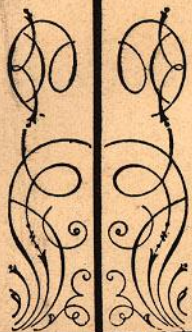


SUNG BY

Madme Lemmens Sherrington,

AT THE LONDON CONCERTS.



KERRY DANCE

BY

J. L. MOLLOY.

Soprano or Tenor, in F.



Alto or Baritone, in D.

BOSTON

OLIVER DITSON & Co., 451 WASHINGTON ST.

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THE KERRY DANCE.

For ALTO or BARITONE.

Words and Music by J. L. MOLLOY.

VIVACE.

Piano. *f*

1. O the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing, O the ring of the pi - per's tune!
 2. Was there ev - er a sweet - er col - leen in the dance, than Ei - ly More!

O for one of those hours of glad - ness, Gone, a - las! like our youth, too soon:
 Or a proud - er lad than Tha - dy, As he bold - ly took the floor!

When the boys be - gan to gath - er in the glen of a sum - mer night,
 "Lads and lass - es, to your plac - es, up the mid - dle and down a - gain,"

And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing made us long with wild de - light:
 Ah! the mer - ry heart - ed laugh - ter, ring - ing through the hap - py glen!

rit.

colla voce.

O to think of it, O to dream of it, fills my heart with tears!

rit.

colla voce.

O the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing, O the ring of the pi - per's tune!

rall.

O for one of those hours of glad-ness, Gone, a-las! like our youth, too soon:

colla voce.

1st.

za piu lento.

Time goes on, . . . and the

happy years are dead, And, one by one, the mer-ry hearts are fled; Silent

now is the wild and lonely glen, Where the bright, glad laugh will echo ne'er a-gain;

rall.

On - ly dream - ing of days gone by, In my heart I hear.

colla voce.

p lento sempre.

Lov - ing voic - es of old com - pan - ions, stealing out of the past once more,

And the sound of the dear old mu - sic, Soft and sweet as in days of yore.

colla voce

poco accel.

When the boys be - gan to gath - er in the glen of a sum - mer night,

poco accel.

sempre cres.

And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing made us long with wild de-light:

colla voce.

O to think of it, O to dream of it, fills my heart with tears!

O the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing, O the ring of the pi - per's tune!

più lento al fine.

O for one of those hours of gladness, Gone, a-las! like our youth, too soon. . .

colla voce.

Ped.