

Killarney, My Home O'er The Sea.

Words and Music by
FREDERIC KNIGHT LOGAN.

Not too fast.

8 *loco.*

mf *rit.*

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is marked '8' and 'loco.' and features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the melody and bass line, with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking.

With expression.

There's a place in old Ireland that's dear to my heart, 'Tis the scene of my child-hood so

a tempo.

The first system of the vocal line is marked 'With expression.' and includes the lyrics 'There's a place in old Ireland that's dear to my heart, 'Tis the scene of my child-hood so'. The piano accompaniment below is marked 'a tempo.' and consists of two systems of music.

fair, — From its hills and its val - leys, 'twas sad-ness to part, From the

The second system of the vocal line includes the lyrics 'fair, — From its hills and its val - leys, 'twas sad-ness to part, From the'. The piano accompaniment continues with two systems of music.

Lakes of Kil-lar - ney, With beau-ty so rare Tho' a stranger a - lone o'er this

The third system of the vocal line includes the lyrics 'Lakes of Kil-lar - ney, With beau-ty so rare Tho' a stranger a - lone o'er this'. The piano accompaniment concludes with two systems of music.

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wide world I stray, And thy lakes and thy mountains no long-er I see. Still the

bloom of that val-ley in mem'-ry shall stay, For Er-in, Mavour-neen my

Refrain.

heart beats for thee. And I long for dear Ireland, Green Isle of the West, Where the

Shamrock and flow'rs bloom'd for me. — There the An-gels of Peace fold their

bright wings and rest, By the Lakes of Kil-lar-ney my home o'er the sea.

rit.

A little faster.

Sure there ne'er was a land where the grass grew so green, Nor a

ff *mf*

place where the sky was more fair— With the rocks and the rills one har-mon-i-ous scene, By the

Faster.

Lakes of Kil-lar-ney, with beau-ty so rare. I re-mem-ber the col-leens and

ff Imitating bagpipes.

lads who were there As they danc'd in the glen on a bright summers night, To the pi-pers glad tune as it

Slower. Refrain.
rang on the air, Oh! to think of that scene, fills my heart with de-light And I

With much expression.
long for dear Ireland green Isle of the West, Where the Shamrock and flow'rs bloom'd for me — There the

pp very slow.
Angels of Peace fold their bright wings and rest, By the Lakes of Killarney, My home o'er the sea.