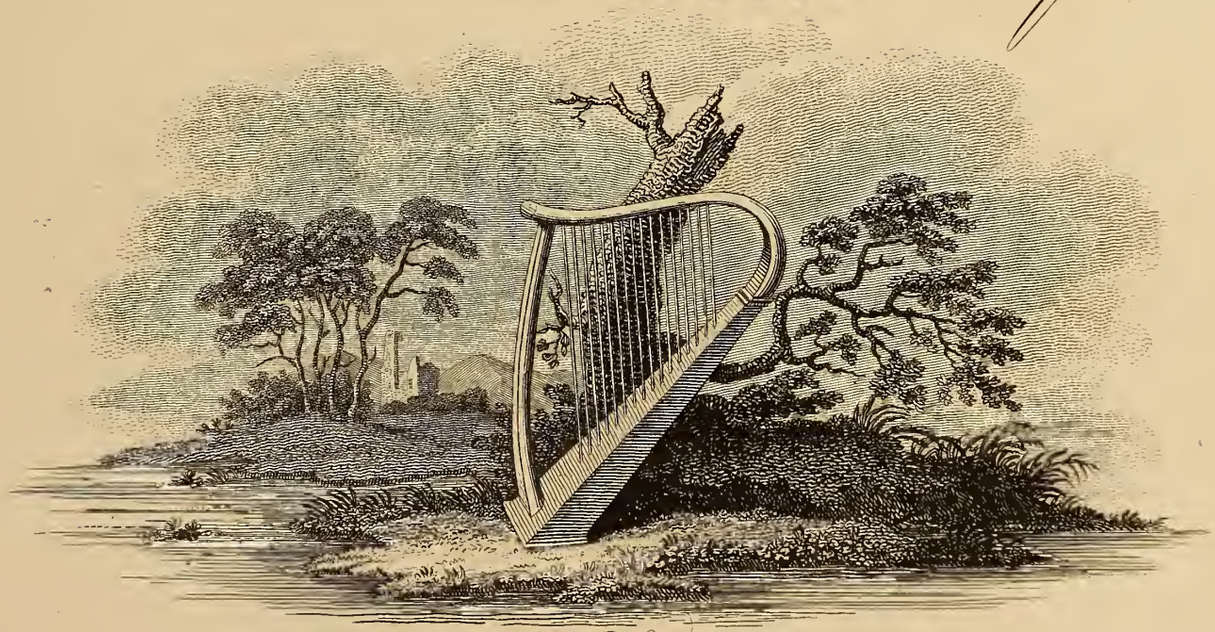
A Selection of Irish Melodies

with Symphonies and Accompaniments by

SIR JOHN STEVENSON Mus. Doc.

and Characteristic words by

Thomas Moore Esq.r



(First Number)

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To the

Nobility and Gentry

of

Ireland.

The following Work

Is respectfully Inscribed

By

The Publisher.

Silvester & Son Sculpt.

INDEX

TO

THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

INDEX

TO

THE HARMONIZED AIRS.

Introductory piece for two Performers on one Piano Forte.

Carolans Concerto.

First Performer

Bold

Second Performer

ff ff pp ff ff

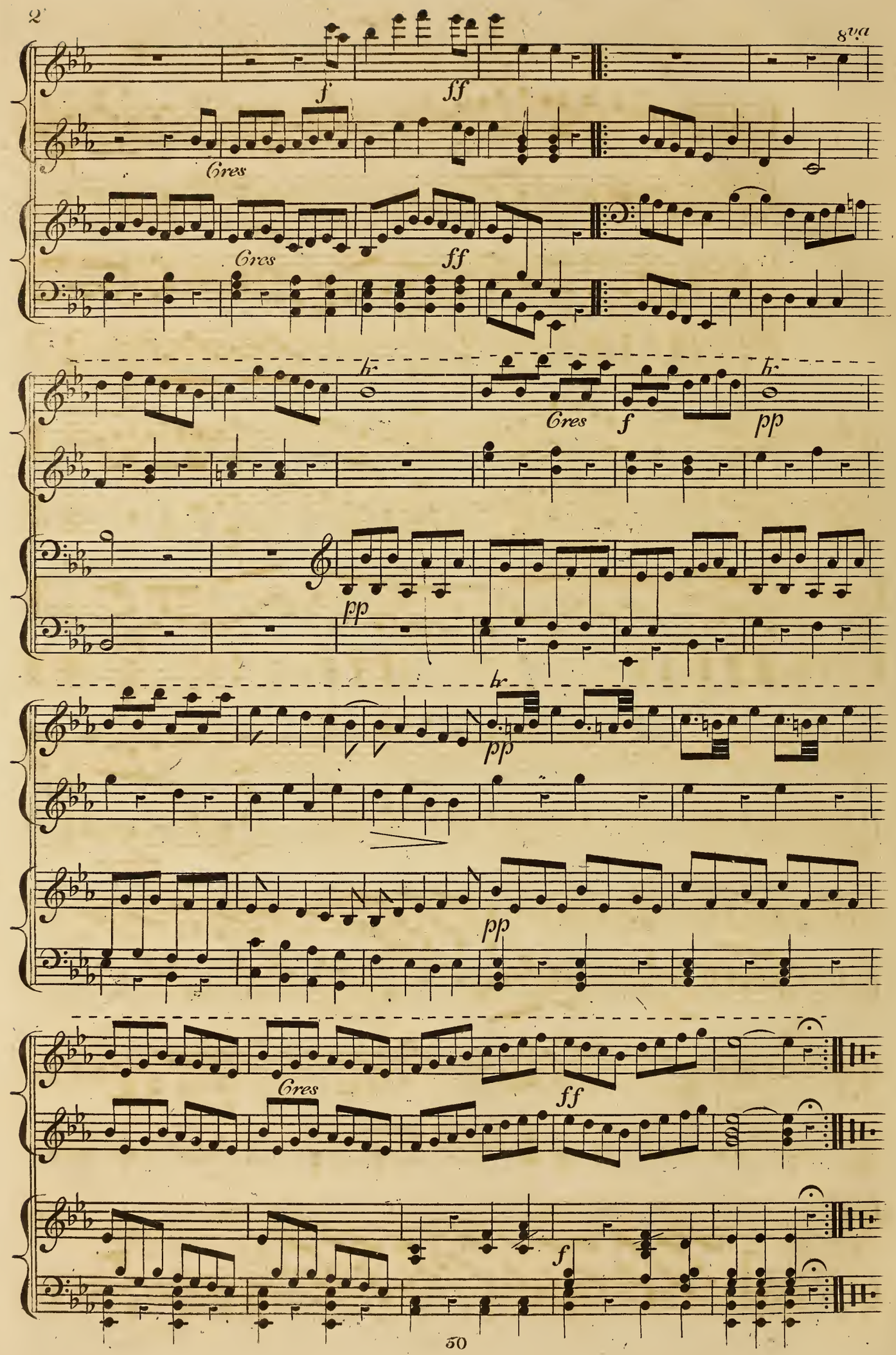
f p p f p f p

8va pp f p f p f p

f f f

loco f ff

Cres p Cres ff fp


8va
f
ff
Cres
Cres
ff
tr
Cres
f
pp
tr
pp
tr
pp
pp
Cres
ff
f

Air. The Pleasant Rocks.

First Performer

Flow

Second Performer

p pp Cres p Cres p

8va lentando. p Cres p pp p lentando. pp

Cres f p ff p

Cres f p ff

lentando f p f p

p f p f

Air: Planxty Drury.

Carolan.

First Performer

Lively

Second Performer

8va

p f ff f p

8va

p f p

f

Cres p ff

ff

Air The Heardless Boy.

First Performer

Minor

Second Performer

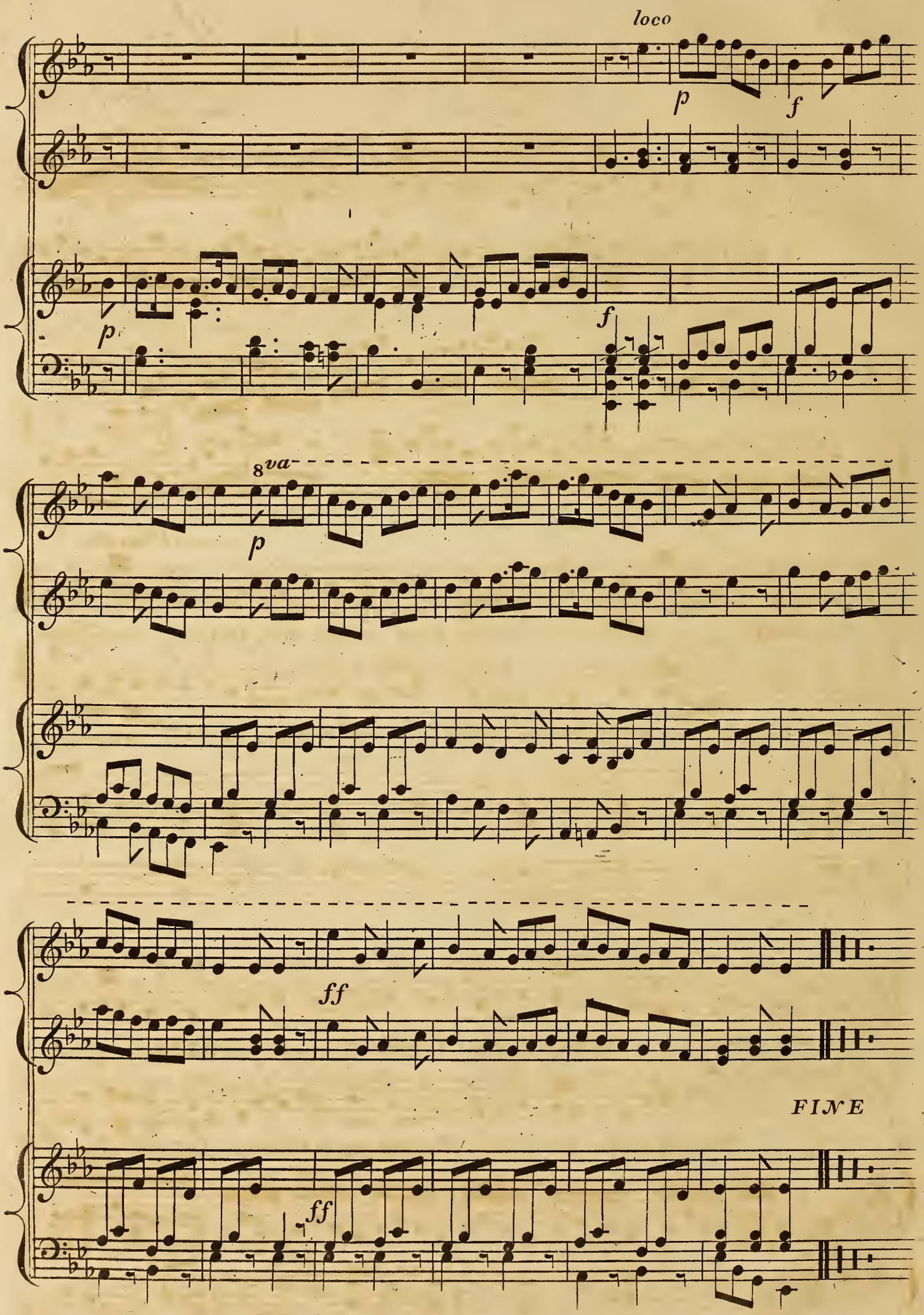
p f

p f pp ff

f ff

8va

p f ff


loco
p
f
p
f
8va
p
ff
FINE
ff

Go where Glory waits thee.

for one or two Voices.

Tenderly

f *p* *f* *p* *pp*

Cres *f* *ff* *p*

espress lentando.

Go where glo_ry waits thee; But, while fame elates thee, Oh! still remember

Go where glo_ry waits thee; But, while fame elates thee, Oh! still remember

espres lentando.

me. When the praise thou meetest To thine ear is sweetest, Oh! then remember

me. When the praise thou meetest To thine ear is sweetest Oh! then remember

Sym

me. O_ther arms may press thee, Dear_er friends ca_ress thee,

me. O_ther arms may press thee, Dear_er friends ca_ress thee,

a tempo

f *p*

All the joys that bless thee Sweeter far may be; But when friends are nearest,

All the joys that bless thee Sweeter far may be; But when friends are nearest,

lentando

And when joys are dear_est, Oh! then re_member me.

And when joys are dear_est, Oh! then re_member me.

2d VERSE.

espress lentando.

When, at eve, thou rov_est By the star thou lov_est, Oh! then remember

When, at eve, thou rov_est By the star thou lov_est, Oh! then remember

me. Think, when home re_turning, Bright we've seen it burning,

me. Think, when home re_turning, Bright we've seen it burning,

Sym

espress lentando

Oh! thus re_member me. Oft, as sum_mer clos_es,

Oh! thus re_member me. Oft, as sum_mer clos_es,

a tempo

f *p*

When thine eye re-poses On its ling'ring roses, Once so lov'd by thee,

When thine eye re-poses On its ling'ring roses, Once so lov'd by thee,

lentando

Think of her who wove them, Her who made thee love them; Oh! then remember

Think of her who wove them, Her who made thee love them; Oh! then remember

me.

me.

Air—*Maid of the Valley.*

I.

Go where glory waits thee;
But, while Fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.

II.

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,—
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft, as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its ling'ring roses,
Once so lov'd by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them;
Oh! then remember me.

III.

When, around thee, dying,
Autumn-leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me:
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should Music, stealing
All the soul of Feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let Mem'ry bring thee
Strains I us'd to sing thee;
Oh! then remember me.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.

AIR—*Molly Macalpin.*

I.

REMEMBER the glories of Brien the Brave[a],
Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;
Tho', lost to Mononia[b], and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora[c] no more!
That star of the field, which so often has pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet.

II.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of Slavery there?
No, Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine
Than to sleep but a moment in chains!

III.

Forget not our wounded companions[d], who stood
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died!
The Sun, that now blesses our arms with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain:—
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain!

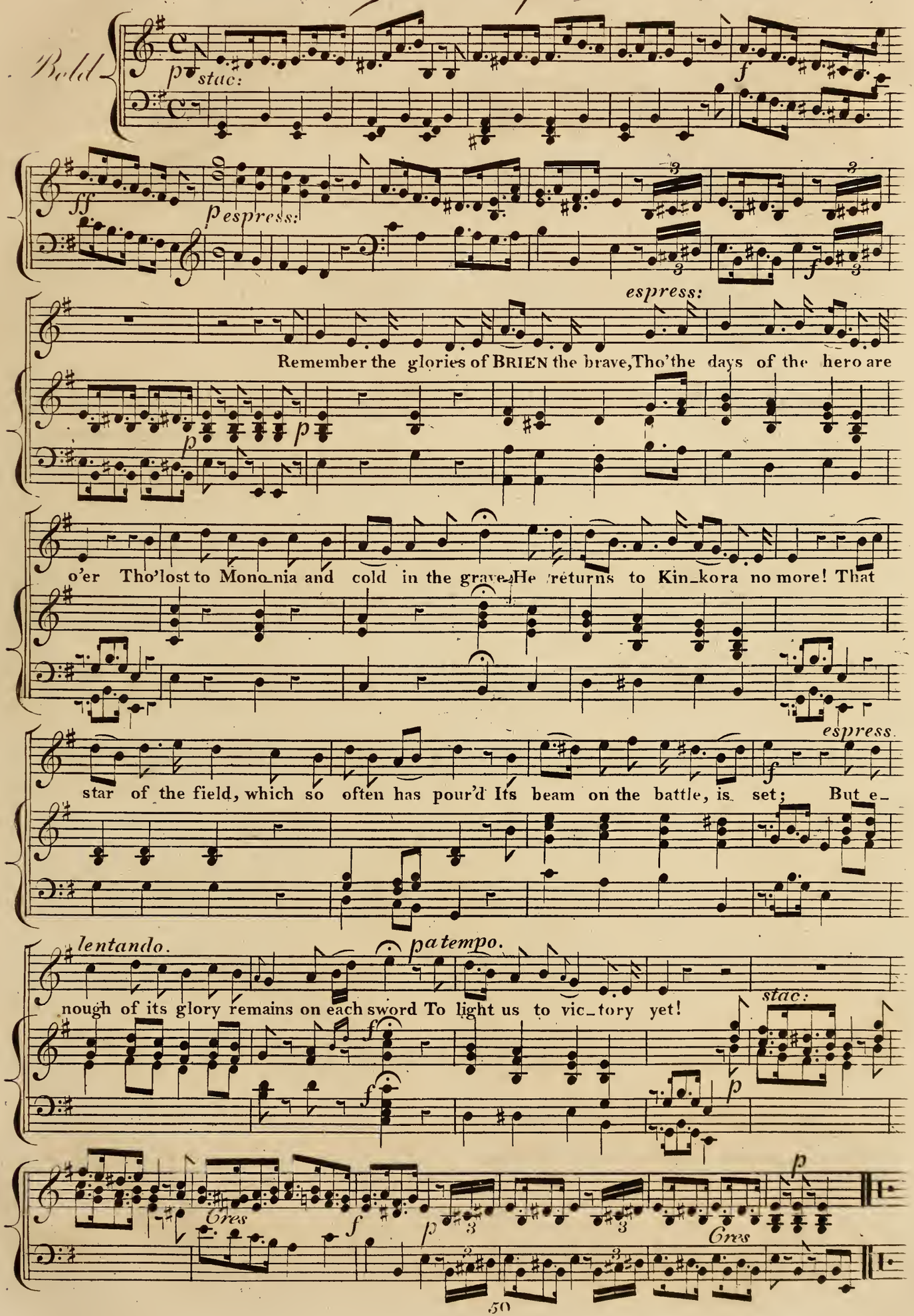
---

[a] Brien Borombe, the great Monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the Battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th Century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

[b] Munster. [c] The Palace of Brien.

[d] This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the Battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest.—"*Let stakes*" (they said) "*be stuck in the ground; and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed* "*in his rank by the side of a sound man.*"—"Between seven and eight hundred wounded men," (adds O'Halloran,) "pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops!—Never was such another sight exhibited."—HISTORY OF IRELAND, Book XII. Chap. I.

Remember the Glories of Brien the brave.



Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes.

Mod.

f *Dim* *p* *p* *Cres*

Cres *p* *pp* *Cres*

E-RIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes Blend like the rain-bow that

hangs in the skies; Shin-ing thro' sor-row's stream, Sadd'ning thro'

f *p*

Cres *f* *pp*

pleasure's beam, Thy suns, with doubt-ful gleam, Weep while they rise!

Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes.

Harmonized for four Voices.

Man

Dim *p* *f* *Cres*

1st Treble

p

E - RIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes

2nd Treble

E - RIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes

Tenor & Vts lower

E - RIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes *p*

Bass

E - - - RIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes Blend-

Piano Forte Accompt.

pp *Cres*

Blend like the rain - - bow that hangs in thy skies;

Blend like the rain - bow that hangs in thy skies;

Blend like the rain - - bow that hangs in thy skies;

- - - - - like the rain - - bow that hangs in thy skies;

f *p*

Shin _ ing thro' sorrow's stream, Sadd'n _ ing thro' pleasure's beam,

Shin _ ing thro' sorrow's stream, Sadd'n _ ing thro' pleasure's beam,

Shin _ ing thro' sor row's stream, Sadd'n _ ing thro' pleasure's beam,

Shin _ ing thro' sorrow's stream, Sadd'n _ ing thro' pleasure's beam,

Thy suns, with doubt _ ful gleam, Weep while they rise!

with doubt _ ful gleam, Weep while they rise!

with doubt _ ful gleam, Weep while they rise!

Thy suns, with doubt _ ful gleam, Weep while they rise!

2d VERSE.

p

E__RIN! thy si__lent tear ne__ver shall cease,

E__RIN! thy si__lent tear ne__ver shall cease,

E__RIN! thy si__lent tear ne__ver shall cease,

E_____RIN! thy si__lent tear ne____ver shall cease, E__

pp *Cres*

E__RIN! thy lan__guid smile ne'er shall in__crease,

E__RIN! thy lan__guid smile ne'er shall in__crease,

E__RIN! thy lan__guid smile ne'er shall in__crease,

_____RIN! thy lan__guid smile ne'er shall in_crease,

f *p*

Till, like the rain - bow's light, Thy va - rious tints u - nite,

Till, like the rain - bow's light, Thy va - rious tints u - nite,

Till, like the rain - bow's light, Thy va - rious tints u - nite,

Till, like the rain - bow's light, Thy va - rious tints u - nite,

Cres *pp*

And form, in Hea - ven's sight, One arch of peace!

in Hea - ven's sight, One arch of peace!

in Hea - ven's sight, One arch of peace!

And form, in Hea - ven's sight, One arch of peace!

AIR—*Aileen Aroon.*

I.

ERIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies;
Shining thro' sorrow's stream,
Sadd'ning thro' pleasure's beam,
Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise!

II

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form, in Heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!

AIR—*The Brown Maid.*

I.

Oh! breathe not his name—let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid!
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

II.

But the night-dew that falls, tho' in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, tho' in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

Oh! breathe not his name.

for one or two Voices.

Pensively

pp *f* *p* *br*

espress *Cres* *f* *Dim*

a tempo

Oh! breathe not his name-let it sleep in the shade Where

Oh! breathe not his name-let it sleep in the shade Where

cold and un_honour'd his re_licks are laid! Sad, si_lent, and dark, be the

cold and unhonour'd his re_licks are laid! Sad, si_lent, and dark, be the

tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

pp

2d VERSE.

But the night-dew that falls, tho' in si_lence it weeps, Shall brighten with

But the night-dew that falls, tho' in si_lence it weeps, Shall brighten with

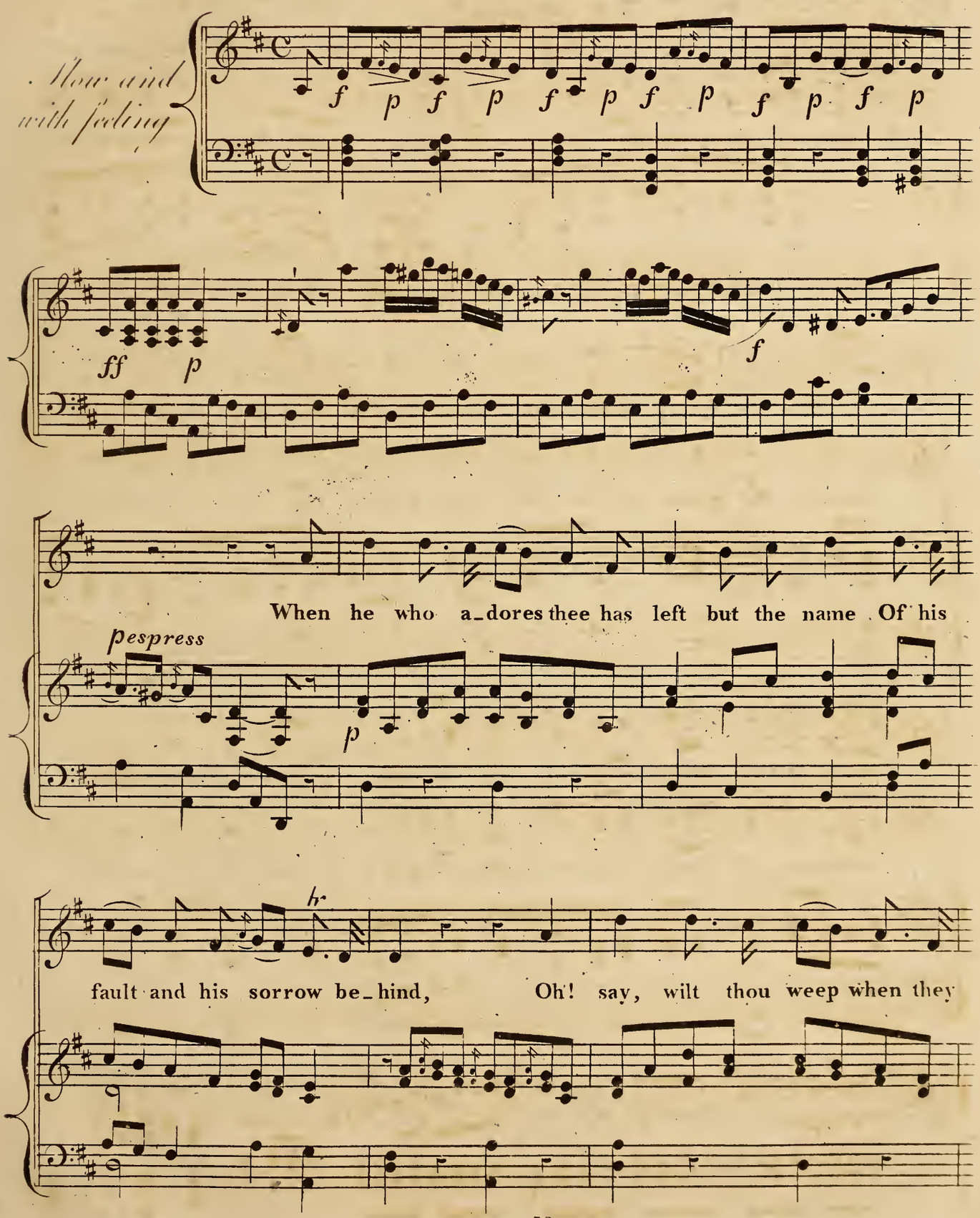
ver_dure the grave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed, tho' in

verdure the grave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed, tho' in

secret it rolls, Shall long keep his me_mory green in our souls.

secret it rolls, Shall long keep his me_mory green in our souls.

When he who adores thee.



dark_en the fame Of a life that for thee was re_sign'd? Yes,

espress *for*

weep! and, howe_ver my foes may condemn, Thy tears shall efface their de_

cree; For Heav'n can wit_ness, tho' guil__ty to them, I have

been but too faith_ful to thee!

Cres

p

Air—*The Fox's Sleep.*

I

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say, wilt thou weep when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep! and, however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, tho' guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee!

II.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
Every thought of my reason was thine:—
In my last humble pray'r to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! bless'd are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

* These words allude to a story in an old Irish manuscript, which is too long and too melancholy to be inserted here

---

AIR—*Gramachree.*

I.

THE harp that once, thro' Tara's halls,
The soul of Music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled :—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!

II.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord, alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells :—
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives!

The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls. 27

Slow

The Harp that once, thro' Tara's halls, The soul of Mu_sic shed, Now hangs as mute on

Ta_ra's walls As if that soul were fled:— So sleeps the pride of for_mer days, So

glory's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more!

The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls.

Harmonized for four Voices.

Slow

1st Treble: The Harp that once, thro' Ta - ra's halls, The soul of Music shed, Now

2nd Treble: The Harp that once, thro' Ta - ra's halls, The soul of Music shed, Now hangs on

Tenor & Alto lower: The Harp that once, The soul of Music shed, Now

Bass: The Harp thro' Ta - ra's halls, The soul of Music shed, Now hangs on

Piano Forte Accompt.

hangs as mute on Tara's walls As if that soul were fled: So sleeps the pride of former days, So

Ta - - ra's walls As if that soul were fled: So sleeps the pride of former days, So

hangs on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled: So - - - - sleeps the pride So

Ta - - ra's walls As if that soul were fled: So sleeps so sleeps the pride So

glo_ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now

glo_ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now

glo_ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now

glo_ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now

feel that pulse no more!

feel that pulse no more!

feel that pulse no more!

feel that pulse no more!

2d VERSE.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright The Harp of Tara swells; The

No more to chiefs and ladies bright The Harp of Tara swells; The chord, a_

No more to chiefs The Harp of Tara swells; The

No more to chiefs The Harp the Harp of Ta_ra swells; The chord, a_

Cres *f*

chord, a_ lone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ruin tells: Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes, The

p

lone that breaks at night, Its ru _ _ in tells: Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes, The

chord, that breaks at night, Its tale of ruin tells: Thus _ _ _ Freedom now The

lone that breaks Its tale of ruin tells: Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes, The

f *p*

only throb she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives!

only throb she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives!

only throb she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives!

only throb she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives!

Fly not yet!

Vivaly

Fly not yet,'tis just the hour When pleasure, like the midnight flow'r, That

scorns the eye of vul_gar light, Be_gins to bloom for sons of night, And

maids who love the moon! 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That

beauty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at_tractions glowing

Set the tides and gob_lets flow_ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— Joy so seldom

weaves a chain Like this to night, that, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so

soon. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— Joy so sel_dom weaves a chain Like

this to night, that oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.

lentando

Fly not yet

Harmonized for two Voices.

Lively

Soprano First Voice

Soprano Second Voice

Tenor Second Voice *

Piano Forte Accompt.

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When plea_sure, like the

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When pleasure, like the

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When plea_sure, like the

midnight flow'r, That scorns the eye of vul_gar light, Be_gins to bloom for

mid_night flow'r, That scorns the eye of vul_gar light, Be_gins to bloom for

mid_night flow'r, That scorns the eye of vul_gar light, Be_gins to bloom for

sons of night, And maids who love the moon! 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That

sons of night, And maids who love the moon! 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That

sons of night, And maids who love the moon! 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That

* This part to be used if sung by a Male Voice.

beau_ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at_tractions glow__ing

beau_ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at_tractions glow__ing

beau_ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at_tractions glow__ing

Set the tides and gob_lets flow_ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— Joy so seldom

Set the tides and gob_lets flow_ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— Joy so seldom

Set the tides and gob_lets flow_ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— Joy so seldom

weaves a chain Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.

weaves a chain Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon. Repeat the Chorus

weaves a chain Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.

a tempo

Cres

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd In times of old thro' Ammon's shade, Tho'

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd In times of old thro' Ammon's shade, Tho'

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd In times of old thro' Ammon's shade, Tho'

i __ cy cold by day it ran, Yet still, like souls of mirth, began To

i __ cy cold by day it ran, Yet still, like souls of mirth, began To

i __ cy cold by day it ran, Yet still, like souls of mirth, began To

burn when night was near; And thus should wo_man's heart and looks At

burn when night was near; And thus should wo_man's heart and looks At

burn when night was near; And thus should wo_man's heart and looks At

noon be cold as win_ter-brooks, Nor kin_dle till the night, return_ing,

noon be cold as win_ter-brooks, Nor kin_dle till the night, return_ing,

noon be cold as win_ter-brooks, Nor kin_dle till the night, re_turn_ing,

Brings their ge_nial hour for burn_ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— When did morning

Brings their ge_nial hour for burn_ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— When did morning

Brings their ge_nial hour for burn_ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— When did morning

e_ver break, And find such beaming eyes a_wake As those that sparkle here!

e_ver break, And find such beaming eyes a_wake As those that sparkle here! Repeat the Chorus

e_ver break, And find such beaming eyes a_wake As those that sparkle here!

a tempo

Cres

Air—*Planxty Kelly.*

I.

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower,
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon!
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing!
Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.

II.

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd,
In times of old, thro' Ammon's shade[a],
Tho' icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near;
And thus should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter-brooks,
Nor kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning
Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here!

[a] Solis Fons, near the Temple of Ammon.

AIR—*John O'Reilly the Active.*

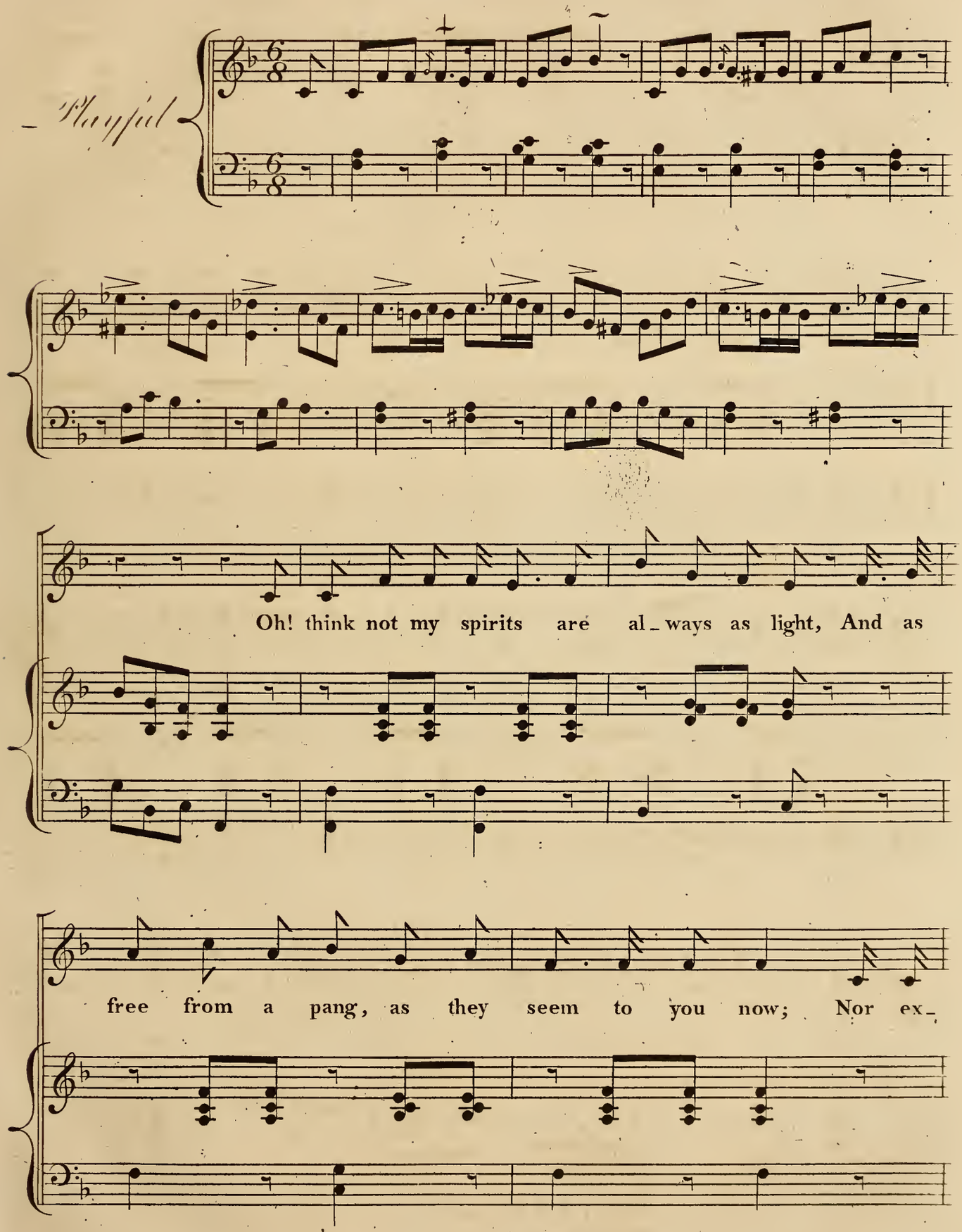
I.

OH! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow:—
No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile;
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear!

II.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind!
But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
And the heart, that has slumber'd in friendship securest,
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceiv'd.
But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine—
That the sunshine of Love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of Friendship console our decline!

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light.



pect that the heart-beam_ing smile of to night Will re_turn with to-

morrow to brighten my brow:— No, life is a wase of

weari_some hours, Which sel_dom the rose of en__joyment a-

dorns; And the heart that is soon_est a_wake to the flow'rs Is

always the first to be touch'd by the thorns! But send round the

bowl, and be happy a__while; May we never meet worse in our

pil_grimage here Than the tear that en_joy_ment can gild with a

lentando *espress*

smile, And the smile that compas_sion can turn to a tear!

a tempo

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin.

Slow

Cres *f* *p*

Cres *f*

Tho' the last glimpse of

ERIN with sorrow I see, Yet wher_e _ _ver thou art shall seem E_RIN to me;

In exile thy bosom shall still be my home, And thine eyes make my climate wher_

e _ _ver we roam.

Cres

Cres *Cres* *Dim*

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin

Harmonized for four Voices.

Mov.

Cres

1st Treble

Tho' the last glimpse of E_RIN with sor_row I see, Yet wher_e_ver thou art shall seem E_RIN to me;

2nd Treble

Tho' the last glimpse of E_RIN with sor_row I see, Yet wher_e_ver thou art shall seem E_RIN to me;

Tenor
8. Notes lower

Tho' the last glimpse of E_RIN with sor_row I see, Yet wher_e_ver thou art shall seem E_RIN to me;

Bass

Tho' the last glimpse of E_RIN with sor_row I see, Yet wher_e_ver thou art shall seem E_RIN to me;

Piano Forte Accomp.t

p

In ex__ile thy bo_som shall still be my home, And thine

In ex__ile thy bosom shall still be my home, And thine

In ex__ile thy bosom shall still be my home, And thine

In ex__ile thy bosom shall still be my home, And thine

hr

eyes make my cli__mate wher__e___ver we roam.

hr

eyes make my cli__mate wher__e___ver we roam.

eyes make my cli__mate wher__e___ver we roam.

eyes make my cli__mate wher__e___ver we roam.

Cres

Cres

Cres

lentando

Dim

2d VERSE.

To the gloom of the de_ _sert, or cold rock_ _y

To the gloom of the de_ _sert, or cold rock_ _y

To the gloom of the de_ _sert, or cold rock_ _y

To the gloom of the de_ _sert, or cold rock_ _y

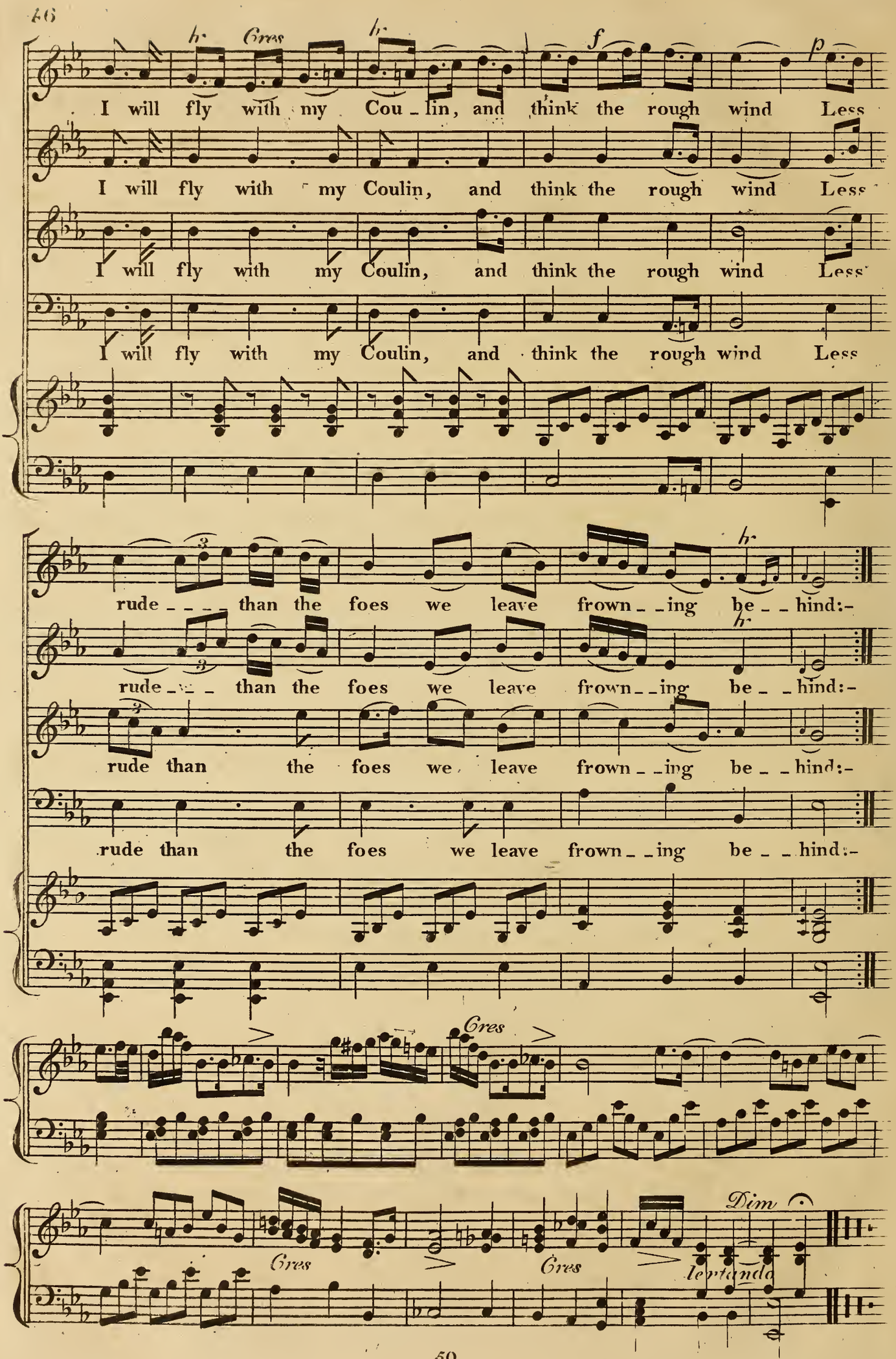
pia

shore Where the eye of the stran_ger can haunt us no more,

shore Where the eye of the stran_ger can haunt us no more,

shore Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,

shore Where the eye of the stran_ _ger can haunt us no more,


h
Cres
h
f
p
I will fly with my Cou _ lin, and think the rough wind Less
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind Less
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind Less
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind Less
rude _ _ _ than the foes we leave frown _ _ ing be _ _ hind:-
h
rude _ _ _ than the foes we leave frown _ _ ing be _ _ hind:-
rude than the foes we leave frown _ _ ing be _ _ hind:-
rude than the foes we leave frown _ _ ing be _ _ hind:-
Cres
Cres
Cres
Dim
lentando

AIR—*Coulin.*

I.

THO' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam

II.

To the gloom of some desert, or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind :—

III.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair[a].

---

[a] "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulins*, (long locks,) on their heads, or hair on the upper lip, called *Crommeal*. On this occasion a Song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish Virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks), to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this Song the Air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—WALKER'S HISTORICAL MEMOIRS OF IRISH BARDS, page 134.—Mr. WALKER informs us, also, that, about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

AIR—*The Summer is coming.*

I.

RICH and rare were the gems she wore[a],
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But, oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

II.

" Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
" So lone and lovely, thro' this bleak way?
" Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
" As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

III.

" Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;
" No son of Erin will offer me harm:
" For, tho' they love woman and golden store,
" Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more!"

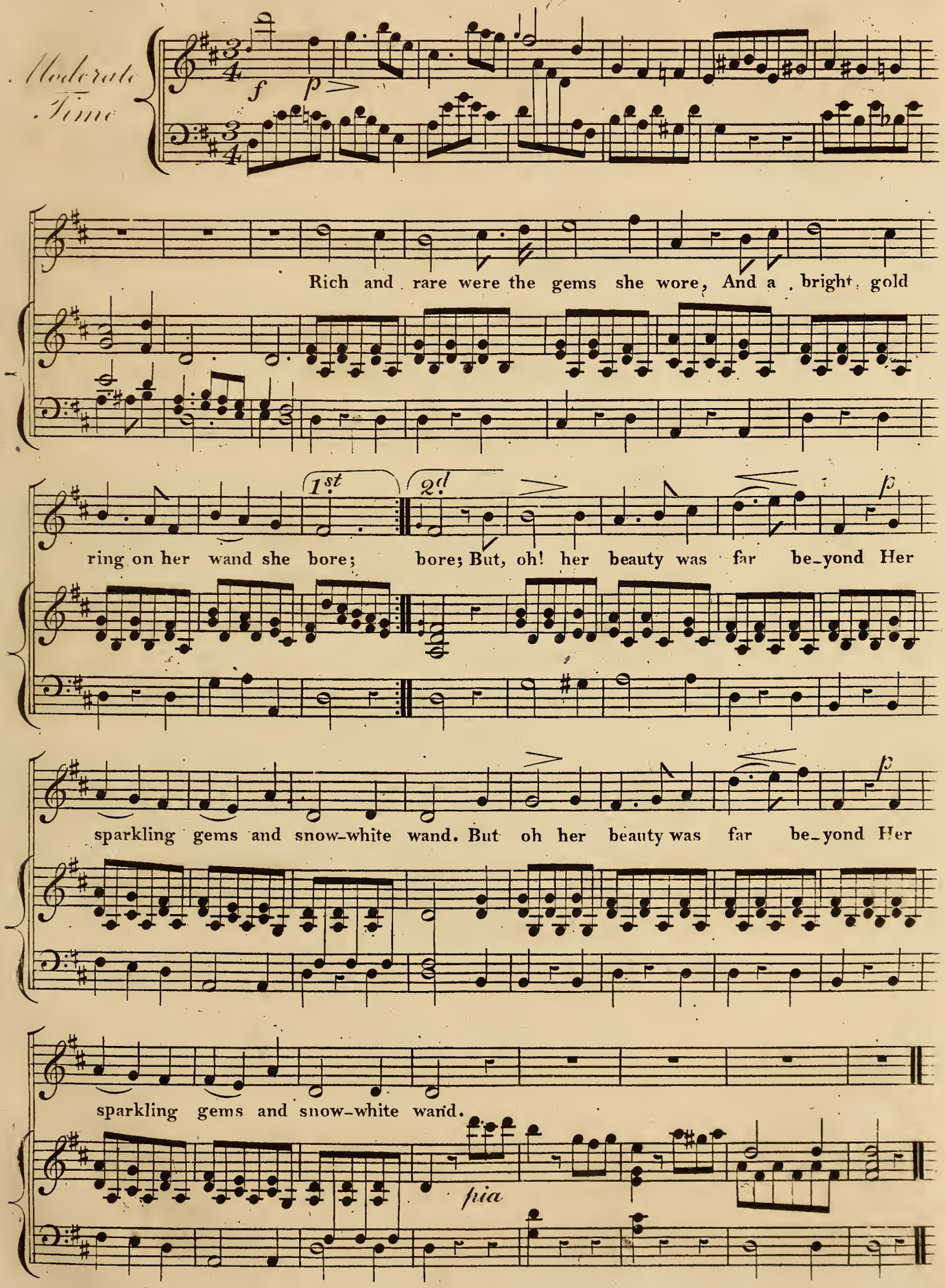
IV.

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And bless'd for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride!

---

[a] This Ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—"The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of BRIEN, and by his excellent Administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young Lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the Kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the Laws and Government of this Monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—WARNER'S HISTORY OF IRELAND, Vol. I. Book 10.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore.



2d VERSE.

1st 2d

"La_dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and lovely, thro' this bleak way? way? Are ERIN'S

sons so good or so cold As not to be tempted by woman or gold?" Are ERIN'S sons so

good or so cold As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

3d VERSE.

p

1st 2d

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least a_larm; No son of ERIN will offer me harm; Sir harm; For,

tho' they love woman and golden store, Sir Knight they love honour and vir_tue more!" For

tho they love woman and gold_en store, Sir Knight! they love honour and vir_tue

4th VERSE.

more! On she went, and her maid_en smile In

1st 2d

safety light_ed her round the Green Isle; Isle; And blest for e_ver was she who re_

lied Upon E_RIN'S honour and E_RIN'S pride! And blest for e_ver was she who re_

lied Upon E_RIN'S honour and E_RIN'S pride!

Rich and rare were the gems she wore.

Harmonized for four Voices.

Moderate Time

1st Treble

2nd Treble

Tenor
8. Notes lower

Bass

Piano Forte Accomp.t

f p

Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a

Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a

Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a

Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a

bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beauty was

bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beau_ty was

bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beauty was

bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beau_ty was

far be_yond Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand But oh! her

far be_yond Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand But oh! her

far be_yond Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand But oh! her

far be_yond Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand But oh! her

for

beauty was far be_yond Her sparkling gems and swow-white wand.

beauty was far be_yond Her sparkling gems and swow-white wand.

beauty was far be_yond Her sparkling gems and swow-white wand.

beauty was far be_yond Her sparkling gems and swow-white wand.

Cres

p

2d VERSE.

"La _ _ dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love _ ly, thro'

"La _ _ dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love _ ly, thro'

"La _ _ dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love _ ly, thro'

"La _ _ dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love _ _ ly, thro'

this bleak way? Are E _ RIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

this bleak way? Are E _ RIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

this bleak way? Are E _ RIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

this bleak way? Are E _ RIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

tempted by woman or gold? Are ERIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

tempted by woman or gold? Are ERIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

tempted by woman or gold? Are ERIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

tempted by woman or gold? Are ERIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

tempted by woman or gold?"

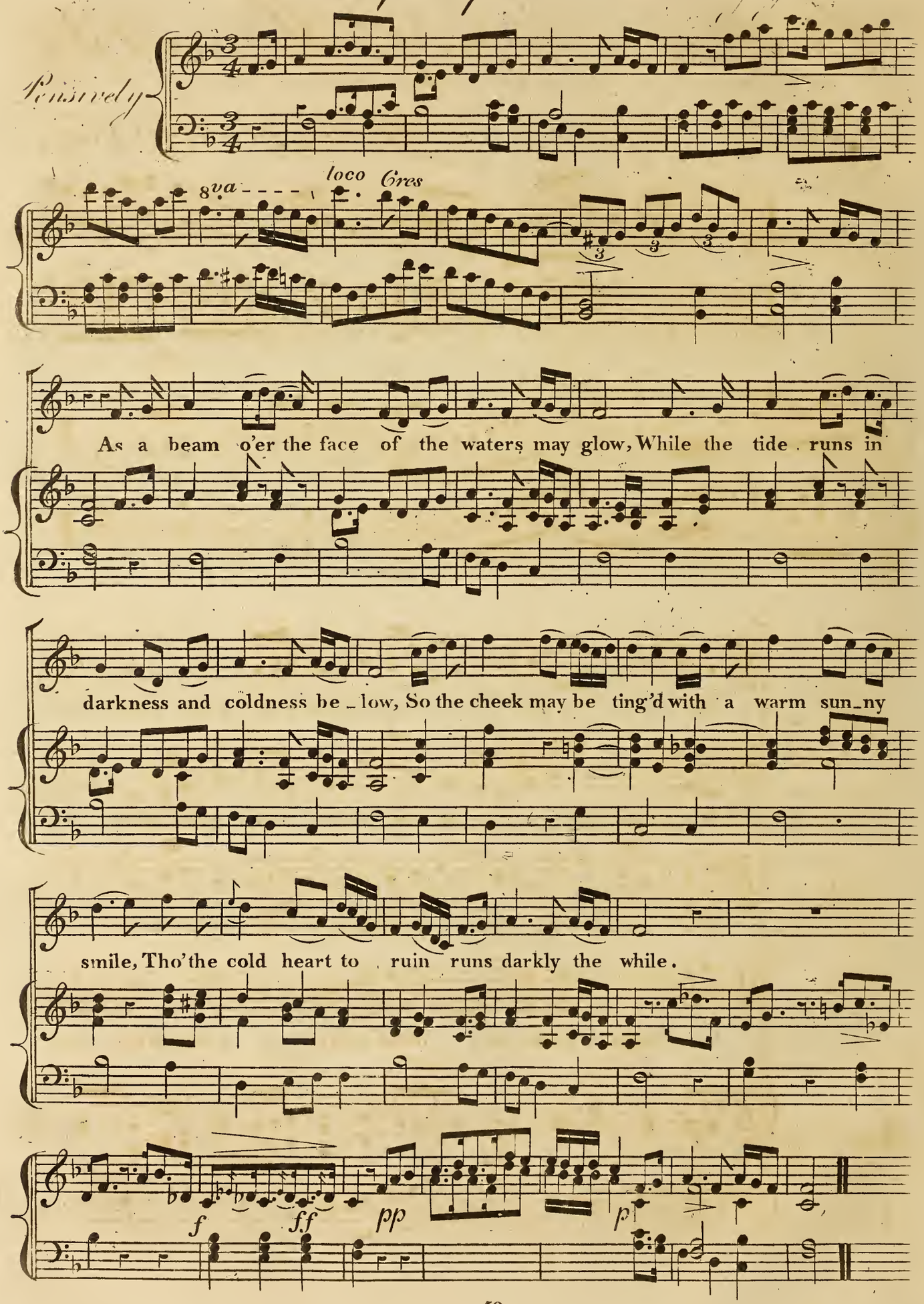
tempt_ed by woman or gold?"

tempted by woman or gold?"

tempted by woman or gold?"

Cres *p*

As a beam o'er the face of the Waters may glow.



As a beam o'er the face of the Waters may glow;

Harmonized for four Voices.

Pensively

8va loco Cres

1st Treble

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow, While the

2nd Treble

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow, While the

Tenor
8. Notes lower

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow, While the

Bass

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow, While the

Piano Forte
Accomp.t

tide runs in darkness and coldness be _ low, So the cheek may be ting'd with a

tide runs in darkness and coldness be _ low, So the cheek may be ting'd with a

tide runs in dark_ness and coldness be _ low, So the cheek may be ting'd with a

tide runs in dark_ness and coldness be _ low, So the cheek may be ting'd with a

warm sunny smile, Tho' the cold heart to ru_in runs darkly the while.

warm sunny smile, Tho' the cold heart to ru_ _in runs darkly the while.

warm sunny smile, Tho' the cold heart to ru_ in runs darkly the while.

warm sunny smile, Tho' the cold heart to ru _ in runs darkly the while.

p *p* *f* *pp* *p*

2d VERSE.

One fa__tal re_membrance, one sor_row, that throws Its

One fa__tal re_membrance, one sor_row, that throws Its

One fa__tal re___mem_brance, one sor_row, that throws Its

One fa___tal re_mem_brance, one sor_row, that throws Its

bleak shade a__like o'er our joys and our woes, To which

bleak shade a__like o'er our joys and our woes, To which

bleak shade a__like o'er our joys and our woes, To which

bleak shade a_like o'er our joys and our woes, To which

espress

life no_thing dark_er or bright_er can bring, For which

life nothing dark_er or bright_er can bring, For which

life nothing dark_er or bright_er can bring, For which

life no_thing dark_er or bright_er can bring, For which

Joy has no balm, and Af__flic_tion no sting:—

Joy has no balm, and Af__fliction no sting:—

Joy has no balm, and Af__flic_tion no sting:—

Joy has no balm, and Af__fliction no sting:—

p

p *pp* *p*

AIR—*The Young Man's Dream.*

I.

AS a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,
Tho' the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

II.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow, that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which Joy has no balm, and Affliction no sting:—

III.

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;
The l[illegible]ms of the warm Sun play round it in vain—
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again!

THERE IS NOT IN THIS WIDE WORLD.

AIR—*The Old Head of Denis.*

I.

THERE is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet[b]
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!

II

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill;
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still:—

III.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

IV.

Sweet Vale of Ovoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

---

[a] "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow; and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.

[b] The rivers Avon and Ovoca.

The meeting of the Waters.

With Expression

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet. Oh! the last rays of feel_ing and life must depart Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart! Ere the bloom of that val_ley shall fade from my heart!

lentando *Cres*