

THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.
A Ballad
in Poetry by
 THE HON. MRS PRICE BLACKWOOD.



THE MUSIC
composed and most cordially dedicated to
MRS ISAAC MC GAW.
 OF NEW YORK, BY
WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.

— BOSTON —

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The Lament of the Irish Emigrant.

Portraying the feelings of an Irish peasant previous to his leaving home, calling up the scenes of his youth under the painful reflection of having buried his wife and child, and what his feelings will be in America.

Words by the Hon: Mrs Price Blackwood.

Music by W.R. Dempster.

Larghetto
e grazioso
con Affettuoso



The piano introduction is in 2/4 time. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Lento'.



The piano accompaniment for the first line of the song, corresponding to the first line of the vocal melody. It features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

I'm sitting on the stile Mary, Where we sat side by side,..... On a



The first line of the song. The vocal melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "I'm sitting on the stile Mary, Where we sat side by side,..... On a".

bright May morning long ago, When first you were my bride..... The



The second line of the song. The vocal melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "bright May morning long ago, When first you were my bride..... The".

corn was springing fresh and green, And the lark sang loud and high, ... And the

con espress.
red was on thy lip Mary And the lovelight in your eye And the

cres.

rall: ad lib:
red was on thy lip Mary and the love light in your

eye .

The place is lit-tle chang'd, Mary, The day as bright as then; The

Con anima. Cres. *pp*

lark's loud song is in my ear, And the corn is green a-gain! But I

Sotto voce e con espress. Cres.

miss the soft clasp of your hand, And your breath warm on my cheek, And I

Legato

still keep list'-ning for... the words, You never more may speak, And I

still keep list'-ning for... the words You never more may speak .

Rall: 5 3

Colla voce

Cres

Tis but a step down yon...der lane, And the little church stands near,----- The

Staccato sempre.

church where we were wed, Mary, I see the spire from here; But the

Lento

Colla voce

graveyard lies be...tween, Mary, And my step might break your rest,..... For I've

This system contains the first four measures of the song. The vocal melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clef) with a grand staff bracket. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff. The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature.

laid you darling down to sleep, With your ba...by on your breast,... For I've

This system contains the next four measures of the song. The vocal melody continues on the single staff, and the piano accompaniment continues on the grand staff. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff.

laid you darling down to sleep, With your ba...by on your breast....

This system contains the next four measures of the song. The vocal melody continues on the single staff, and the piano accompaniment continues on the grand staff. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff.

I'm

This system contains the final four measures of the song. The vocal melody continues on the single staff, and the piano accompaniment continues on the grand staff. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

very lone...ly now, Mary, For the poor make no new friends,----- But

Oh! they love them better far, The few our fa...ther sends!----- And

you were all I had, Mary My blessing and my pride;----- There's

nothing left to care for now, Since my poor Ma-ry died,----- There's

p

nothing left to care for now, Since my poor Ma-ry... died!-----

The remaining stanzas may be sung to the accompaniment of the fourth.

5

Your's was the brave good heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength had gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow;
I bless you for that same, Mary,
Though you can't hear me now.

6

I thank you for that patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawing there,
And you hid it, for my sake,
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore;
Oh I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more

7

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true,
But I'll not forget you darling,
In the land I'm going to,
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Where it fifty times as fair.

8

And often in those grand old woods,
I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again,
To the place where Mary lies,
And I'll think I see the little stile,
Where we sat side by side;
And the springing corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.