tells. Thus Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes; The

f

cresc.

on - ly throb she gives Is when some heart in -

dig - nant breaks To show that still she lives.

sfz

Ped.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Air "Sly Patrick"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

A ıdantino

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. Has
2. Has

mf

poco rit.

sor - row thy young days shad - - ed, As clouds o'er the morn - ing
love to that soul_ so ten - - der Been like our La - ge - nian

a tempo
p

con Pedale

fleet?_____ Too fast have those young days fad - - ed, That
mine,_____ Where spar - kles of gold - en splen - - dor, All

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cresc.

e - ven in sor - row were sweet. Does time with his cold wing
o - ver the sur - face shine? But if in pur - suit we go

L.H.

cresc.

dim.

with - er Each feel - ing that once was dear? Come,
deep - er, Al - lured by the gleam that shone, Ah!

dim.

rit.

child of mis - for - tune! hith - er, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.
false as the dream of the sleep - er, Like love, the bright ore is gone.

rit.

p

3. Has
4. If _

mf

poco rit.

Hope, like the bird in the sto - - ry, That flit - ted from tree to
thus the sweet hours have fleet - - ed, When sor - row her-self look'd

a tempo
p

tree, _____ With the tal - is-man's glit - t'ring glo - - ry, Has
bright; _____ If __ thus the fond hope __ has cheat - - ed, That

cresc.

Hope been that bird to thee? On branch aft-er branch a-
led thee a-long so light, If thus the un-kind world

L.H.

cresc.

dim.

light-ing, The gem did she still dis-play, And when
with-er Each feel-ing that once was dear, Come,

dim.

rit.

near-est and most in-vit-ing, Then waft the fair gem a-way.
child of mis-for-tune! come hith-er, I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

rit.

THE HEATHER GLEN

GEORGE SIGERSON

Irish Air
"The brown little Mallet"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Allegretto grazioso

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. There blooms a bon-nie flow-er, Up the heath-er glen; Tho'
2. There sings a bon-nie lin-net, Up the heath-er glen; The

mf > *sfz* *sfz*

bright in sun, in show-er, 'Tis just as bright a-gain. I
voice has ma-gic in it, Too sweet for mor-tal men! It

nev-er can pass by it, I nev-er dare go nigh it, My
brings joy down be-fore us, With win-some mel-low cho-rus, But

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Refrain

heart it won't be qui - et, Up the heath - er glen.
flies too far, far o'er us, Up the heath - er glen.

Sing O, the bloom-ing heath-er, O, the heath - er glen! Where fair-est fair-ies gath-er To lure in mor-tal men. I nev - er can pass by it, I nev - er dare go nigh it, My heart it won't be qui - et, Up the heath - er glen.

cresc.

poco rit.

a tempo

D.C.

Ped. *

mf

3. O, might I pull that

mp *sfz* *sfz* *mf*

flow - er Bloom - ing in the_ glen,_ No sor - rows that could

legato

low - er Would make me_ sad a - gain! And might I catch that

lin - net, My heart– my hope are_ in it! O, heav'n it - self I'd

Refrain

win it, Up the heath - er glen. Sing— O, the bloom - ing

heath - er, O, the heath - er glen! Where fair - est fair - ies gath - er To

cresc.

lure in mor - tal men. I— nev - er can pass by it, I— nev - er dare go

cresc.

poco rit. *a tempo*

nigh it, My— heart it won't be qui - et, Up the heath - er glen.

poco rit. *a tempo*

Ped. ✻

I HEARD IN THE NIGHT THE PIGEONS

PADRAIC COLUM

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato, con molto tenerezza

VOICE

PIANO

p

I heard in the night the pi - geons A - stir with - in their nest: The

wild pi - geons' stir was ten - der Like a child's hand at the breast.

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cresc.

I___ cried, "O stir no

more! (My___ breast was touch'd of tears___) O___ pi - geons, make no

rit.

stir – A___ child - less wo - man hears."___

rit.

I LOVE MY LOVE IN THE MORNING

GERALD GRIFFIN

Irish Air: "The Mountains High"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Brightly

PIANO

mf

mf

I love my love in the morn - ing, For she, like morn, is fair, Her blush - ing cheek its crim - son streak, Its clouds, her gold - en hair; Her

mf

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glance, its beam, so soft and kind, Her tears, its dew - y

show'rs; And her voice, the ten - der whis - p'ring wind That

rit.

rit.

stirs the ear - ly bow'rs.

a tempo

mf

mf

I love my love in the morn - ing, I

mf

love my love at— noon; For— she is bright as the lord of light, Yet—

mild as au-tumn's moon. Her— beau-ty is— my— bos-om's sun, Her

faith my— fos-t'ring shade, And I will love my dar-ling one Till

cresc.

cresc.

e rit.

e'en the sun shall fade. I

e rit.

love my love in the morn - ing, I love my love at ev'n; Her

smile's soft play is like the ray That lights the west-ern heav'n. I

loved her when the sun was high, I loved her when she rose, But

best of all when eve - ning's sigh Was mur - m'ring at its close.

I LOVE THE DIN OF BEATING DRUMS

SEOSAMH Mac CATHMHAOIL
(Joseph Campbell)

Limerick Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Strepitoso

PIANO

mf

f

I love the din of beat - - ing drums, The

f

bel - low - ing pipe, — the shriek - ing fife, The dis - cord — and the

sfz

dis - - so - nance is My blood, my breath, my — life! Then a -

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way with flutes and dan - cing lutes, Such mu - sic likes but lov - ers'

ears; Give me the beat - ing bat - - tle - drum, The

gun - peal and the cheers! The bel - l'wing pipe and

bat-tle - drum, The gun - peal and the cheers!

rit. *a tempo* *rit.* *a tempo* *rit.* *ff with breadth* *ff* *rit.* *sfz*

IF I WERE KING OF IRELAND

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Con moto

VOICE

PIANO

mf

My love's a match in__ beau - ty For

ev - 'ry flow'r that blows. Her lit - tle ear's a

lil - y, Her vel - vet cheek a rose; Her

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locks like gil - ly - gow - ans Hang gold - en to her

poco rit. *a tempo with breadth* *f* *rit.*

knee. If I were King of Ire - land, My Queen she'd sure - ly

poco rit. *a tempo* *f* *rit.*

be.

mf a tempo

mf

Her eyes are fond for - get - me-nots, And no such snow is

mf

seen Up - on the heav - ing haw - thorn bush As__

crests her bod - ice green. The thrush - es when she's

talk - ing Sit__ lis - t'ning on the tree.__ If__

poco rit. a tempo with breadth

poco rit. f a tempo

I were King of__ Ire - land My__ Queen she'd sure - ly be.

f rit. rit.

Ped.

THE LARK IN CLEAR AIR

Sir SAMUEL FERGUSON

Irish Air: "Kathleen Nowlan"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

PIANO

mf

mf

Dear— thoughts are in— my— mind, and— my

soul— soars en - chant - ed, As I hear the sweet— lark—

sing in— the clear air of the day. For a

poco accel.

poco accel.

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ten - der, beam - ing smile to my hope has been

grant - ed, And to - mor - row she shall hear all my

fond heart would say.

I shall tell her all my love, all my