

IRISH COUNTRY SONGS

Edited and arranged by

HERBERT HUGHES

Volume III

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IRISH COUNTRY SONGS

VOL. III

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PREFACE TO VOL. III

IN the course of a lecture delivered before the Royal Dublin Society last year I had occasion to refer to the relationship between the folk-song, as sung by the peasant who is giving voice to an ancient tradition, and the same song put into print with a piano accompaniment. The present volume, like the others that have preceded it, illustrates that relationship, obvious enough to the expert but only vaguely understood by many educated people. The folk-song becomes, as I think, an art-song, as much because it goes into print, with all the implications of print, as because it suffers a severe metamorphosis through harmonisation, and possibly earlier metamorphoses through being forced into the strait-waistcoat of an imported ecclesiastical mode and adapted to the notation of the tempered scale. The art of harmony—inseparable, as it is, from scientific laws—is, moreover, a period affair, practised by the musician according to his own fancy. It may be true that the musician who sets some old, anonymous song to harmony of his own invention recreates it; but it is equally true that his setting will suggest a period as definitely as a crinoline or a streamline car or a piece of architecture, and hardly less subject to the natural laws of change and decay. The tune itself may be of the kind that survives fashion, its origin may be of the remotest antiquity, but under his hand it is definitely transmuted into an art-song, an art-song of his own generation. If the tune be a good one, and his setting poor and unimaginative, someone else will surely come along and reset it according to his particular fashion, and the bad setting will as surely perish. If his setting be good he will give new life to the old song, sending it out into the world among people who had never known it in its native environment. For those who prefer the untouched original there is always the countryside, even if the singers of the old songs are becoming fewer year by year.

It is, therefore, with a certain diffidence that I have harmonised the songs in this volume. Most of the tunes are familiar throughout Ireland, and very old, and my only excuse for setting them afresh is to make them more widely known beyond the frontiers of Ulster and the Free State. To place any of these songs or ballads in a series associated with pure folk-song would seem, moreover, to require explanation, only two coming into the ordinary "traditional" category. Not one conforms strictly to the indigenous ballad type, although "The Gallows Tree" and "Shule Agra" (Σιύβατλ ε ξηάδ) nearly approach it. Each of those has a dramatic power combined with an artfulness of structure—in other words, a literary value—not found in the average ballad of the broadsheet. Yet each has become, as the other songs here have become, so much a part of what may truly be called the ballad-consciousness of the countryside that their inclusion in this edition of *Irish Country Songs* has seemed to me not merely justifiable but desirable. Several of the tunes have had, like the now famous "Air from Londonderry," more than one set of verses put to them, and my choice of George Colman's words to "Savourneen Deelish" (Σ ε α μήνηνιν ούτιτ) rather than, say, Thomas Campbell's, and Denis Florence MacCarthy's words to "The Drinaun Donn" (Δη οροισνεαν οονη) rather than those of Robert Dwyer Joyce is, I confess, purely arbitrary.

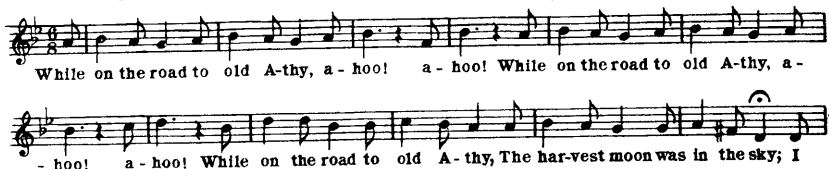
George Colman the Younger was a considerable figure in his day, and not always a pleasant one. As a boy he was at Westminster School, went up to Christ Church, Oxford, and after spending some terms at King's College, Aberdeen, and Lincoln's Inn, soon plunged into the world of the London theatre. He had the excuse of following closely in his father's footsteps, for George Colman the Elder (1732-1794), sometimes called George the First, had also been to Westminster and Christ Church, and was already much involved in theatrical enterprises. The elder George had formed a friendship with David Garrick, was the author of a number

of successful plays, had acquired a fourth share in Covent Garden Theatre, and bought the theatre in the Haymarket. The younger George succeeded to these theatrical interests, wrote many successful pieces himself, and on his father's death took on the management of the Haymarket Theatre at a salary of £600 per annum. Certain financial difficulties followed which entailed sanctuary for some years within the Rules of King's Bench, from which he was finally released by the kindness of George IV. It was during his office as Examiner of Plays, to which he was appointed by the Lord Chamberlain, the Duke of Montrose, that he conspicuously abused his authority; for while his own plays were, as a biographer states, open to charges of indecency and profanity, he was illiberal and severe to those of his contemporaries, often successfully holding them up. There is no record, I think, of a production of *The Surrender of Calais* within living memory, yet I feel that the verses Colman wrote for that forgotten play are so good—they were sung by an Irish character called O'Carrol—that they should not be allowed to suffer the oblivion of countless other "period" pieces. The reference to booty in the last verse recalls a perquisite as much appreciated by the underpaid and badly-fed soldier of the Napoleonic wars as by the returning warrior of our own day who could drag home a captured machine-gun under the eyes of the transport officer and describe it as personal luggage. Shakespeare's famous rendering of *Caitin* ὄς ἄ Στόιπ into *Callino, castore me*, in the fourth act of *Henry the Fifth*, finds a parallel in Colman's effort to reduce the intractable 'S ἄ μήτηρῖν ὄιτρ, εἰβῖν ὄς to some sort of phonetic verisimilitude in this fashion :



Dr. Samuel Arnold (1740-1802) was Colman's musical collaborator in this work, which was produced in 1791.

"Johnny, I hardly knew ye," so well remembered to-day by the older generation, is a characteristic case of a song surviving its period and presenting a problem for the later folklorist. It is a song that I have remembered since I was a child, sung in Ireland to the tune of "Johnny comes marching home," which tune has appeared in popular collections as "old English." When I first thought of putting it in this volume I discussed the song with my father, who is in his eighty-second year, with Mr. Henry W. Nevinson, Dr. John S. Crone, and others whose memories went back to the American Civil War, or a little after. Without being dogmatic, they agreed that it belonged to that period and came from the States, Sir Richard Terry remarking that it was probably in the repertory of the Christy Minstrels. I did not want to commit my friends to an opinion on a song heard so long ago, but made some researches. I knew that the late Mrs. C. Milligan Fox, with whom I had the pleasure of working in the early days of the Irish Folk Song Society, had published a version of it in New York as "an old Irish ballad, collected and arranged" by herself. This was in 1915. But I discovered that a song with the same title, with "words and music by J. B. Geoghegan," had been published in London about 1867, and "sung with tremendous applause by Harry Liston, the star comic." The words of Mr. Geoghegan's song were substantially the same as those recorded by Mrs. Fox, but the tune, while recalling that of "Johnny comes marching home," was definitely an inferior one :



Chorus

heard a dolorous damsel cry Och! Johnny, I hardly knew ye! Wid drums and guns and guns and drums, The
e-ne-my fair-ly slew ye, My darling dear you look so queer, Och! Johnny, I hard-ly knew ye!

Note the word "wid": a relic of its stage-Irish phase. The cover-design of this publication of the 'sixties was in colour, pretty in its conventional way, showing the dolorous damsel with hair nicely parted in the middle, complete with shawl, pinafore, and a pair of elegant shoes on incredibly small feet. She is making a gesture of surprise before a heavily mustachioed soldier who is clad in red tunic and dark trousers, and wearing the high infantry cap of the time, with an eye-guard over one eye, an arm in a sling, and one leg doubled up in a short crutch.

So far it would have appeared that the song was Geoghegan's, with all the printed authority of his now-defunct publishers. But further research dated it back, conjecturally, to the period immediately succeeding the Treaty of Amiens in 1802, when, as H. H. Sparling pointed out, Irish regiments were extensively recruited for the East India service. In his "Irish Minstrelsy" (Walter Scott, 1887) Sparling described it as a street ballad in which "the island of Ceylon" is given as "the island of Sulloon"; and in the complete edition of that work he made the following note:

Because in one late version "Why did you run from me and the child?" is made "Why did you skedaddle," etc., and this word only came into use during the War of Secession, some have imagined this song to be of recent date, and have even attributed it to the Irish-American music halls. My own memory carries it back to very near the war, when I heard an old fisherman sing it, to whom it was even then old. It was he who told me of its age and meaning, what I have said above, which is corroborated by the reference to Ceylon. It is hard to believe that any one can read this wonderful piece of grotesquerie, with its mingling of pathos and ribald mockery so closely allied to the spirit that produced "The night before Larry was stretched," and be unable to see either its value or its genuineness.

According to D. J. O'Donoghue ("The Poets of Ireland," Dublin, 1912) J. B. Geoghegan died at Bolton on January 21, 1889, at the age of 74, according to some papers and at 79 according to others. He was the author of "some admired songs," such as "John Barleycorn" (of which one may recall pre-Geoghegan variants), "Merry England," etc. He managed the Victoria Music Hall in Bolton for 25 years and was proprietor of the Star Theatre, Hanley, and altogether was responsible for over 200 songs. The resemblance between the tune printed above and that of "Johnny comes marching home" is such that one is tempted to assume that the composer's memory was at fault. The practice of setting music-hall doggerel to traditional tunes without acknowledgment is not, of course, uncommon, and has been profitably developed by more than one famous comedian of our own day. Some years ago I was visited by an American doggerel writer who sought my collaboration in songs that should have a world-wide appeal; we were to concentrate on songs that should be a "hit." "You must," he said, "be reminiscent"; and he proceeded to coach me in the procedure, quoting the most favourable material upon which to begin work. It was only then that I realised that the business of being reminiscent in music is a business indeed; and my visitor, who had all the frankness of a good merchant selling his wares in the best market, was quite sincerely puzzled and a little hurt by my refusal to consider so easy a proposition. Is it too much to suppose that the late Mr. Geoghegan, with the music-hall mind of his epoch, considered that a good old ballad was anybody's property?

The sentiment created on both sides of the Atlantic by the War of Secession was certainly worth exploiting. Thus far, then, my friends had good excuse for associating the song with that epoch.

Two of the songs in this volume—"Róisín Dubh" (Róisín Óub) and "The Red-haired Man's Wife"—bear symbolistic titles that belong to a time when it was the habit of poets and ballad-writers to refer to Ireland under a concealed name. She became CAITILÍN NI-HOULIHAN, the SEAN BEAN DOCT (the Poor Old Woman), Dark Rosaleen, MAIRÍN NI-CUTTENAN, and so on. When the fiat went forth from Dublin Castle that ballads (being powerful political instruments) were not to be sold, ballad-mongers adopted the simple subterfuge of selling bundles of straw, especially on such lucrative occasions as market days, for the price of a broadsheet, giving the concealed broadsheet away with the bundle of straw. In Jacobite times the allegorical ballad was at the height of its vogue, yet when the ban was lifted the allegorical method remained, and has persisted even into the twentieth century, becoming living drama in Yeats's "Cathleen ni-Houlihan" and poignantly lyrical in Katherine Tynan's poem. Changing fashions may bring a new method and a new imagery into Anglo-Irish verse, but it is unlikely that the theme will ever be exhausted, or that James Clarence Mangan's treatment of it will ever be surpassed--

Oh ! my dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep !
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope
Upon the ocean green,
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My dark Rosaleen !
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help and hope,
My dark Rosaleen.

Over hills and through dales
Have I roamed for your sake ;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood.
My dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
Oh ! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
My dark Rosaleen.

• • •

Dedham,
Christmas, 1934.

HERBERT HUGHES.

The Leprehaun

1744
H 893 I 68
v. 3

PATRICK WESTON JOYCE (1827-1914)

By permission of
The Talbot Press Ltd., Dublin.

Air taken down by P. W. Joyce from a
ballad singer in Limerick in 1853

Allegro giocoso

VOICE

PIANO

pp

p

3 sva...

3 sva...

In a

sha - dy nook one moonlight night, A lep - re - haun I spied;.... With scar - let cap and

p

Editor's Note. When Dr. Joyce published his collection of old Irish airs in 1872 he was unable to remember more than one line of the ballad to which this air had been sung both in Dublin and Limerick, and wrote the words here given. In his "Ancient Irish Music" (1901 Edition) he made the following remarks about the leprehaun: "It may be necessary to state, for the information of those who are not acquainted with Irish fairies, that the leprehaun is a very tricky little fellow, usually dressed in a green coat, red cap and knee breeches, and silver shoe buckles, whom you may sometimes see in the shades of evening, or by moonlight under a bush, and he is generally making or mending a shoe... If you catch him and hold him, he will, after a little threatening, shew you where treasure is hid, or give you a purse in which you will always find money. But if you once take your eyes off him, he is gone in an instant; and he is very ingenious in devising tricks to induce you to look round... Every Irishman understands well the terms *cruiskeen* and *mountain dew*... but for the benefit of the rest of the world I think it better to state that *cruiskeen* is a small jar and that *mountain dew* is potteen or illicit whiskey." H. H.

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coat of green, A cruiskeen by his side.....'Twas tick tack tick, his ham-mer went, Up-

cresc.

-on a wee-ny shoe; And..... I laughed to think of a purse of gold; But the

ritard. a tempo

soa

f

ritard. a tempo

fai-ry was laughing too!.....

ff

dim.

pp

With..... tip-toe step and beat-ing heart, Quite soft-ly I drew

nigh:.....There was mischief in his mer-ry face; A twink-le in his eye..... He

p *f* *p* *f* 7

hammer'd and sang with ti - ny voice, And drank his mountain dew... And..... I

p *f* 5

ritard. a tempo

laughed to think he was caught at last... But the fai-ry was laugh-ing too!.....

p *ritard. a tempo* *f*

As quick as thought I seized the elf; "Your fai - ry purse? I

dim. *mf*

meno mosso

cried,..... "The purse," he said, "'tis in her hand.... That la - dy at your

poco più mosso

side."..... I turned to look: the elf was off! Then what was I to

Tempo I

do?..... O,..... I laughed to think what a fool I'd been;

And the fai-ry was laughing too!.....

Rich and Rare

From the poem by
THOMAS MOORE
(1779-1852).

AIR.—"The Summer is Coming."

Andante

VOICE

PIANO

mf molto legato

p

mf

mf

Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a

bright gold ring on her hand.... she bore; But

oh! her beau - ty was far..... be - yond Her spark - ling

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a melodic phrase in a minor key, with lyrics "oh! her beau - ty was far..... be - yond Her spark - ling". The piano accompaniment features a flowing eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand.

gems.... and snow - white wand But oh! her beau - ty was

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has lyrics "gems.... and snow - white wand But oh! her beau - ty was". The piano accompaniment maintains its melodic and rhythmic flow, with some chordal textures in the right hand.

far..... be - yond Her spark - ling gems and snow - white

The third system continues the musical score. The vocal line has lyrics "far..... be - yond Her spark - ling gems and snow - white". A fermata is placed over the final note of the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords in the right hand and a moving bass line.

wand.

cresc. dim.

The fourth system concludes the musical score. The vocal line has the word "wand." with a fermata. The piano accompaniment features a dynamic marking of "cresc." (crescendo) followed by "dim." (diminuendo). The piano part ends with a melodic flourish in the right hand and a final bass note.

Animando

“La - dy dost thou not fear to stray, So... lone and
Knight! I feel not the least a - larm, No... son of

love - ly thro' this.... bleak way? Are E - rin's sons..... so
E - rin will of - fer me harm, For though they love wo - man and

cresc.

cresc.

good or so cold As.. not..... to be temp - ted by
gol - den store Sir.. Knight!..... they love hon - our and

dim.

f

dim.

wo - man..... or gold!"..... "Sir
vir - tue..... more?".....

1 2 *rall.*

cresc.

rall.

*Ed.

*

Tempo I?

mf sonoro *cresc.*

ritard. *a tempo*
On she went and her maid - en smile In...
rit. e dim. *a tempo*

safe - ly light - ed her round the Green Isle; And blest for ev - er is she who re - lied upon

cresc.
E - rin's honour and E - rin's pride..... And blest for ev - er is she who re -
cresc. *f*

dim.
- lied upon E - rin's hon - our and E - rin's pride.....
dim. *p*
Red.

I'm not myself at all

Words and air by
SAMUEL LOVER
(1787-1868)

Allegretto, comodamente

VOICE

PIANO

mf *cresc.*

And.

Oh, I'm not myself at all, Mol-ly dear, Mol-ly dear! I'm not myself at all
Oh, I'm not myself at all, Mol-ly dear, Mol-ly dear! My ap-petite's so small

mf *p* *cresc.*

Nothing car- ing, nothing knowing 'Tis
I..... once could pick a goose But my

p *cresc.*

af-ter you I'm going Faith your sha-dow 'tis I'm growing, Mol-ly
buttons is no use Faith my tight-est coat is loose, Mol-ly

p *cresc.* *p*

ad lib. *a tempo*

dear, Mol-ly dear And I'm not myself at all! Tho' other
 dear, Mol-ly dear And I'm not myself at all! If.....

cresc. *colla voce* *a tempo* *dim.*

day I went confessin' And I ask'd the fa-ther's blessin' "But" says I "don't give me one En-
 thus it is I waste You'd bet-ter dear make haste Before your lovers gone a-way En-

p

cresc.

tire-ly For I fret-ted so last year But the half o' me is here So
 tire-ly If you don't soon change your mind Not a bit o' me you'll find And

cresc.

give the o - ther half to Molly Brierly Oh! I'm not myself at all.
 what'nd you think o' that Molly Brierly Oh! I'm not myself at all.

mf colla voce.

mf

I'll be not my-self at all Mol-ly dear, Mol-ly dear Till

mf *cresc.*

you my own I call Since a change o'er me there came

p

mf

Sure you might change your name And 'twould

mf *cresc.*

a tempo

just come to the same Mol-ly dear, Mol-ly dear 'Twould just come to the same

p *colla voce a tempo*

For if you and I were one All con - fusion would be gone And 'twould

p

simpli-fy the matter en - tire - ly And 'twould save us so much bother when we'd

cresc.

cresc.

both be one a - no - ther So lis - ten now to ray - son Mol - ly

mf

Bri - er - ly Oh, I'm not my - self at all.

colla voce *p* *rall.* *p*

Róisín Dubh

(LITTLE BLACK ROSE)

THOMAS FURLONG 1794-1827
from the Irish

Andante con moto

VOICE

Oh! my sweet lit-tle rose cease to...

PIANO

mf *p*

pine for the past, For the friends that come east-ward shall see.....thee at

last; They bring bless-ings and fa-vours the past.... ne-ver knew So....

pour forth in... glad-ness on my Rois - - - in Dubh*

*Pronounced Rosheen Doov.

Note:— Róisín Dubh was one of the many secret or allegorical names by which Ireland was referred to in bardic literature and folk-lore. See note on "The Red Haired Man's Wife."

f poco animando

There's no flow'r that e'er bloom'd can my rose..... ex -

- cel There's no tongue that e'er moved half my.... love..... can

tell; Had I strength had I.... skill.... the wide world..... to sub-

- due Oh, the queen of... the wide world should be Rois - - - in Dubh.

The

moun-tains high and mis-ty on... the moors shall lie low The

rivers shall run back-ward and the lakes..... o-ver-flow The...

wild waves of old... o - - cean wear a crim - - - son... hue...

Ere the world sees the... ru - in of... my...

sonóro

dim.

Rois - - - in Dubh.....

dim. *p* *pp*

The Gallows Tree

Anon.

Andante con moto

VOICE

PIANO

pp

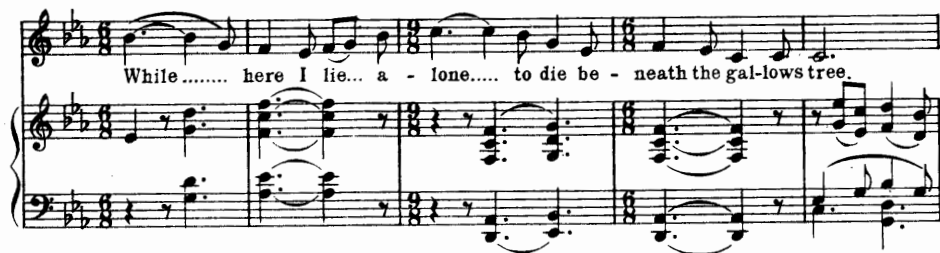
p

p

Oh, take me to your

arms love for we, a-las, must part,.... Oh, take me to your arms love, the

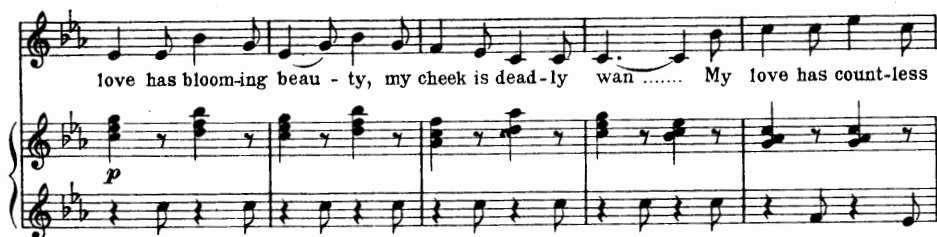
pain is at my heart... She hears me not, she cares not, but cold-ly turns from me



While..... here I lie... a - lone.... to die be - neath the gal-lows tree.



My
cresc. *dim.*
 love has bloom-ing beau - ty, my cheek is dead - ly wan My love has count-less



rich - es, my gal-lant for-tune's gone This rib-bon fair that bound her hair is



all that's left to me While..... here I lie a - lone.... to die be - neath the gal-lows



all that's left to me While..... here I lie a - lone.... to die be - neath the gal-lows

tree....

cresc. *f rubato* *dim.*

cresc.

I once had gold and sil - ver I thought would ne-ver end..... I

pp *cresc.*

once had gold and sil-ver and I thought I had a friend... My wealth is sped, my friend has fled and

cresc. *cresc.* *f*

sto-len my love from me While here I lie... a - lone.... to die be -

dim. *p* *p*

-neath the gal-lows tree.

pp *mp* *p*

The Red-Haired Man's Wife

KATHARINE TYNAN

By permission

AIR — *БЕРА АН РЕД-ХАИД*
(The Red-Haired Man's Wife)

Quasi senza tempo

VOICE

PIANO

Though

full... as... 'twill hold... of gold the... har-vest has smiled I'll...

ne - ver.. have re - lief... from grief.. for that fond grey-eyed child,

Whom kin - dred most cru-el poor jew-el in-to love-less wed-ded life, With...

Editor's Note. It is easy to conventionalise this very old air by putting it into a strict 3-4 measure. I have preferred to write it out in this way so that the singer may the more easily express its freedom of rhythm. The note-values are to be taken as an approximation only. "The Red-Haired Man's Wife" is one of several symbolistic names for Ireland mentioned in the Preface. H.H.

an - guish be it told have sold to be the Red-Haired Man's Wife.

That fond va - len -

-tine of... mine a... let-ter I... sent That I'd soon set sail with stores

ga - lore to... wed her ere Lent Her...

friends stole... the note... I... wrote and far... worse than with knife Have...

slain my.... bright pearl for a churl: She's the Red-Haired Man's Wife.

f *mf*

Oh child.... and sweetheart their art had you... but with-stood Till..

p *cresc.*

I..... had come home o'er the foam for our great joy and good. I had

f

not... now to.... go..... un-der woe.... o'er the salt.... sea's strife A.....

mf

wand -'rer... to... France from the glance of the Red-Haired Man's Wife.

f *dim.* *p*

Shule Agra

ANON. 18th Century

AIR—Stúðait a 5rúó

Moderato ma con moto

VOICE

PIANO *mf*

p

I would I were on yon-der hill 'Tis there I'd sit and

p

sempre legato

cry my fill Till ev-'ry tear would turn a mill *Is go dé tu, ma-

*Pronounced *Ish-go-day-too, ma-vourn-yeen-slawn*

- vour - nin - slán

cresc.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel And then I'll sell my

mf

cresc. *f* *cresc.*

spin-ning wheel For to buy my love a sword of steel Is go dé..... tú ma -

cresc. *f* *cresc.*

dim.

vour - nin - slán

cresc. *ff* *dim.*

I'll

dye my pet-ti-coat I'll dye it red And round the world I'll beg my bread Un-

p molto legato

-til my pa-rents shall wish me dead Is go dé..... tú ma -

cresc. *f*

cresc. *f*

- vour - nin - slán I wish, I wish and I wish in vain I

dim. *p*

dim. *p*

wish I had my heart a-gain And vain - ly think I'd not com-plain Is go

cresc.

dé... tú ma - vour - nin - slán

f *p* *cresc.* *sve bassa...*

But now my love has gone to France to try his for - tune to ad - vance If he

f *sonoro* *sve bassa...*

ev - er comes back tis but a chance Is go dé... tú ma - vour - nin -

cresc. *p* *rit. e dim.*

cresc. *p* *rit. e dim.*

- slán.

pp *sve bassa...*

a tempo

The Drinaun Donn

(THE BROWN THORN)

DENIS FLORENCE MacCARTHY
(1817-1882)

AIR— An Droigheán Donn

Allegro con brio

VOICE

PIANO

mf

Of... late I'm... cap-ti - va - ted by a...

mf

hand-some young man I'm... dai - ly... com-plaining for my own dar-ling John I'll... be

rov - ing all day un - til... night does come on And I'll be sha - ded by the

p

green leaves of the Drin - aun Donn.

cresc.

Next fair day I'll get a fair-ing from my hand-some young man

f *p* *f*

Twen-ty.... bright kiss-es from my own dar-ling John Con-fuse them, con-

mf *f*

-sume them that say I'm not true Through green groves and lof-ty mountains I'll.....

rove..... with you. My

s *p*

f

love is far.... fair - er than a fine sum - mer - day His....
 pa - tient - ly.... wait - ing for my true loves re - turn And...

breath is..... far..... sweet - er than the new - - - mown hay His
 for his..... long.... ab - sence I'll..... ne - ver cease to mourn I'll

hair shines like gold when ex - - posed to the sun He is
 join with the sweet birds till the sum - mer comes on To.....

fair as.... the.... blos - som of the Drin - - aun Donn I'm Donn
 wel - come the.... blos - som of the Drin - - aun Donn Donn

mf

I..... wish I had a small boat on the o - cean to

p

float I'd.... fol - low.... my..... dar - ling Wher - ev - er he did re -

rallentando

- sort I'd soo - ner have my true love to.... roll sport and play Than

rallentando

a tempo

all the gold - en trea - - - sure by land or by.... sea.

p a tempo

f senza Pedale

cresc.

An Irish Elegy

THOMAS MOORE
(1779-1852)

AIR.—The Sixpence

Andante

VOICE

PIANO

p

mf

mf

It... is... not the tear at this mo-ment shed When the cold turf has just been laid

o'er him That can tell how beloved was the friend that's fled Or how deep in our hearts we de-

-plore him 'Tis the tear thro' ma-ny a long day wept 'Tis life's whole path o'er

shad - ed 'Tis the sad re-mem-brance fond-ly kept When all oth - er griefs have

fad - ed Oh

thus shall we mourn, and his mem'ry's light While it shine thro' our hearts will improve them For

worth shall look fair - er and truth more bright When we think how we lived but to

love them And as bur-ied saints the

f

cresc.

f

grave per-fume When fade-less they've long been ly - ing So our

p

hearts shall bor-row a sweet-ning bloom From the im-age he left there in

p

dim.

dy - ing.

p

pp

Savourneen Deelish

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER
(1762-1836)

AIR—'S *ἀμείλιχόν οἶνον*

Poco adagio

VOICE

PIANO

mf

sva bassa.....

p

Oh, the mo-ment was sad when my love and I..... part-ed Sa -

dim. *p*

sva bassa...

cresc.

- vour - nin deel - ish Eil - een oge! As I kissed off her tears I was

cresc.

p

nigh...bro-ken-heart-ed Sa - vour - nin deel - ish Eil - een oge!

Wan was her cheek which hung on my shoul-der Damp was her hand, no

mar-ble was cold-er I felt that I ne-ver a-gain should be-hold her Sa-

- vour-nin deel-ish Eil - een oge!

Long I

fought for my coun-try far far from my true love Sa - vour-nin deel-ish

Eil - een oge! All my pay and my boo - ty I

hoard-ed for you love Sa vour nin deel- ish *Eil - een oge!*

Peace was pro-claimed es - caped from the slaugh-ter Land-ed at home my sweet

girl I..... sought her But sor - row, a - las! to the cold grave had brought her Sa-

dim.

dim.

sva bassa

- vour - nin deel - ish *Eil - een oge!*.....

pp

sva bassa

Oh, breathe not his name

THOMAS MOORE
(1779-1852)

AIR—Cailín Donn

Andante

VOICE

Oh!

PIANO

p

breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade. Where cold and un-hon-our'd his

re- lies are laid; Sad, si- lent, and dark, be the tears that we shed, As the

p

sva bassa.....

night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

p

p

But the night dew that falls, though in

cresc. *dim.* *pp*

cresc.

si - lence it weeps Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps; And the

cresc.

cresc.

tear....that we shed, Though in se - cret it rolls, Shall.....

p *cresc.*

p

long keep his mem - o - ry green in our souls.

dim. *p* *cresc.* *pp*

Ed.

*

Johnny, I hardly knew ye!

Traditional

Allegro con spirito *mf*

VOICE When going the road to

PIANO *f* *mf*

sweet A- thy, Hur - roo!..... Hur - roo!..... When going the road to sweet A- thy, Hur -

- roo!..... Hur - roo!..... Whengoing the road to sweet A- thy, A stick in my hand and a

drop in my eye, A dole - ful dam - sel I heard cry *p* Johnny I hard - ly

p

(Refrain) *f*

knew ye With your drums and guns and guns and drums Hur-roo!..... Hur-roo!...With your

drums and guns and guns and drums Hur - roo!..... Hur - roo!..... With your

drums and guns and guns and drums The en-e-my near-ly slew ye, Oh..... dar-ling dear, you

look so queer Faith Johnny I hard-ly knew ye!

mf

Where are your eyes that looked so mild, Hur-roo!..... Hur - roo!..... Where

are your eyes that look'd so mild Hur - roo!..... Hur - roo!..... Where are the eyes that

look'd so mild When my heart you so be-guild Why did you ske-dad-die from

me and the child? Why Johnny I hard - ly knew ye!

Where are the legs with which you run Hur - roo!..... Hur - roo!.....

Where are the legs with which you run Hur - roo!..... Hur - roo!.....

f

Where are the legs with which you run When you went for to car-ry a gun In-

f

- deed your danc - ing days are done Faith Johnny I hard - ly know ye!

f

I'm hap - py for to see you home Hur-

ff *dim.* *f*

- rool!..... Hur - rool!..... I'm hap - py for to see you home Hur - rool!..... Hur-

ff

- rool!..... I'm hap - py for to see you home All from the Is - land of Cey-Ion So

ff

dim.

- low in flesh so high in bone Faith John-ny I hard - ly know ye With your

dim.

poco meno mosso

drums and guns and guns and drums Hur - roo!..... Hur - roo!..... With your

sva bassa.....

Tempo I

drums and guns and guns and drums Hur - roo!..... Hur - roo!.... With your drums and guns and

poco a poco dim.

guns and drums The en - e - my near - ly slew ye Oh, why did you ske-dad-dle from

poco a poco dim.

me and the child Faith Johnny I hard - ly knew ye

pp