

Second Number

A Selection  
of  
IRISH MELODIES,  
with Symphonies and  
Accompaniments

by  
SIR JOHN STEVENSON MULDOON

and Characteristic Words by

Thomas Moore



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Price 10s British.

To the

Notability and Gentry  
of  
Ireland.

The following Work

is respectfully Inscribed

(by)

The Publisher.

## INDEX

TO

### THE SECOND NUMBER OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

FIRST LINES.	AIRS.	PAGE
<i>Oh! haste and leave this sacred Isle</i> .....	The Brown Thorn .....	52
<i>How dear to me the Hour when Day-light dies</i> .....	} The Twisting of the Rope .....	57
<i>Take back the virgin Page</i> .....		
<i>When in Death I shall calm recline</i> .....	Unknown .....	65
<i>How oft has the Benshee cried</i> .....	The dear Black Maid .....	67
<i>We may roam thro' this World</i> .....	Garyone .....	77
<i>Oh! weep for the Hour</i> .....	Unknown .....	79
<i>Let Erin remember the Days of old</i> .....	The Red Fox .....	85
<i>Silent, Oh Moyle! be the Roar of thy Waters,</i>	Arrah, my dear Eveleen .....	90
<i>Come, send round the Wine</i> .....	We brought the Summer with us .....	93
<i>Sublime was the Warning</i> .....	The Black Joke .....	95
<i>Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms</i> .....	} My Lodging is on the cold Ground ..	99

## INDEX

TO

### THE HARMONISED AIRS.

<i>Oh! haste, and leave this sacred Isle</i> .....	The Brown Thorn .....	52
<i>Take back the virgin Page</i> .....	Dermott .....	61
<i>How oft has the Benshee cried</i> .....	The dear Black Maid .....	68
<i>Oh! weep for the Hour</i> .....	Unknown .....	81
<i>Let Erin remember the Days of old</i> .....	The Red Fox .....	86
<i>Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms</i> .....	} My Lodging is on the cold Ground ..	100

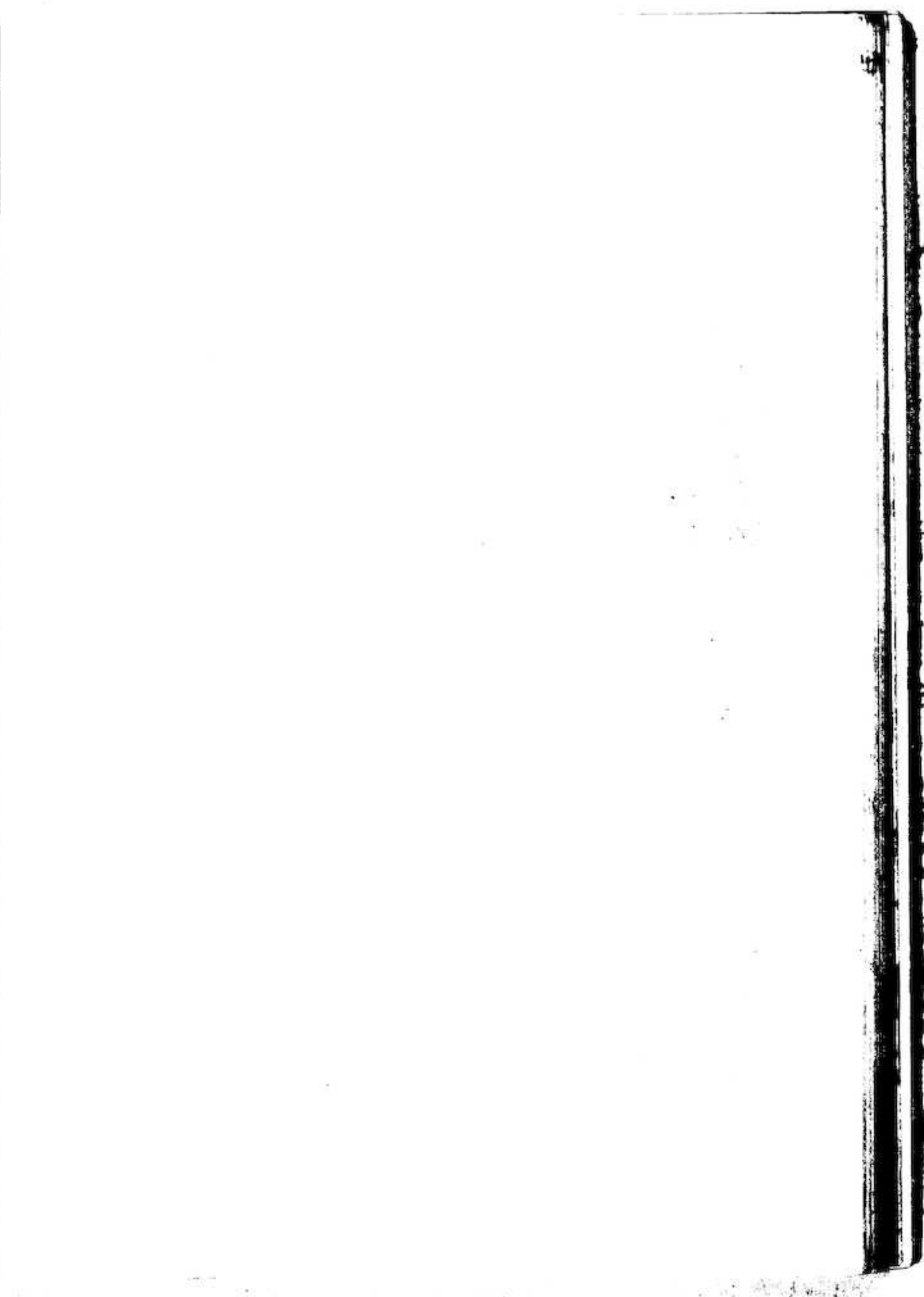
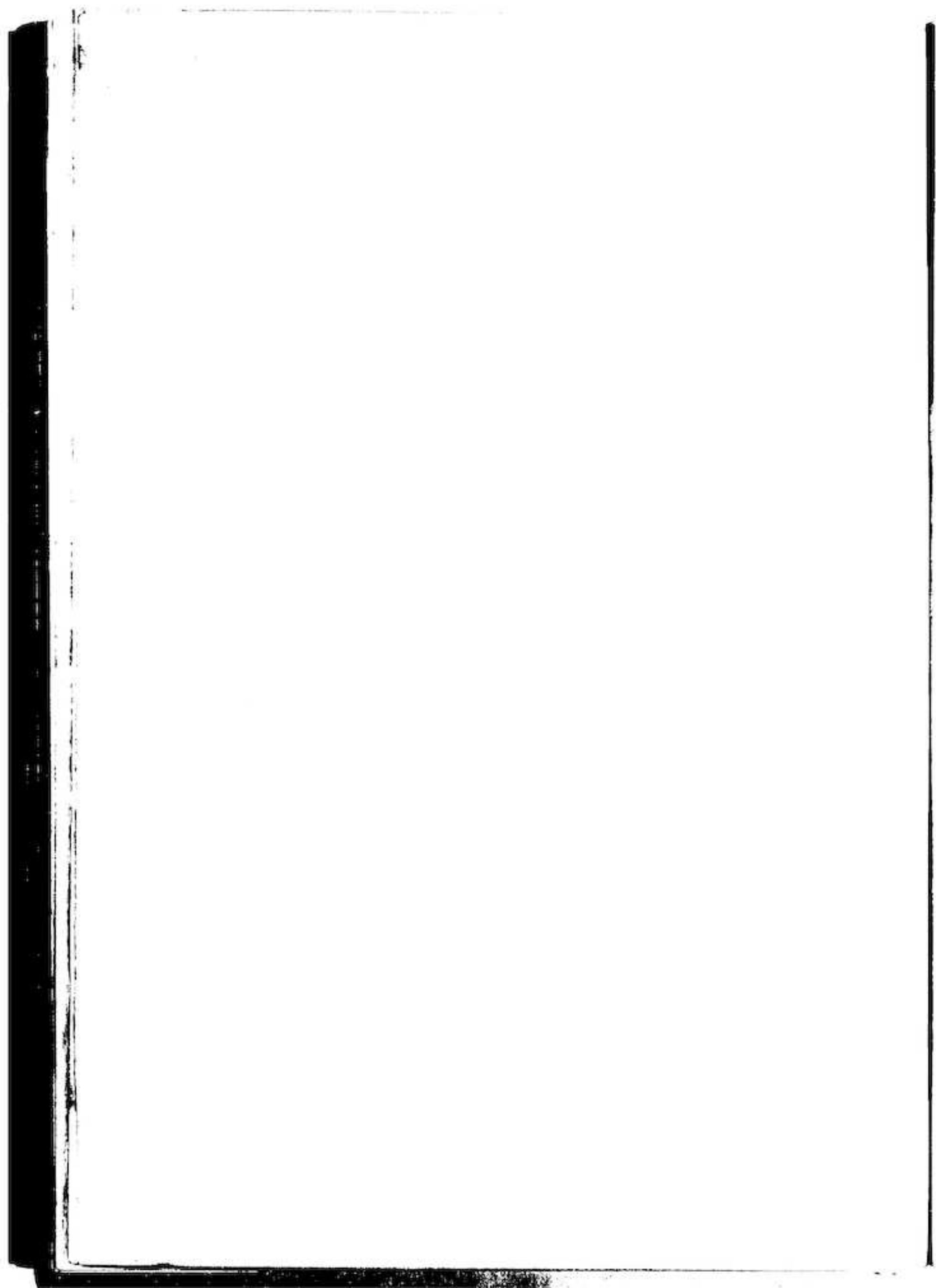




*St. Senanus and the  
Widow*

*St. Senanus*

*Oh! haste and leave this sacred isle  
Unholy bark ere the morning smile  
For on thy deck the dark it be  
A female form I see  
And I have sworn this sainted soil  
Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod!*





# St. Senanus and the Lady

*Moderate Time*

Stacato *p* *Cres*

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

*St. SENANUS*

Oh haste and leave this sacred Isle, Un-ho-ly

*Cres* *f* *p*

bark ere morning smile, For on thy deck too dark it be, A female

*f* *pp* *lentando*

form I see and I have sworn this sainted sod, Shall ne'er by

*p*

womans feet be trod

The Lady

Oh Father send not hence my bark, Through wintry winds and o'er billows

dark, I come with hum-ble heart to share, Thy morn and ev-ning

pray'r, Nor mine the feet oh ho-ly Saint, The brightness

of thy sod to taint

TRIO:

The Lady's pray'r Se-nanus spur'd, The wind blew fresh and the bark re-

The Lady's pray'r Se-nanus spur'd, The wind blew fresh and the bark re-

The Lady's pray'r Se-nanus spur'd, The wind blew fresh and the bark re-



54

*Cres.*

turn'd But legends hint that had the maid Till mornings light

*lento*

lay'd and giv'n the Saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely

Isle and giv'n the Saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely Isle

## OH! HASTE, AND LEAVE THIS SACRED ISLE.

AIR—*The Brown Thorn.*

*St. Senanus*\*. " Oh! haste, and leave this sacred isle,  
 " Unholy bark, ere morning smile;  
 " For on thy deck, tho' dark it be,  
 " A female form I see;  
 " And I have sworn this sainted sod  
 " Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod!"

*The Lady.* " Oh! Father, send not hence my bark,  
 " Through wintry winds, and billows dark;  
 " I come, with humble heart, to share  
 " Thy morn and ev'ning pray'r;  
 " Nor mine the feet, oh! holy Saint,  
 " The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The Lady's pray'r Senanus spurn'd;  
 The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd;  
 But legends hint, that had the maid  
 Till morning's light delay'd,  
 And given the Saint one rosy smile,  
 She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

\* In a Metrical Life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS. and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the Island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any Woman of the party; he refused to receive even a Sister Saint, St. Cannara, whom an Angel had taken to the Island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious Answer of Senanus, according to his Poetical Biographer:

*Cui Præsul, quid feminis  
 Commune est cum monachis,  
 Nec te nec ullam aliam  
 Admittemus in insulam.*

See the *ACTA SACR. HIB.* Page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a Personage than the River Shannon; but O'Connor, and other Antiquarians, deny this Metamorphose indignantly.

## HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

Air—*The Twisting of the Rope*.\*

## I.

HOW dear to me the hour when day-light dies,  
 And sun-beams melt along the silent sea,  
 For then sweet dreams of other days arise,  
 And Mem'ry breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

## II.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays  
 Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,  
 I long to tread that golden path of rays,  
 And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest!

\* I had not sufficiently considered the structure of this delightful Air, when I asserted (in the Letter prefixed to this Work) that it was too wild for words of a regular metre.

*How dear to me the hour when daylight dies.*

*Slow*  
*To be played*  
*Very Smoothly*

How dear to me the hour when  
 day - light dies, And sun-beams melt a long the si - lent Sea.



For then sweet dreams of o - ther days - - a - rise and

*lento*  
men'ry breathes her ves - per sigh to thee, For then sweet dreams of o - ther

days a - rise and men'ry breathes her ves - per sigh - - to

thee.

*tenuto*

And as I watch the line of light that plays, A - long the smooth wave tow'rd the

burn - ing west, I long to tread that gol - den path of rays And

*lento*  
think 'twould lead to some bright Isle of rest, I long to tread that golden

path of rays, And think 'twould lead to some bright Isle of rest

*tenuto*  
*pia*



# Take back the Virgin Page

With  
Fading

Take back the vir - gin page White and un -

writ - ten still Some hand more calm and sage The leaf must fill

Thoughts come as pure as light Pure as evn you require But oh each

word I write Love turns to fire. fire.

# Take back the Virgin Page

With  
Fading

Take back the Vir - gin Page White and un - writ - - ten still

Take back the Vir - gin Page White and un - writ - - ten still

Some hand more calm and Sage The leaf must fill.

Some - hand more calm and Sage The leaf must fill.



Thoughts come as pure as light Pure as ev'n you require

Thoughts come as pure as light Pure as ev'n you require

But oh each word I write Love turns to fire. fire.

But oh each word I write Love turns to fire. fire.

## TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

[Written on returning a blank Book.]

ATR—Dermott.

## I.

TAKE back the virgin page,  
 White and unwritten still;  
 Some hand, more calm and sage,  
 The leaf must fill.  
 Thoughts come as pure as light,  
 Pure as even you require;  
 But oh! each word I write  
 Love turns to fire.

## II.

Yet let me keep the book;  
 Oft shall my heart renew,  
 When on its leaves I look,  
 Dear thoughts of you!  
 Like you 'tis fair and bright;  
 Like you, too bright and fair  
 To let wild passion write  
 One wrong wish there!

## III.

Haply, when from those eyes  
 Far, far away, I roam,  
 Should calmer thoughts arise  
 Tow'rd's you and home,  
 Fancy may trace some line  
 Worthy those eyes to meet;  
 Thoughts that not burn, but shine,  
 Pure, calm, and sweet!

## IV.

And, as the records are,  
 Which wand'ring seamen keep,  
 Led by their hidden star,  
 Thro' winter's deep;  
 So may the words I write  
 Tell thro' what storms I stray,  
 You still the unseen light,  
 Guiding my way!

## THE LEGACY.

Air—Unknown.

## I.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,  
 O bear my heart to my mistress dear;  
 Tell her it liv'd upon smiles, and wine  
 Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here;  
 Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow  
 To sully a heart so brilliant and light;  
 But bid my drops of the red grape borrow,  
 To bathe the relic from morn to night.

## II.

When the light of my song is o'er,  
 Then take my harp to your ancient hall,  
 Hang it up at that friendly door  
 Where weary travellers love to call\*;  
 Then if some Bard, who roams forsaken,  
 Revive its soft note in passing along,  
 Oh! let one thought of its master waken  
 Your warmest smile for the child of song.

## III.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,  
 To grace your revel when I'm at rest;  
 Never, oh! never, its balm bestowing  
 On lips that beauty hath seldom blest!  
 But when some warm, devoted lover,  
 To her he adores shall bathe its brim,  
 Oh! then my spirit around shall hover,  
 And hallow each drop that foams for him.

\* "In every home was one or two Harps, free to all travellers, who were the more esteemed, the more they excelled in Music."—O'HALLORAN.

## THE LEGACY.

When in Death I shall calm recline.





When the light of my Song is o'er Then take my harp to your  
 an-cient hall, Hang it up at the friend-ly door, Where  
 wea-ry Travel-ers love to call, Then if some bard who  
 roams for-sa-ken, Re-vive its soft note in passing a-long Oh  
 let one thought of its Master waken Your warm-est smile for the child of Song.

## How oft has the Benshee cried. 67

*Slow and with Solemnity*

How oft' has the Benshee cried, How oft' has Death untied, Bright links that  
 glory wove, sweet Bonds en-twined by love, Peace to each Manly soul that sleepeth  
 Rest to each faith-ful eye that weepeth, Long may the fair and Brave, sigh o'er the  
 He-ro's grave.

*Dim*



THE DIRGE.

How oft has the Benshee cried  
(Harmonized for Four Voices)

Slow and with Solemnity. Musical notation for piano introduction.

First system of piano accompaniment with dynamics *Cres*, *f*, and *p*.

Second system of piano accompaniment with lyrics: How oft' has the Ben-sheecried, How oft' has death un-tied.

Third system of piano accompaniment with lyrics: Bright links that glo-ry wove, Sweet bonds en-twined by love.

First system of vocal parts: First Voice, Second Voice, Tenor, Bass, and Piano Forte accompaniment.

Second system of vocal parts with lyrics: faith-ful eye that weepeth, Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the eye that weepeth.

Third system of vocal parts with lyrics: He-ro's grave, Peace to each manly Soul that sleepeth, Rest to each.

Fourth system of vocal parts with lyrics: Peace to each Soul that sleepeth, Rest to each He-ro's grave, Peace to each manly Soul that sleepeth, Rest to each.

Fifth system of vocal parts with lyrics: Peace Peace Rest to each.



faithful eye that weepeth Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the Hero's grave,  
 eye that weepeth Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the Hero's grave,  
 eye that weepeth Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the Hero's grave,  
 eye that weepeth Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the Hero's grave.

*Cres* *pp*

We're fall'n up-on gloo-my days, Star af-ter star de-cays

Ev'-ry bright name that shed, Light o'er the land is fled,

Dark falls the tear of him whom mourneth, Lost joy or hope that ne'er return-eth,  
 Dark falls the tear of him whom mourneth, Lost joy that ne'er return-eth.

*Cres* *p*  
 But brightly flows the tear wept o'er a He-ros bier  
 But brightly flows the tear wept o'er a He-ros bier

Dark falls the tear of him whom mourneth, Lost joy or hope that ne'er returneth  
 Dark falls the tear which mourneth, Lost joy or hope returneth  
 Dark falls the tear of him whom mourneth, Lost joy or hope returneth  
 Dark Dark Lost joy that ne'er returneth



But bright-ly flows the tear, Wept o'er a He-ro's hier,

*Dim pp*

Oh! quenched are our bea-con-lights, Thou of the hun-dred fights'

Thou on whose burn-ing tongue Truth peace and free-dom hung

Both mute, but long as valour shineth, Or mer-cy's soul at war re-pineth,

So long shall E-rins pride, Tell how they liv'd and died,

Both mute but long as valour shin-eth Or mer-cy's

Both mute but while love shin-eth Or mercy's

Both mute but long as va-lour shin-eth Or mer-cy's

Mute Mute Or mer-cy's



*Cresc.*

soul at war re-pin-eth So long shall E-rin's pride

soul re-pin-eth So long shall E-rin's pride

soul re-pin-eth So long shall E-rin's pride

soul re-pin-eth So long shall E-rin's pride

*Dim* *p*

Tell how they liv'd and died.

Tell how they liv'd and died.

Tell how they liv'd and died.

Tell how they liv'd and died.

*f* *Dim*

Tell how they liv'd and died.

HOW O'IT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

*Air—The dear Black Maid.*

I.

HOW oft has the Benshee cried!  
How oft has death untied  
Bright links, that glory wove,  
Sweet bonds entwin'd by love!  
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth!  
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth!  
Long may the fair and brave  
Sigh o'er the hero's grave!

II.

We're fall'n upon gloomy days\*,  
Star after star decays,  
Ev'ry bright name, that shed  
Light o'er the land, is fled.  
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth  
Lost joy or hope, that ne'er returneth;  
But brightly flows the tear  
Wept o'er the hero's bier!

III.

Oh! quench'd are our beacon-lights,  
Thou †, of the hundred fights!  
Thou, on whose burning tongue  
Truth, peace, and freedom, hung ‡!  
Both mute—but, long as valour shineth,  
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,  
So long shall Erin's pride  
Tell how they liv'd and died!

\* I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this Work, to allude to that sad and enormous fatality, by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most required all the aids of talent and integrity.

† This designation, which has been applied to LORD NELSON before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Grave, the Bard of O'Neil, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," Page 413. "O'Grave, of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upland not our debates with thy victims!"

‡ FOX, "ultima Romanorum."

## WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.

AIR—Gargone.

I.

WE may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast,  
 Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest,  
 And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,  
 We may order our wings and be off to the west;  
 But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,  
 Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,  
 We never need leave our own Green Isle  
 For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.  
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,  
 Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,  
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,  
 Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

II.

In England, the garden of beauty is kept  
 By a dragon of prudery, plac'd within call;  
 But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,  
 That the garden's but carelessly watch'd, after all.  
 Oh! they want the wild, sweet-briery fence,  
 Which round the flowers of Erin dwells,  
 Which warms the touch, while winning the sense,  
 Nor charms us least when it most repels.  
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,  
 Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,  
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,  
 Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

III.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,  
 On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,  
 Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,  
 But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye!  
 While the daughters of Erin keep the boy  
 Ever-smiling beside his faithful oar,  
 Thro' billows of woe and beams of joy,  
 The same as he look'd when he left the shore.  
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,  
 Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,  
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,  
 Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

## We may roam through this world.

*Merrily*

We may roam thro' this world like a child at a feast, Who but

sips of a sweet and then flies to the rest, And when pleasure begins to grow

dull in the east, We may order our wings and be off to the west, But if

hearts that feel and eyes that smile are the dearest gift that heav'n supplies We



never need leave our own green Isle, for sensitive hearts and for  
 sun bright eyes, Then re-member where-ver your goblet is crown'd thro' this  
 world whether eastward or westward you roam when a Cup to the smile of dear  
 woman goes round, Oh! re-member the smile which a--dorns her at home

## Eveleen's Bow'r.

*Plaintively*

Oh! weep for the hour when to Eveleen's Bow'r, the Lord of the Valley with false Vows came, The  
 Moon hid her light from the heavens that night And wept behind her clouds o'er the Maidens shame, The  
 clouds past soon from the chaste cold Moon And heav'n smild a-gain with her Ves-tal flame, But  
 none will see the day when the clouds shall pass away, Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.



Piano introduction for 'Eveleen's Power' on page 80. The music is in G major and 3/4 time, featuring a flowing melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand.

The white snow lay on the narrow pathway, Where the Lord of the Valley crossed o'er the moon, And

many a deep print on the white snows tint, Shew'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door, The

next sun's ray soon melted a way Ev'ry trace on the path where the false Lord came, But

there's a light above Which a Jone can remove That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

Piano conclusion for 'Eveleen's Power' on page 80, mirroring the style of the introduction.

# Eveleen's Power

Harmonized for Three Voices

*Plaintively*

Piano introduction for 'Eveleen's Power' on page 81, continuing from page 80.

Oh weep for the hour when to E-ve-leen's bow'r, The

Lord of the Valley with false Vows came, The moon hid her light from the

heavens that night, And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame,



First Voice



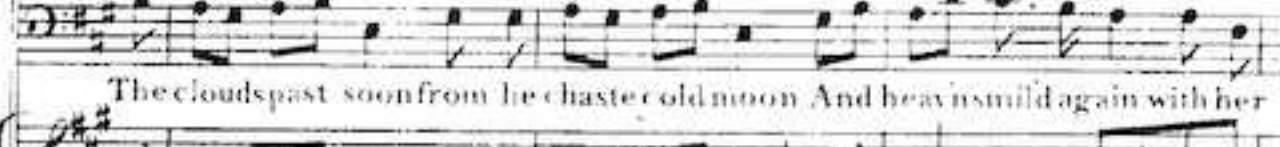
The cloudspast soonfrom the chaste cold moon And heavnsmild again with her

Tenor



The cloudspast soonfrom the chaste cold moon And heavnsmild again with her

Bass

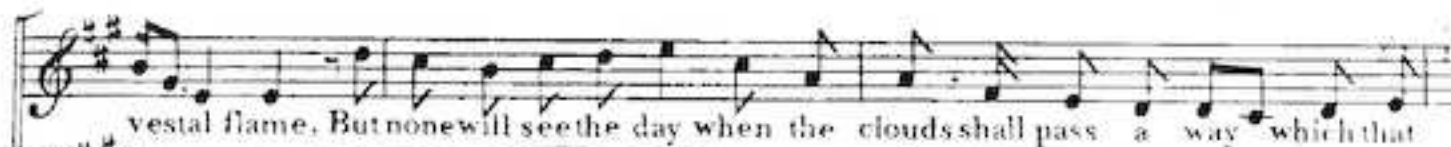


The cloudspast soonfrom the chaste cold moon And heavnsmild again with her

Piano



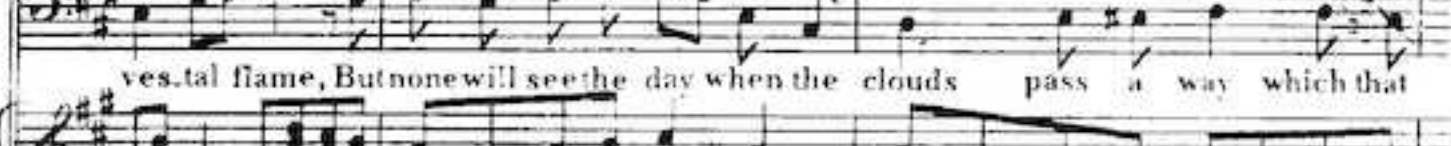
Forte



vestal flame, But none will see the day when the clouds shall pass a way which that



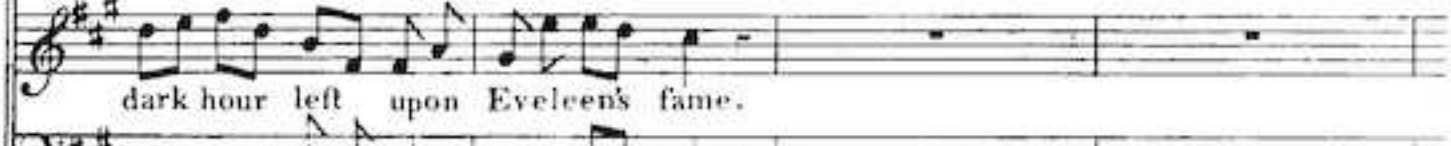
vestal flame, But no the cloudsneer pass a way which that



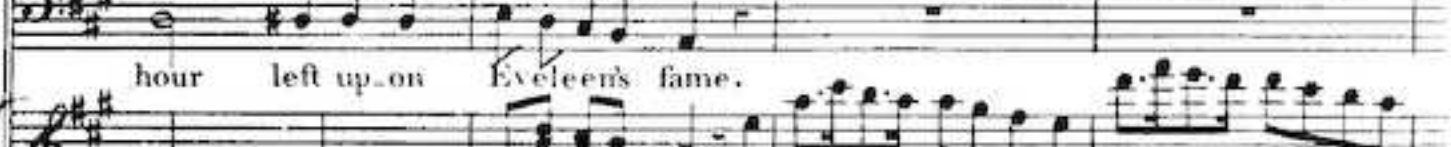
vestal flame, But none will see the day when the clouds pass a way which that



dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.



dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.



hour left up on Eveleen's fame.



## EVELEEN'S BOWER.

AIR—Unknown\*.

## I.

OH! weep for the hour  
 When to Eveleen's bower  
 The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;  
 The moon hid her light  
 From the Heavens that night,  
 And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.  
 The clouds past soon  
 From the chaste cold moon,  
 And Heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame;  
 But none will see the day  
 When the clouds shall pass away,  
 Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

## II.

The white snow lay  
 On the narrow path-way  
 Where the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor;  
 And many a deep print  
 On the white snow's tint  
 Shew'd the track of his foot-step to Eveleen's door.  
 The next sun's ray  
 Soon melted away  
 Ev'ry trace on the path where the false Lord came;  
 But there's a light above,  
 Which alone can remove  
 That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

\* Our claim to this Air has been disputed; but they, who are best acquainted with National Melodies, pronounce it to be Irish. It is generally known by the name of "The Pretty Girl of Derby, O!"





*Let Erin remember the days of Old.* 85

*Grand and Spirited*



The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.



Let Erin remember the days of old, Ere her faithless Sons be-



trayd her when Mala-chi wore the collar of Gold which he won from her proud In-va-der,



When her Kings with Standards of Green un-falld led the red branch Knights to dan-ger Ere the



emerald gem of the western world was set in the crown of a stranger



The piano conclusion features a more active and rhythmic accompaniment, with the right hand playing a series of chords and the left hand providing a steady bass line.



# Let Erin remember the days of Old.

*Harmonized for Three Voices.*

*Grand and Spirited*

Let E\_rin re\_mem\_ber the days of old, Ere her faith\_ less Sons be -

Let E\_rin re\_mem\_ber the days of old, Ere her faith\_ less Sons be -

Let E\_rin re\_mem\_ber the days of old, Ere her faith\_ less Sons be -

tray'd her When Ma - la\_chi wore the col\_lar of Gold Which he

tray'd her When Ma - la\_chi wore the col\_lar of Gold Which he

tray'd her When Ma - la\_chi wore the col\_lar of Gold Which he

won from her proud in - va - der When her Kings with Stand - ards of

won from her proud in - va - der When her Kings with Stand - ards of

won from her proud in - va - der When her Kings with Stand - ards of

Green un - fur'd Led the red branch Knights to dan - ger Ere the

Green un - fur'd Led the red branch Knights the Knights to dan - ger Ere the

emerald gem of the western world Was set in the crown of a stranger.

emerald gem of the western world Was set in the crown of a stranger.

emerald gem of the western world Was set in the crown of a stranger.



On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eyes de-

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eyes de-

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eyes de-

clin - - ing, He sees the round tow'rs of o - ther days In the

clin - - ing, He sees the round tow'rs of o - ther days In the

clin - - ing, He sees the round tow'rs of o - ther days In the

wave be - neath him shin - ing. Thus shall mem'ry of - ten in

wave be - neath him shin - ing. Thus shall mem'ry of - ten in

wave be - neath him shin - ing. Thus shall mem'ry often in

dreams sub - lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are o - - ver, Thus

dreams sub - lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are o - - ver, Thus -'

dreams sub - lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are o - - ver, Thus

sighing look thro' the waves of time, For the long faded glories they cover.

sighing look thro' the waves of time, For the long faded glories they cover.

sighing look thro' the waves of time, For the long faded glories they cover.

*for*

*pia*



*Silent oh Moyle be the roar of thy water.* X

*Mournfully*

Silent oh Moyle be the roar of thy water Break not ye breezes your chain of repose, While

murmuring mournfully Lir's lonely daughter Tells to the night star, her tale of woes,

When shall the Swan her death note singing Sleep with wings in darkness furl'd,

When shall heav'n its sweet bell ringing Call my spirit from this stormy world.

*Grave* *p* *pp*

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA\*.

AIR—*Arrah, my dear Evleen.* X

I.

SILENT, oh Moyle! be the roar of thy water,  
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose!  
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter  
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.  
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,  
Sleep with wings in darkness furl'd?  
When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,  
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

II.

Sadly, oh Moyle! to thy winter-wave weeping,  
Fate bids me languish long ages away;  
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,  
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay!  
When will that day-star, mildly springing,  
Warm our isle with peace and love?  
When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,  
Call my spirit to the fields above?

\* To make this story intelligible in a Song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a Swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers of Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the Mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.—I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.



## COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

Air—It's brought the Summer with us

## I.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of belief  
 To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools;  
 This moment's a flower too fair and brief  
 To be wither'd and stan'd by the dust of the schools.  
 Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,  
 But while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,  
 The fool, who would quarrel for difference of hue,  
 Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

## II.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side  
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?  
 Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,  
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me?  
 From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,  
 To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?  
 No! perish the hearts and the laws that try  
 Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

## Come send round the Wine.

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a 'Spiccato' marking and includes the instruction 'pia for pia for pia'. The lyrics are: 'Come send round the Wine and leave points of be-lief to sim-ple-ton Sa-ges and reasn-ing fools this mo-ments a Flow'r too fair and brief to be'.



*Scherzando  
ficc*

wilberd and stain'd by the dust of the Schools your glass may be purple and

mine may be blue but while they're both fill'd from the same bright Bowl the

fool that wou'd quarrel for difference of hue nor serves not the comfort the

shed on the soul.

*for fia for*

*for fia*

*Sublime was the warning which liberty spoke.*

*With spirit*

Sublime was the warning which liberty spoke, And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke, In to

life and revenge from the Conquerors chain. Oh! Liber...ty! let not this

spirit have rest, Till it move like a breeze over the waves of the west, Give the light of your look to each

sorrow-ing spot, Nor Oh! be the Shamrock of E-rin for got, While you add to your garland the

O-live of Spain.



## SECOND VERSE

If the fame of our Fathers, bequeath'd with their rights, Give to country its charm, and to home its delights, If deceit be a wound and suspicion a stain; Then ye men of IBERIA! our cause is the same, And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death, Than to turn his last sigh into Victory's breath For the Shamrock of ERIN, and Olive of SPAIN!

## SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

Air—*The Black Joke.*

## I.

SUBLIME was the warning which Liberty spoke,  
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke  
Into life and revenge from the Conqueror's chain!  
Oh, Liberty! let not this spirit have rest  
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west—  
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,  
Nor, oh! be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,  
While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain!

## II.

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,  
Give to country its charm, and to home its delights;  
If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain;  
Then, ye men of Iberia! our cause is the same—  
And, oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,  
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,  
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath  
For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

## III.

Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resign'd  
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find  
That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for in vain,  
Breathe a hope that the magical flame, which you light,  
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright;  
And forgive even Albion, while, blushing, she draws,  
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-sighted cause  
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

## IV.

God prosper the cause!—Oh! it cannot but thrive,  
While the pulse of our patriot heart is alive,  
Its devotion to feel and its rights to maintain;  
Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!  
The finger of glory shall point where they lie;  
Wife, far from the footstep of coward or slave,  
The young Spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave  
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

## BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

AIR—*My Lodging is on the cold Ground.*

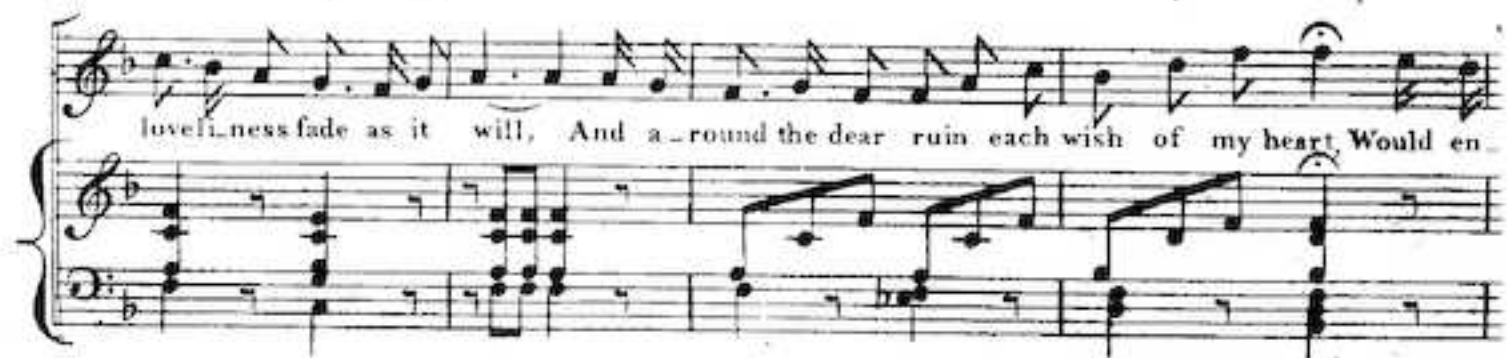
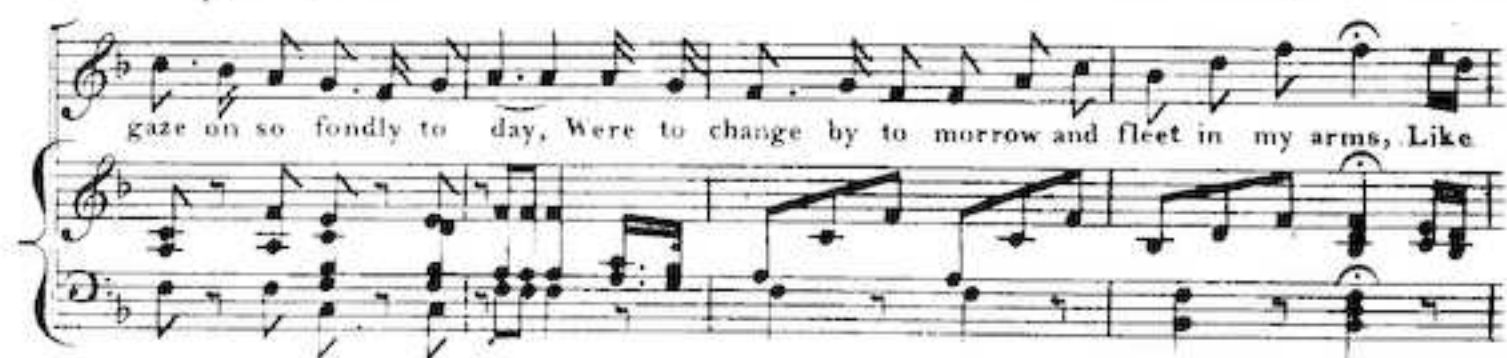
## I.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,  
 Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,  
 Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,  
 Like fairy-gifts, fading away!  
 Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art,  
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will;  
 And, around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart  
 Would entwine itself verdantly still!

## II.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,  
 And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,  
 That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,  
 To which time will but make thee more dear!  
 Oh! the heart, that has truly lov'd, never forgets,  
 But as truly loves on to the close;  
 As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,  
 The same look which she turn'd when he rose!

## — Believe me if all those endearing young Charms. 99





*Believe me if all those endearing young charms*  
*Harmony for Two Voices*

*With Feeling*  
Musical notation for the first system, including piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the second system, including piano accompaniment.

*Believe me if all those endearing young charms, Which I gaze on so fondly to*

*Believe me if all those endearing young charms Which I gaze on so fondly to*

Musical notation for the third system, including piano accompaniment.

*day, Were to change by to morrow and fleet in my arms, Like fairy gifts fading a-*

*day, Were to change by to morrow and fleet in my arms, Like fairy gifts fading a-*

Musical notation for the fourth system, including piano accompaniment.

*way, Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art, Let thy loveliness fade as it*

*way, Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art, Let thy loveliness fade as it*

*will, And a-round the dear ru-in each wish of my heart, Would en-*

*will, And a-round the dear ru-in each wish of my heart Would en-*

*twine itself verdantly still.*

*twine itself verdantly still.*  
*fina*

**SECOND VERSE**

*It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a*

*It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a*



*Handwritten signature*

tear, That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more  
 tear, That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more

dear, Oh! the heart which has truly lov'd ne- ver for- gets, But as tru- ly loves on to the  
 dear, Oh! the heart which has truly lov'd ne- ver for- gets, But as tru- ly loves on to the

close, As the sun- flow- er turns on her God when he sets, The same  
 close, As the sun- flow- er turns on her God when he sets, The same

look which she turn'd when he rose.  
 look which she turn'd when he rose.

*pia*