

G. 379. b.
1.

Twelve
Original Hibernian
MELODIES,

with English Words, imitated and translated,

from the Works of the

ANCIENT IRISH BARDS,

with an introductory Preface & Dedication,

By

Miss S. Owenson.

Arranged for the VOICE, with an Accompaniment for the

Piano Forte by **M^r Hook**

Pr. 7.6.

London, Printed & Sold by Preston, at his Wholesale Warehouses, 97, Strand.

Enter'd. at Stationers Hall.

1840

THE
MUSEUM

of Natural History
and Mineralogy
in the British Museum



of the British Museum
of Natural History

of the British Museum
of Natural History

of the British Museum
of Natural History

of the British Museum
of Natural History

To Him

whose perfect Knowledge of the
Music of his Country
and felicitous Style of Singing the most
Beautiful of her Ancient Airs
first awakened my taste to the Charm of her
National Melody

To Mr. Owenson,

the following Irish Airs are
Inscribed with every

Sentiment of Affection and Gratitude

by his Daughter

Sidney J. Owenson

History

NOTWITHSTANDING the celebrity which the bard of Ireland had obtained for their musical compositions from the remotest antiquity, we have the strongest reason to believe that no general collection of their works had ever been made previous to the year 1782, when a meeting was convened in the north of Ireland of the few lingering members of that once sacred order, which had spread "over the gloom of unillumined ignorance or self-cherished theocracy of unenlightened barbarism." But while the broad field of Irish music, even in its autumnal decline, afforded a rich harvest to the successful exertions of national taste, some few blossoms of poetry and song were still left, "to waste their sweetness on the desert air." It was reserved for the minute and captivous glance of the humble gleaner to discover the neglected charms, and to behold them like the rose, fragrant even to decay. With a mind hand I have endeavoured to snatch them from the chilling atmosphere of oblivion, and bound them in a wild and simple wreath, in the faint hope that public approbation would nourish and perpetuate their existence.

Many of the airs and poems which compose this little selection, were orally collected in what may be deemed the classic wilds of Ireland—where Ossian sung, where Fingal fought, and O'Connell fell.

The singular and plaintive beauty of Ewan Macrae, or Ned of the Hills, which repeats with the characteristic wildness and touching pathos of Irish music, may be deemed an epitome of the ancient Irish style of composition, induced me into the attempt of adapting an English translation to its melody; the task was difficult, though not wholly unsuccessful, for the music and poetry of the Irish are so closely analogous, and the sound so faithful an echo to the sense, that the former seems almost to bid defiance to the adaptation of any other language to its melody; and the latter must always sustain an injury in its energetic and idiomatic delicacies, when its sentiments are given through the medium of a translation. The Adam, and the Air of Ewan Macrae, and many other popular ballads, was the chief or captain of one of those numerous bands which infested Ireland, during that period when religious animosity and civil discord, involved its unfortunate natives in all the horrors of anarchy and war. The accounts which are given of Ewan Macrae, are various and improbable—but that most curious and consonant to truth, sketches him as an outlaw'd gentleman, whose confiscated lands and forfeited life, sustained him to the resolution of heading a band of robbers, and committing many acts of desperation, which were frequently committed by a gentleman almost romantic in performed with a pure and heroic—A warrior and a poet his soul was often brightened by the song, and the daughter of a northern chieftain, was at once his wife and his friend.

"Open the Door" is of a very remote date, beyond the power of oral tradition to trace the name of its author.

The air of "Don't Fear the Chosen" was esteemed of great antiquity in the reign of Henry the Fifth.

"Sally and Deborah" or Sally O'Connell—Though the name of its composer has escaped, in the lapse of time, from the records of traditional memory, is still sung with enthusiasm in the counties of Sligo and Mayo.

"Paddy's Luck" by CARROLL had for its heroine Mary, the daughter of David Power, Esq. of the county of Galway.

Galileo's name is supposed to be of very ancient date, as in a song degree described in the mention of the James King—The translation is a little free.

Preface.

NOTWITHSTANDING the celebrity which the bards of Ireland had obtained for their musical compositions from the remotest antiquity, we have the strongest reason to believe that no general collection of their works had ever been made previous to the year 1792, when a meeting was convened in the north of Ireland of the few lingering members of that once sacred order, which had spread "the light of song" over the gloom of unillumined ignorance, or softened the ferocity of uncivilized heroism. But while the broad field of Irish music, even in its autumnal decline, afforded a rich harvest to the successful exertions of national taste, some few blossoms of poesy and song were still left, "to waste their sweetness on the desert air:" It was reserved for the minute and enquiring glance of the humble gleaner, to discover the neglected charms, and to behold them like the rose, fragrant even in decay. With a timid hand I have endeavoured to snatch them from the chilling atmosphere of oblivion, and bound them in a wild and simple wreath, in the faint hope that public approbation would nourish and perpetuate their existence.

Many of the airs and poems which compose this little selection, were orally collected in what may be deemed the classic wilds of Ireland---where *Ossian* sung, where *Fingal* fought, and *Oscar* fell.

The singular and plaintive beauty of *Emant Acnuick*, or Ned of the Hills, which, replete with the characteristic wildness and melting pathos, of Irish music, may be deemed an epitome of the ancient Irish style of composition, induced me into the attempt of adapting an English translation to its melody; the task was difficult, though not wholly unsuccessful, for the music and poetry of the Irish are so closely analogous, and the sound so faithful an echo to the sense, that the former seems almost to bid defiance to the adapting any other language to its melodies; and the latter must always sustain an injury in its energetic and idiomatic delicacies, when its sentiments are given through the medium of a translation. The *Author*, and the *Hero* of *Emant Acnuick*, and many other popular ballads, was the chief or captain of one of those numerous banditti which infested Ireland, during that period when religious animosity and civil discord, involved its unfortunate natives in all the horrors of anarchy and warfare. The accounts which are given of *Emant Acnuick*, are various and improbable---but that most current and consonant to truth, sketches him as an outlaw'd gentleman, whose confiscated lands and forfeited life, animated him to the resolution of heading a band of robbers, and committing many acts of desperation, which were frequently counteracted by a generosity almost romantic, or performed with a spirit truly heroic.—A warrior and a poet, his "soul was often brightened by the song;" and *Eva*, the daughter of a northern chieftain, was at once his *inspiration* and his *theme*.

"OPEN THE DOOR," is of a very remote date, beyond the power of oral tradition to trace the name of its author.

The air of "*Dha Vecca's un Chooleen*," was esteemed of great antiquity in the reign of Henry the VIIIth.

"*Shelah nha Chonoshaint*," or *Sibby O'Conolan*.—Though the name of its composer has escaped, in the lapse of time, from the records of traditional memory, is still sung with enthusiasm in the counties of Sligo and Mayo.

"*Planxty Power*," (by CAROLAN) had for its heroine *Fanny*, the daughter of David Power, Esq. of the county of Galway*.

Cathleen Nolan is supposed to be of very ancient date, as is in some degree identified by the mention of the *Saxon King*.---The translation is a literal one.

* She was mother to the late Lord Cloncarty. 1785.

“*Gracy Nugent*,” is an air but little known beyond the interior parts of Ireland; its heroine was a *Miss Nugent*, of Clonlost, in the county of Westmeath: its composer, the celebrated CAROLAN. The last itinerant bard of any eminence in Ireland, “and so happy, so elevated was he in many of his compositions, that he excited the wonder and obtained the approbation of a great master who never saw him---I mean the celebrated GEMINIANI *;” though born blind, he never regretted the loss of sight, but used to say --- “his eyes were transplanted into his ears.” His first poetic and musical effort was the effusion of an enamoured heart, elicited by the charms of *Bridget Cruise*; the high rank of his mistress proved an insurmountable barrier to his wishes, and like most other poetical enamoratos, his passion was as unsuccessful, as it was ardent. He, however, soon became an adept in the philosophy of love, and every song had for its theme a new mistress:---of a roving and unsettled disposition, with his harp flung over his shoulder, he wandered like the bards of old, celebrating with Pindaric boldness the charms of love, the joys of social life, and the virtues of cordial hospitality †. Considered as the Anacreon of his country, his arrival at the castle of the great, or the hut of the indigent, was ever hailed with a smile; he was every where received with delight, listened to with rapture, and relinquished with regret.

To the ear, which is alone made up to the delicacies of Italian music, or the refinements of scientific composition, the following melodies will probably sound wildly inelegant, or barbarously simple; but they are not offered as the correct effusions of musical talent, schooled into science, corrected by experience, and sanctioned by reigning modes; but as “*the native wood notes wild*” of those, whose genius, unimproved by art, unrestrained by rule, only vibrated, like the far famed statue of Memnon, to the genial beam of heaven’s own light,---as specimens of a national music, strongly characterized by those idiomatic features, which to musical philosophy afford so wild a field for reflection. It is not among the works of the professed votarists of science, that the music of any country is to be sought; it is not by the divine compositions of *Paisiello* we are to judge of Italian melodies, nor by the operas of *Gretry*, we are to appreciate the musical taste of the French, to find the national taste unmodified by art, unenlarged by foreign innovation, unadorned by scientific graces: we must seek it in the Arias of the Venetian *Gondolieri*, the *Bularo* of the Spanish muliteer, the Waltz of the German, and the Recitative of the Russian boor, the Vaudville of the French, and the *Randz des Vaches* of the Swiss peasant, the Reel and plaint of the Highlander, and the Lamentations and Planxty of the Irish bard. If the excellence of musical composition is to be estimated by the effect it produces on the human mind, by its power over the passions, or its influence over the heart, the Irish melodies, it must be allowed, graduate to a very high degree on the scale of musical excellence; always composed under the operation of the feelings, whether the warm inspirations of gratitude---whether the tender effusions of love, or the bold spirit of martial enthusiasm awakens the strain---it still breathes the truest intimation of the soul, and surrounded by a *compatriot auditory*, the rapt musician never fails to awaken in every bosom a corresponding emotion to that which animates his own. But there is in “*souls a sympathy with sound*,” and much of musical enthusiasm depends upon an intimate association of ideas; those airs, which are connected with local incidents, or public events, whose national idiom is perfectly understood and deeply felt, will ever be heard with delight in that country where they were first breathed. But when these circumstances cease to operate, they must stand the test of dispassionate judgment:---when, however, it is considered, that the following airs were composed by *men*, ignorant of the rules of that art they practised, it is hoped that what a celebrated personage once said of the errors of illustrious characters, will be applied to *them*, and “that their faults will be thought to bring their excuses along with them.”

Sligo,

SIDNEY OWENSON.

* He was born at NOBBER, county of Westmeath, in 1670, and died 1738, at KILRORIAN, in the county of RosCOMMON.

† In the course of his rambles, he used frequently to spend some months at the house of the editor’s great grandfather.—It was then usual for him, during the act of composition, to applaud or revile any passage, as he liked or disapproved it.—He was fond of his national liquor, and used sportively to say in excuse for his excesses, that “it added *strength* to the flights of his genius.”

Ah who is that
"Emunk a Cruic, or Med of the Hills."

Largo

Ah! who is that ah! who is that whose thrilling tones

ah! who is that whose thrilling tones, puts my tranquil sleep astray, more

Plaintive than the wood Doves moans the wood Doves moans, and send my ai - ry

dreams a - way, and send my ai - ry dreams away. 'tis I 'tis I 'tis

Edmund of the Hill who puts thy tranquil sleep astray, who puts thy tranquil

sleep astray, whose plaintive songs of sorrow thrill of sorrow thrill and send thy ai-ry

dreams a-way, and send thy ai-ry dreams away.

2

Here nightly thro' the long long year,
 My heart with many a love pang wrung;
 Beneath thy casement Eva dear,
 My sorrows and thy charms I've sung.
 Thine eye is like the moons mild ray,
 Beaming o'er evenings azure blue;
 Its glance first stole my heart away,
 And gave its every wish to you.

3

Like a soft gloomy clouds thine hair,
 Tinged with the setting suns warm rays;
 And lightly o'er thy forehead fair,
 In many a spiry ringlet plays,
 Oh! come then rich in all thy charms;
 For Eva I'm as rich in love,
 And panting in my circling arms;
 I'll bear thee to old Thuars grove.

Oh tell me sweet Kate

or
Cathleen O'Tyrell.

Oh

Andante Affettuoso

tell me sweet KATE by what ma-gical art, you seduc'd ev-ery thought ev'ry

wish of my Soul; oh: tell me my cre-dulous fond doating heart, by thy

wiles and thy charms, from my bosom was stole. Oh when dangerous girl was thy

sor-cery tell by which you a-waken'd loves tear and loves sigh, in thy

voice in thy song lurks the dangerous spell in the blush of thy cheek or the

beam of thine eye.

Leave me not Love.

"Smee Shum Lourth er an noig Whnee," Planxty Power"
 or
 by Carolan.

Leave me not love in pi - - ty stay, and charm my ti - - mid

Spiritoso

doubts a - way, Oh leave me not to woe a prey, re -

turn my - love re turn. In vain thou wouldst by

When floating o'er Cathleen ^{or} Nolan.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line in 3/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The tempo is marked 'Andante Affettuoso'.

Andante Affettuoso

The first system of the vocal melody features a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "When floating o'er th'im-pend-ing steep, my love ap-pears in". The melody is accompanied by a piano accompaniment on two staves below.

When floating o'er th'im-pend-ing steep, my love ap-pears in

The second system of the vocal melody continues the melody with the lyrics: "beau-tys glow she's like the golden clouds that sweep light o'er the". The piano accompaniment continues to support the vocal line.

beau-tys glow she's like the golden clouds that sweep light o'er the

The third system of the vocal melody concludes the phrase with the lyrics: "moun-tains lof-ty brow Nor does the ten-derest blos-soms". The system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord.

moun-tains lof-ty brow Nor does the ten-derest blos-soms

heed, to her light footsteps her light foot-steps yield, nor weep - ing

flowers a dew drop shed, when like - - - a breeze she skims the

field.

2
Loose o'er her arm of snow is flung,
Her mantle of old Erins green;
And o'er her shoulder careless hung,
Her fairy axe of gold is seen.

3
She hastes (the Forest's sweetest rose)
To cull the forests sweetest flowers;
To prune the branch that wildly grows,
And shades the bud from nurturing showers.

4
Her hair like golden tendrils gleams,
On the fresh gale's inconstant wing;
To me more splendidly she beams,
Then the proud Saxons mighty king.

As on the Wave,
or
The Mountain Sprite,
by Carolan.

Andantino

As on the wave the Sun beam slept, and

silence round her soft spell flung, be - neath a mountain shade I

crept; and thus my heart fond sor - rows sung.

fal lal la fal lal fal lal la.

2

When down the mountains butling brow,
 A fairy form appeared to spring;
 So fair I felt my bosom glow,
 And all inspired I thus did sing;
 fal lal la &c.

3

As near the charming phantom stole,
 She paused to hear and hearing sighed;
 Her sigh thrill'd o'er my very soul,
 But oh! my song still murmuring died.
 In fal lal la &c.

4

But when I view'd her kindling blush,
 Her glance shun mine her red lip move;
 And nature's pulse her bosom flush,
 I struck my harp, and sung of love.
 And fal lal la &c.

5

And still entranced the fair one hung,
 Then nearer drew her hand of snow;
 O'er the hill breathing chords she flung,
 While her sweet accents thus did flow.
 In fal lal la &c.

6

Then bolder grown my strain I tried,
 In harmony with her sweet lay;
 But still my voice in murmurs died,
 And every note would fade away.
 In fal lal la &c.

My Love's the fairest Creature,
"Shelah na Conolan."

Largo My love's the fairest

crea- ture and round her flut- ters many a charm her star- ry eyes blue

beam- ing can e'en the coldest bosom warm. her lip is like a cher- ry

ripe- ly su- - - ing to be cull'd her cheek is like a may rose, in

dew- y freshness newly pull'd.

2

Her sigh is like the sweet gale,
 That dies upon the violets breast,
 Her hair is like the dark mist,
 On which the evening sun beams rest,
 Her smile is like the false light,
 Which lures the traveller by its beam;
 Her voice is like the soft strain,
 Which steals its soul from passions dream.

Oh! farewell Dear Erin.
"Drimenduaith"

13

Oh! farewell dear Erin my

Andante con molto espressione

country a - - dieu, And fare - - well my souls dear - er I dol to

you Tho' forc'd from my love and my country to part. yet Eveline and

E - rin still hold my sad heart yet Eve - line and E - - rin still

holds my sad heart.

Fast flows the tear of despair from mine eye,
Wild from my breast heaves the soul rending sigh.
Where ever I wander my sufferings pursue,
While my heart bleeds dear Eveline for Erin and you.

Say canst thou Oh Maid,
Chuloon,

"Sha veccas un choolem."

Largo

Say canst thou oh maid of the dark fal - - ling

eye, from E - - - rins green shades with a

fond lo - - - ver fly. Thy dear na - - - tive

land for thy Lo - - - ver re - - - sign, and

far from dear E - - - rin dearer No - - - rah be

mine.

2

An exile an alien they force me to stray,
 No faint beam of hope to illumine the way.
 But wouldst thou sweet Norah my destiny share,
 Every sorrow were light every suffering I'd bear.

Away with the tear

Andantino

A - way with the tear that re - - proachful - ly gleams in thy soft eye thy

soft eye of hea - ven - ly blue thy darts are but phantoms of

jea - lousys dream for I never O never lov'd any but you. then

hush witching girl that soft breathing sigh, e'er it dies e'er it dies on thy

lips ro-sy hue. nor may I like the trembler thus bliss ful-ly die If I

e-ver sweet Susan lov'd any but you.

for

2

Then away with that glance whose cold sullen ray,
 Grooms the lustre that beamed on the eye of my Sue.
 In whose fairy orb the Loves still lurking play,
 For I never oh! never lov'd any but you.
 That I'd gladly forget you, you justly complain,
 And alas! I confess it is true;
 But ah! Ingrate Sue I still find it in vain,
 To attempt loving any my lovely but you.

Open the door tis your true Love.

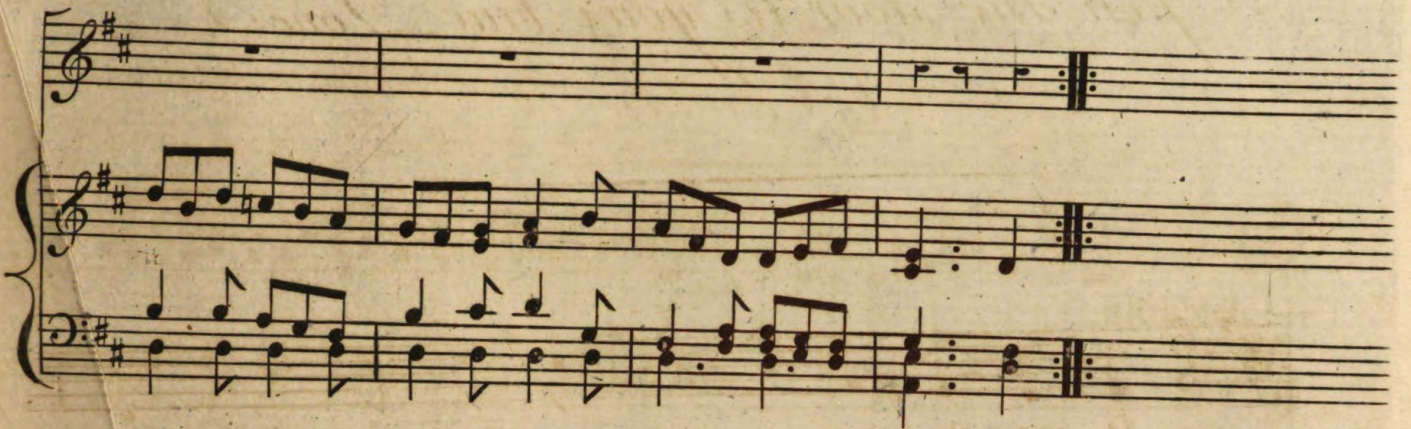
O - pen the door to your true love that sues oh

Andantino

o - pen the door to me love for many a long wea - ry

mile have I walk'd to catch but a glance of thee love.

for



2

The Sun's dawning beam had not blush'd o'er the field,
 Still bathed in the night's chilly dew love;
 Nor the pale twilight star withdrawn its faint ray,
 When I rose to journey towards you love.

3

But the Sun is now sunk and the night blasts blew sharp,
 Then open the door to me love;
 For many a long weary mile have I walked,
 To catch but one glance of thee love.

4

Long was my absence and far have I strayed,
 Still parted from Erin and thee love,
 And long has my heart throbb'd to see thee again,
 Then open the door to me love.

5

When I fought for my Country its freedom and laws,
 My soul was still fired by thee love.
 I thought on my love and I conquered my foe,
 Then open the door to me love

6

The door it was open'd but not by his love,
 Of grief for his absence she died oh!
 He saw her pale corse and he kiss'd her cold cheek
 And his spirit resigned at her side oh!

O let me hush thy tender fears.
 "Mis'think no Shluun la 'Marlagh' me"
 by Carolan

Andante *fer* *pia*

O let me hush thy tender fears that

pro - phe - cy our loves de - cay, and kiss a - way those stealing tears, that

all my ti - mid doubts betray For tho' the wing of

each fleet hour, should brush some honey charm away, yet fear not love to

lose thy pow'r, the soul that won can ne'er decay. Still glowing on thy

cheek I'll find the ling'ring blush of passions dye; and beaming from thy

kindling mind a ray still brightning in thine eye.

Oh! Gracey once I thought thee mine

or

"Smccem - Shum traet er Vla na femah"

by Carolan.

Andante
CON
Expressione

Oh Gra - cy once I thought thee mine how

coudst thou love de - - - ceive me and the

dream was so di - - vine I dare not dis - - be -

- lieve thee. For when thine eye of languid blue seem'd

soft to say - I love thee oh! tho' thy trait' rous

wiles I knew I dar'd not love re - prove thee oh!

come then Gra - cy come a - gain to bless and

to de - - - ceive me and tho' I know thou

dost but feign yet I'll a - - gain be - - - lieve thee.