

Mus. Pr.

532

A SELECTION
OF
IRISH MELODIES,

WITH
Symphonies and Accompaniments

BY
Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.

AND
CHARACTERISTIC WORDS

BY
Thomas Moore Esq.

No. II.



PRICE 15s.

LONDON:
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Ms. prod
532.

Stevenson

Tom. 2.

J. POWER takes the Liberty of announcing to the Public a **WORK** which has long been a *Desideratum* in this Country. Though the Beauties of the National Music of Ireland have been very generally felt and acknowledged, yet it has happened, through the Want of appropriate English Words, and of the Arrangement necessary to adapt them to the Voice, that many of the most excellent Compositions have hitherto remained in Obscurity. It is intended, therefore, to form a Collection of the best Original **IRISH MELODIES**, with Characteristic Symphonies and Accompaniments; and with Words containing, as frequently as possible, Allusions to the Manners and History of the Country. Sir **JOHN STEVENSON** has very kindly consented to undertake the Arrangement of the **Airs**; and the Lovers of simple National Music may rest secure, that, in such tasteful Hands, the native Charms of the original Melody will not be sacrificed to the Ostentation of Science.

In the Poetical Part, **J. POWER** has had Promises of Assistance from several distinguished Literary Characters, particularly from Mr. **MOORE**, whose Lyrical Talent is so peculiarly suited to such a Task, and whose Zeal in the Undertaking will be best understood from the following Extract of a Letter which he has addressed to Sir **JOHN STEVENSON** on the Subject:—

“ I feel very anxious that a Work of this Kind should be undertaken. We have too long neglected the only Talent for which our English Neighbours ever deigned to allow us any Credit. Our National Music has never been properly collected*; and, while the Composers of the Continent have enriched their Operas and Sonatas with Melodies borrowed from Ireland, very often without even the Honesty of Acknowledgment, we have left these Treasures in a great Degree unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our **Airs**, like too many of our Countrymen, for want of Protection at Home, have passed into the Service of Foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better Period both of Politics and Music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland at least, appears too plainly in the Tone of Sorrow and Depression which characterizes most of our early Songs.—The Task which you propose to me, of adapting Words to these **Airs**, is by no means easy. The Poet who would follow the various Sentiments which they express must feel and understand that rapid Fluctuation of Spirits, that unaccountable Mixture of Gloom and Levity, which compose the Character of my Countrymen, and has deeply tinged their Music. Even in their liveliest Strains we find some melancholy Note intrude, some minor Third or flat Seventh, which throws its Shade as it passes, and makes even Mirth interesting. If **BURNS** had been an Irishman, (and I would willingly give up all our Claims upon **OSSIAN** for him,) his Heart would have been proud of such Music, and his Genius would have made it immortal.

“ Another Difficulty (which is, however, purely mechanical) arises from the irregular Structure of many of those **Airs**, and the lawless Kind of Metre which it will in consequence be necessary to adapt to them. In these Instances the Poet must write, not to the Eye, but to the Ear; and must be content to have his Verses of that Description which **CICERO** mentions, ‘*Quos si cantu spoliaveris nuda remanebit oratio.*’ That beautiful Air, ‘The Twisting of the Rope,’ which has all the romantic Character of the Swiss *Rans des Vaches*, is one of those wild and sentimental Rakes which it will not be very easy to tie down in sober Wedlock with Poetry. However, notwithstanding all these Difficulties, and the very little Talent which I can bring to surmount them, the Design appears to me so truly National, that I shall feel much Pleasure in giving it all the Assistance in my Power.

“ *Leicestershire, Feb. 1807.*”

The Work will be continued in Numbers, containing each Twelve Melodies; several of them arranged for One, Two, or Three Voices.

* * **J. POWER** will be much obliged by the Communication of any Original Melodies which the Lovers of Irish Music may have the Kindness to contribute to this Work.

The Writer forgot, when he made this Assertion, that the Public are indebted to Mr. **BUNTING** for a very valuable Collection of Irish Music; and that the patriotic Genius of Miss **OWENSON**, has been employed upon some of our finest **Airs**.

Second Number

A Selection
of
IRISH MELODIES,

*with Symphonies and
Accompaniments*

by
SIR JOHN STEVENSON Mus. Doc.

and Characteristic Words by

Thomas Moore Esq.



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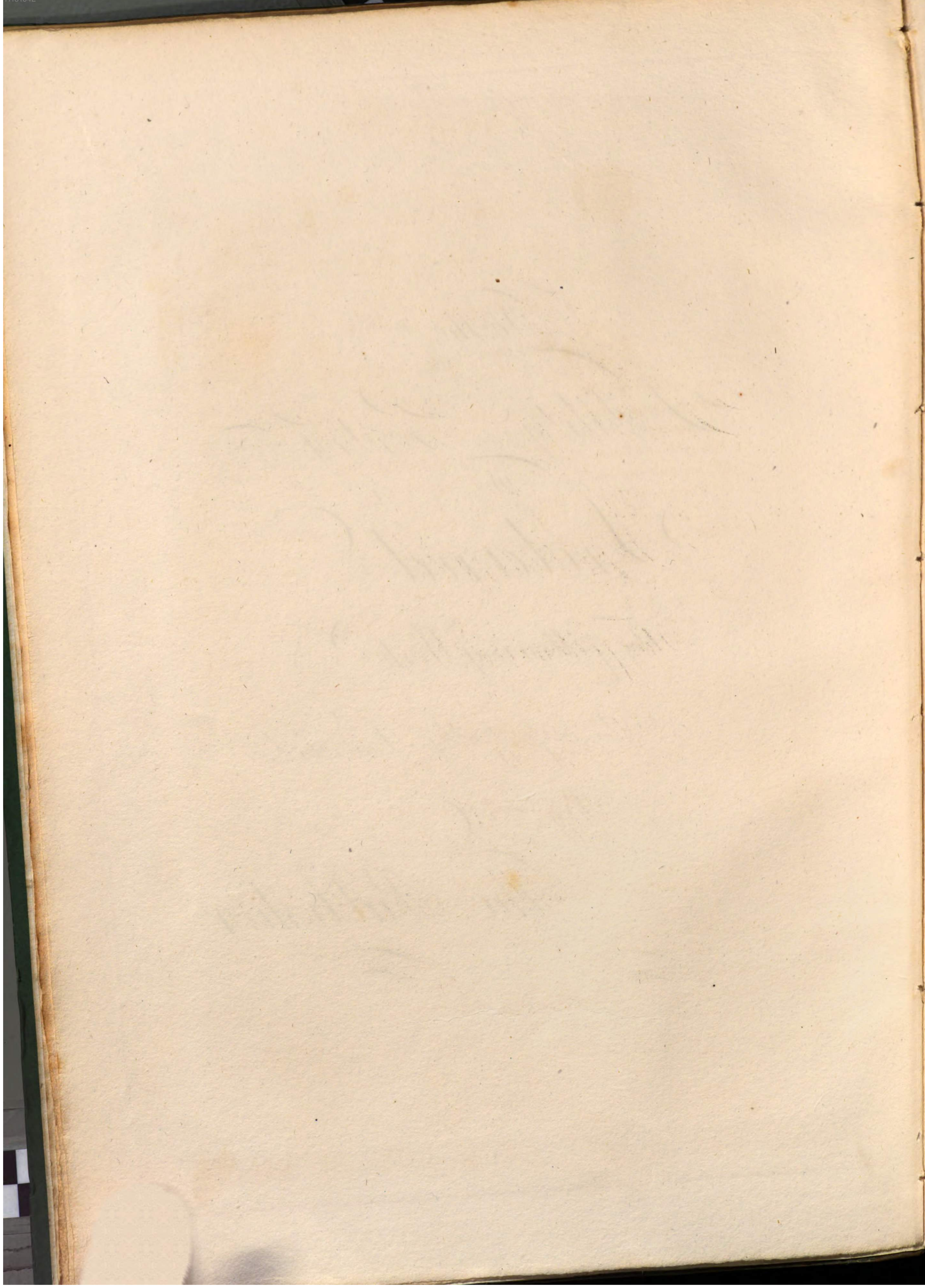
BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

To the
Nobility and Gentry
of
Ireland.

The following Work

Is respectfully Inscribed

By
The Publisher.



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[Faint, illegible handwritten text at the top of the page]

The image shows a page of handwritten musical notation on aged, yellowed paper. The notation is arranged in approximately 12 staves, each with five lines. The notes and symbols are extremely faint and difficult to discern. There is a prominent brownish stain in the lower-middle section of the page.

St. Senanus and the Lady.

Moderate Time

Staccato

pp

Cres

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 3/4 time, marked 'Moderate Time'. The music is in a minor key (three flats). The upper staff begins with a series of sixteenth-note chords, marked 'Staccato' and 'pp'. The lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with a steady eighth-note pattern.

f

pp

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line features a dynamic shift from 'f' to 'pp'. The upper staff has a melodic line with some grace notes, while the lower staff continues with a rhythmic accompaniment.

ST. SENANUS

p

Cres

f

“Oh! haste, and leave this sacred isle Unho-ly

The vocal line for St. Senanus begins with a piano 'p' dynamic and a 'Cres' (crescendo) marking. The lyrics are: “Oh! haste, and leave this sacred isle Unho-ly

p

Cres

bark! ere morning smile; For on thy deck, tho' dark it be, A female

The vocal line for the Lady continues with a piano 'p' dynamic and a 'Cres' marking. The lyrics are: bark! ere morning smile; For on thy deck, tho' dark it be, A female

tr

lento

form I see; And I have sworn this sainted sod Shall ne'er by

The vocal line for St. Senanus continues with a trill 'tr' and a 'lento' marking. The lyrics are: form I see; And I have sworn this sainted sod Shall ne'er by

woman's feet be trod.”

p

The piano accompaniment for the final vocal line features a piano 'p' dynamic. The music concludes with a series of chords in the lower staff.

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'n - - ing

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

of - - thy sod to taint.

TRIO

The Lady's pray'r Senanus spurn'd; The wind blew fresh, and the bark re-

The Lady's pray'r Senanus spurn'd; The wind blew fresh, and the bark re-

The Lady's pray'r Senanus spurn'd; The wind blew fresh, and the bark re-

Cres *f*

turn'd: But legends hint, that had the maid Till morning's light - - de -

turn'd: But legends hint, that had the maid Till morning's light - - de -

turn'd: But legends hint, that had the maid Till morning's light de -

lento *p*

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

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

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.

isle. And giv'n the Saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

isle. And giv'n the Saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

p

[Faint, illegible handwriting, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]

St. Serenus and the Siren



St. Serenus

"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"

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,
 “ Thro’ wint’ry 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 Scatterry, and his resolution not to admit any Woman of the party; he refused to receive even a Sister Saint, St. Cannera, 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 fæminis
 Commune est cum monachis,
 Nec te nec ullam aliam
 Admittemus in insulam.*

See the ACTA SANCT. 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 Metamorphosis 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 and to be played very smoothly

pia

How dear to me the hour when

day - - light dies, And sunbeams melt a - long the si - lent sea;

For then sweet dreams of o - ther days a - rise, And

Mem'ry breathes her vesper sigh to thee! For then sweet dreams of o - ther

lento

days - a - rise, And Mem'ry breathes her ves - per sigh - to

thee!

pia

tenuto Dim

Cres

2^d VERSE.

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 long to tread that golden

lento

path of rays And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest!

pp

pia

tenuto pp

Take back the Virgin Page

With Feeling.

Piano introduction in 3/4 time, G major. The treble staff features a melodic line with grace notes and rests, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

Take back the vir - gin page, White and un - written still;

First vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and G major. The lyrics are: "Take back the vir - gin page, White and un - written still;"

lento

Some hand, more calm and sage, The leaf must fill. Thoughts come as pure as light,

Second vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo marking is *lento*. The lyrics are: "Some hand, more calm and sage, The leaf must fill. Thoughts come as pure as light,"

lento 1st 2^d

Pure as ev'n you require; But oh! each word I write Love turns to fire. fire.

Third vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo marking is *lento*. The lyrics are: "Pure as ev'n you require; But oh! each word I write Love turns to fire. fire." The piano accompaniment includes first and second endings.

Piano conclusion in 3/4 time, G major. The treble staff features a melodic line with grace notes and rests, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

Take back the Virgin Page.

With Feeling

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.

9 10 11 12

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

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



13 14 15 *lento* 1st 16 2d

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

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

1st 2d



TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

[Written on returning a blank Book.]

AIR—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'rds 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 balmy 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 house was one or two Harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed, the more they excelled in Music."—O'HALLORAN.

THE LEGACY.

When in Death I shall calm recline.

*With Feeling
and Gaiety*

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

balmy drops from the red grape borrow, To bathe the relic from morn'till night.

2^d VERSE.

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 wea - ry tra - vel - lers love to call;

Then if some Bard, who roams for - saken, Revive its soft note in passing a - long, Oh!

let one thought of its master waken Your warmest smile for the child of song.

50

How oft has the Benshee cried.

Slow and with Solemnity

pia *for*

How oft' has the Benshee cried! How oft' has Death untied, Bright links that Glory wove,

pia *pp*

Sweet bonds entwin'd by love! Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth! Rest to each

Cres *for*

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

Dim

THE DIRGE.

How oft has the Ben-shee cried,

Harmonized for Four Voices.

Slow and With Solemnity

How oft has the Ben-shee cried! How oft has Death untied

Bright links that Glo - - ry wove, Sweet bonds en - twin'd by love!

First Voice
Peace to each man_ly soul that sleep_eth Rest to each

Second Voice

Tenor & Notes lower
Peace to each man_ly soul that sleep_eth Rest to each

Bass

Piano Forte

faithful eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the

eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the

p
he_ro's grave. Peace to each manly soul that sleep_eth! Rest to each

Peace to each soul that sleep_eth! Rest to each

he_ro's grave. Peace to each manly soul that sleep_eth! Rest to each

Peace Peace Rest to each

faith-ful 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.

p *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.

p
 Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth Lost joy or hope that ne'er returneth;
 Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth Lost joy that ne'er returneth;

Cres
 But brightly flows the tear Wept o'er a he-ro's bier! Dark falls the
 Dark falls the
 But brightly flows the tear Wept o'er a he-ro's bier! Dark falls the

Dark

tear of him who mourneth Lost joy or hope, that ne'er return_eth;
 tear which mourneth Lost joy or hope, return_eth;
 tear of him who mourneth Lost joy or hope, return_eth;
 Dark Lost joy that ne'er - - - return_eth;

But bright - ly flows the tear Wept o'er a hero's bier!

But bright - ly flows the tear Wept o'er a hero's bier!

But bright - ly flows the tear Wept o'er a hero's bier!

But bright - - ly flows the tear Wept o'er a hero's bier!

p *Dim pp*

Oh! quenched are our beacon lights, Thou, of the hundred fights!

Thou, on whose burn - ing tongue Truth, peace, and freedom, hung!

But mute— but, long as Va_lour shin_ eth, Or Mer_ cy's

But mute— but, long as Va_lour shin_ eth, Or Mer_ cy's

soul at war re_pineth, So long shall E_rin's pride Tell how they

soul re_pineth, So long shall E_rin's pride Tell how they

p liv'd and died! Both mute— but, long as Va_lour shineth,

Both mute— but, while Love shineth,

liv'd and died! Both mute— but, long as Va_lour shineth,

mute— mute—

Cres
 Or Mer - cy's soul at war re - pin - eth, So long shall
 Or Mercy's soul re - pineth, So long shall
 Or Mer - cy's soul re - pineth, So long shall
 Or Mercy's soul - - - re - pineth, So long shall

Dim *p*
 E - - rin's pride Tell how they liv'd and died!
 E - - rin's pride Tell how they liv'd and died!
 E - - rin's pride Tell how they liv'd and died!
 E - - rin's pride Tell - - - how they liv'd and died!

Dim
p *f*

HOW OFT 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 ominous fatality, by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most requires 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'Gnive, the Bard of O'Nial, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," Page 433 :—"Con, of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories !"

‡ FOX, "ultimus Romanorum."

WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.

 AIR—*Garyone.*

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 warns 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.

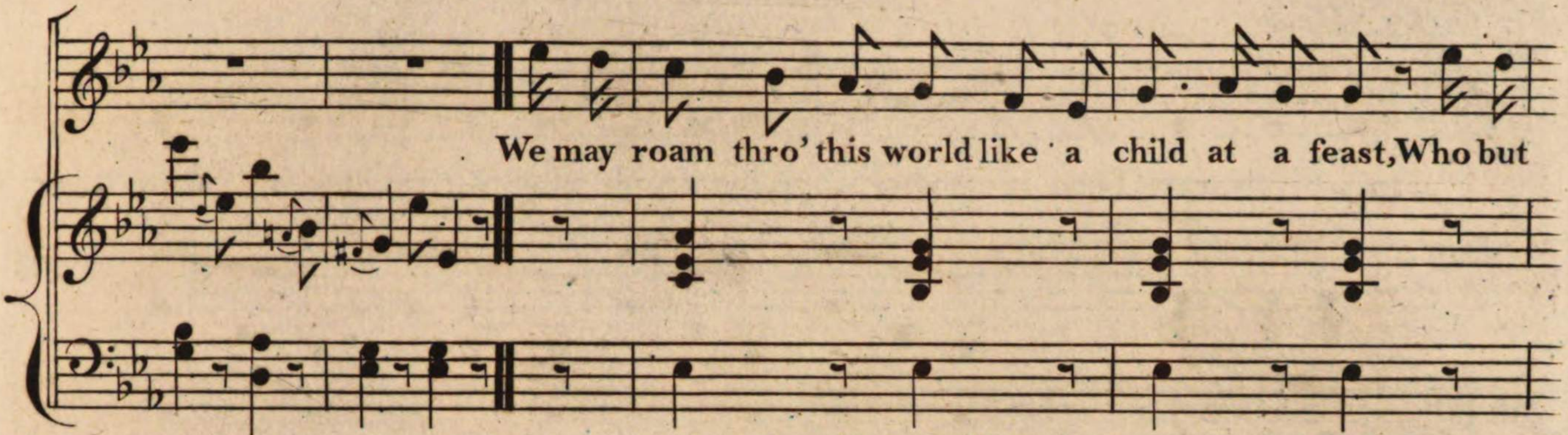
In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
 On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
 Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
 But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye !
 While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
 Ever-smiling beside his faithful oar,
 Thro' billows of woe and beams 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 thro' this World.

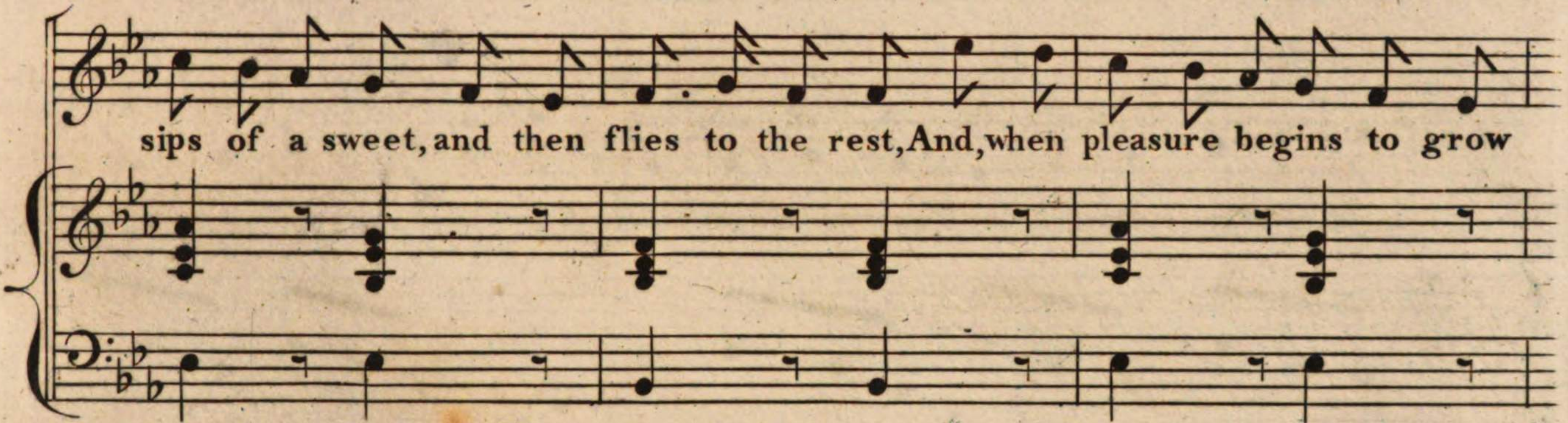
Merrily



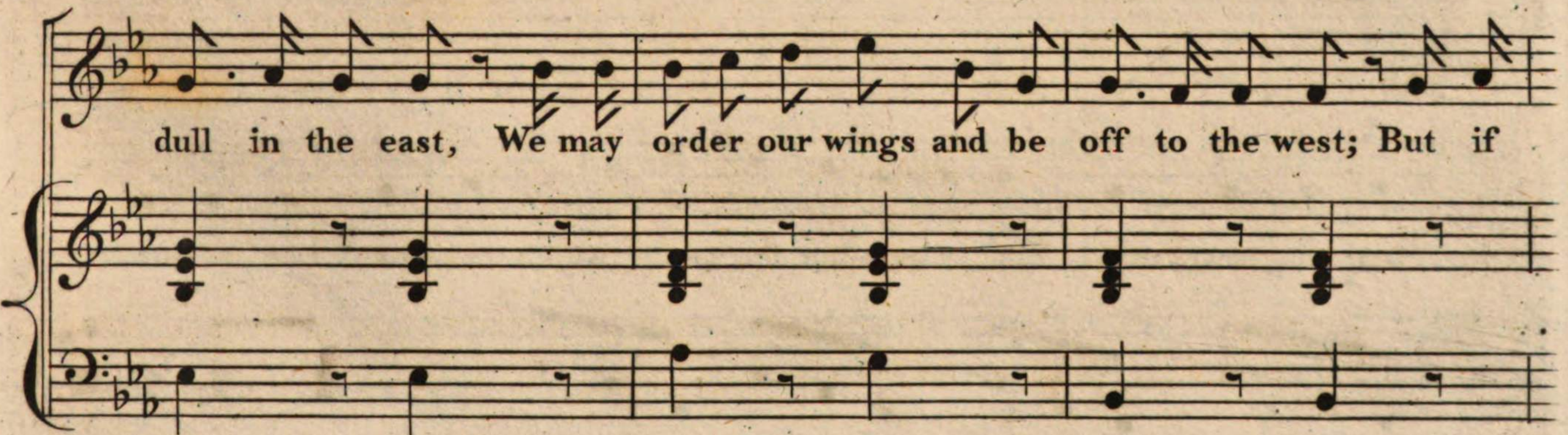
We may roam thro' this world like a child at a feast, Who but



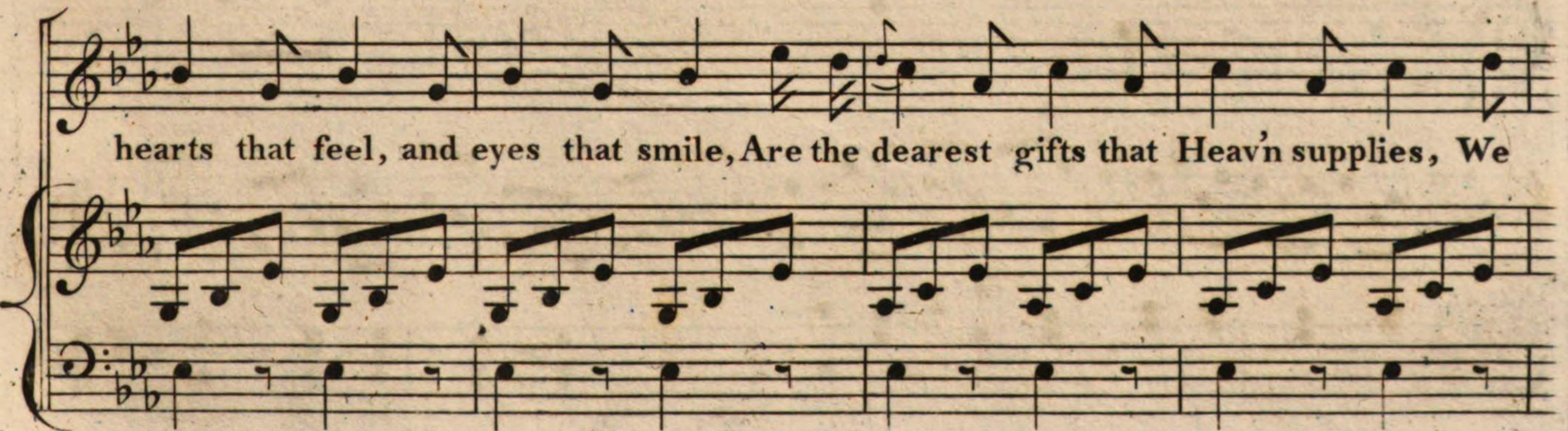
sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest, And, when pleasure begins to grow



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 gifts that Heav'n supplies, We



never need leave our own Green Isle For sen-si-tive heart and for

sun-bright eyes. Then remember wher-ever your goblet is crown'd, Thro' this

world whether eastward or westward you roam, When a cup to the smile of dear

womangoes round, Oh! remember the smile which a-dorns her at home.

50

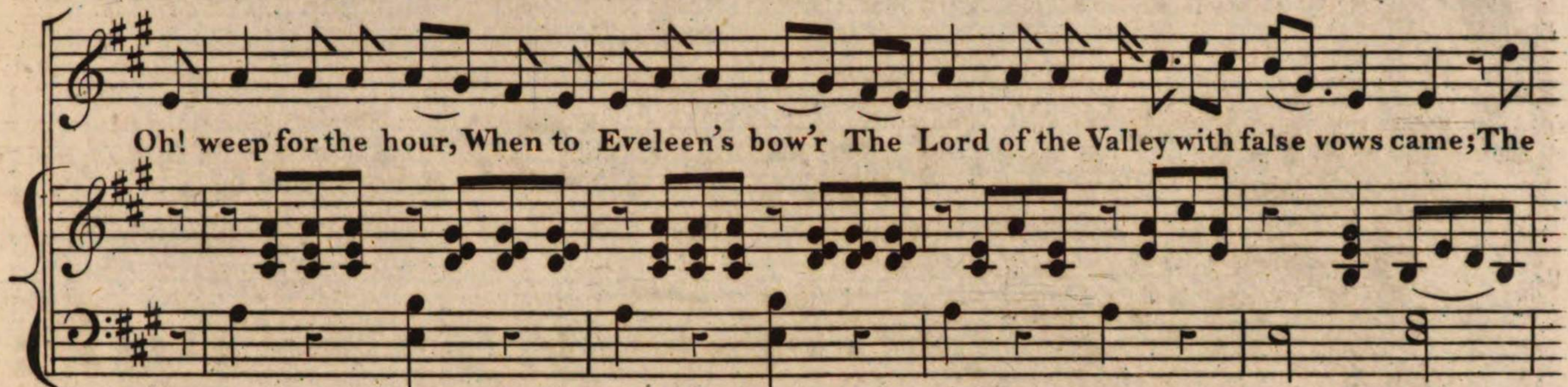
Eveleen's Bower.

91

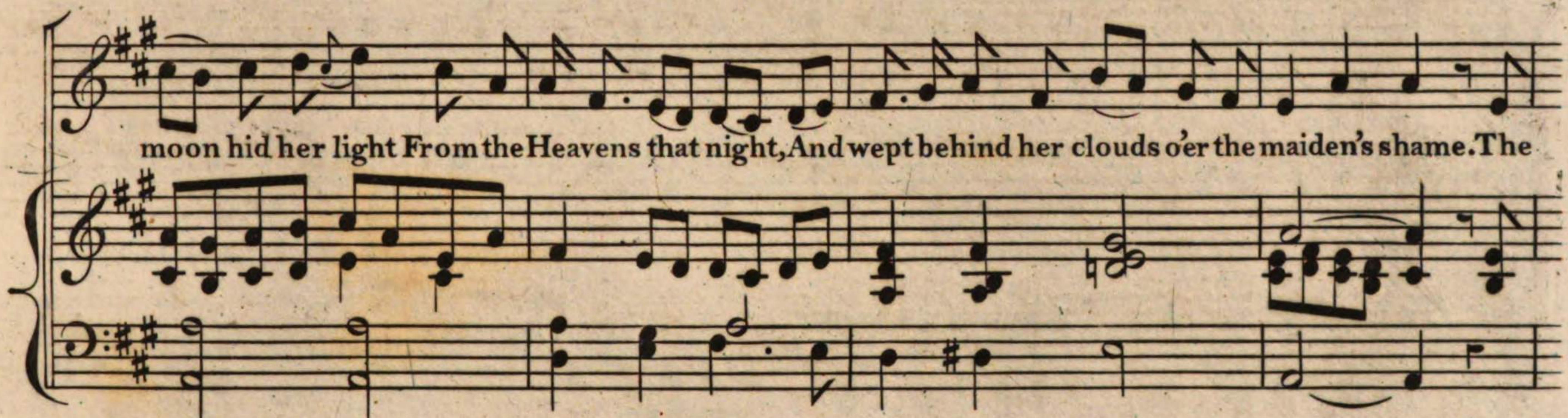
Plaintively



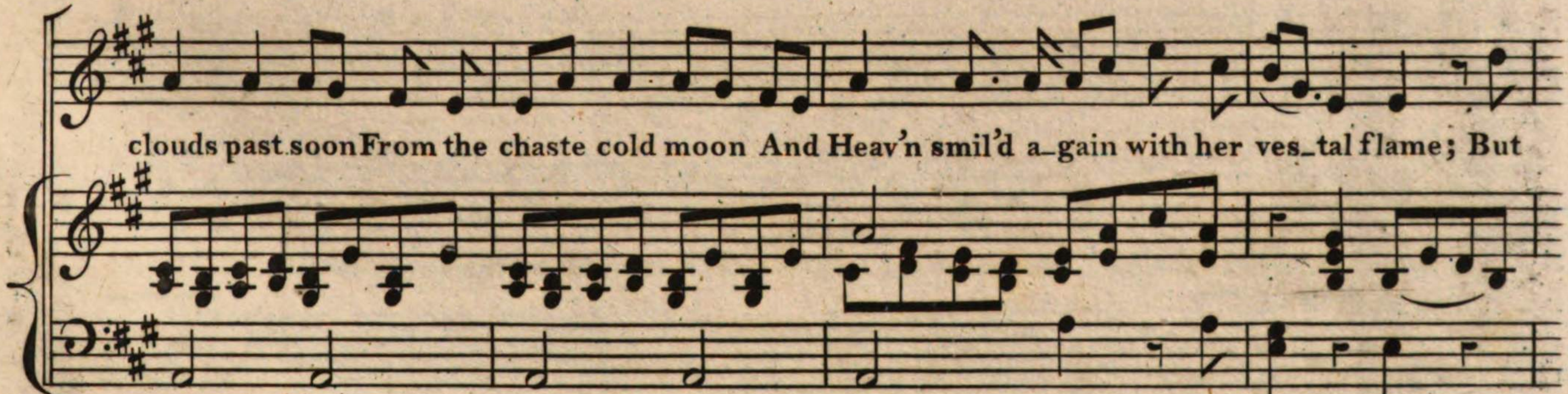
Oh! weep for the hour, When to Eveleen's bow'r The Lord of the Valley with false vows came; The



moon hid her light From the Heavens that night, And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame. The

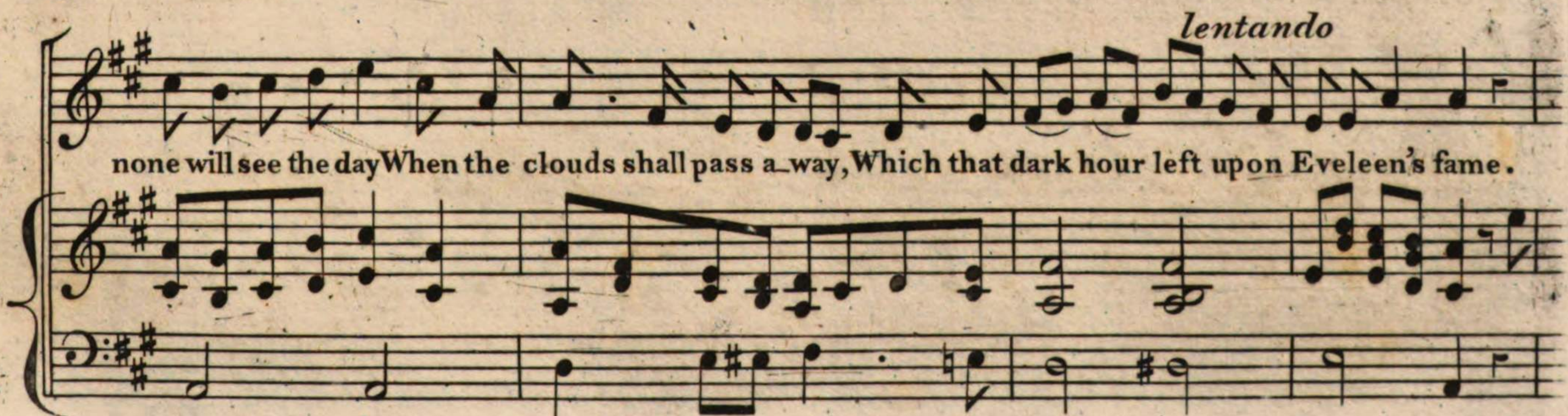


clouds past soon From the chaste cold moon And Heav'n smil'd a-gain with her ves-tal flame; But



lento

none will see the day When the clouds shall pass a-way, Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.



2^d VERSE.

The white snow lay On the narrow pathway, Where the Lord of the Valley crost o-ver the moor; And

many a deep print On the white snow's 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 lone can remove That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

lento

Evelleen's Bow'r.

Harmonized for Three Voices.

Plaintively

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

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

First Voice

Tenor
8. Notes lower

Bass

Piano
Forte

The clouds past soon From the chaste cold moon, And

Heav'n smil'd a-gain with her ves-tal flame; But none will see the day When the

clouds shall pass a-way, Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

clouds ne'er pass a-way, Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

clouds pass a-way, Which that hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

2^d VERSE.

The white snow lay On the nar - row path - - way, Where the

Lord of the Val - ley crost o - ver the moor; 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

The next sun's ray Soon melted a-way Ev'ry trace on the path where the

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-lone can remove That

false Lord came; But there's a light a-bove, can remove That

false Lord came; But there's a light a-bove, Which a-lone can remove. That

lento

stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

stain upon fair Eveleen's fame.

lento

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 footstep 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.

AIR—*The Red Fox.*

I.

LET Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betray'd her,
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold*,
 Which he won from her proud invader ;
 When her Kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
 Led the Red-Branch Knights† to danger,
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

II.

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

* " This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the 10th Century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their Champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a Collar of Gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the Sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."

WARNER'S HISTORY OF IRELAND, Vol. I. Book 9.

† " Military Orders of Knights were very early established in Ireland : long before the Birth of CHRIST we find an hereditary Order of Chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the Palace of the Ulster Kings, called *Teagh na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch ; and contiguous to which was a large Hospital, founded for the sick Knights and Soldiers, called *Bron-bhearg*, or the House of the Sorrowful Soldier."

O'HALLORAN'S INTRODUCTION, &c. Part I. Chap. 5.

The Inscription upon Connor's Tomb (for the Fac-Simile of which I am indebted to Mr. Murphy, Chaplain of the late Lady Moira) has not believe, been noticed by any Antiquarian or Traveller.

‡ It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough-Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water :—" *Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste, sereno tempore conspiciunt et extraneis transeuntibus rei que causas admirantibus frequenter ostenaunt.*"

TOPOGR. HIB. DIST. 2. C. 9.

Fac Simile

*of an ancient Irish Inscription upon a Tomb-stone in the
Abbey of Mullisernon, County of Westmeath, Ireland.*

leoinmbuid isar-sröl uaiēne

me nise cur nsh crhoibe ruhae

sheseo biōd sh Conc shig sh ceshōōō

shior tushar shanraibe wt shlinnrae

Translation

A yellow Lion upon green Sattin

The Standard of the Heroes of the Red Branch

Which Conor carried in Battle

During his frequent Wars, for the expulsion of Foreigners.

Let Erin remember the days of Old. 99

Grand and Spirited



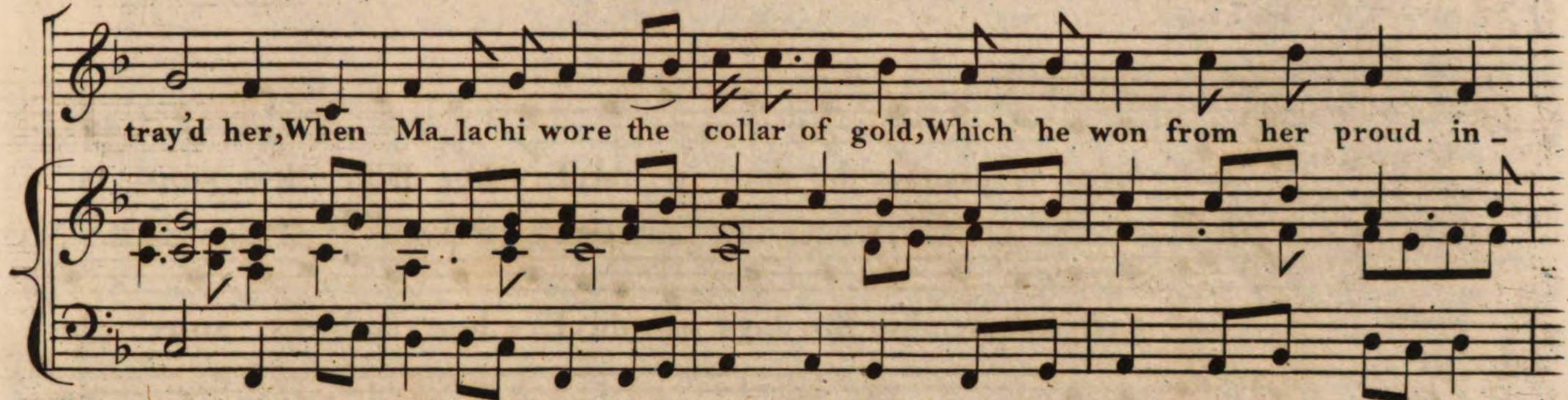
The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth-note chords in a descending sequence, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

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



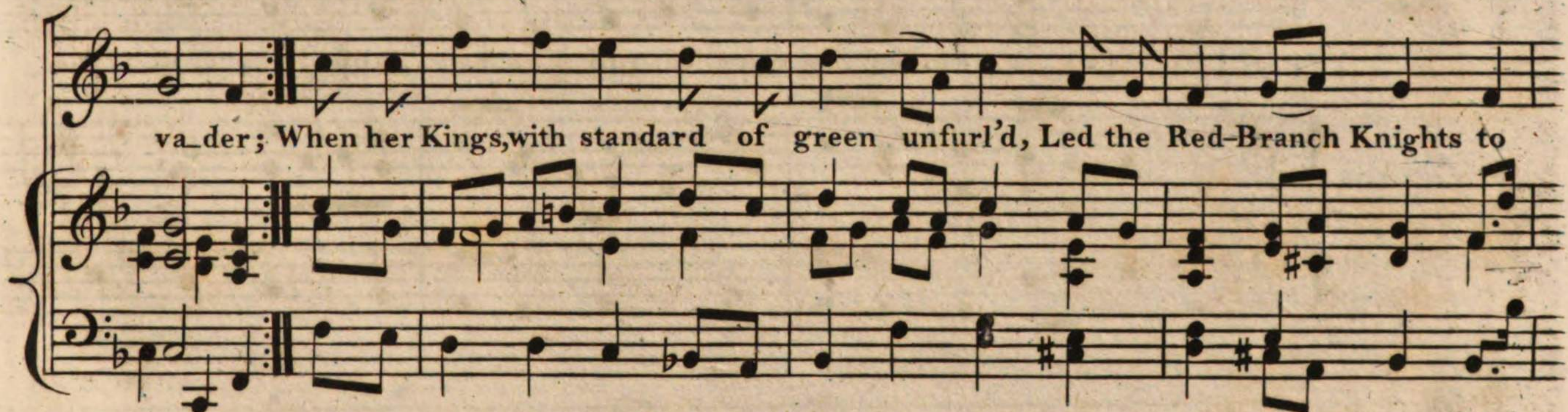
The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "Let Erin remember the days of old, Ere her faithless sons be-". The piano part includes dynamic markings *tr* and *p*.

tray'd her, When Ma-lachi wore the collar of gold, Which he won from her proud in-



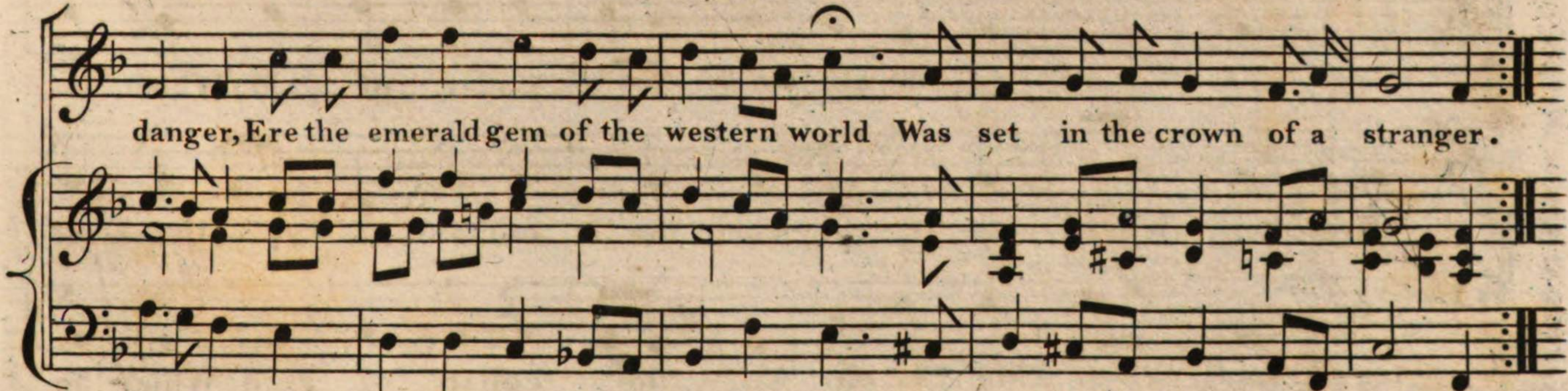
The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "tray'd her, When Ma-lachi wore the collar of gold, Which he won from her proud in-".

va-der; When her Kings, with standard of green unfurl'd, Led the Red-Branch Knights to



The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "va-der; When her Kings, with standard of green unfurl'd, Led the Red-Branch Knights to".

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



The fourth line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "danger, Ere the emerald gem of the western world Was set in the crown of a stranger." The piano part ends with a double bar line.



The piano coda consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth-note chords in a descending sequence, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). Dynamic markings *f* and *p* are present.

Let Erin remember the days of Old.

Harmonized for Three Voices.

Grand and Spirited

1st Treble

Let Erin remember the days of old, Ere her faith - less sons be -

2nd Treble

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

Bass

Let Erin remember the days of old, Ere her faith - less sons be -

Piano Forte

tray'd her, When Ma - la - chi wore the collar of gold, Which he

tray'd her, When Ma - la - chi wore the collar of gold, Which he

tray'd her, When Ma - la - chi wore the collar of gold, Which he

won from her proud in - - vad - er When her Kings with standard of

won from her proud in - vad - er When her Kings with standard of

won from her proud in - vad - er When her Kings with standard of

green unfurld, Led the Red-Branch Knights to dan - ger, Ere the

green unfurld, Led the Red-Branch Knights the Knights to dan - ger, Ere the

green. unfurld, 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.

f *tr*

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

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

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

pia

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 often, 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 co_ver!
sighing, look thro' the waves of Time For the long-faded glories they co_ver!
sighing, look thro' the waves of Time For the long-faded glories they co_ver!

for
for *pia* *for* *h*

Silent oh Moyle be the roar of thy water.

Mournfully

1 2 3 4

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

5 6 7 8

murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter Tells to the nightstar her tale of woes.

9 10 11 12

When shall the Swan, her death-note singing, Sleep with wings in darkness furld?

13 14 15 16

When will Heav'n, its sweet bell ringing, Call my spirit from this stormy world?

h. Cres p pp

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA*.

AIR—*Arrah, my dear Eveleen.*

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—*We 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 stain'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 valu'd and try'd,
 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.

Spirited

pia for pia for pia

Come, send round the wine and leave points of belief To

sim-ple-ton sa-ges and reas'n-ing fools; This mo-ment's a

flow'r. too fair and brief, To be wither'd and stain'd by the

Scherzand

pia

dust of the schools, Your glass may be pur-ple and mine may be

blue; But while they're both fill'd from the same bright bowl, The

fool that would quarrel for diff'rence of hue De-

serves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

for pia for

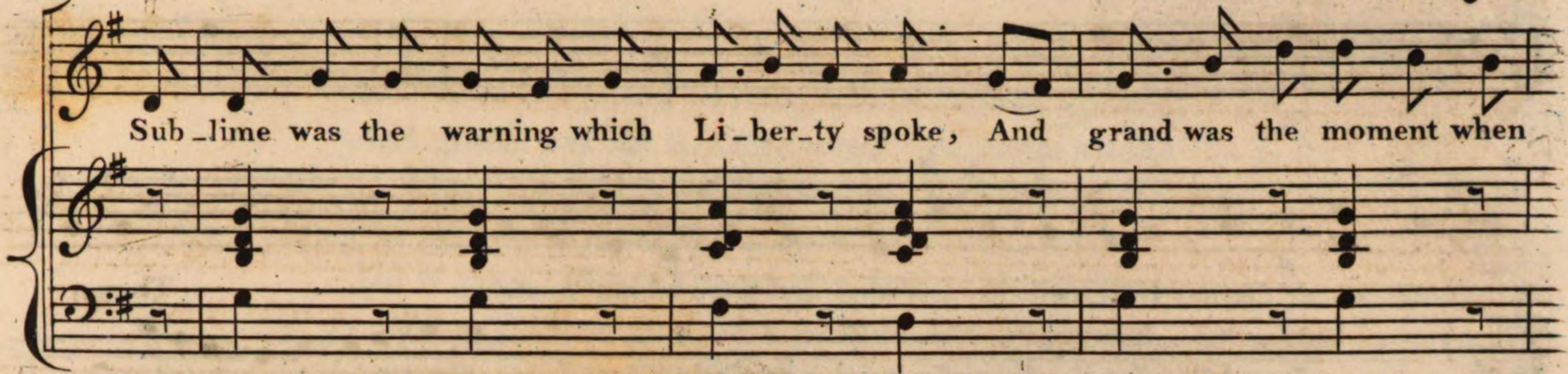
for pia

Sublime was the warning which Liberty spoke. 109

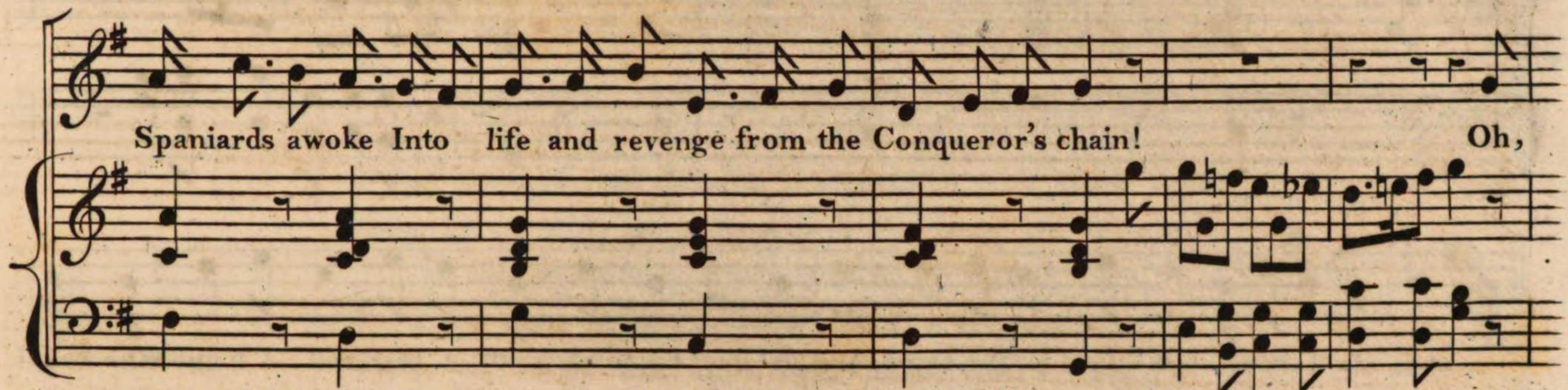
With Spirit



The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. It features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The left hand is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.



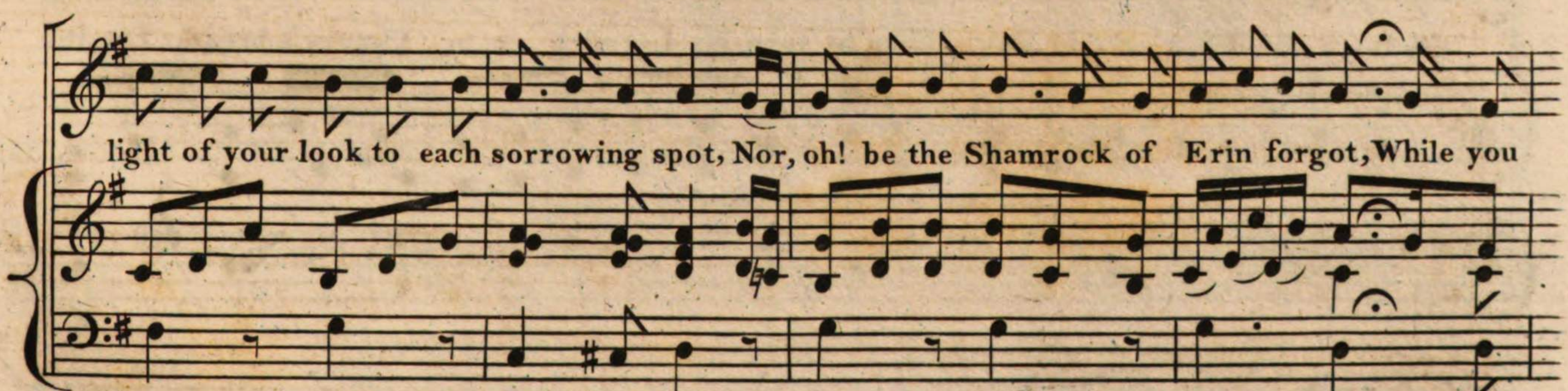
Sub_lime was the warning which Li_ber_ty spoke, And grand was the moment when



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!

2^d VERSE.

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights, Give to country its charm, and to

home its de_lights; If de_ceit be a wound and sus_picion a stain; Then, ye

men of I_beria! 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 in_to Victory's breath. For the

Shamrock of E_rin and O_live 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'Donnells, 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-slighted cause
 Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

IV.

God prosper the cause!—Oh! it cannot but thrive,
 While the pulse of one 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;
 While 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. 113

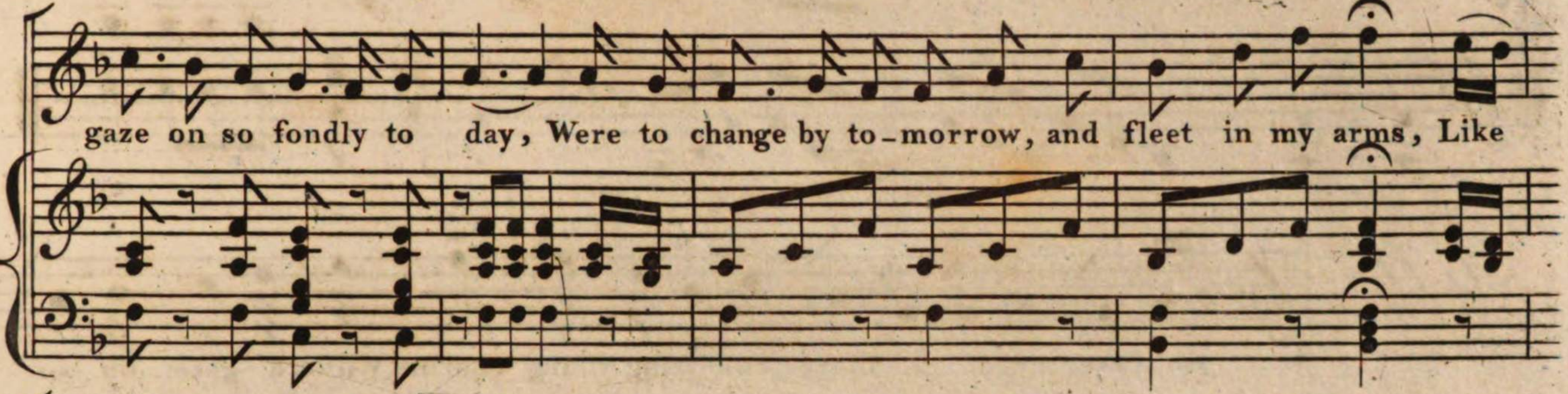
With Feeling



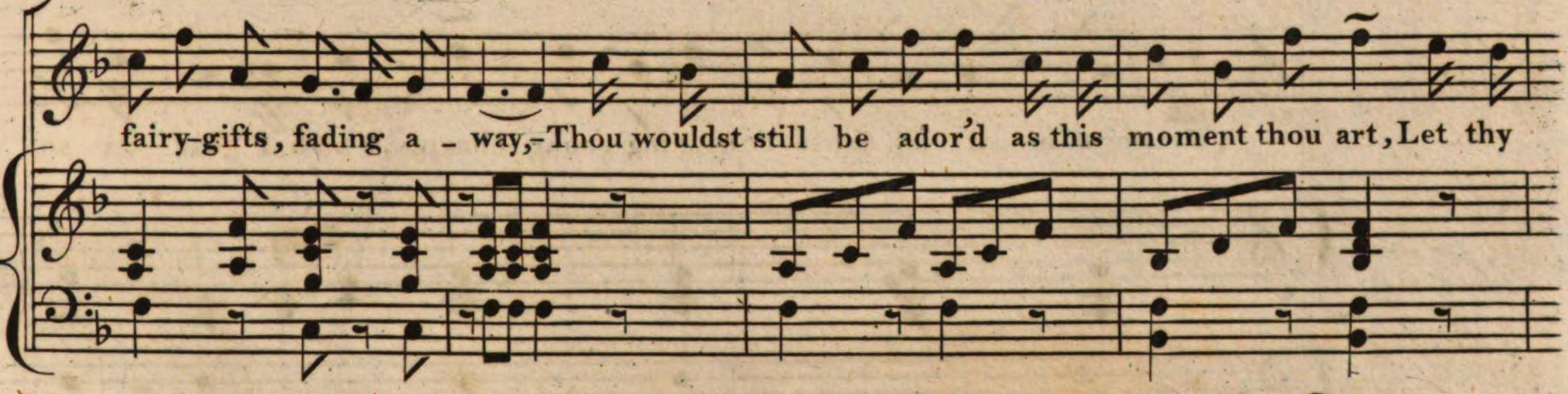
Be-lieve me, if all those en-dearing young charms, Which I



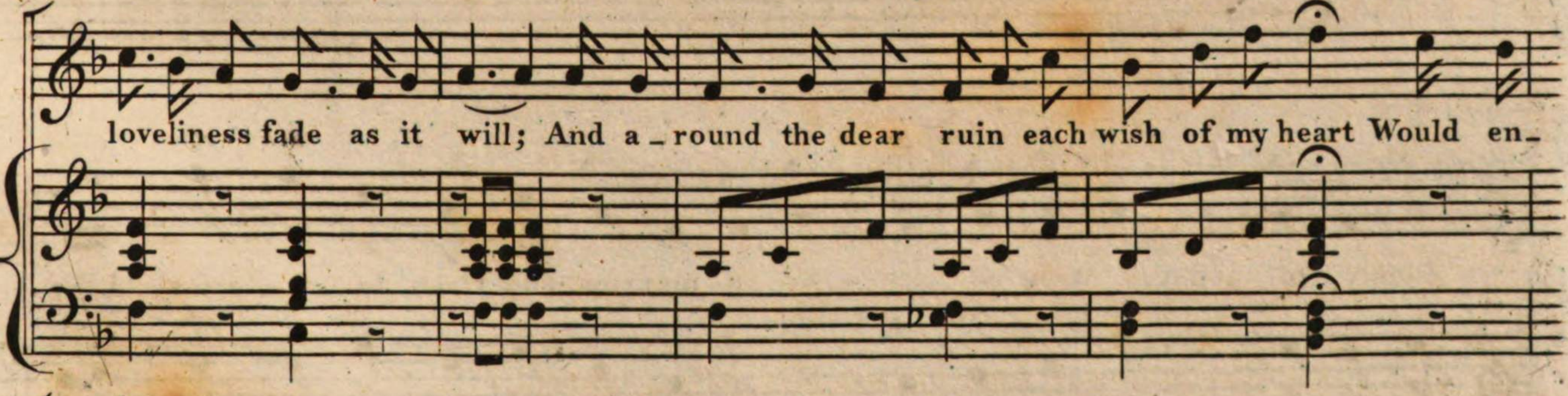
gaze on so fondly to day, Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms, Like



fairy-gifts, fading a-way, -Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art, Let thy



loveliness fade as it will; And a-round the dear ruin each wish of my heart Would en-



twine itself verdantly still!



*Believe me if all those endearing young Charms,
Harmonized for Two Voices.*

With Feeling

Treble

Tenor
8. Notes lower

Piano Forte

Be-lieve me, if all those endearing young charms, Which I gaze on so

Be-lieve 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

fondly to day, Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms, Like

7 8 9 10

fai_ry gifts. fading a - way, - Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art, Let thy

fai_ry gifts. fading a - way, - Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art, Let thy

11 12 13 14

loveliness fade as it will; And a_ round the dear ruin each wish of my heart Would en-

loveliness fade as it will; And a_ round the dear ruin each wish of my heart Would en-

15 16

twine itself verdantly still!

twine. itself verdantly still!

pia

2^d VERSE.

17 18 19

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

It is not while beauty and youth are thy own, And thy cheeks unpro-fan'd by a

20 21 22 23

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

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

24 25 26 27

dear! Oh! the heart which has truly lov'd never forgets But as truly loves on to the

dear! Oh! the heart which has truly lov'd never forgets But as truly loves on to the

28 29 30 31

close; As the sun-flower turns to her god, when he sets, The same look which she

close; As the sun-flower turns to her god, when he sets, The same look which she

32

turn'd when he rose!

turn'd when he rose!

pia

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Erin! the Tear and his Smile in thine Eyes
Oh! breathe not his name
When he who adores thee
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls
Fly not yet!
Oh! think not my Spirits are always as light
Tho' the last Glimpse of Erin
Rich and rare were the Gems she wore
As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may glow
The Meeting of the Waters

No. II.—Price 15s.—Containing

St. Senanus and the Lady
How dear to me the Hour
Take back the virgin Page
The Legacy—(When in Death I shall calm recline)
The Dirge—(How oft has the Benshee cried!)
We may roam thro' this World
Evelcen's Bower—(Oh! weep for the Hour)
Let Erin remember the Days of old
Silent, oh Moyle! be the Roar of thy Waters
Come, send round the Wine
Sublime was the Warning
Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms

No. III.—Price 15s.—Containing

Cean dubh Delish
The snowy-breasted Pearl
Planxty Johnstone
Captain Megan
Erin, oh! Erin—(Like the bright Lamp)
Drink to her

Oh! blame not the Bard
While gazing on the Moon's Light
When Daylight was yet sleeping under the Billow
Before the Battle—(By the Hope within us springing)
After the Battle
Oh! 'tis sweet to think
The Irish Peasant to his Mistress
When thro' Life unblest we rove
It is not the Tear at this Moment shed
'Tis believ'd that this Harp

No. IV.—Price 15s.—Containing

Love's young Dream—(Oh! the Days are gone)
The Prince's Day—(Tho' dark are our Sorrows)
Weep on, weep on
Lesbia hath a beaming Eye
I saw thy Form in youthful Prime
By that Lake whose gloomy Shore
She is far from the Land
Nay, tell me not
Avenging and bright
What the Bee is to the Floweret
Love and the Novice (Here we dwell in holiest Bowers)
This Life is all chequer'd

No. V.—Price 15s.—Containing

Thro' Erin's Isle
At the mid Hour of Night
One Bumper at Parting!
'Tis the last Rose of Summer
The young May Moon
The Minstrel Boy
The Valley lay smiling before me
Oh! had we some bright little Isle
Farewell! but whenever you welcome the Hour
Oh! doubt me not
You remember Ellen
I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me

No. VI.—Price 15s.—Containing

Come o'er the Sea
Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded?
No, not more welcome
When first I met thee
While History's Muse
The Time I've lost in wooing
Oh! where's the Slave?
Come, rest in this Bosom
'Tis gone, and for ever
I saw from the Beach
Fill the Bumper fair
Dear Harp of my Country

No. VII.—Price 15s.—Containing

My gentle Harp! once more I waken
As slow our ship her foamy Track
In the Morning of Life, when its Cares are unknown
When cold in the Earth lies the Friend thou hast lov'd
Remember thee! yes, while there's Life in this Heart
Wreath the Bowl
Whene'er I see those smiling Eyes
If thou'lt be mine, the Treasures of Air
To Ladies' Eyes a Round, Boy
Forget not the Field where they perish'd
They may rail at this Life
Oh for the Swords of former Time!

No. VIII.—Price 15s.—Containing

Ne'er ask the Hour
Sail on, sail on
The Parallel
Drink of this Cup
The Fortune-teller
Oh ye Dead!
O'Donohue's Mistress
The Echo
Oh banquet not
Thee, thee, only thee
Shall the Harp, then, be silent?
Oh the Sight entrancing

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<i>Hark! the Song</i>	<i>How true the Spot</i>	<i>Oh! come thou not near</i>
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Ah! what woes are mine	Ditto	2	0	Henry and Sue	Horn	1	6
Ah! who would heed the seeming sigh?	Horn	1	6	Here, in this lone little wood	Stevenson	2	0
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A medley	Horn	1	6	Her heart was made to love	Horn	1	6
And thou art young	King	2	0	Hoax	Ditto	1	6
Annot Lyle	Doyle	2	0	Hope, thou Nurse		1	0
Araby's daughter	Kiallmark	2	0	Hope told a flattering tale	Paisiello	1	0
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Be sure that a smart little maid	King	1	6	If I swear by that eye	Stevenson	1	0
Bill of fare	Horn	1	6	If maidens would marry	Horn	1	6
Black and blue eyes	Moore	2	0	If then to love thee be offence	Stevenson	2	0
Blighted rose	Stevenson	2	0	If winter frowns	Horn	1	6
Bold is the maiden's heart	Kelly	1	6	I have woven a garland for thee	Holden	1	6
Bosoms who conquer'd and bled	Ditto	2	0	I'll love thee ever dearly	Cooke	1	6
Bud in beauty	Stevenson	2	0	I'm deep in love	Parry	1	6
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Farewell, Bessy!	Moore	1	6	Love thee, dearest, love thee	Moore	2	0
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Fly from the world, O Bessy!	Moore	1	6	Loud the trump of war was blowing	Horn	1	6
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From life, without freedom	Moore	2	0	Mary, I believ'd thee true	Stevenson	1	6
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They bid me sleep	Kemp	1	6
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When I think of my own green glen	Turnbull	1	6
When I went for a soldier	Horn	1	6
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		s.	d.
Ah! say if the glance	Black	1	6
Alas! poor Lubin	Stevenson	1	6
As with slow-moving oar	King	2	0
Catherine	Lady C. Stewart	2	0
Chieftain	Stevenson	2	0
Chink-a-chink	Horn	1	6
Come, friendly night	Livius	1	6
Come, all ye youths	Harris	2	0
Congenial to friends	Stevenson	2	0
Could a man be secure (new edition)		1	0
Dear, in pity	Stevenson	1	6
Dragon fly	Smith	2	0
Dress, with me, the myrtle bower	Stevenson	1	6
Edmund of the hill	Ditto	1	6
Faithful love	Parry	2	0
Fare thee well!	Ditto	2	0
Flowers in the east	Kelly	2	0
Heave one sigh	Horn	1	0
Here is the lip	Moore	2	0
He's gone, ah! me	Kemp	2	0
How happy pass'd morn's pleasant dream	Sanderson	1	6
If fortune smile	Kelly	1	6
In search of glory	Cooke	2	6
Invest my head with fragrant rose	Stevenson	2	0
Joys that pass away	Moore	2	0
Lady, by Cupid's darts I swear	Dr. Clarke	2	6
Life-boat	Moore	2	6
Love and the sun-dial	Ditto	2	0
Love in thine eyes (new edition)	Jackson	1	0
Love, my Mary, dwells	Stevenson	2	0
Love, wand'ring thro' the golden maze	Ditto	2	0

Mourn not, silly mortals	Stevenson	2	0
Nights of music	Moore	2	6
No! never shall my soul forget	Stevenson	2	6
Now bright July to pleasure calls	Horn	2	0
O dinna weep	J. M. Harris	2	0
Our first young love	Moore	2	0
Peace!	Stevenson	2	0
Send home those long strayed eyes	Ditto	1	6
Should we be forced to part	Cooke	2	0
Song of war	Moore	2	0
Sparkling fountains	Stevenson	2	0
Surprise	Ditto	1	6
Tell me where is fancy bred?	Ditto	2	0
Ditto ditto	Arranged by Bishop	2	0
That I no longer wish to rove	Stevenson	1	6
Think on me	Ditto	2	0
Thro' silent woods	King	2	0
Time has not thinn'd (new edition)	Jackson	1	0
Tif bits	Cooke	1	6
Together let us range the fields	Dr. Boyce	1	6
Turn to this heart	Horn	1	6
Wake thee, my dear	Moore	2	0
Warrior's soul is all in arms!	Cooke	2	6
Well-a-day!	Horn	1	0
When in languor sleeps the heart	Stevenson	2	0
When Jove from the skies	Horn	1	6
When war unfurls his banner bright	King	1	6
Where is the light from Lara's tower?	Stevenson	2	6
While parted from the youth I love	King	1	6
Wilt thou say farewell, love?	Bishop	2	0
Wine to cheer	Parry	1	6
Would you gain by art?	Kelly	1	6
Young rose	Moore	2	0

GLEES.

		s.	d.
A broken cake	Stevenson	2	0
Allen-a-Dale	Horn	2	6
And will he not come again	Stevenson	1	6
Archer's glee	Ditto	1	6
Awake! Apollo calls	Ditto	1	6
Banks of Allanwater	Hawes	2	6
Blithe are the bowers of Mosellai	Kelly	2	0
Blest were the days	Stevenson	2	6
Boat trio—"Row gently, row"	Ditto	2	0
Buds of Roses	Ditto	2	6
Canadian boat-song	Moore	3	0
Cease not yet, sweet bard!	Stevenson	2	0
Come, buy my cherries, &c.	Ditto	2	0
Come, follow me	Ditto	5	0
Day set on Norham's castle steep	Lord Burghersh	3	0
Doubt thou the stars are fire	Stevenson	1	6
Ella	Ditto	2	6
Fairy glee	Ditto	5	0
Fair and False	Lord Burghersh	2	0
Fill, fill the goblet	Aylmer	1	6
Finland love-song	Moore	2	6
Give me the harp	Stevenson	5	0
Happy love	Ditto	2	0
Hark! the bell is ringing	Ditto	2	0
Hark! thro' the long resounding halls	King	1	6
Here's the bower	Stevenson	2	6
Hermits	Ditto	3	0
Holy be the pilgrim's sleep	Moore	5	0
I mark'd not eyes	Stevenson	2	0
Lonely isle	Horn	3	0

		s.	d.
Merrily O!	Stevenson	2	6
Mountain cot	Richards	2	0
Nor throne of state	Kelly	1	6
Now is the merry month of May	Stevenson	5	0
Now let the warrior wave his sword	Moore	2	6
Now the star of day is high	Stevenson	3	0
Ocean king	West	2	6
Oh! lady fair!	Moore	3	0
Oh! stay, sweet fair	Stevenson	3	0
Oh! tell me, pilgrims	Ditto	2	6
Raise the song	Stevenson	1	6
Roderigh Vich-Alpine	Horn	3	0
Sigh not thus, oh! simple boy	Moore	1	6
Sir Rowland the brave	Stevenson	2	6
Soldier, rest!	Kemp	2	6
Song that lightens the languid way	Moore	3	0
Spirit of Bliss	Lord Burghersh	3	0
Sweet lady, look not thus again	Stevenson	3	0
This is love	Moore	2	6
Ting-a-tingle	Horn	2	0
Tis done! the fatal deed	Lord Burghersh	2	6
To the brook and the willow	Stevenson	2	6
To thy lover	Ditto	2	0
Under the greenwood tree	Ditto	2	6
Under the hawthorn tree	Ditto	1	0
Up, quit the bower	Attwood	2	0
Wake, Rosa, wake (serenade)	Bartlett	2	6
We fairy folk	Stevenson	2	0
When time, who steals our years	Phelps	2	6
Where shall the lover rest?	Stevenson	2	6
Why so pale?	Lord Burghersh	2	6
Wood nymph	Smith	2	6
Wreaths of flowers	Stevenson	2	6

NEW PIANO-FORTE WORKS, &c.

GRAND SESTETTO for Piano-Forte, two Violins, Tenor, Violoncello, and Double Bass, in which is introduced the admired Air, "'Tis the last Rose of Summer."

Piano-Forte part

ALLEGRETTO et Valce.....	Kiallmark	2 0
A Temple to Friendship.....	Eavestaff	2 0
Aria and Waltzer, inscribed to G. G. Ferrari. Violin Accomp.....		2 6
Banks of Allan Water.....	Chipp	2 6
Batti, batti, o bel Masetto. Flute accompaniment.....	Little	3 0
Bird-catcher.....	Mozart	1 6
Blaize et Babet.....	Howell	2 0
Cease your funning.....	Davy	2 0
Cogan's "Sonata." Violin Accomp.....		5 0
Come chase that starting tear.....	Eavestaff	2 0
Conway Ferry.....	Parry	1 6
Devonshire Waltz.....	Voigt	1 6
Di piacer mi balza. Flute Accomp.....	Little	2 0
Eveleen's Bower.....	Woelf	2 0
Fantasia.....	Gladstones	2 6
Fly not yet.....	Woelf	2 0
Gelinek's Air from "Alceste.".....		2 6
"Air" in C.....		2 6
"Aria" in C.....		2 0
"Minuet" from Le Nozze Disturbate.....		2 0
"Waltz".....		2 0
Gladstone's Grand Sonata, with Orchestral accompaniments.....		6 6
without accomps.....		4 6
Glow di-Glow.....	Cooke	2 0
Go where glory waits thee.....	Corri	2 0
Guaracha Waltz.....	Little	3 0
Harmonious Blacksmith (new edition).....	Handel	1 0
Holder's "Divertimento." Op. 46. to Mrs. L. H.		2 0
"Sonata." Op. 47. to Miss Emily Tower.....		2 6
Howell's Progressive Sonatinas.....		4 0
J'ai de la raison.....	Gelinek	2 0
La Belle Henriette.....	Holder	2 0
La belle Rosa.....	Ditto	2 6
La ci darem.....	Gelinek	2 0
Flute accompaniment.....	Little	1 6
Lady Mary.....	Jansen	1 6
La Gavotte de Vestris. Flute accomp.....	Little	2 0
La Petit Sonate. Op. 45.....	Holder	1 6
L'Hymenée.....	Von Esch	2 6
Lieber Augustine.....	Gelinek	2 0
L'Oiseau de Venus.....	Kiallmark	2 6

Little's Exercises on Piano-forte.....		1 6
Lord Hardwicke's March.....	Cooke	2 0
Lord Wellington.....	Jansen	1 6
Marche Pastorale et Air Russe.....	Von Esch	2 6
Minuetto. Flute accomp.....	Little	1 6
Merch Megan.....	Dibdin	1 6
Morgan Magan.....	Lanza	2 0
Mozart's Grand March.....	Gelinek	2 0
Military Waltz. Flute accom.....	Metzler	1 6
Sonata. Op. 19. Harp and Flute accompaniment.....	Weippert	5 0
My love is like the red, red rose, &c.....	Hummell	2 6
Nel cor più non mi sento.....	Gelinek	2 0
Oh! Lady Fair.....	Latour	3 0
O Pescator dell'onda.....	Little	2 6
O softly sleep.....	Kiallmark	2 0
Partant pour la Syrie.....	Little	2 6
Pastoral Rondo.....	Holder	3 0
Peace be around thee.....	Hummell	2 6
Pria che l'Impegno.....	Gelinek	2 6
Prussian Air.....	Ditto	2 0
Pyrene Air.....	Ditto	1 6
Queen of Prussia's Waltz.....	Ditto	2 6
Rode's Air, variations.....	Lysaght	2 0
Row gently here.....	Eavestaff	2 6
St. Patrick's Day.....	Logier	2 0
Scot's wha hae wi' Wallace.....	Voigt	1 6
Sicilian Dance.....	Little	2 0
Siciliana and Pollacca.....	Schulz	3 0
Sophy.....	Burrowes	2 0
Sun Flower.....	Hummell	2 6
Sweet Richard.....	Parry	2 0
Syren.....	Schulz	2 0
Tema and Waltz.....	Holder	3 0
Tu che accendi, Flute accomp.....	Little	2 0
Turn again, Whittington, with accompaniments, Flute and Violoncello.....	Turnbull	3 6
without accomps.....		2 6
Tyrolese Air.....	Gelinek	2 6
Valse Françoise.....	Ringwood	1 6
Venetian Air.....	Hummell	1 0
When love was a child.....	Ries	3 0
When the Rosebud.....	Kiallmark	2 6
Wood-pecker.....	Burrowes	2 6
Ye Cambrian Youths.....	Parry	2 0
Young Love.....	Burrowes	2 6

Flute and Piano-Forte.

Batti, batti, o bel Masetto.....	Little	2 0
Di piacer mi balza il cor.....	Little	2 0
Fra tante Angoscie, Flute Accomp.....	Little	1 6
Gia la mensa et Bravi Cosa Rara.....	Coggins	2 6
Hornpipe danced by Mad. Milanie.....	Cooke	3 0
La ci darem la mano.....	Little	1 6
Mozart's Military Waltz.....	Metzler	1 6
O Dolce Concerto.....	Burrowes & Nicholson	2 6

O Dolce Concerto.....	Parry	3 0
Nightingale.....	Parry	3 0
Parry's Six Divertimentos.....		5 0
Polonoise.....	Metzler	3 0
Thistle Grove.....	Coggins	2 6
Thrush.....	Parry	3 0
Vestris' Gavotte. Flute accomp.....	Little	2 0
When the Rosebud.....	Kiallmark	2 6

Mozart's Overtures.

A New and corrected Edition, with Flute and Violoncello Accompaniments.

Così fan tutti.....		1 6
Ditto, with accomp.....		2 6
Idomeneo.....		1 6
Ditto, with accomp.....		2 6
Il Direttore.....		1 6
Ditto, with accomp.....		2 6
Il Don Giovanni.....		1 6
Ditto, with accomp.....		2 6

Il Flauto Magico.....		1 6
Ditto, with accomp.....		2 6
Il Seraglio.....		1 6
Ditto, with accomp.....		2 6
La Clemenza di Tito.....		1 6
Ditto, with accomp.....		2 6
Le Nozze di Figaro.....		1 6
Ditto, with accomp.....		2 6

Overtures.

Henry the Fourth, with accompaniments for Flute and Violoncello.....	Martini	4 0	Caliph of Bagdad.....	Lanza	2 0
with Flute accompaniment.....		3 0	Conquest of Taranto.....	Kelly	2 0
"Il Ratto di Proserpina," with accomp. for Flute and Violoncello.....	Winter	3 6	First Attempt.....	Cooke	2 0
"Il Tancredi," with accompaniments for Flute and Violoncello.....	Rossini	3 6	Flodden Field.....	Ditto	2 0
with Flute accomp.....		2 6	Florence Macarthy.....	Cooke	2 0
Lodoiska, with accompaniments for Flute and Violoncello.....	Kreutzer	2 0	Frederick the Great.....	Ditto	2 6
with Flute Accompaniments.....		1 6	Harlequin Whittington.....	Ware	2 0
Bride of Abydos.....	Kelly	2 0	High Notions.....	Parry	2 0
All in the dark.....	B. Livius, Esq.	2 0	Medley.....	Logier	2 0
			Plots.....	King	2 6
			Successful Cruise.....	Sanderson	2 0
			Valley of Diamonds.....	Corri	2 0

Waltzes.

FOUR WALTZES. Sets 1, 2, and 3, by M. Schoengen.....	1 6	NATIONAL WALTZ and Six others, as danced by the Misses Dennett, composed by.....	Miss H.M. Dennett	2 6	
FOUR WALTZES, "The Wood-Hill," "Clifton," "Castle Mahon," and "Charlemont," by.....	T. Holt	1 6	THREE WALTZES, "The Cobourg," "The Anglesea," and "The Sarah Ann," composed by.....	Augustus Meves	2 0

Musard's Quadrilles, &c.

J. POWER, has the honour to announce to the Nobility and Gentry, Subscribers to the Balls at Almack's and the Argyll Rooms, that he has purchased from Messrs. Musard, Collinet, and Michau, the exclusive Copyright of all the Quadrilles and Waltzes composed by them this season.

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12th Set, with ditto, dedicated to Princess Esterhazy.....	4 0	19th Set, with ditto, dedicated to the Countess of Wemyss and March.....	4 0
13th Set, with ditto, dedicated to Countess St. Antonio.....	4 0	20th Set, composed expressly for, and most humbly dedicated to, the Duke of Devonshire, and the Noble and Hon. Members of the Ball Committee at the King's Theatre for the relief of the Distress'd Irish.....	4 0
14th Set, with ditto, danced at the Juvenile Ball, Carlton Palace and the Pavilion, Brighton; composed by the command, and with permission dedicated to His Most Gracious Majesty George the Fourth.....	4 0	21st Set, with Flute Accomp. dedicated to Lady Petre.....	4 0
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7th Set, Ditto.....	2 6	9th Set, Ditto.....	2 6

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Oh Lady Fair.....	Burroues	2 6			

NEW HARP MUSIC.

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Brussels Waltz.....	Holden	2 0	Peace be around thee (from the National Airs).....	Hummell	2 6
Cambrian Youth.....	Parry	2 0	Rhenish Air.....	Weippert	1 6
Crudel Perchè, &c. Harp and Piano-Forte.....	Chipp	3 6	Sly Patrick. Fantasia and Variations.....	Bochsa	2 6
Drink to me only with thine eyes.....	Weippert	2 0	Sun-flower, the (from the Irish Melodies).....	Hummell	2 6
Eveleen's Bower (from the Irish Melodies).....	Chipp	2 6	Sweet Richard.....	Parry	2 0
Hilton House.....	Weippert	1 6	Three Waltzes. Harp and Piano-Forte.....	Hummell	3 6
Introduction and Polonaise (Harp and P.-Forte).....	Chipp	3 6	'Tis the last Rose of Summer.....	Chipp	2 6
Legacy (from the Irish Melodies).....	Chipp	2 0	Venetian Air.....	Hummell	1 0
Merch Megan.....	Miss Dibdin	1 6	To Ladies eyes.....	Ditto	2 6
My love is like the red, red rose.....	Hummell	2 6	We're a' Noddin.....	Chipp	2 6
Munich Waltz, &c.....	Hummell	3 6			

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