

In Memoriam.
MY NURSE
 (Mrs. NORAH FITZPATRICK).

Cusheen Loo.

Words by EDWARD WALSH.

Ὀ'αἰρετὴς—DAN LYNCH.

Music by O'BRIEN BUTLER.

Slow, and with feeling.

No. 7.

p

p

coo - aṁ, maṁ tḁ na
 Sleep! for the weep - ing

sf > *sf* > *sf*

rit.

bláṁ aṁ óíon, 'S a rṁ - eaṁ míl - reáṁ aṁ ḁáṁ na cínṁ, ṁr
 flow'rs have shed Their fra - grant tears up - on thy head. The

rit.

N.B.—(This song is supposed to have been sung by a young bride who was forcibly detained in one of those forts which are so common in Ireland, and to which the "good people" are very fond of resorting. Under pretence of hushing her child to rest, she retired to the outside margin of the fort, and addressed the burthen of her song to a young woman whom she saw at a short distance, and whom she requested to inform her husband of her condition, and to desire him to bring the steel knife to dissolve the enchantment.)

cres.

binn a ghraí, úir éan - ainn laoiú, 's do péil - úir saé lá, pé
voice of love hath sooth - ed thy rest, And thy pil - low is a

cres.

p

bhíadair mo éiríde. Cor - aíl, a páir - ve, tá na cnaínn
mo - ther's breast. Sleep, my child! for the rust - - ling trees,

p

cres.

bog - - aó go ráin, rian - rán - - ac, caom, 'Sur binn - - aó - ráin, ó
Stirr'd by the breath of the sum - mer breeze, And fair - - y songs of

cres.

ἄλ... ἄν... ἀέτη, ὡς... ῥῆμα... ὅς... ῥῆμα... ῥῆμα.
 sweet-est note, A-round us gent-ly float.

mf
 Ὁ θεὸς... ὁ... ἀκού... μο...
 O! thou who hear-est this

cres. *rit.*
 ὅταν... ῥῆμα... ἀν... ῥῆμα... ὅς... ῥῆμα... ὅς... ῥῆμα...
 song of fear, To the mourn-er's home these tid-ings bear. Bid him

cres. *rit.*

f

fuiscead ré'n rígan oom le cian f'í ómaídeact, 'S í bhrú - prò gear - a na
 bring the knife of the ma - gic blade, At whose light - ning flash the

p

mbán - ríge óiom. Coo - aíl, a páir - se, tá na cnaínn
 charm will fade. Sleep, my child! for the rust - ling trees,

cres.

bog - aó go ráim, pian - pán - aé, caoin, 'Sur binn - - ab - ráim ó
 Stirr'd by the breath of the sum - mer breeze, And fair - - y songs of

áil an déirín aís rúnáin go páin ra rpeirín.
 sweet - est note, A - round us gent - ly float.

ROSALEEN.

Words by O'BRIEN BUTLER.

1.

Thine antient crown of golden sheen
 Is burnished for thy goal,
 My blue-eyed, dark-haired Rosaleen,
 Thy wounds, deep thrust, are whole.
 Thy pale face warms to healthier glow,
 Thy harp to songs thine own,
 And, friend, again thou'lt meet and foe
 When Ireland's Freedom's won.

2.

mo ghéar, mo éirí, my Rosaleen!
 Thy race still hopes for thee;
 Thy children's deeds have fruitful been,—
 Weep not thy past, a éirí!
 I strayed a-far from out our home,
 A prodigal, thy son,
 My native land, to thee I come,
 Our Freedom must be won.

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