

A decorative border of small, repeating floral motifs surrounds the entire text area.

Music of the Gael

THE IDEAL SONG BOOK
FOR IRISH CHILDREN

By REV. P. A. WALSH, C.M.

Editor of Songs of the Gael, &c.

PART I.

SECOND EDITION. TENTH THOUSAND.

PUBLISHED BY

FALLON BROTHERS, Limited
The Schools House, DUBLIN & BELFAST

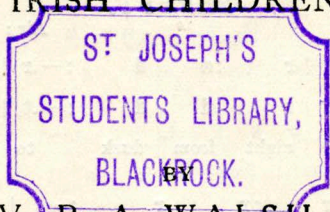
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MUSIC OF THE GAEL.



BEREFT.

KEY D.

Air : " Willy Reilly."

{	:r ^l	l	: <u>s</u> .m r	:m	d	:— .r m	:s	}
	:r	f	: <u>m</u> .d r	:d	d	:— .t _l d	:m	
	I	roved last	night	from	dusk	to	dawn, la-	

{	l	: <u>s</u> .m r	:r	r	:—	:m	}
	r	: <u>m</u> .d t _l	:t _l	t _l	:—	:d	
	ment - ing	all	for -	lorn,		And	

{	r	: <u>r</u> .m s	l	r ^l	:— .r ^l d ^l	:r ^l	}
	r	: <u>r</u> .d m	:f	f	:— .f m	:s	
	stept	up -	on	a	ring	of	

{	m ^l	: <u>r^l</u> .d ^l l	:r ^l	d ^l	:—	:m	}
	s	: <u>f</u> .m f	:r	m	:—	:d	
	neath	a	twist - ed	thorn,		The	

{	r	<u>r</u> .m s	:l	r ^l	:— .r ^l d ^l	:r ^l	}
	t _l	: <u>t_l</u> .d m	:m	f	:— .f m	:s	
	cru - el	Red	Wind	of	the	Hills	

{	<u>m</u> ^l	: <u>r</u> ^l . <u>d</u> ^l	<u>l</u>	: <u>r</u> ^l	{	<u>d</u> ^l	: —	: <u>r</u> ^l . <u>d</u> ^l
	<u>s</u>	: <u>f</u> . <u>m</u>	<u>f</u>	: <u>r</u>		<u>m</u>	: —	: <u>f</u> . <u>m</u>
	blow	- ing	round	a		-	bout	—

{	<u>l</u>	: <u>s</u> . <u>m</u>	<u>r</u>	: <u>m</u>	{	<u>d</u>	: — . <u>r</u>	<u>m</u>	: <u>s</u> . <u>s</u>
	<u>f</u>	: <u>m</u> . <u>d</u>	<u>t</u> _l	: <u>d</u>		<u>d</u>	: — . <u>t</u> _l	<u>d</u>	: <u>m</u> . <u>m</u>
	heard	the	clash	of		fai	-	ry	swords, and the

{	<u>l</u>	: <u>s</u> . <u>m</u>	<u>r</u>	: <u>r</u>	{	<u>r</u>	: —	
	<u>r</u>	: <u>m</u> . <u>d</u>	<u>r</u>	: <u>r</u>		<u>r</u>	: —	
	fai	-	ries	bat		-	tle	

2

My eyes were open in the dark, I stood in silent fear,
 And saw one move among them was gone from me a year,
 Her nut-brown curls so fine and fair, her slender shape I knew—
 Christ keep us from such sorrows as filled her eyes of blue.

3

The gentle folk were warring for sake of my fair girl—
 Their strokes had set the wind to blow and dead brown leaves to whirl.
 She saw me, and her little hands were lifted in despair,
 Mo vrón ! mo vrón ! when next I looked nor Síó nor ghost was there.

4

Oh ! I will wander to the East, and I will wander West,
 And dree my penance in the ways that Patrick's feet have blessed,
 And may be where she bides unseen in fairy field or hall
 The blessing of my whispered prayer upon her head may fall.

—ETHNA CARBERY.

(Taken by permission from "The Four Winds of Erin," and now set to music for the first time).

IRISHMEN OF EVERY CREED.

KEY E \flat . *Con spirito.*

Air: "The Rakes of Mallow."

{	d	.m	:	d	.m		d	.m	:	f	.m	.r	.d	}
{	I	-	rish	-	men	of	ev	-	'ry	creed,	Of	}	}	

{	t ₁	.r	:	t ₁	.r		t ₁	.r	:	m	.r	.d	t ₁	}
{	ev	-	'ry	rank	and	sta	.			tion,	}	}		

{	d	.m	:	d	.m		d	.m	s	.s	}
{	Come	and	aid	by	word	and	deed	Our	}		

{	f	.m	.r	.d	:	t ₁	.d	.r	.m		d	:	d	}
{	isle's	re	-	gen	-	er	-	a	-	tion	:	}		

{	^f d ¹	.t	.l	:	s	.f		m	.f	:	s	}
{	Come	to	-	geth-er	heart	and	hand,	}				

{	d	.t	.l	:	s	.f		m	.s	:	r	}
{	Join	our	gal-lant	pa	-	triot	band,	}				

{	d	.t	.l	:	s	.f		m	.f	:	s	.s	}
{	Stand	-	ing	for	the	dear	old	land	To	}			

{	f	.m	.r	.d	:	t ₁	.d	.r	.m		d	:	d	}
{	lift	her	up,	a	Na	-	tion	}						

Let the bitter past be past
With all its pain and sadness ;
Better days have come at last,
And strife is sin and madness :
Come together, heart and hand,
Join our gallant patriot band
Standing for the dear old land
To give her peace and gladness.

Each to worship the Divine
Before his chosen altar ;
All for Ireland to combine
In love that will not falter :
Come together, heart and hand,
Join our gallant patriot band,
Standing for the dear old land
To honour and exalt her.

So, though Ireland's fame comes down
From ages old and hoary,
We shall make her new renown
Outshine her ancient glory :
Come together, heart and hand,
Join our gallant patriot band,
Join, to raise the dear old land
From grief to joy and glory.

—ZOZIMUS.

THE LITTLE RED FOX.

KEY E \flat . *Moderato.*

Air: "Αν μαριονέτα Ρουάο."

{	:s .,m	d	:m		s	:s .,s	s .l	:s .m		s	}
	:m .,d	l ₁	:s ₁		d	:m .,m	r .d	:t ₁ .d		r	
	The	Little	Red	Fox	is	a	raid	-	er	sly	

{	:s .s	d	:m		s	:m	r	:—		d	}
	:d .t ₁	l ₁	:d		t ₁ .r	:d	s ₁ .l ₁	:t ₁ .s ₁		d	
	In	the	mist	-	y	moon	-	light	creep	-	ing;

{	:s .,s	d ¹ .d ¹ :d ¹ .d ¹		t	:—	.l	s .l	:s .m		r	}
	:m .,r	d .r :m .fe		s	:—	.f	m .d	:t ₁ .d		t ₁ .s ₁	
	With	a	mor-sel	to	his	taste	he	hurries	off	in	haste,

{	:d .l ₁	d .r :m .d		r	:r	d	:—		d		
	:l ₁ .l ₁	l ₁ .t ₁ :d .l ₁		s ₁ .l ₁	:t ₁ .s ₁	d ^{pp.}	:f ₁		m ₁		
	While	the	farm	-	yard's	sound	-	ly	sleep	-	ing.

{	:s .,m	d .r :m .f		s	:s	s .l	:s .m		s	}
	:m .,d	d .t ₁ :d .r		m	:d	s .f	:m .d		t ₁	
	"A	duck,"	says	he,	"has	charms	for	me,		

Chorus—Oh, Little Red Fox, Red Fox, Red Fox,

{	:m .r	d .r :m .f		s	:m .d	r	:—		d	}
	:d .t ₁	d .t ₁ :d .r		m	:d	t ₁	:—		d	
	Like	-	wise	a	young	cock	crow	-	ing;	
	Oh!	Lit-tle	Red	Fox,	none	bold	-	er,		

{	: s	., s		d	:	d	. l		t	:	l		s	. l	:	s	. m		r	}	
{	: m	., r		d	. r	:	m	. fe		s	:	f		m	. d	:	t	. d		t	}
	But	a		fine		fat		goose		is			most		of		use				
	Lit - tle			Red		Fox,		creep - ing		through		the					rocks,				

{	: d	. l		d	. r	:	m	. d		r	:	- . r		d	:	-		d	}	
{	: l	. l		l	. t	:	d			d	:	t	. s		d	:	-		d	}
	To	a		fam-i - ly		young		and		grow		-		ing."						
	With	a		fat		goose		o'er		his		should		-			er.			

The Little Red Fox is a family man
 By his own fireside reposing,
 Till the cry of the hound shows his lair is found—
 There's no time left for dozing.
 "I'm off," says he," don't wait for me,
 There's a long, long road before me,
 But home I'll be in time for tea
 When I put this trial o'er me."

Chorus—

Oh ! Little Red Fox, Red Fox, Red Fox,
 Oh ! Little Red Fox, low keeping ;
 Little Red Fox, stealing thro' the rocks :
 And the tips of his two ears peeping.

F. A. FAHY.

I LOVE THE HILLS OF IRELAND.

KEY E_b. *Cheerfully.*

{	:s	d ¹ :— :d ¹ t :— :s	l :— :— s :—	}
	:m	m <u>d</u> :s s :f :m	r :m :f m :—	
	I	love the hills of	Ire - land,	

{	:m	r :— :m d :— :d	d :— :— :	}
	:d	d <u>t₁</u> :s ₁ l ₁ :— :s ₁	d :— :— :	
	So	grace - ful - ly they	rise,	

{	<u>d</u> .r	m :— :f s :— :s	m :— :f s :—	}
	<u>d</u> .t ₁	d :m :r m :— :d	d :t ₁ :l ₁ t ₁ :—	
	And	lift their loft - y	sum- - mits	

{	:s	l :— :l l :— :l	s :— :— :	}
	:r	d :— :r m :r :d	t ₁ :— :— :	
	In-	to our cloud - y	skies ;	

{	<u>d</u> .r	m :— :f s :— :s	m :— :f s :—	}
	<u>d</u> .t ₁	d :m :r m :— :d	d :t ₁ :l ₁ t ₁ :—	
	I	love the lakes of	Ire - land	

{	:s	l :— :l <u>l</u> :t :l	s :— :— :	}
	:r	d :— :m r :— :re	m :— :— :	
	So	grand and fair are	they	

{	<u>s</u> <u>l</u> <u>t</u> <u>d</u> :— : <u>d</u> <u>t</u> : <u>l</u> : <u>s</u> <u>l</u> :— :— <u>s</u> : <u>f</u>	}
	<u>f</u> <u>m</u> :— : <u>s</u> <u>s</u> : <u>f</u> : <u>m</u> <u>f</u> :— : <u>r</u> <u>t</u> :—	
	When win - ter winds sweep o'er them,	

{	: <u>m</u> <u>r</u> :— : <u>m</u> <u>d</u> :— : <u>d</u> <u>d</u> :— :— :	}
	<u>d</u> <u>t</u> :— : <u>s</u> <u>d</u> :— : <u>d</u> <u>d</u> :— :—	
	Or sum - mer breez - es play.	

2

I love the streams of Ireland,
 So pleasantly they glide,
 The music-making brooklets,
 The rivers smooth and wide ;
 I love the fields of Ireland,
 So rich, so soft, and green,
 And deem the wide world over
 No fairer can be seen.

3

I love the whole dear Island,
 Its beauties, one and all,
 From Wexford town to Galway,
 From Cork to Donegal ;
 I love its faithful people,
 And pray they soon may be
 High placed among the nations,
 Strong, prosperous, and free.

—T D SULLIVAN.

ERIN ASTHORE.

KEY B \flat .

Air: "Top of Cork Road."

{	d :s ₁ :m ₁ d ₁ :m ₁ :s ₁	l ₁ :r :d t ₁ :l ₁ :s ₁	}
{	d ₁ :m ₁ :d ₁ d ₁ :d ₁ :m ₁	f ₁ :r ₁ :fe ₁ s ₁ :f ₁ :f ₁	}
	Na - ture in man - y a	fa - voured lo - cal - i - ty	

{	d :t ₁ :d r :m :f	s :m :d t ₁ :l ₁ :s ₁	}
{	m ₁ :s ₁ :s ₁ f ₁ :m ₁ :r ₁	m ₁ :s ₁ :s ₁ f ₁ :f ₁ :f ₁	}
	Scat - ters her treasures in	rich prod - i - gal - i - ty	

{	d :s ₁ :m ₁ d ₁ :m ₁ :s ₁	l ₁ :r :d t ₁ :l ₁ :s ₁	}
{	m ₁ :m ₁ :d ₁ d ₁ :d ₁ :m ₁	f ₁ :r :fe ₁ s ₁ :f ₁ :f ₁	}
	But I'll maintain it, with - out	par - ti - al - i - ty	

{	d :t ₁ :d r :m :f	m :d :d d :— :—	
{	m ₁ :s ₁ :s ₁ f ₁ :s ₁ :l ₁	s ₁ :m ₁ :f ₁ m ₁ :— :—	
	You have the pick of them,	E - rin A - sthore.	

{	m :d :m m :d :m	r t ₁ :r <u>r :t₁ :r</u>	}
{	d ₁ :m ₁ :s ₁ d :s ₁ :m ₁	f ₁ :s ₁ :l ₁ s ₁ :— :—	}
	Mountains of pride where the	wild tor - rent falls,	

Chorus—Health and suc - cess to you, E - rin A - sthore

{	d :t ₁ :d l ₁ :r :d	t ₁ :s ₁ :s ₁ s ₁ :— :—	}
{	m ₁ :f ₁ :m ₁ f ₁ :r ₁ :fe ₁	s ₁ :f ₁ :m ₁ <u>r₁ :m₁ :r₁</u>	}
	Val - leys of joy where the	mel - low thrush calls,	
	Free dom il - lu - mine your	val - leys once more!	

{	l_1 : f_1 : l_1 l_1 : d : l_1 s_1 : m_1 : s_1 d_1 : m_1 : s_1	}
	d_1 : d_1 : d_1 r_1 : m_1 : f_1 m_1 : d_1 : m_1 d_1 : d_1 : m_1	
	Woodland and ha - zel dell ; Rath where the fai - ries dwell	
{	Com - fort and ease to you, pow - er and peace to you,	}

{	d : t_1 : d r : m : f m : d : d d : — : —	
	m_1 : s_1 : s_1 f_1 : m_1 : r_1 s_1 : s_1 : f_1 m_1 : — : —	
{	Isles where the an - gels might rest ev - er - more !	
	Glo - ry in - crease to you E - rin A - sthore !	

2

Sons you have, Erin, of strength and capacity,
 Famed in all ages for wit and vivacity,
 Beating the nations in deeds of audacity
 In every land that lies under the sun ;
 Colleens whose souls in their love-lighting eyes
 Shine pure as stars in thy midsummer skies ;
 True hearts unaltering ;
 Faith never faltering ;
 Céao míle páirte for every one

—Chorus

F. A. FANEY.

LET ERIN REMEMBER.

KEY F. *Martially.*

mf.

{	:s ₁	d	:d	.,r		m	:m	.,f		s	:s		f	:m	.,f	}			
{	:s ₁	s ₁	:d	.,t ₁		d	:d	.,d		t ₁	.d	:r	.,t ₁		d	:d	.,d	}	
{	:s ₁	m ₁	:m ₁	.,s ₁		s ₁	.d	:d	.,l ₁		s ₁	.l ₁	:t ₁	s ₁		l ₁	:l ₁	.,l ₁	}

Let E - rin re - mem - ber the days of old Ere her

{	s	:—	.l		m	:d		r	:—		d	:s ₁	}
{	t ₁	:—	.d		d	:d		d	:t ₁		d	:s ₁	}
{	s ₁	:—	.f ₁		s ₁	:l ₁		s ₁	:—		m ₁	:s ₁	}

faith - less sons be - trayed her, When

{	d	:d	.r		m	:m	.f		s	.s	:s		f	:m	.f	}		
{	s ₁	:d	.t ₁		d	:d		t ₁	.d	:r	.,t ₁		d	:d	.d	}		
{	m ₁	:m ₁	.s ₁		s ₁	.d	:d	.l ₁		s ₁	.l ₁	:t ₁	.s ₁		l ₁	:l ₁	.l ₁	}

Mal - a - chy wore the col - lar of gold Which he

f.

{	s	:s	.l		m	:d		r	:—		d	:s	.s	}
{	t ₁	:t ₁	.d		d	:d		d	:t ₁		d	:m	.f	}
{	s ₁	:s ₁	.f ₁		s ₁	:m ₁		f ₁	:s ₁		d	:d	.t ₁	}

won from the proud in - va - - der, When her

dim

{	d ¹	:d ¹		t	:l	.s		l	:s	.m		s	:m	.r	}	
{	m	:s		f	:f	.r		f	:m	.d		t ₁	:t ₁	.t ₁	}	
{	d	.r	:m	.d		r	:r	.t ₁		d	:d		s ₁	:s ₁	.s ₁	}

Kings with stan - dard of green un - furled Led the

{	d	:r	.m		r	:d	{	d	:—	(d	^{f.} s	.s	
	l _i	:l _i			l _i	:l _i		s _i	:—		s _i	s	.f
	l _i	:f _i			f _i	:f _i		<u>m_i</u>	<u>:f_i</u>		<u>m_i</u>	:m	.r
	Red	Branch	Knights	to	dan	.		ger,	Ere	the			

{	d ^{dim.}	:d ^{dim.}		t	:l	.s	{	l	:s	.m		s	^{p.} m	.r	
	<u>m</u>	.f	:s	.l		s		:l	.m	f	:m	.d		r	:t _i
	<u>d</u>	.r	:m	.f		s		:f	.m	<u>r</u>	.t _i	:d		t _i	:s _i
	em' -	rald	gem	of the	west -	ern		world	Was						

{	d	:r	.m		r	:d	.m	{	r	:—	(d		
	d	:t _i	.d		l _i	:l _i	.l _i		t _i	:—			d
	l _i	:s _i	.s _i		f _i	:f _i	.f _i		s _i	:—			m _i
	set	in the	crown	of a	strang	-	er.						

On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays
 When the clear cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the waves beneath him shining.
 Thus shall memory often in dreams sublime
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over ;
 Thus, sighing look through the waves of time
 For the long-faded glories they cover.

—THOMAS MOORE.

THE SUMMER IS COMING

KEY C. *Poco Vivace.*

Air: "Johnson's Morning Brush."

{	:d	d : m : r r : m : d	d : m : s s : m	}
	:d	d : d : t ₁ t ₁ : d : d	d : d : m m : d	
	Oh !	sum - mer is com - ing with	sun - shine and glad - ness,	

{	:s	l : s : s d ¹ : r ¹ : m ¹	m ¹ : r ¹ : r ¹ r ¹ : —	}
	:m	f : m : m s : f : s	d ¹ : t : l s : —	
	With	flow'rs for the mea-dows and	light for the streams,	

{	:d .d	d : m : r r : m : d	d : m : s s : m	}
	:d .d	d : d : t ₁ t ₁ : d : d	d : d : m m : d	
	When my	heart, that pined long in a	win - ter of sad - ness,	

{	:s	l : s : l d ¹ : d ¹ : r ¹	m ¹ : d ¹ : d ¹ d ¹ : —	
	:m	f : m : f f : l : s	s : s : f m : —	
	Shall	know all the joy that it	felt but in dreams.	

{	:d ¹ .r ¹	m ¹ : —.d ¹ : m ¹ r ¹ : t : r ¹	d ¹ : —.l : d ¹ s : m	}
	:m .f	s : —.m : s s : s : f	m : —.f : f m : d	
	For	then I'll be go - ing o'er	bright wa-ters flow - ing,	

{	:s	d : m : s d ¹ : r ¹ : m ¹	f ¹ : r ¹ : r ¹ r ¹ : —	}
	:m	d : d : m m : s : d ¹	l : f : fe s : —	
	To	see the old land to my	mem-o - ry dear —	

{	:d' .r'	m' :d' :m' r' :t :r'	d' :l :d' s :m	}
	:s .f	m :s :d' s :s :f	m :f :f m :d	
	Oh! I'd	ra - ther live poor for one	day in old Ire - land,	

{	:s	d :—m :s d' :d' :r'	m' :d' :d' d' :—	
	:m .r	d :—d :m f :l :s	s :s :f m :—	
	Than	rich - es en - joy for a	thousand years here.	

2

'Tis many long years since I saw the green island,
 And bade her farewell with a heart full of care,
 And far have I roamed since in valley and highland
 Where nature has lavished her favours most rare.
 But gay as the bowers, and fair as the flowers
 That bloom in strange lands where, an exile, I rove—
 Still dearest and rarest, and nearest and fairest
 Shall be the dear scenes of the land of my love.

3

I'll roam thro' the fields so endeared to my childhood,
 When life was all summer, and friends did not fail;
 I'll hear the wild birds singing sweet in the woodland,
 And lambs bleating low in the daisy-clad vale.
 I'll see her blue mountains, her bright-laughing fountains,
 And wander at eve by her ocean-kissed shore;
 And kind friends will meet me, and old friends will greet me,
 With a céao míle páirte a thousand times o'er.

F. A. FAHY.

THE LITTLE HOUSE UNDER THE HILL.

KEY D.

{ :l | s :f :m | s :f :m | s :f :m | s :— :l }
 { I've roamed and I've rambled the earth far and wide, Thro' }

{ s :f :m | s :f :m | f :r :m | f :— :l }
 { man-y a man-sion and pal-ace of pride, But }

{ s :f :m | s :f :m | s :f :m | s :l :t }
 { flies my fond heart to the green is-land still, }

{ d^l :t :l | s :f :m | f :r :m | f :— — ||
 { Back to the lit-tle house un-der the hill. ||

{ d^l :m :m | s :m :m | d^l :m :m | s :— :— }
 { Hi for it! Ho for it! Hi for it still! }

{ d^l :m :m | s :m :m | f :r :m | f :— :s }
 { Hi for the lit-tle house un-der the hill! }

{ d^l :m :m | s :m :m | d^l :m :m | s :l :t }
 { Had I the way now, as I have the will, I'd }

{ d^l :l t. :d^l .l | s :f :m | f :r :m | f :— ||
 { fly to the lit-tle house un-der the hill. ||

2

Oh, how the little house comes to my mind—
 Face to the sunlight and back to the wind !
 The hum of the bee and the ripple of rill
 Made glee for the little house under the hill.
 Hi for it ! Ho for it ! Hi for it still !
 Hi for the little house under the hill !
 I listen in dreams while the thrush's wild thrill
 Wakes joy round the little house under the hill.

3

Humble the roof was and covered the thatch,
 But stranger in vain never lifted the latch—
 Greeting and welcome that care could not kill
 Were found in the little house under the hill.
 Hi for it ! Ho for it ! Hi for it still !
 Hi for the little house under the hill !
 Hearts that not trouble or sorrow could chill
 Beat high in the little house under the hill.

4

Hi for the little house under the hill !
 And Hi for the true hearts that linger there still !
 I'm praying for ever, through good and through ill,
 To die in the little house under the hill.
 Hi for it ! Ho for it ! Hi for it still !
 Hi for the little house under the hill !
 Had I the way, now as I have the will,
 I'd fly to the little house under the hill.

—F. A. FAHY.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

KEY A.

{	:s _i	^{p.} d	:—	.r	:d		t _i	:—	.l _i	:s _i	}
	:s _i	m _i	:—	.f _i	:m _i		s _i	:—	.f _i	:m _i	
	I	saw		from	the		beach		when	the	

{	d	:—	.r	:d		m	:s	:s _i	}
	m _i	:—	.f _i	:m _i		s _i	:m _i	:s _i	
	morn	-	ing	was		shi	-	ning,	

{	d	:—	.r	:d		t _i	:—	.l _i	:s _i	}
	m _i	:—	.f _i	:m _i		s _i	:—	.f _i	:m _i	
	bark		o'er	the		wa	-	ters	move	

{	d	:—	.r	:d		<u>m</u>	:s	:s	}
	m _i	:—	.f _i	:m _i		<u>s_i</u>	:m _i	:d	
	glo	-	rious - ly	on ;				l	

{	^{f.} s	:f	:f	^{dim.}	f	:m	:m	}
	l _i	:l _i	:t _i		s _i	:s _i	:d	
	came	when	the		sun	o'er	that	

{	r	:—	.m	:f		<u>l</u> . <u>s</u>	:f	<u>.m</u>	:f ^{p.} <u>.r</u>	}
	l _i	:—	s _i	:f _i <u>.m_i</u>		<u>r_i</u> <u>.m_i</u>	:f _i <u>.s_i</u>	:l _i <u>.t_i</u>		
	beach	was	de	-	clin	-	ing,	The		

{	d	:—	.r	:d		t _l	:—	.l _l	:s _l	}
	d	:m _l	.f _l	:s _l		s _l	:—	.f _l	:m _l	
	bark		was			still		there,	but the	

{	l _l	:d	:—	.t _l		d	D.:g:	
	f _l	:f _l	.l _l	:s _l		m _l	:—	
	wa		ters			were	gone.	

2

Ah ! such is the fate of our life's early promise
 So passing the springtide of joys we have known,
 Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
 And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore alone.

3

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;
 Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning,
 Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

—THOMAS MOORE.

ERIN AROON.

KEY B \flat

Air: "Eirín Amán."

{	s ₁ : l ₁ : t ₁		d : — .r : m		s ₁ l ₁ : t ₁	}
{	Deep is my		grief and true,		E - rin a -	}

{	d : — : —		s ₁ : l ₁ : t ₁		d : — .r : m	}
{	roon,		Constant my		thoughts of you,	}

{	s ₁ : l ₁ : t ₁		d : — : —		m : m : m	}
{	E - rin a -		roon:		Weep - ing for	}

{	f : — .l ₁ : l ₁		m : m : r		d : — .l ₁ : s ₁	}
{	all your pain,		Wait - ing your		rights to gain,	}

{	s : f .m : r .d		d : — .r : m		s ₁ : l ₁ : t ₁	}
{	Pray - ing as		if in vain,		E - rin a -	}

{	d : — : —	
{	roon.	

2

"Tis but for you I sing,
 Erin aroon,
 "Tis but to you I cling,
 Erin aroon:
 Round you my hope is cast,
 To you my heart has past,
 Oh! won't you wake at last,
 Erin aroon?

3

Oh my belovèd isle,
 Erin aroon,
 Might I behold you smile,
 Erin aroon,
 One smile so warm and bright
 Startling the long dark night—
 Then die with pure delight,
 Erin aroon.

4

All that I love below,
 Erin aroon,
 Happy before I'd go,
 Erin aroon,
 Sweet 'twere the news to bear
 Far beyond earth and air
 To them the news to bear,
 Erin aroon.

“MARY OF THE NATION.”

DEAR LAND.

KEY D. *Spirited.*

Air : “Kelly of Killann.”

{	: <u>d</u> . <u>m</u>	s	: — .s	d ^l	: <u>d^l</u> .l	s	: <u>m</u> . <u>d</u>	l ₁	}
{	When	comes		the	day,	all	hearts	to	weigh

{	: <u>d</u> . <u>r</u>	m	: <u>r</u> . <u>m</u>	s . <u>m</u>	: <u>r</u> . <u>d</u>	d	: —		}
{	If	staunch	they	be,	or	vile,			

{	: <u>d</u> . <u>m</u>	s	: — .s	d ^l	: <u>d^l</u> .l	s	: <u>m</u> . <u>d</u>	l ₁	}
{	Shall	we		for -	get	the	sa -	cred	debt

{	: <u>d</u> . <u>r</u>	m	: <u>r</u> . <u>m</u>	s . <u>m</u>	: <u>r</u> . <u>d</u>	d	: —		}
{	We	owe	our	mo -	ther	isle ?			

{ :s | l :f | d' :d' .,l | s :d' .,l | s }
 { My | na - tive heath is | brown be - neath, }

{ :s | l :f | d' :d' .,l | s :— | }
 { My | na - tive wa - ters | blue, }

{ :d .,m | s :s | d' :d' .,l | s :m .,d | l, }
 { But | crim - son red o'er | both shall spread }

{ :d .,r | m :r .m | ṡ .,m :r .,d | ḋ :m .,d | l, }
 { Ere | I am false to you, Dear Land, }

{ :d .,r | m :r .m | ṡ .,m :r .,d | d :— | }
 { Ere | I am false to you. }

2

When I behold your mountains bold—

Your noble lakes and streams—

A mingled tide of grief and pride

Within my bosom teems.

I think of all your long, dark thrall—

Your martyrs brave and true;

And dash apart the tears that start—

We must not weep for you

Dear Land—

We must not weep for you.

JOHN O'HAGAN.

(I here link, for the first time, this fine song to a fine, bold *old* Irish air).

MY LAND.

KEY F. *Bold.*

{	:s ₁		d	:—r		d .t ₁	:l ₁ .s ₁		s	:—l		s	}
{	She		is		a	rich	and		rare			land;	}

{	:f		m	:—d		m .r	:d .t ₁		l ₁	:—		l ₁	}
{	Oh		she's		a	fresh	and		fair			land	}

{	:t ₁		d	:—r		d .t ₁	:l ₁ .s ₁		s	:—l		s	}
{	She		is		a	dear	and		rare			land	}

{	:f		m	:r		d .r	:m .fe		s	:—		—	}
{	This		na - tive		land		of		mine				}

{	:s		l	:—f		d ^l	:l		s	:—f		m	}
{	No		men		than	her's	are		bra	-		ver	- }

{	:s		f	:m		r	:d		l ₁	:—		l ₁	}
{	Her		wo - men's		hearts	ne'er	wa	-		ver;			}

{	:t ₁		d	:—r		d .t ₁	:l ₁ .s ₁		s	:—l		s	}
{	I'd		free	-	ly	die	to		save			her	}

{	f		m	:d		m .r	:d .t ₁		d	:—		—	
{	And		think	my	lot	di -	vine.						

Chorus—

{ :s	l	:—f	d ^l	:l	s	:—f	m	}
{ Oh !	she's	a	fresh	and	fair		land	}

{ :s	f	:m	r	:d	l _i	:—	l _i	}
{ Oh !	she's	a	true	and	rare		land	}

{ :t _i	d	:—r	d .t _i	:l _i .s _i	s	:—l	s _i	}
{ Yes !	she's	a	rare	and	fair		land	}

{ :f	m	:d	<i>rall</i> m .r	:d .t _i	d	:—	—	
{ This	na - tive	land	of	mine				

2

She's not a dull or cold land ;
 No ! she's a warm and bold land ;
 Oh ! she's a true and old land—
 This native land of mine.
 Could beauty ever guard her,
 And virtue still reward her,
 No foe would cross her border—
 No friend within it pine !

Chorus—

—THOMAS DAVIS.



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