

# Songs of the day

ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR . . . . .	Handel . . . . .	3½
KILLARNEY . . . . .	Balfe . . . . .	3
CALL ME NO MOORE MOTHER. . . . .	Will S Hays . . . . .	3½
MEET ME IN THE LANE . . . . .	Blamphin . . . . .	3
LAST GREETING . . . . .	Schubert . . . . .	3
NIGHTINGALES TRILL . . . . .	Ganz . . . . .	3½
MABELL SONG . . . . .	Godfrey . . . . .	5
VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI . . . . .	Glover . . . . .	3
TYROLESE AND HIS CHILD. . . . .	German . . . . .	3
CASTLES IN THE AIR. . . . .	Seorch . . . . .	3
THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR . . . . .	Reichardt . . . . .	4
COME INTO THE GARDEN MAUD . . . . .	Balfe . . . . .	5
THE BROOK. . . . .	Dolores . . . . .	3
O, YE TEARS. . . . .	Abt . . . . .	3
COME HOLY SPIRIT . . . . . <i>[Sacred]</i>	Warren . . . . .	5
TAKE BACK THE HEART. . . . .	Claribel . . . . .	3
LOST STEAMER . . . . .	BROUCH . . . . .	5
THE BRIDGE. . . . .	Miss Lindsay . . . . .	3
KARIE'S SECRET . . . . .	Ward . . . . .	3½
WE MAY NEVER MEET AGAIN . . . . .	Will S. Hays . . . . .	3½
BEATING OF MY OWN HEART. . . . .	Macfarren . . . . .	4

LOUISVILLE, KY.

PUBLISHED BY D. P. FAULDS, No. 100, MAIN ST.

Southern Agent for Chickering & Sons' & Steinway & Sons' Pianos.

# "KILLARNEY."

## THE LAST SONG

by M. W. BALFE.

*Moderato.*

1. By Killar - ney's lakes and fells,*	Em' - rald isles and	winding bays,
2. In - nisfal - len's ru - in'd shrine,	May suggest a	passing sigh,
3. No place else can charm the eye	With such bright and	va - ried tints,
4. Mu - sic there for E - cho dwells,	Makes each sound a	har - mo - ny,

Moun - tain paths and woodland dells,	Mem' - ry ev - er fond - ly strays,
But man's faith can ne'er de - cline,	Such God's won - ders float - ing by,
Ev' - ry rock that you pass by,	Ver - dure broi - ders or besprints,
Ma - ny void'd the chor - us swells,	Till it faints in es - sta - cy

\* "To sit on rocks, to muse o'er Flood and fell."

Bounteous na - ture loves all land; Beau - ty wan - ders  
 Cas - tle Lough and Gle - na bay, Moun - tains Tore and  
 Vir - gin there the green grass grows, Ev' - ry morn Spring  
 With the charming tints be - low, Seems the Heav'n a -

*cres* *f* *pp*

ev' - ry where, Footprints leaves on ma - ny strands, But her home is  
 Ea - gles nest, Still at Mu - cross you must pray, Though the monks are  
 na - tal day, Bright hues ber - ries daff the snows, Smil - ing win - ter's  
 bove to vie, All rich col - ors that we know, Tinge the cloud wreaths

*rall*  
*colla parte.*

sure - ly there! An - gels fold their wings and rest, In that E - den  
 now at rest. An - gels won - der not that man, There would fain pro -  
 frown a - way. An - gels of - ten paus - ing there, Doubt if E - den  
 in that sky. Wings of An - gels so might shine, Glanc - ing back soft

*dim.* *pp a tempo.*  
*riten.* *pp a tempo.*

*cres.*

of the west, Beau -- ty's home Kil -- lar -- -- -- ney,  
 long life's span, Beau -- ty's home Kil -- lar -- -- -- ney,  
 were more fair, Beau -- ty's home Kil -- lar -- -- -- noy,  
 light di -- vine, Beau -- ty's home Kil -- lar -- -- -- ney.

*f*

Ev -- er fair Kil -- lar -- ney.  
 Ev -- er fair Kil -- lar -- ney.  
 Ev -- er fair Kil -- lar -- ney.  
 Ev -- er fair Kil -- lar -- ney.

*f* *mf*

*cres.*

*mf*