

THE GENTLE MAIDEN.

There's one that is pure as an angel,
And fair as the flowers of May,
They call her the gentle maiden
Wherever she takes her way.
Her eyes have the glance of sunlight,
As it brightens the blue sea wave,
And more than the deep sea treasure,
The love of her heart I crave.
Though parted afar from my darling,
I dream of her everywhere,
The sound of her voice is about me,
The spell of her presence there.
And whether my prayers be granted,
Or whether she pass me by,
The face of that gentle maiden
Will follow me till I die.

HAROLD BOULTON.

AN MHAIGHDEAN CHAOIN.

Tá maighdean ann, d'fleas mar aingeall,
Chomh sáimh leis an mBealtaine Buidhe;
Air a d-tugaid "caoimh-inghean" mar ainm,
Is múinte 's is maiseamhail í.
Tá a súile mar taithneamh na gréine
Ag lasadh le sgéimh ar an tonn,
Agus b-feárr liom a grádh agam féin
'Ná an méad tá i d-Tír na long.
Cidh sgartha óm' stóirin atá mé,
Dar liom-sa 's im' láthair í,
Im' chluais a guth luthgháireach,
Agus a draoidheacht a géire i m' chroidhe.
Má 's diúltadh cruaidh tá 'n dán dam,
No truagh, no cia bé nidh,
Ní sgarfaidh a searc go bráth liom
'S ní chlaoidhfídh an Bás fein i.

DR. DOUGLAS HYDE.

THE GENTLE MAIDEN.

*English words by HAROLD BOULTON.**Irish translation by DR DOUGLAS HYDE.**Old Irish Air.**Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.**Andante.*

PIANO

p

There's one that is pure as an an - gel, And fair as the flow'r's of
 Though part - ed a - far from my dar - ling, I dream of her ev' - ry -

May, — They call her the gen - tle mai - den — Where -
 - where, — The sound of her voice is a - bout me, — The

- e - ver she takes her way. — Her eyes have the glance of
 spell of her pres - ence there. — And whe - ther my prayers be

sun - light, As it brightens the blue sea wave, And
gran - ted, — Or whe - ther she pass me by, The

more than the deep sea trea - sure — The love of her heart I
face of that gen - tle mai - den — Will fol - low me till I

rall.

1st.
crave. Though

2nd.
die. *rall.*