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Sixty Irish Songs

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SIXTY IRISH SONGS

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ARMS FISHER

FOR HIGH VOICE

OLIVER DITSON
COMPANY

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S58
1915
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SIXTY IRISH SONGS

SIXTY IRISH SONGS

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ARMS FISHER

FOR HIGH VOICE

BOSTON: OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
NEW YORK: CHAS. H. DITSON & CO. CHICAGO: LYON & HEALY

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IRISH MUSIC

A voice beside the dim enchanted river,
Out of the twilight where the brooking trees
Hear the Shannon's druid water chant forever
Tales of dead kings and bards and shanachies;
A girl's young voice out of the twilight singing
Old songs beside the legendary stream.
A girl's clear voice o'er the wan waters ringing,
Beats with its wild wings at the Gates of Dream.

. . . . . .

Sweet in its plaintive Irish modulations,
Her fresh young voice tuned to old sorrows seems,
The passionate cry of countless generations
Keenes in her breast as there she sings and dreams.
No more, sad voice; for now the dawn is breaking
Through the long night, through Ireland's night of tears.
New songs wake in the morning of her awaking
From the enchantment of eight hundred years.

JOHN TODHUNTER

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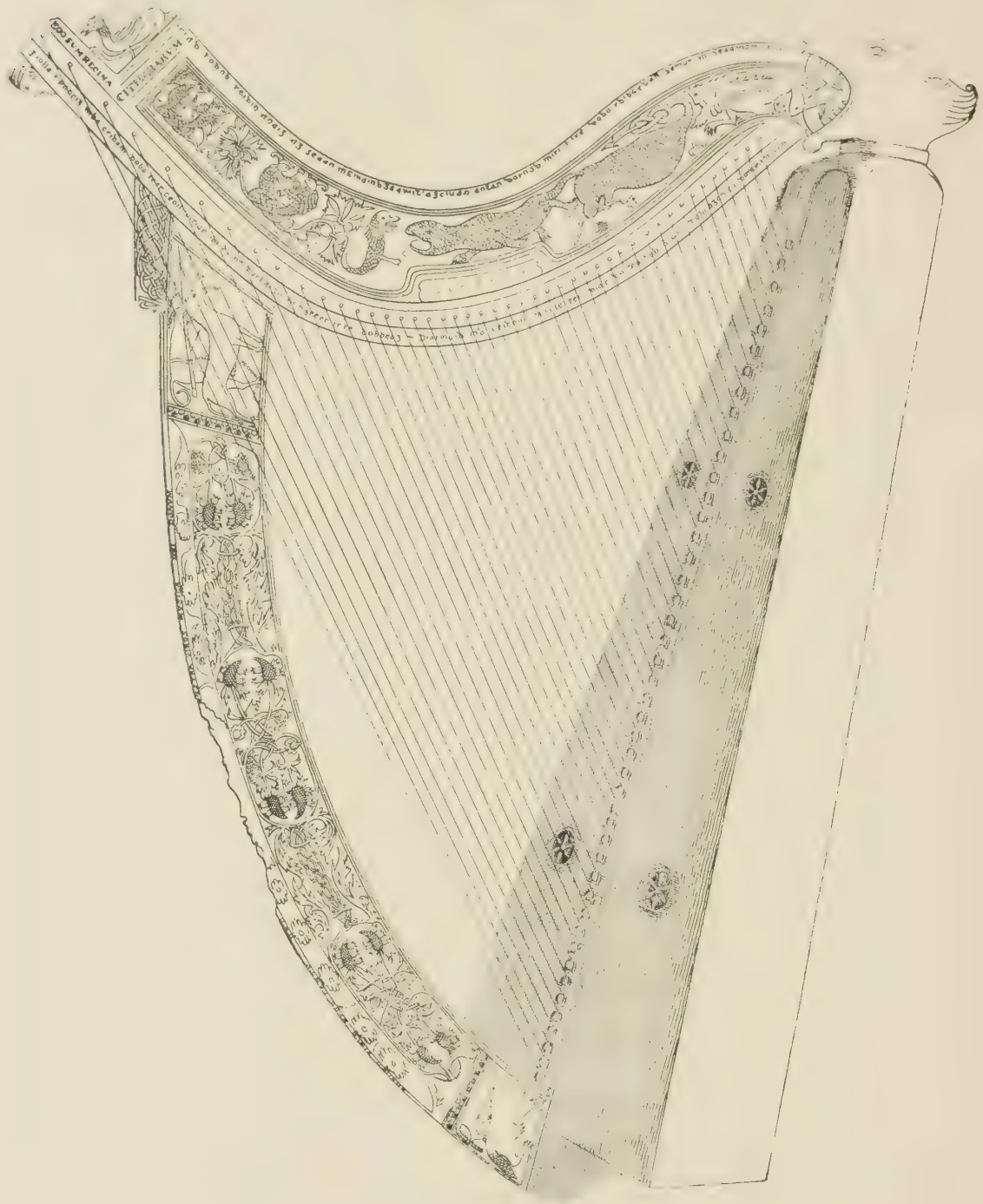
ANCIENT IRISH HARP

IN 1809 THIS INSTRUMENT WAS IN THE POSSESSION OF NOAH DALNIAY, ESQ., OF BELLAHILL, NEAR CARRICKFERGUS. AN ENGRAVING WAS MADE OF IT FOR THE FRONTISPIECE OF EDWARD BUNTING'S ANCIENT IRISH MUSIC, PUBLISHED IN LONDON, NOVEMBER, 1809



TRANSLATION OF THE INSCRIPTIONS

EGO SUM REGINA CITHARUM = I AM THE QUEEN OF HARPS

FROM THE GAELIC, BEGINNING WITH THE UPPER LINE: I, JOHN MCEMGIN, HAD AS MY PATRON, GERALD OF CLUAN, AT THE TIME THAT I PROFESSED POETRY AND MUSIC; AMONG MY OTHER PATRONS WERE JAMES MACSHANE AND MAURICE GILPATRICK, WHO WERE FAMOUS AS MEN OF MUSIC, KNOWN TO ME AS BEING UNEXCELLED; I MAY ALSO MENTION DIARMAID MACCRIDAM AND WITH HIM TWO SAGES OF AN ANCIENT SCHOOL WHO WERE WITH ME AS COLLABORATORS

SIXTY IRISH SONGS

OF the sixty songs included in this volume one-third are familiar to lovers of Irish music, while two-thirds are presented for the first time; that is, nearly forty folk-melodies of Ireland are here united to lyrics by Irish poets and welded with accompaniments that seek to express their spirit.

These melodies were culled by an examination of more than two thousand recorded folk-tunes, most of them wordless.

Songs hitherto published based on Irish folk-tunes have been of two types: the poet seeking melodies to match his lyrics, or the musician seeking lyrics to fit chosen melodies. Thomas Moore was of the first type, though he did not hesitate to change the melodies to fit his own lyrics. His successors have been of the second type, notably Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, who, respecting and cherishing the melodies of his country, has been fortunate in having the co-operation of an Irish lyricist of kindred spirit, Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, who with uncommon skill and sympathy wrote or adapted lyrics to match the recorded melodies without change.

A third and hitherto untried plan has been followed in the preparation of this volume. Instead of employing lyrics written to order, the editor has turned directly to the wealth of modern Irish lyric poetry, and after examining volumes containing in the aggregate over two thousand poems, he culled nearly two hundred that had the song quality, that were of the music-provoking type. Therefore the lyrics, instead of being by one hand, are the spontaneous work of many Irish poets.

After selecting melodies of charm and lyrics that were songful came the delicate task of finding the right melody for a chosen lyric, or the appropriate lyric for a chosen air, *without changing either melody or lyric* — the *sine qua non* being their mutual fitness, not merely in metre and in rhythm but in spirit, in kinship. The two should so accord as to seem to have been written for each other, or even written together. With what measure of success this new plan has been carried out the completed songs must evidence.

The fourth stage in the work was the congenial task of welding chosen melody and lyric into a complete union by means of an expressive accompaniment. As folksongs in their natural state are without accompaniment or any harmonic support whatever, the question arises as to the style of accompaniment most appropriate for them, or, indeed, whether they should be accompanied at all. To the extreme position of some folklorists it is enough to say, that unless these folk-tunes are to remain sealed in the silence of antiquarian tomes and the journals of Folksong societies, they must be given not only words but accompaniments. Shall these accompaniments be reduced to a mere skeleton barely sufficient to support the voice, or shall they be enriched with something of the color our sophisticated modern ears demand?

Broadly speaking, there are two ways of writing accompaniments to old melodies: the way of the *arranger*, and the way of the *composer*. The first manufactures a conventional piano part that is as unobtrusive as possible and therefore colorless and dull; the second, with careful regard for the character of both melody and text, creates a colorful accompaniment that enhances both, gives them fresh significance, and when most perfectly done charms the listener with the impression of a fresh and spontaneous creation. The humdrum commonplaceness of the first type suits well the pedestrian mind, and endless examples abound. The danger in the second type is lack of due restraint and forgetfulness of the beauty of simplicity. It may, of course, be argued that the natural sincerity and essential *naïveté* of folk-tunes tend to disappear, the more subtle the supplied accompaniment; that folk-music and art-music are too distinct and separate by nature to merge. These questions can be hotly debated.

The wordless folk-tunes in the first volume of Edward Bunting's *Ancient Irish Music* (London, 1796) led to the writing of Thomas Moore's earlier *Melodies*. In the poet's own words: "They were the mine from which the workings of my labors as a poet have derived their lustre and value."

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, the eminent Irish musician, in the preface to his revision of Moore's *Irish Melodies* (London, 1894), while acknowledging the value of Moore's work as the first popular presentation of the folksongs of Ireland, says: "There is scarcely a melody which Moore left unaltered, and, as a necessary consequence, unspoilt."

Moore's *Melodies* were published in sections at intervals from 1807 to 1834.[1] The poet's first co-laborer was Sir John Stevenson, who wrote the piano accompaniments in the current style of his day. Dr. Stanford calls him "a remarkable musician," but "much under the influence of the works of Haydn, and he seems to have imported into his arrangements a dim echo of the style of the great Austrian composer. He could scarcely have chosen a model more unsuited for the wildness and ruggedness of the music with which he had to deal." But Sir John, eminent in his own day, wrote in the fashion of his time, just as the eminent Sir Charles has accompanied the very same melodies in the fashion of his later day, stamped of course with his individual traits.

Bunting made his arrangements in the artificial florid style of the period; Beethoven's settings of Irish airs bear his own hallmark; Stevenson's thin and dry harmonizations[2] doubtless pleased Tom Moore's listeners, as the later arrangements of Bishop, Balfe, Hatton, and Molloy have in turn fitted the ever changing fashion of musical speech. Professor Stanford's late Victorian arrangements, again, are written in an idiom that his juniors doubtless regard as already passing, and, recently, Irish airs have appeared in London dressed in a garb that shows the influence, not of the remote Handel and Haydn, or the late Johannes Brahms, but of the contemporary Debussy.

In the nature of things no writer can escape his own period, can help inhaling the common air, or avoid writing in the current speech of his day. It is enough, then, to say that the accompaniments in this volume were written not yesterday but to-day, well knowing that to-morrow other hands will with equal enthusiasm set these and other Irish airs in a fashion that, whether simple or complex, will be of to-morrow.

As the writer has prepared these songs for singers to sing, rather than for students of folk-song, he has sought to weld melody, text, and harmonic scheme into songs that would appeal, not because of their source, but because they held something of that beauty the artist forever seeks. These songs were gathered "That all who hear may dream a little while." From a rich abundance a few sprays have been torn — torn

> *"from the green boughs of old Eire,*
> *Green boughs of tossing always weary, weary!*
> *The willow of the many-sorrowed world."*

. . .

Few but avowed Celticists know with what lavish richness Ireland has poured out her heart in both melody and poetry. As this volume is a union of both, it is not out of place to say a word regarding each and to quote from those who speak with authority.

As to the abundance of Irish folk-music, none

[1] A Selection of Irish Melodies, with Symphonies and Accompaniments by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc., and characteristic words by Thomas Moore, Esq., *London, James Power, was issued in ten parts and a supplement between 1807 and 1834. The piano accompaniments of the first seven parts are by Stevenson. Part Seven is dated, October 1, 1818. Moore's co-laborer for the remaining parts was Sir Henry Bishop, Part Eight bearing the date, May, 1821. A pirated edition of this part appeared in Dublin in the same year, edited by the musician Bishop had supplanted — Sir John Stevenson.*

[2] *In* A Prefatory Letter to the Marchioness Dowager of D—— *that opens the original edition of the first volume of the* Irish Melodies *Moore feels called upon "to add a few words in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs by the chromatic richness of the symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his harmonies." This letter is dated, January, 1810.*

can speak with greater knowledge than the late Dr. P. W. Joyce, long President of the "Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland," himself an indefatigable collector of folk-tunes and an authority on Irish life and history. In his important collection, *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs* (London and Dublin, 1909), he states that over three thousand different Irish airs are now in print, and that from known sources this number could readily be increased to five thousand.

As to the character and quality of this abundance, Sir Hubert Parry writes: "Irish folk-music is probably the most human, most varied, most poetical in the world, and is particularly rich in tunes which imply considerable sympathetic sensitiveness."

Another English writer, Dr. Ernest Walker, is even more eloquent, for in his *History of Music in England* (Oxford, 1907) he says: "Few musicians have been found to question the assertion that Irish folk-music is, on the whole, the finest that exists. It ranges with wonderful ease over the whole gamut of human emotion from the cradle to the battlefield, and is unsurpassed in poetical and artistic charm. . . . In their miniature form the best Irish folk-tunes are gems of absolutely flawless lustre. . . . For sheer beauty of melody, the works of Mozart, Schubert, and the Irish folk-composers form a triad that is unchallenged in the whole range of art. . . . In form, as well as melody, the best Irish folk-music is exceptionally polished. The phrases have a quite exceptional freedom from anything like either vagueness or stiffness of line; the melodies never tie themselves into knots, and the rhythmical basis is always firm and coherent."

They who drink of Irish music draw from an olden fountain; its haunting airs bring back to mind forgotten things from long ago. It is to be regretted that the words of Ireland's recorded folksongs have, for the most part, been lost, yet the records of Irish literature are older far than any surviving music, for, in the words of the eminent Gaelic scholar, Professor Kuno Mayer, "The vernacular literature of ancient Ireland is the most primitive and original among the literatures of Western Europe. Its importance as the earliest voice from the dawn of West European civilization cannot be denied. It is not till the end of the eleventh century that we find the beginnings of a national literature in France and Germany; whereas Ireland had become the heiress of the classical and theological learning of the Western Empire of the third and fourth centuries, and a period of humanism was thus ushered in which reached its culmination during the sixth and following centuries, the Golden Age of Irish civilization." It was then that "Ireland drew upon herself the eyes of the whole world as the one haven of rest, as the great seminary of learning, in a turbulent world overrun by hordes of barbarians."

In the same vein Renan, in his essay *La Poésie de la Race Celtique*, writes: "Ireland is the sole country of Europe where the native can produce authentic documents of his remote unbroken lineage, and designate with certainty, up to prehistoric ages, the source from which he sprang. Restricted by conquest to some islands and peninsulas of the West, the Celtic race has habitually striven to oppose an impassable barrier to all alien influences. This ancient race has come down to our day still faithful to its language, its memories, its ideals, and its genius. In the grand concert of the human species, no family equals this for penetrating voices that go to the heart."

A strange melancholy characterizes the genius of the Celtic race. In the words of William Sharp: "For all the blithe songs and happy abandon of so many Irish singers, the Irish themselves have given us the most poignant, the most hauntingly sad lyric cries in all modern literature. Renan fully recognizes this, and how, even in the heroic age, the melancholy of inappeasable regret, of insatiable longing, is as obvious as in our own day, when spiritual weariness is as an added crown of thorns." Whence comes this sadness, he asks? "Take the songs of the sixth century bards; they mourn more defeats than they sing victories. The history of the Celtic race itself is but a long complaint, the lament of exiles, the

grief of despairing flights beyond the seas. If occasionally it seems to make merry, a tear ever lurks behind the smile." As one of her own poets has said of Eire: "The sorrow of a thousand years makes dark her ever youthful eyes."

The use of English by the native poets of Ireland may be said to have begun toward the end of the eighteenth century. At first the flavor of this Anglo-Celtic poetry was local and national rather than universal. It voiced the passion for nationality, or the cry of the exile in remembrance of his land with its wild and romantic past. Sometimes it voiced the spirit of rebellion, or the pain of misery and famine, the misery of a whole country; or in wild revolt from sadness it sang with rollicking abandon, or pictured the tender idyls of peasant life that appear despite Ireland's turmoil and pain. Much of this poetry is unpretentious and reaches no high level, for, with a few exceptions, it is only lately, in what is called the Celtic Revival, that Irish poetry in English can claim to be a fine art. The poets of this later group for the most part remain distinctively Irish, as they should, but their best work has the universal quality, and by its distinction of form, its haunting beauty, and its wistful charm, it gives them an individual place in the Song of the World.

The poetry of this modern group has what Matthew Arnold calls the "Celtic nearness to Nature and her secret; Celtic aerialness and magic; the sheer, inimitable Celtic note." The contemporary Anglo-Celtic poetry of Ireland, writes William Sharp, "has a quality which no other English poetry possesses in like degree; the quality which Matthew Arnold defined as natural magic—'Celtic poetry drenched in the dew of natural magic.'"

That "inimitable Celtic note" lurks in the melodies and lyrics of this volume, for they both are Ireland's own. The editor on his part has sought only to enhance that note, and not to obtrude aught that is alien or discordant. In so far as he has succeeded will these songs pass on to others that magic of the Celt which Ireland's native songs have in a peculiar degree.

"*Ne'er forgetful silence fall on thee,*
Old music heard by Mona of the sea.
Nor may that eerie, wistful music die;
Still in the far, fair Gaelic places
Its sighing wakes the soul in withered faces,
And wakes remembrance of great things gone by."

William Arms Fisher

Boston, June 15, 1915

SIXTY IRISH SONGS

ALL IN THE MORNING EARLY, O!

KATHARINE TYNAN-HINKSON

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

With brightness

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. The lit - tle red lark is shak - ing his wings, Straight from the breast of his
2. The beard of bar - ley is old man's - gray, All green and sil - ver the

rit. *a tempo*

love he springs; Lis - ten the lilt of the song he
new - mown hay, The dew from his wings he has sha - ken

rit. *a tempo*

poco rit. *a tempo*

sings, All in the morn - ing ear - ly, O! The
way, All in the morn - ing ear - ly, O! The

poco rit. *a tempo*

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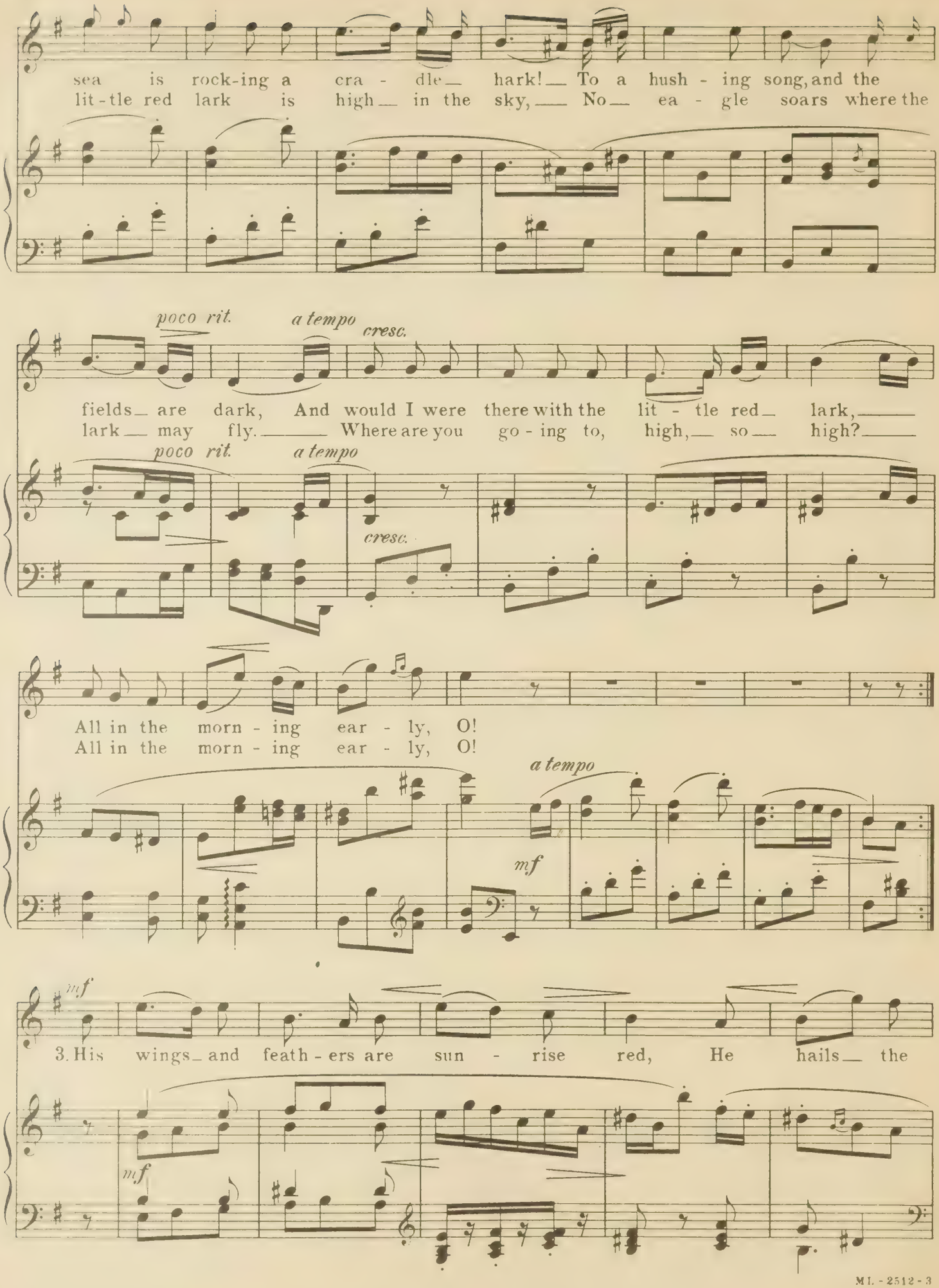
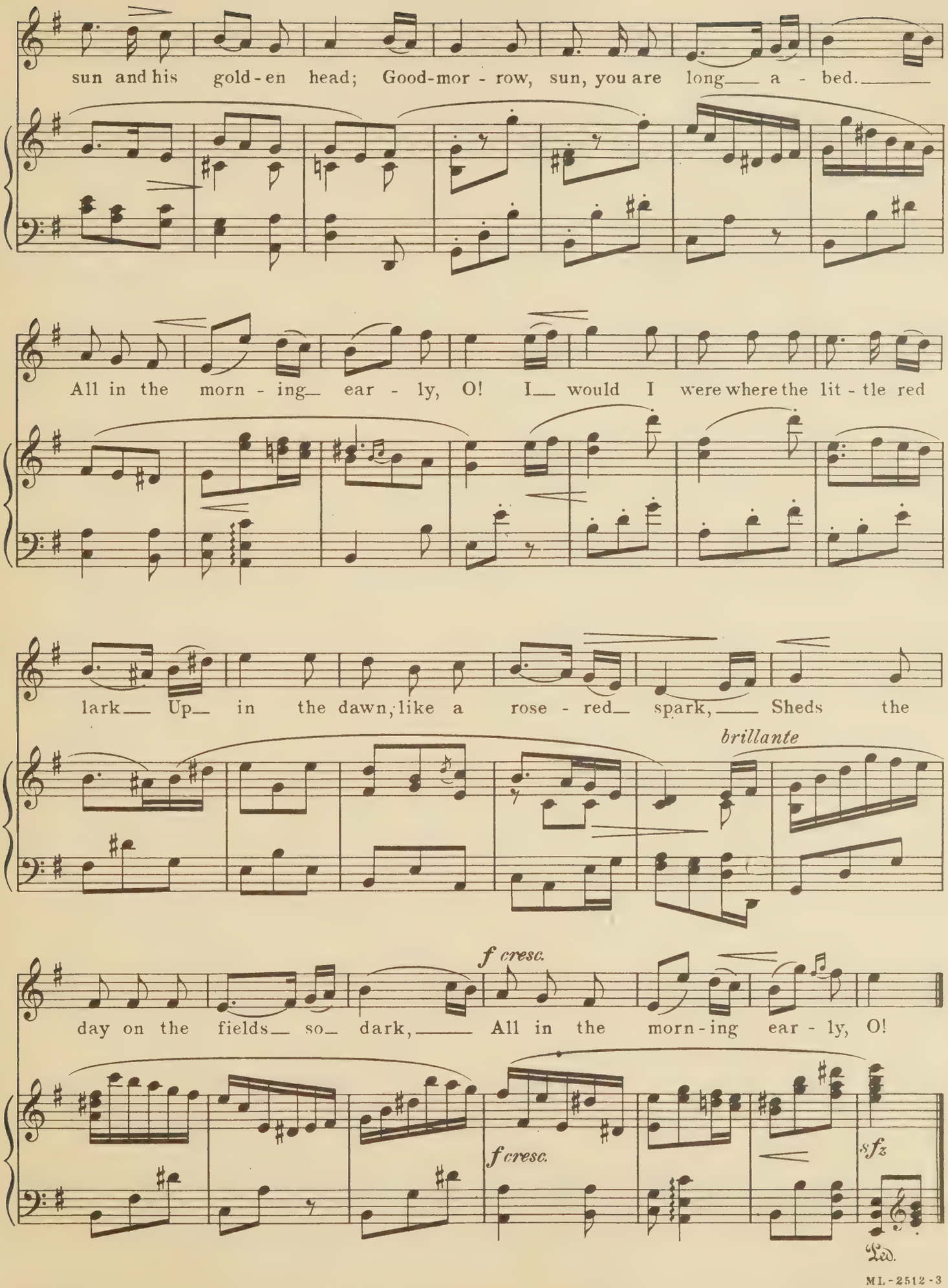
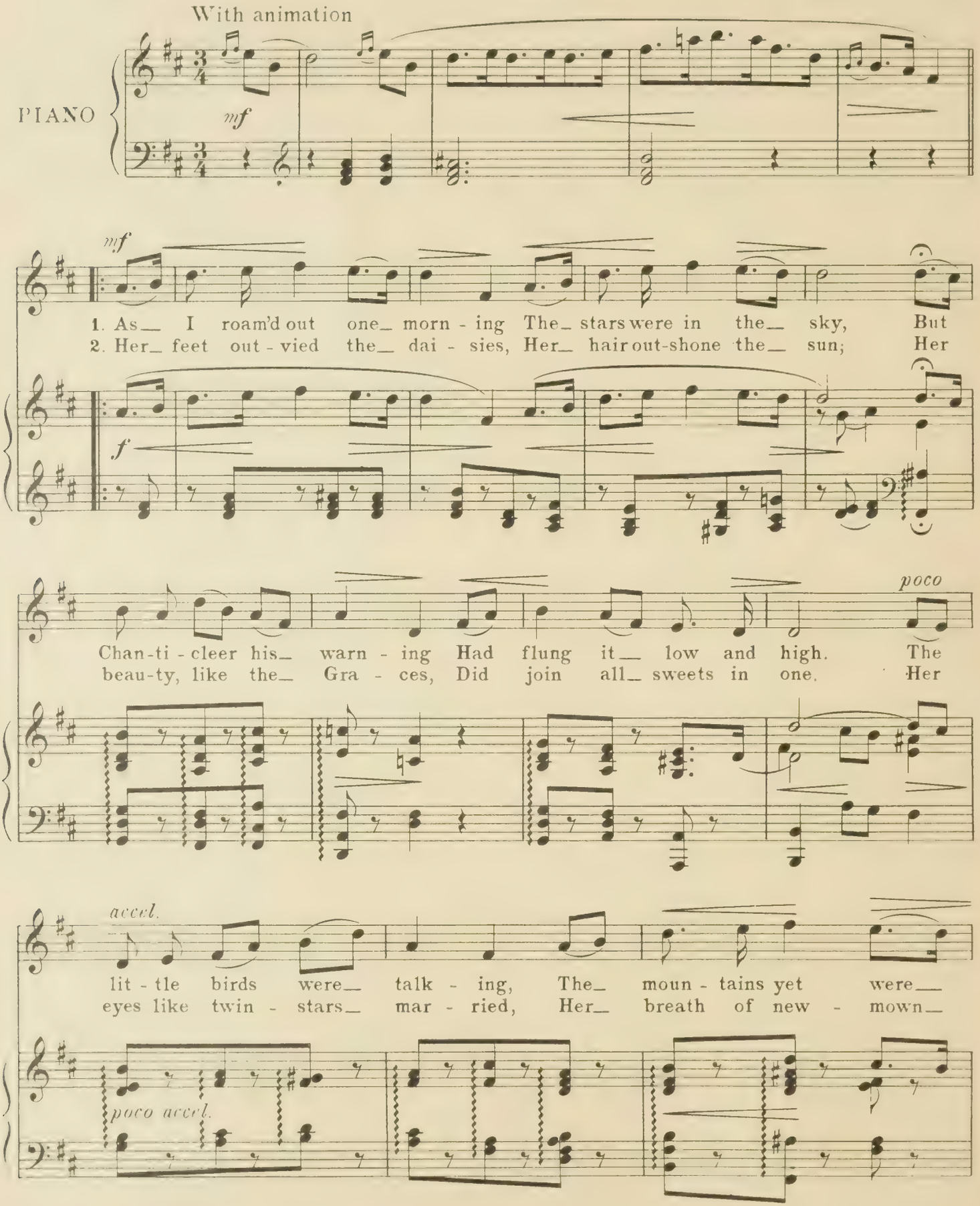

sea is rock-ing a cra - dle hark! To a hush - ing song, and the
lit-tle red lark is high in the sky, No ea - gle soars where the
poco rit.
a tempo
cresc.
fields are dark, And would I were there with the lit - tle red lark,
lark may fly. Where are you go - ing to, high, so high?
poco rit.
a tempo
cresc.
All in the morn - ing ear - ly, O!
All in the morn - ing ear - ly, O!
a tempo
mf
mf
3. His wings and feath - ers are sun - rise red, He hails the
mf


sun and his gold-en head; Good-mor - row, sun, you are long a - bed.
All in the morn - ing ear - ly, O! I would I were where the lit - tle red
lark Up in the dawn, like a rose - red spark, Sheds the
brillante
day on the fields so dark, All in the morn-ing ear - ly, O!
f cresc.
f cresc.
sfz
Ped.

AT DAWNING OF THE DAY

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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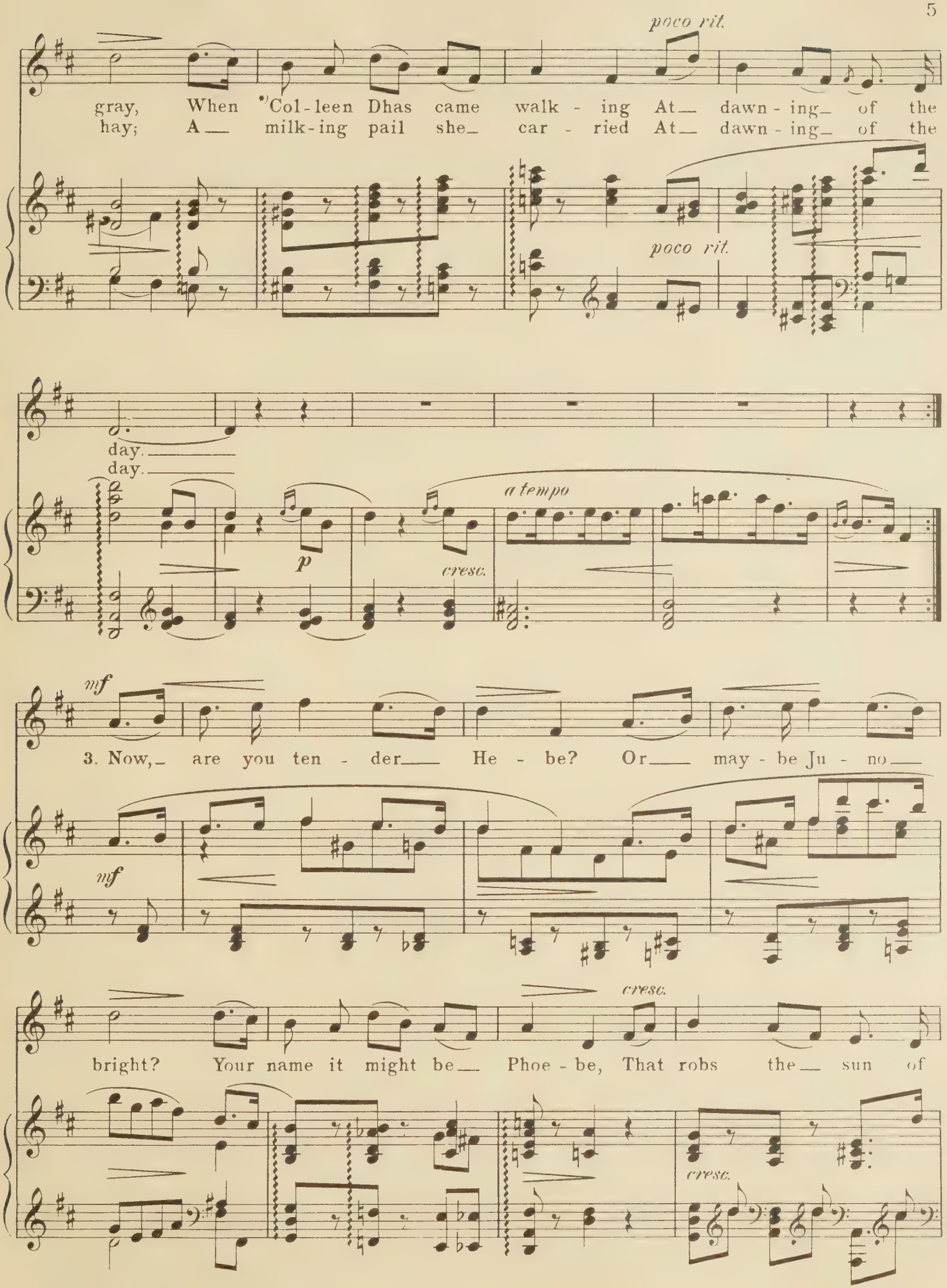
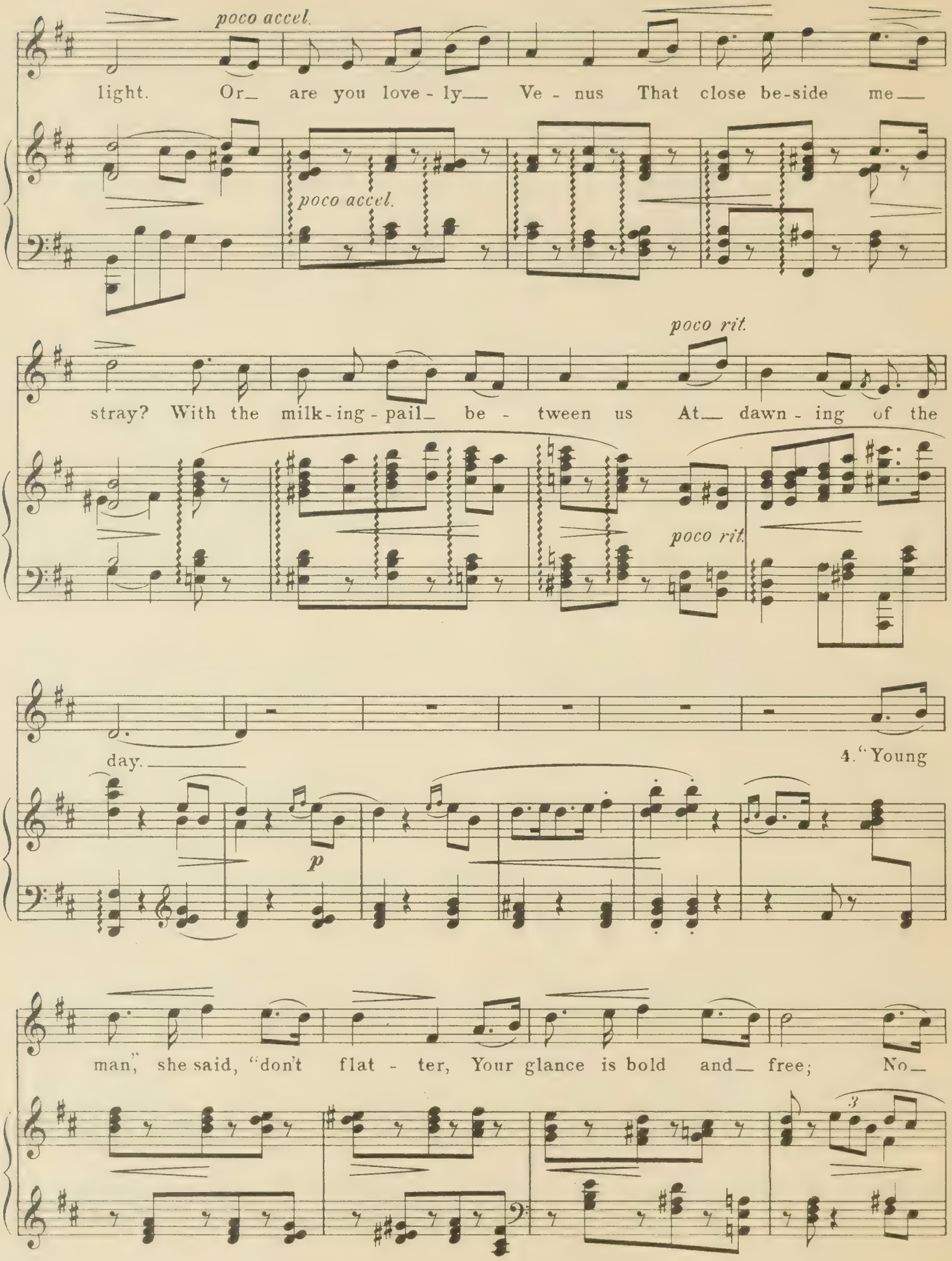
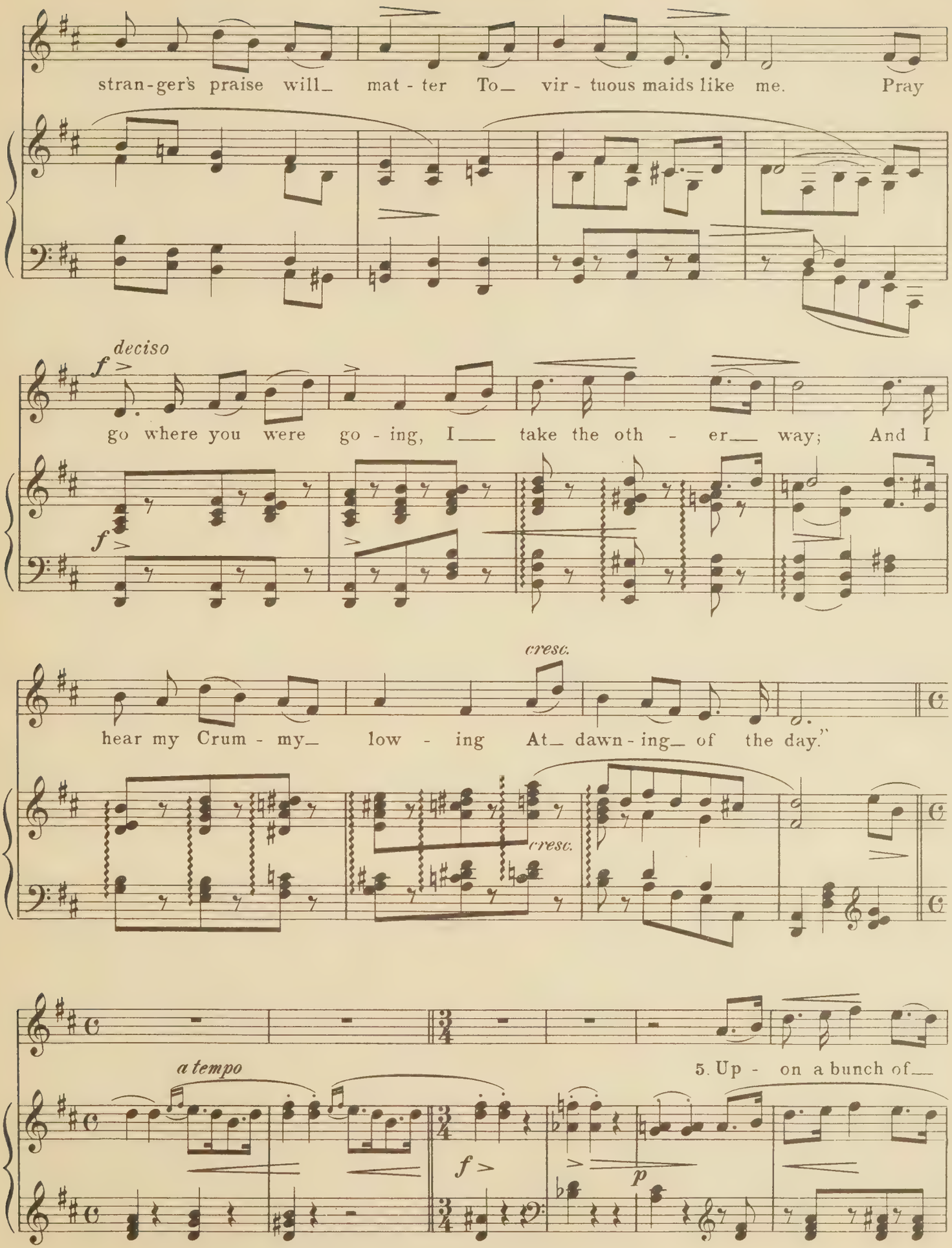
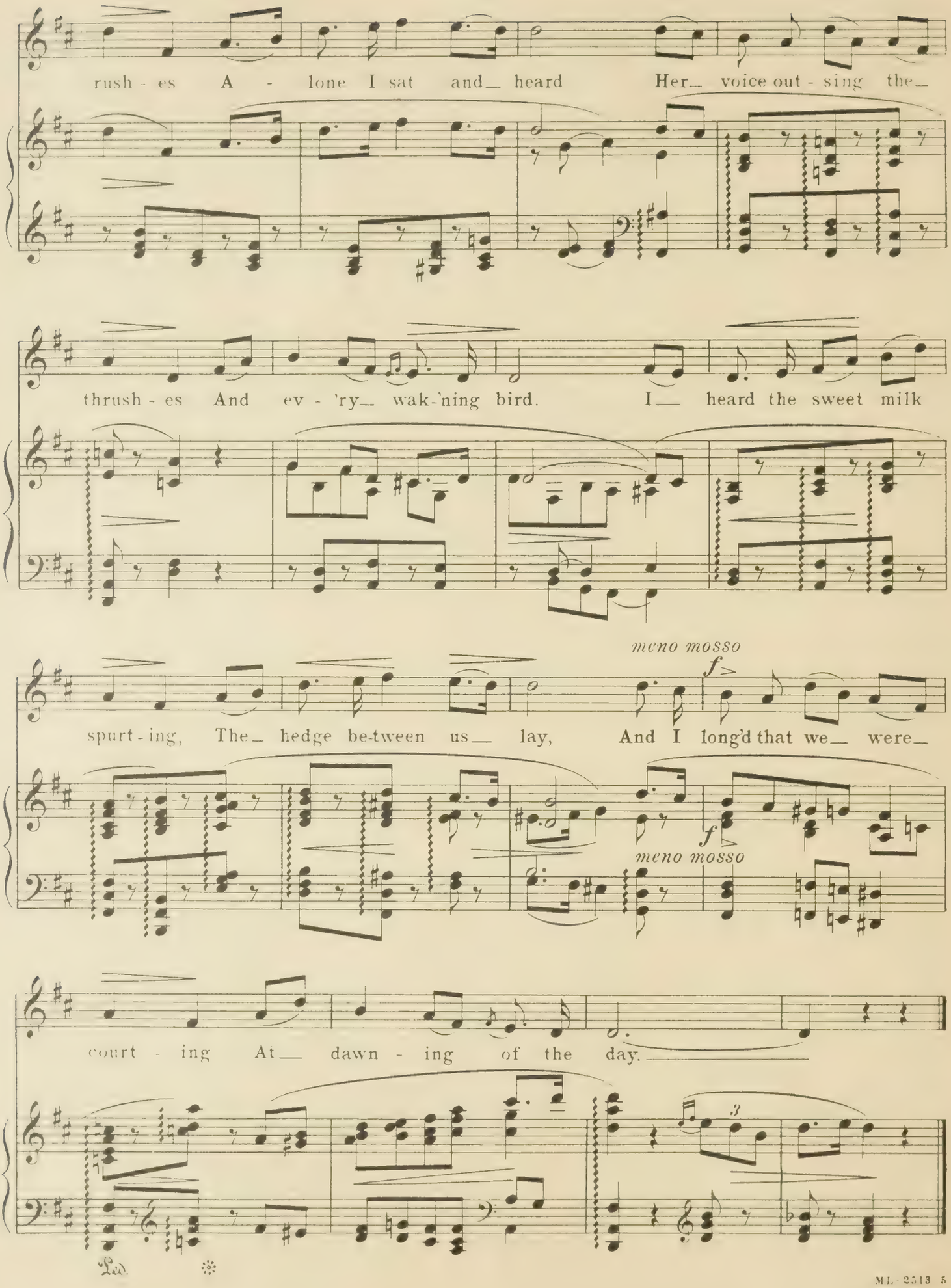


*) Colleen Dhas: —Pretty, fair-haired maiden.


poco accel.
light. Or_ are you love - ly__ Ve - nus That close be-side me__
poco accel.
poco rit.
stray? With the milk - ing - pail_ be - tween us At__ dawn - ing of the
poco rit.
day.
4. "Young
p
man," she said, "don't flat - ter, Your glance is bold and__ free; No_
3

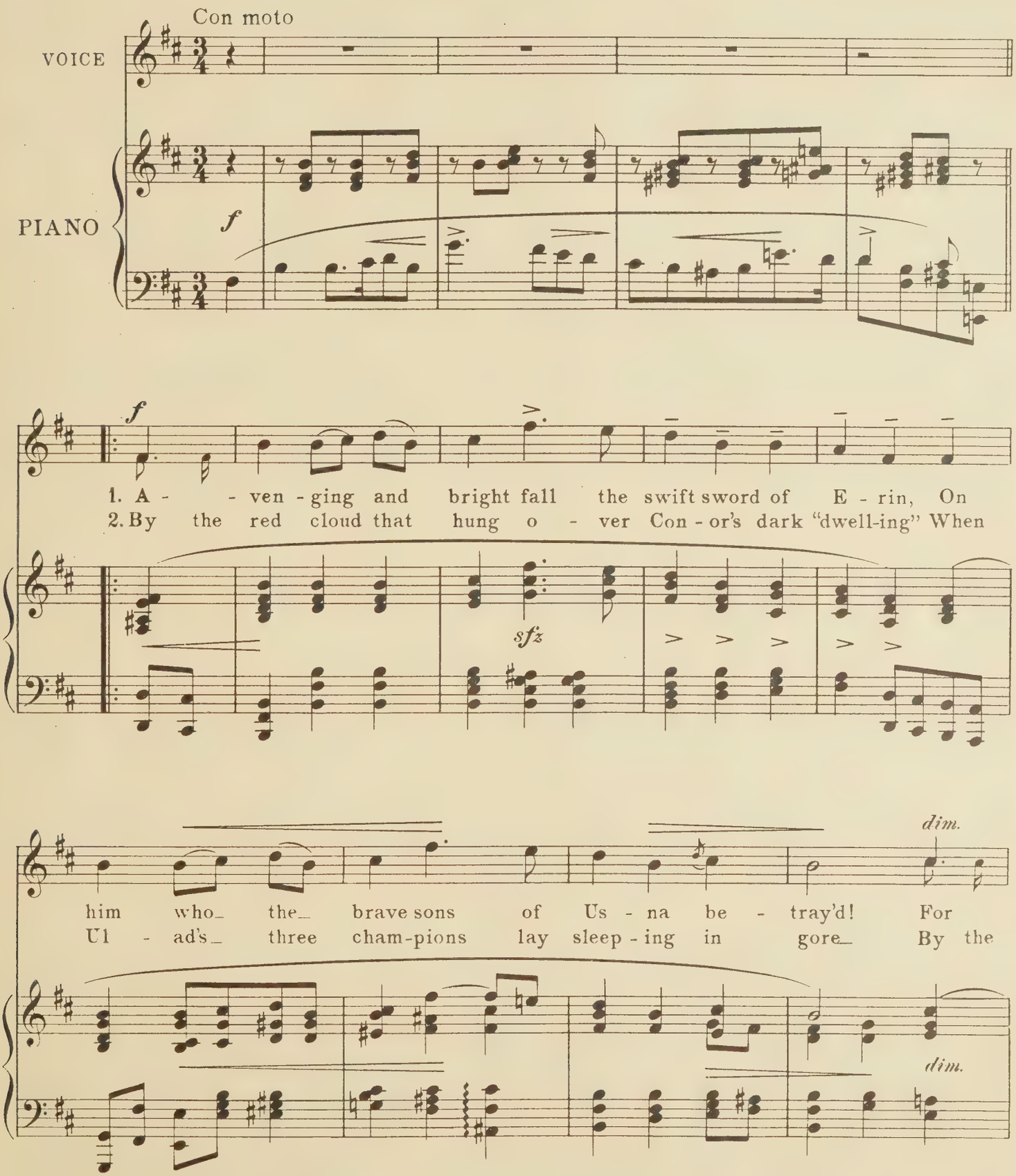

stran-ger's praise will_ mat-ter To_ vir-tuous maids like me. Pray
deciso
f
go where you were go-ing, I_ take the oth-er_ way; And I
f
cresc.
hear my Crum-my_ low-ing At_ dawn-ing_ of the day."
cresc.
a tempo
5. Up- on a bunch of_
f
p


rush - es A - lone I sat and_ heard Her_ voice out - sing the_
thrush - es And ev - 'ry_ wak-'ning bird. I_ heard the sweet milk
meno mosso
f
spurt - ing, The_ hedge be-tween us_ lay, And I long'd that we_ were_
f
meno mosso
court - ing At_ dawn - ing of the day.
3
Ped.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT

THOMAS MOORE

Air: "Cruachàn na Fèine"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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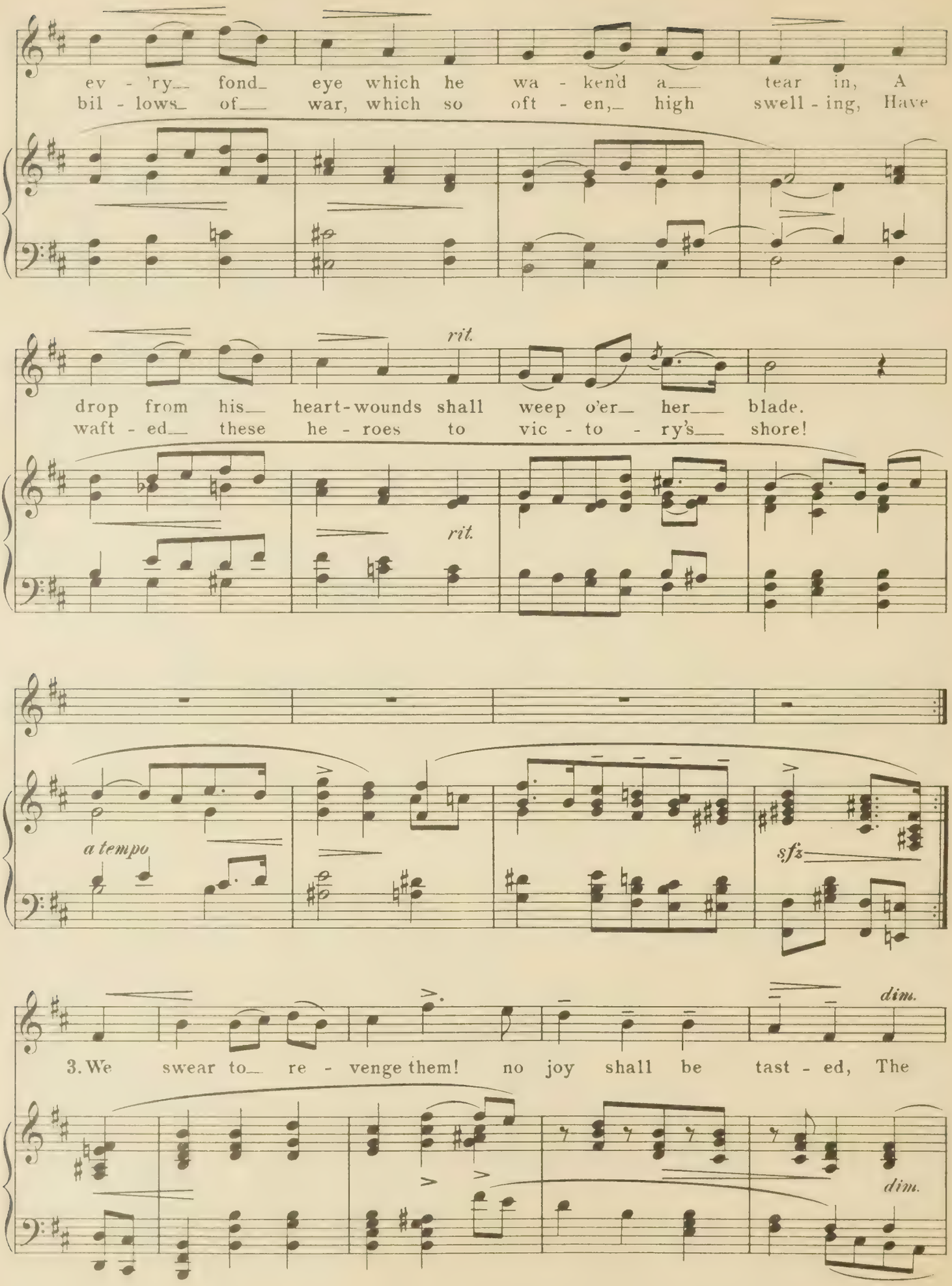
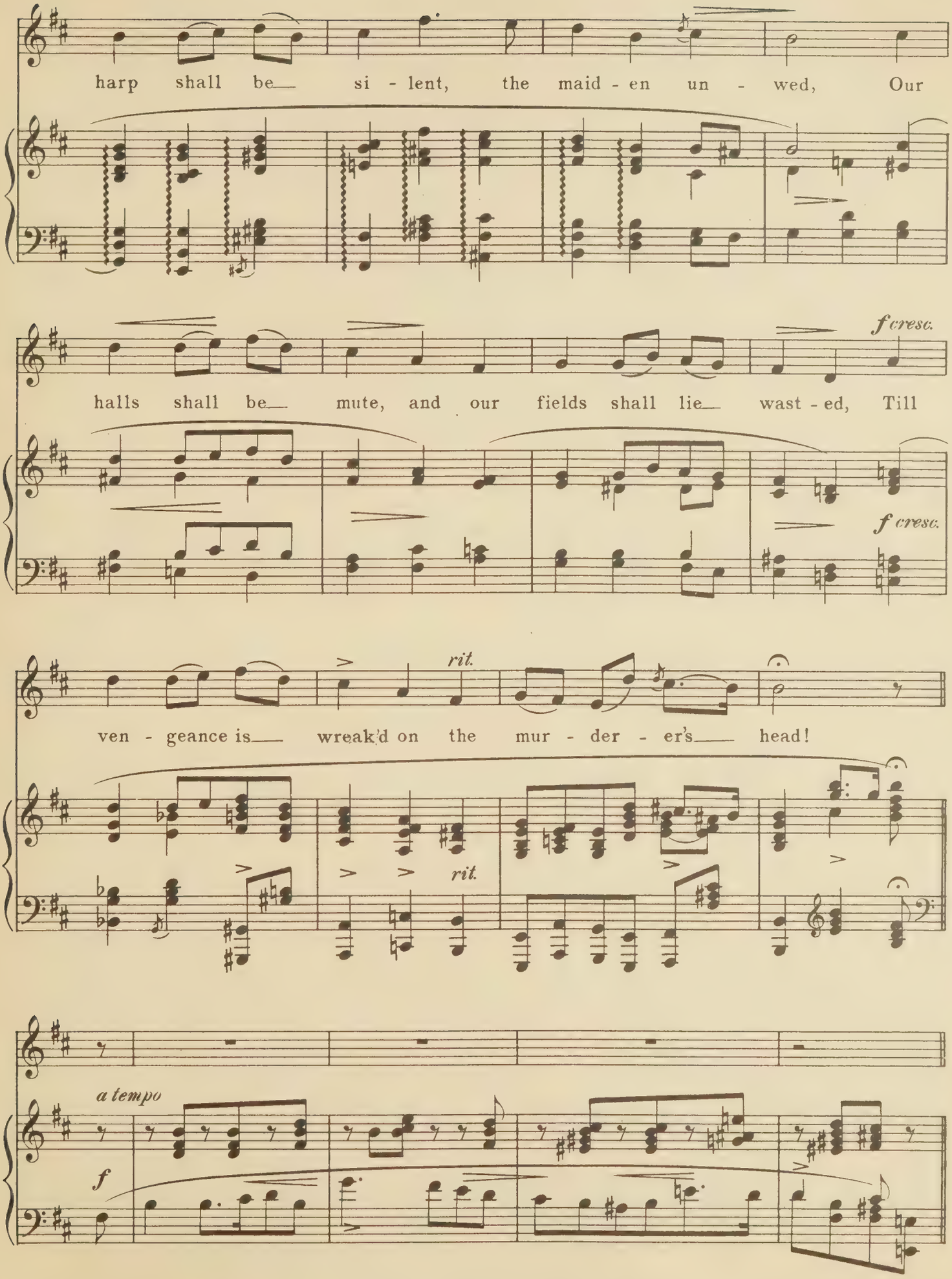
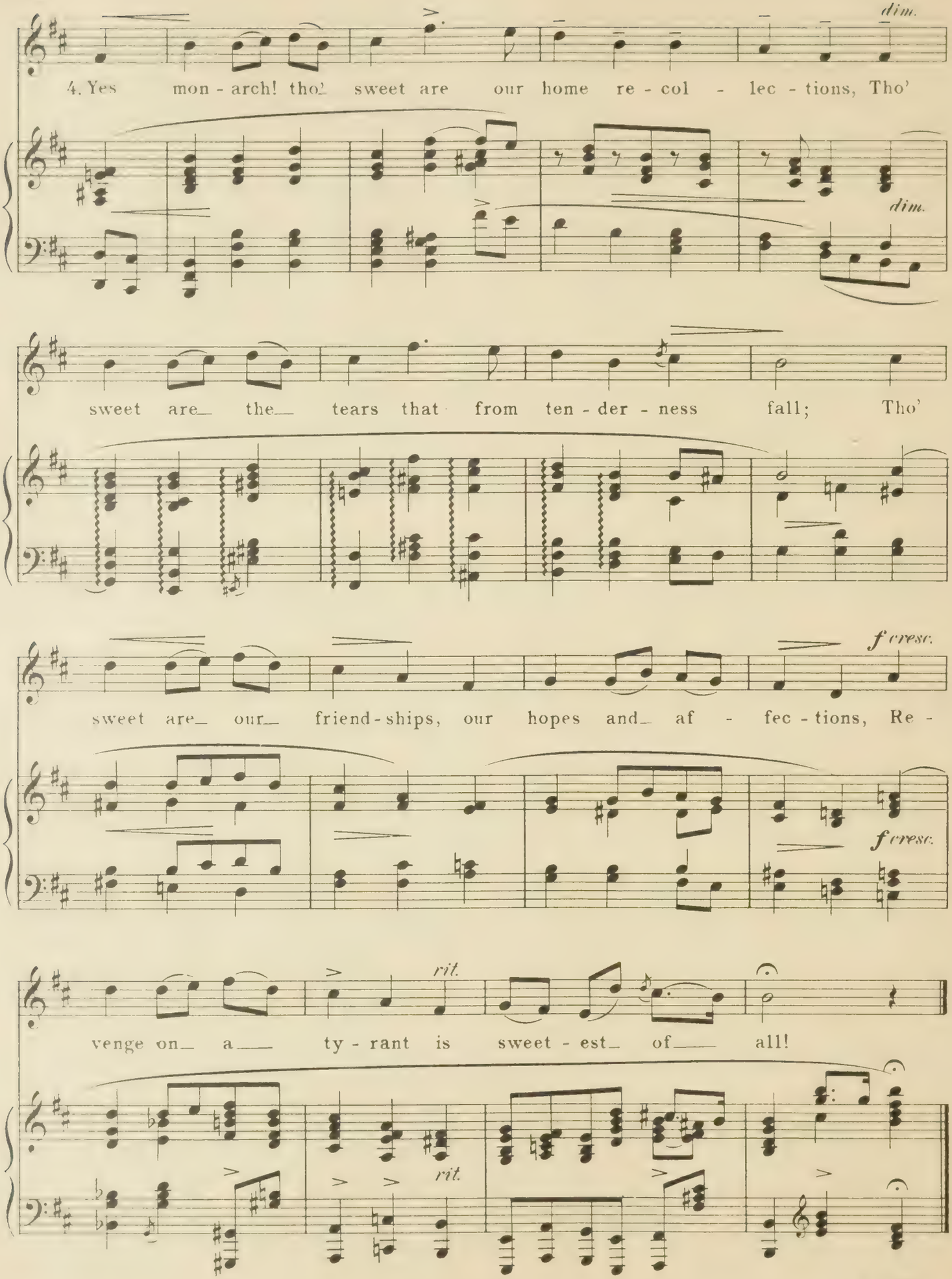

ev - 'ry_ fond_ eye which he wa - ken'd a_ tear in, A
bil - lows_ of_ war, which so oft - en,_ high swell - ing, Have
rit.
drop from his_ heart-wounds shall weep o'er_ her_ blade.
waft - ed_ these he - roes to vic - to - ry's_ shore!
rit.
a tempo
sfz
dim.
3. We swear to_ re - venge them! no joy shall be tast - ed, The
dim.

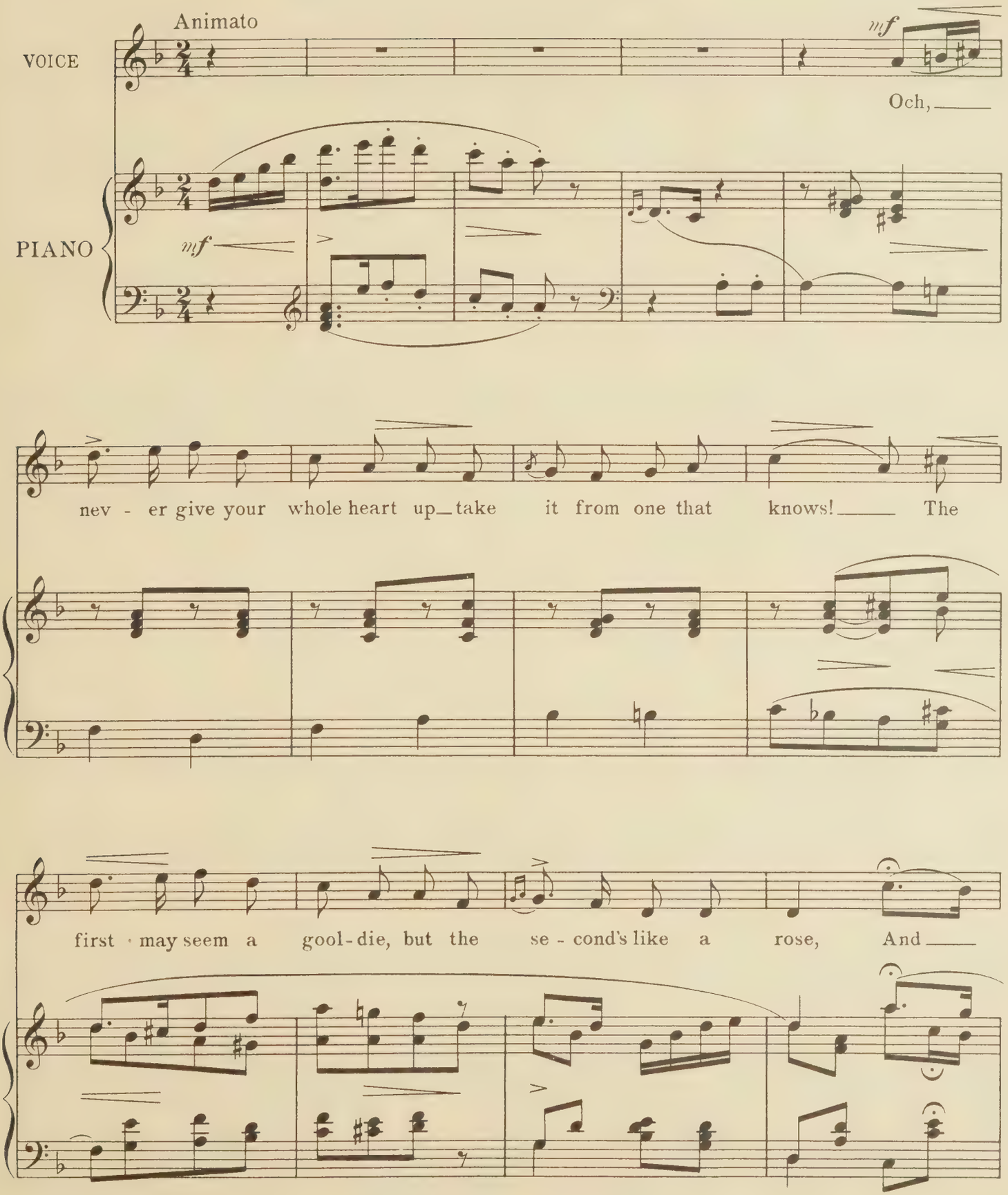

harp shall be si - lent, the maid - en un - wed, Our
halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wast - ed, Till
f cresc.
f cresc.
ven - geance is wreak'd on the mur - der - er's head!
rit.
rit.
a tempo
f


dim.
4. Yes mon - arch! tho' sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, Tho'
dim.
sweet are_ the_ tears that from ten - der - ness fall; Tho'
f cresc.
sweet are_ our_ friend - ships, our hopes and_ af - fec - tions, Re -
f cresc.
rit.
venge on_ a_ ty - rant is sweet - est_ of_ all!
rit.

THE BLATHERSKITE

ARTHUR STRINGER

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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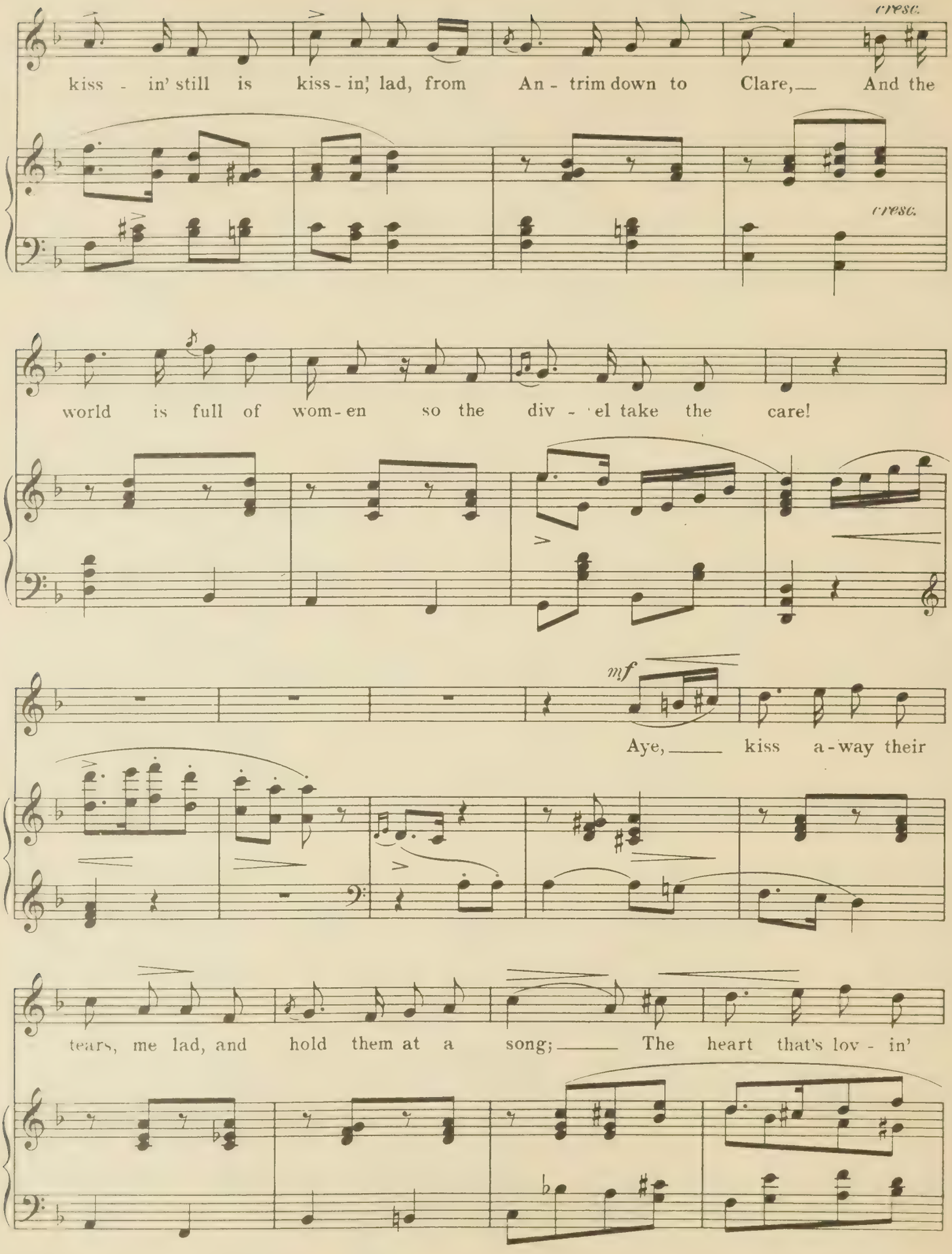
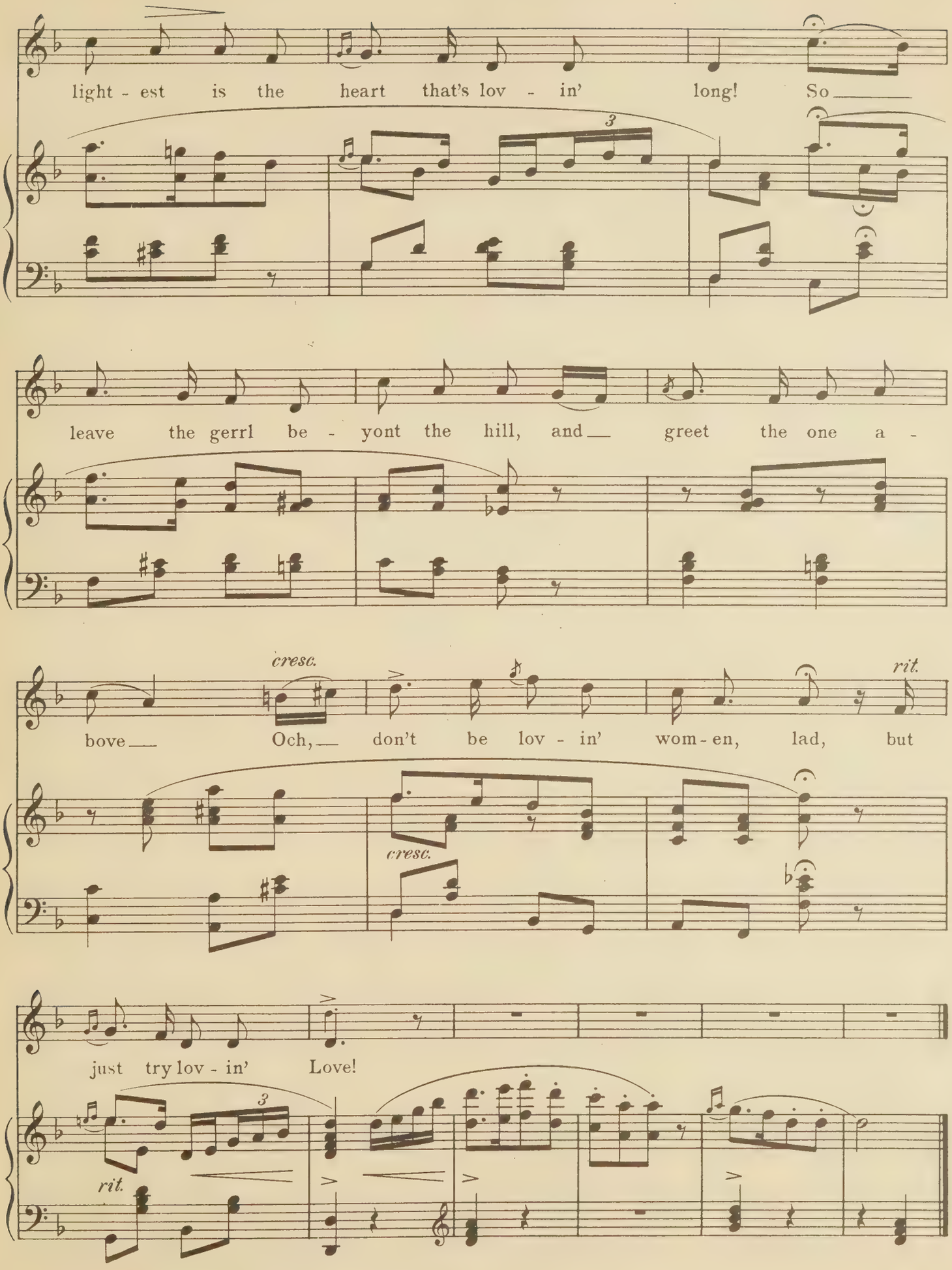

cresc.
kiss - in' still is kiss - in', lad, from An - trim down to Clare, And the
cresc.
world is full of wom - en so the div - el take the care!
mf
Aye, kiss a - way their
tears, me lad, and hold them at a song; The heart that's lov - in'


light - est is the heart that's lov - in' long! So
leave the gerrl be - yont the hill, and greet the one a -
cresc.
bove Och, don't be lov - in' wom - en, lad, but
rit.
cresc.
just try lov - in' Love!
rit.

BARNEY O'HEA

SAMUEL LOVER

SAMUEL LOVER
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

With spirit

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. Now
2. I

let me a - lone tho' I know you won't, I know you won't, I know you won't,
hope you're not go - ing to Ban - don fair, to Ban - don fair, to Ban - don fair, For in-

mf

f

Let me a - lone tho' I know you won't, Im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea! ___
deed I'm not want-ing to meet you there, Im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea! ___

L.H.

f

mf

It makes me out - ra-geous When you're so con - ta - gious, And you'd
For Cor - ney's at Cork, And my broth - er's at work, — And my

mf

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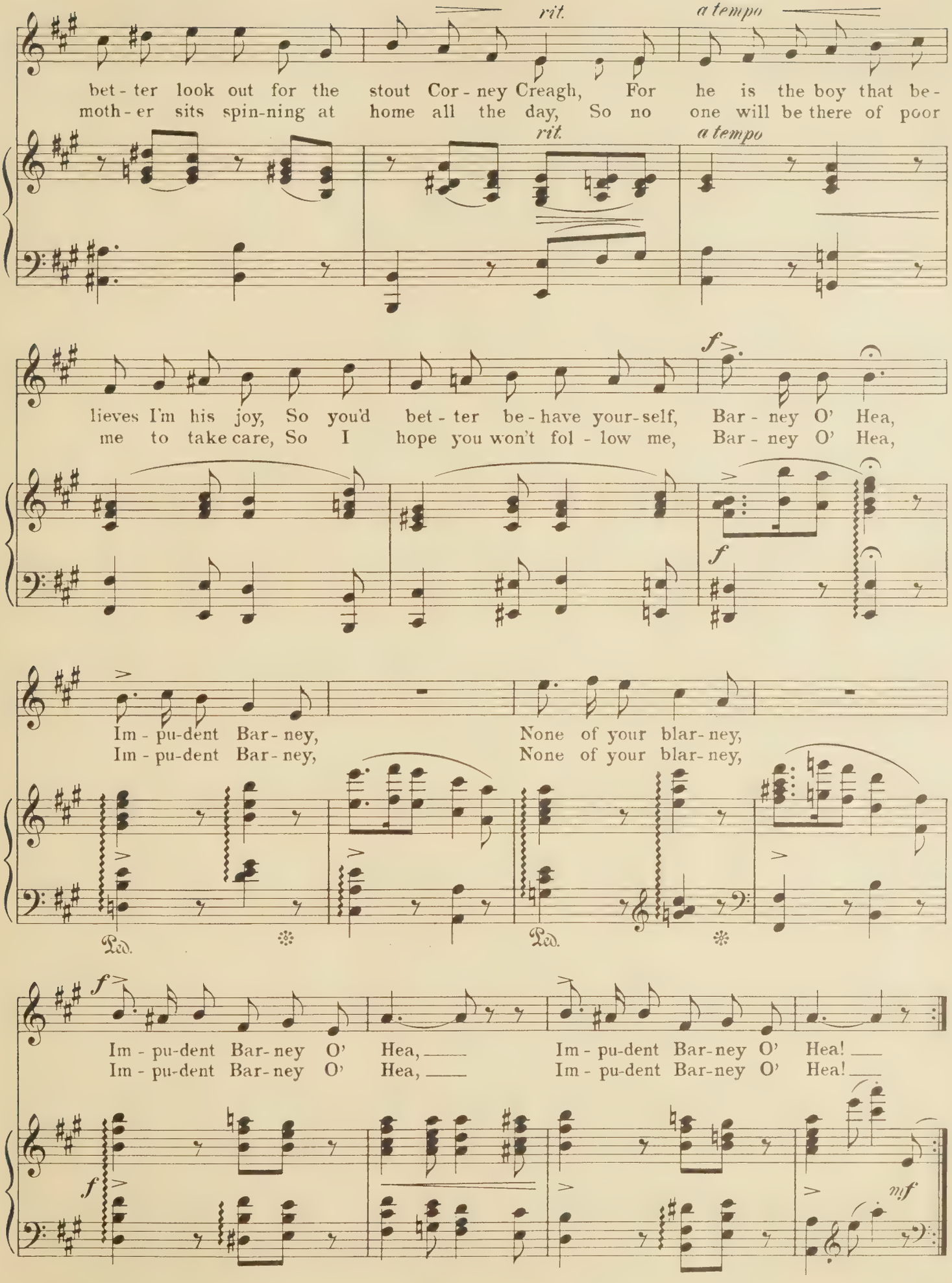
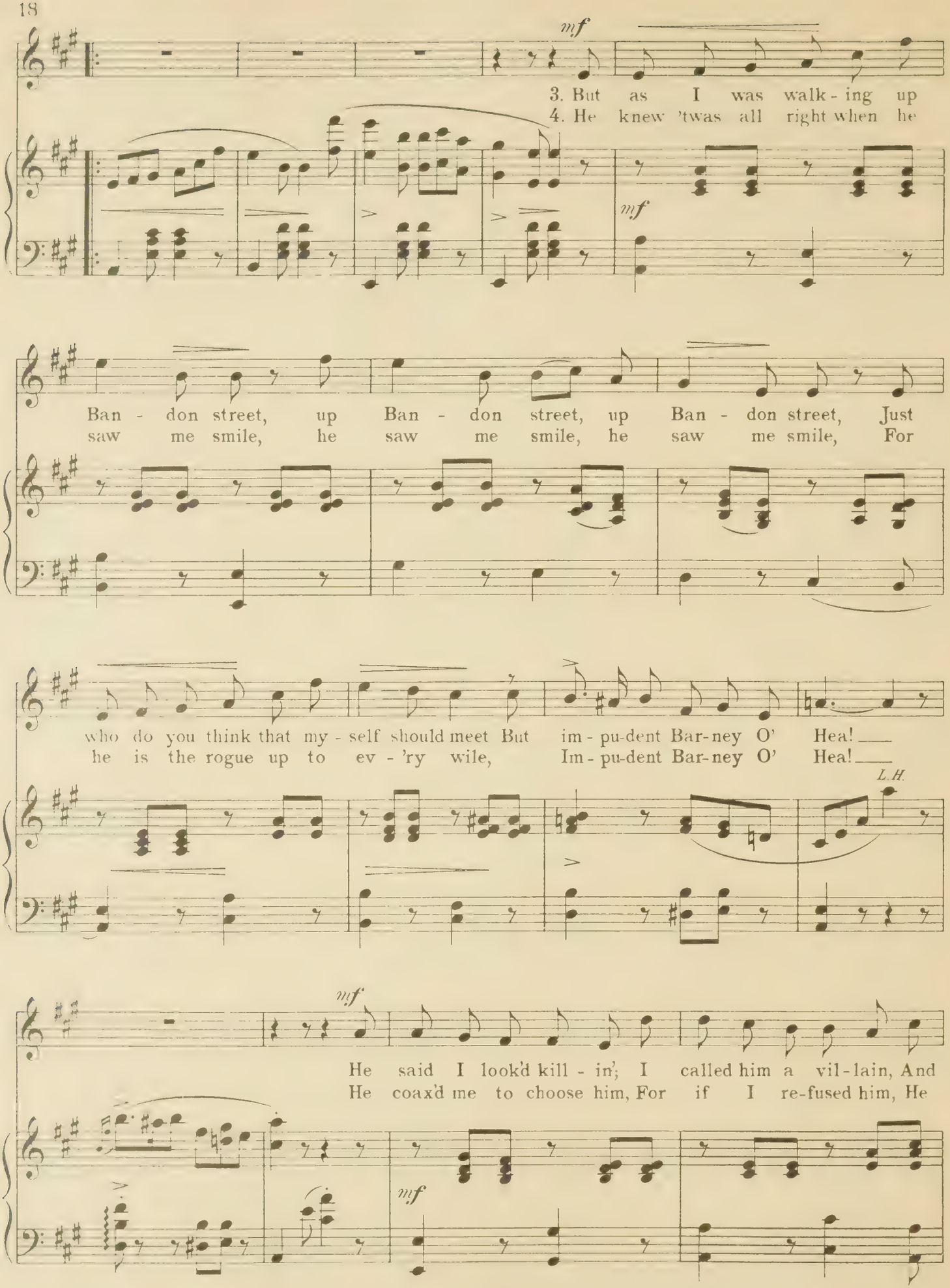
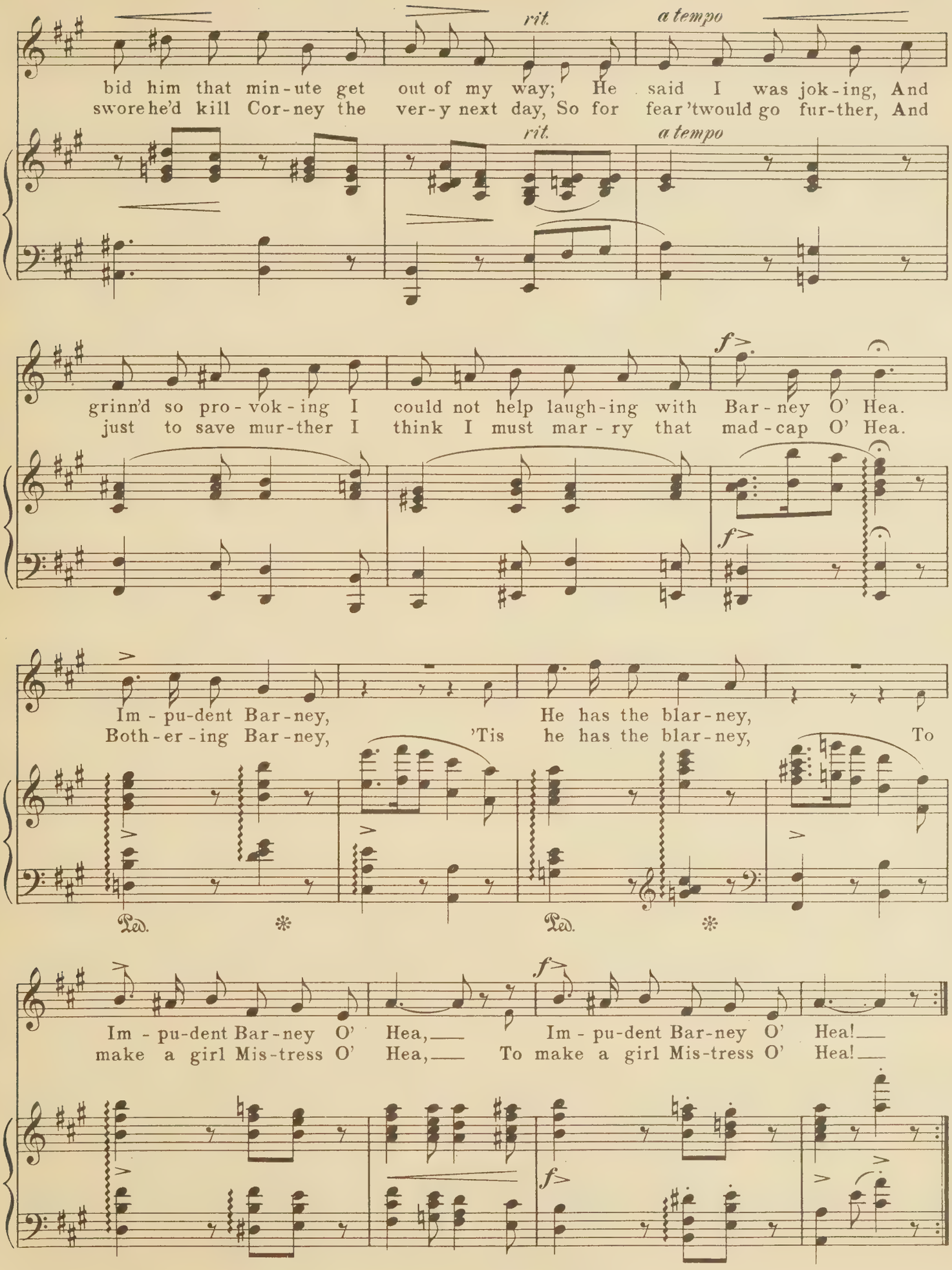

rit.
a tempo
bet - ter look out for the stout Cor - ney Creagh, For he is the boy that be -
moth - er sits spin-ning at home all the day, So no one will be there of poor
rit.
a tempo
f
lieves I'm his joy, So you'd bet - ter be - have your-self, Bar - ney O' Hea,
me to take care, So I hope you won't fol - low me, Bar - ney O' Hea,
f
Im - pu-dent Bar - ney, None of your blar - ney,
Im - pu-dent Bar - ney, None of your blar - ney,
Ped.
Ped.
f
Im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea, Im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea!
Im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea, Im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea!
f
mf

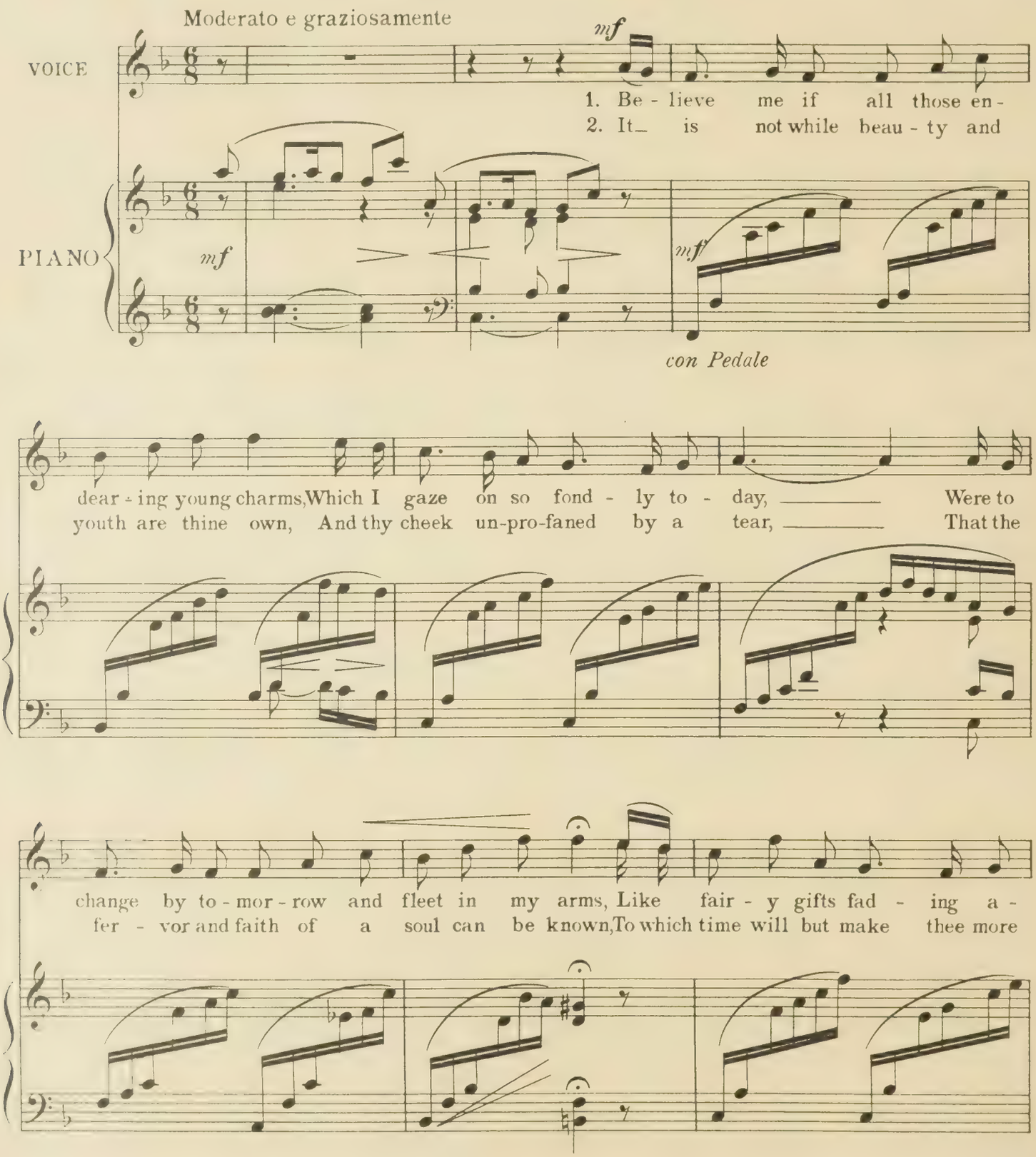

mf
3. But as I was walk - ing up
4. He knew 'twas all right when he
mf
Ban - don street, up Ban - don street, up Ban - don street, Just
saw me smile, he saw me smile, he saw me smile, For
who do you think that my - self should meet But im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea!
he is the rogue up to ev - 'ry wile, Im - pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea!
L.H.
mf
He said I look'd kill - in'; I called him a vil-lain, And
He coax'd me to choose him, For if I re-fused him, He
mf


rit.
a tempo
bid him that min-ute get out of my way; He said I was jok-ing, And
swore he'd kill Cor-ney the ver-y next day, So for fear 'twould go fur-ther, And
rit.
a tempo
grinn'd so pro-vok-ing I could not help laugh-ing with Bar-ney O' Hea.
just to save mur-ther I think I must mar-ry that mad-cap O' Hea.
f>
f>
Im-pu-dent Bar-ney, He has the blar-ney,
Both-er-ing Bar-ney, 'Tis he has the blar-ney, To
Ped.
Ped.
Im-pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea, Im-pu-dent Bar-ney O' Hea!
make a girl Mis-tress O' Hea, To make a girl Mis-tress O' Hea!
f>
f>

BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

THOMAS MOORE

Air: "My lodging, it is on the cold ground"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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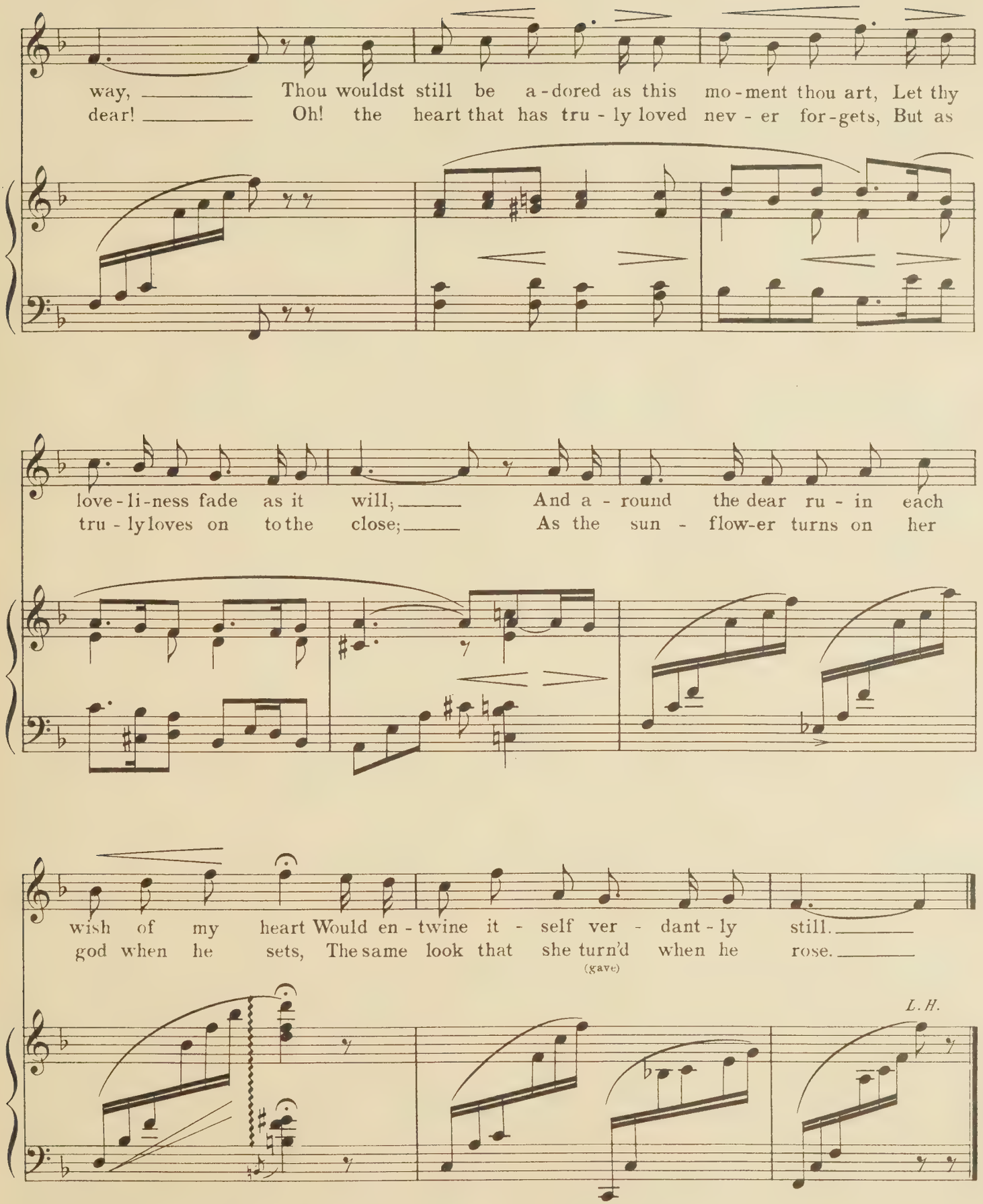
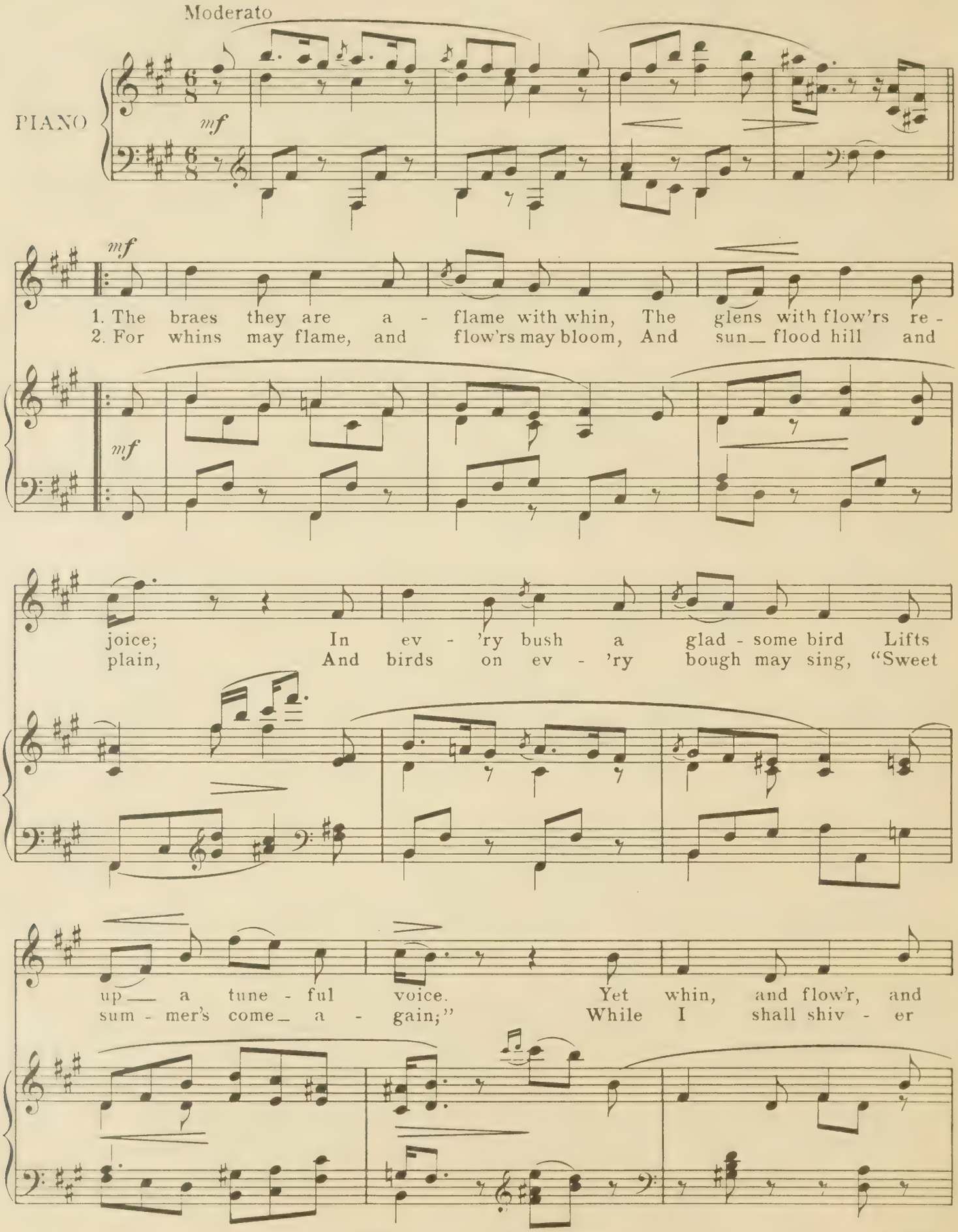

way, Thou wouldst still be a-dored as this mo-ment thou art, Let thy
dear! Oh! the heart that has tru-ly loved nev-er for-gets, But as
love-li-ness fade as it will; And a-round the dear ru-in each
tru-ly loves on to the close; As the sun-flow-er turns on her
wish of my heart Would en-twine it-self ver-dant-ly still.
god when he sets, The same look that she turn'd (gave) when he rose.
L.H.

BRIGHT DARLING OF MY HEART
(A MHUIRNIN GEAL MO CHROIDHE)

SEUMAS MacMANUS

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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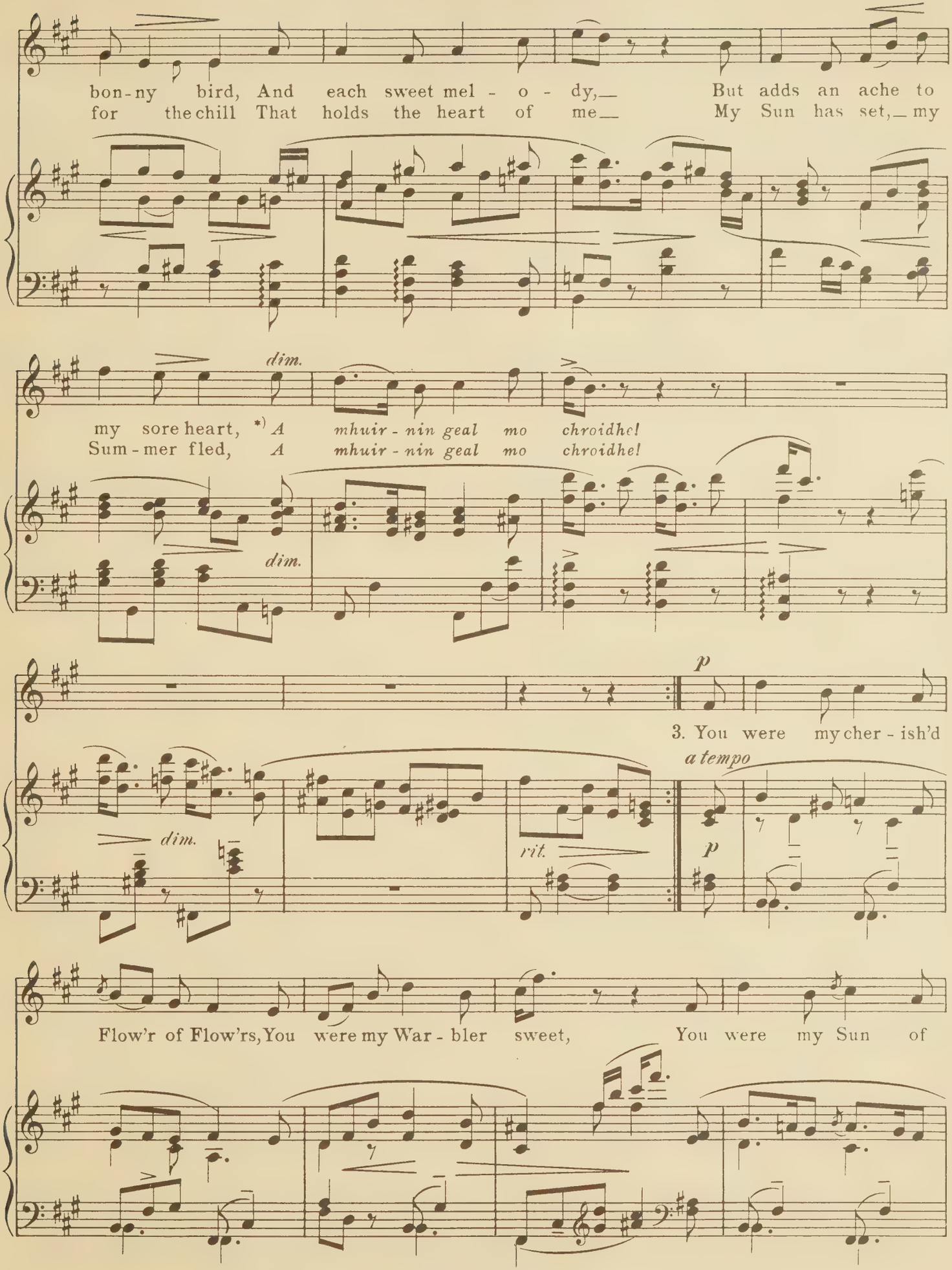
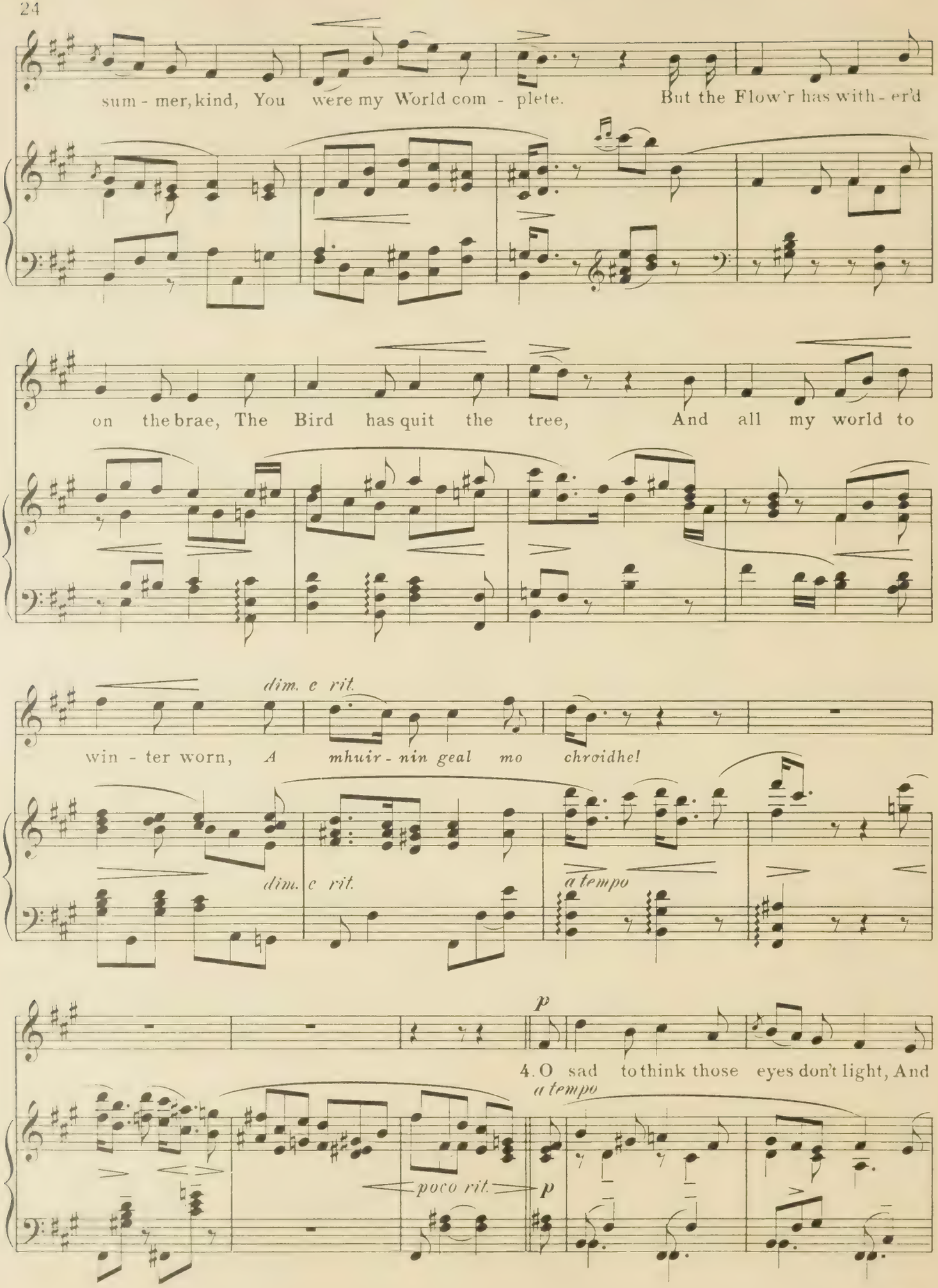
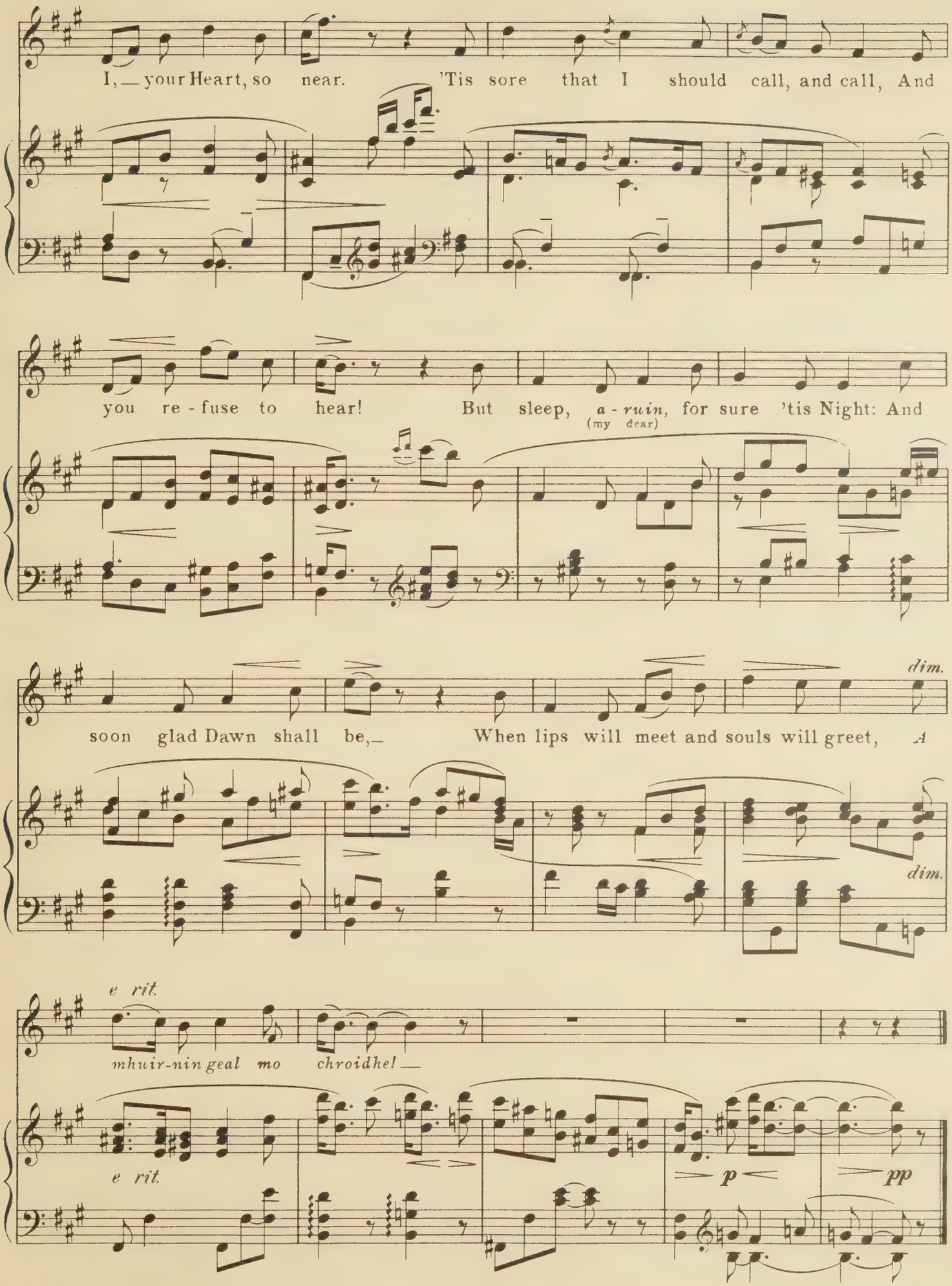


*) Pronounced: *Avurn-yeen gal mo chree.* O, bright darling of my heart.

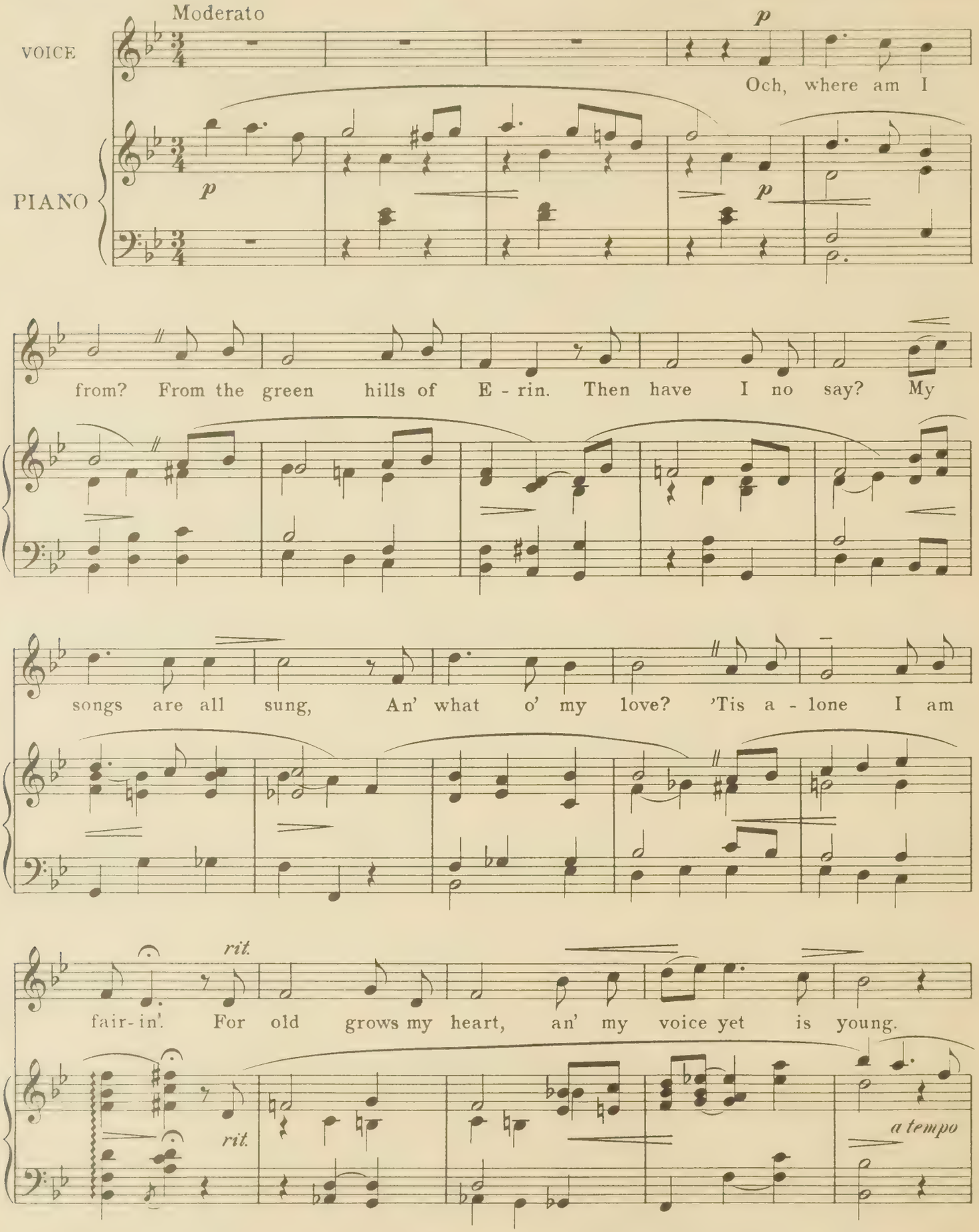

sum - mer, kind, You were my World com - plete. But the Flow'r has with - er'd
on the brae, The Bird has quit the tree, And all my world to
dim. e rit.
win - ter worn, A mhuir - nin geal mo chroidhe!
dim. e rit.
a tempo
p
4. O sad to think those eyes don't light, And
a tempo
poco rit.
p


I, — your Heart, so near. 'Tis sore that I should call, and call, And
you re - fuse to hear! But sleep, a - ruin, for sure 'tis Night: And
(my dear)
soon glad Dawn shall be, — When lips will meet and souls will greet, A
dim.
dim.
e rit.
mhuir-nin geal mo chroidhe! —
e rit.
p
pp

A BROKEN SONG

MOIRA O'NEILL

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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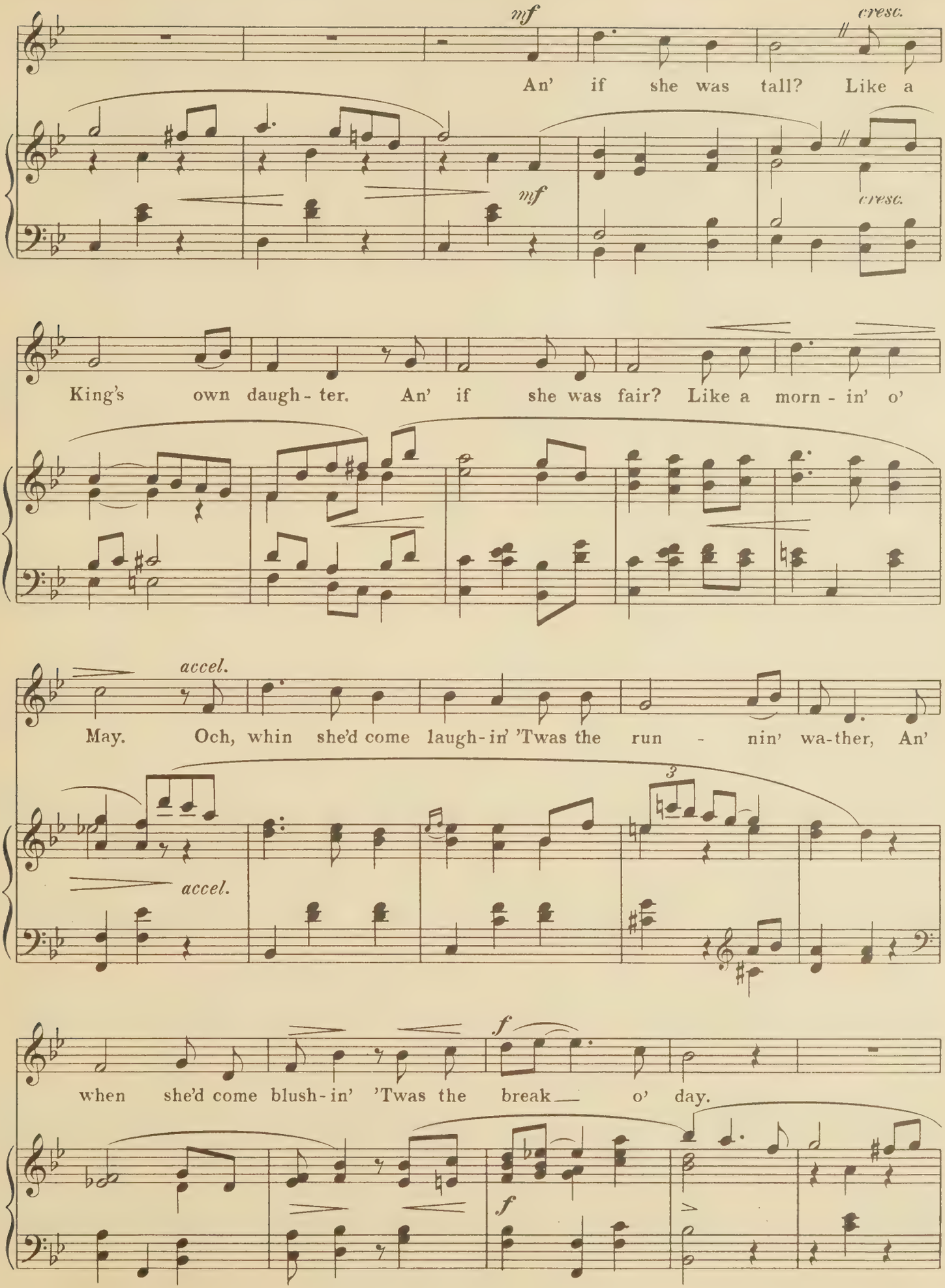
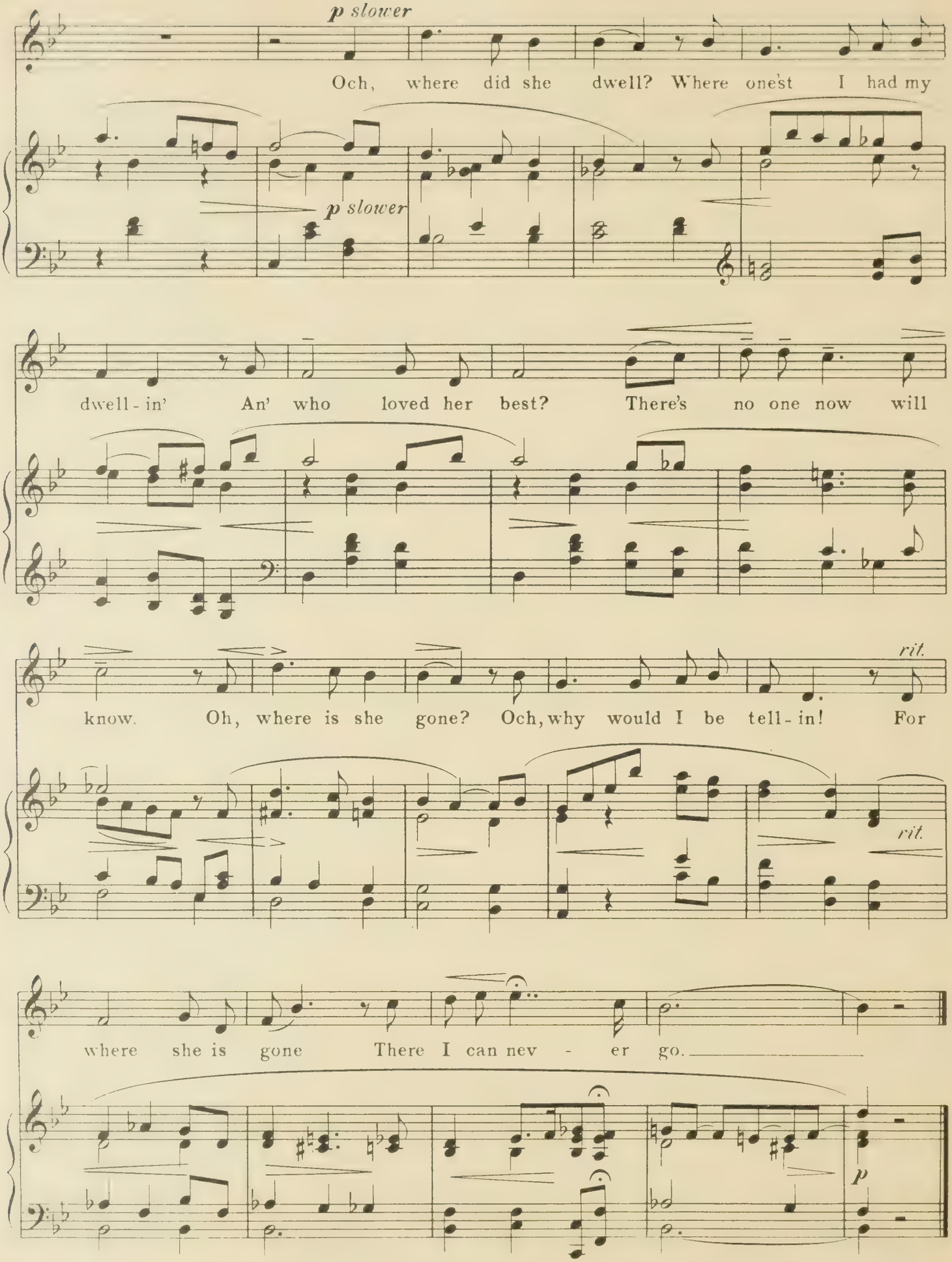
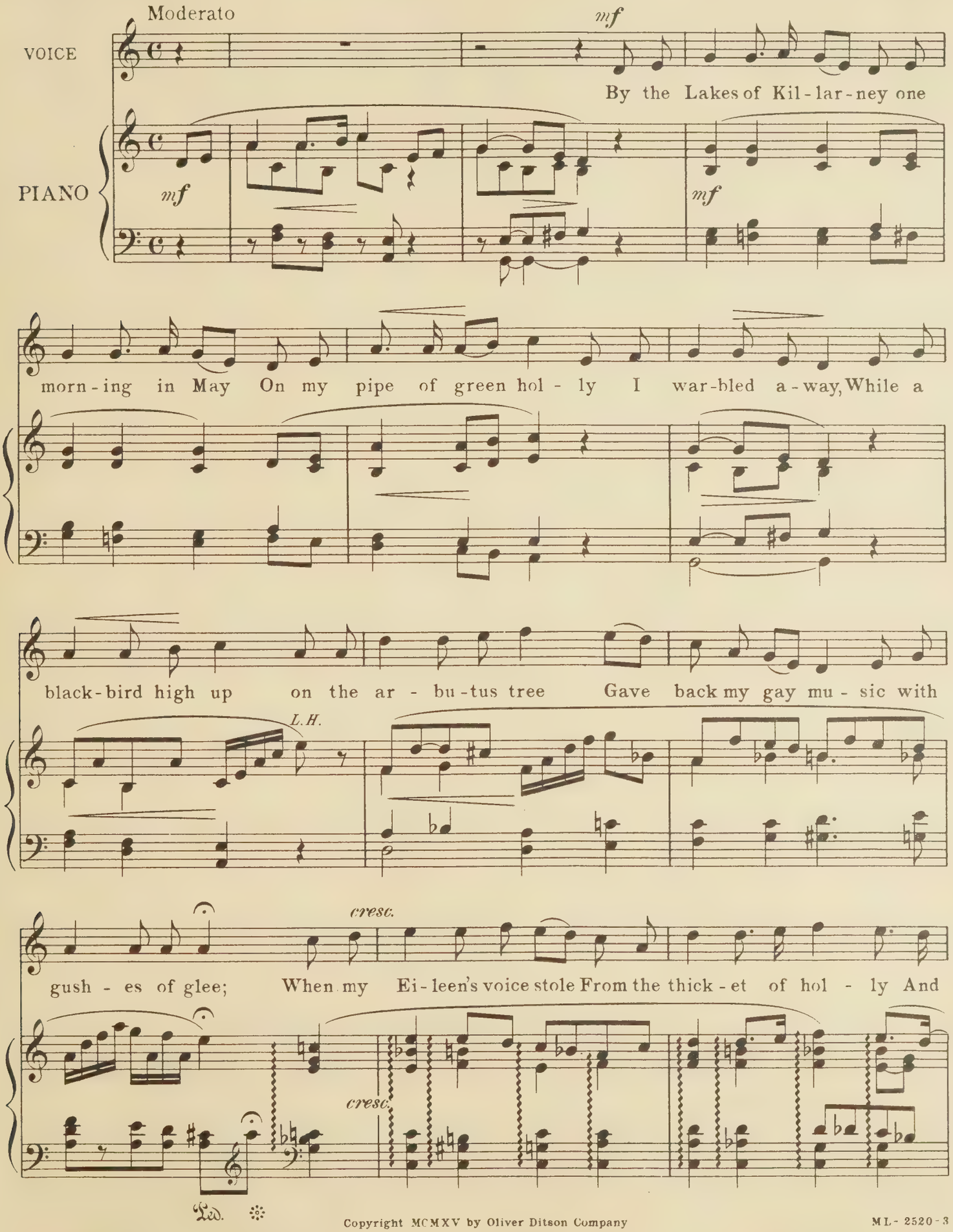

mf
cresc.
An' if she was tall? Like a
mf
cresc.
King's own daugh - ter. An' if she was fair? Like a morn - in' o'
accel.
May. Och, whin she'd come laugh - in' 'Twas the run - nin' wa - ther, An'
3
accel.
f
when she'd come blush - in' 'Twas the break — o' day.
f


p slower
Och, where did she dwell? Where one'st I had my
p slower
dwell - in' An' who loved her best? There's no one now will
know. Oh, where is she gone? Och, why would I be tell - in! For
rit.
rit.
where she is gone There I can nev - er go.
p

BY THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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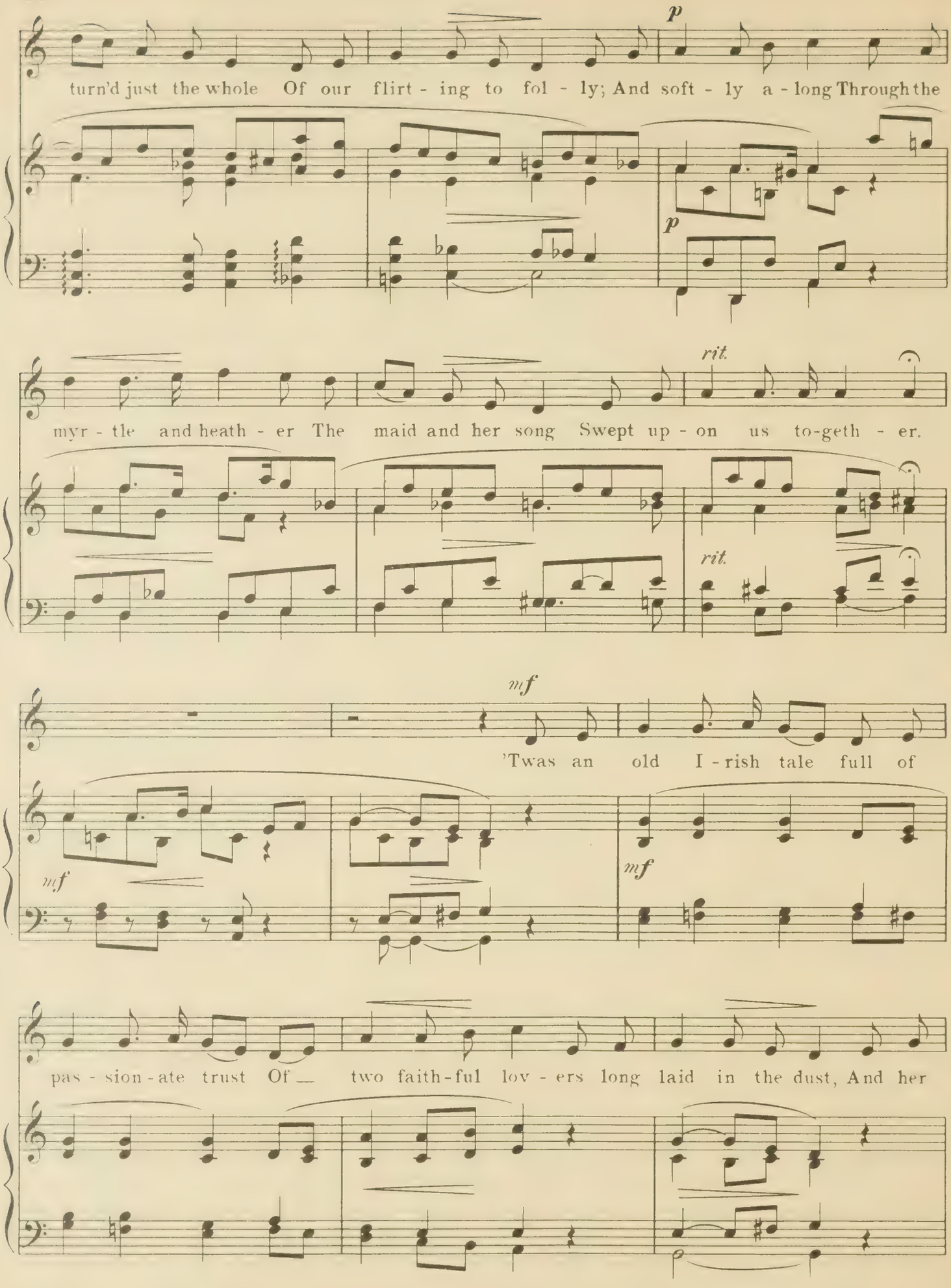
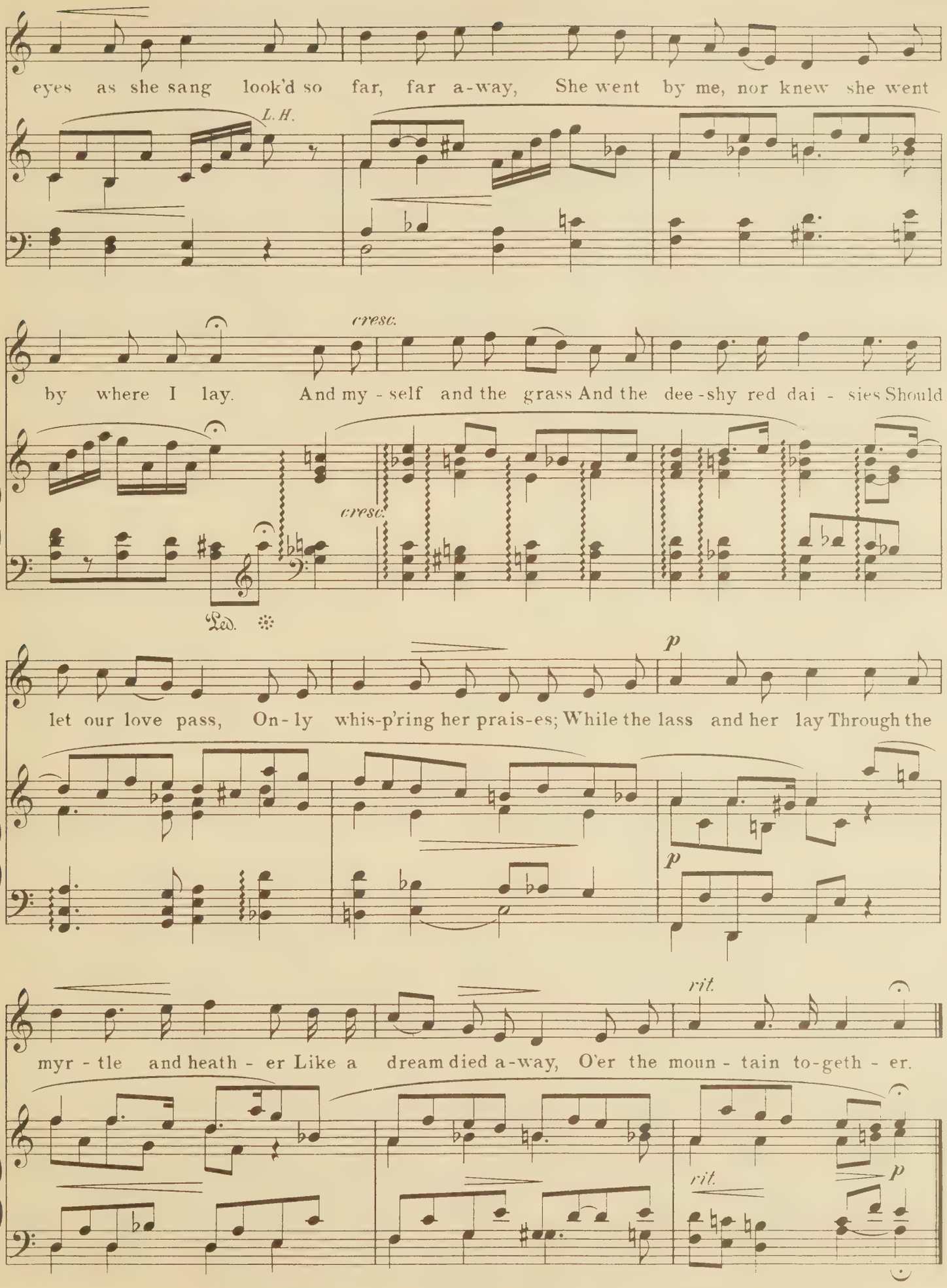
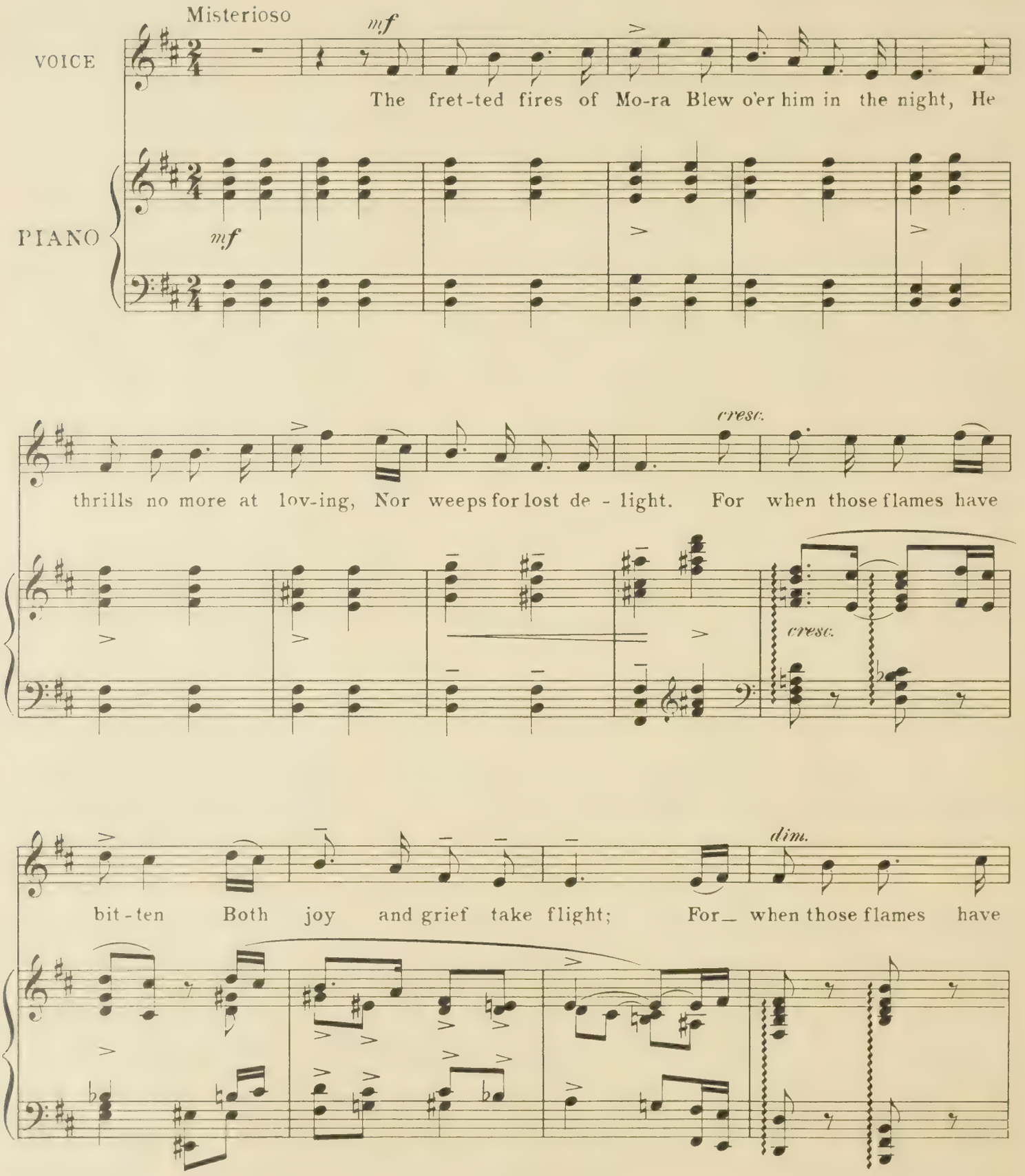

p
turn'd just the whole Of our flirt - ing to fol - ly; And soft - ly a - long Through the
p
rit.
myr - tle and heath - er The maid and her song Swept up - on us to-geth - er.
rit.
mf
'Twas an old I - rish tale full of
mf
mf
pas - sion - ate trust Of two faith-ful lov - ers long laid in the dust, And her


eyes as she sang look'd so far, far a-way, She went by me, nor knew she went
L.H.
by where I lay. And my - self and the grass And the dee - shy red dai - sies Should
cresc.
cresc.
Ped.
let our love pass, On - ly whis-p'ring her prais-es; While the lass and her lay Through the
p
p
myr - tle and heath - er Like a dream died a-way, O'er the moun - tain to-geth - er.
rit.
rit.
p

THE CURSE OF MORA

ETHNA CARBERY

Irish Airs:
"The Blind Beggar of the Glen"
and "The Yellow Blanket"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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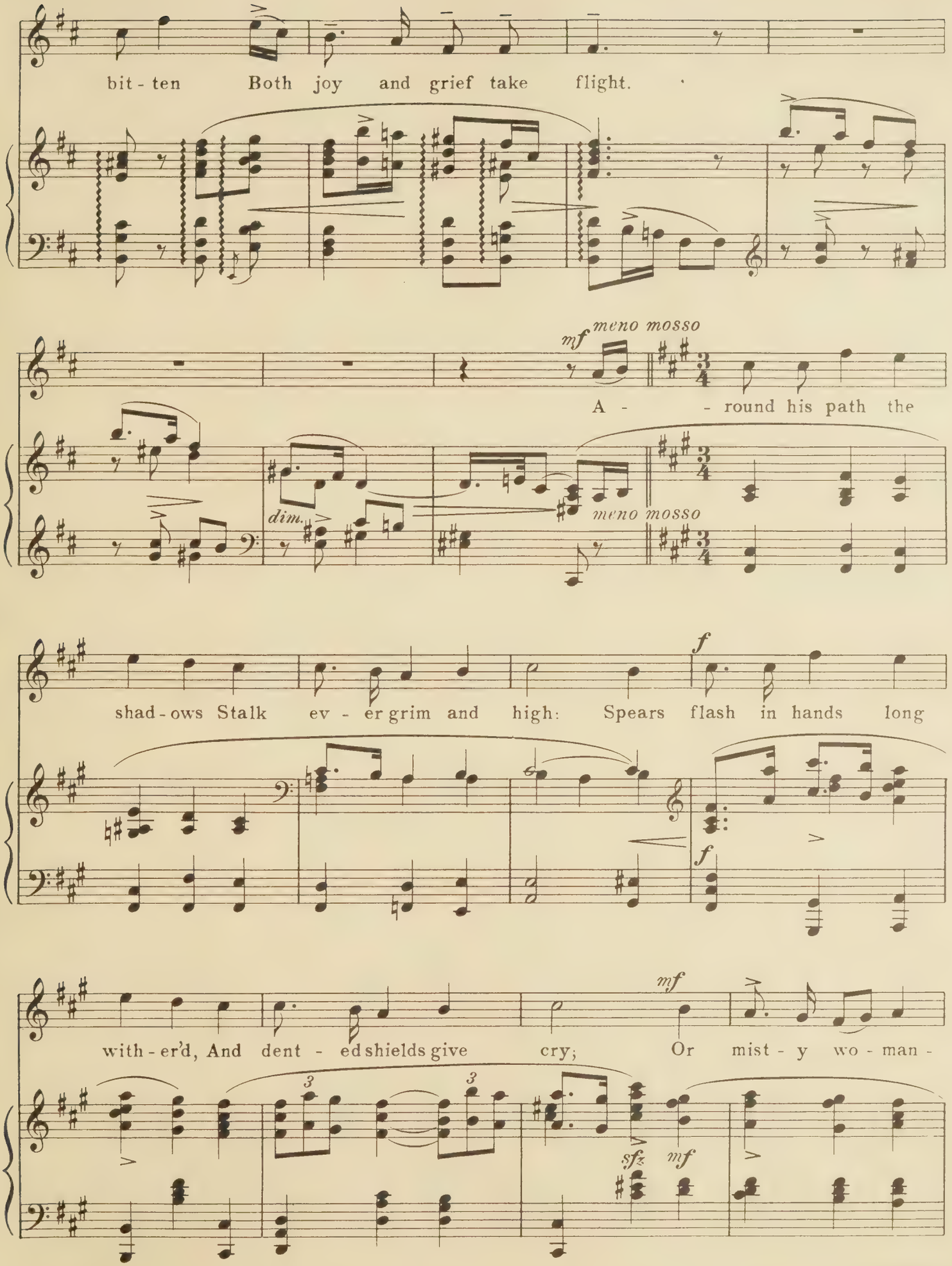
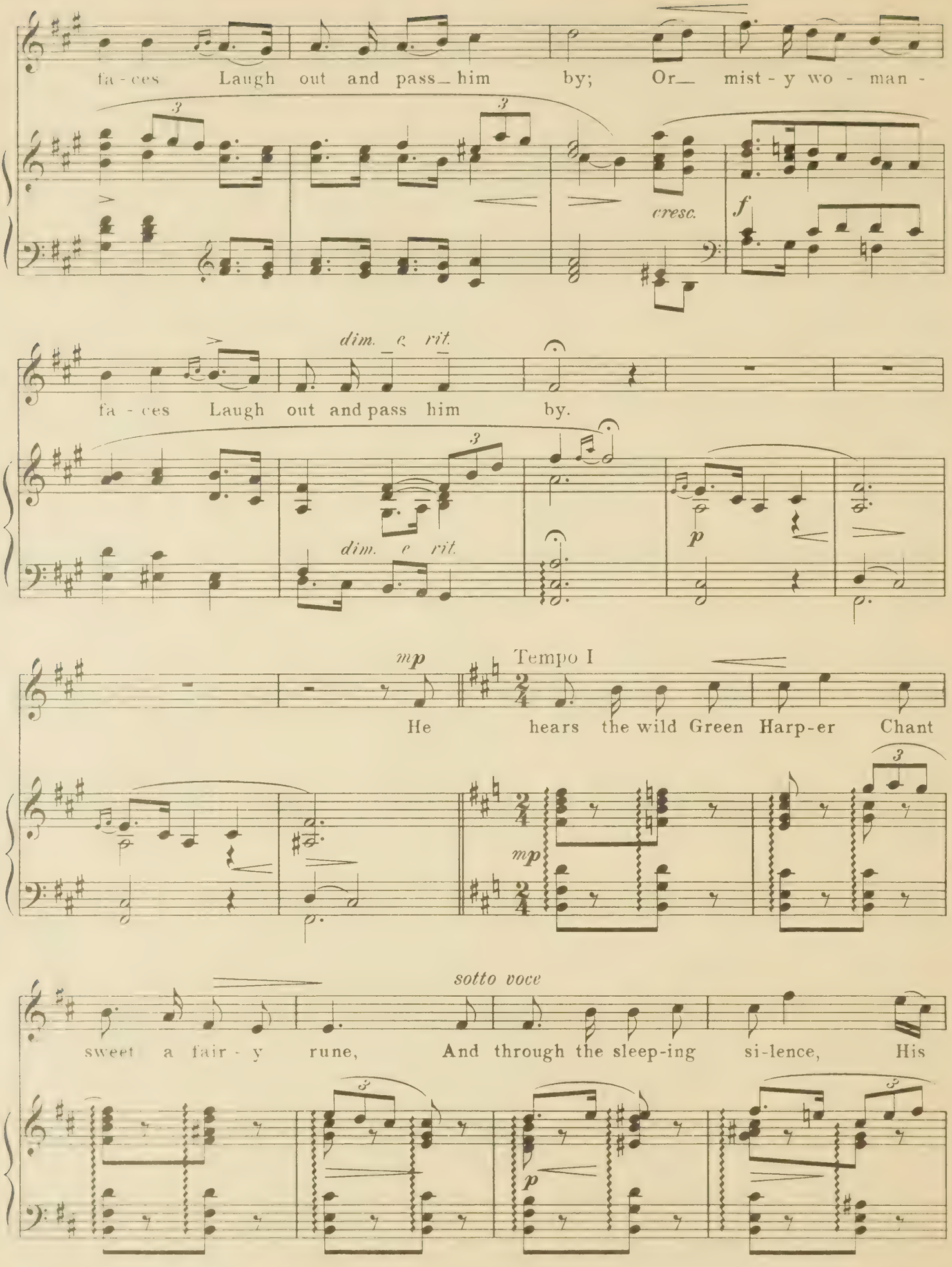
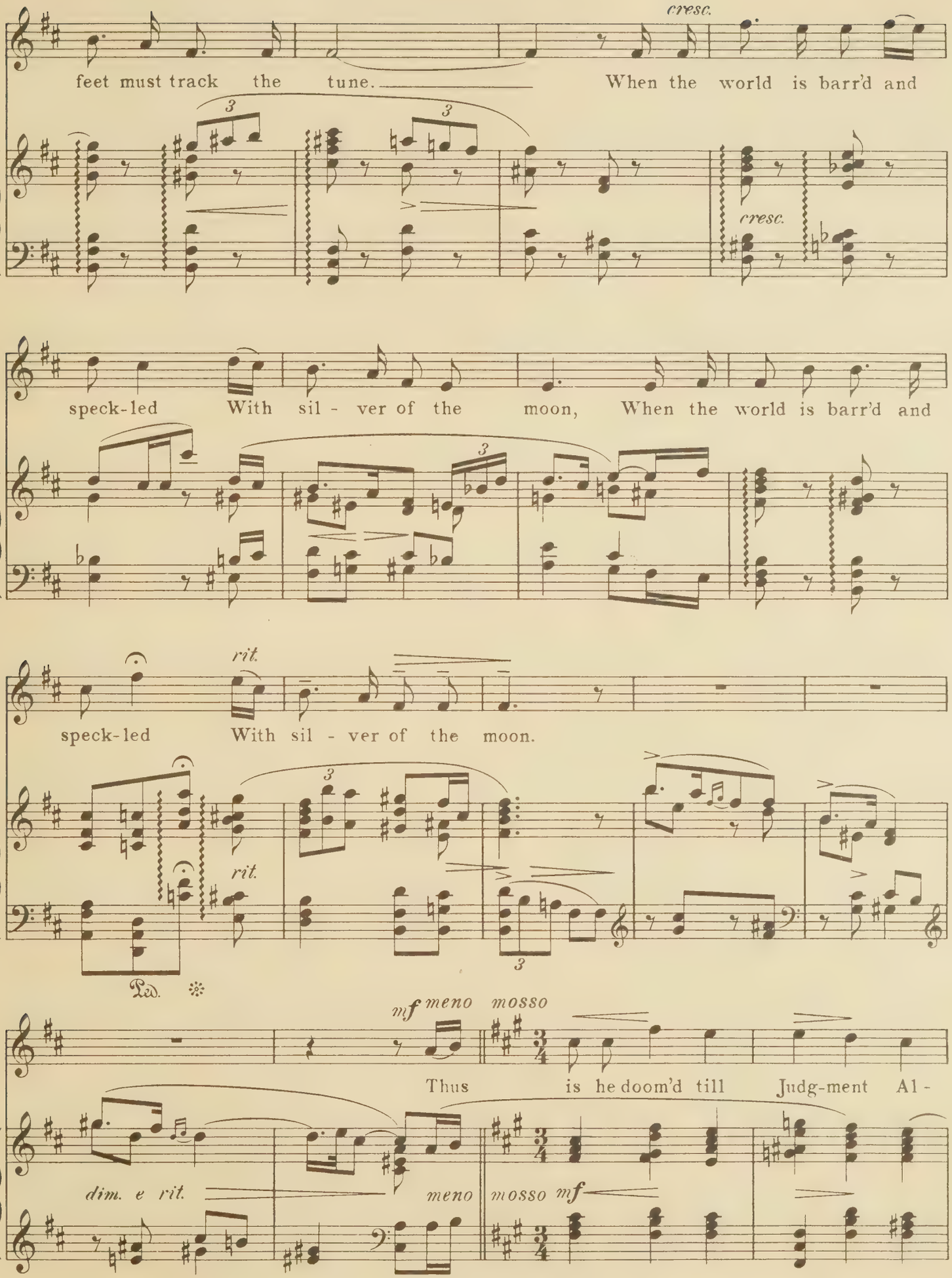
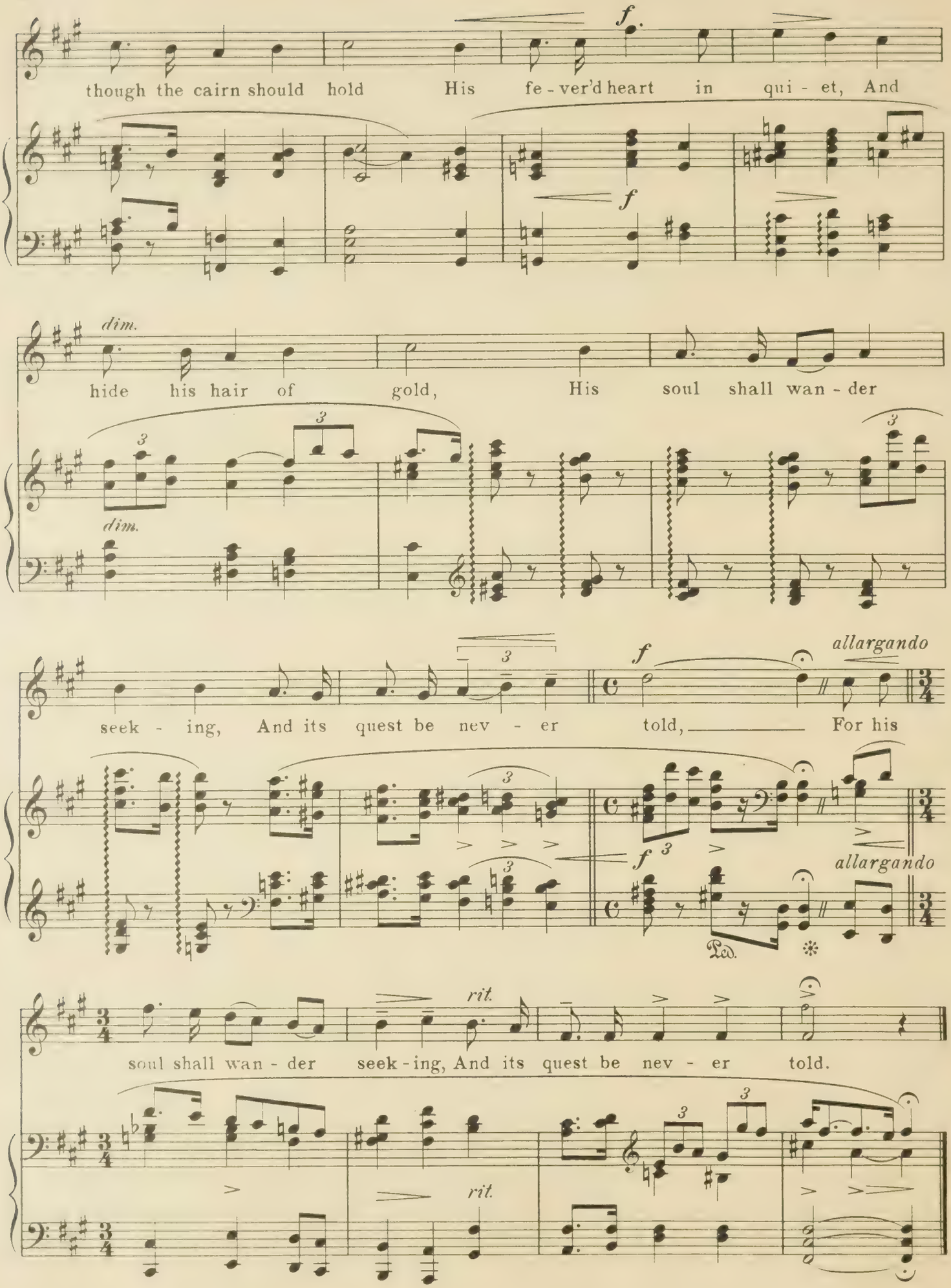

bit - ten Both joy and grief take flight.
mf meno mosso
A - - round his path the
dim.
meno mosso
shad - ows Stalk ev - er grim and high: Spears flash in hands long
f
f
with - er'd, And dent - ed shields give cry; Or mist - y wo - man -
mf
sfz
mf


fa - ces Laugh out and pass_ him by; Or_ mist - y wo - man -
cresc.
f
dim. e rit.
fa - ces Laugh out and pass him by.
dim. e rit.
p
mp
Tempo I
He hears the wild Green Harp-er Chant
mp
sotto voce
sweet a fair - y rune, And through the sleep-ing si-lence, His
p

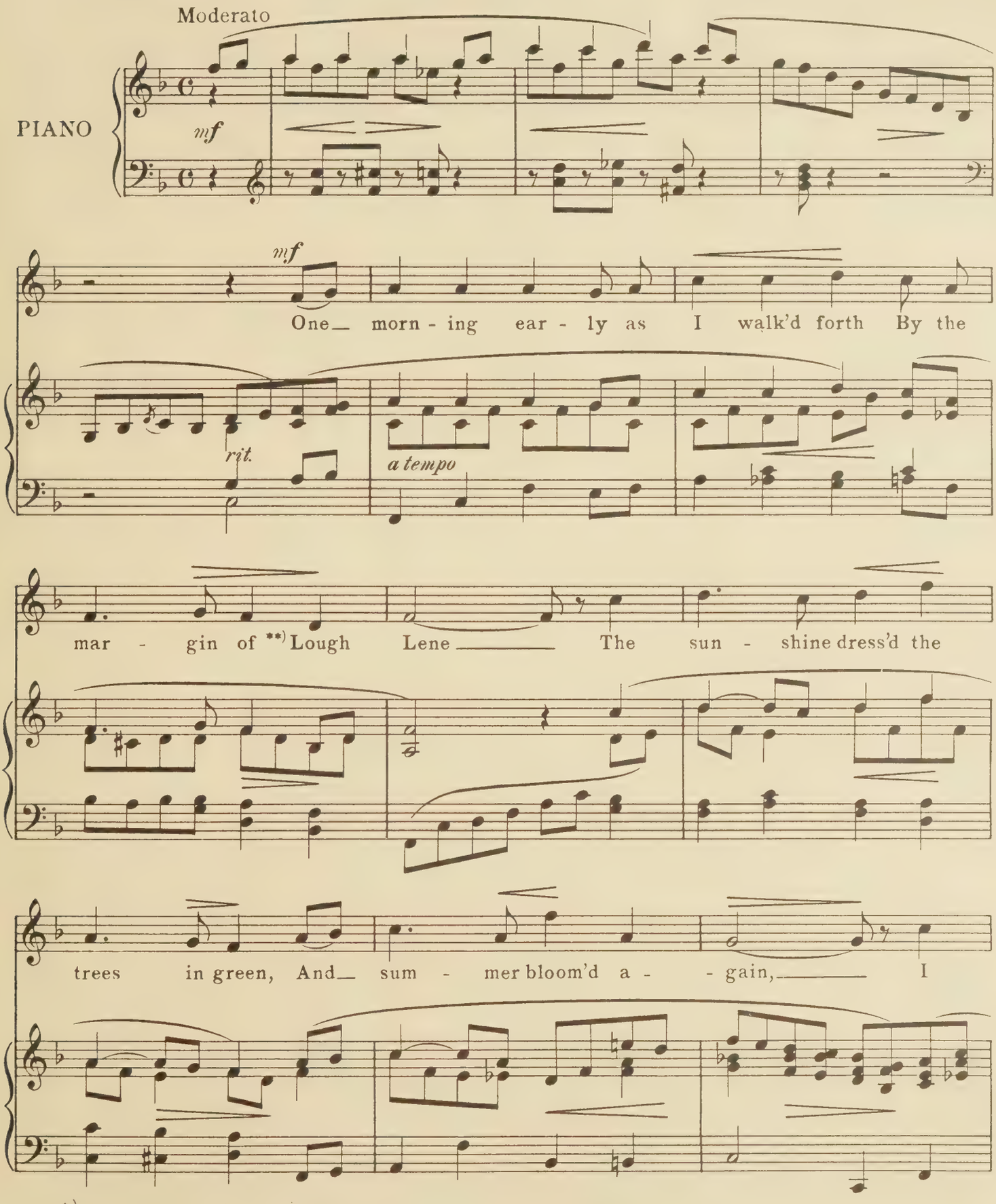

cresc.
feet must track the tune. When the world is barr'd and
cresc.
speck-led With sil - ver of the moon, When the world is barr'd and
rit.
speck-led With sil - ver of the moon.
rit.
Ped.
mf meno mosso
Thus is he doom'd till Judg-ment Al -
dim. e rit.
meno mosso mf


though the cairn should hold His fe - ver'd heart in qui - et, And
f
f
dim.
hide his hair of gold, His soul shall wan - der
dim.
seek - ing, And its quest be nev - er told, For his
f
allargando
f
allargando
Ped.
soul shall wan - der seek - ing, And its quest be nev - er told.
rit.
rit.

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY

Translated from the Irish by
P. W. Joyce, L L.D.

*) Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



*) As collected by Charlotte Milligan Fox.
**) Lough Lene is the old name of the Lower and Middle Lake of Killarney.

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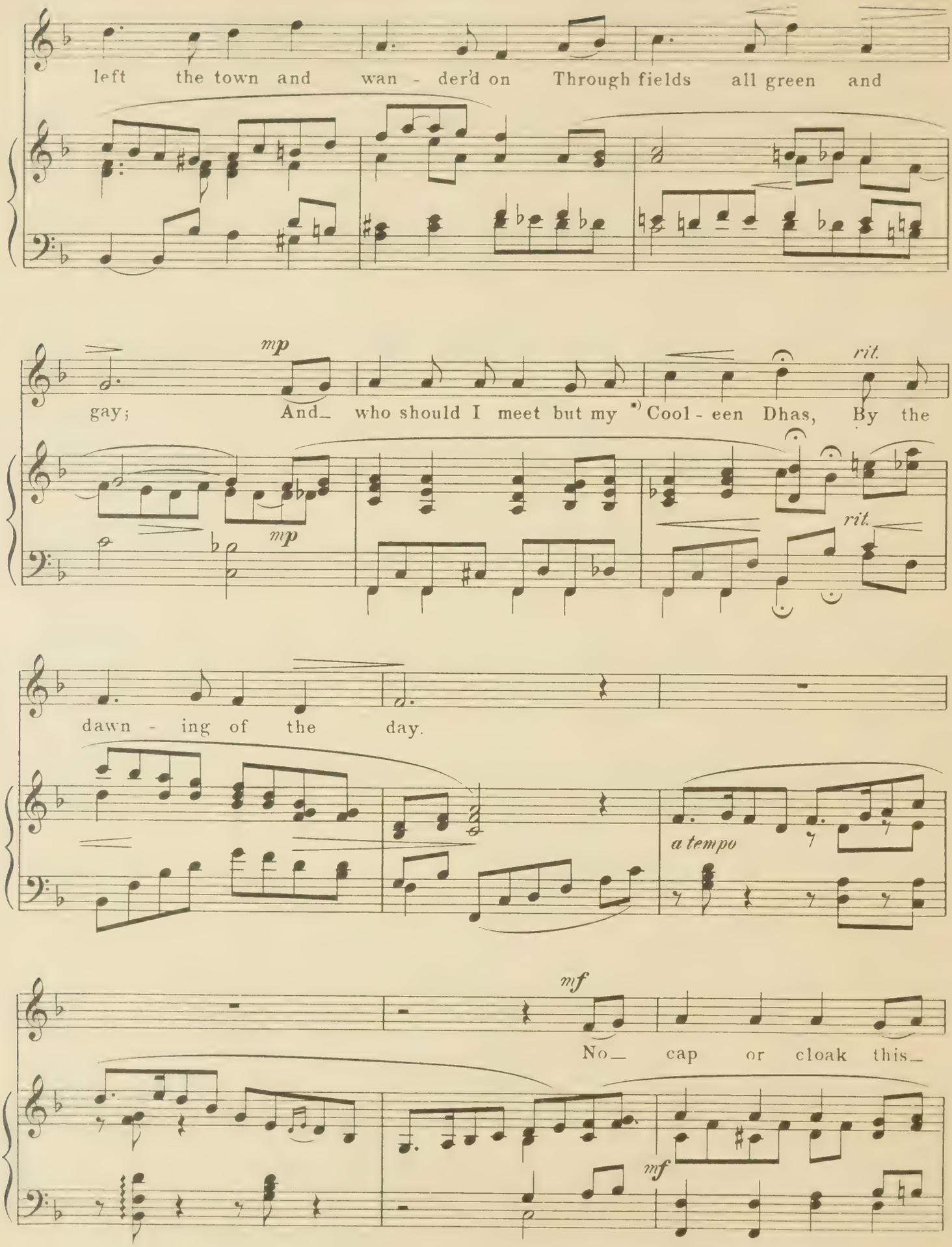
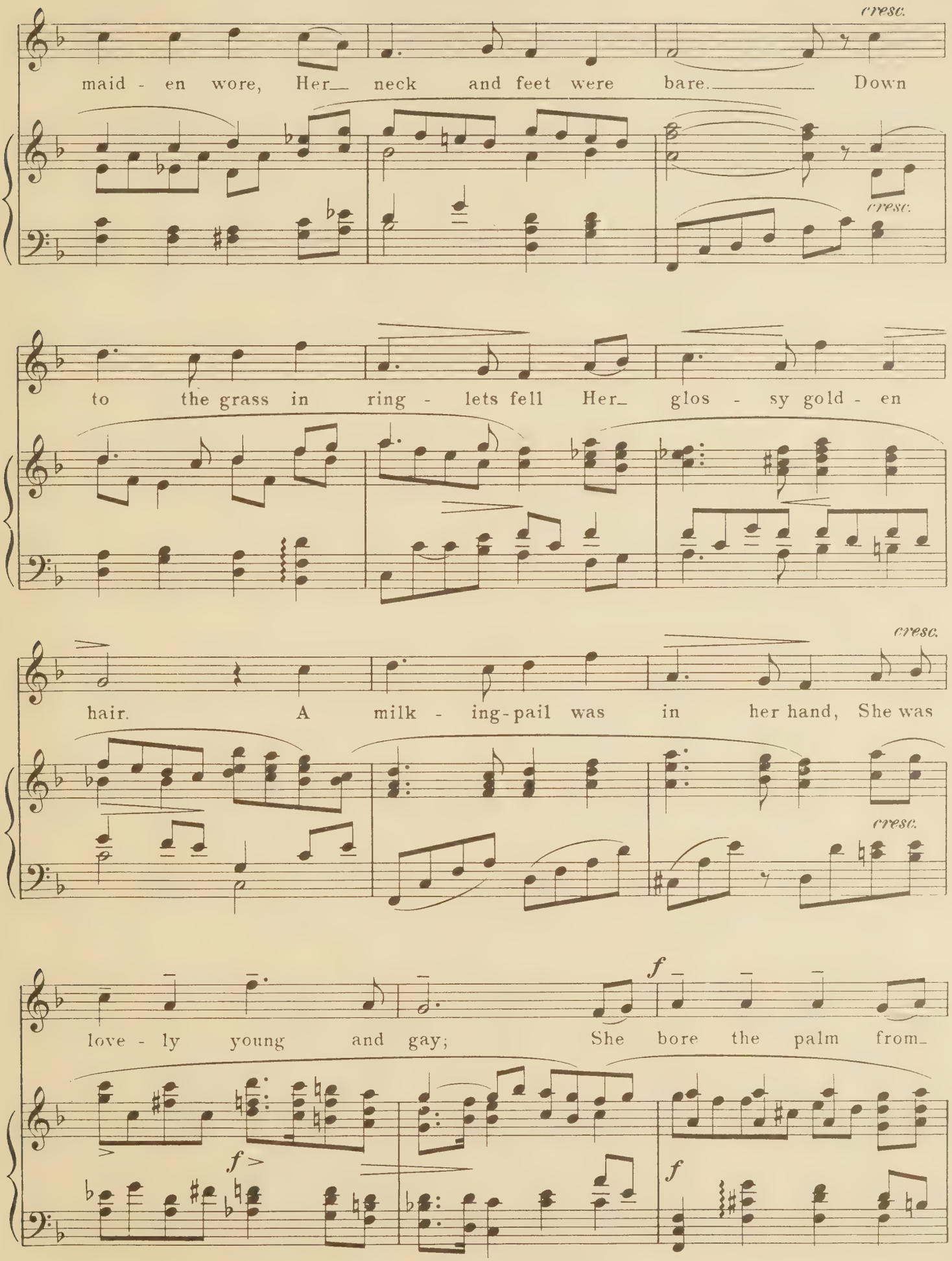
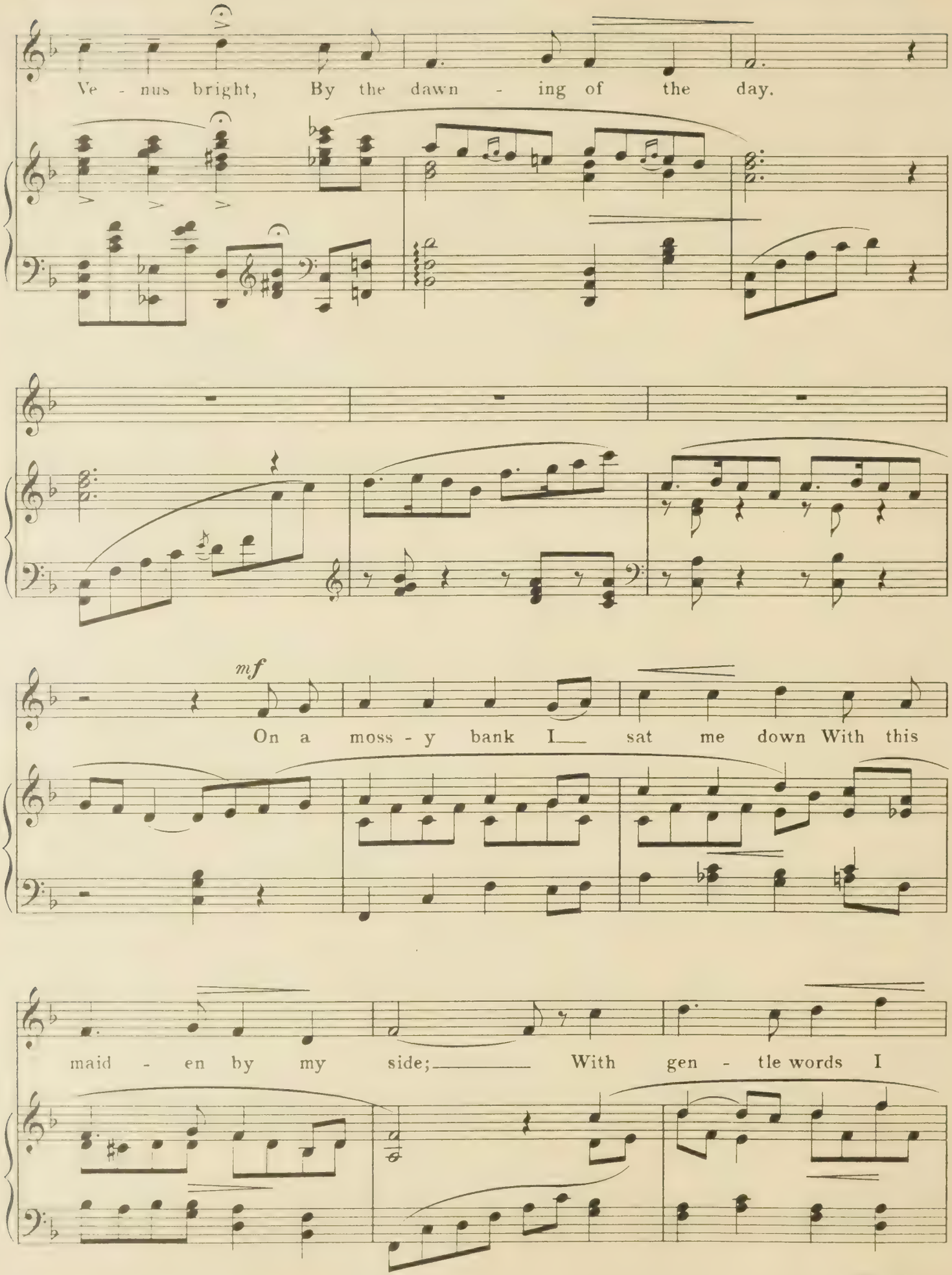
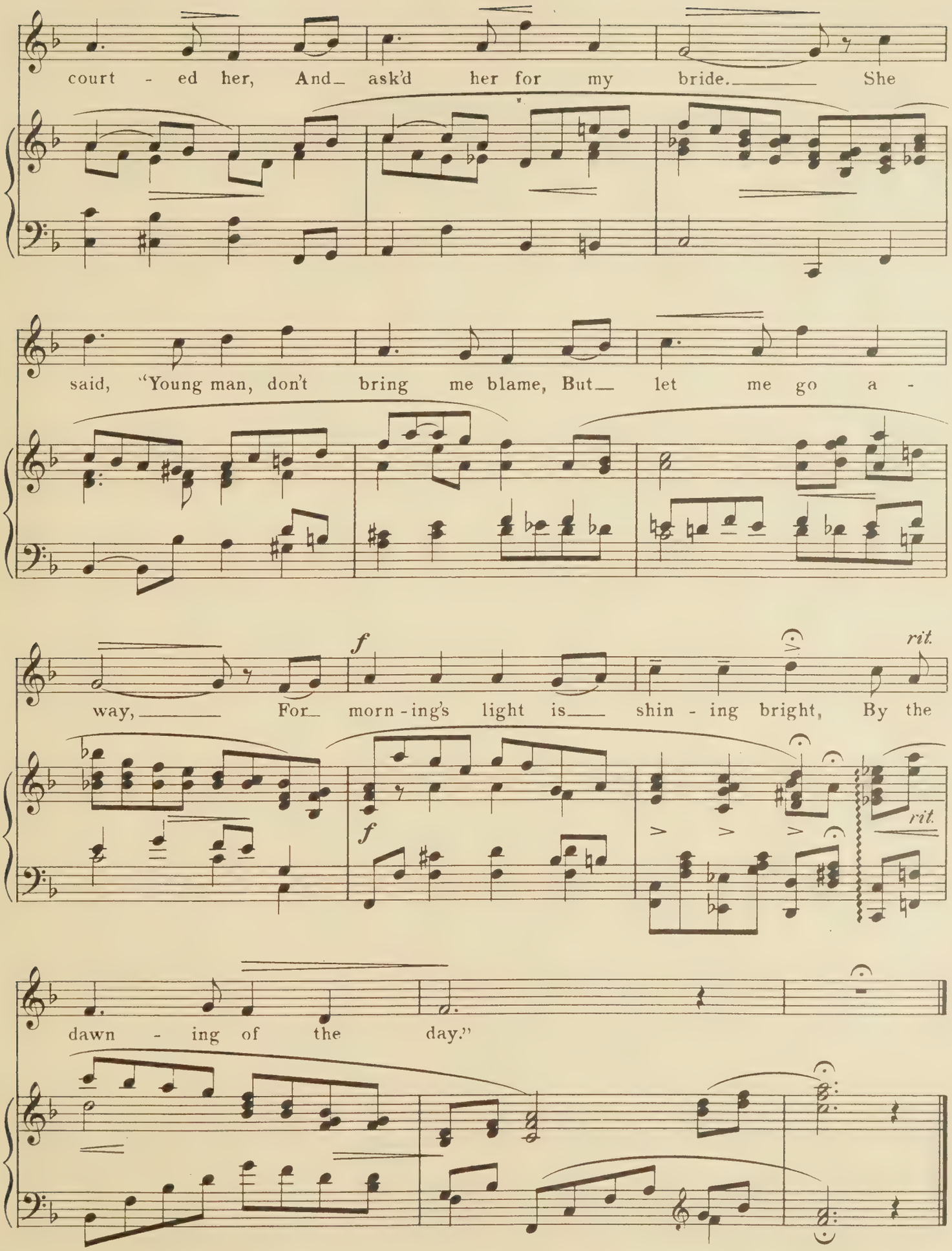


*) Cooleen Dhas means: Pretty, fair-haired maiden.


cresc.
maid - en wore, Her neck and feet were bare. Down
cresc.
to the grass in ring - lets fell Her glos - sy gold - en
cresc.
hair. A milk - ing-pail was in her hand, She was
cresc.
f
love - ly young and gay; She bore the palm from
f>
f

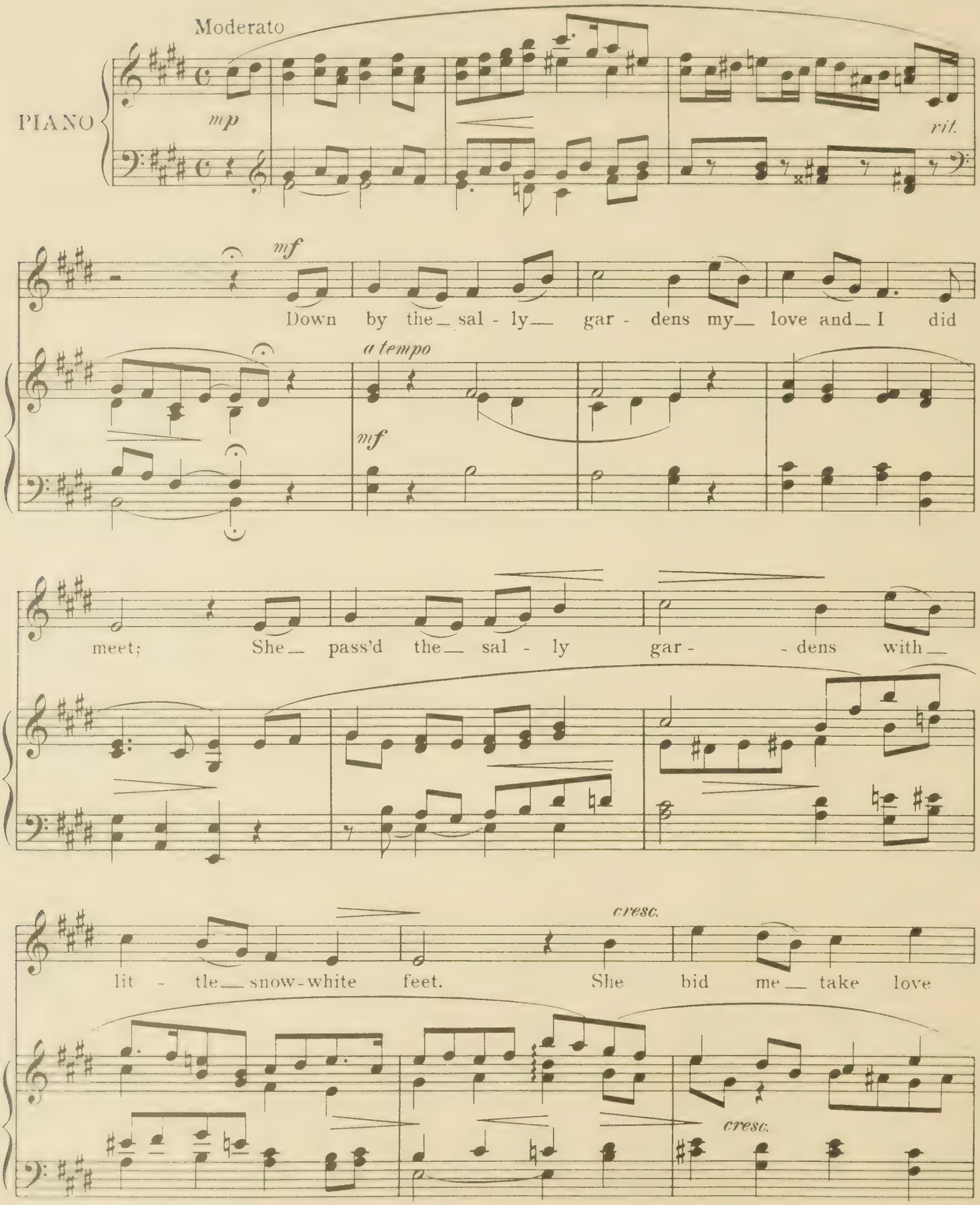

Ve - nus bright, By the dawn - ing of the day.
mf
On a moss - y bank I sat me down With this
maid - en by my side; With gen - tle words I


court - ed her, And_ ask'd her for my bride._____ She
said, "Young man, don't bring me blame, But_ let me go a -
f
rit.
way,_____ For_ morn - ing's light is_____ shin - ing bright, By the
f
rit.
dawn - ing of the day."

*)DOWN BY THE SALLY GARDENS

W. B. YEATS

Air: "The Maids of Mourne Shore"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



*) An extension of three lines sung by an old woman of Ballisodare.

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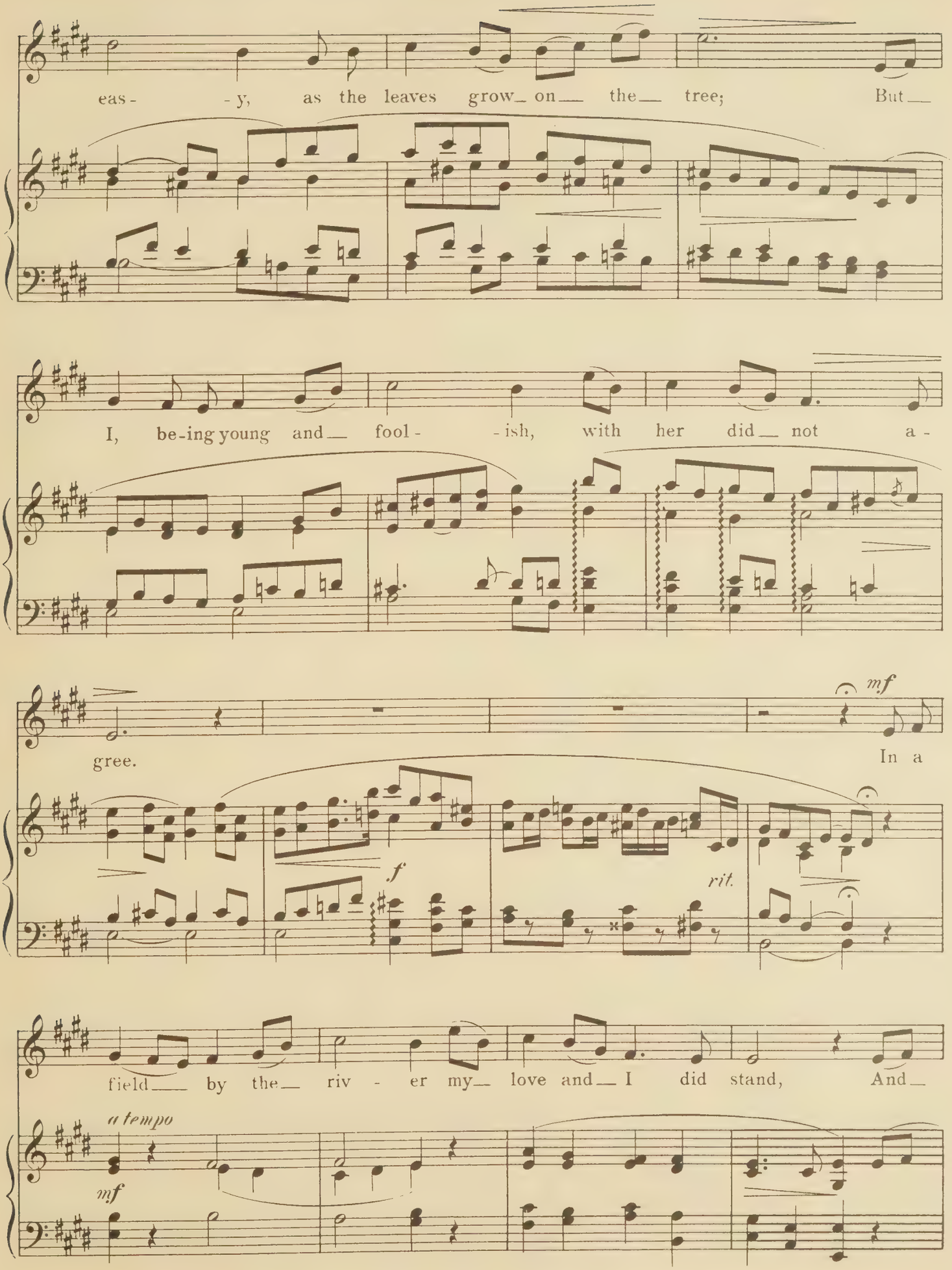
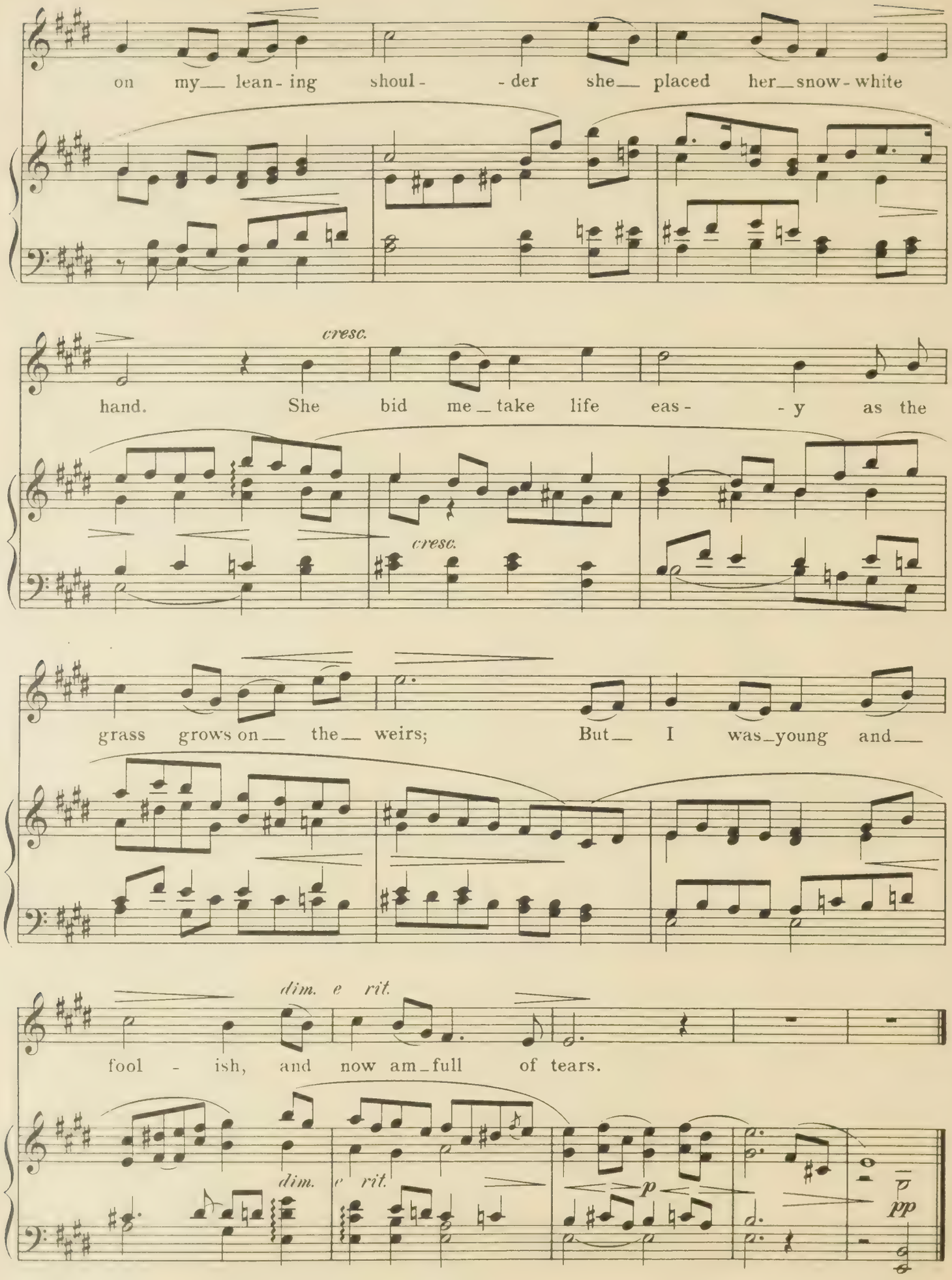

eas - - y, as the leaves grow_ on__ the__ tree; But__
I, be-ing young and__ fool - - ish, with her did__ not a -
gree.
mf
In a
f
rit.
field__ by the__ riv - er my__ love and__ I did stand, And__
a tempo
mf


on my lean-ing shoul- -der she placed her snow-white
cresc.
hand. She bid me take life eas- -y as the
cresc.
grass grows on the weirs; But I was young and
dim. e rit.
fool - ish, and now am full of tears.
dim.
e rit.
p
pp

ERE THE LONG ROLL OF THE AGES END

(FAINNE GEAL AN LAE)

ALICE MILLIGAN

"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away"

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

With passionate exaltation

VOICE

PIANO

f

1. Ere the long roll of the a - ges end And the days of time are done The Lord shall un - to E - rin send His own ap - point - ed One, Whose soul must wait the

dim. *cresc.* *dim.*

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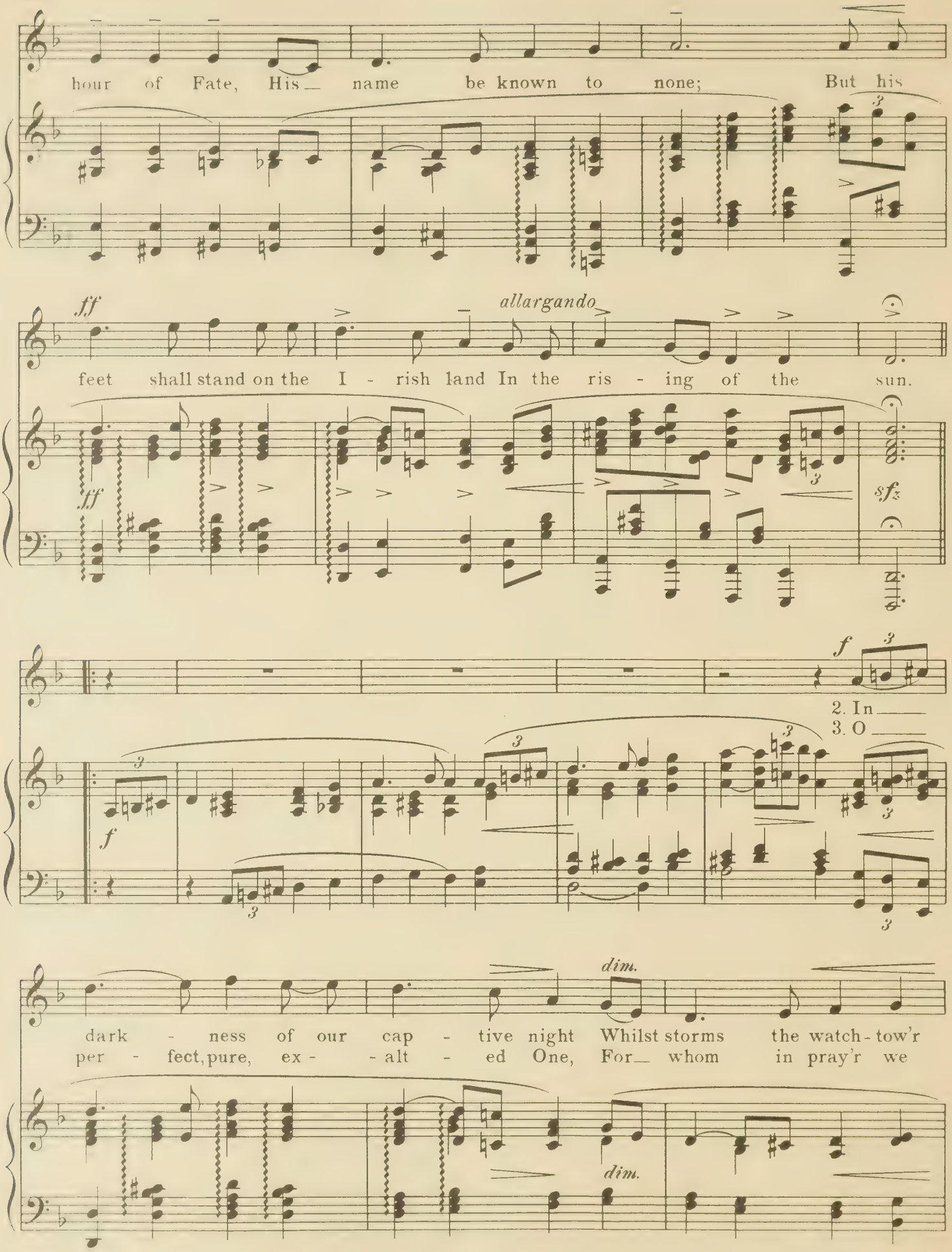
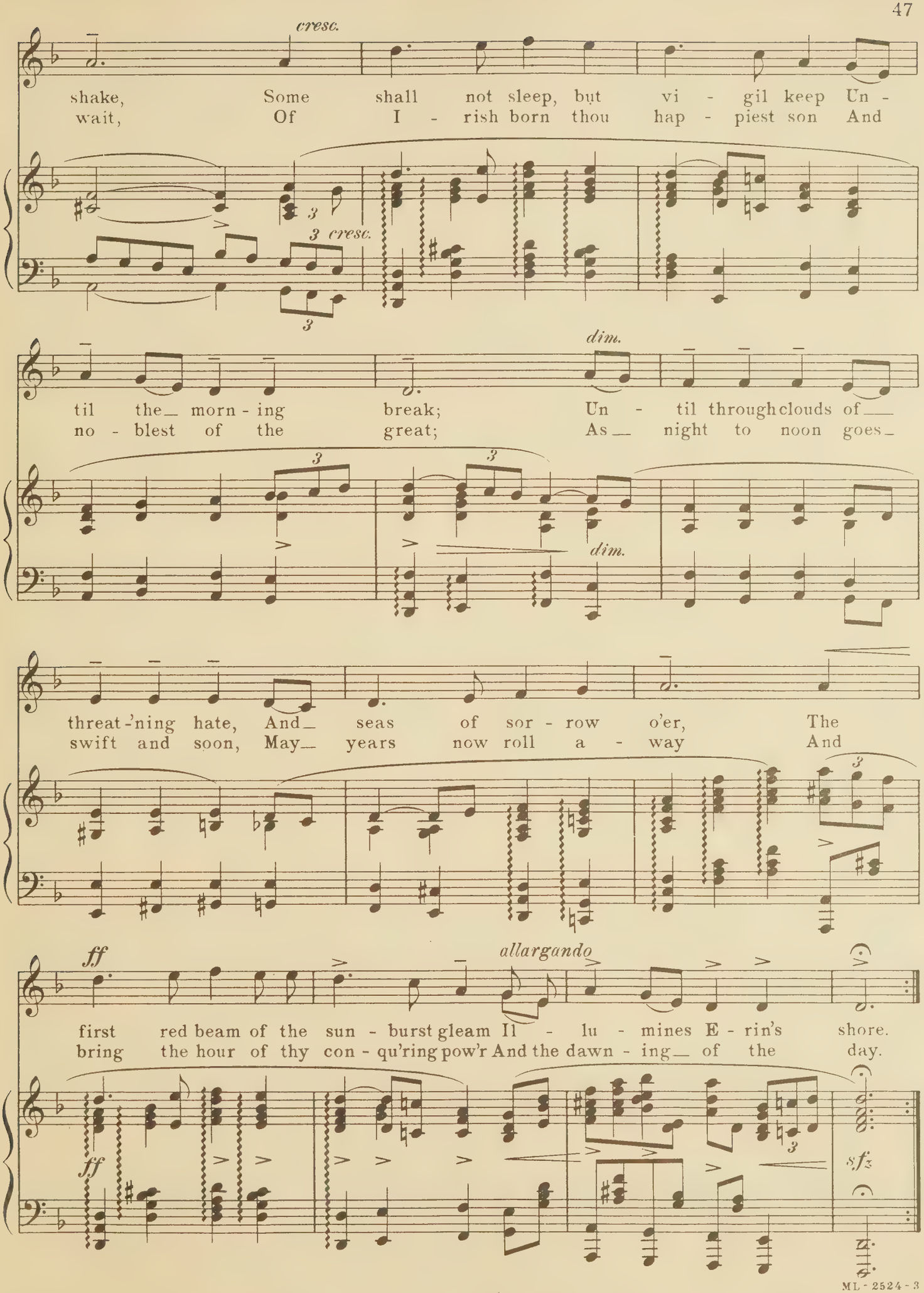
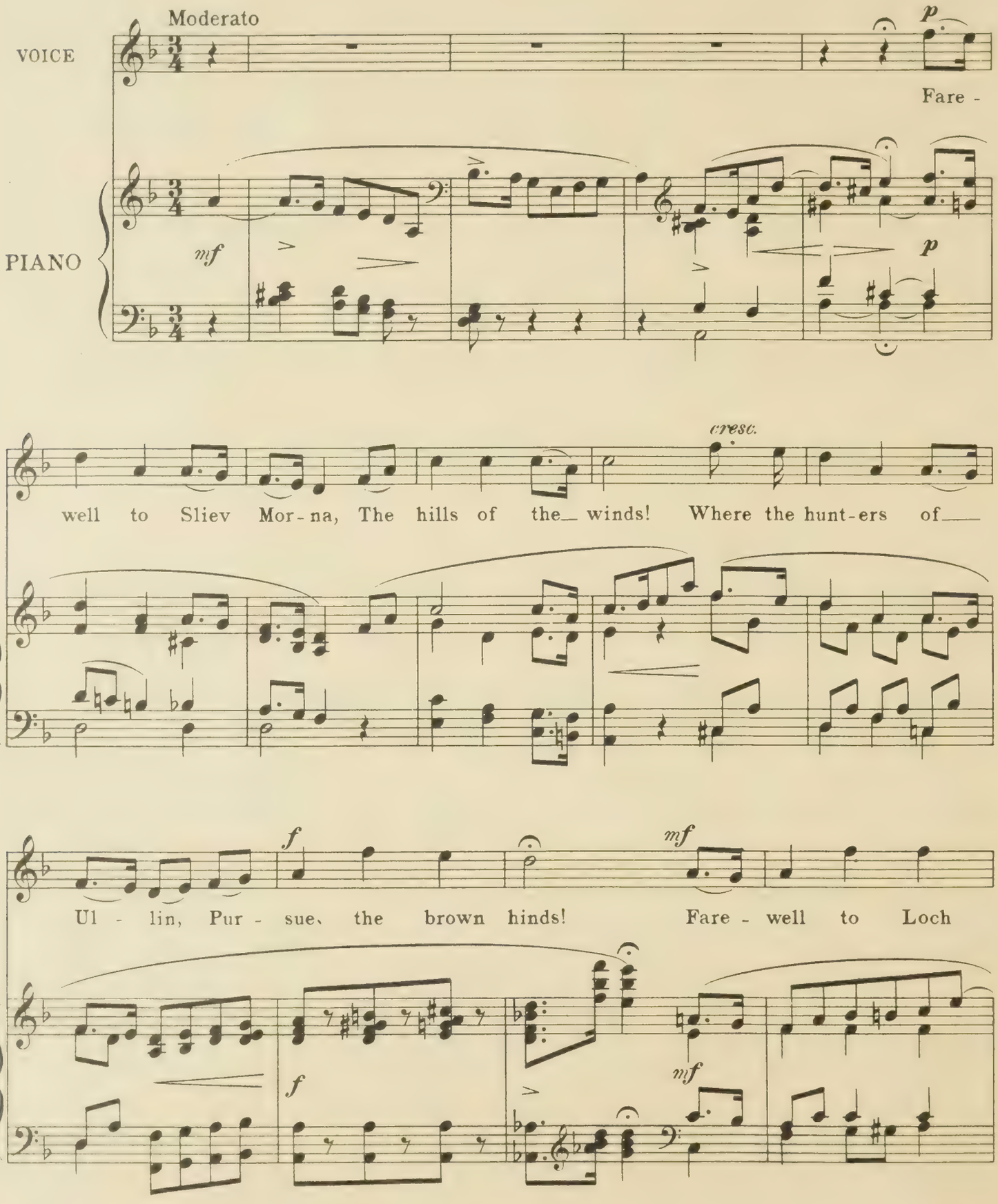

hour of Fate, His_ name be known to none; But his
ff
allargando
feet shall stand on the I - rish land In the ris - ing of the sun.
fff
sfz
f
2. In ____
3. O ____
dim.
dark - ness of our cap - tive night Whilst storms the watch-tow'r
per - fect, pure, ex - - alt - ed One, For_ whom in pray'r we
dim.


cresc.
shake, Some shall not sleep, but vi - gil keep Un -
wait, Of I - rish born thou hap - piest son And
3 cresc.
dim.
til the morn - ing break; Un - til through clouds of
no - blest of the great; As night to noon goes
dim.
threat-'ning hate, And seas of sor - row o'er, The
swift and soon, May years now roll a - way And
ff
allargando
first red beam of the sun - burst gleam Il - lu - mines E - rin's shore.
bring the hour of thy con - qu'ring pow'r And the dawn - ing of the day.
ff
sfz

FAREWELL TO SLIEV MORNA

GEORGE DARLEY (1795-1846)

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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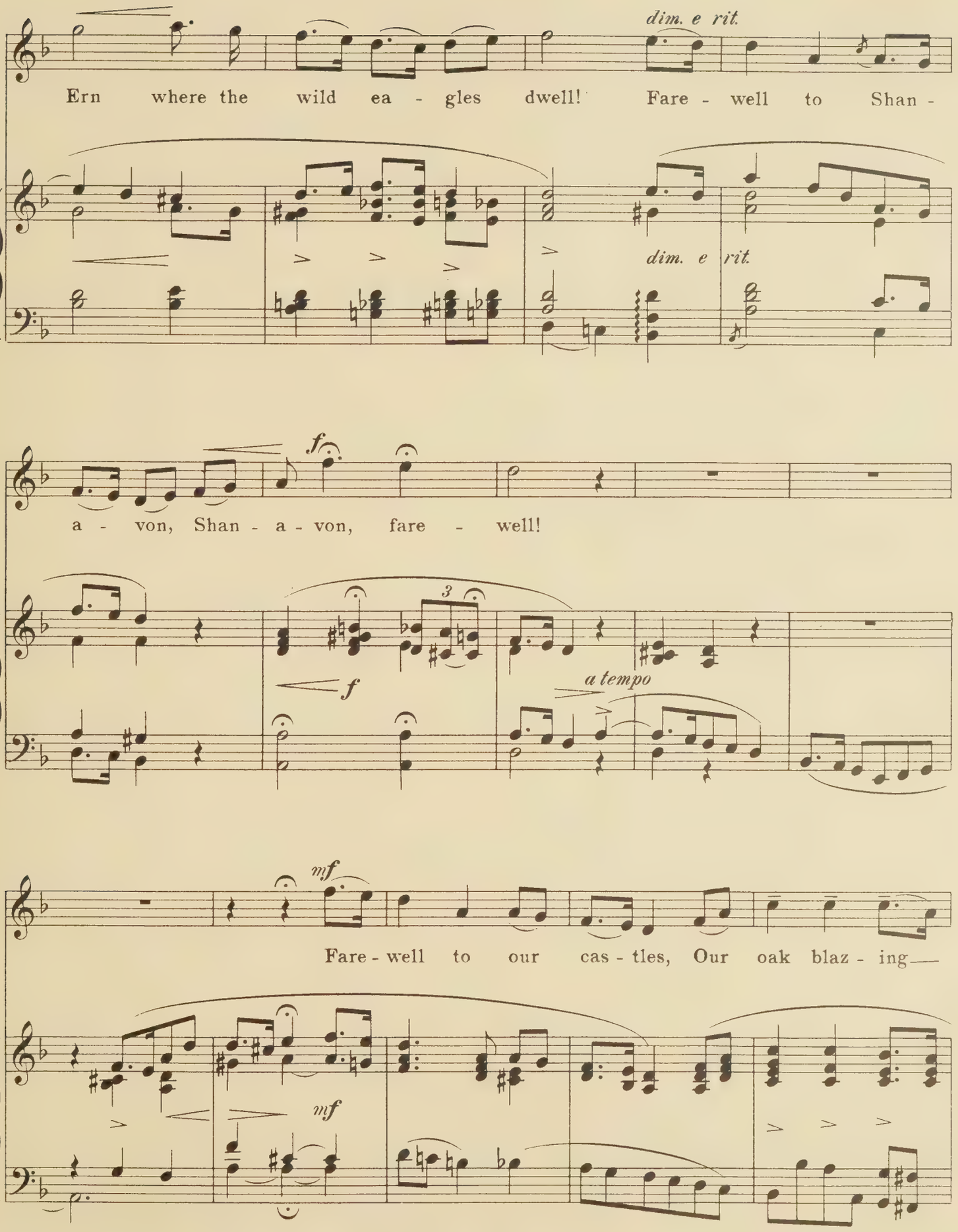
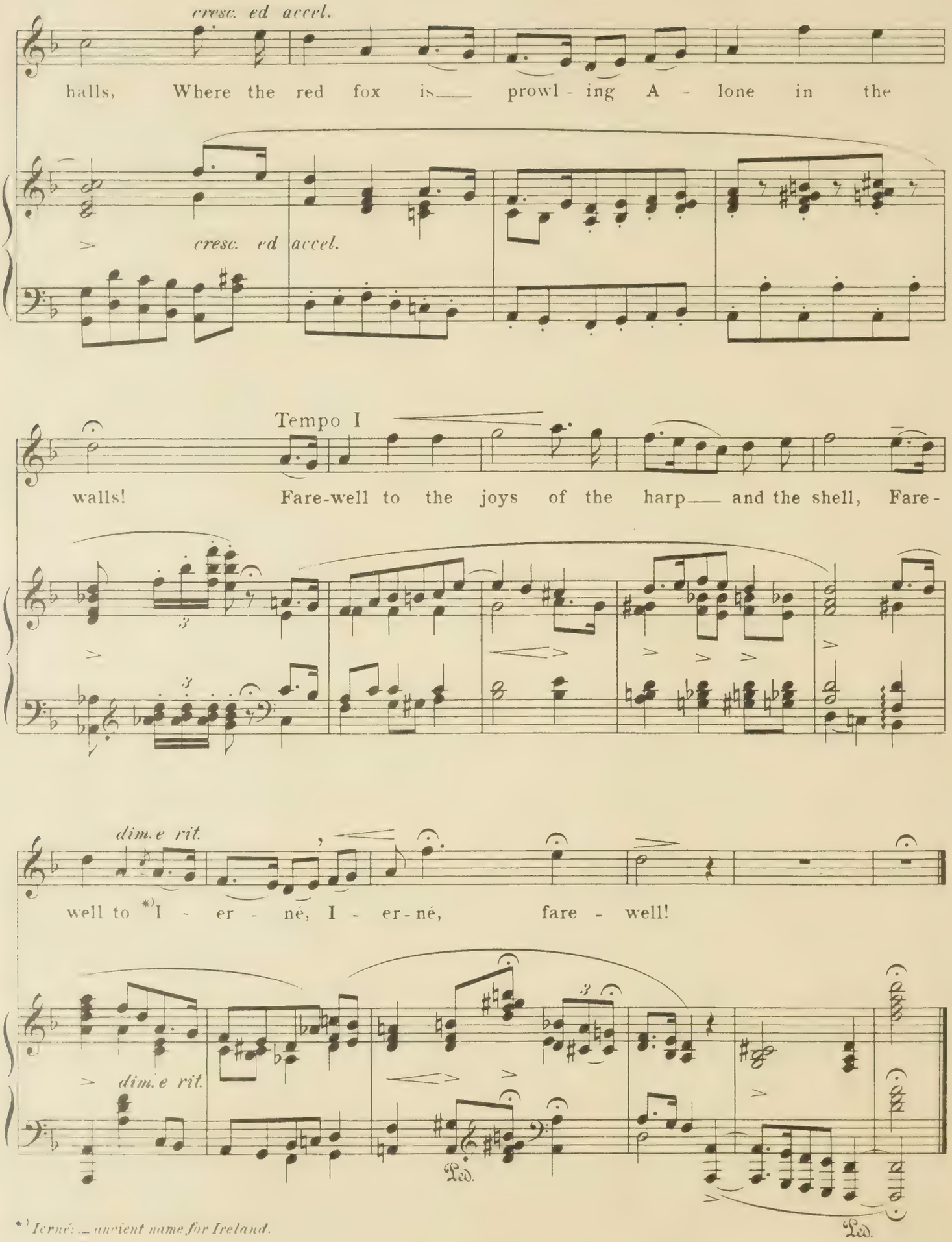

dim. e rit.
Ern where the wild ea - gles dwell! Fare - well to Shan -
dim. e rit.
f
a - von, Shan - a - von, fare - well!
3
f
a tempo
mf
Fare - well to our cas - tles, Our oak blaz - ing—
mf



*) Iernè: = ancient name for Ireland.

FOR IRELAND

SEUMAS MacMANUS

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

mf

A

cresc.

fierce flame burnt, at — boy-hood's dawn, with - in my ten - der — breast, Im -

pas-sion'd love my — soul con-sumed for — Moth-er-land op - prest. Her —

f

glo - ries gilt my wak-ing hours, her — woes my dreams o'er - cast; And the

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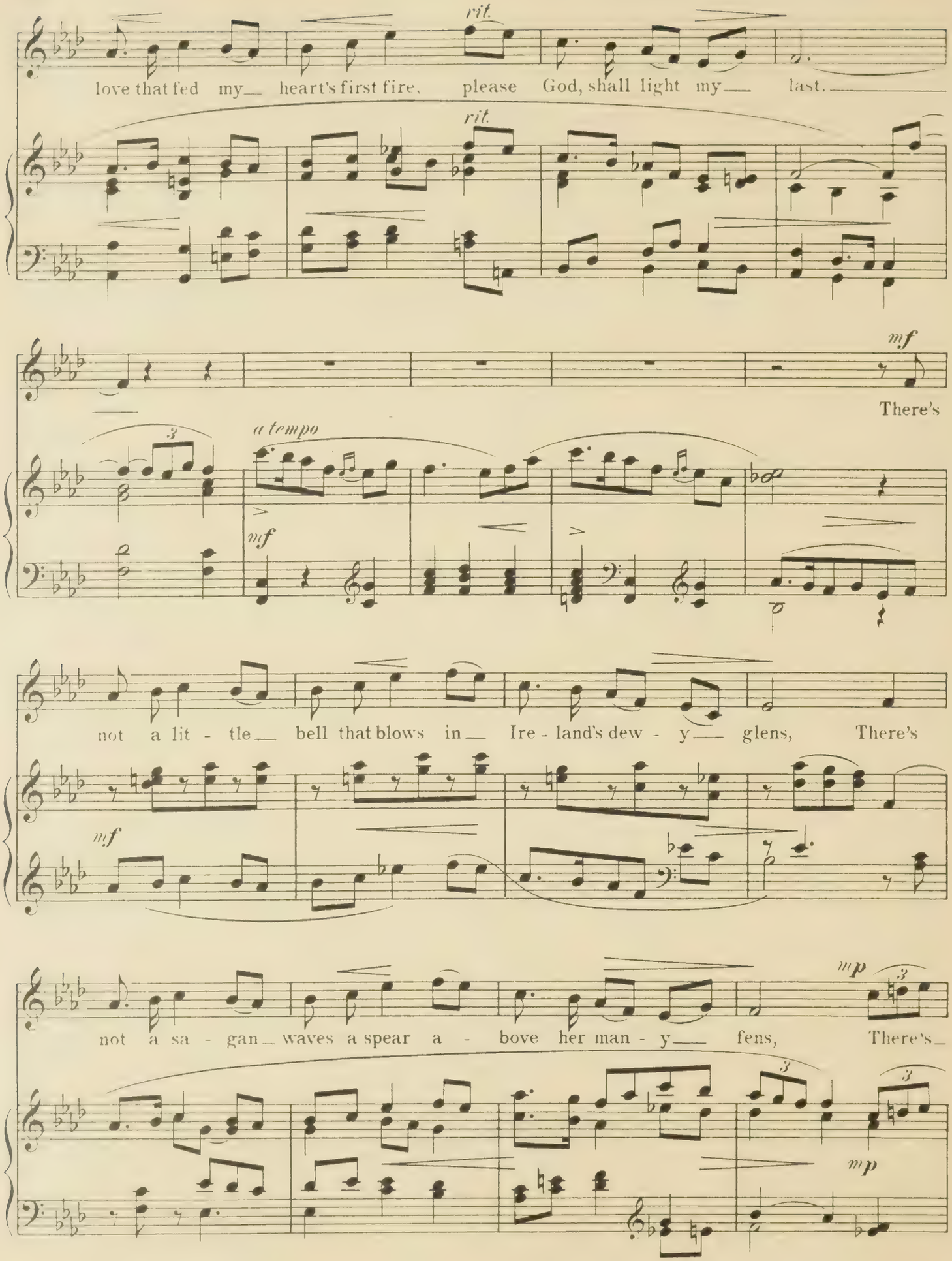
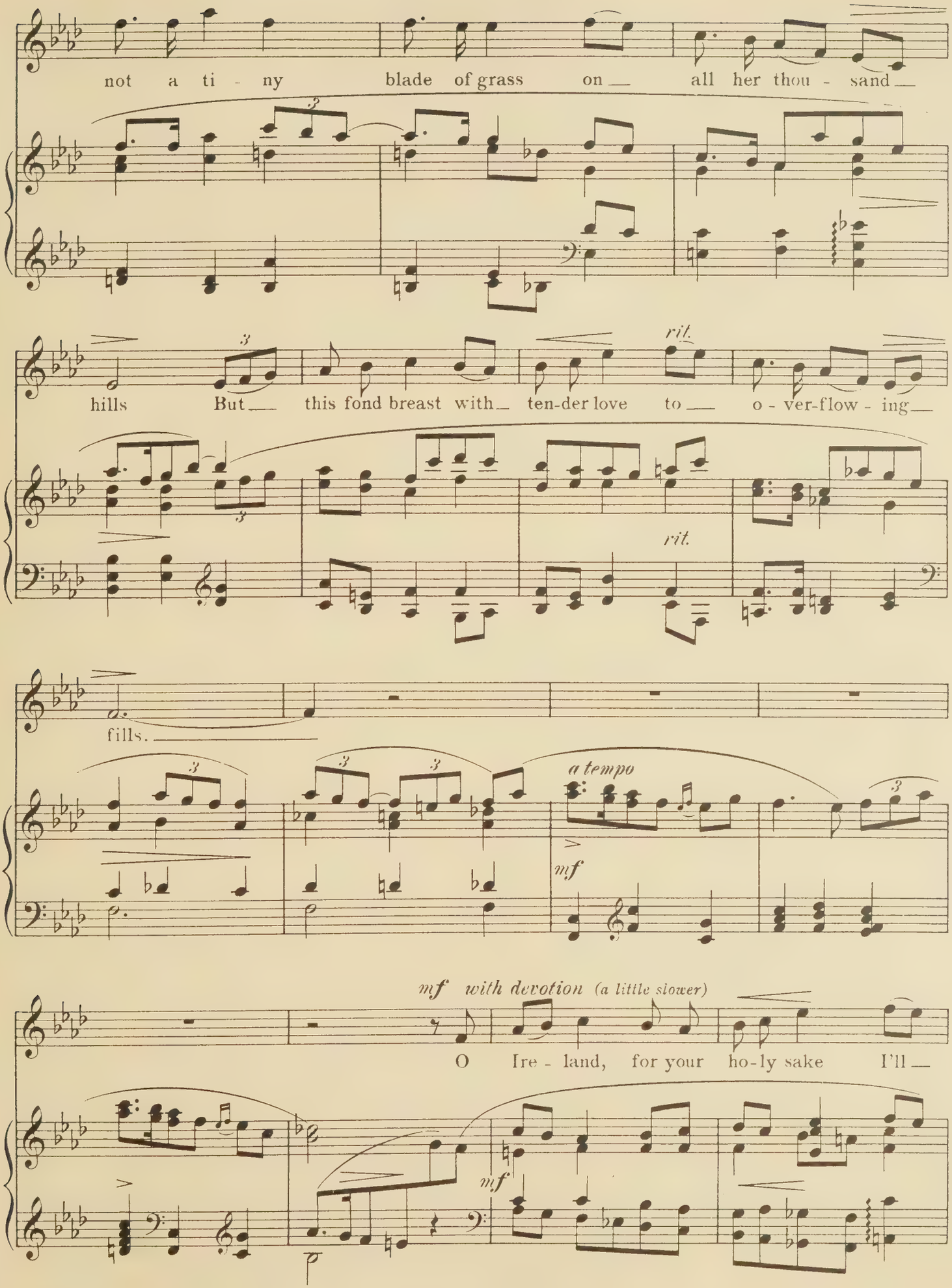
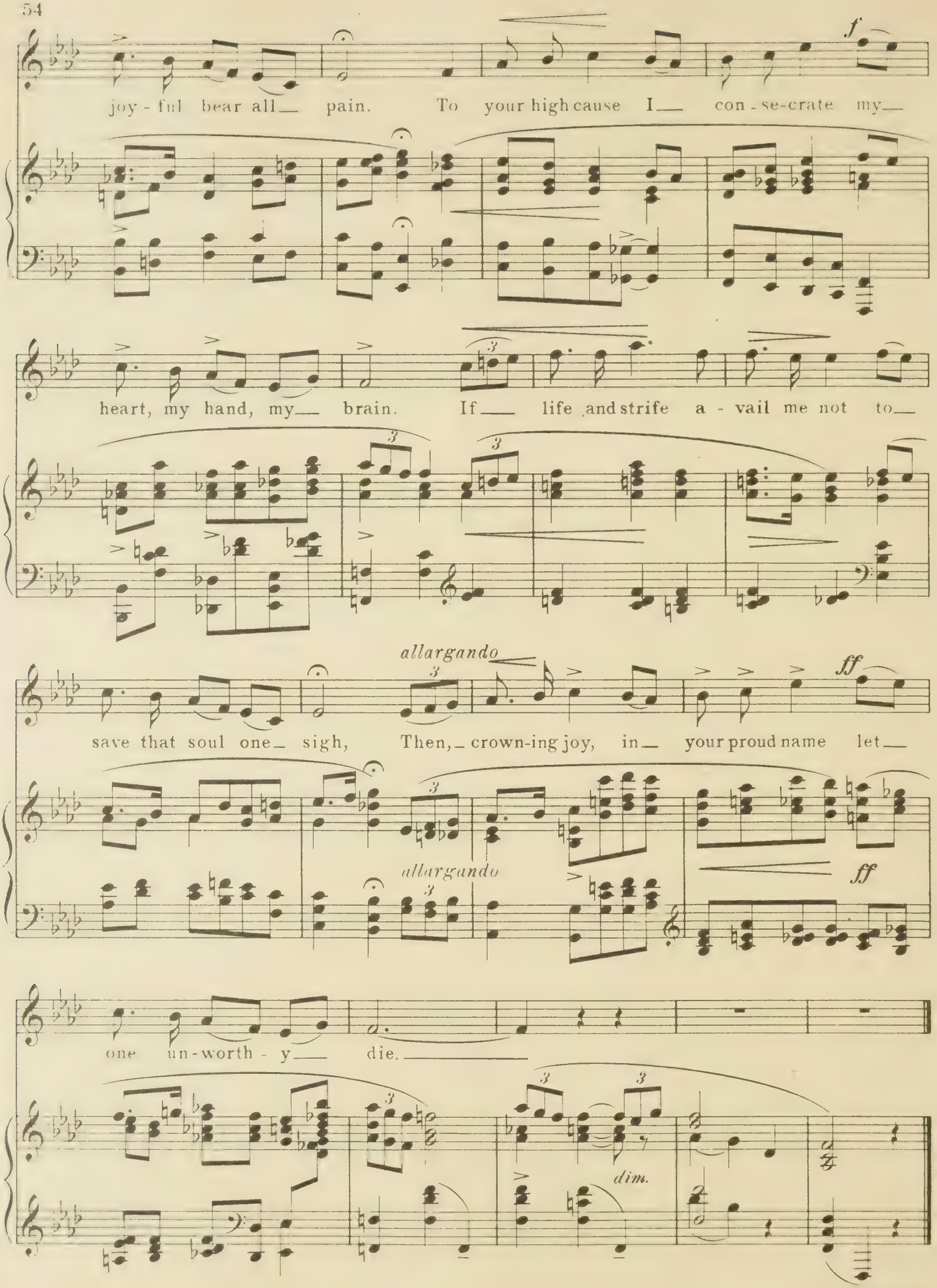

rit.
love that fed my heart's first fire, please God, shall light my last.
rit.
mf
There's
a tempo
mf
not a lit - tle bell that blows in Ire - land's dew - y glens, There's
mf
not a sa - gan waves a spear a - bove her man - y fens, There's
mp
mp

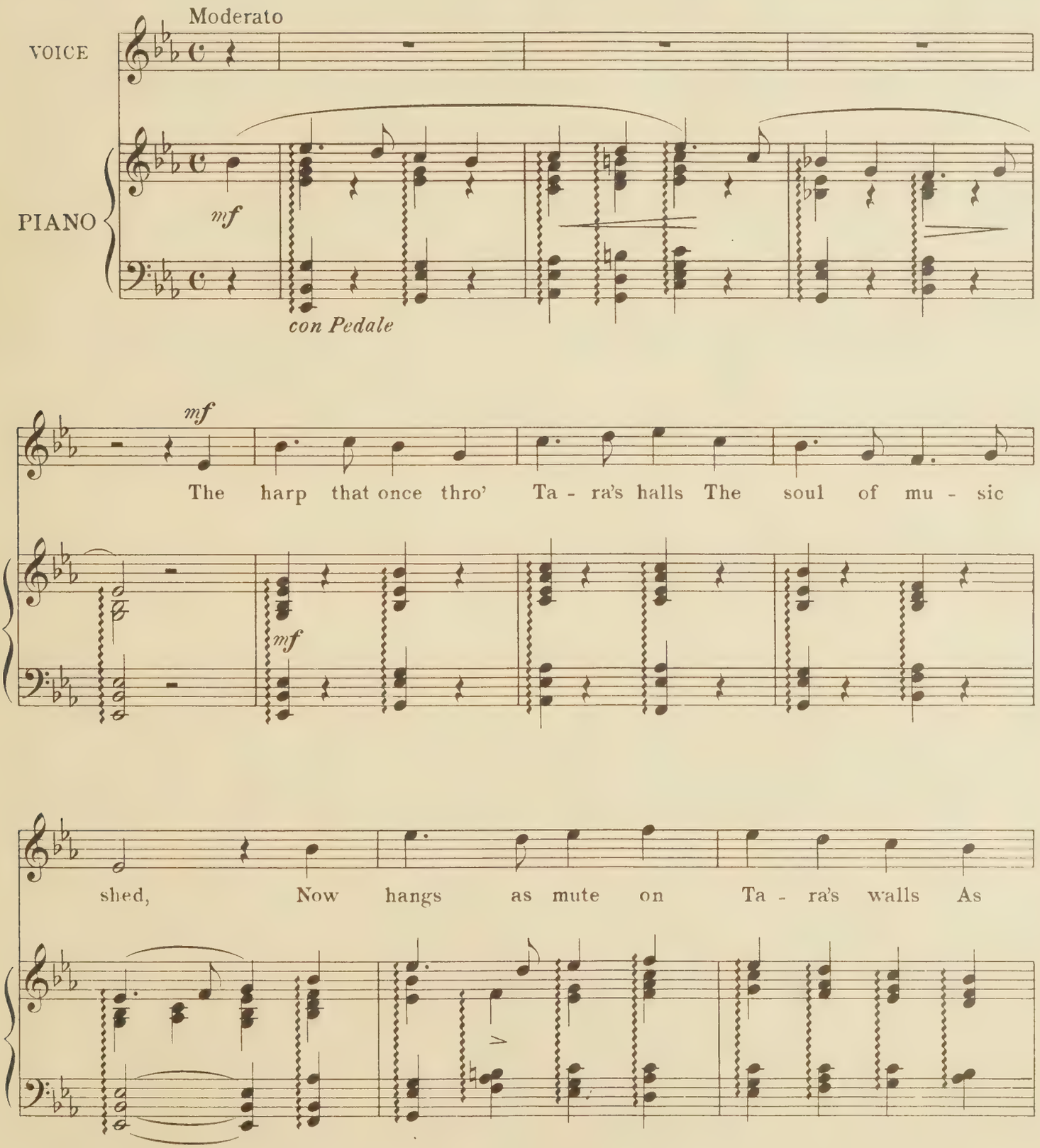

not a ti - ny blade of grass on all her thou - sand
hills But this fond breast with ten-der love to o - ver-flow - ing
rit.
rit.
fills.
a tempo
mf
mf with devotion (a little slower)
O Ire - land, for your ho-ly sake I'll
mf


joy - ful bear all pain. To your high cause I con - se-crate my
heart, my hand, my brain. If life and strife a - vail me not to
allargando
save that soul one sigh, Then, crown-ing joy, in your proud name let
allargando
one un-worth - y die.
dim.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Air: "Gramachree"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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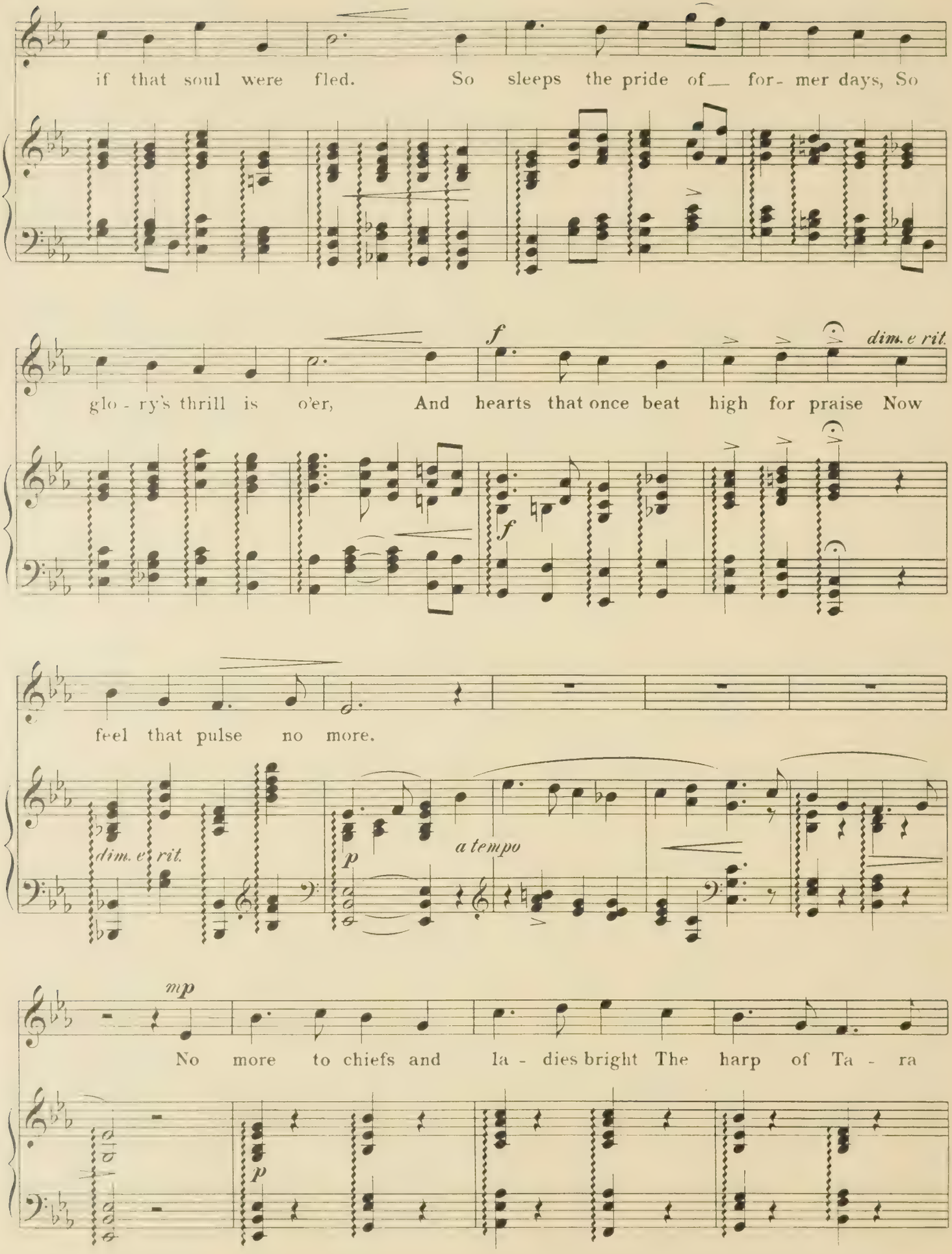
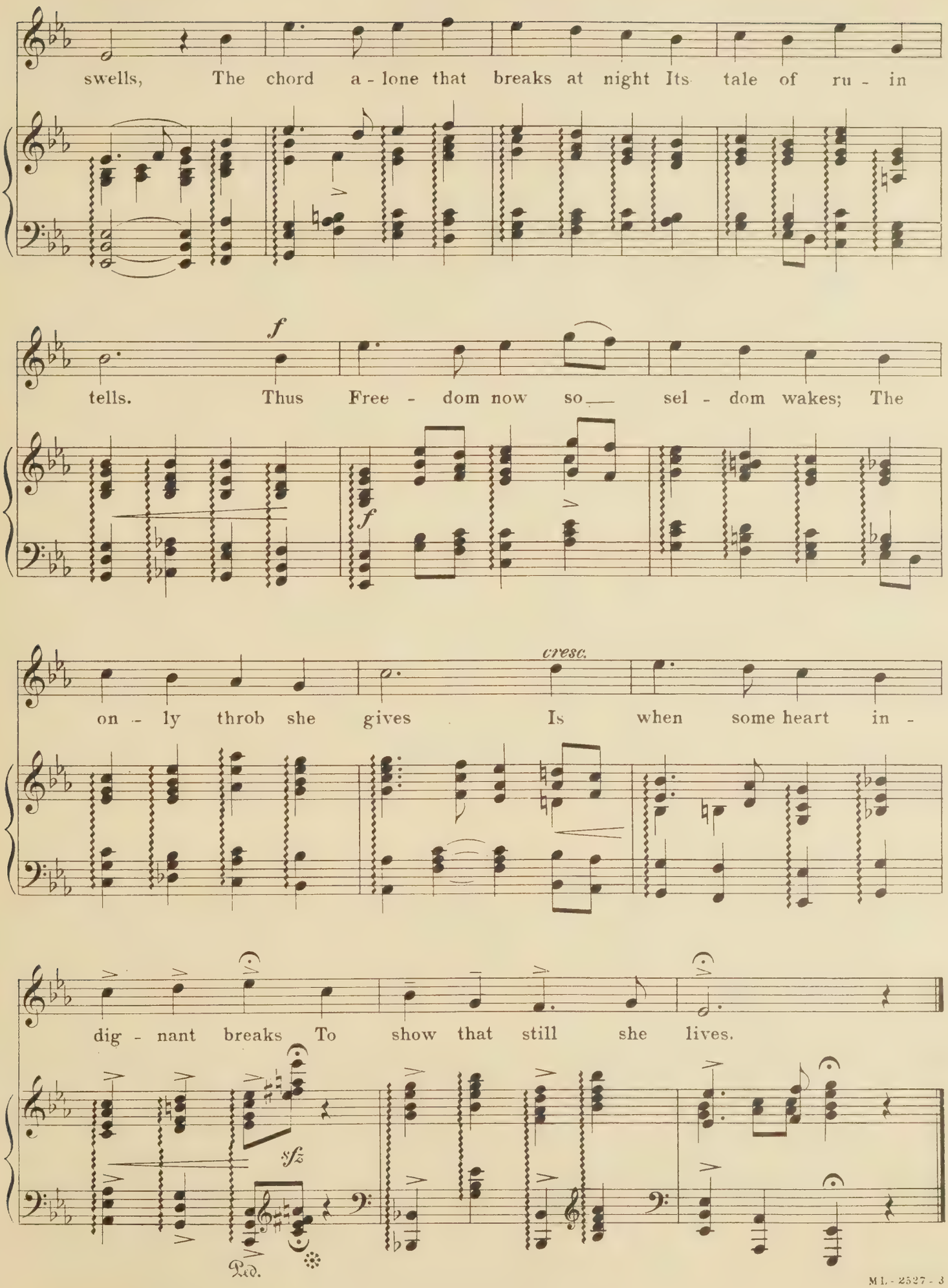
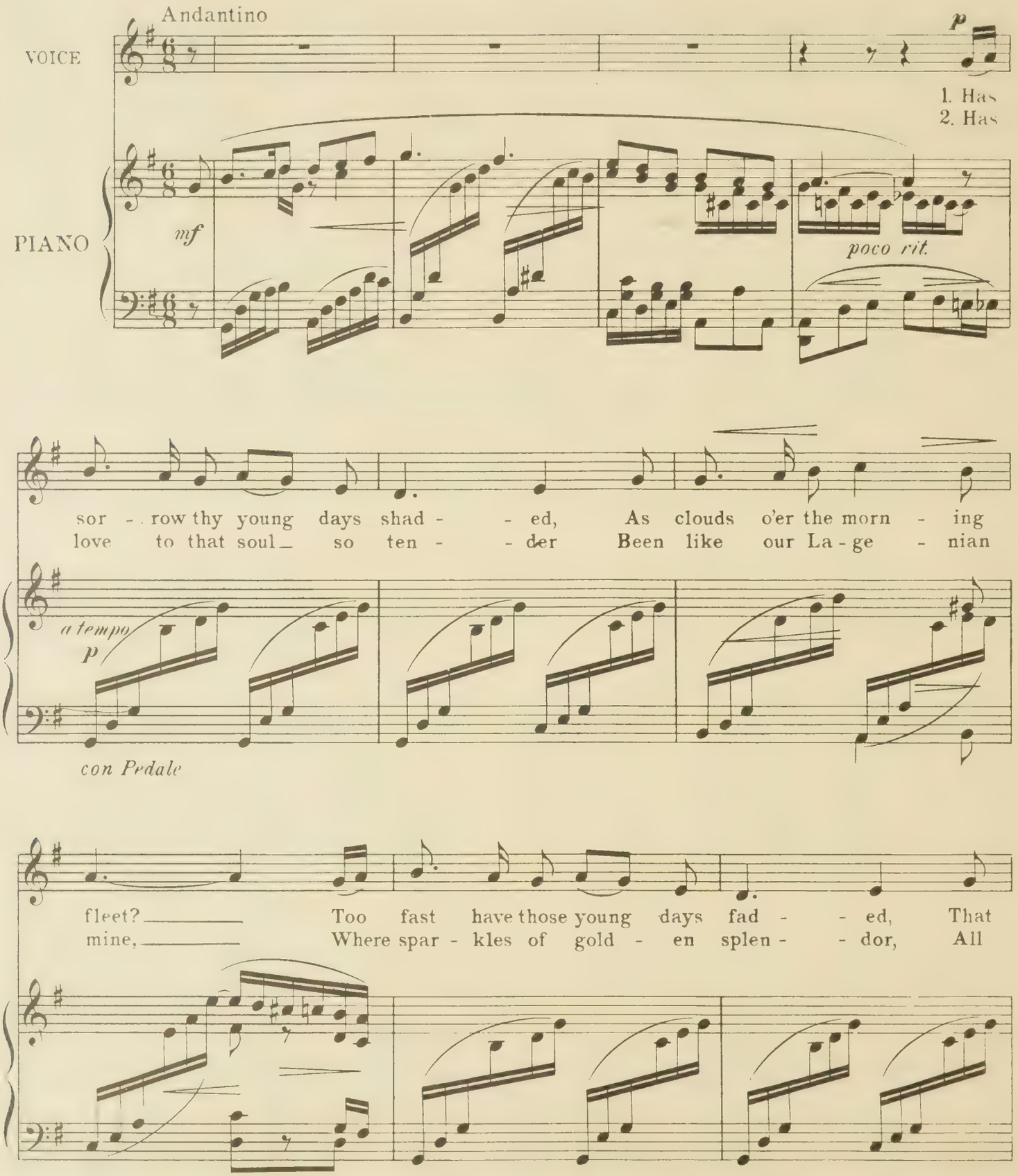

if that soul were fled. So sleeps the pride of— for- mer days, So
glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise Now
dim. e rit.
feel that pulse no more.
dim. e rit.
a tempo
No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra


swells, The chord a - lone that breaks at night Its tale of ru - in
f
tells. Thus Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes; The
f
cresc.
on - ly throb she gives Is when some heart in -
dig - nant breaks To show that still she lives.
sfz
Ped.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Air "Sly Patrick"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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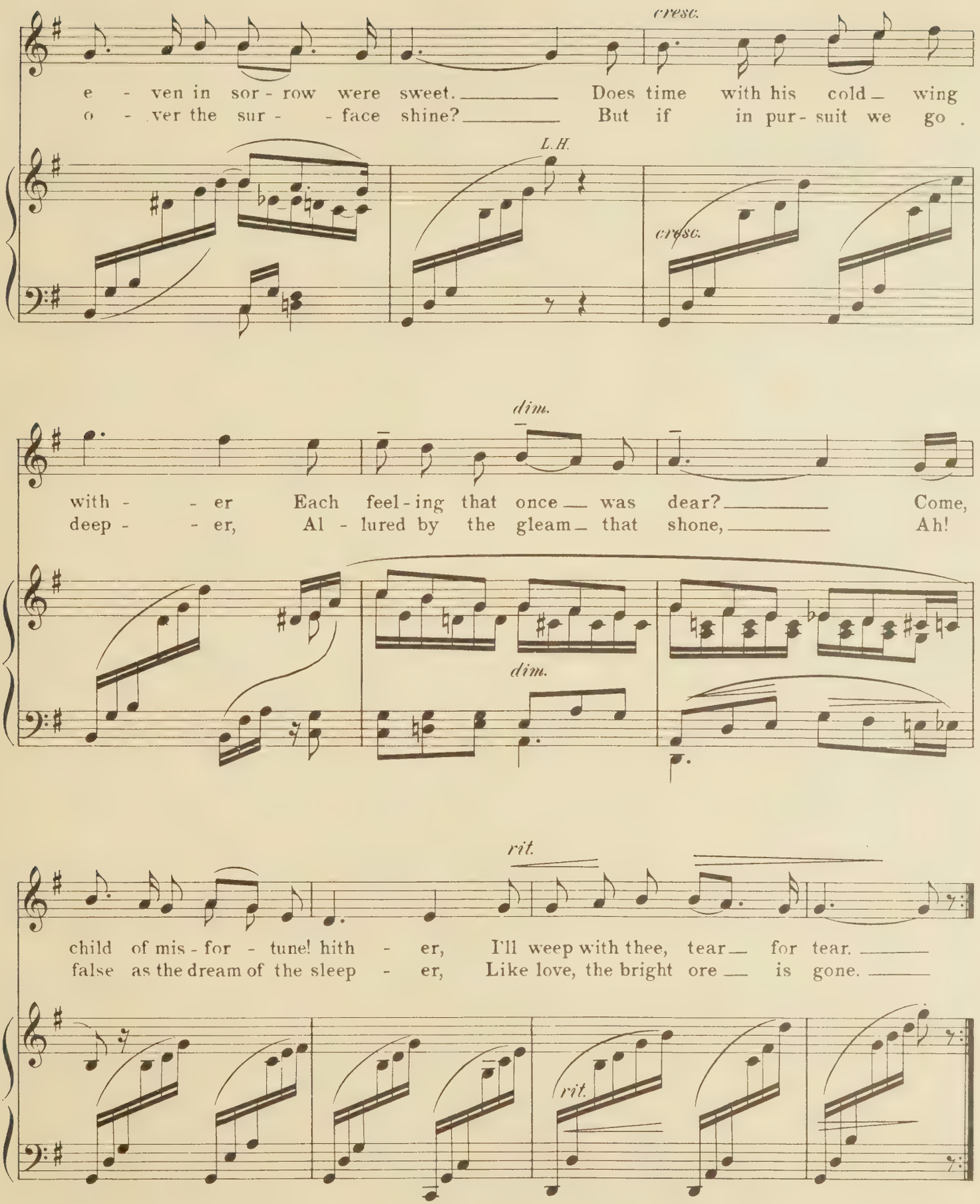
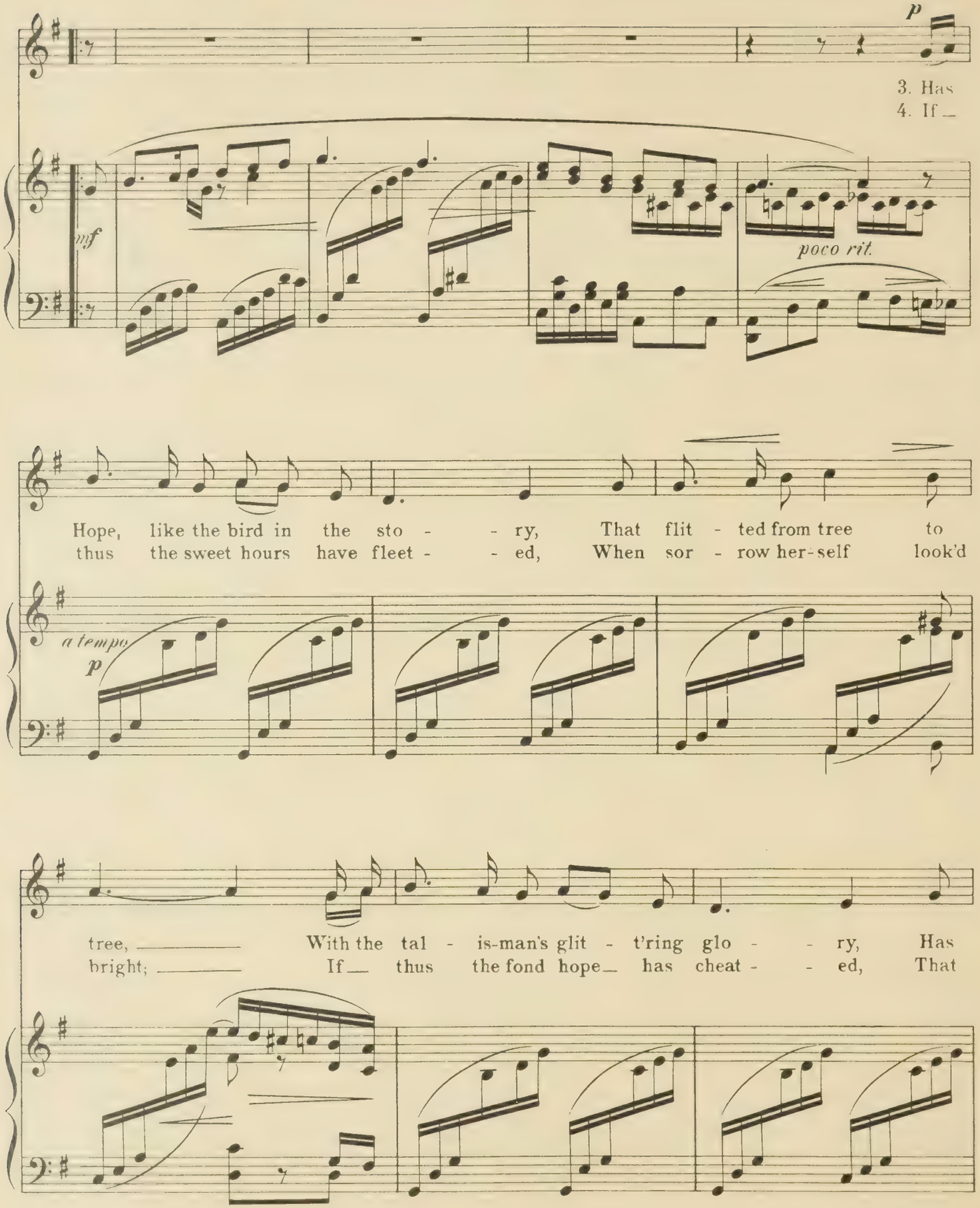
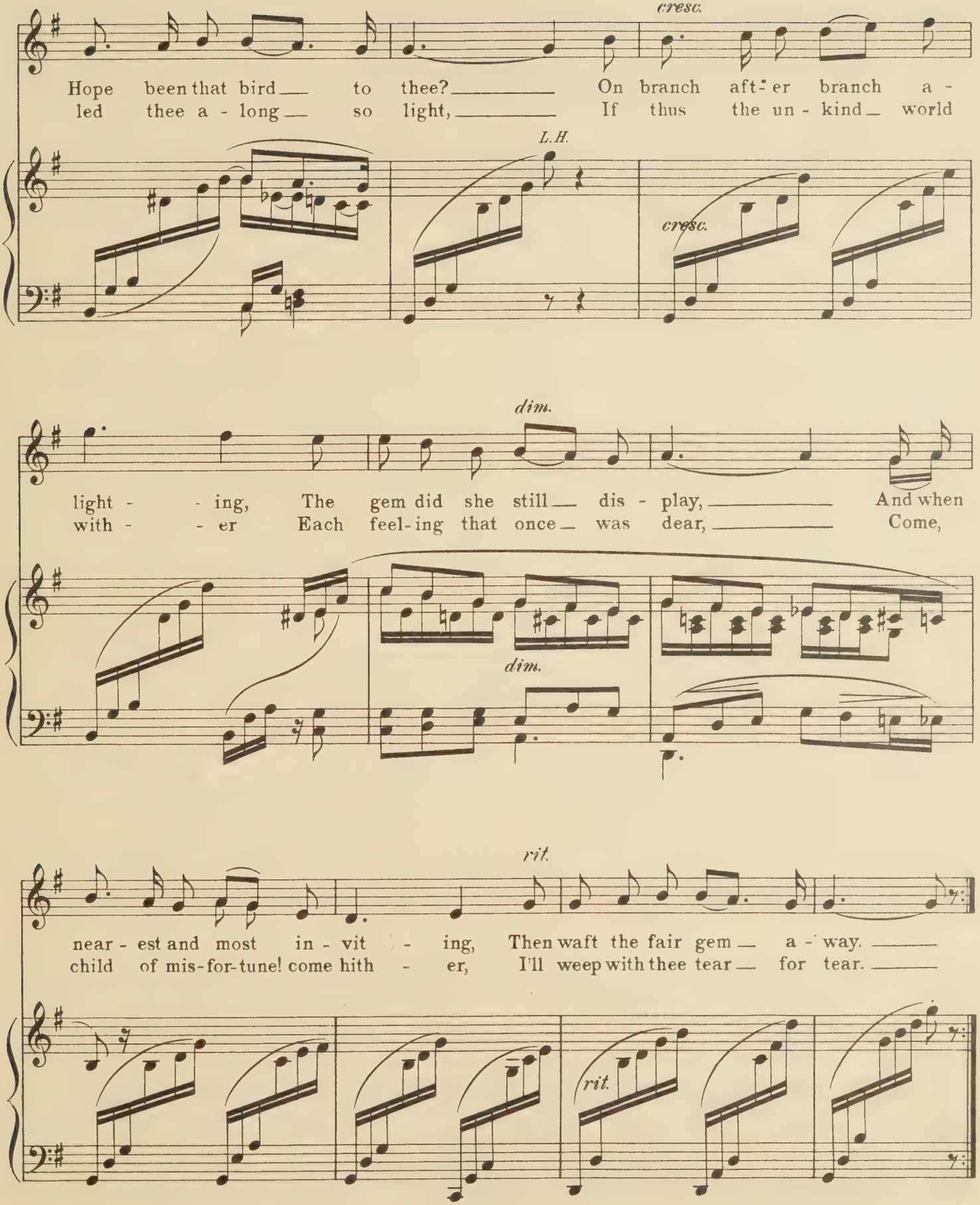

cresc.
e - ven in sor - row were sweet. Does time with his cold wing
o - ver the sur - face shine? But if in pur - suit we go.
L.H.
cresc.
dim.
with - er Each feel - ing that once was dear? Come,
deep - er, Al - lured by the gleam that shone, Ah!
dim.
rit.
child of mis - for - tune! hith - er, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.
false as the dream of the sleep - er, Like love, the bright ore is gone.
rit.

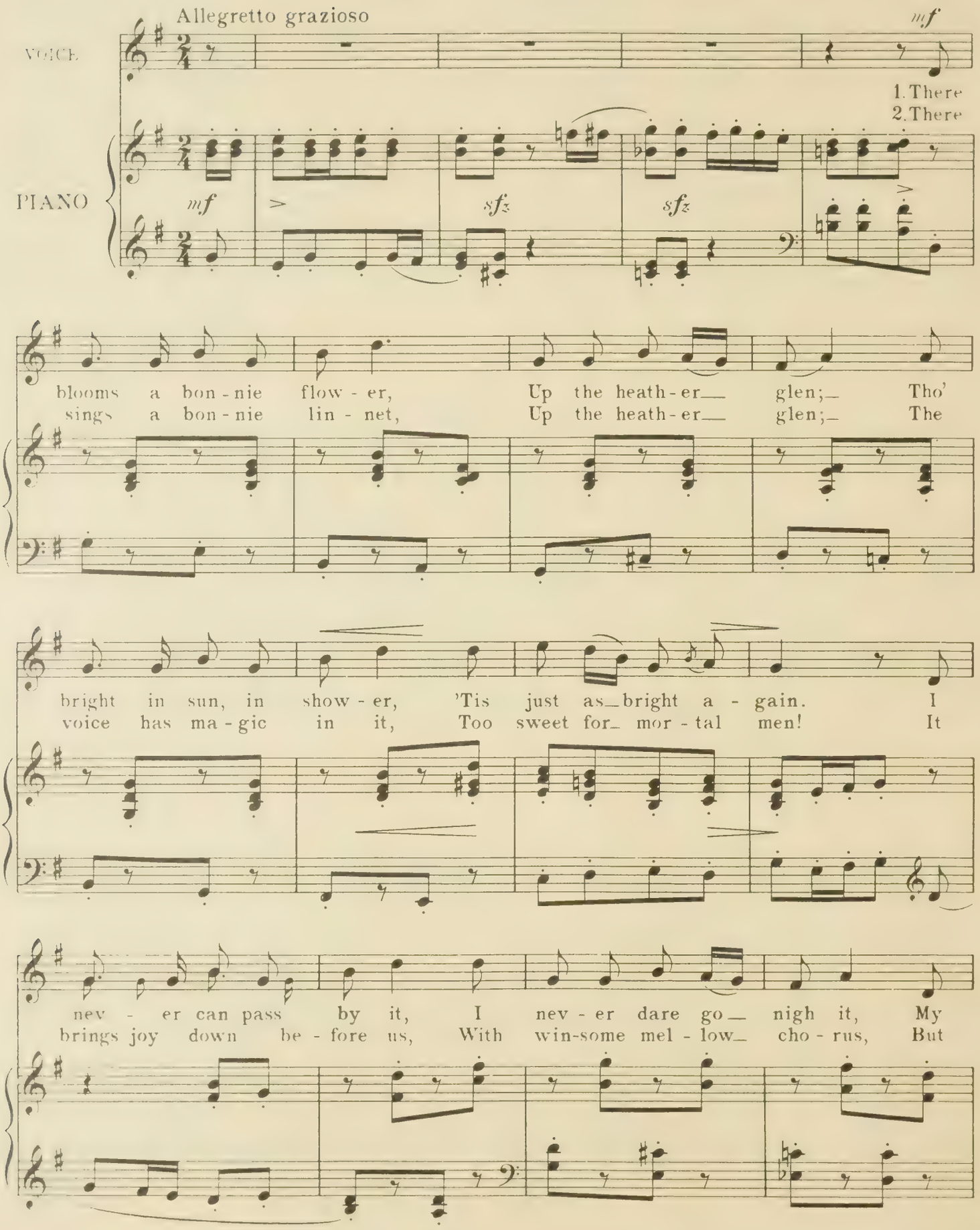

p
3. Has
4. If
mf
poco rit.
Hope, like the bird in the sto - - ry, That flit - ted from tree to
thus the sweet hours have fleet - - ed, When sor - row her-self look'd
a tempo
p
tree, With the tal - is-man's glit - t'ring glo - - ry, Has
bright; If thus the fond hope has cheat - - ed, That


cresc.
Hope been that bird to thee? On branch aft-er branch a -
led thee a - long so light, If thus the un - kind world
L.H.
cresc.
dim.
light - - ing, The gem did she still dis - play, And when
with - - er Each feel-ing that once was dear, Come,
dim.
rit.
near - est and most in - vit - ing, Then waft the fair gem a - way.
child of mis-for-tune! come hith - er, I'll weep with thee tear for tear.
rit.

THE HEATHER GLEN

GEORGE SIGERSON

Irish Air
"The brown little Mallet"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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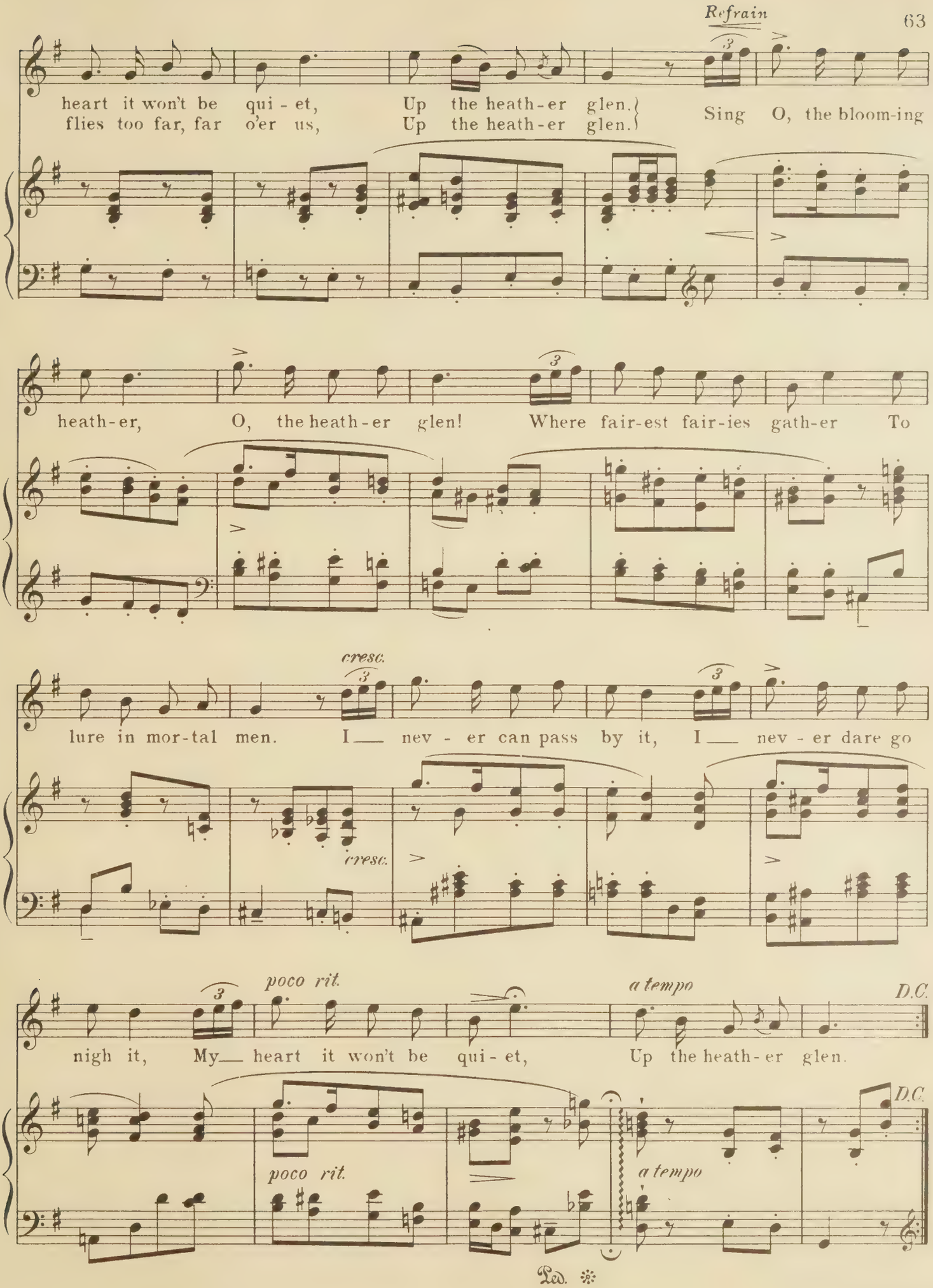
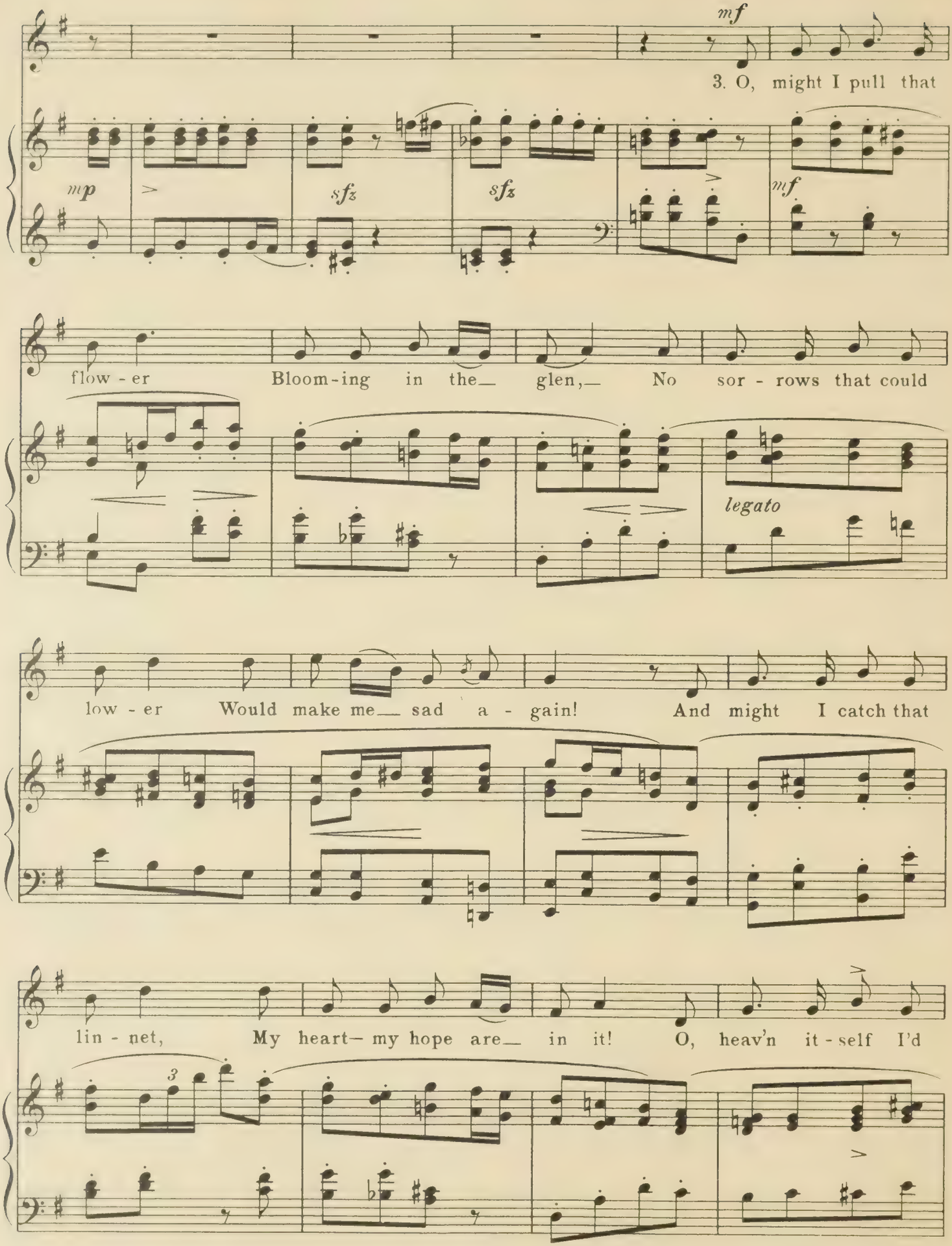
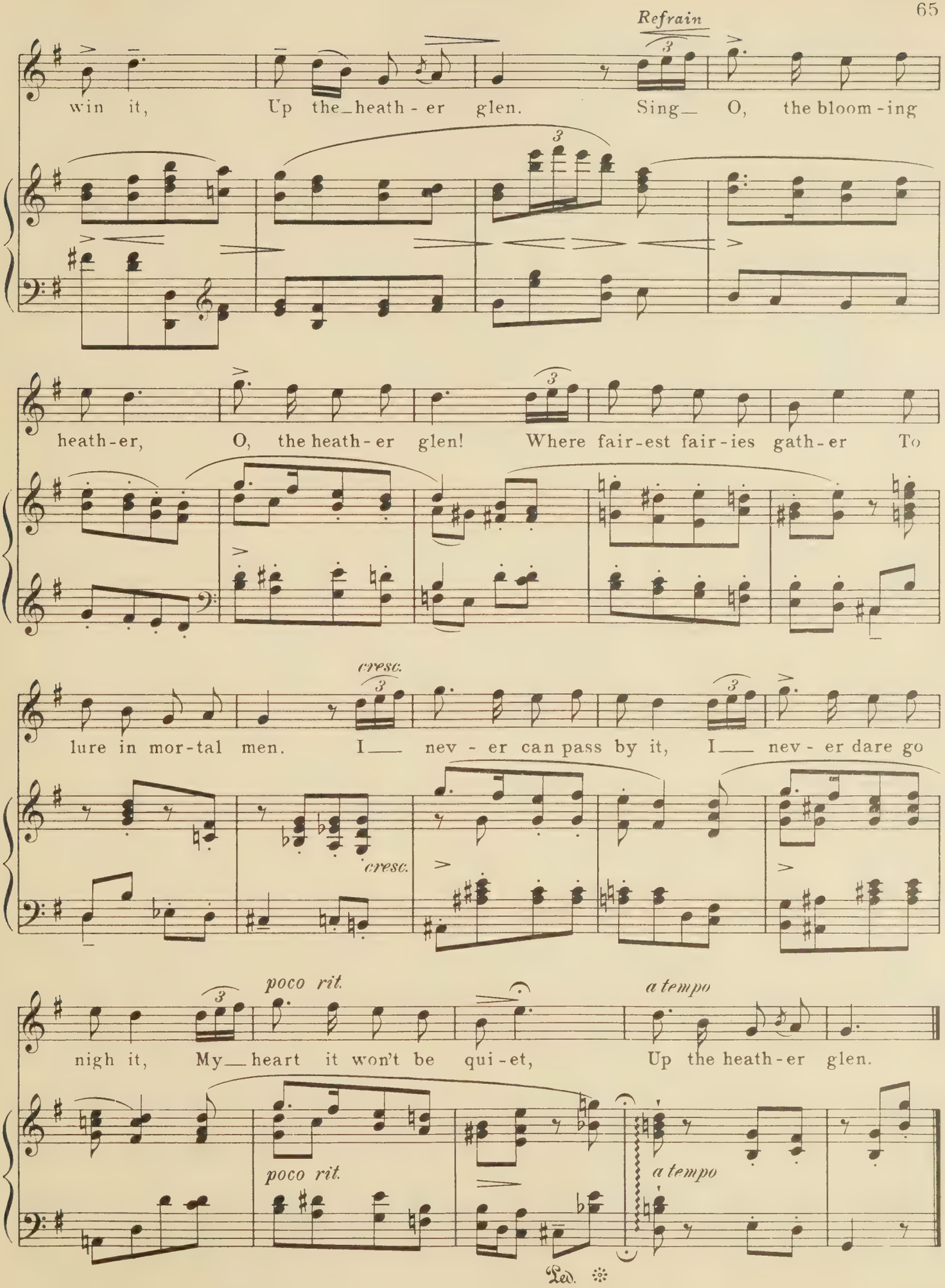

Refrain
heart it won't be qui - et, Up the heath - er glen.
flies too far, far o'er us, Up the heath - er glen.
Sing O, the bloom-ing
heath-er, O, the heath - er glen! Where fair-est fair-ies gath-er To
cresc.
lure in mor-tal men. I___ nev - er can pass by it, I___ nev - er dare go
cresc.
poco rit.
a tempo
D.C.
nigh it, My___ heart it won't be qui - et, Up the heath - er glen.
poco rit.
a tempo
D.C.
Ped.

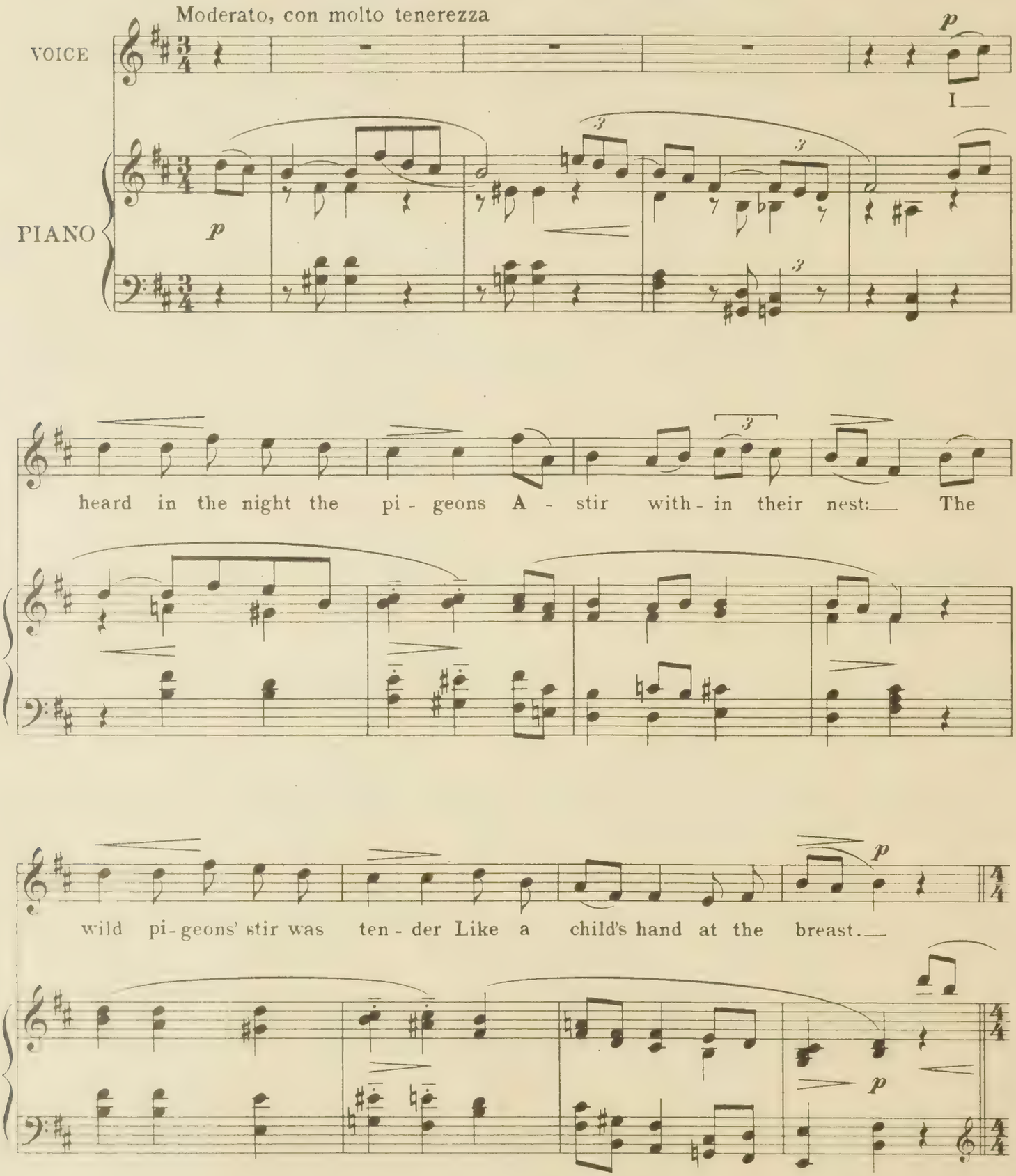

mf
3. O, might I pull that
mp
sfz
sfz
mf
flow - er Bloom - ing in the glen, No sor - rows that could
legato
low - er Would make me sad a - gain! And might I catch that
lin - net, My heart— my hope are in it! O, heav'n it - self I'd
3


Refrain
win it, Up the_heath - er glen. Sing_ O, the bloom - ing
heath-er, O, the heath - er glen! Where fair-est fair-ies gath - er To
cresc.
lure in mor-tal men. I___ nev - er can pass by it, I___ nev - er dare go
cresc.
poco rit.
a tempo
nigh it, My__heart it won't be qui-et, Up the heath-er glen.
poco rit.
a tempo
Ped.

I HEARD IN THE NIGHT THE PIGEONS

PADRAIC COLUM

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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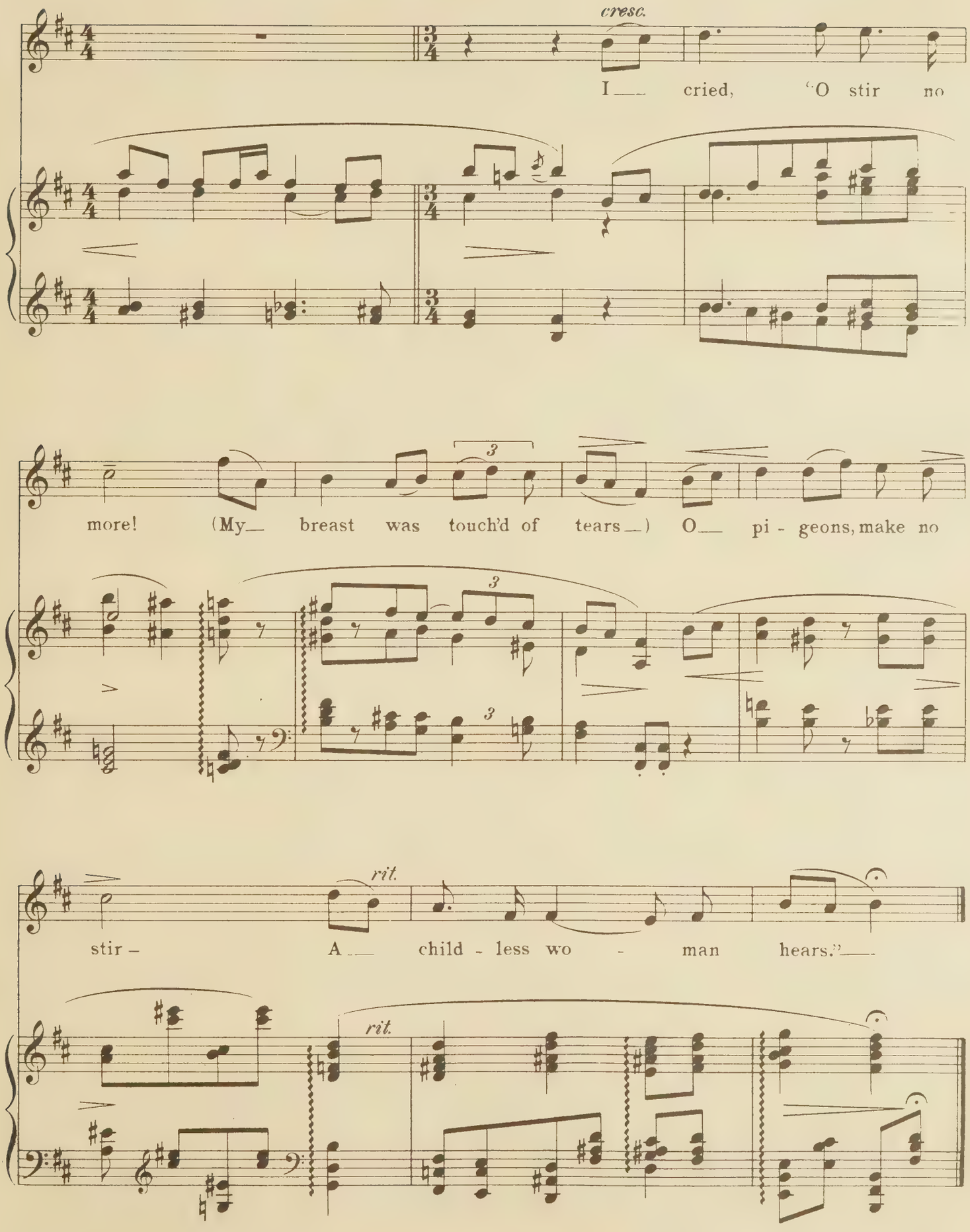
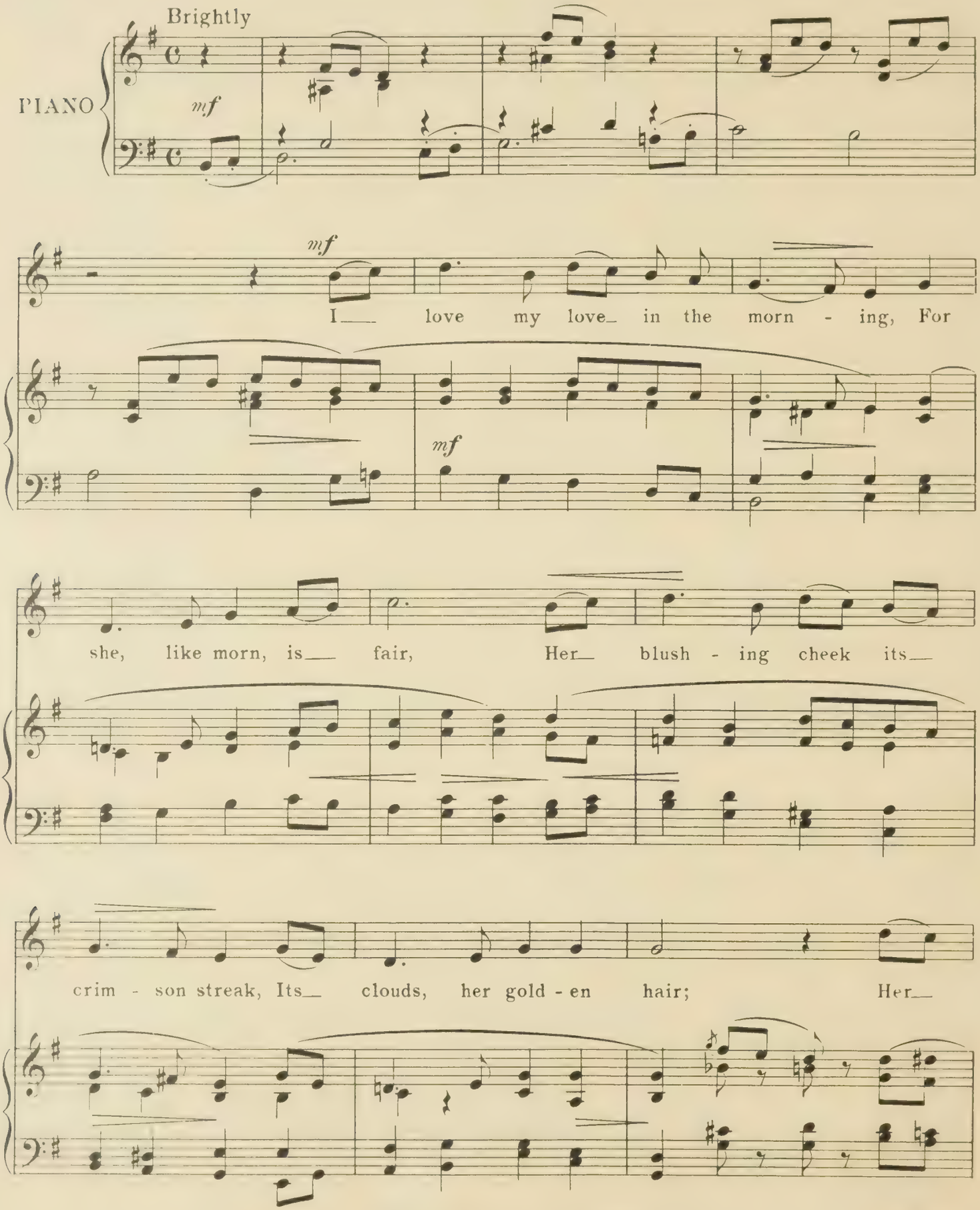

cresc.
I cried, "O stir no
more! (My breast was touch'd of tears) O pi - geons, make no
rit.
stir - A child - less wo - man hears."
rit.

I LOVE MY LOVE IN THE MORNING

GERALD GRIFFIN

Irish Air: "The Mountains High"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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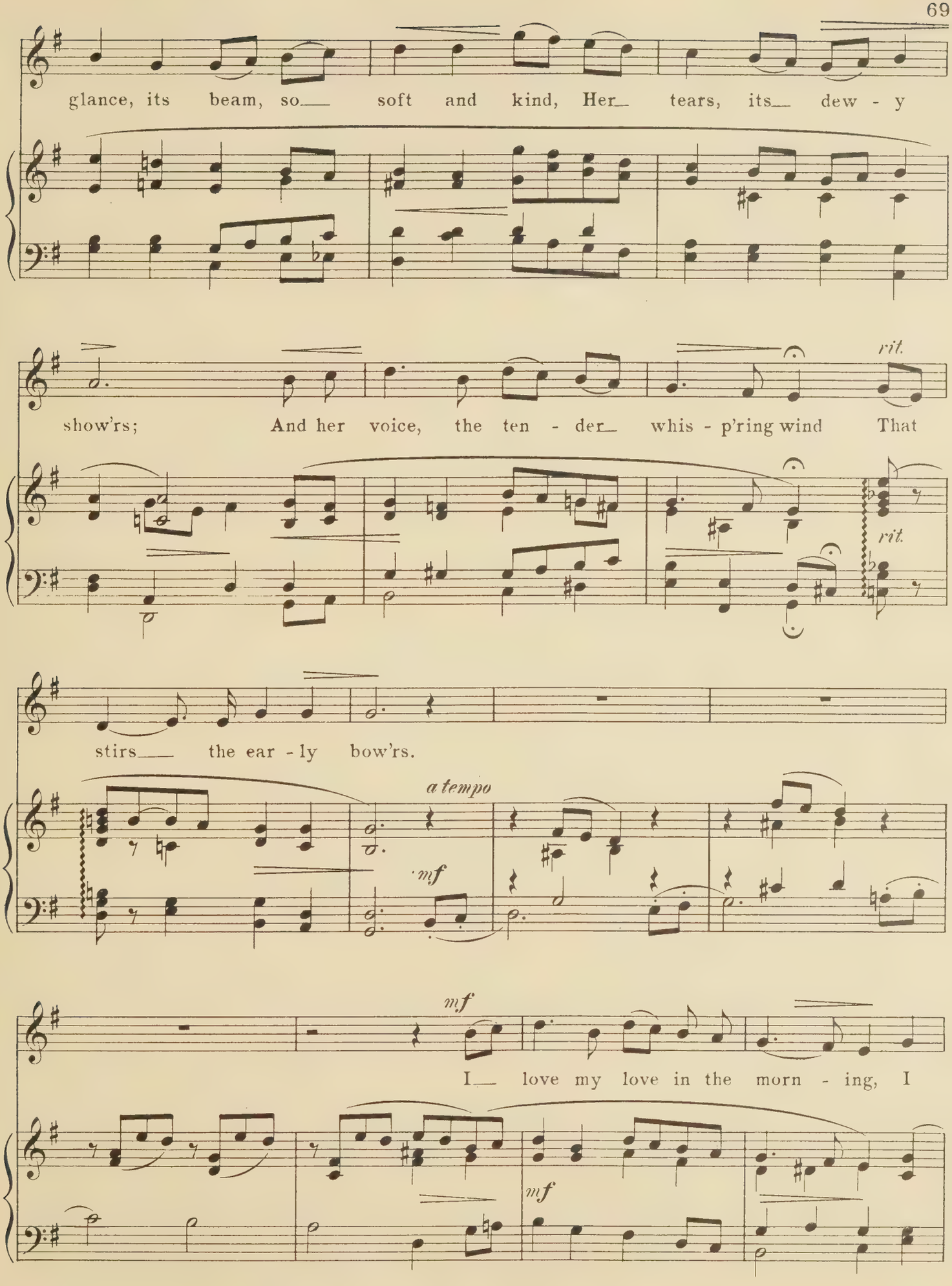
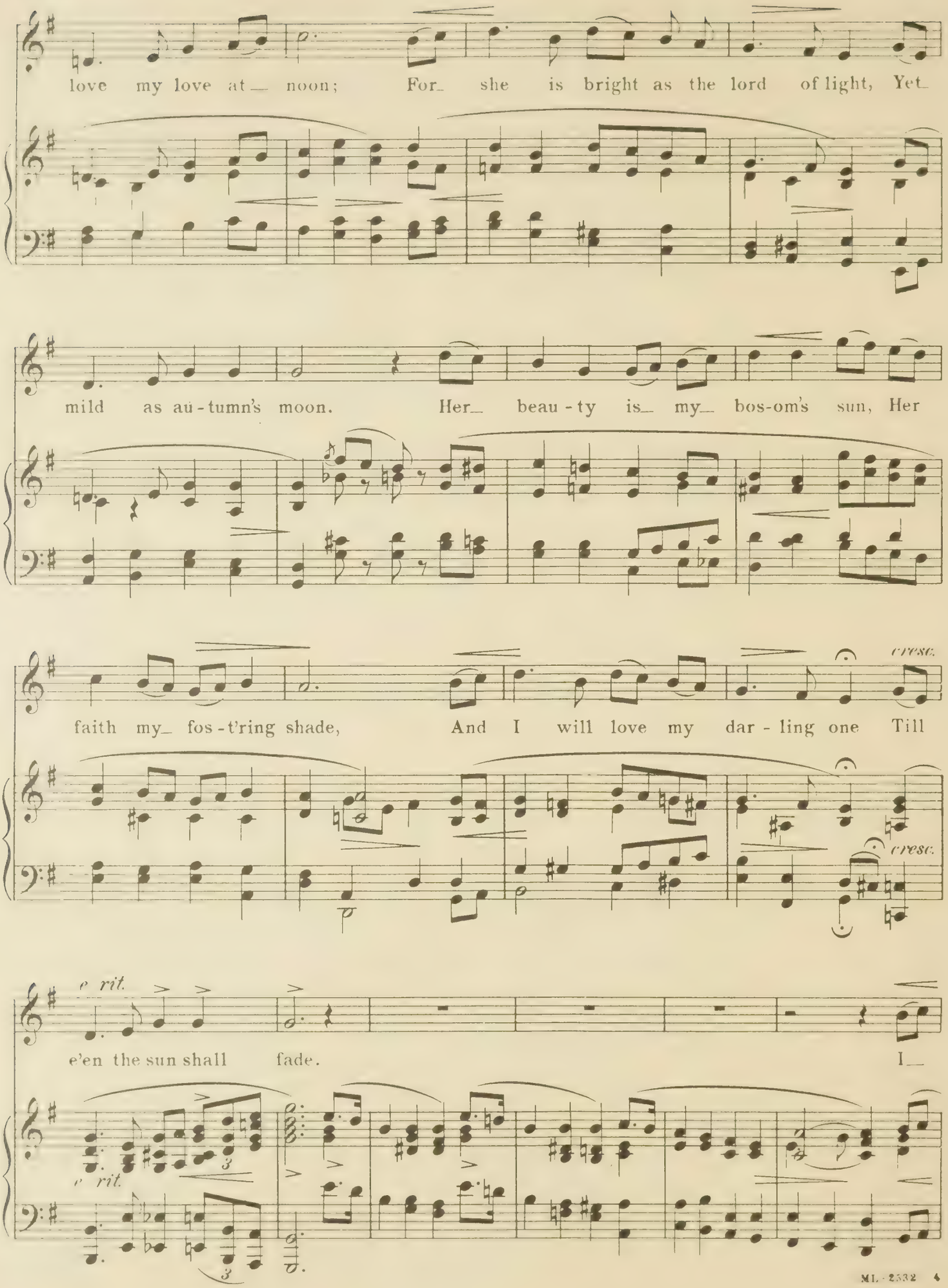
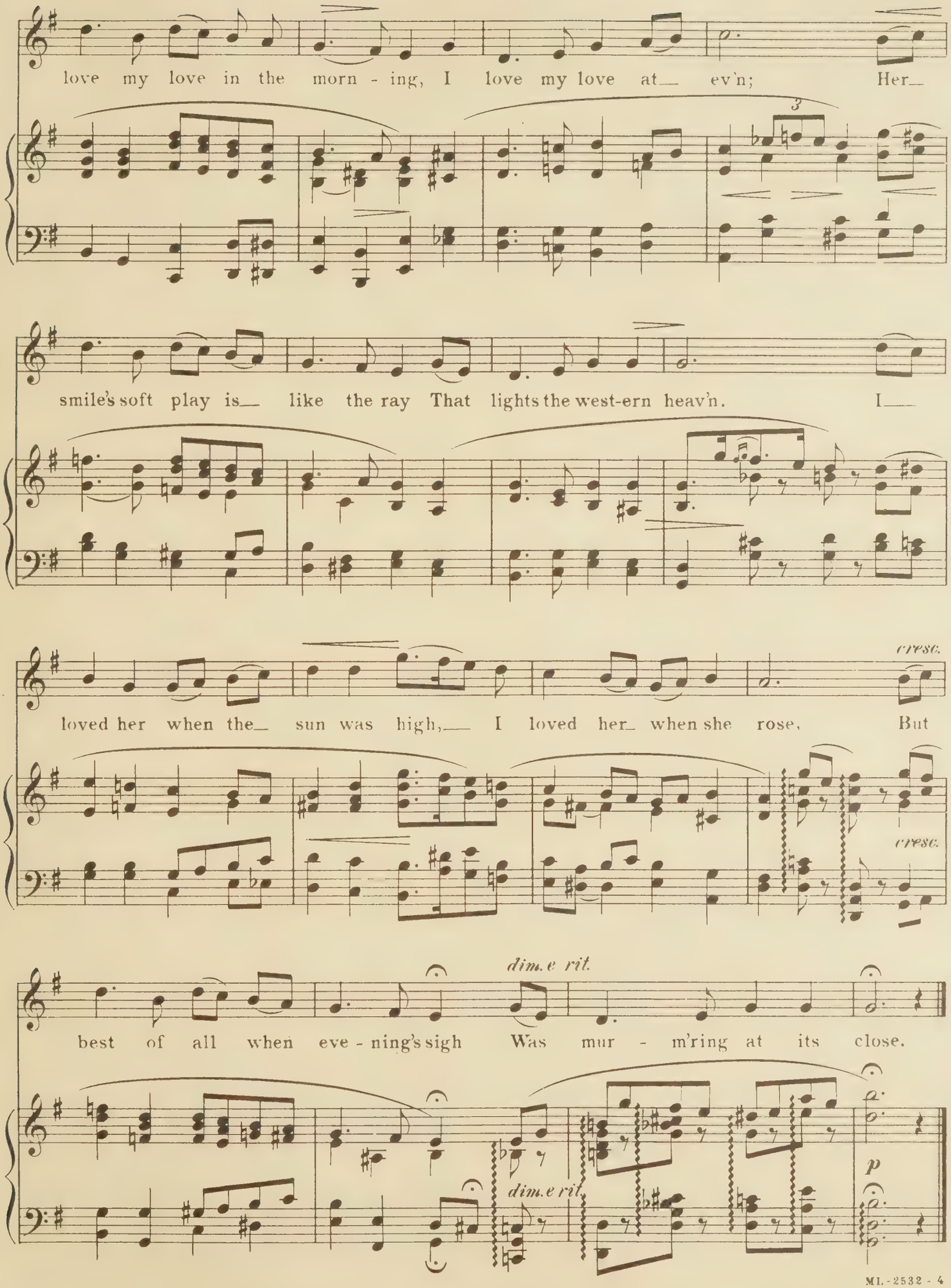

glance, its beam, so soft and kind, Her tears, its dew - y
show'rs; And her voice, the ten - der whis - p'ring wind That
rit.
rit.
stirs the ear - ly bow'rs.
a tempo
mf
mf
I love my love in the morn - ing, I
mf

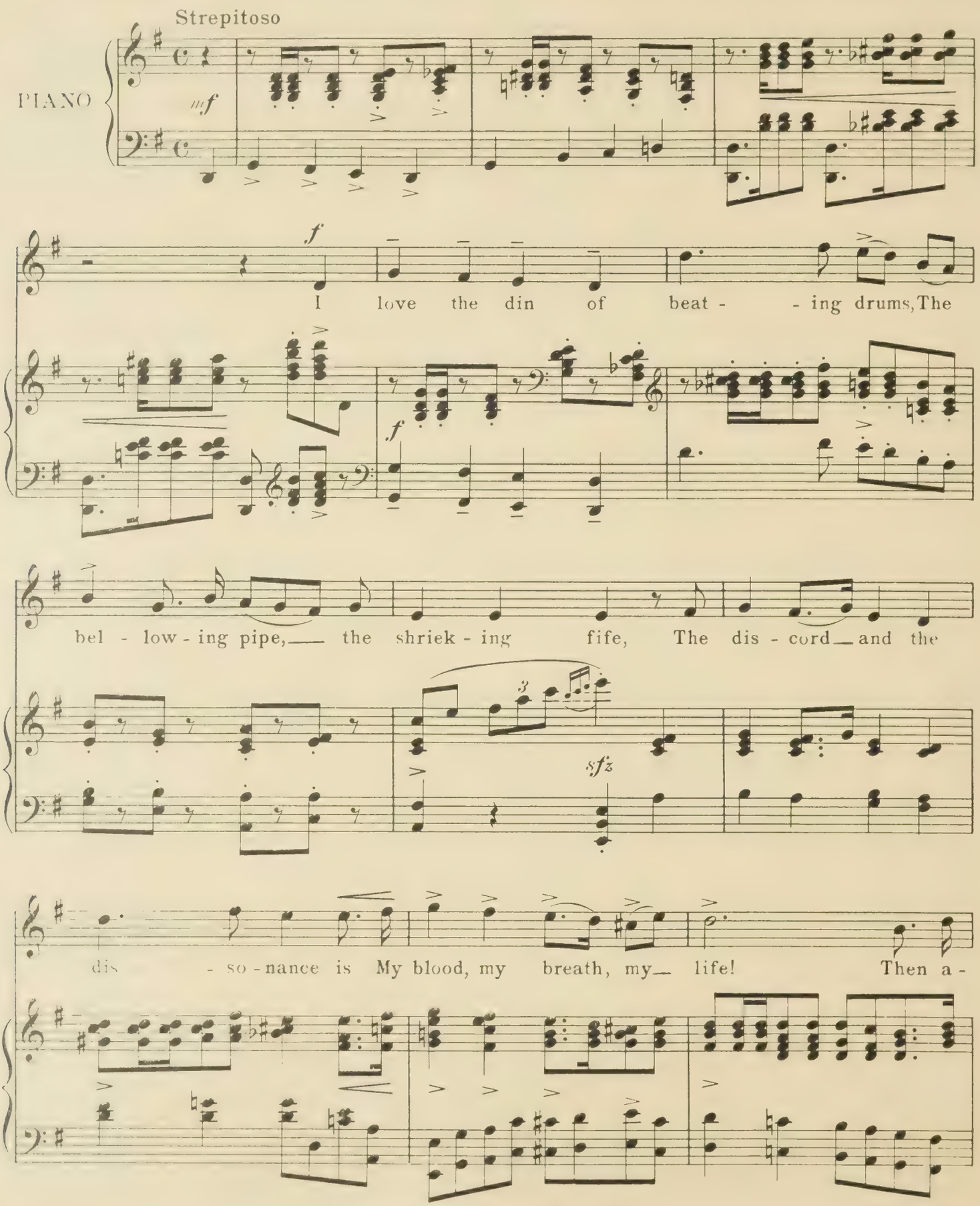

love my love at noon; For she is bright as the lord of light, Yet
mild as au-tumn's moon. Her beau-ty is my bos-om's sun, Her
faith my fos-t'ring shade, And I will love my dar-ling one Till
CRESC.
CRESC.
e'en the sun shall fade. I
e rit.
e rit.


love my love in the morn - ing, I love my love at_ ev'n; Her_
smile's soft play is_ like the ray That lights the west-ern heav'n. I_
cresc.
loved her when the_ sun was high,_ I loved her_ when she rose, But
cresc.
dim.e rit.
best of all when eve - ning's sigh Was mur - m'ring at its close.
dim.e rit.
p

I LOVE THE DIN OF BEATING DRUMS

SEOSAMH Mac CATHMHAOIL
(Joseph Campbell)

Limerick Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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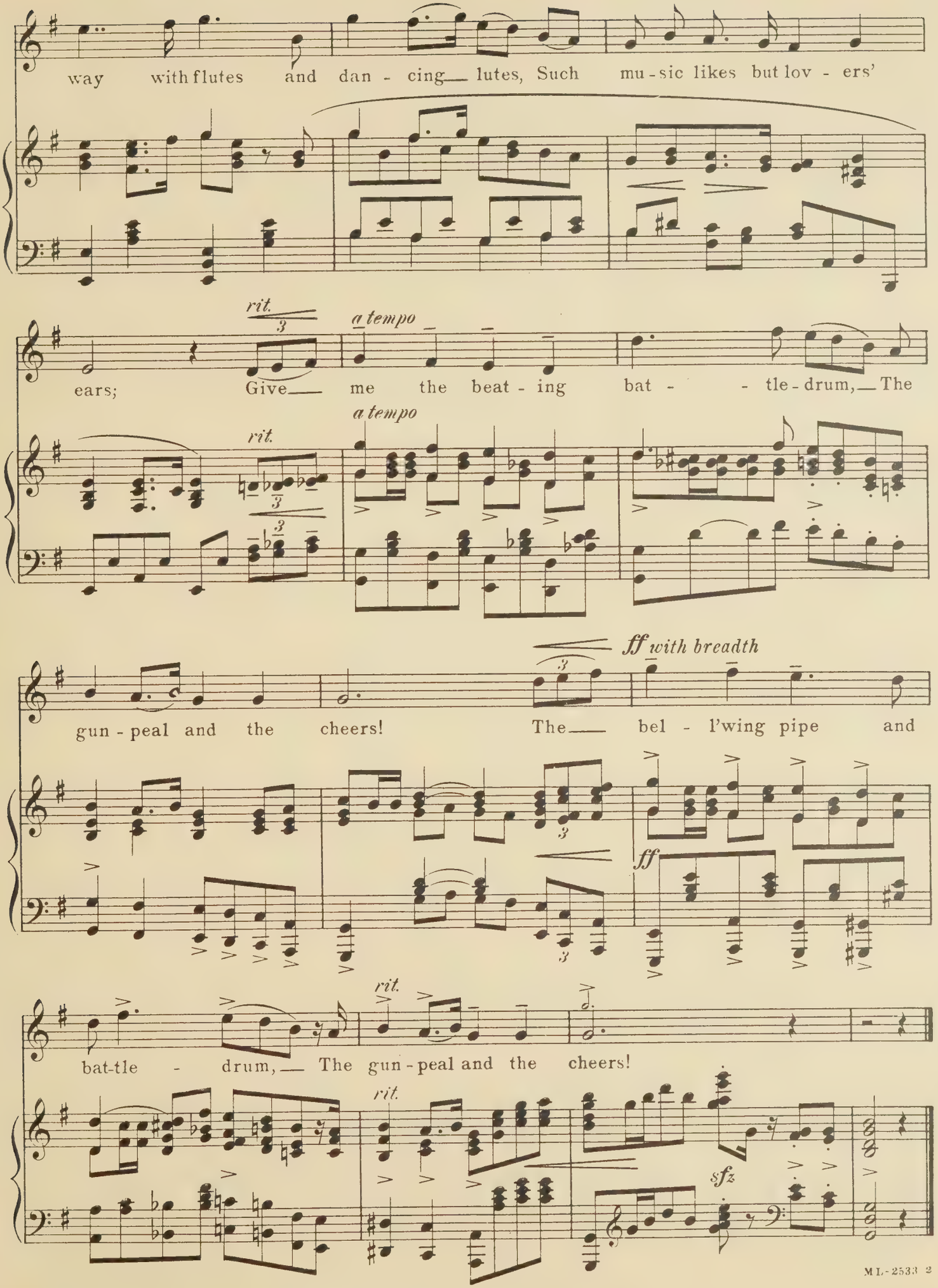
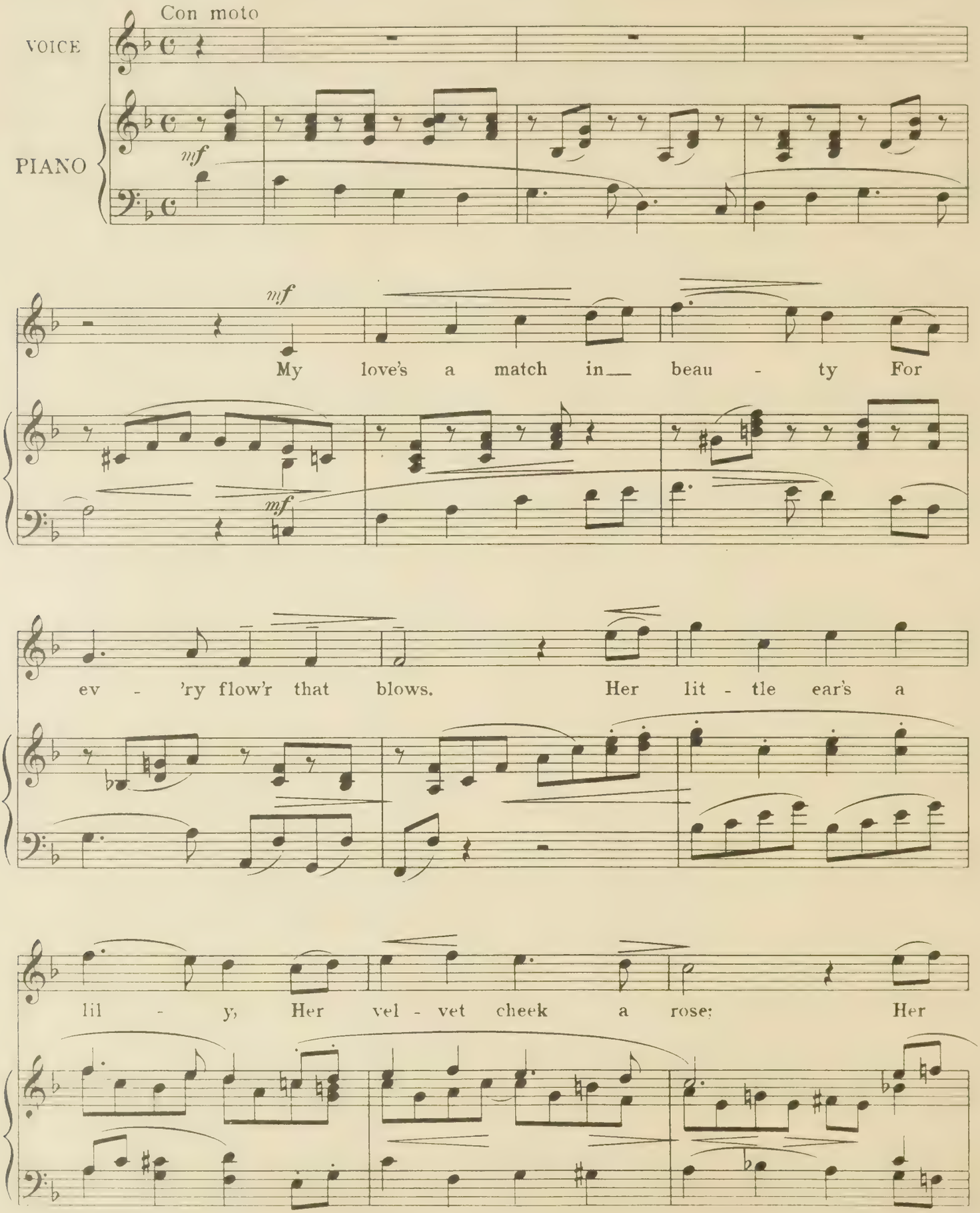

way with flutes and dan - cing lutes, Such mu - sic likes but lov - ers'
rit.
a tempo
ears; Give me the beat - ing bat - - tle - drum, The
a tempo
rit.
ff with breadth
gun - peal and the cheers! The bel - l'wing pipe and
ff
rit.
bat-tle - drum, The gun - peal and the cheers!
rit.
sfz

IF I WERE KING OF IRELAND

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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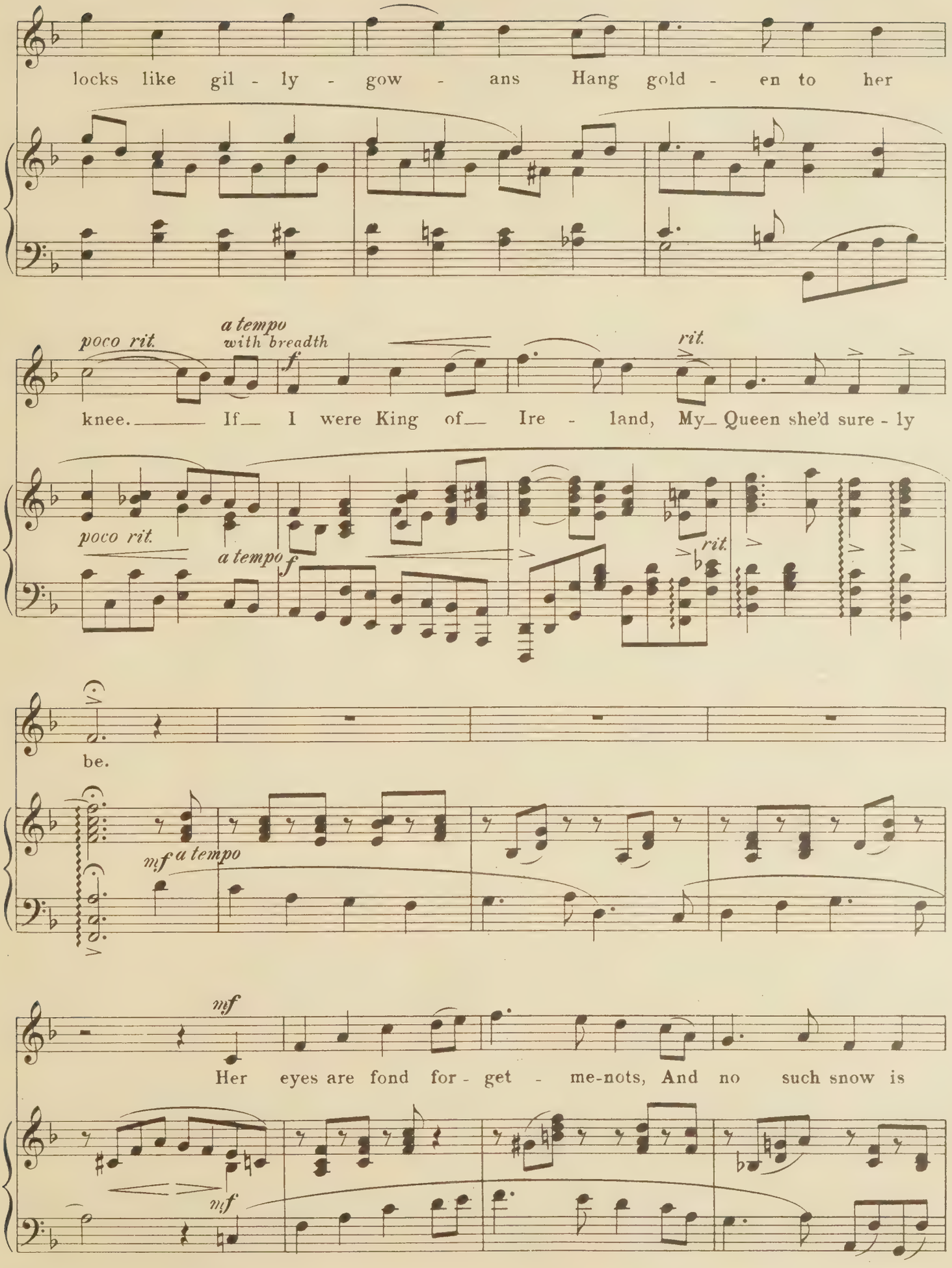
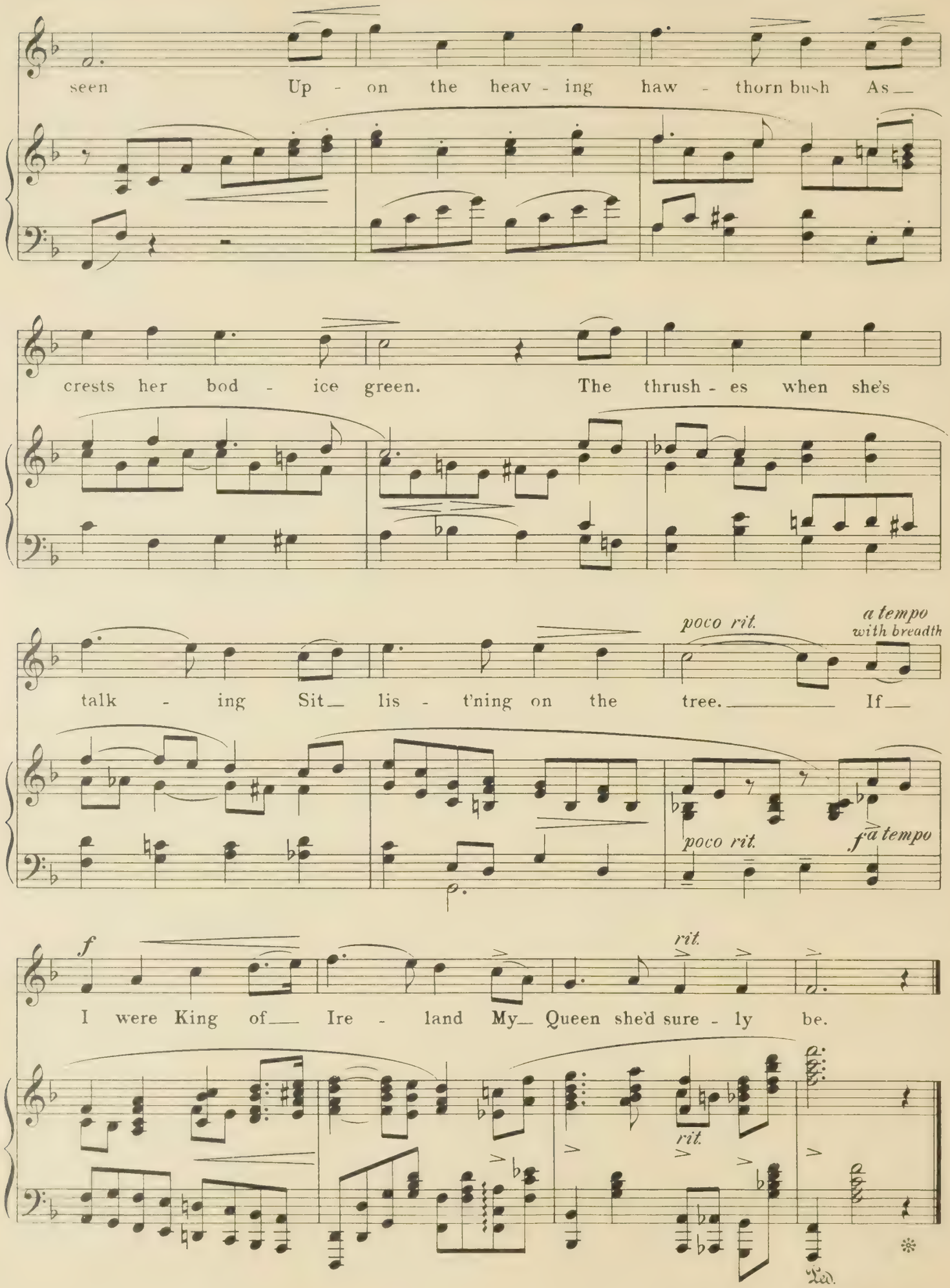
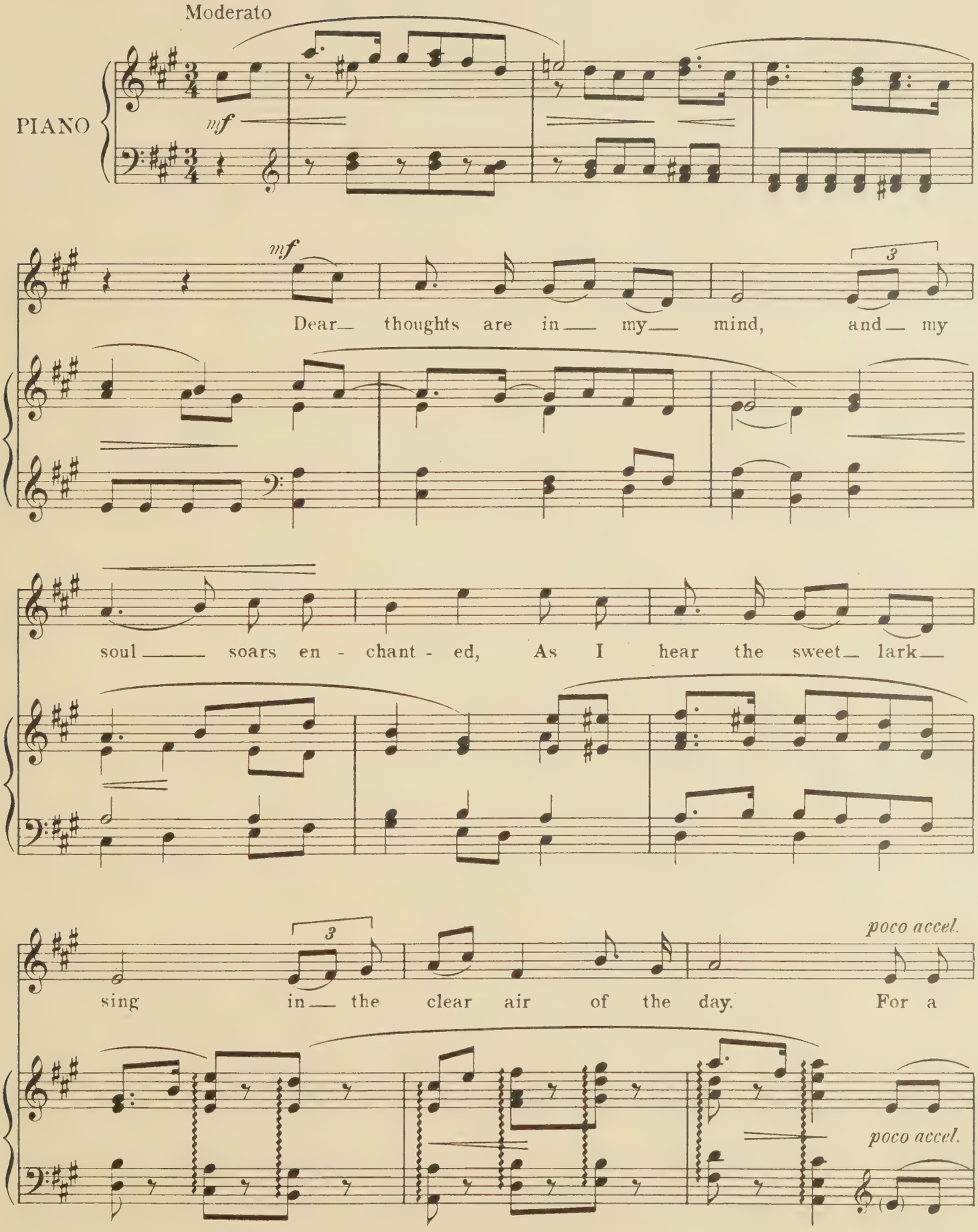

locks like gil - ly - gow - ans Hang gold - en to her
poco rit.
a tempo with breadth
f
rit.
knee. If I were King of Ire - land, My Queen she'd sure - ly
poco rit.
a tempo
f
rit.
be.
mf a tempo
mf
Her eyes are fond for - get - me-nots, And no such snow is
mf


seen Up - on the heav - ing haw - thorn bush As__
crests her bod - ice green. The thrush - es when she's
talk - ing Sit__ lis - t'ning on the tree. If__
poco rit.
a tempo
with breadth
poco rit.
f a tempo
f
I were King of__ Ire - land My__ Queen she'd sure - ly be.
rit.
rit.
Led.

THE LARK IN CLEAR AIR

Sir SAMUEL FERGUSON

Irish Air: "Kathleen Nowlan"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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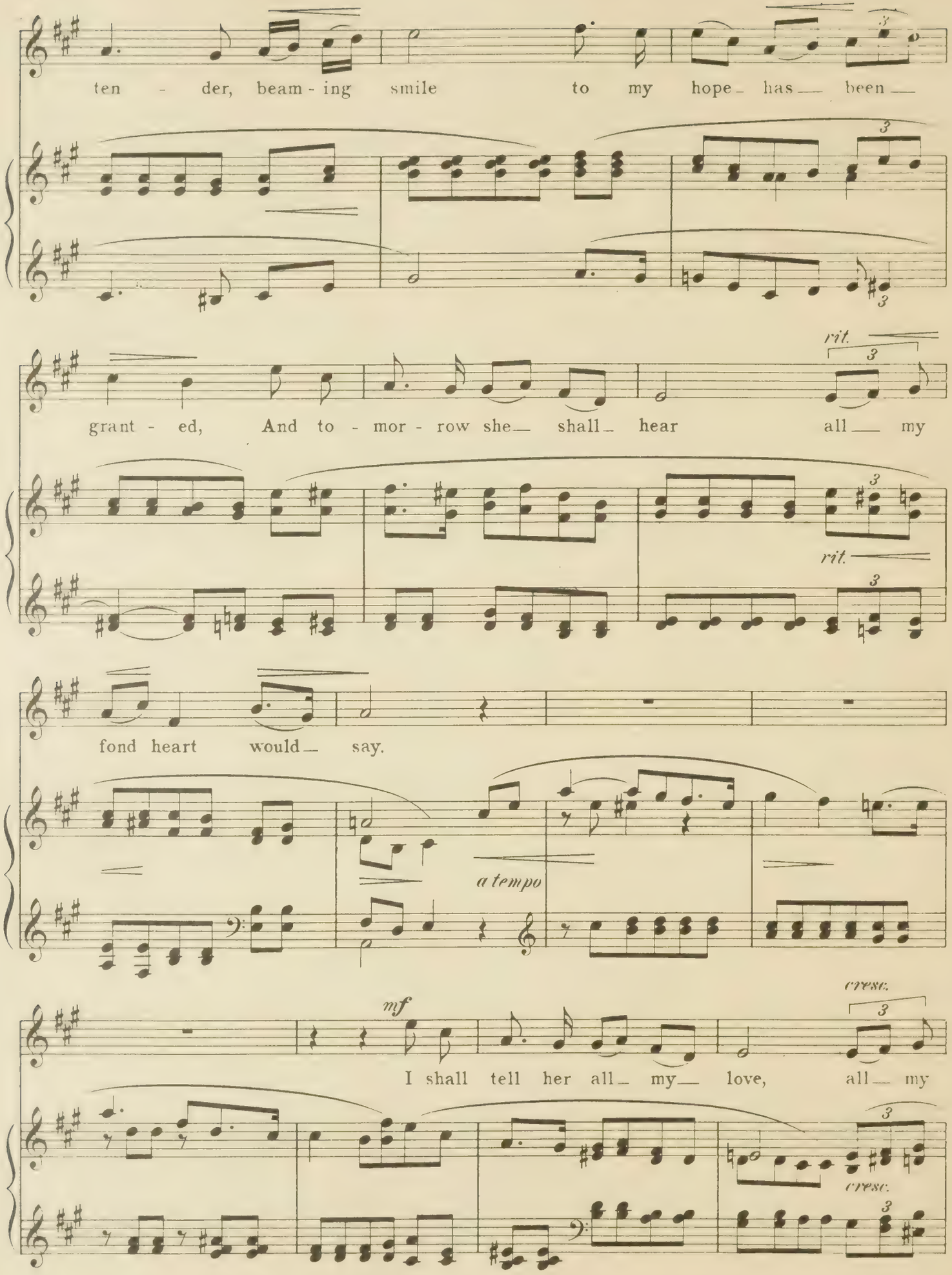
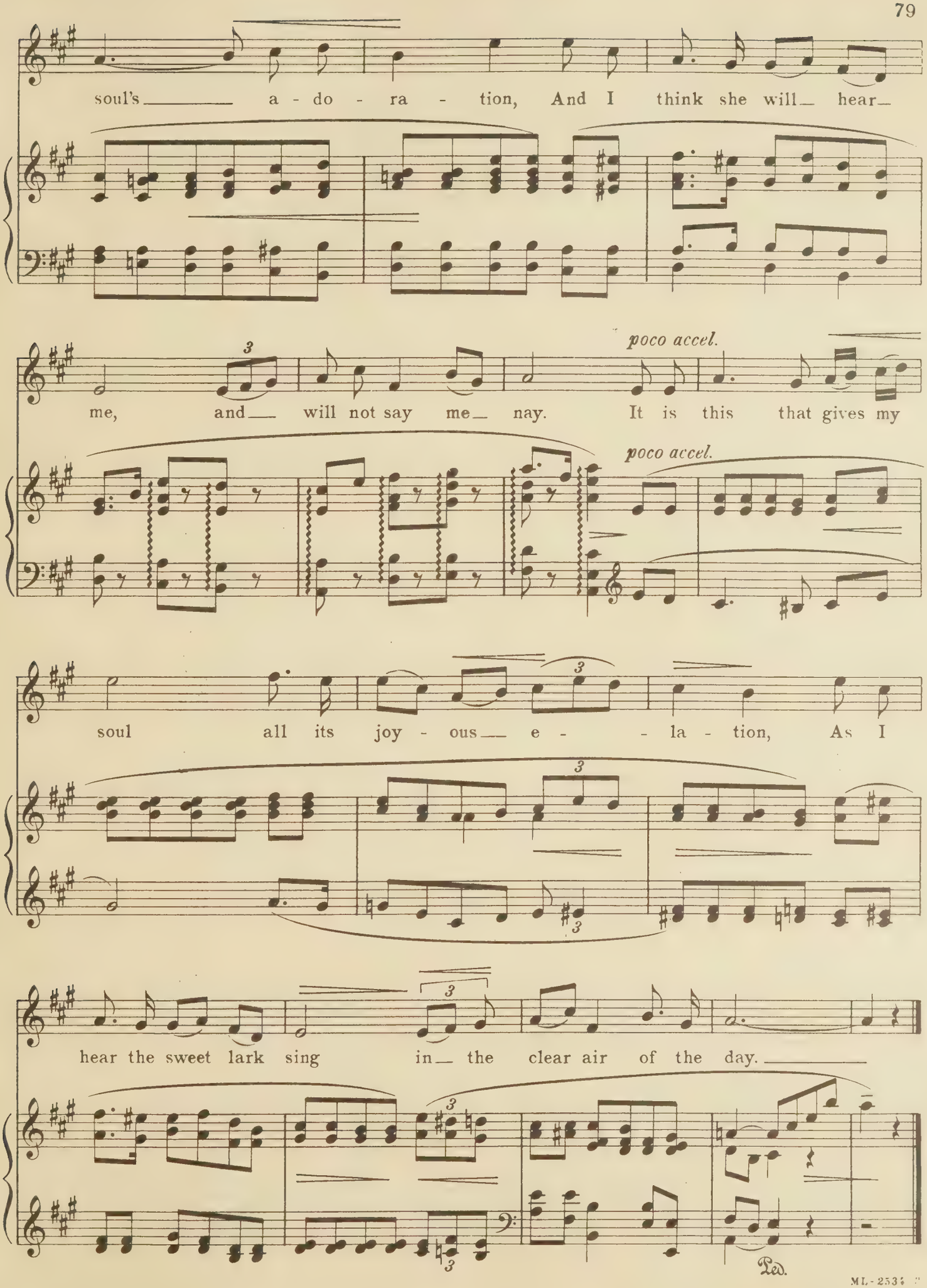

ten - der, beam - ing smile to my hope has been
grant - ed, And to - mor - row she shall hear all my
rit.
rit.
fond heart would say.
a tempo
mf
I shall tell her all my love, all my
cresc.
cresc.


soul's a - do - ra - tion, And I think she will hear
poco accel.
me, and will not say me nay. It is this that gives my
poco accel.
soul all its joy - ous e - la - tion, As I
hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.
Ped.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Air: "The Groves of Blarney"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Andante con espress.

PIANO

p

mp

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To

mp

bloom - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com -
pine on the stem; Since the love - ly are

dim.

pan - ions Are fad - ed and gone; No
sleep - ing, Go, sleep thou with them. Thus

dim.

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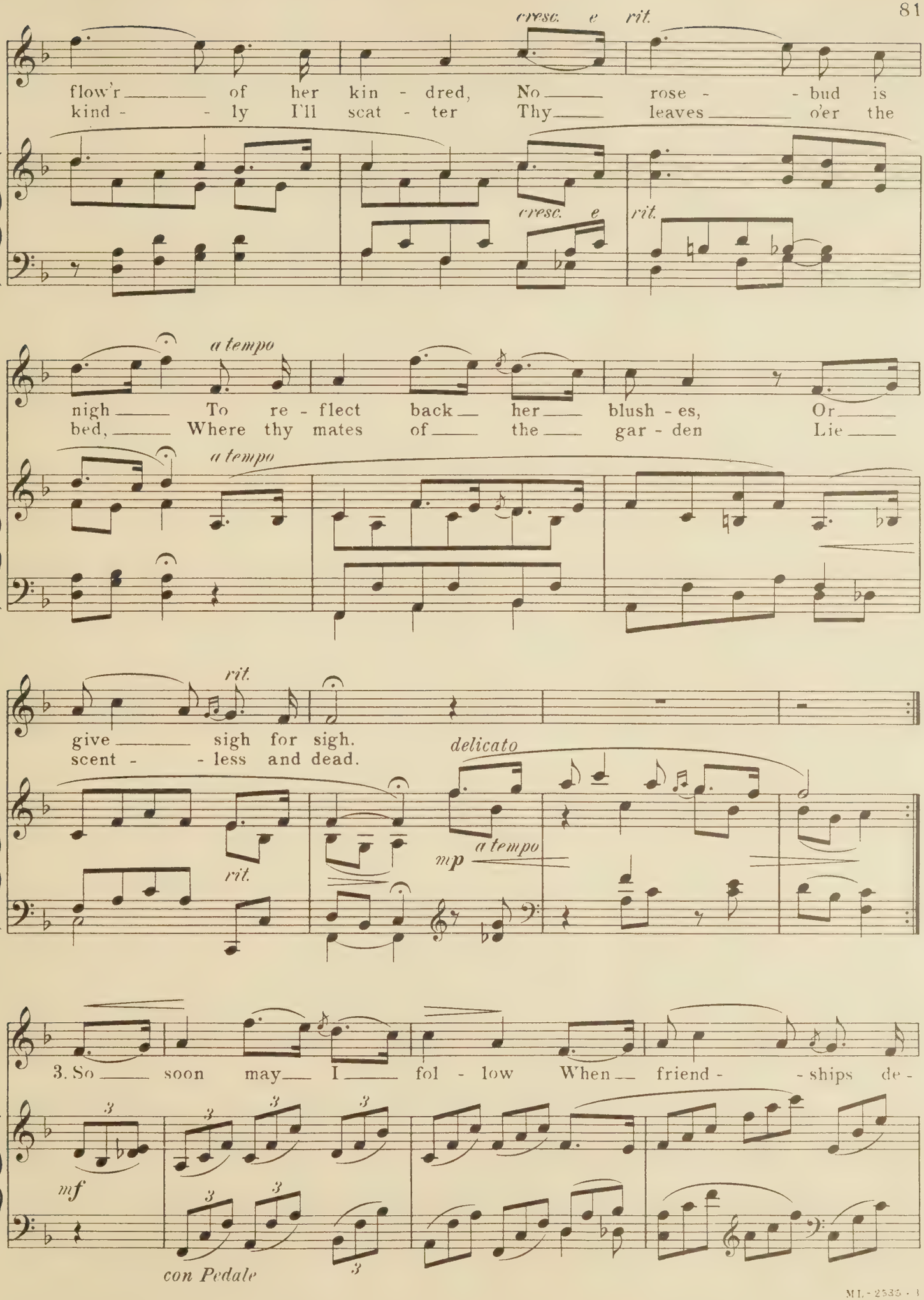
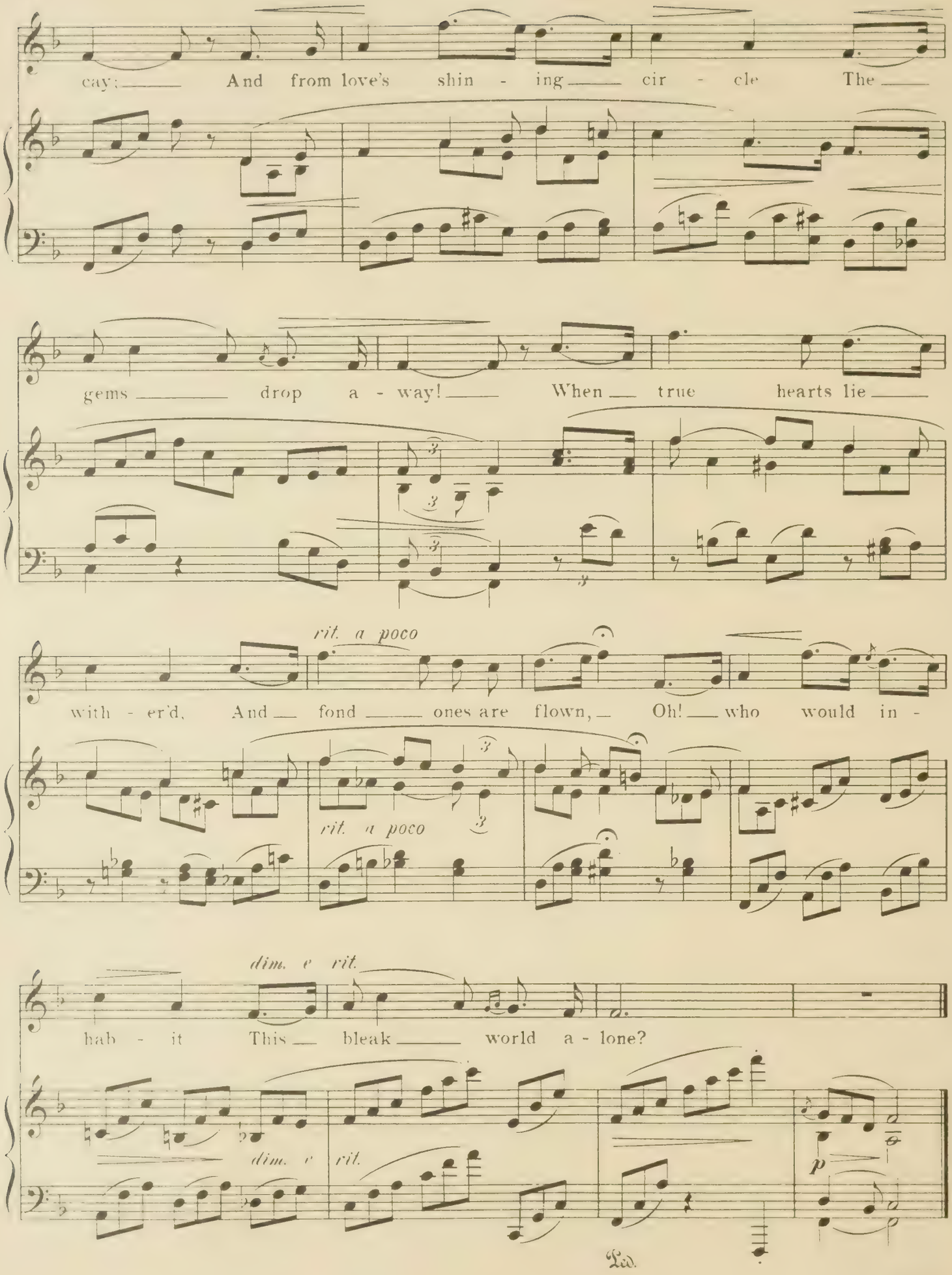
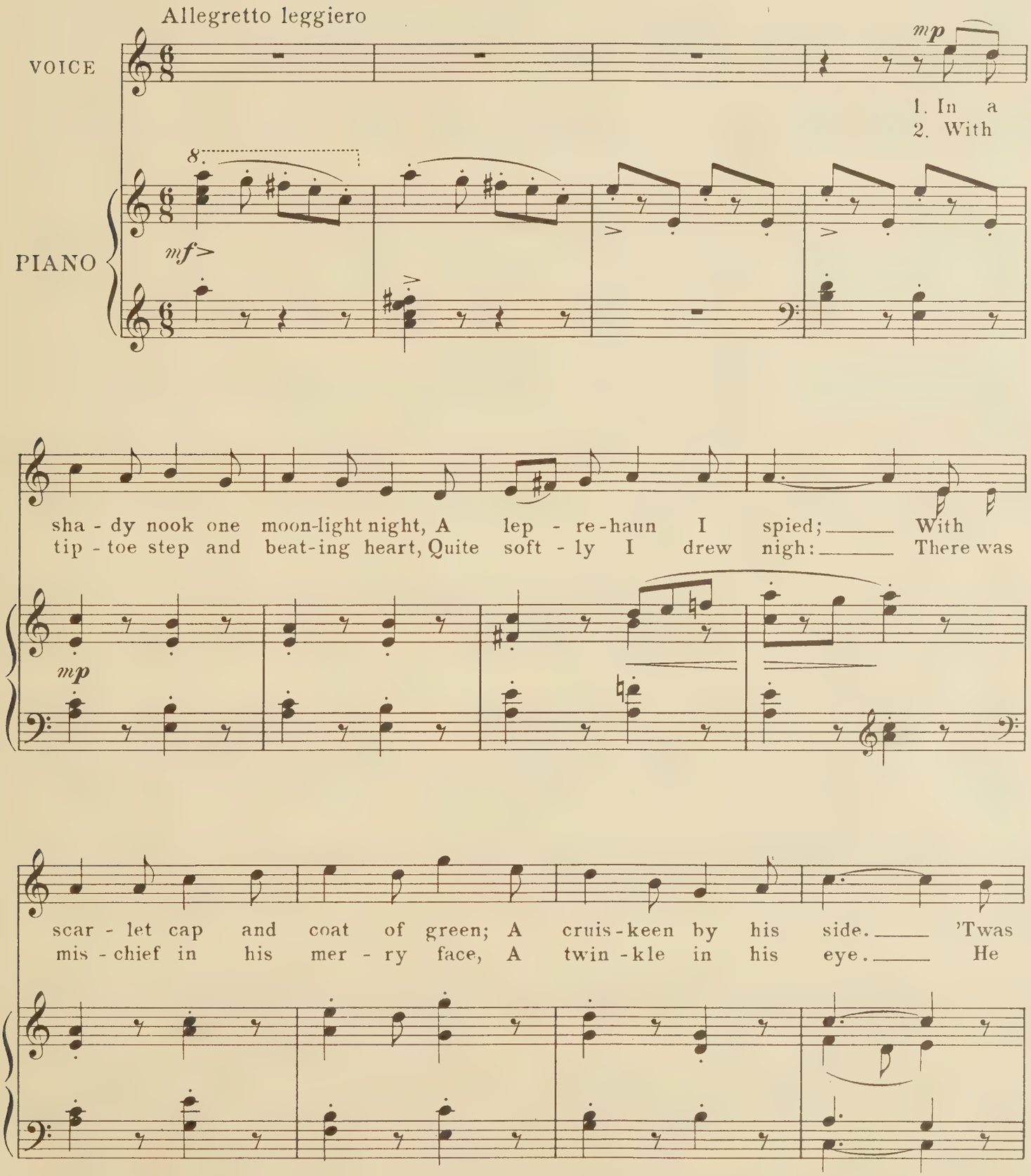

cresc. e rit.
flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is
kind - ly I'll scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the
cresc. e
rit.
a tempo
nigh To re - flect back her blush - es, Or
bed, Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie
a tempo
rit.
give sigh for sigh.
scent - less and dead.
delicato
mp
a tempo
rit.
3. So soon may I fol - low When friend - ships de -
mf
con Pedale


cay; And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The
gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie
rit. a poco
with - er'd, And fond ones are flown, Oh! who would in -
rit. a poco
dim. e rit.
hab - it This bleak world a - lone?
dim. e rit.
p
Ped.

THE LEPREHAUN

P. W. JOYCE, LL.D.

Irish Air, recorded by Dr. P. W. Joyce
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



Leprehaun: A weeny and roguish fairy full of merry tricks, hard to catch and harder to hold. If caught he will show you where treasure is hid or give you a purse of gold, but if you take your eyes off him he's gone in an instant.

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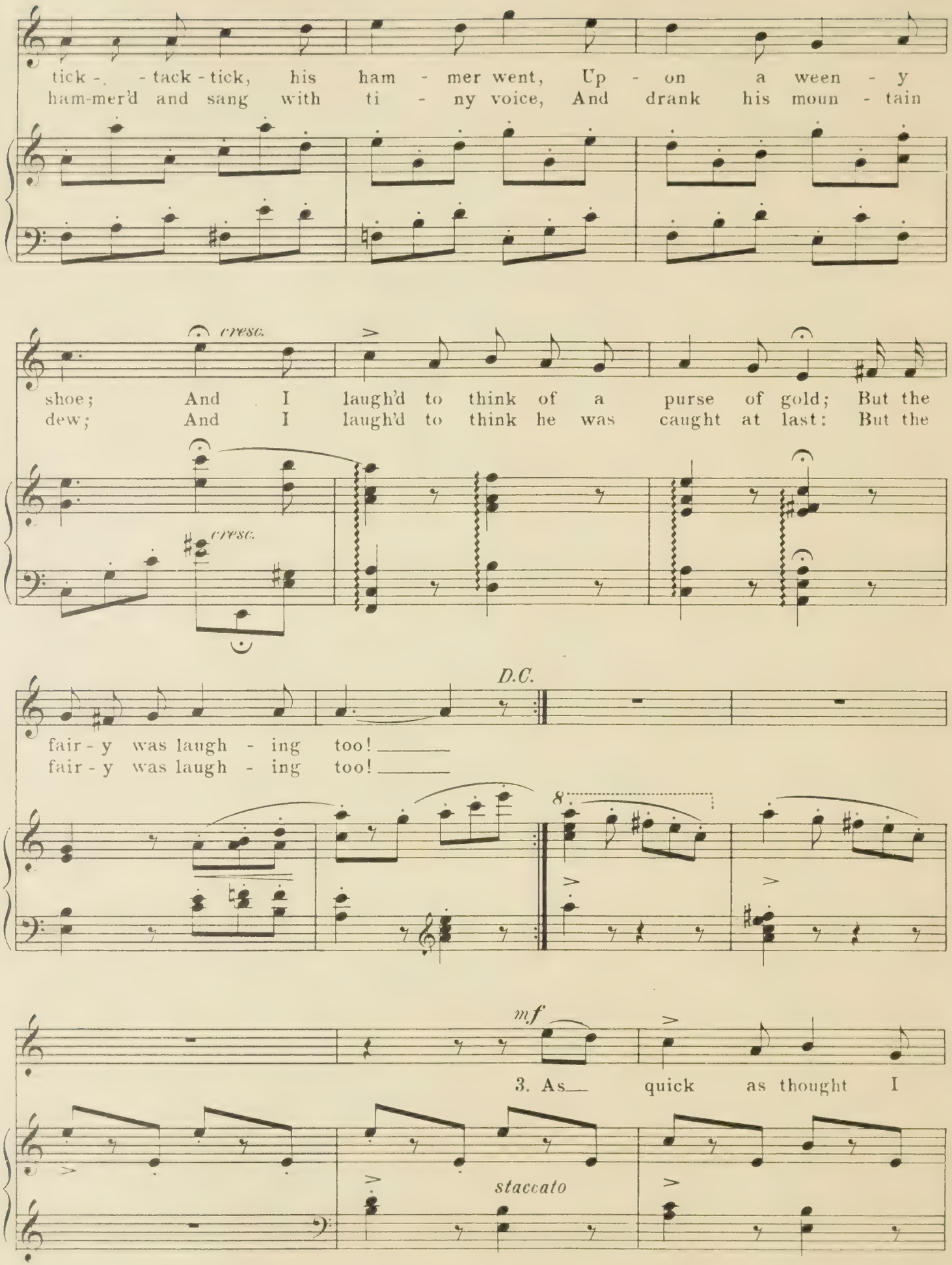
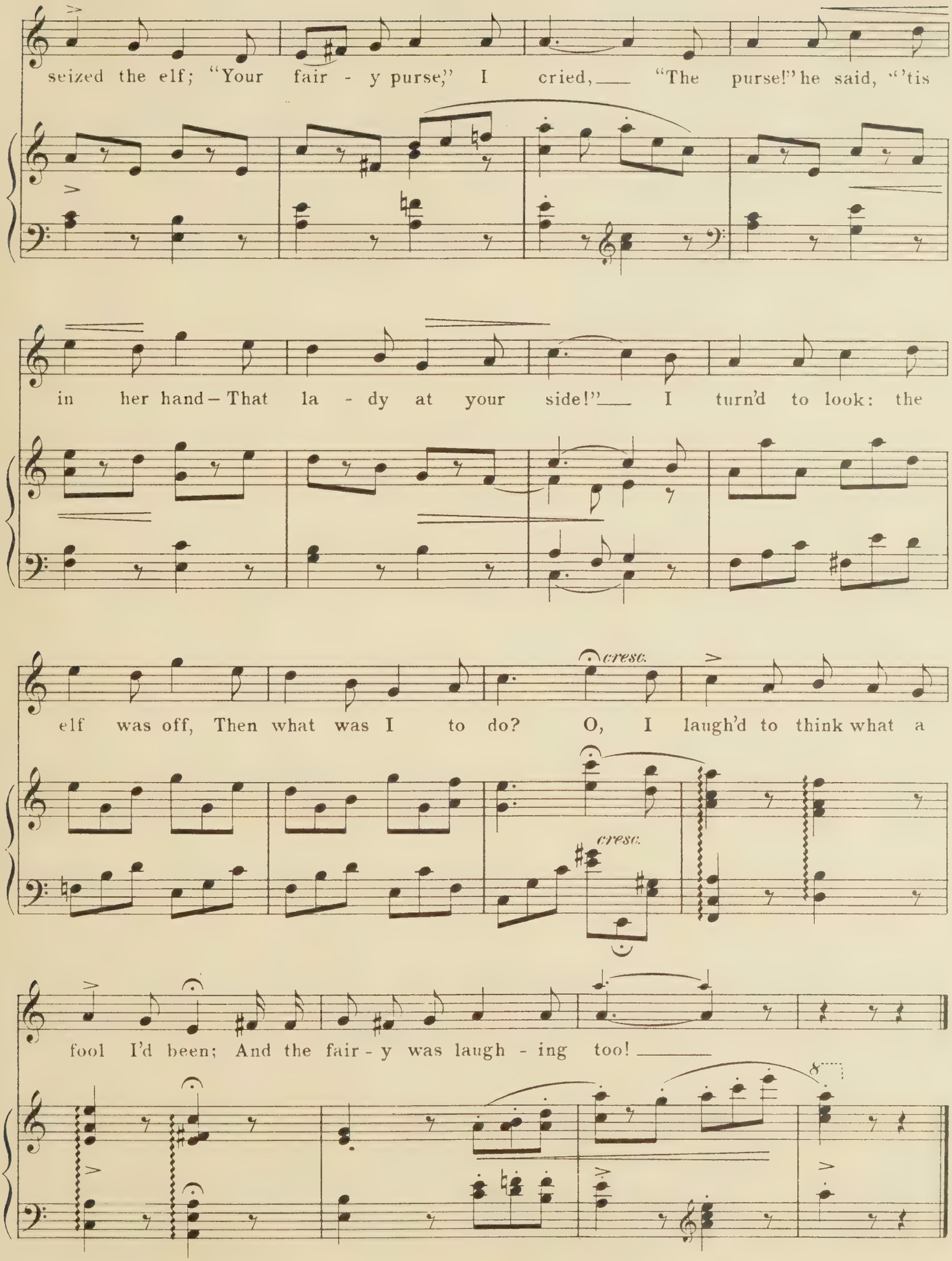
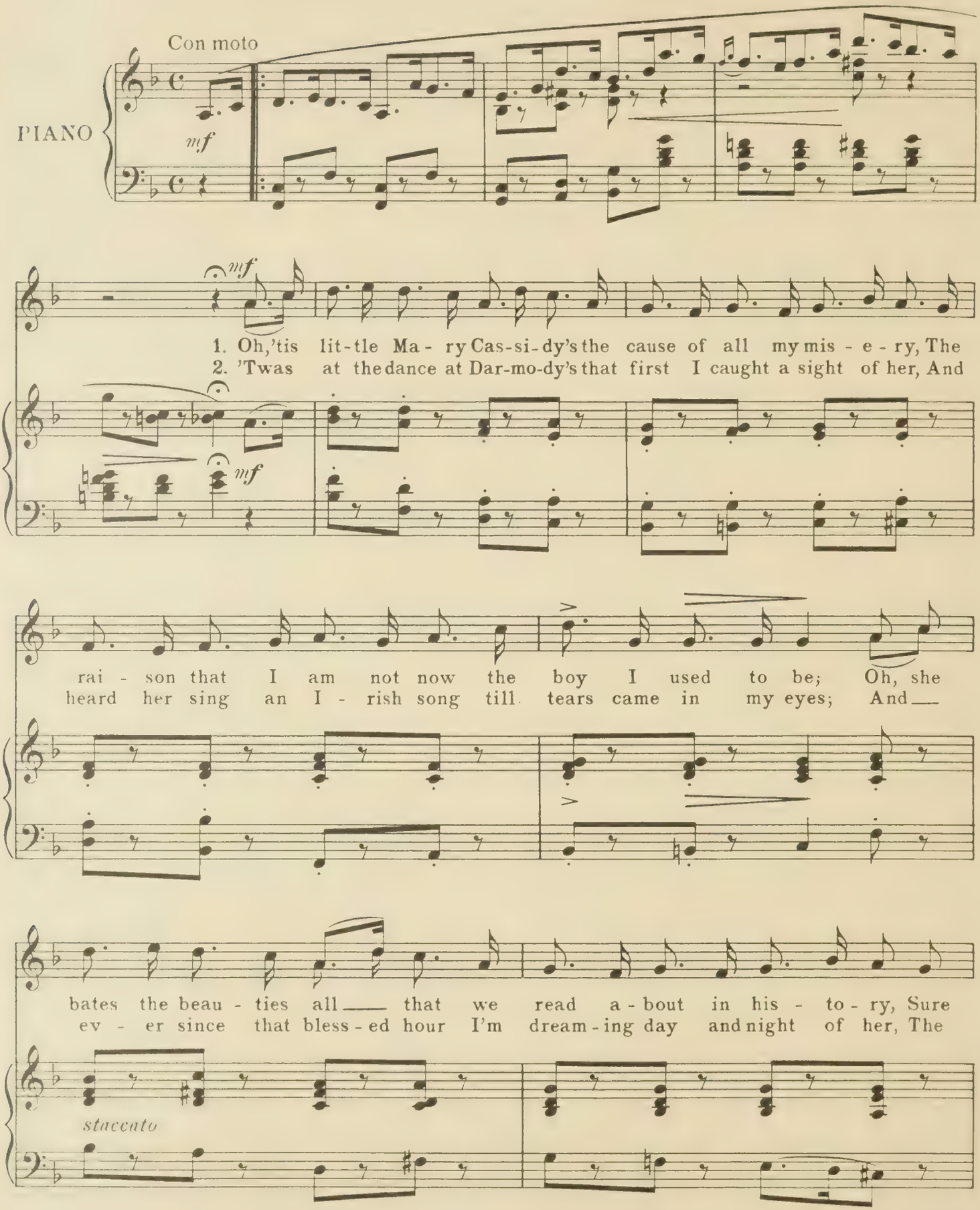

tick - - tack - tick, his ham - mer went, Up - on a ween - y
ham-mer'd and sang with ti - ny voice, And drank his moun - tain
cresc.
shoe; And I laugh'd to think of a purse of gold; But the
dew; And I laugh'd to think he was caught at last: But the
cresc.
D.C.
fair - y was laugh - ing too!
fair - y was laugh - ing too!
8
mf
3. As quick as thought I
staccato


seized the elf; "Your fair - y purse," I cried, "The purse!" he said, "'tis
in her hand – That la - dy at your side!" I turn'd to look: the
cresc.
elf was off, Then what was I to do? O, I laugh'd to think what a
cresc.
fool I'd been; And the fair - y was laugh - ing too!
8

LITTLE MARY CASSIDY

FRANCIS A. FAHY

Irish Air: "The Little Stalk of Barley"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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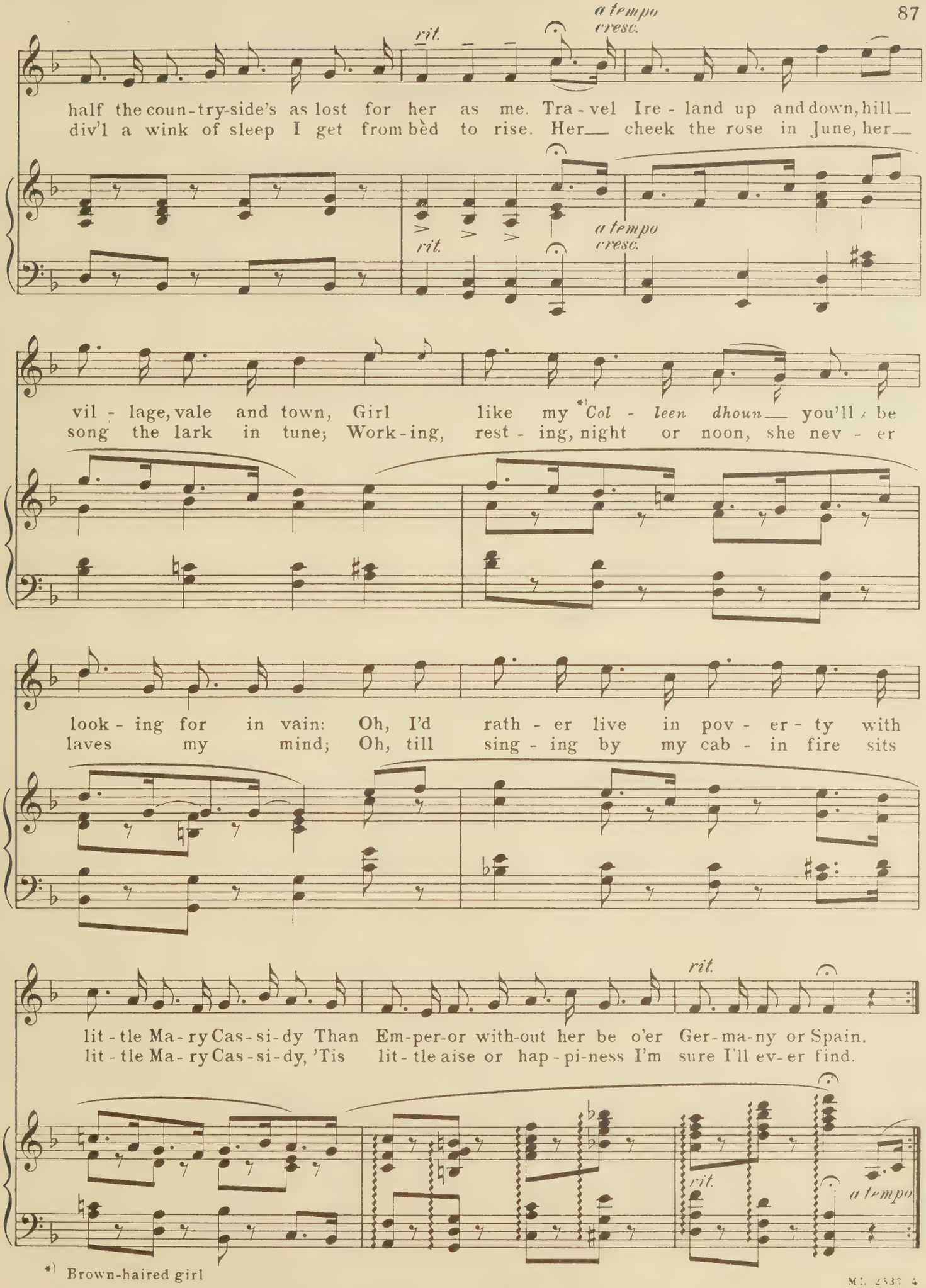
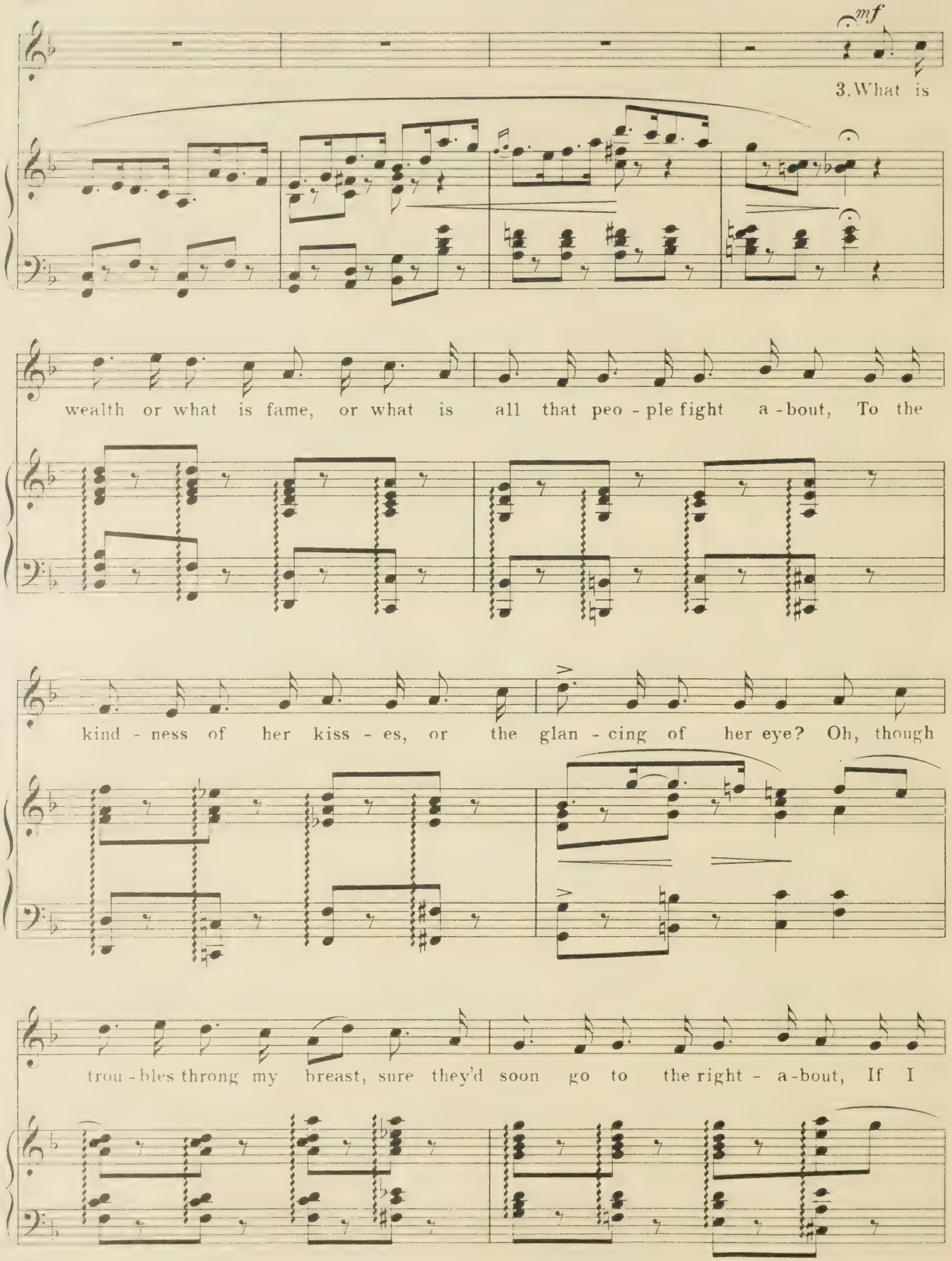
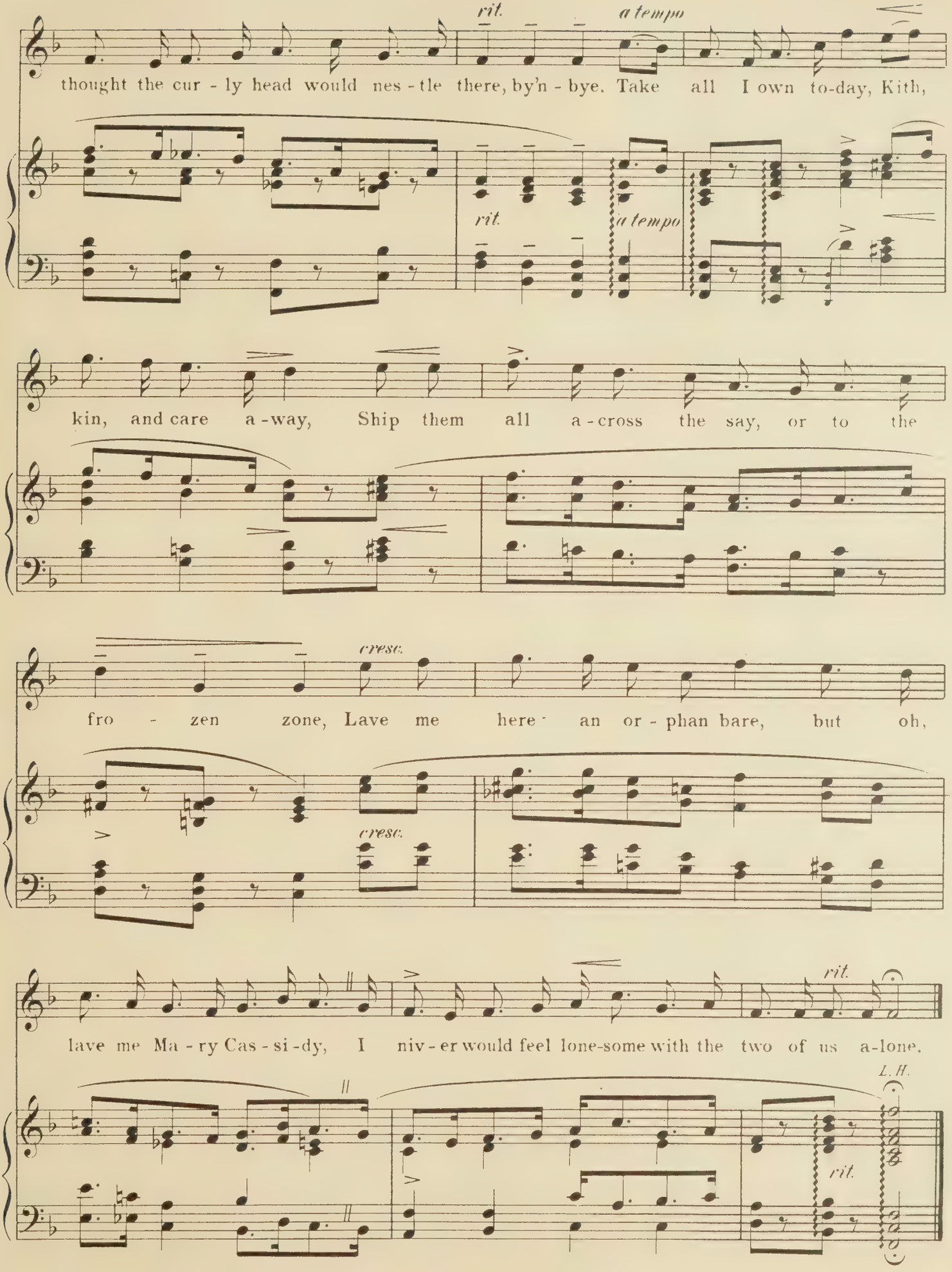


*) Brown-haired girl

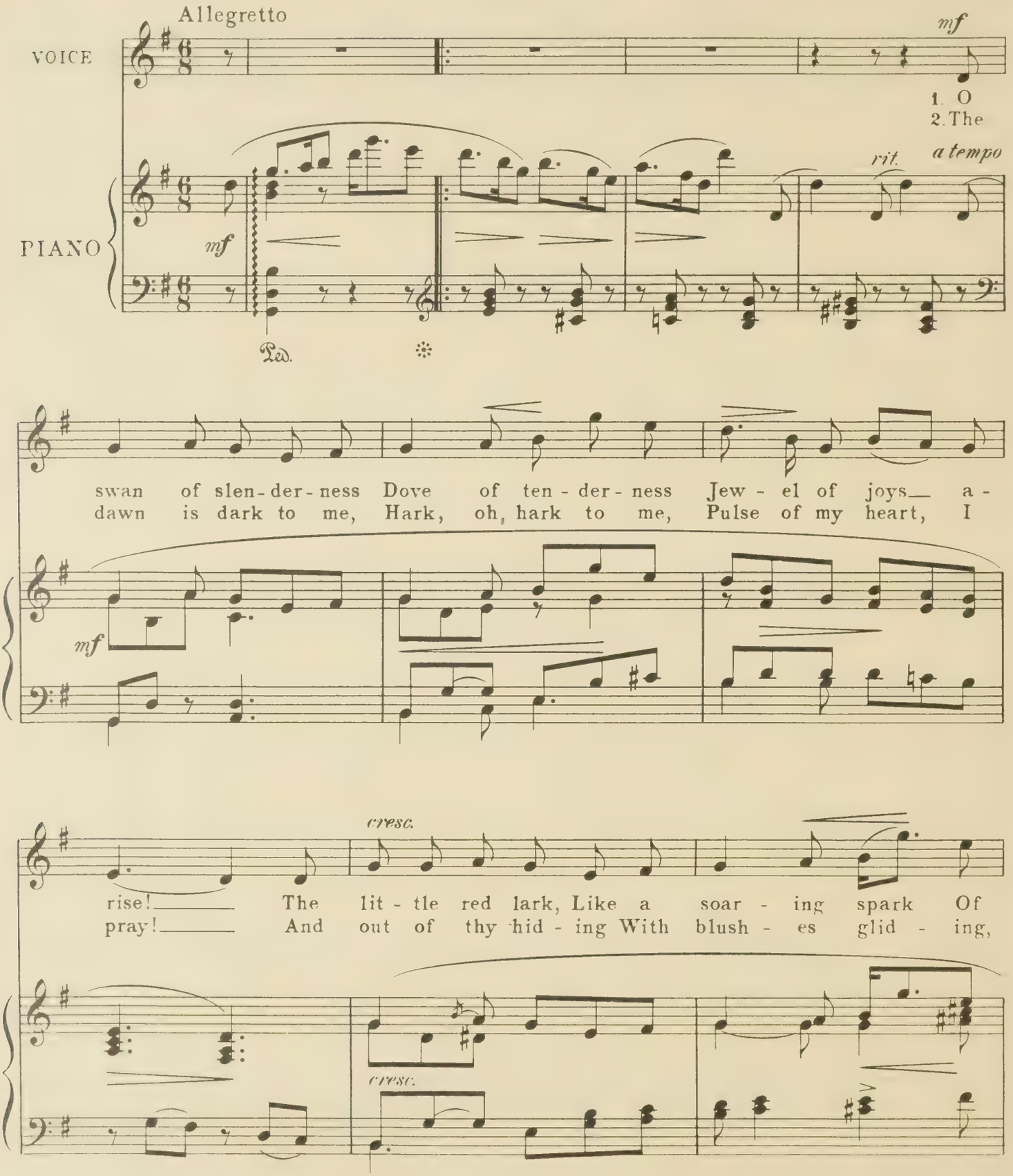

mf
3. What is
wealth or what is fame, or what is all that peo - ple fight a - bout, To the
kind - ness of her kiss - es, or the glan - cing of her eye? Oh, though
trou - bles throng my breast, sure they'd soon go to the right - a - bout, If I


rit.
a tempo
thought the cur - ly head would nes - tle there, by'n - bye. Take all I own to-day, Kith,
rit.
a tempo
kin, and care a - way, Ship them all a - cross the say, or to the
cresc.
fro - zen zone, Lave me here an or - phan bare, but oh,
cresc.
rit.
lave me Ma - ry Cas - si - dy, I niv - er would feel lone-some with the two of us a-lone.
L. H.
rit.

THE LITTLE RED LARK

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Irish Air: "The little red lark of the mountain"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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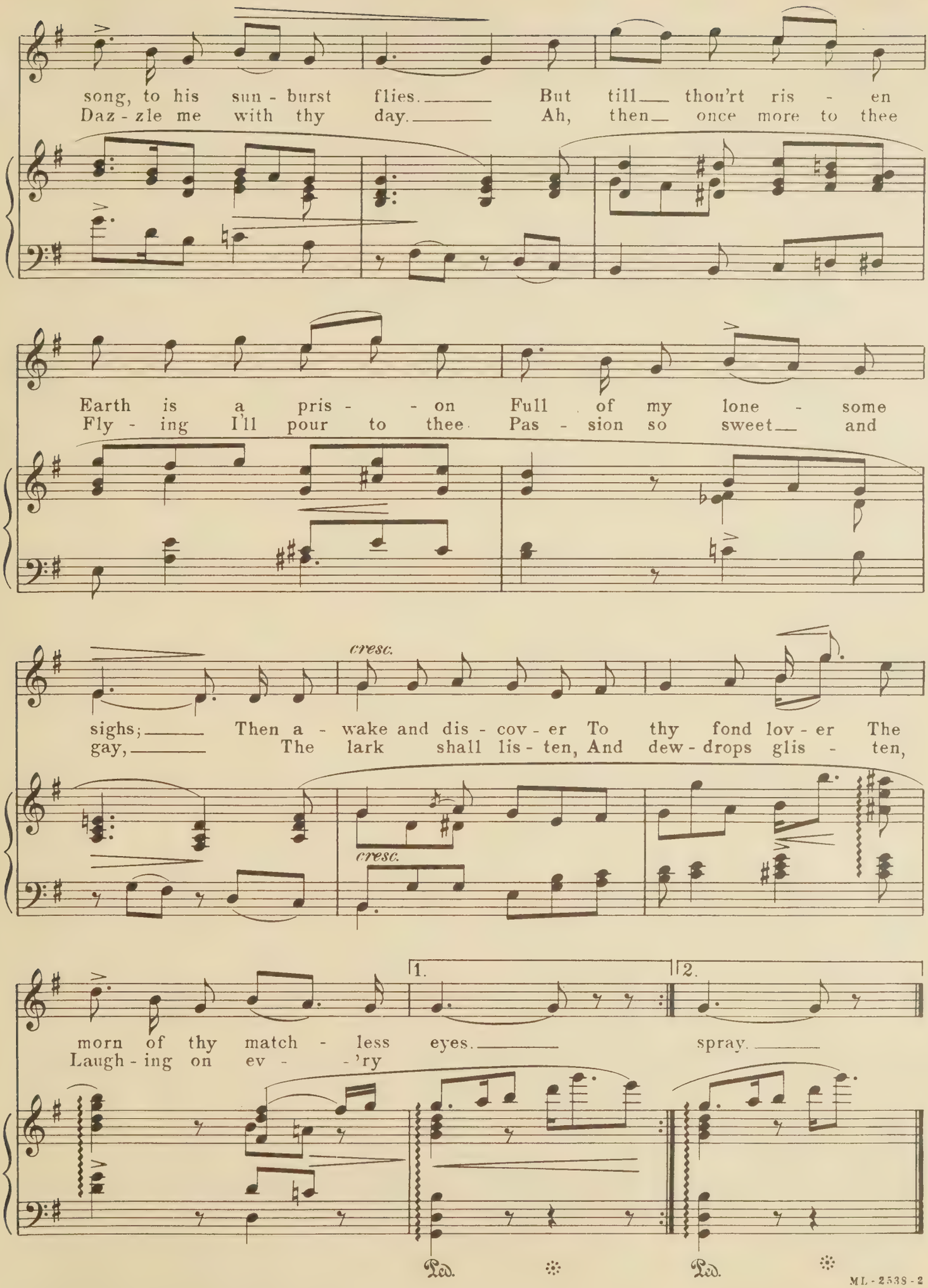
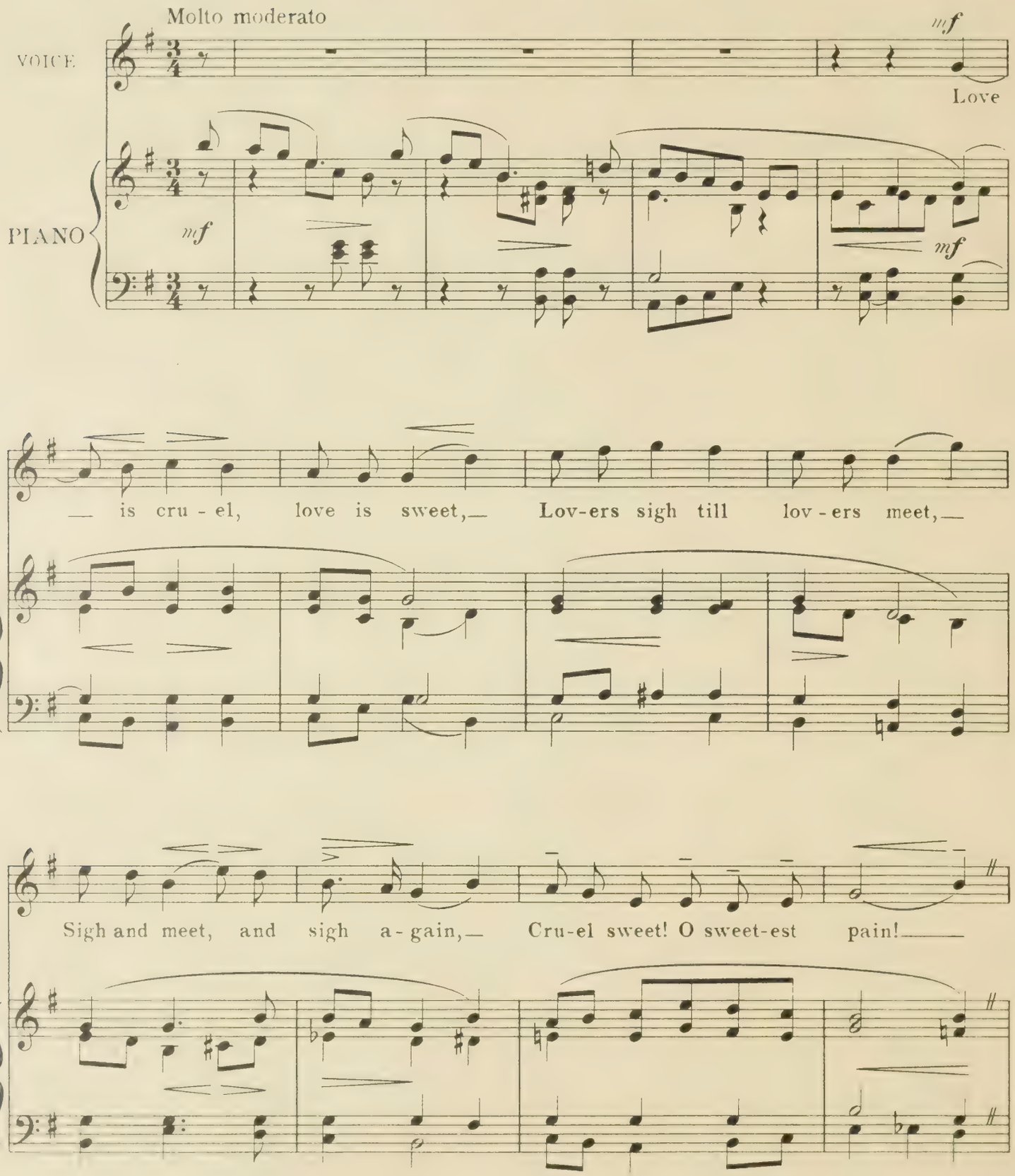

song, to his sun - burst flies. But till thou'rt ris - en
Daz - zle me with thy day. Ah, then once more to thee
Earth is a pris - - on Full of my lone - some
Fly - ing I'll pour to thee Pas - sion so sweet and
cresc.
sighs; Then a - wake and dis - cov - er To thy fond lov - er The
gay, The lark shall lis - ten, And dew - drops glis - ten,
cresc.
1.
2.
morn of thy match - less eyes. spray.
Laugh - ing on ev - 'ry
Ped. Ped.

LOVE IS CRUEL, LOVE IS SWEET

THOMAS MacDONAGH

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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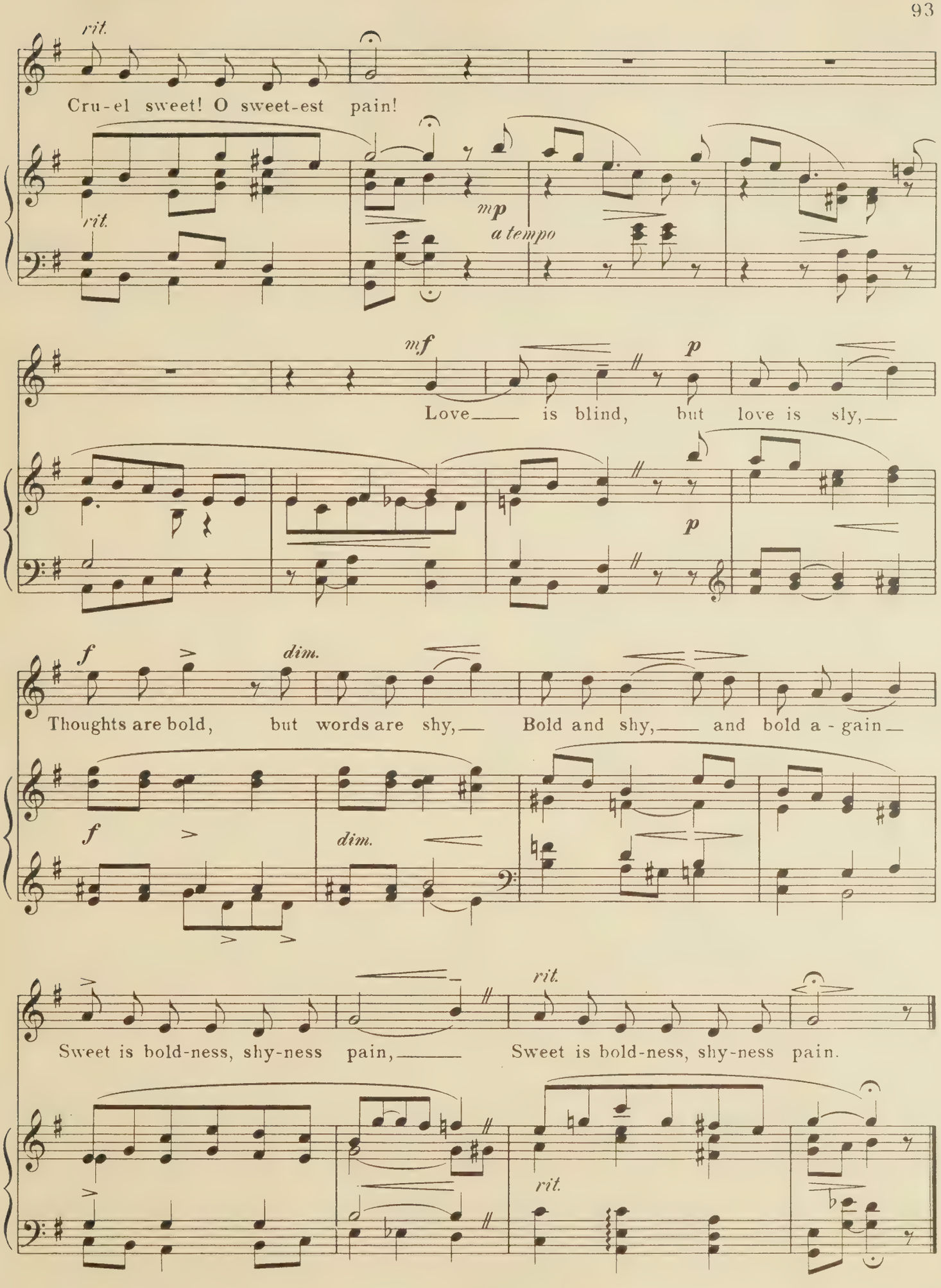
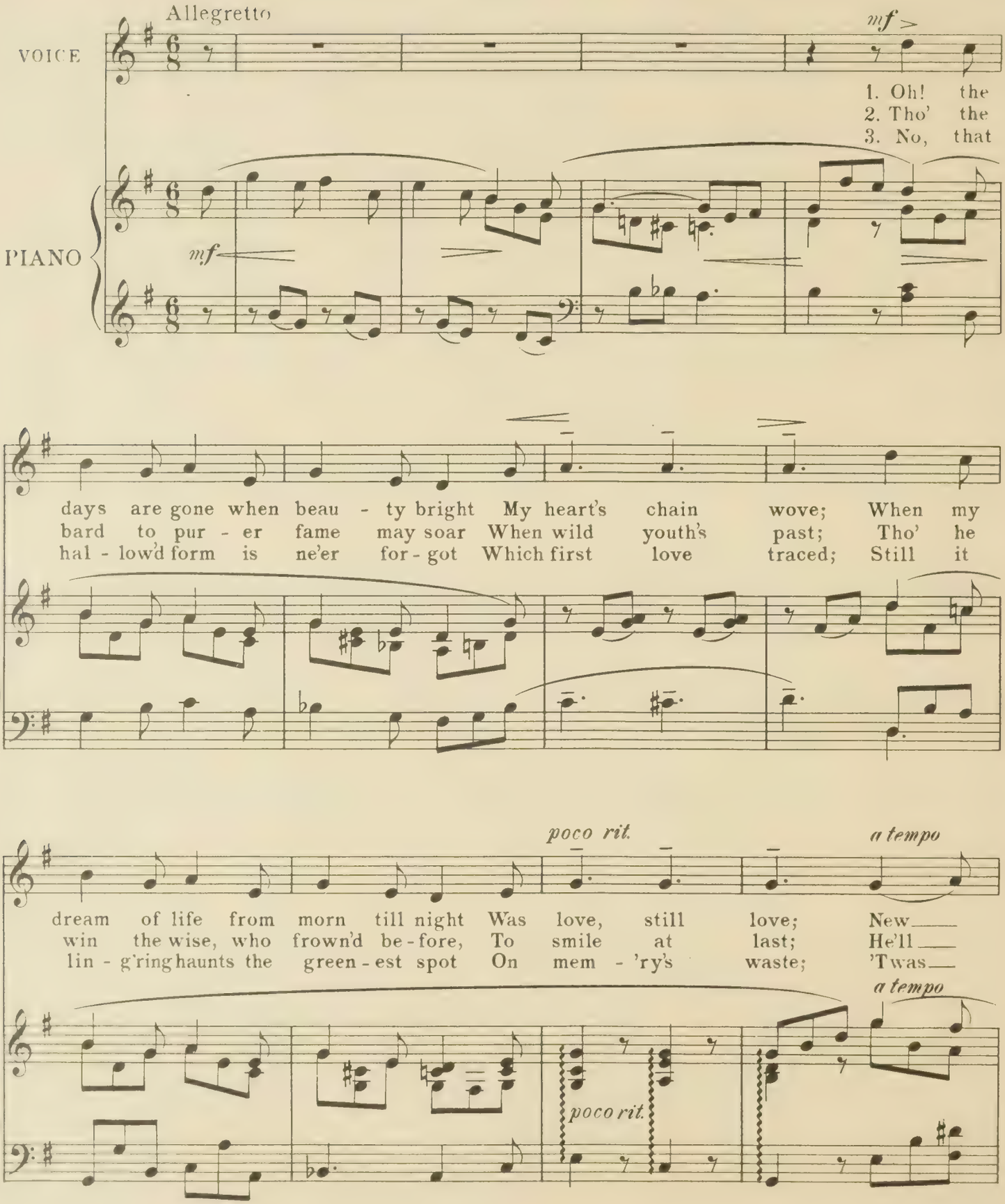

rit.
Cru-el sweet! O sweet-est pain!
rit.
mp
a tempo
mf
p
Love is blind, but love is sly,
p
f
dim.
Thoughts are bold, but words are shy, Bold and shy, and bold a - gain
f
dim.
rit.
Sweet is bold-ness, shy-ness pain, Sweet is bold-ness, shy-ness pain.
rit.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Air: "The Old Woman"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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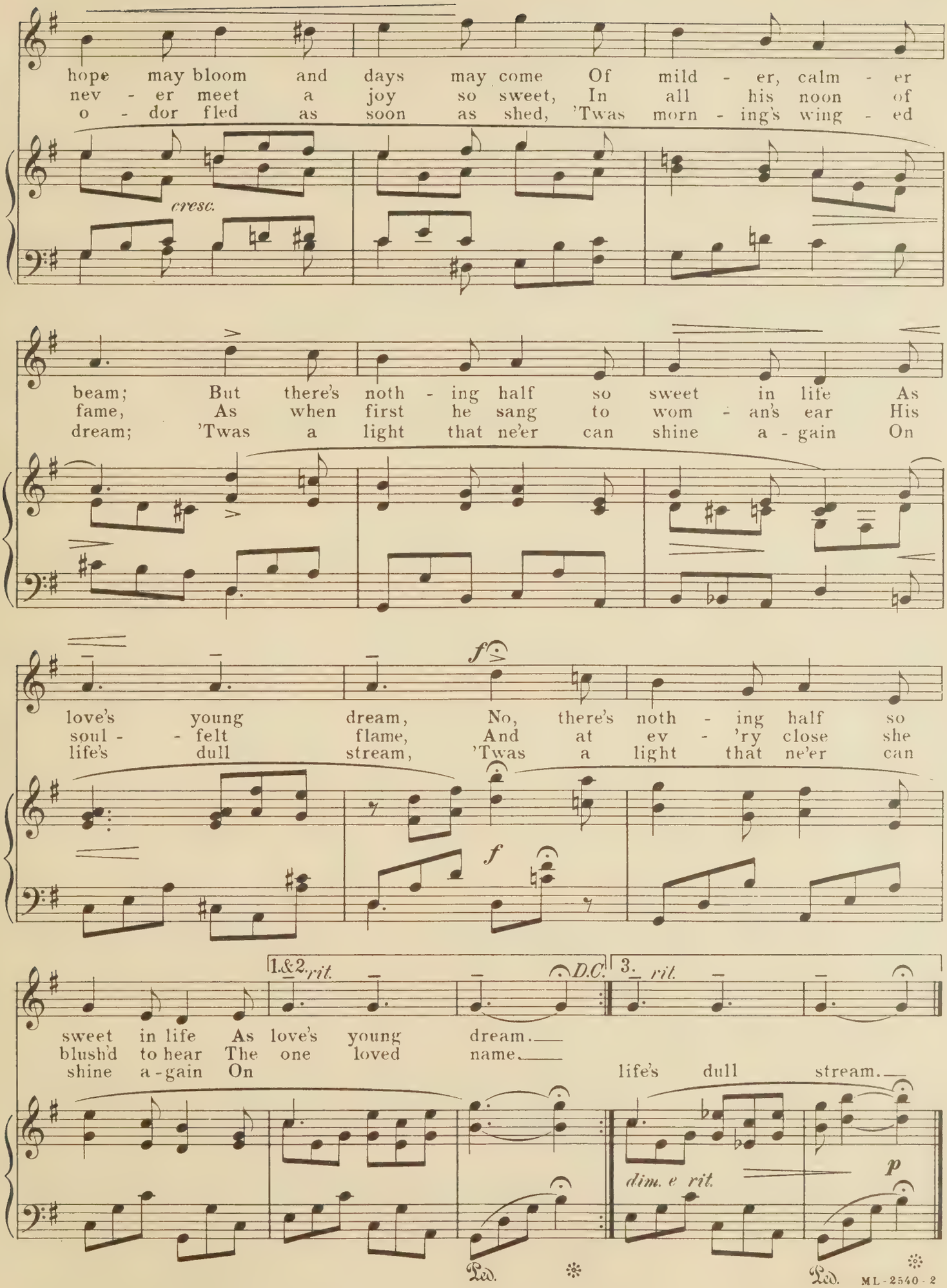
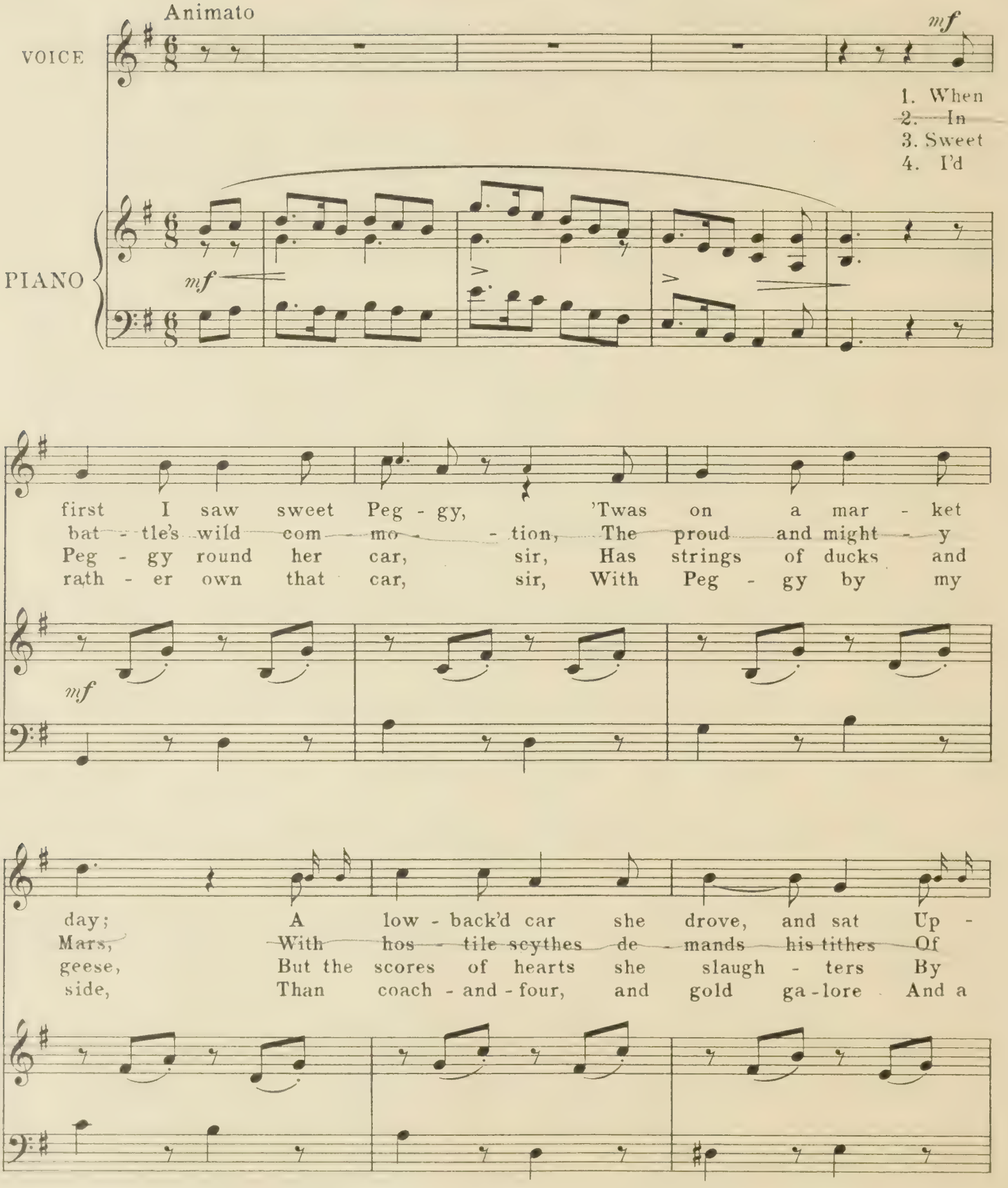

hope may bloom and days may come Of mild - er, calm - er
nev - er meet a joy so sweet, In all his noon of
o - dor fled as soon as shed, 'Twas morn - ing's wing - ed
cresc.
beam; But there's noth - ing half so sweet in life As
fame, As when first he sang to wom - an's ear His
dream; 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine a - gain On
f
love's young dream, No, there's noth - ing half so
soul - - felt flame, And at ev - 'ry close she
life's dull stream, 'Twas a light that ne'er can
f
1.&2. rit.
D.C.
3. rit.
sweet in life As love's young dream.
blush'd to hear The one loved name.
shine a-gain On life's dull stream.
dim. e rit.
p
Ped.
Ped.
ML-2540-2

THE LOW-BACKED CAR

Words and Music by
SAMUEL LOVER
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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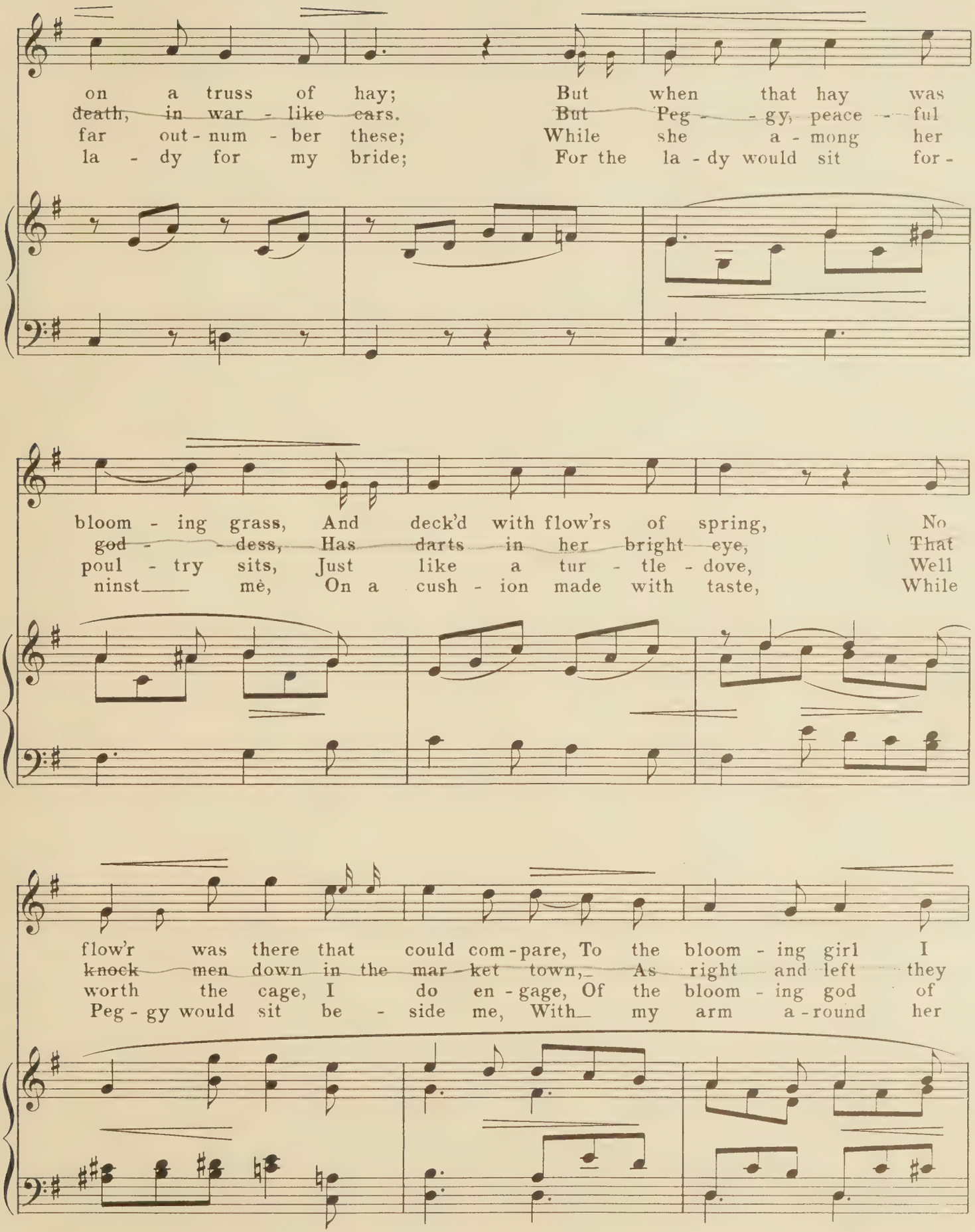
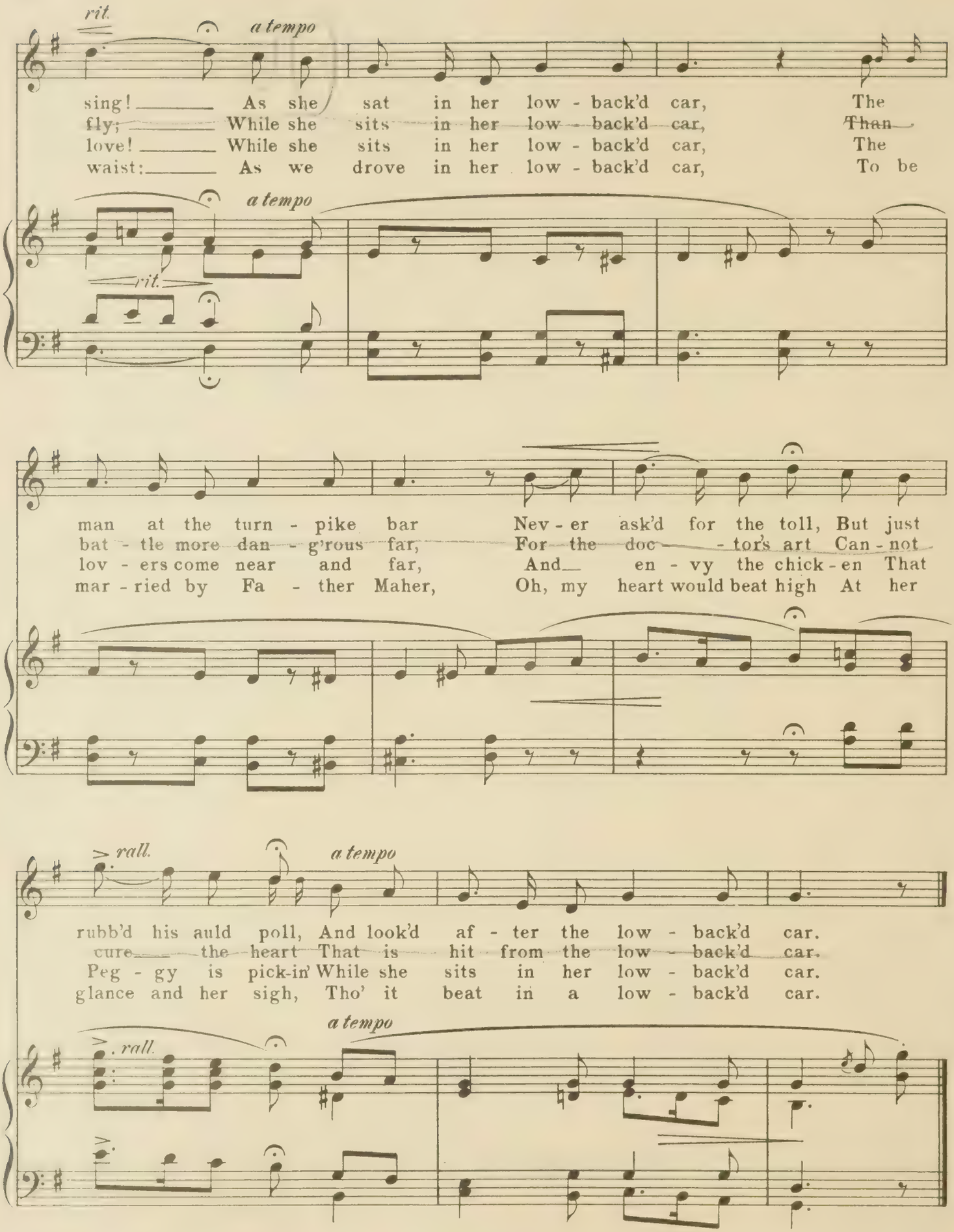
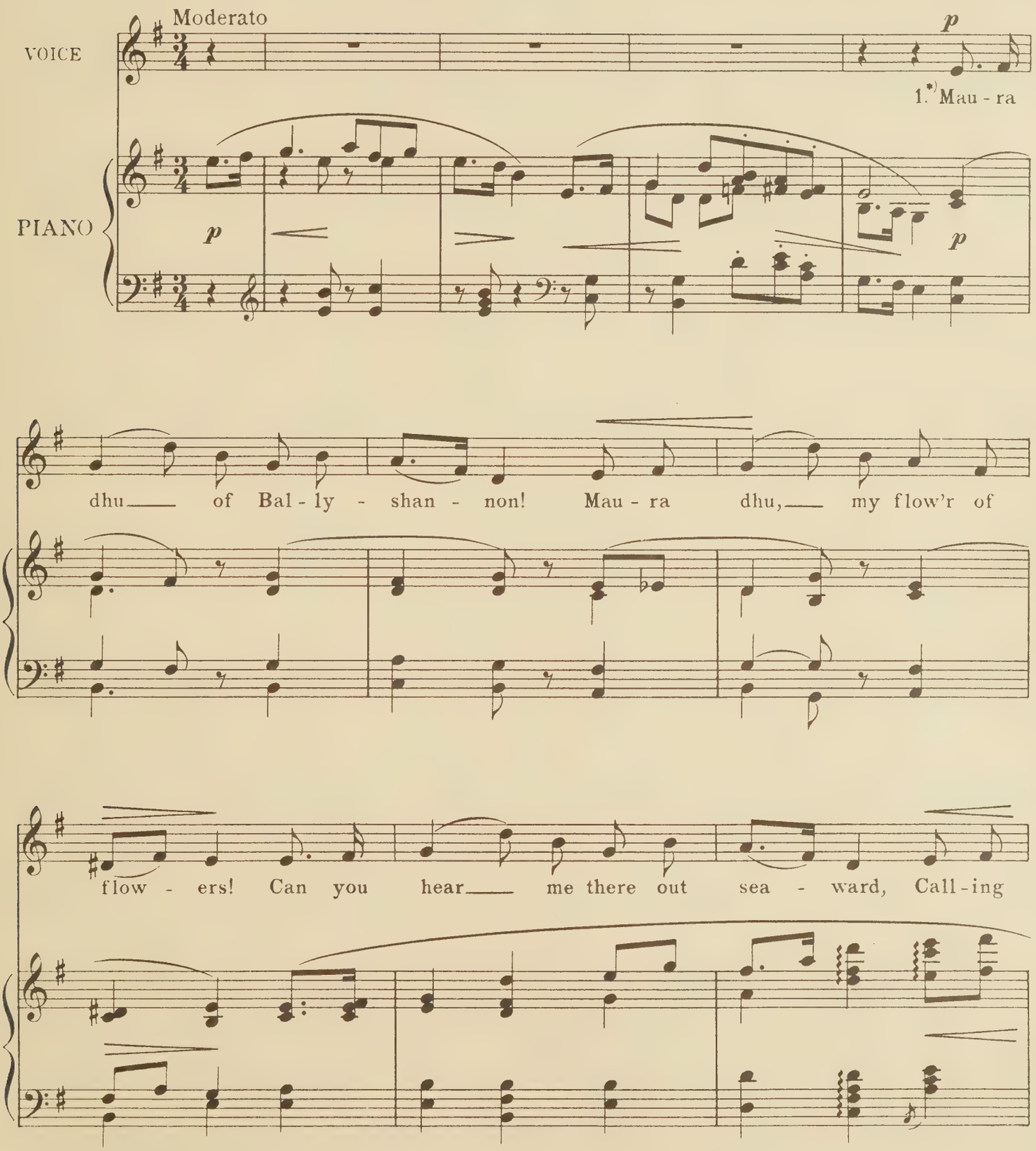

on a truss of hay; But when that hay was
death, in war - like cars. But Peg - - gy, peace - ful
far out - num - ber these; While she a - mong her
la - dy for my bride; For the la - dy would sit for -
bloom - ing grass, And deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No
god - - dess, Has darts in her bright eye, That
poul - try sits, Just like a tur - tle - dove, Well
ninst___ mè, On a cush - ion made with taste, While
flow'r was there that could com - pare, To the bloom - ing girl I
knock men down in the mar - ket town, As right and left they
worth the cage, I do en - gage, Of the bloom - ing god of
Peg - gy would sit be - side me, With my arm a - round her


rit.
a tempo
sing! As she sat in her low - back'd car, The
fly; While she sits in her low - back'd car, Than
love! While she sits in her low - back'd car, The
waist: As we drove in her low - back'd car, To be
a tempo
rit.
man at the turn - pike bar Nev - er ask'd for the toll, But just
bat - tle more dan - g'rous far, For the doc - tor's art Can - not
lov - ers come near and far, And en - vy the chick - en That
mar - ried by Fa - ther Maher, Oh, my heart would beat high At her
rall.
a tempo
rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd af - ter the low - back'd car.
cure the heart That is hit from the low - back'd car.
Peg - gy is pick-in' While she sits in her low - back'd car.
glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low - back'd car.
a tempo
rall.

MAURA DHU OF BALLYSHANNON

CHARLES P. O'CONOR

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



*) Maura dhu = Mary dear.

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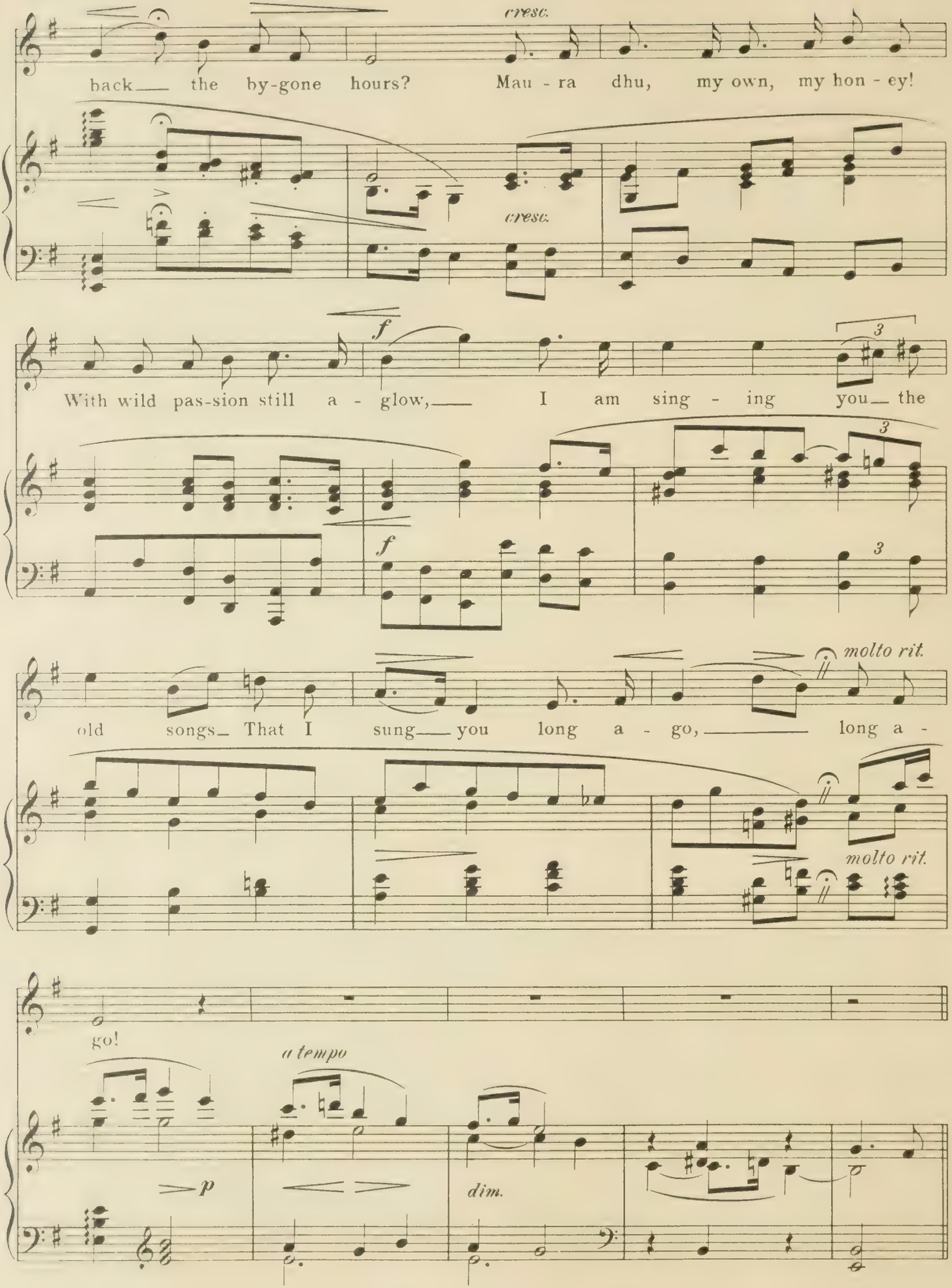
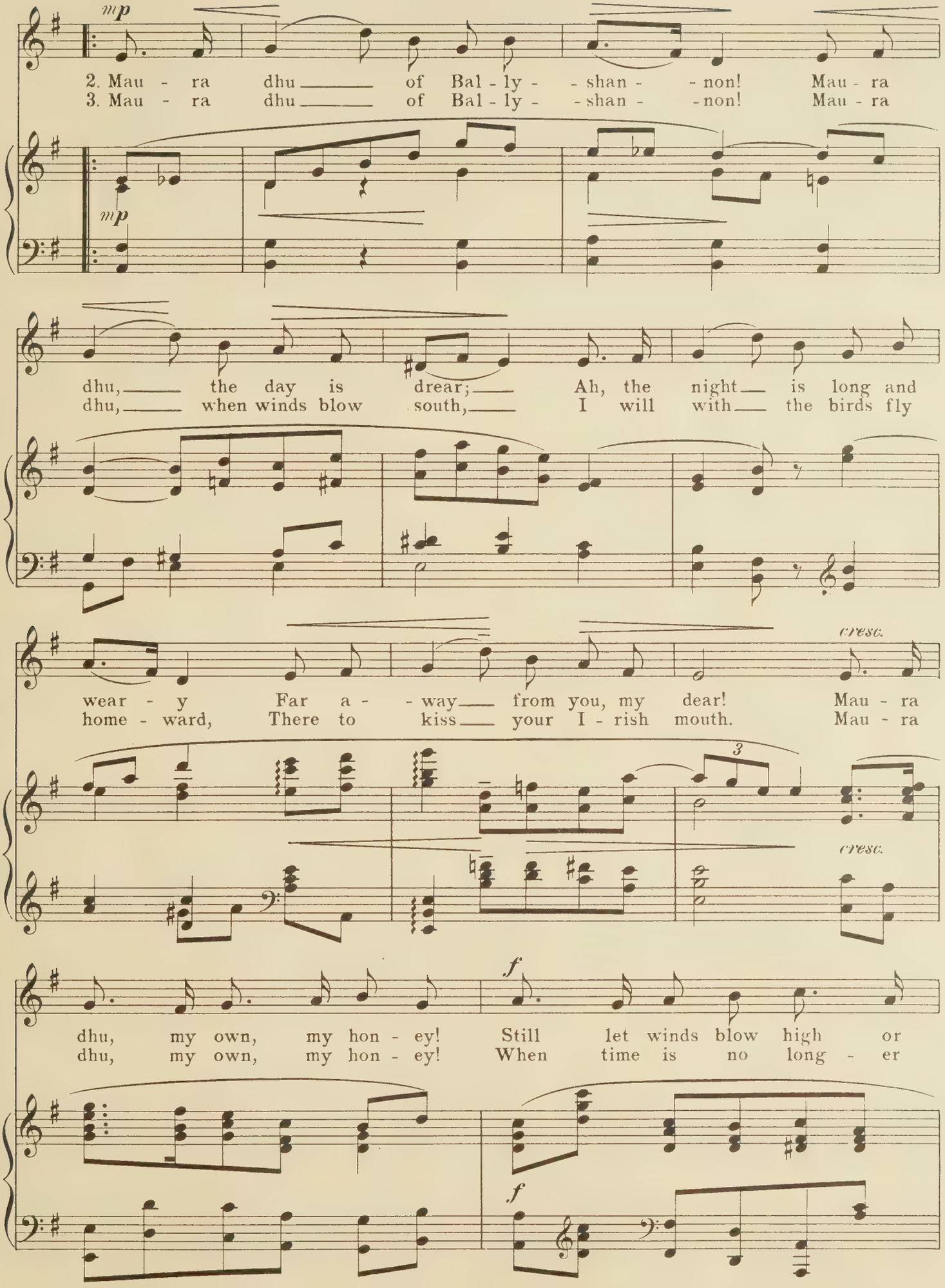
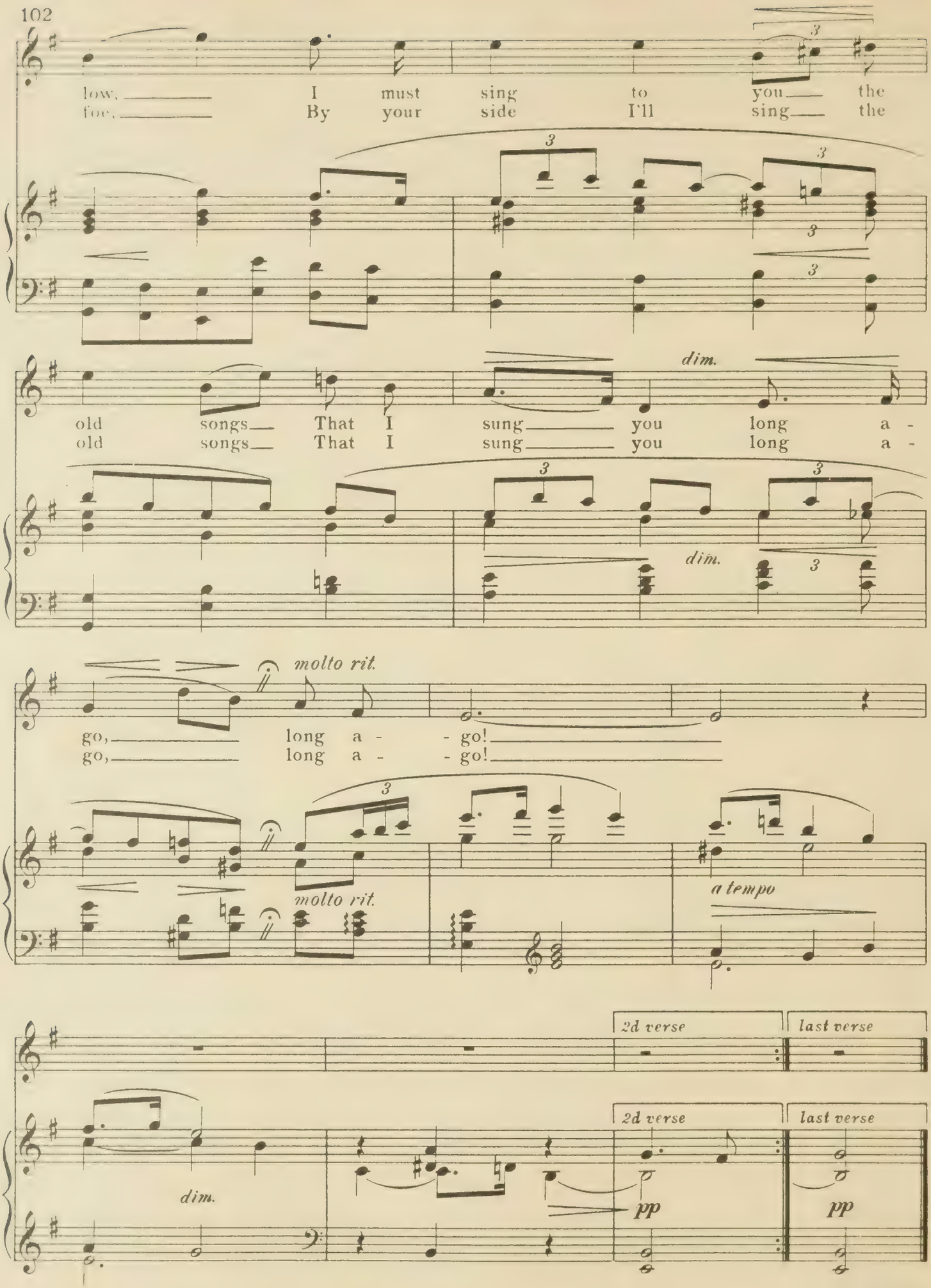

cresc.
back the by-gone hours? Mau - ra dhu, my own, my hon - ey!
cresc.
f
With wild pas-sion still a - glow, I am sing - ing you the
f
old songs That I sung you long a - go, long a -
molto rit.
molto rit.
go!
a tempo
p
dim.


mp
2. Mau - ra dhu of Bal - ly - shan - non! Mau - ra
3. Mau - ra dhu of Bal - ly - shan - non! Mau - ra
mp
dhu, the day is drear; Ah, the night is long and
dhu, when winds blow south, I will with the birds fly
cresc.
wear - y Far a - way from you, my dear! Mau - ra
home - ward, There to kiss your I - rish mouth. Mau - ra
3
cresc.
f
dhu, my own, my hon - ey! Still let winds blow high or
dhu, my own, my hon - ey! When time is no long - er
f


low, I must sing to you the
foe, By your side I'll sing the
old songs That I sung you long a -
old songs That I sung you long a -
dim.
dim.
molto rit.
go, long a - go!
go, long a - go!
molto rit.
a tempo
2d verse
last verse
2d verse
last verse
dim.
pp
pp

MAY EVE

NORA CHESSON

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato ma non troppo

PIANO

p

mp

1. There's a cry - ing at my win - dow, and a hand up - on my door, And a stir a - mong the yar - row that's fad - ing on the floor: The
2. You would not heed my call - ing once, and now why would I hear? You would not hold my wist - ful hand, but let it fall, my dear: You

mp

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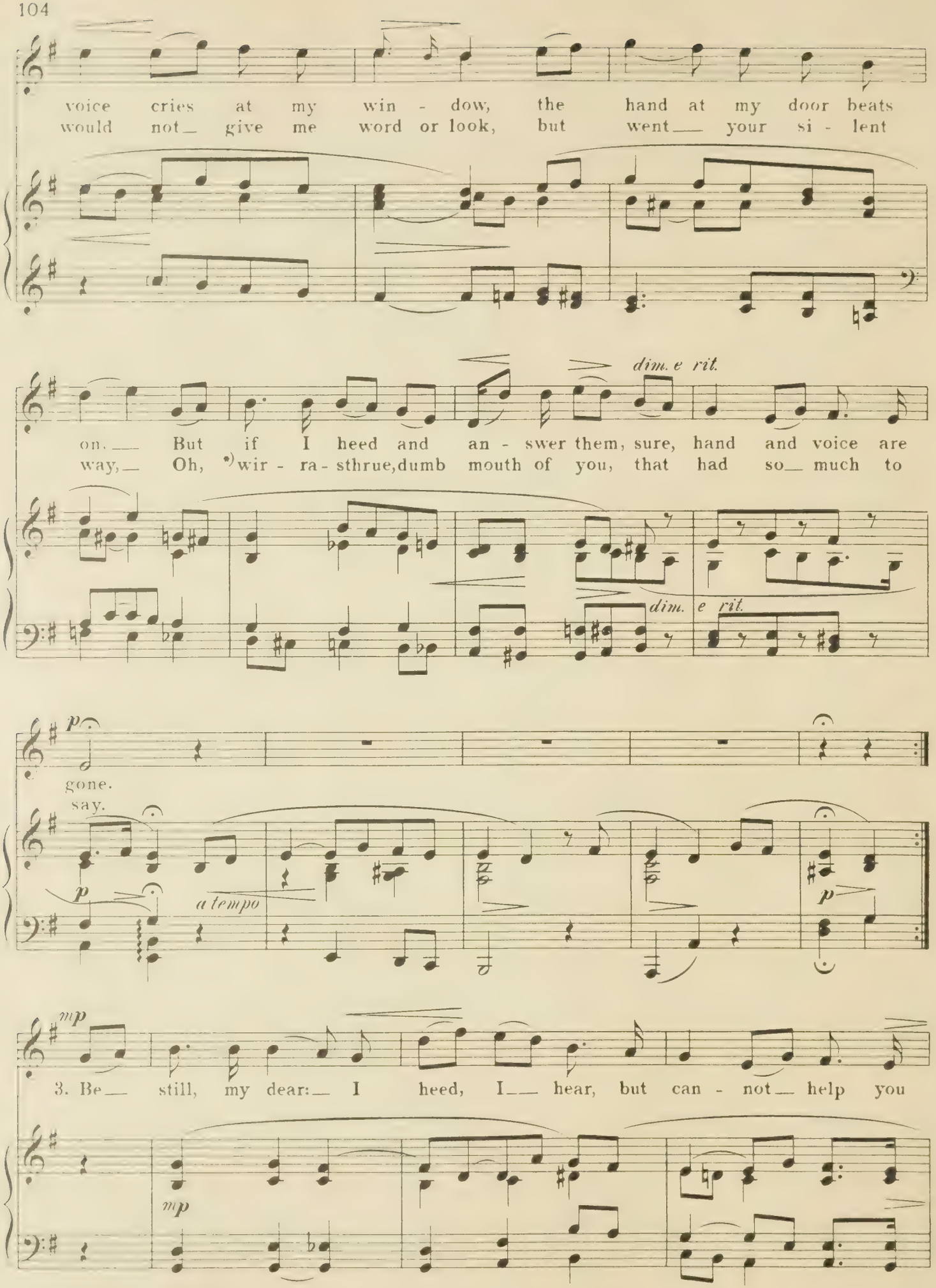
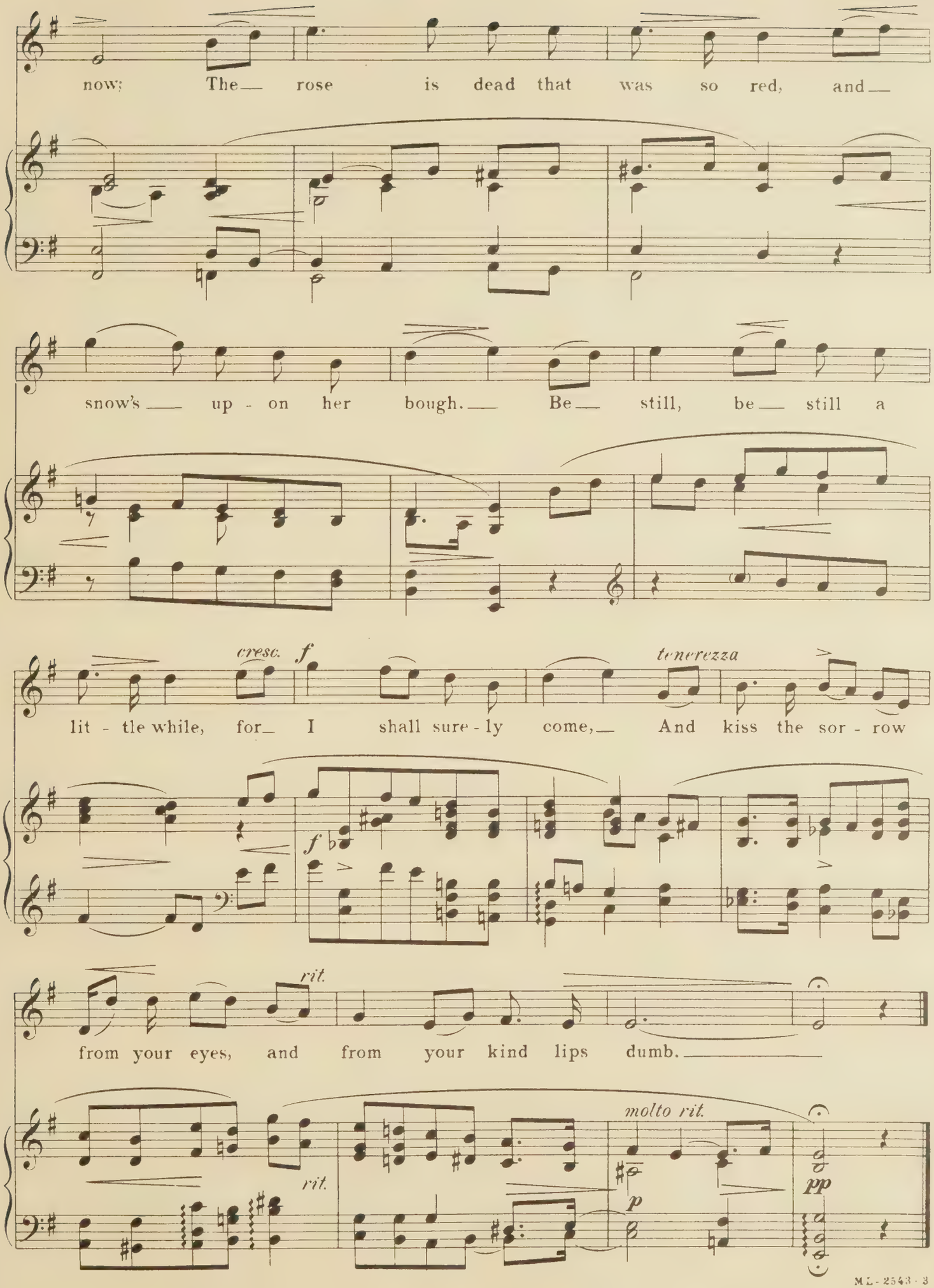


*) Wirrasthrue = *Pity, alas.*


now; The rose is dead that was so red, and
snow's up - on her bough. Be still, be still a
cresc. f
tenerezza
lit - tle while, for I shall sure - ly come, And kiss the sor - row
f
rit.
from your eyes, and from your kind lips dumb.
rit.
molto rit.
p
pp

THE MINSTREL BOY

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Air: "The Moreen" [a]

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. The min - strel boy to the
2. The min - strel fell but the

war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll
foe - man's chain Could not bring that proud soul

find him; His fa - ther's sword he has
un - der; The harp he loved nev - er

gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be -
spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a -

a) *Moirin,* diminutive of *Mor* or *Moria,* a girl's name.

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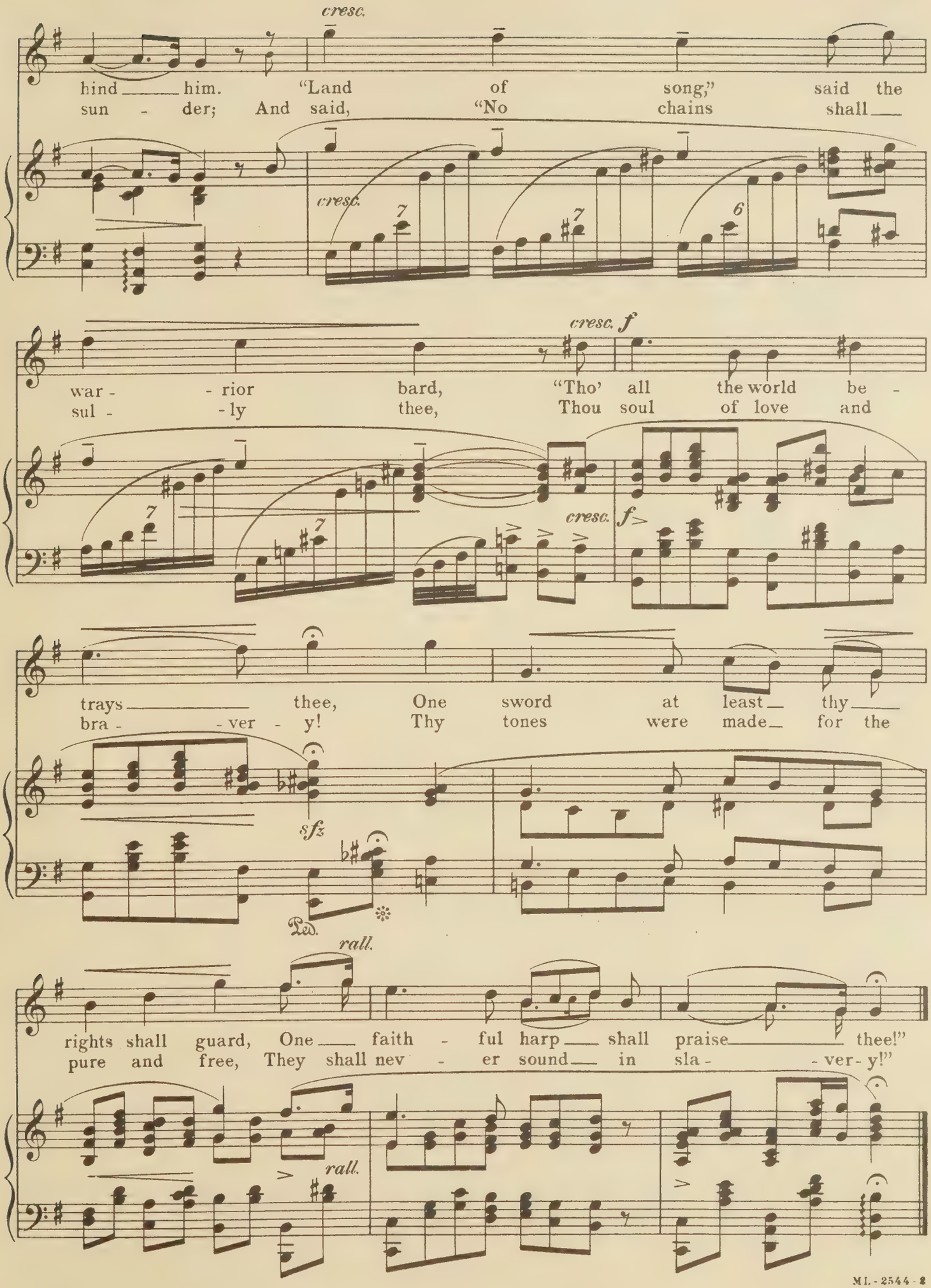
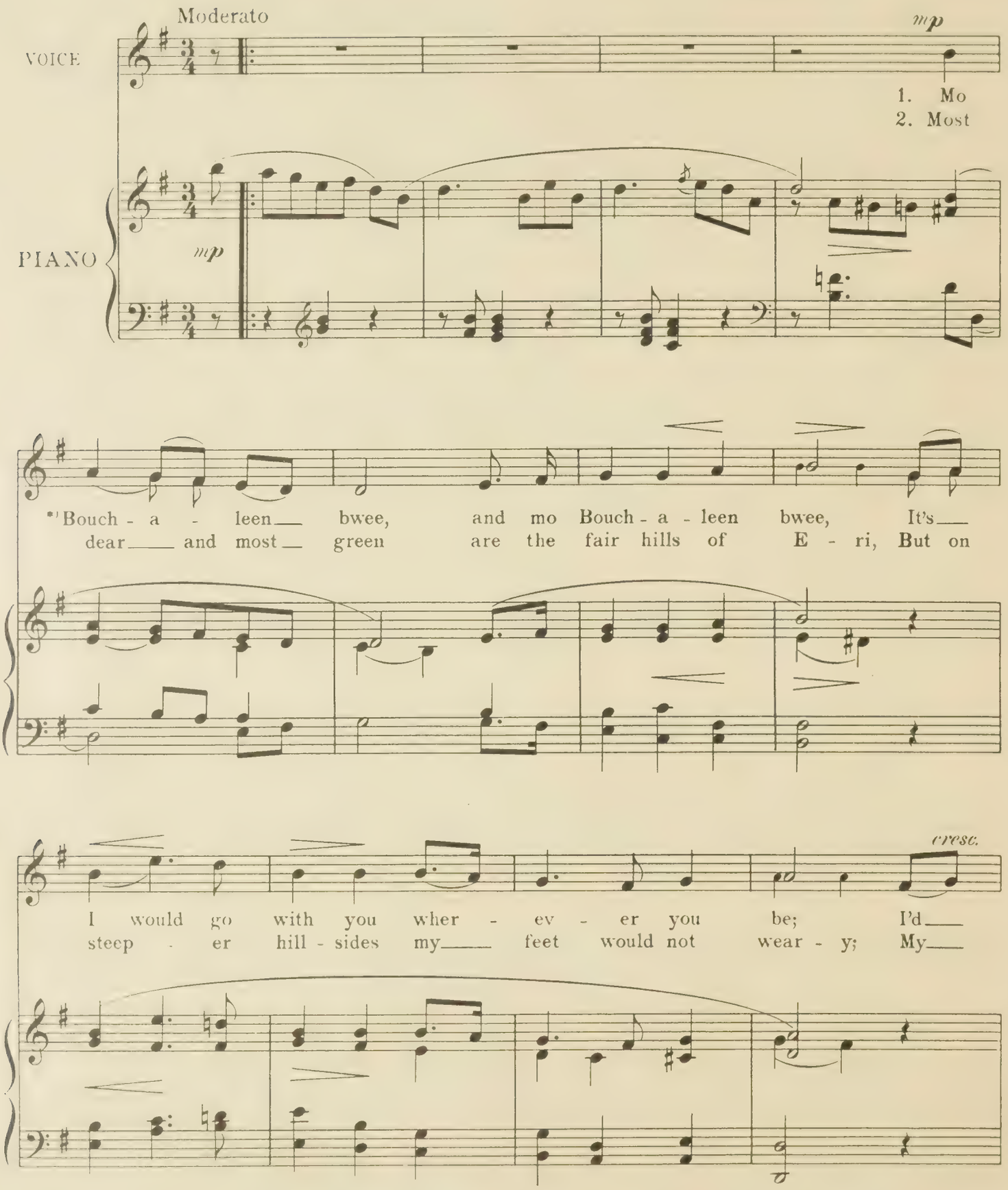

cresc.
hind him. "Land of song," said the
sun - der; And said, "No chains shall
cresc.
cresc. f
war - - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be -
sul - - ly thee, Thou soul of love and
cresc. f
trays thee, One sword at least thy
bra - - ver - y! Thy tones were made for the
sfz
Ped.
rall.
rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee!"
pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in sla - - ver - y!"
rall.

MO BOUCHALEEN BWEE

(MY YELLOW-HAIRED LAD)

NORA HOPPER

Irish Air: "Coulin Dhas"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



*) Bouchaleen: pronounced, *vouchaleen.*

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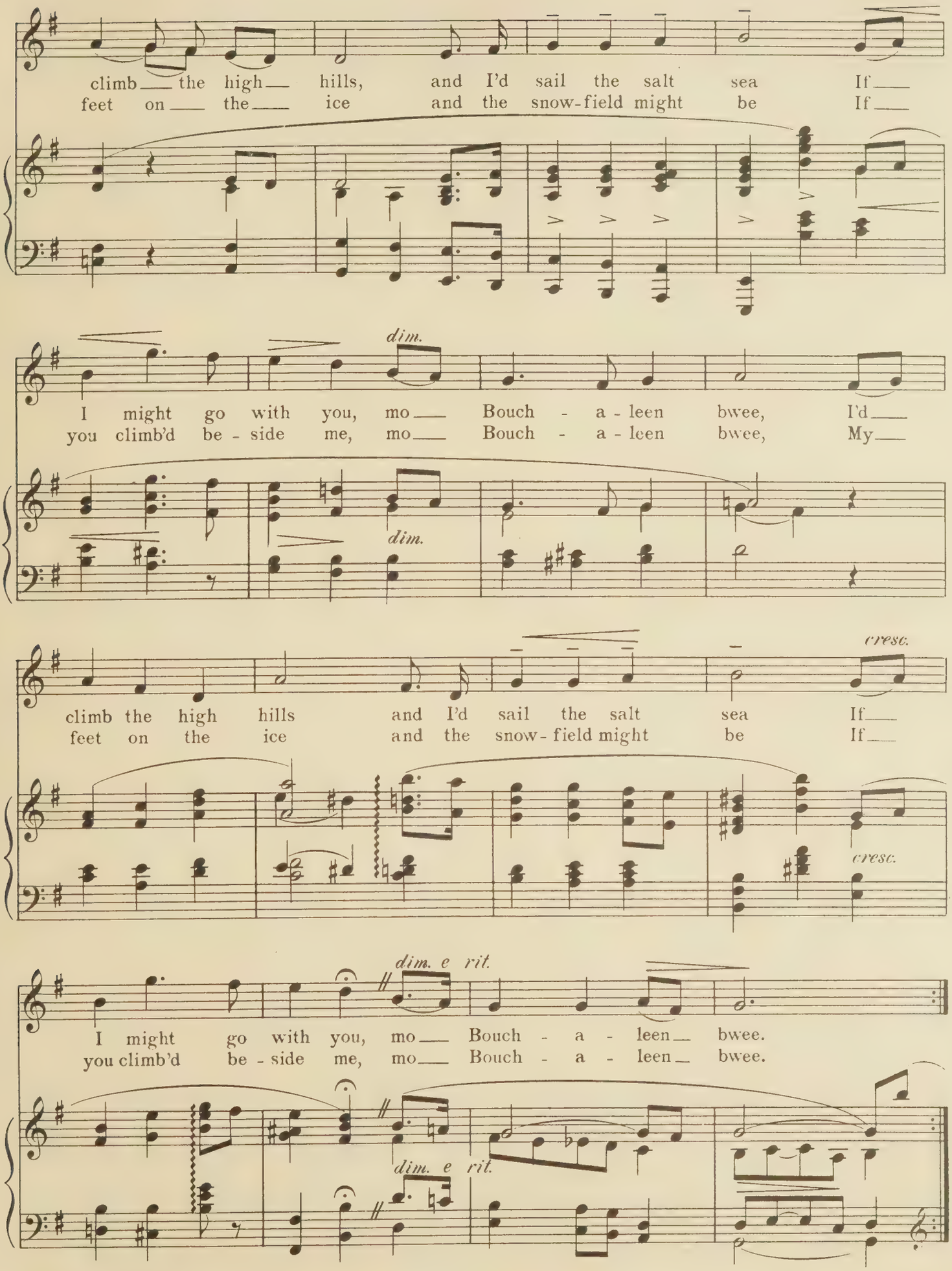
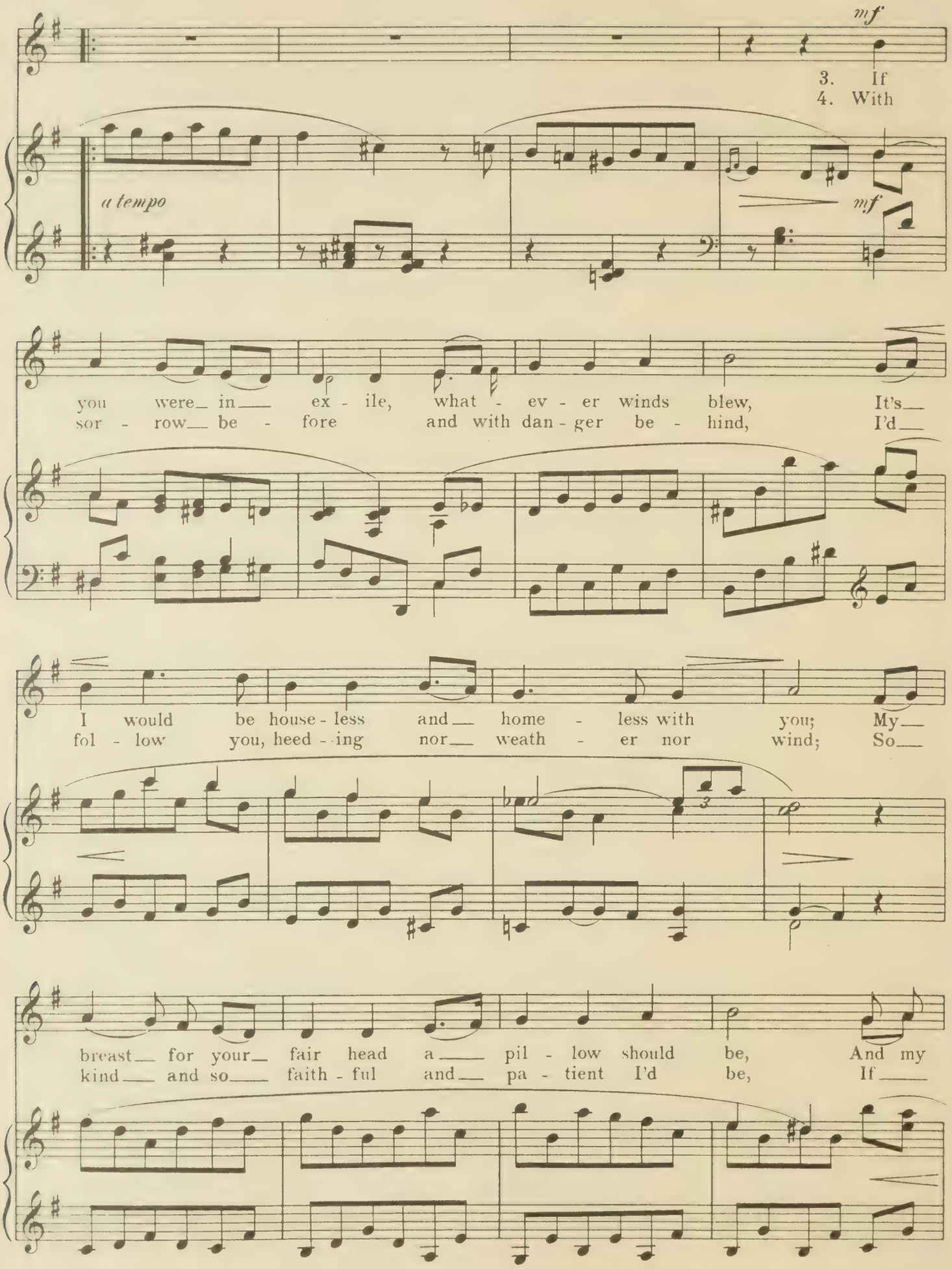
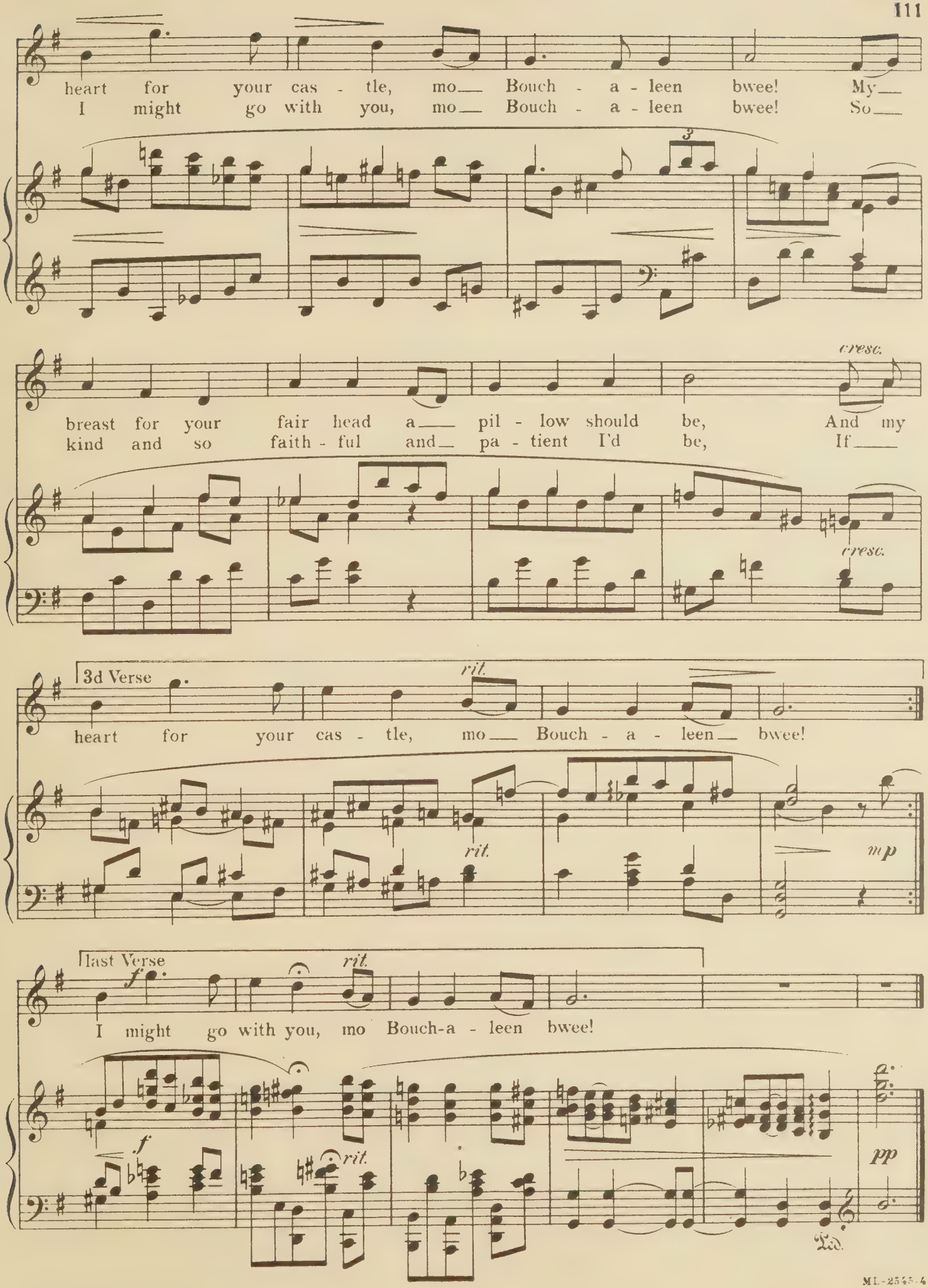

climb the high hills, and I'd sail the salt sea If
feet on the ice and the snow-field might be If
I might go with you, mo Bouch - a - leen bwee, I'd
you climb'd be - side me, mo Bouch - a - leen bwee, My
dim.
dim.
climb the high hills and I'd sail the salt sea If
feet on the ice and the snow-field might be If
cresc.
cresc.
I might go with you, mo Bouch - a - leen bwee.
you climb'd be - side me, mo Bouch - a - leen bwee.
dim. e rit.
dim. e rit.

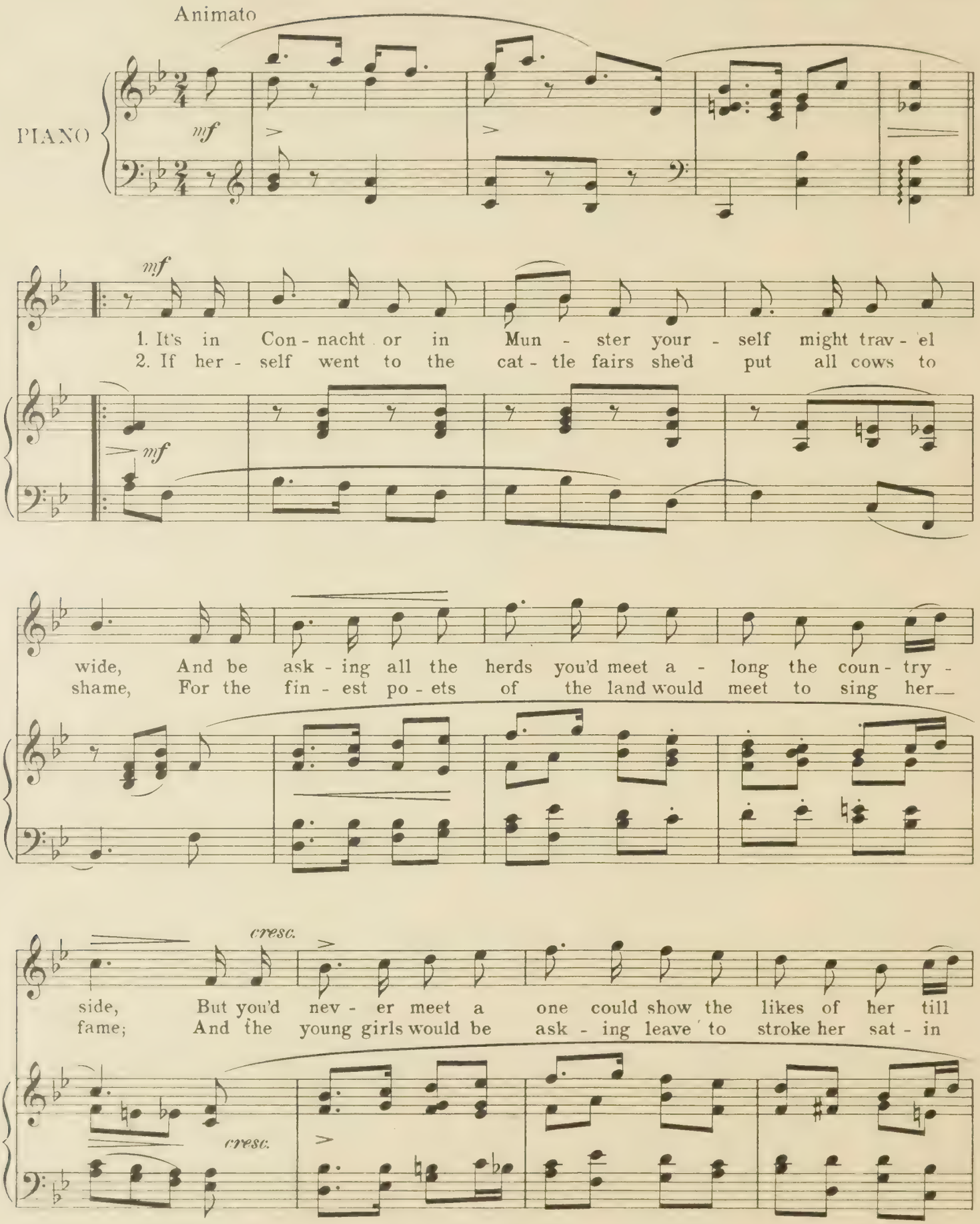

mf
3. If
4. With
a tempo
mf
you were in ex - ile, what - ev - er winds blew, It's
sor - row be - fore and with dan - ger be - hind, I'd
I would be house - less and home - less with you; My
fol - low you, heed - ing nor weath - er nor wind; So
breast for your fair head a pil - low should be, And my
kind and so faith - ful and pa - tient I'd be, If


heart for your cas - tle, mo__ Bouch - a - leen bwee! My__
I might go with you, mo__ Bouch - a - leen bwee! So__
cresc.
breast for your fair head a__ pil - low should be, And my
kind and so faith - ful and__ pa - tient I'd be, If__
cresc.
3d Verse
rit.
heart for your cas - tle, mo__ Bouch - a - leen__ bwee!
rit.
mp
last Verse
f
rit.
I might go with you, mo Bouch-a - leen bwee!
f
rit.
pp
Ld.

MY LITTLE KERRY COW

W. M. LETTS

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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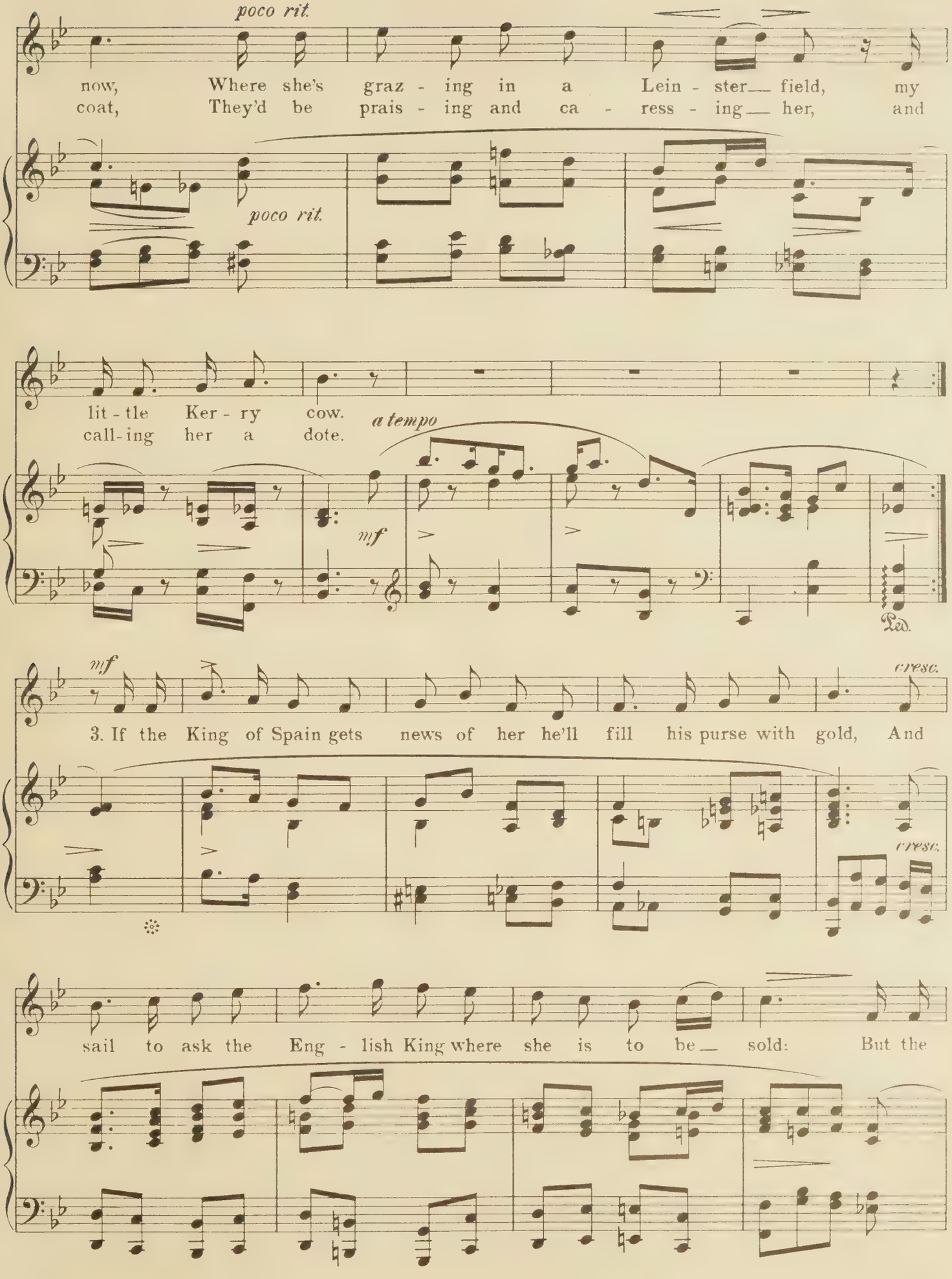
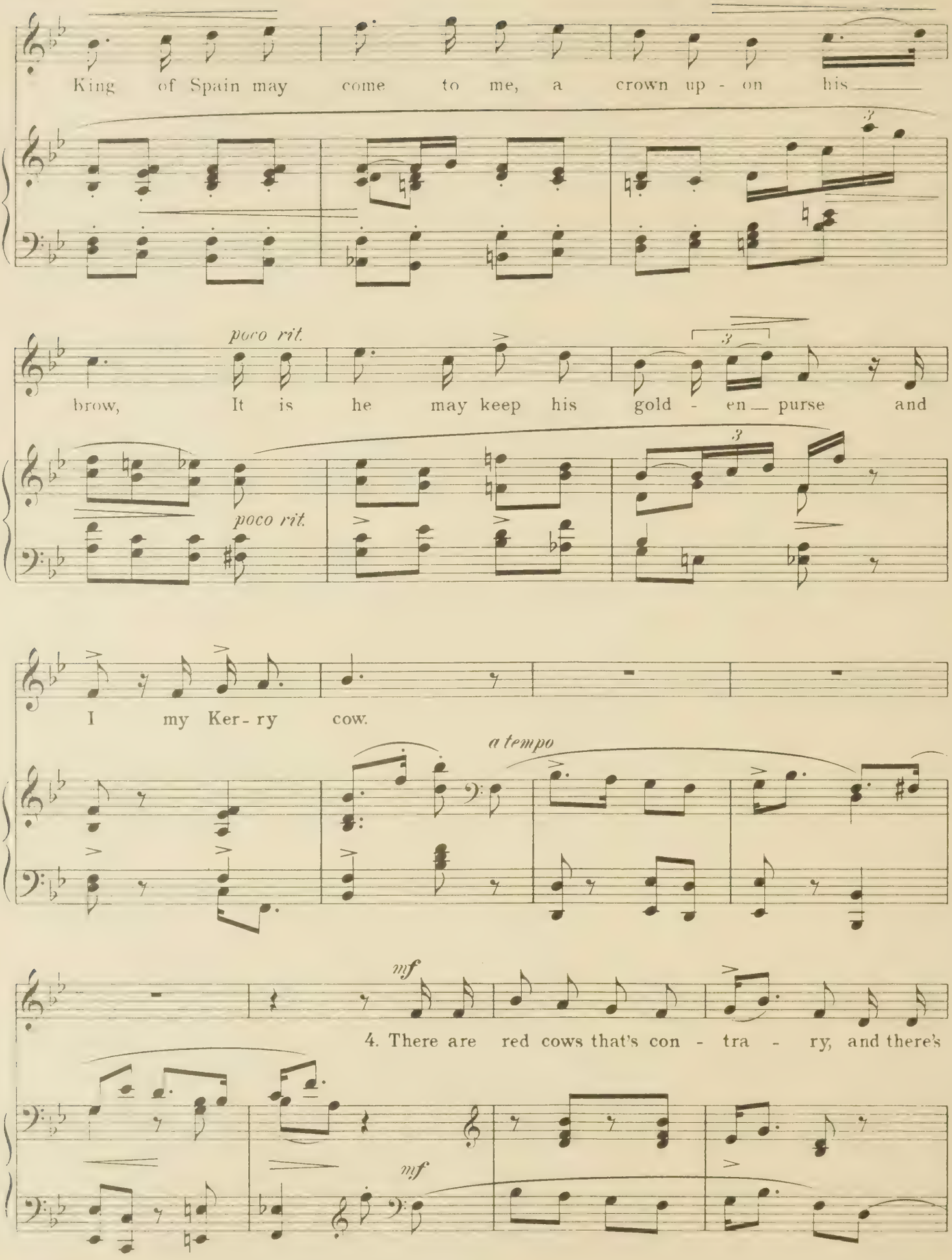
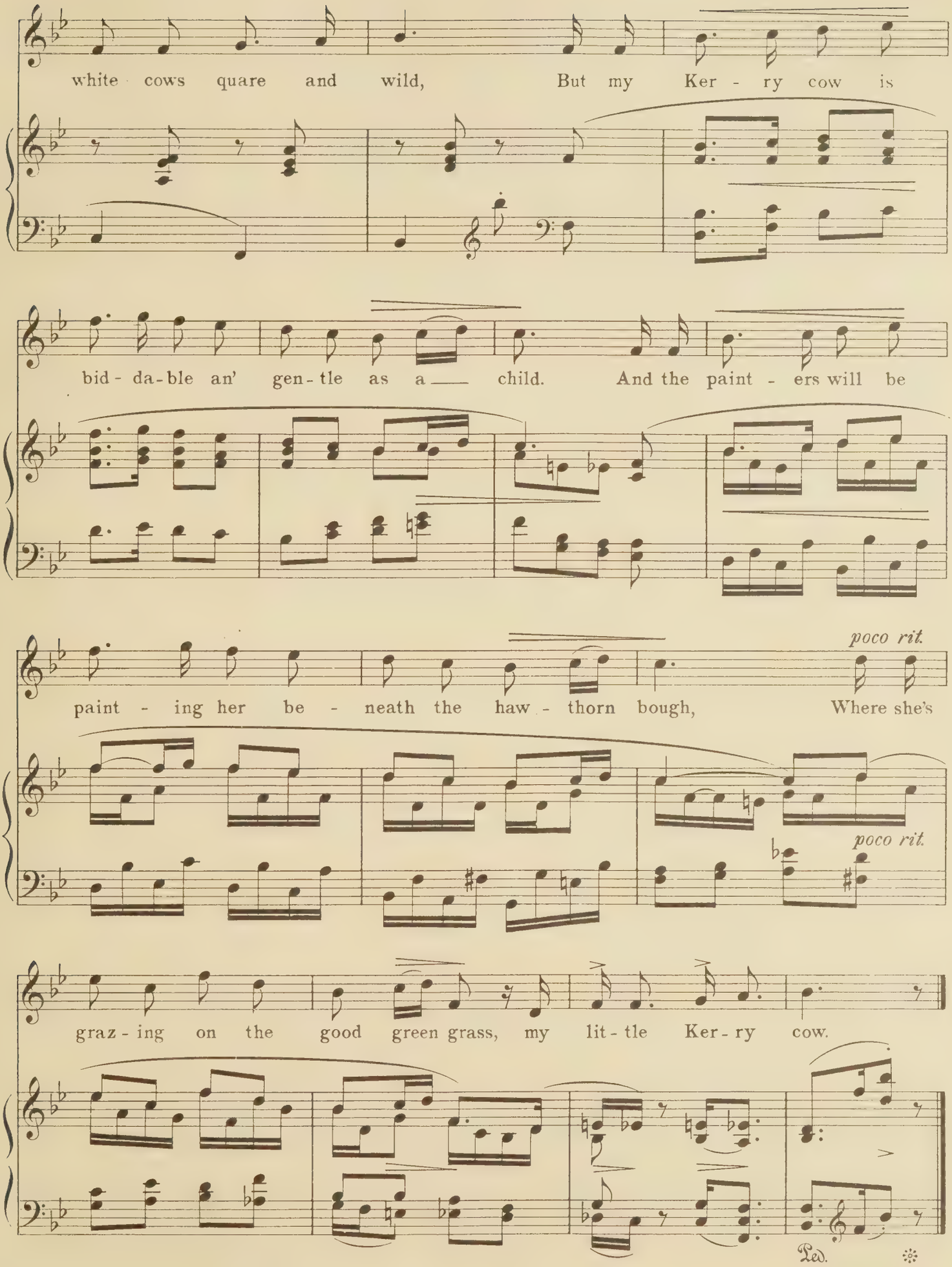

poco rit.
now, Where she's graz - ing in a Lein - ster field, my
coat, They'd be prais - ing and ca - ress - ing her, and
poco rit.
lit - tle Ker - ry cow.
call - ing her a dote.
a tempo
mf
Ped.
mf
cresc.
3. If the King of Spain gets news of her he'll fill his purse with gold, And
cresc.
sail to ask the Eng - lish King where she is to be sold: But the

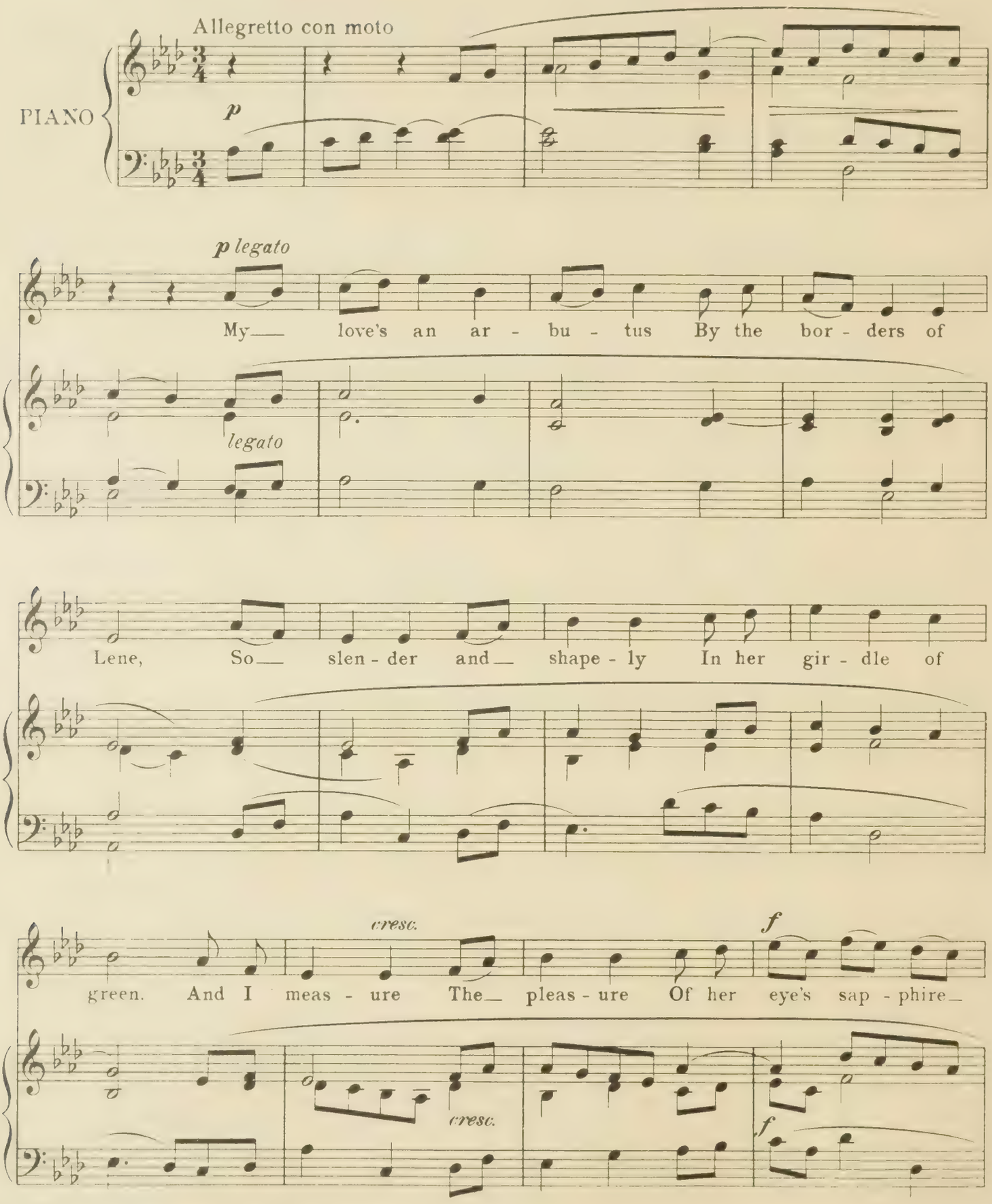

King of Spain may come to me, a crown up - on his
poco rit.
brow, It is he may keep his gold - en purse and
poco rit.
I my Ker - ry cow.
a tempo
mf
4. There are red cows that's con - tra - ry, and there's
mf


white cows quare and wild, But my Ker - ry cow is
bid - da-ble an' gen - tle as a child. And the paint - ers will be
poco rit.
paint - ing her be - neath the haw - thorn bough, Where she's
poco rit.
graz - ing on the good green grass, my lit - tle Ker - ry cow.
Ped.

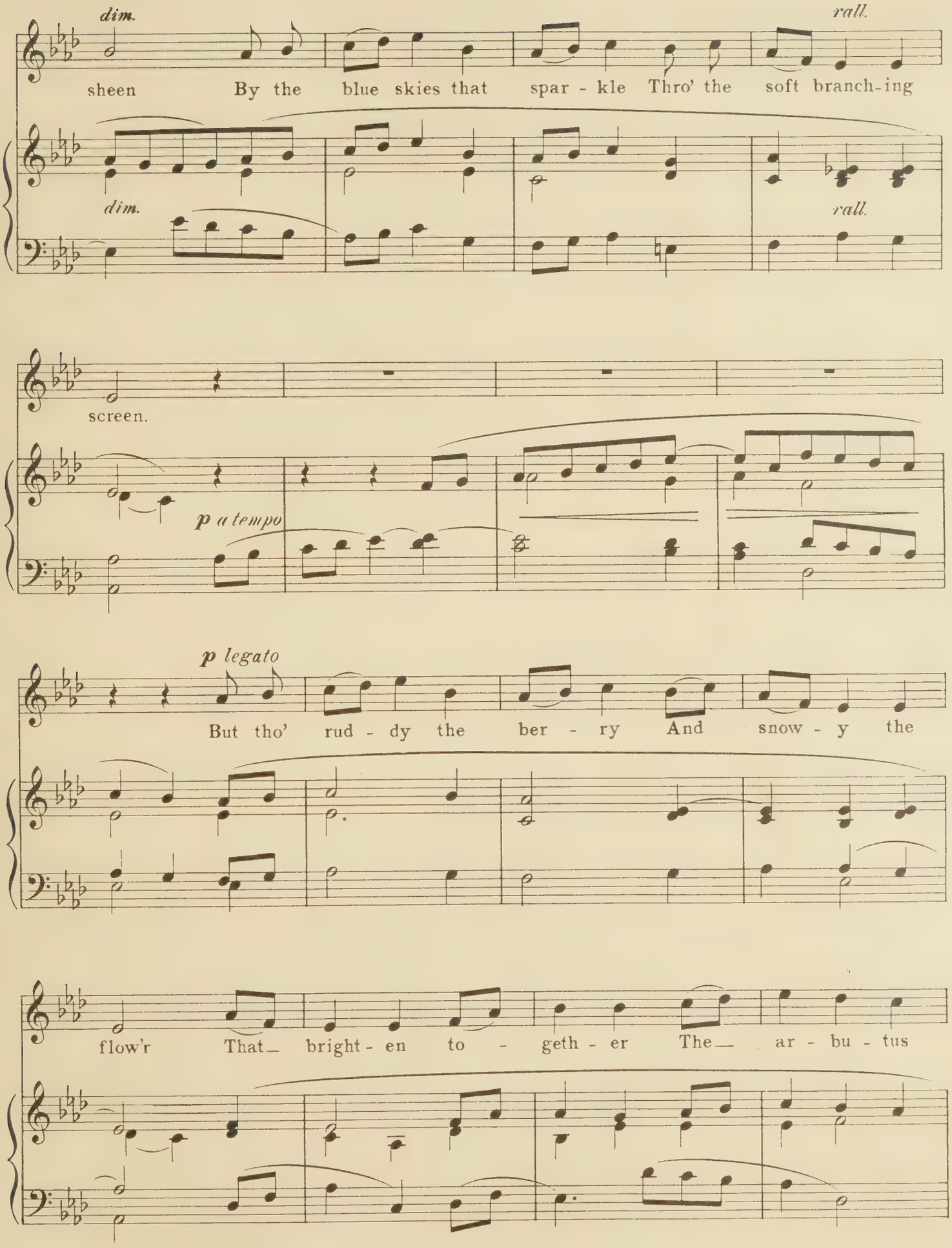
MY LOVE'S AN ARBUTUS

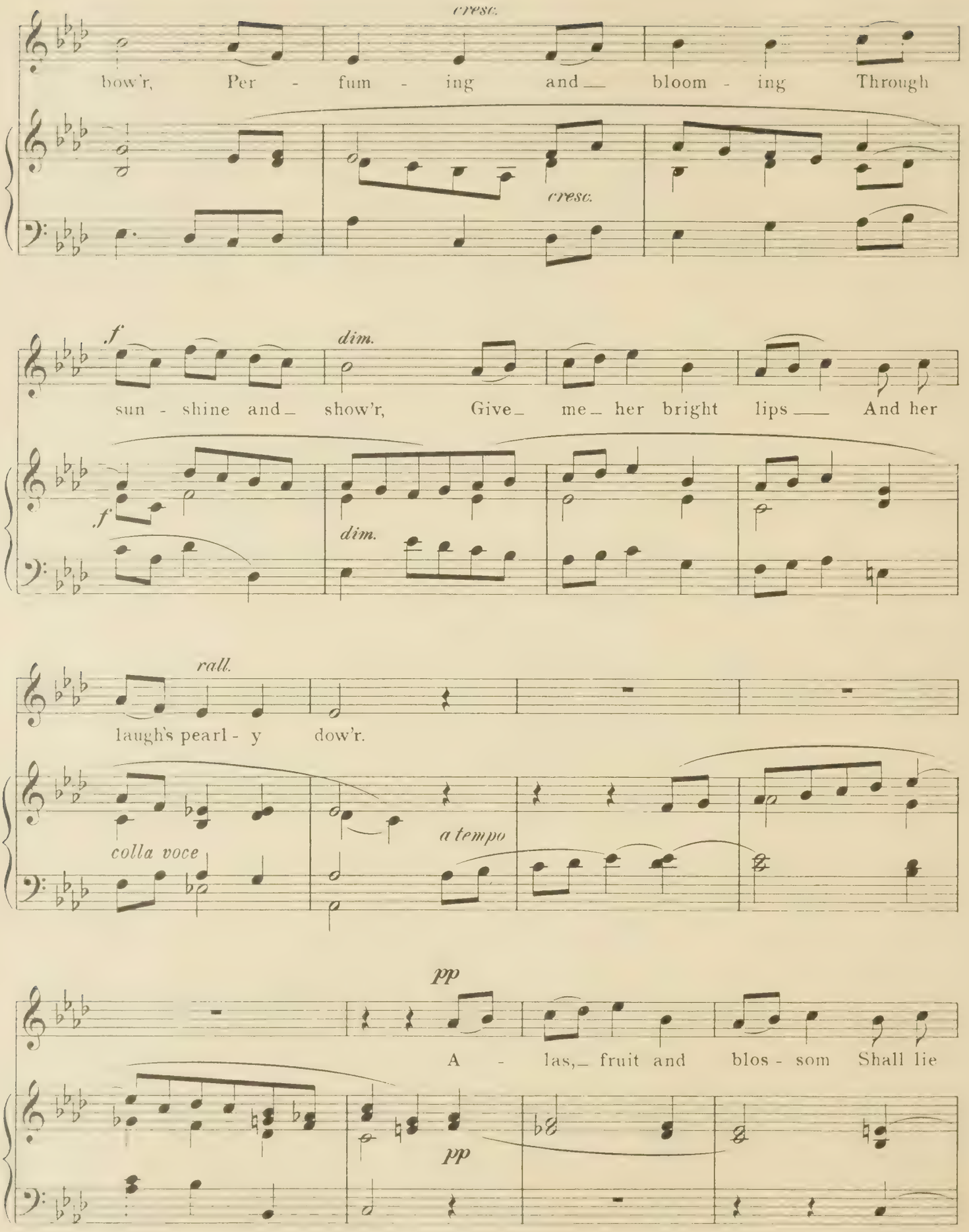
ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

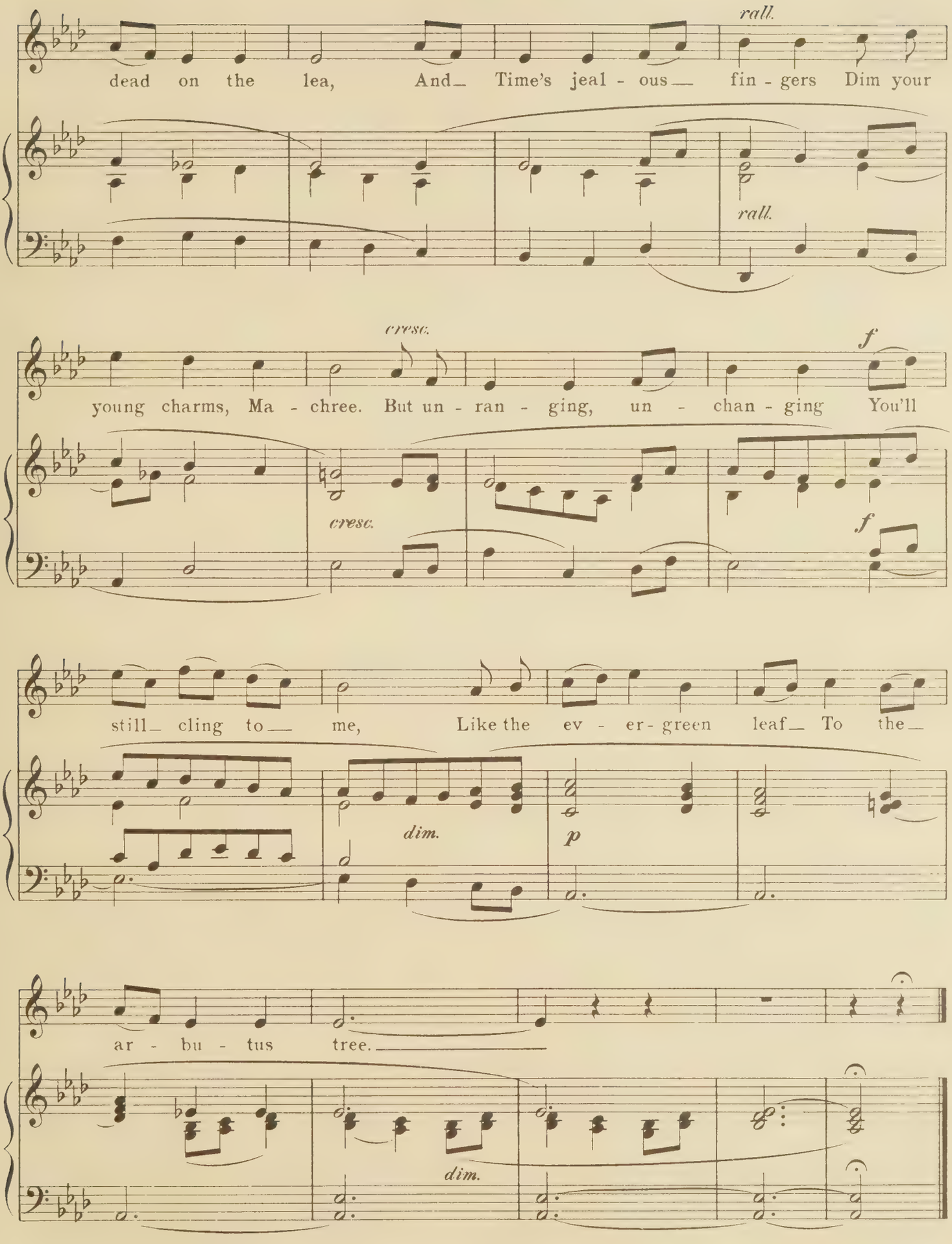
Irish Air: "Coola Shore"
*) *Arranged by Charles Villiers Stanford*



*) The editor has made a few slight changes.


dim.
rall.
sheen By the blue skies that spar - kle Thro' the soft branch-ing
dim.
rall.
screen.
p a tempo
p legato
But tho' rud - dy the ber - ry And snow - y the
flow'r That_ bright - en to - geth - er The_ ar - bu - tus

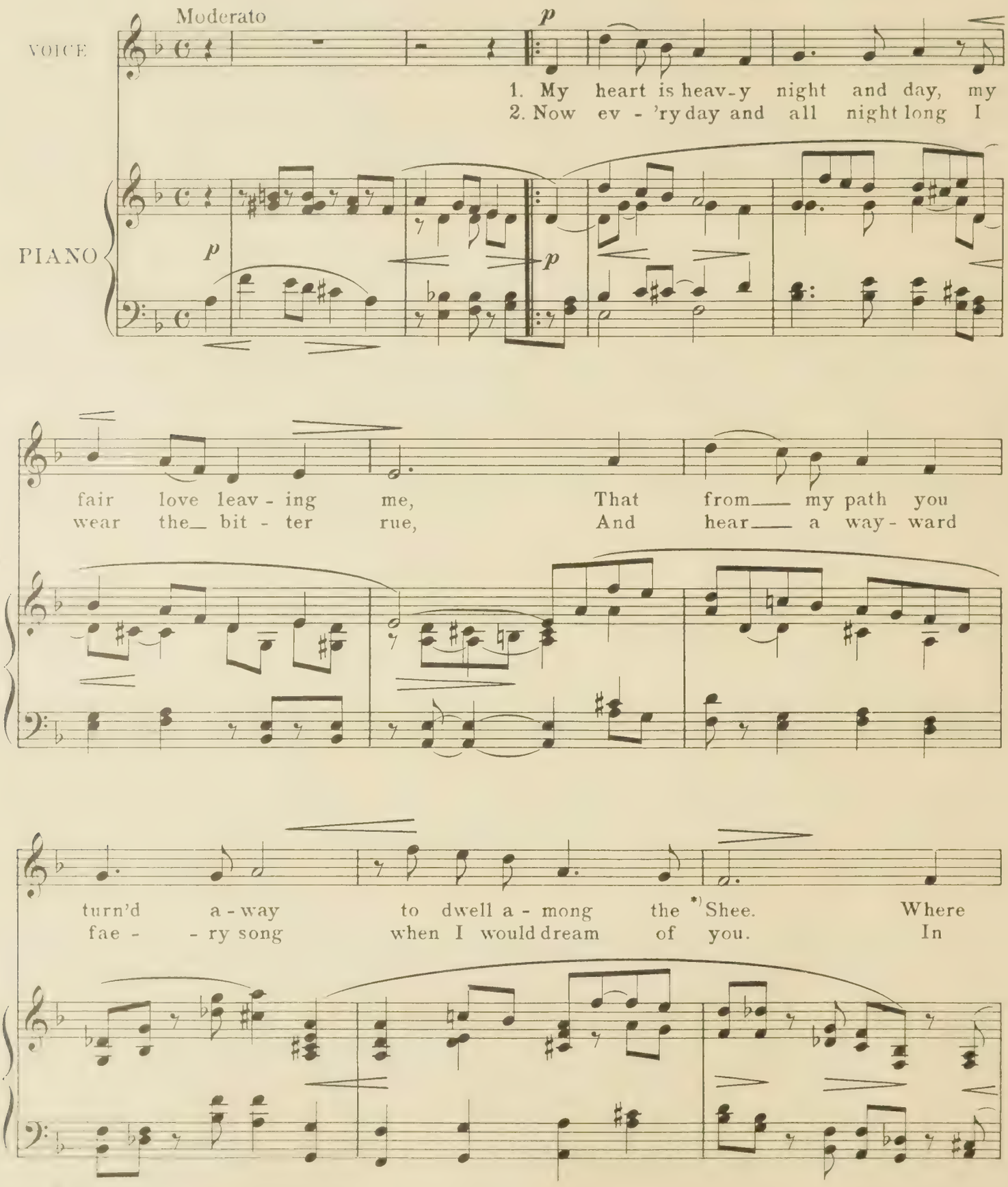

cresc.
bow'r, Per - fum - ing and bloom - ing Through
cresc.
f
dim.
sun - shine and show'r, Give me her bright lips And her
f
dim.
rall.
laugh's pearl - y dow'r.
colla voce
a tempo
pp
A - las, fruit and blos - som Shall lie
pp


rall.
dead on the lea, And_ Time's jeal - ous_ fin - gers Dim your
rall.
cresc.
f
young charms, Ma - chree. But un - ran - ging, un - chan - ging You'll
cresc.
f
still_ cling to_ me, Like the ev - er - green leaf_ To the_
dim.
p
ar - bu - tus tree.
dim.

MY FAIR LOVE LEAVING ME

NORA CHESSON

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



* Shee-the fairies

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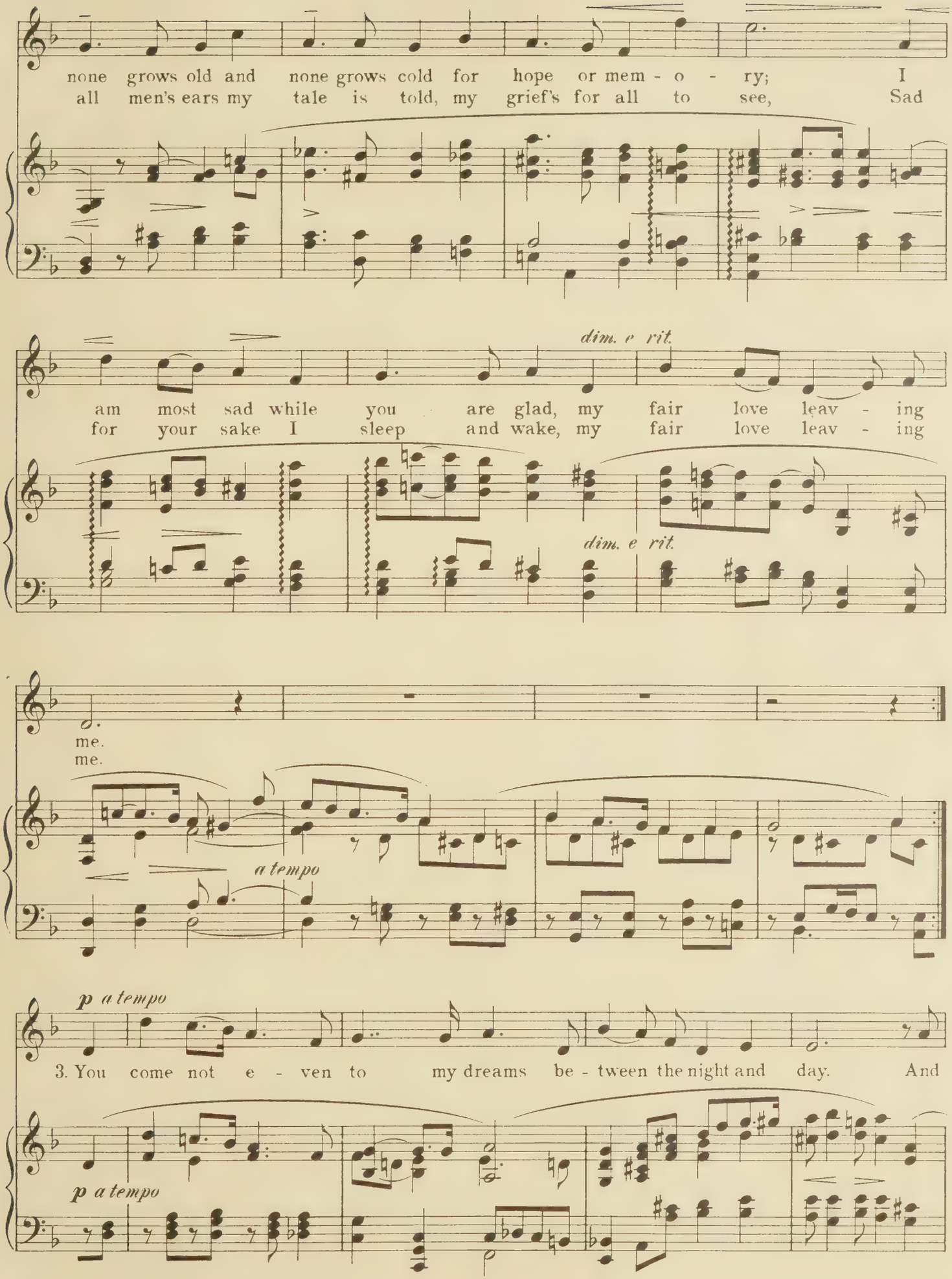
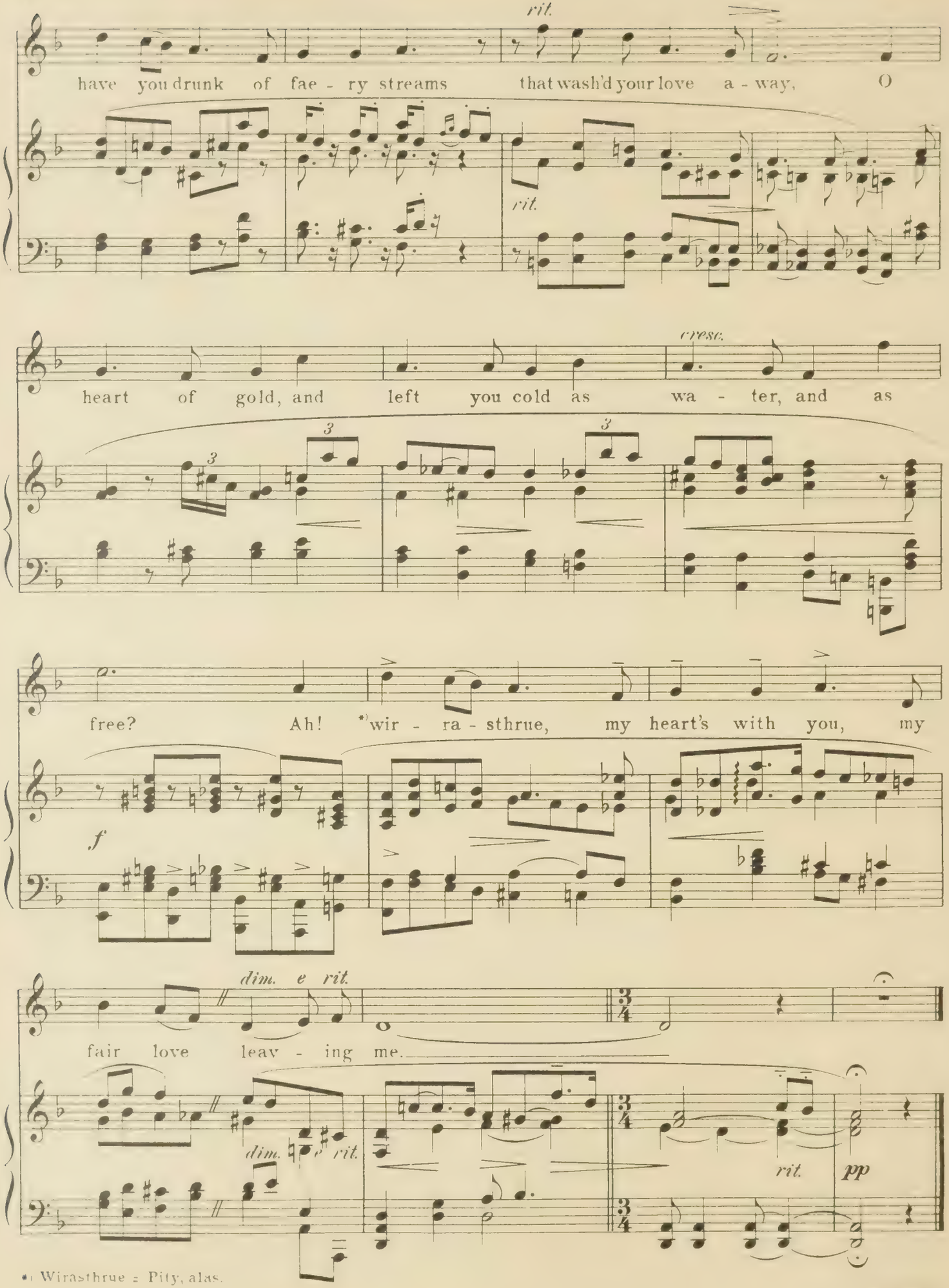

none grows old and none grows cold for hope or mem - o - ry; I
all men's ears my tale is told, my grief's for all to see, Sad
dim. e rit.
am most sad while you are glad, my fair love leav - ing
for your sake I sleep and wake, my fair love leav - ing
dim. e rit.
me.
me.
a tempo
p a tempo
3. You come not e - ven to my dreams be - tween the night and day. And
p a tempo

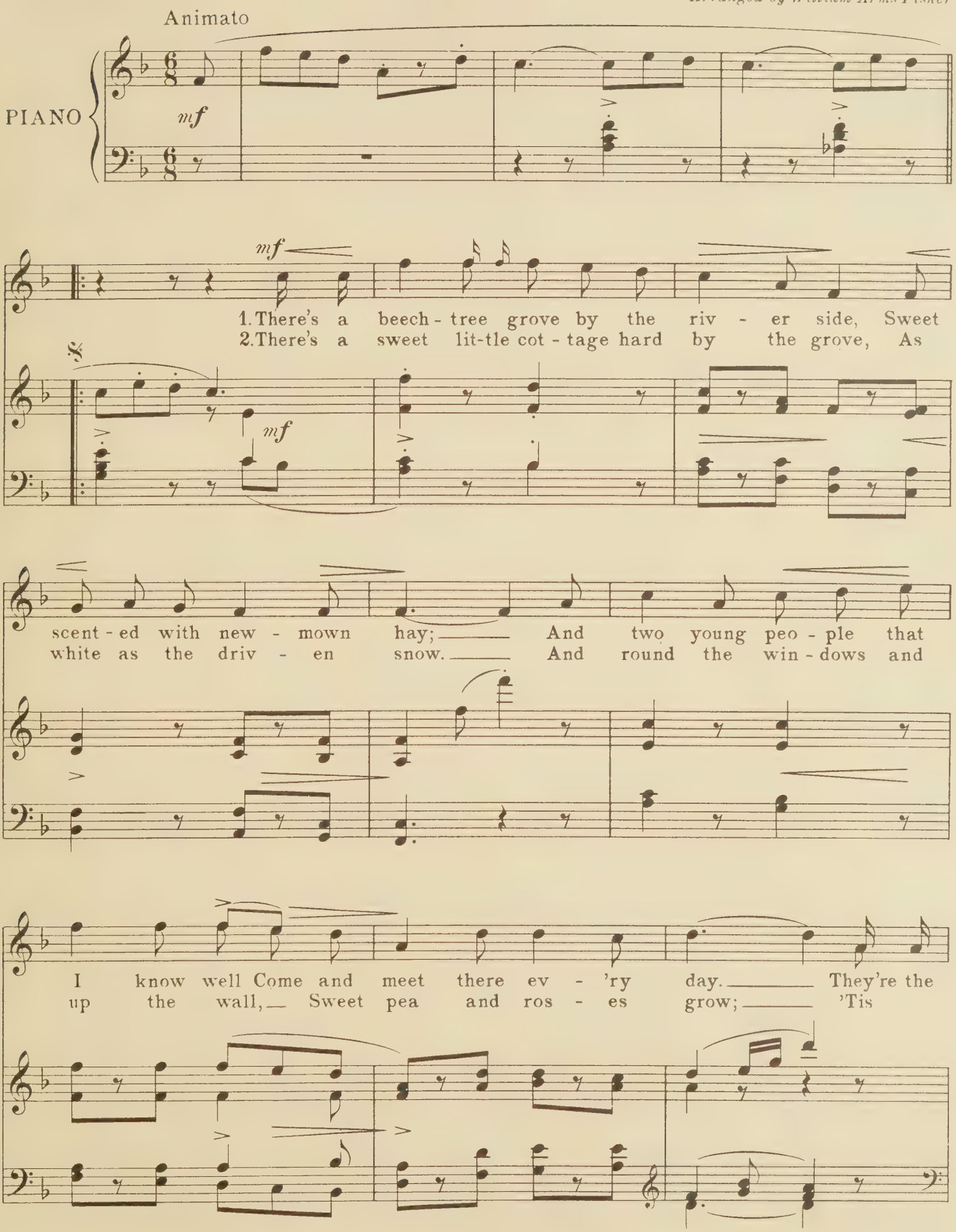


*) Wirasthrue = Pity, alas.

NELLY, MY LOVE, AND ME

P. W. JOYCE, LL. D.

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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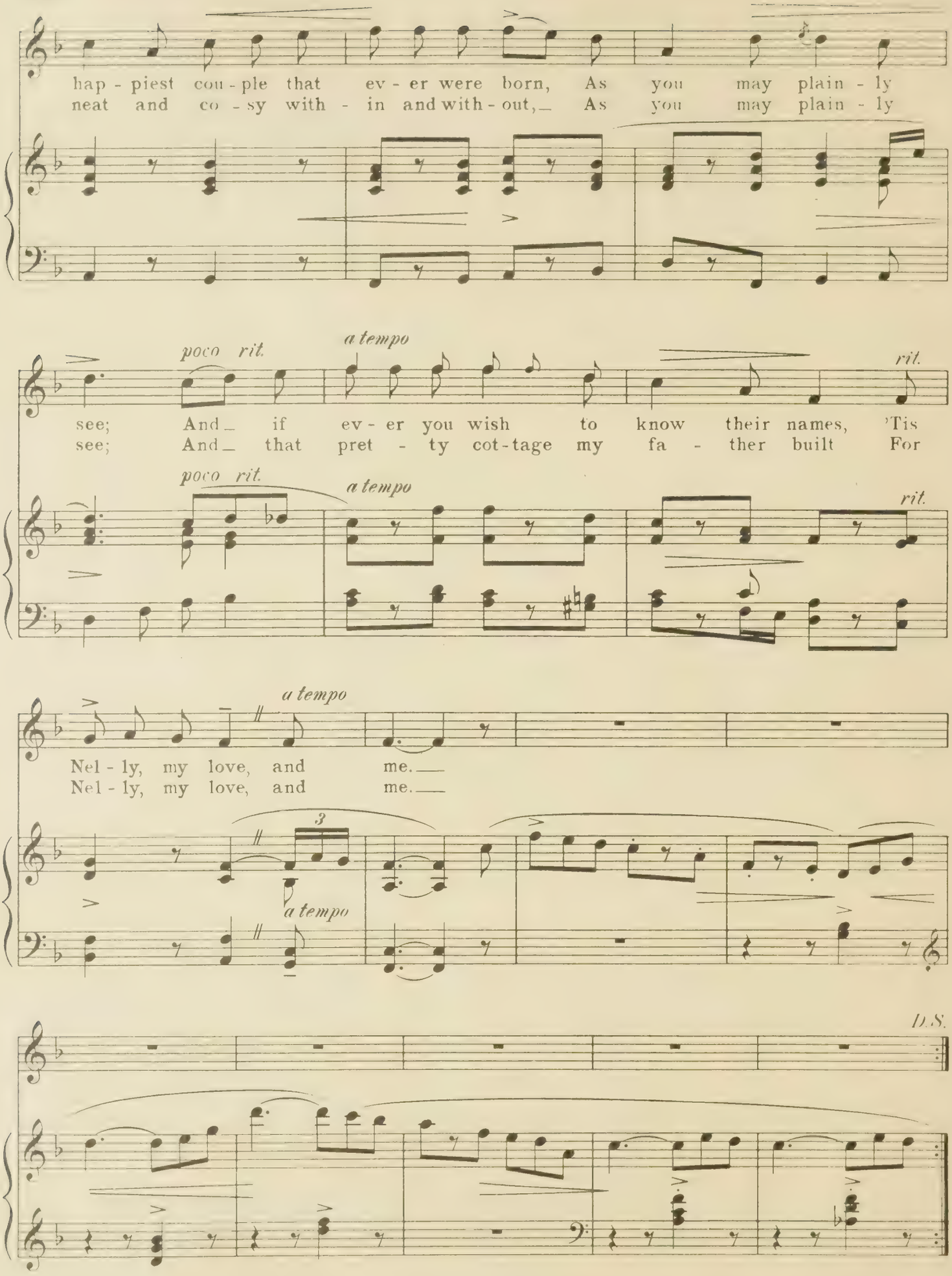
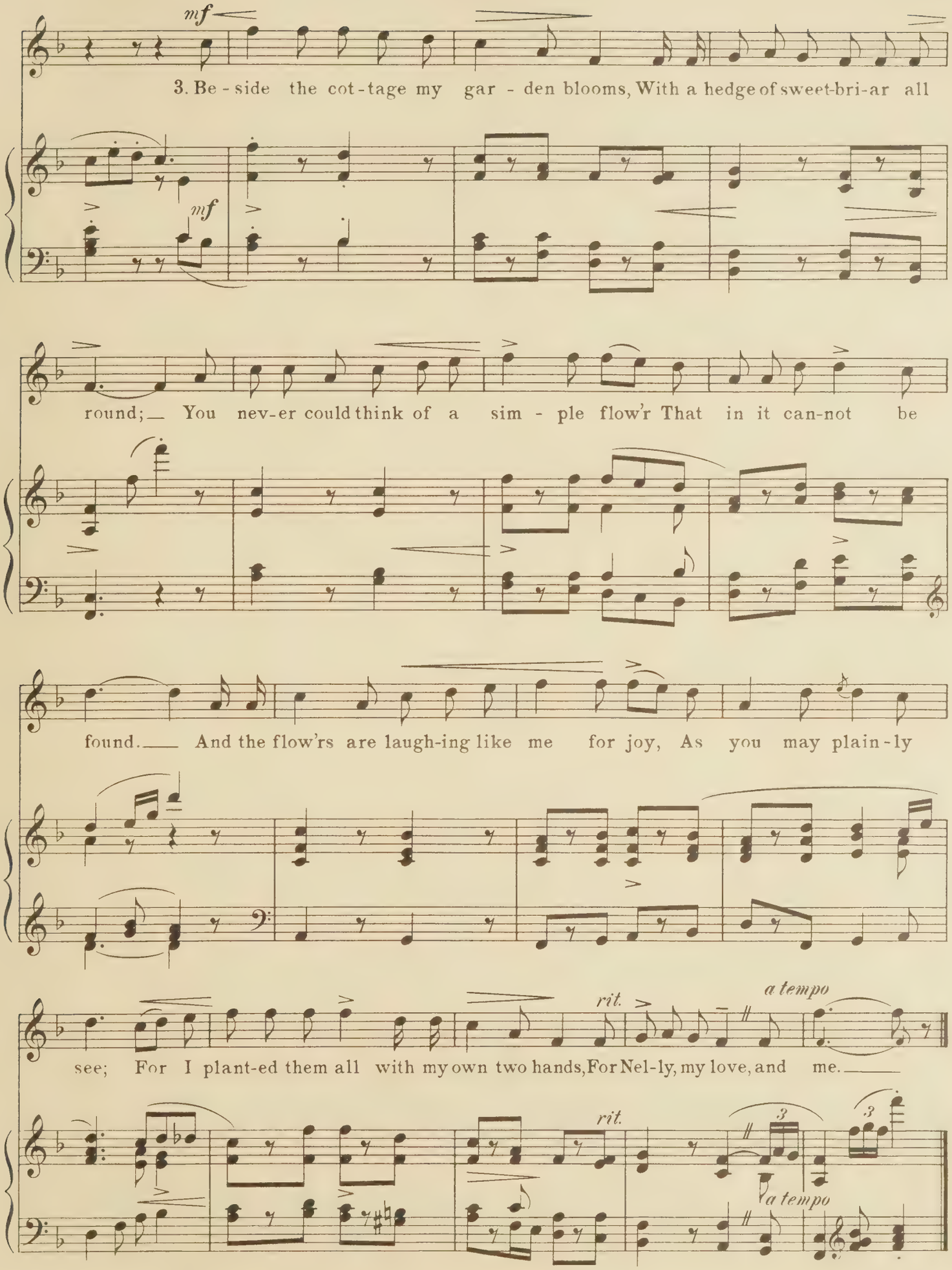

hap - piest cou - ple that ev - er were born, As you may plain - ly
neat and co - sy with - in and with - out, As you may plain - ly
poco rit.
a tempo
rit.
see; And if ev - er you wish to know their names, 'Tis
see; And that pret - ty cot - tage my fa - ther built For
poco rit.
a tempo
rit.
a tempo
Nel - ly, my love, and me.
Nel - ly, my love, and me.
3
a tempo
D.S.


mf
3. Be - side the cot - tage my gar - den blooms, With a hedge of sweet-bri-ar all
mf
round; You nev-er could think of a sim - ple flow'r That in it can-not be
found. And the flow'rs are laugh-ing like me for joy, As you may plain - ly
rit.
a tempo
see; For I plant-ed them all with my own two hands, For Nel-ly, my love, and me.
rit.
3
3
a tempo

THE NINEPENNY FIDIL

JOSEPH CAMPBELL

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Animato

PIANO

mf

1. My fa - ther and moth - er were I - rish, And I am I - rish too; I
2. One pleas - ant eve in June - time I met *) a loch - rie - man; His

bought a wee fi - dil for nine - pence, And it is I - rish, too. I'm
face and hands were wea - zen, His height was not a span. He

cresc.

up in the morn - ing ear - ly To meet the dawn of day, And
boor'd me for my fi - dil "You know," says he, "like you, My

*) A merry little elf.

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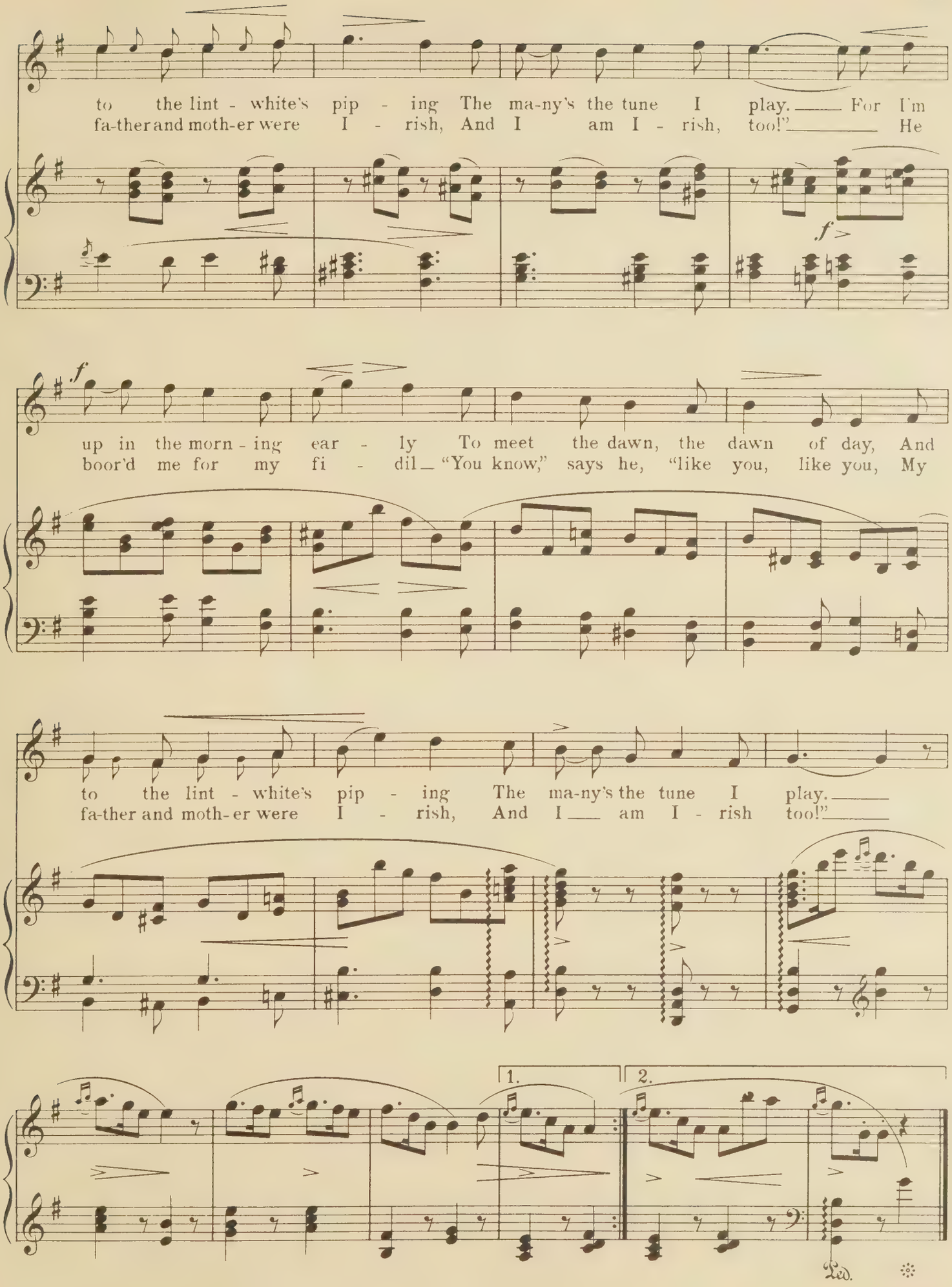
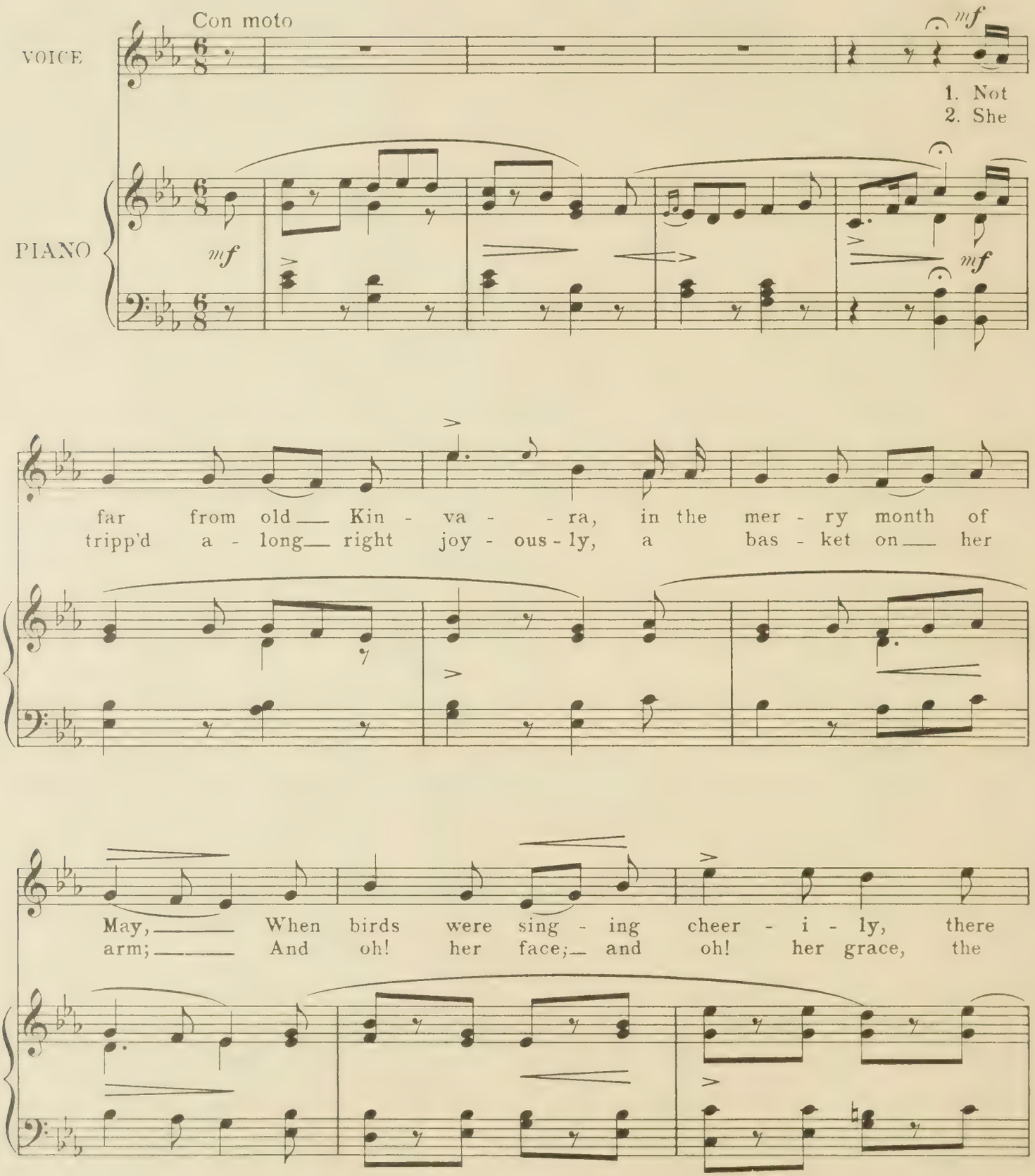

to the lint - white's pip - ing The ma-ny's the tune I play. For I'm
fa-ther and moth-er were I - rish, And I am I - rish, too!" He
f
up in the morn - ing ear - ly To meet the dawn, the dawn of day, And
boor'd me for my fi - dil "You know," says he, "like you, like you, My
to the lint - white's pip - ing The ma-ny's the tune I play.
fa-ther and moth-er were I - rish, And I am I - rish too!"
1.
2.
Ped.

THE OULD PLAID SHAWL

FRANCIS A. FAHY

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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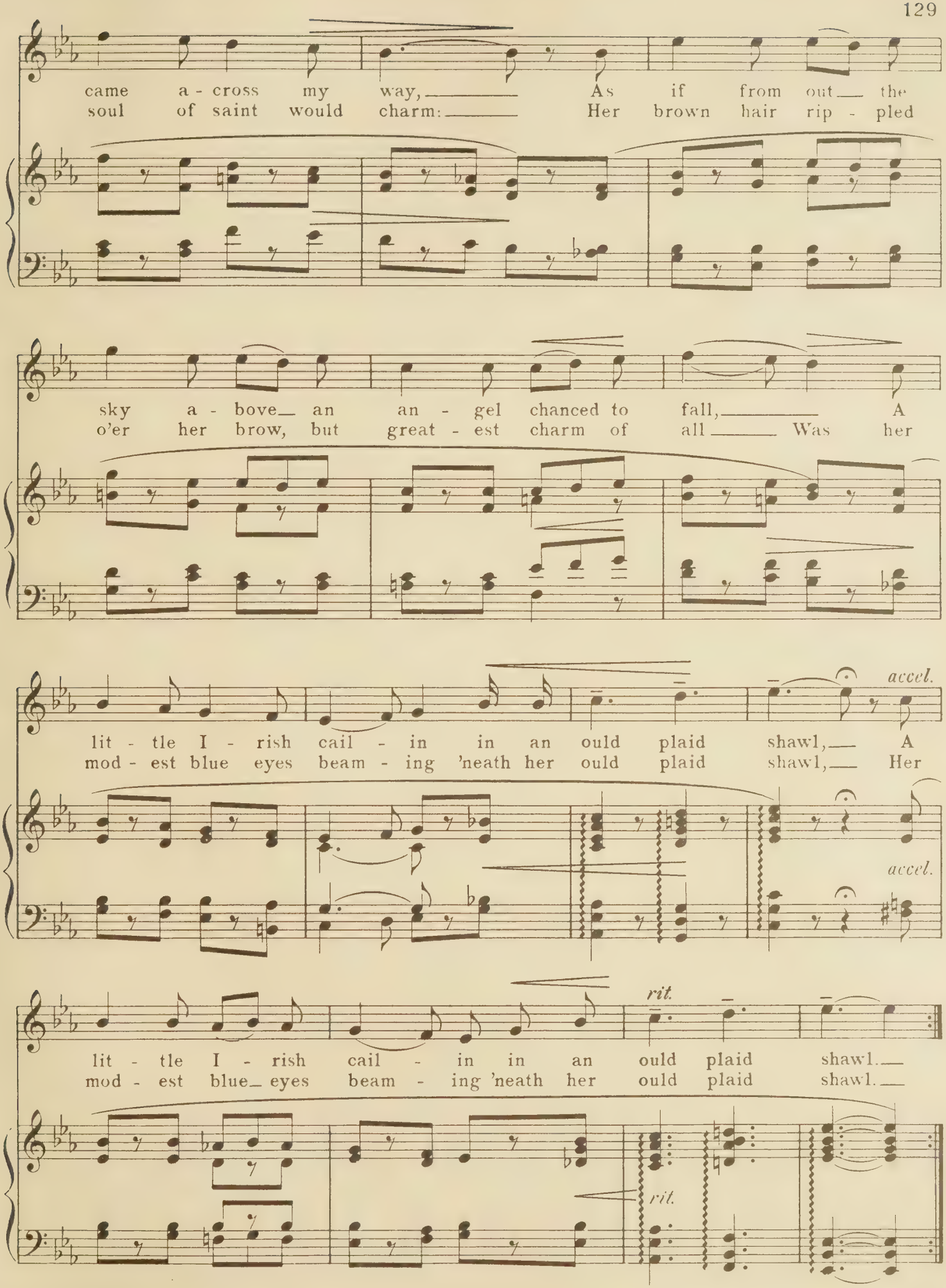
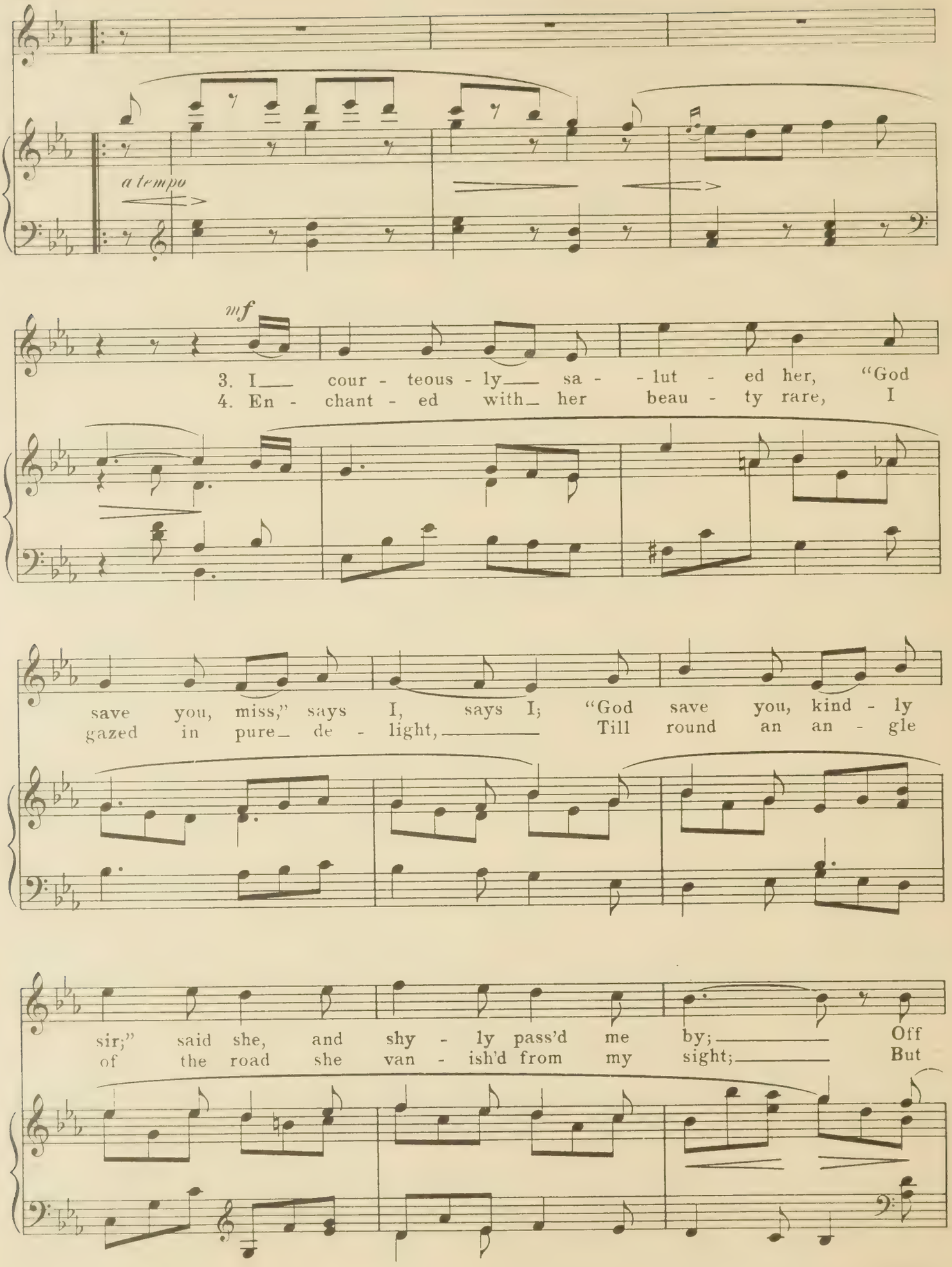
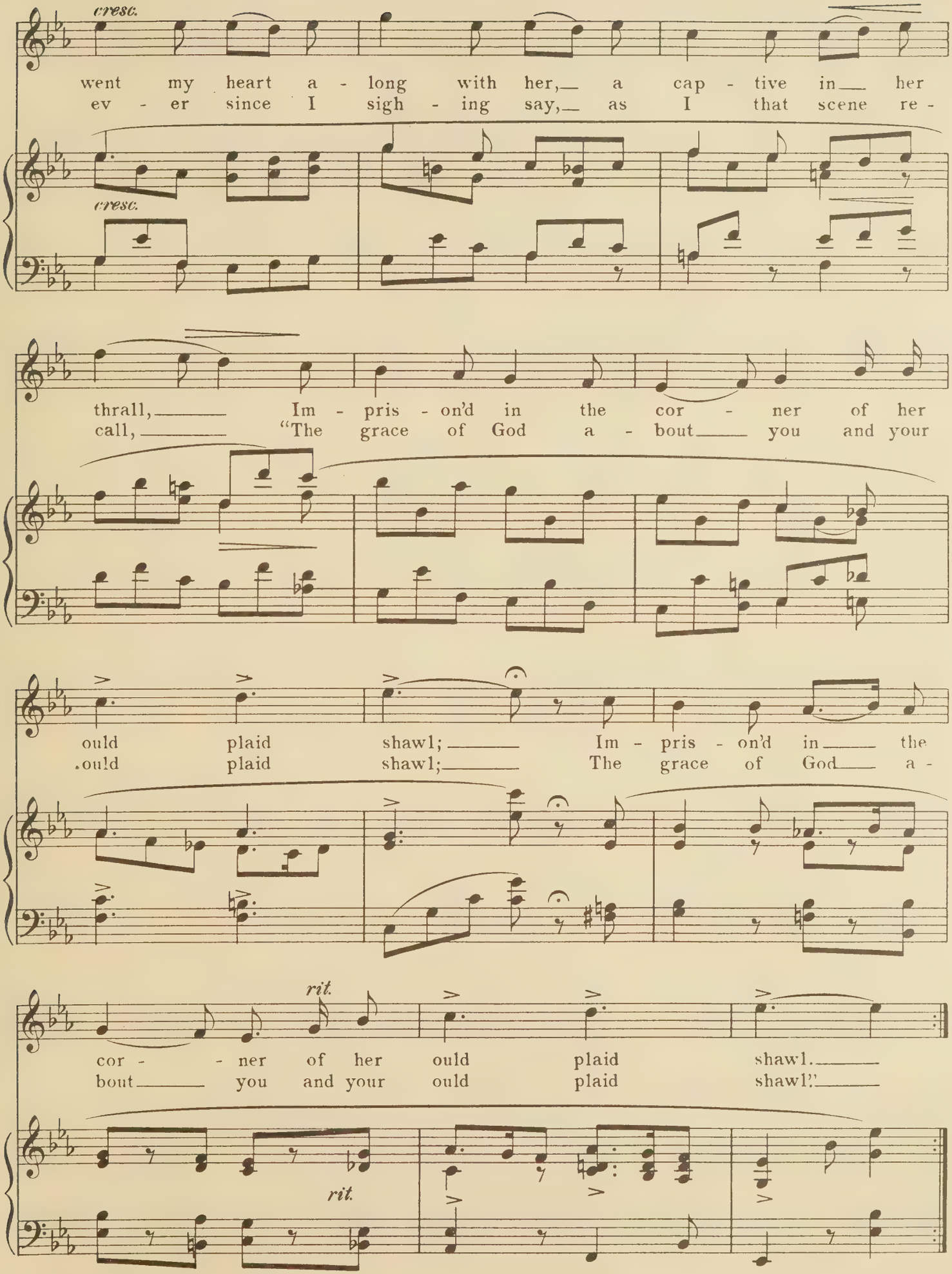
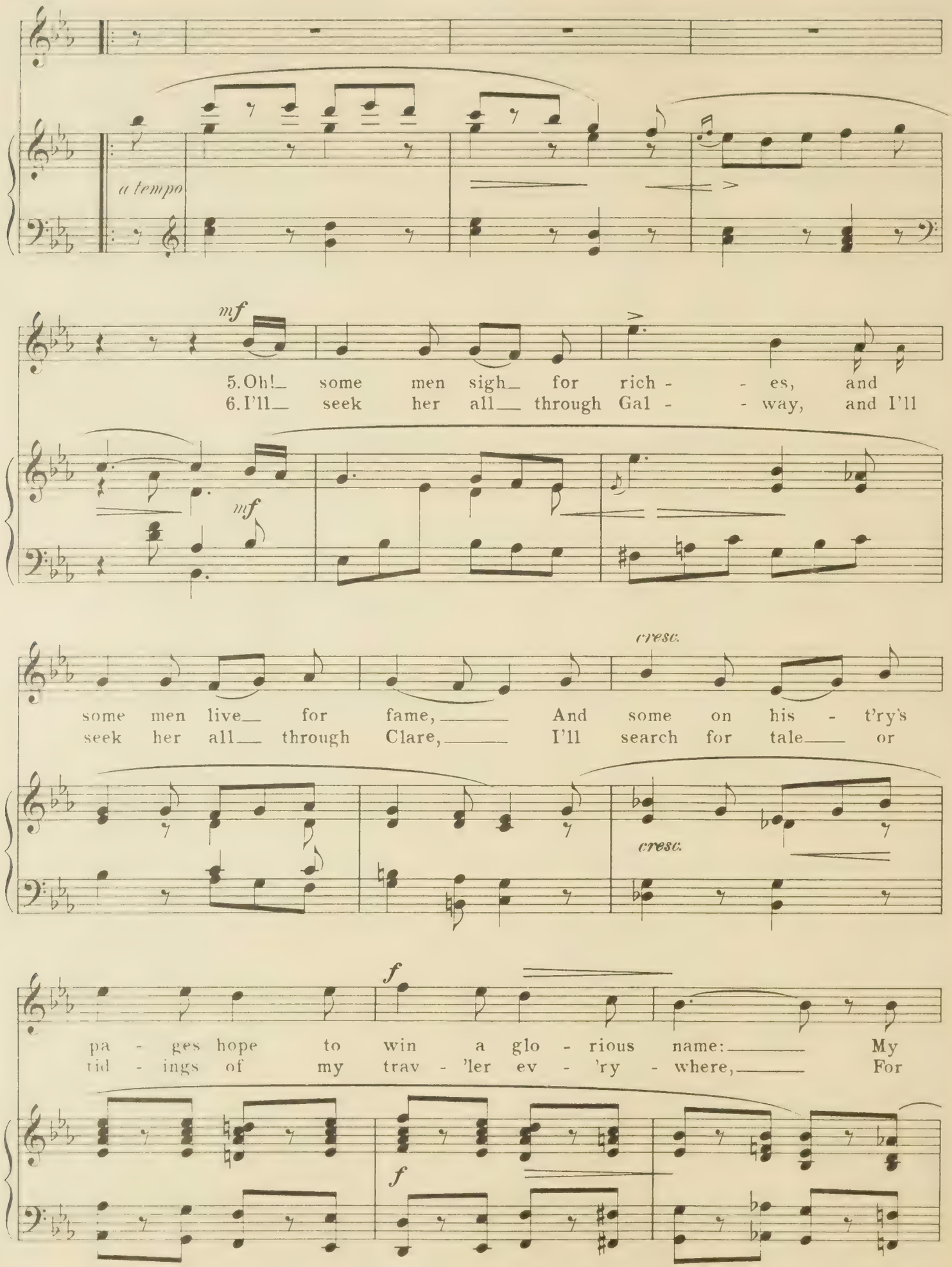
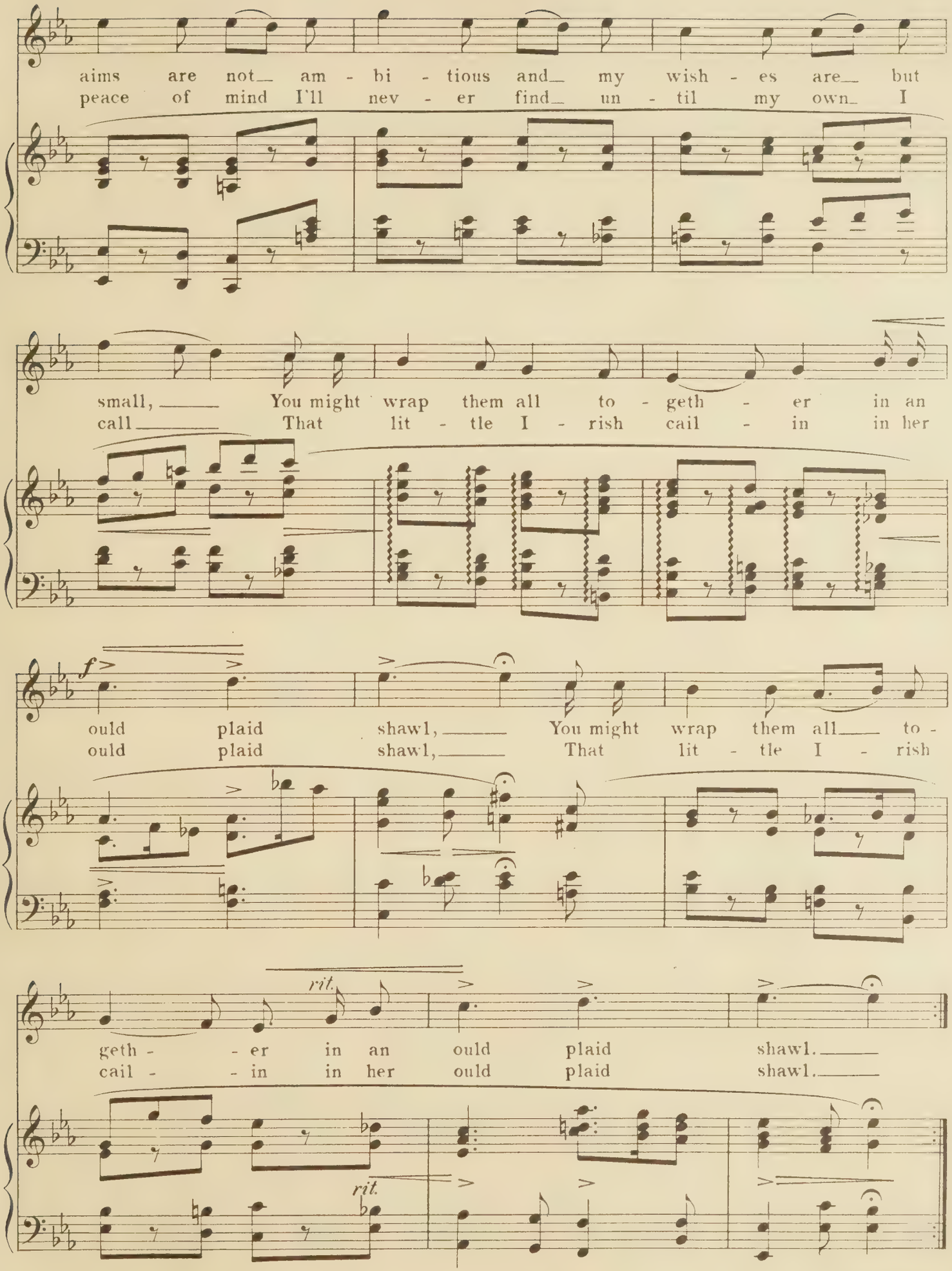

came a - cross my way, As if from out the
soul of saint would charm: Her brown hair rip - pled
sky a - bove an an - gel chanced to fall, A
o'er her brow, but great - est charm of all Was her
lit - tle I - rish cail - in in an ould plaid shawl, A
mod - est blue eyes beam - ing 'neath her ould plaid shawl, Her
accel.
accel.
lit - tle I - rish cail - in in an ould plaid shawl.
mod - est blue eyes beam - ing 'neath her ould plaid shawl.
rit.
rit.


a tempo
mf
3. I cour - teous - ly sa - - lut - ed her, "God
4. En - chant - ed with her beau - ty rare, I
save you, miss," says I, says I; "God save you, kind - ly
gazed in pure de - light, Till round an an - gle
sir;" said she, and shy - ly pass'd me by; Off
of the road she van - ish'd from my sight; But


cresc.
went my heart a - long with her, a cap - tive in her
ev - er since I sigh - ing say, as I that scene re -
cresc.
thrall, Im - pris - on'd in the cor - ner of her
call, "The grace of God a - bout you and your
ould plaid shawl; Im - pris - on'd in the
ould plaid shawl; The grace of God a -
rit.
cor - ner of her ould plaid shawl.
bout you and your ould plaid shawl!"
rit.

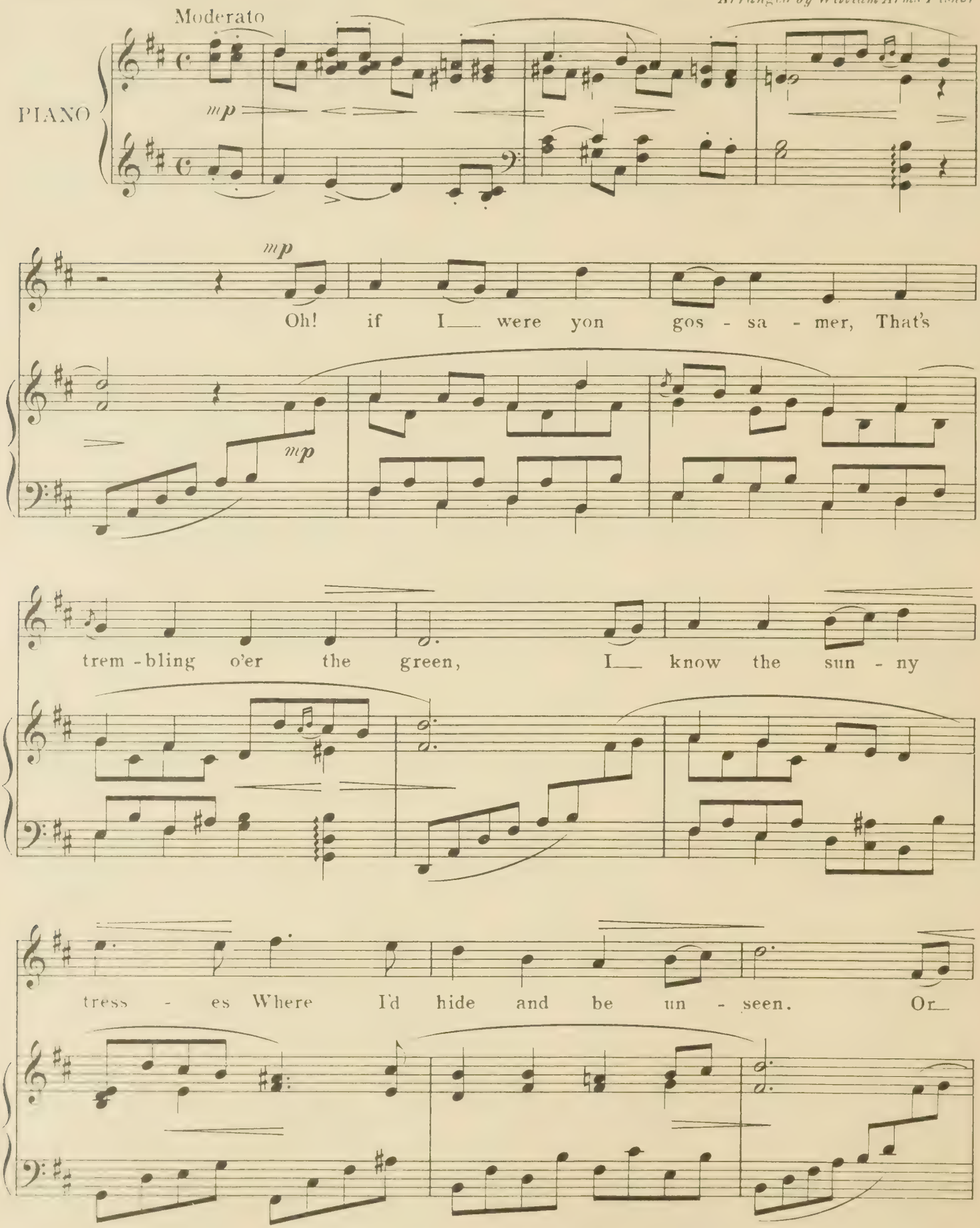

a tempo
mf
5. Oh! some men sigh for rich - es, and
6. I'll seek her all through Gal - way, and I'll
mf
cresc.
some men live for fame, And some on his - t'ry's
seek her all through Clare, I'll search for tale or
cresc.
f
pa - ges hope to win a glo - rious name: My
tid - ings of my trav - 'ler ev - 'ry - where, For
f


aims are not am - bi - tious and my wish - es are but
peace of mind I'll nev - er find un - til my own I
small, You might wrap them all to - geth - er in an
call That lit - tle I - rish cail - in in her
f
ould plaid shawl, You might wrap them all to -
ould plaid shawl, That lit - tle I - rish
rit.
geth - - er in an ould plaid shawl.
cail - - in in her ould plaid shawl.
rit.

OH! IF I WERE YON GOSSAMER

JAMES M'KOWEN

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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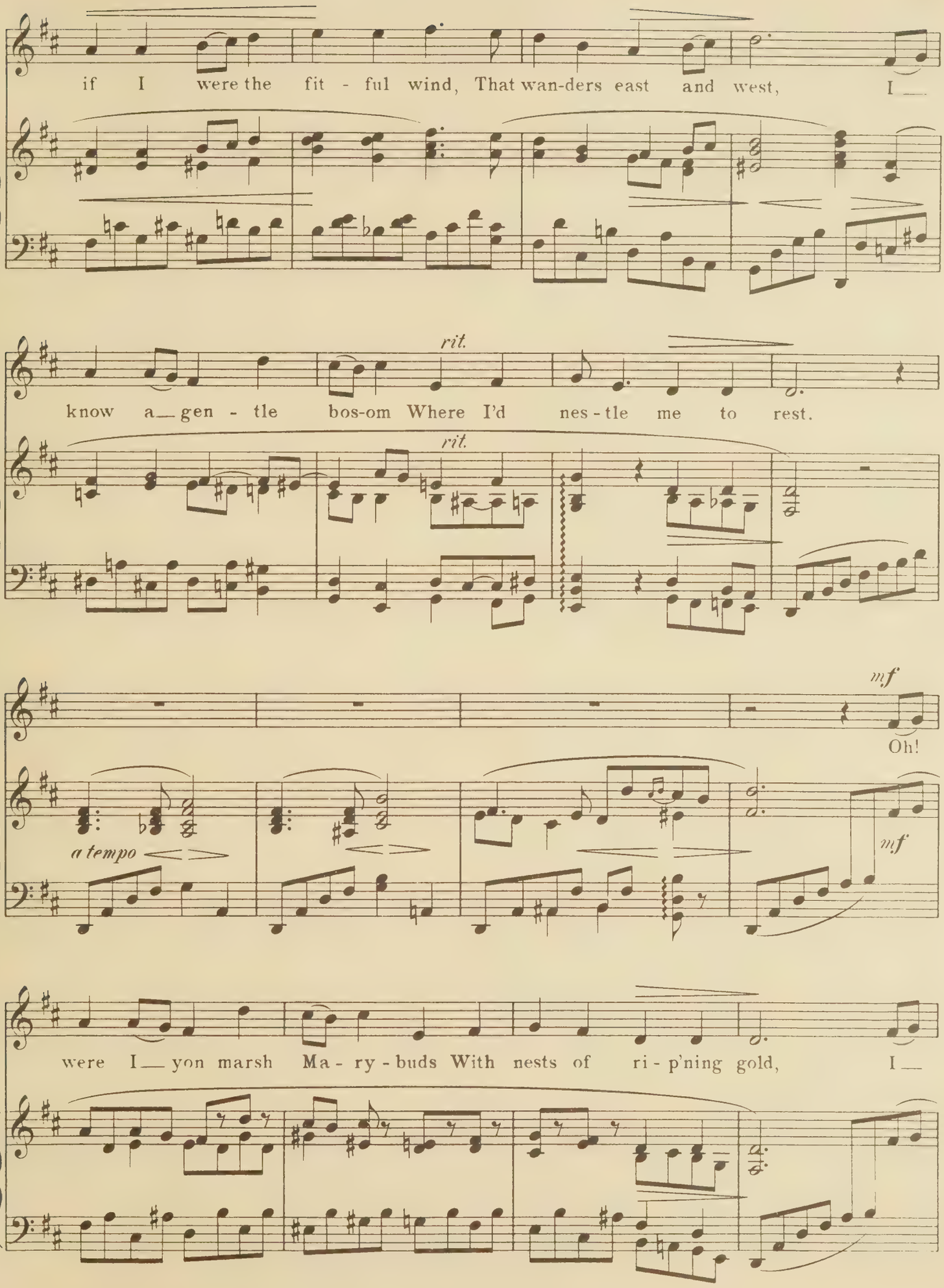
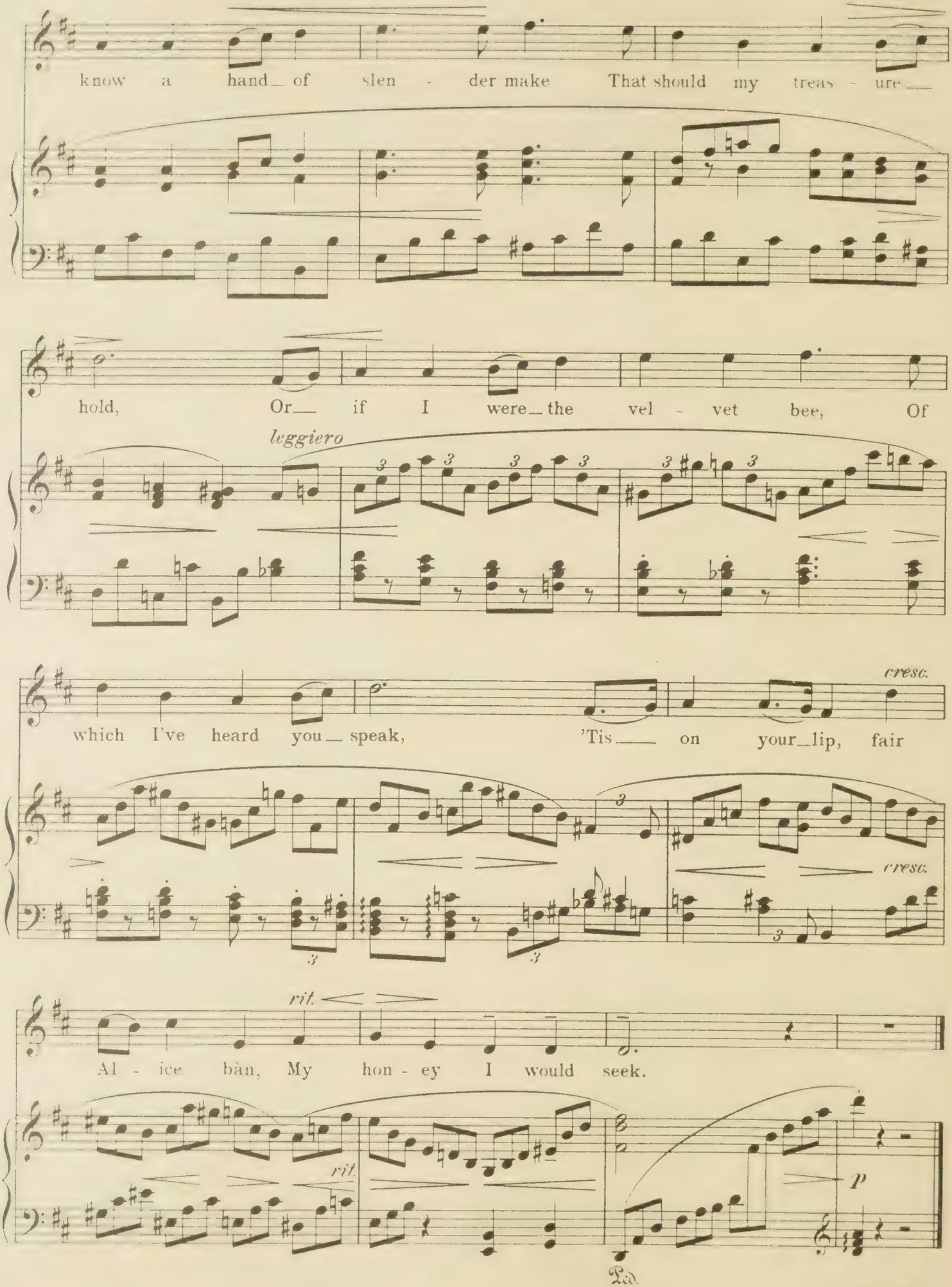
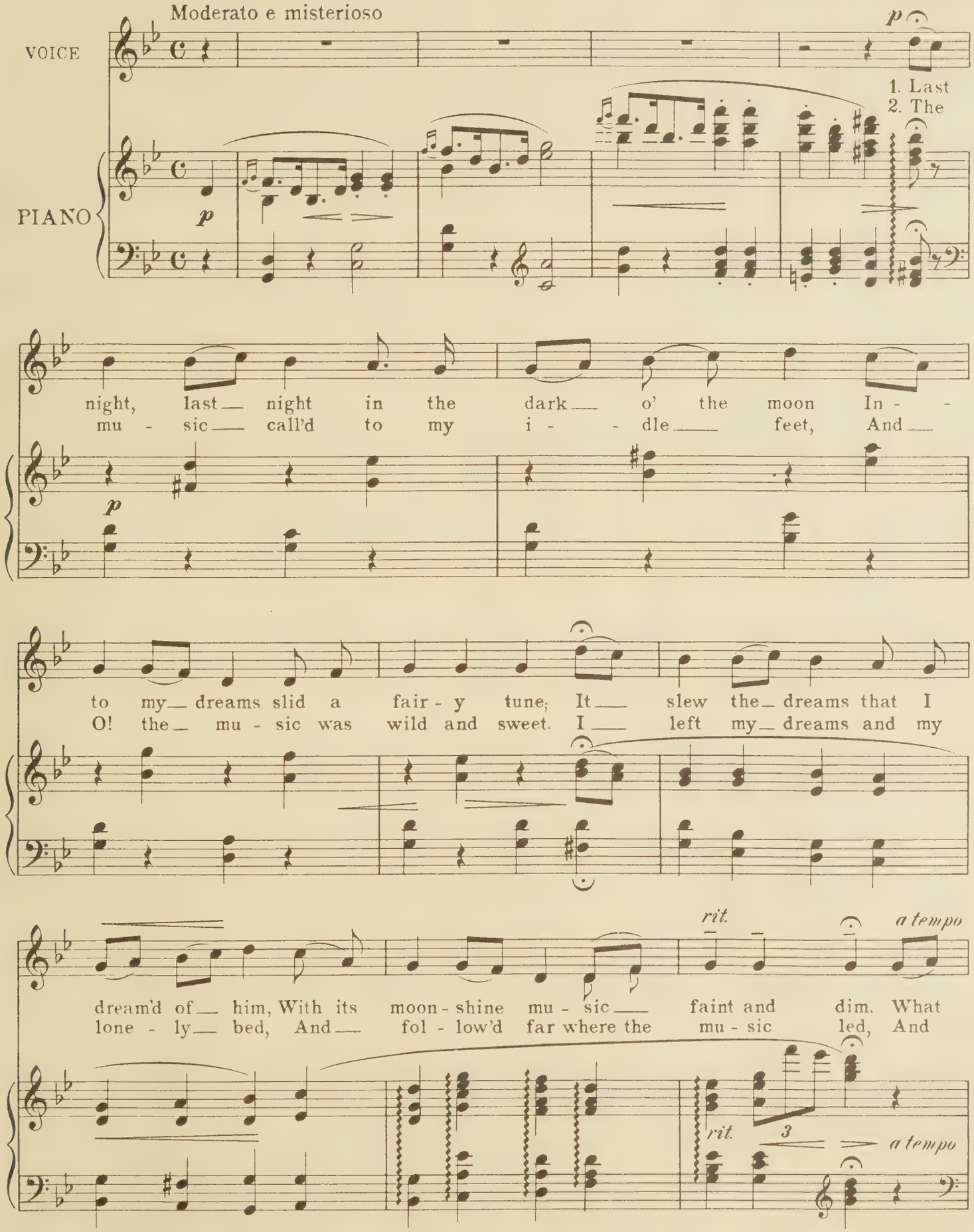

if I were the fit - ful wind, That wan-ders east and west, I —
rit.
know a — gen - tle bos-om Where I'd nes - tle me to rest.
rit.
mf
Oh!
a tempo
mf
were I — yon marsh Ma - ry - buds With nests of ri - p'ning gold, I —


know a hand_ of slen - der make That should my treas - ure___
hold, Or___ if I were_ the vel - vet bee, Of
leggiero
which I've heard you_ speak, 'Tis___ on your_lip, fair
cresc.
cresc.
rit.
Al - ice bàn, My hon - ey I would seek.
rit.
p
Ped.

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

NORA CHESSON

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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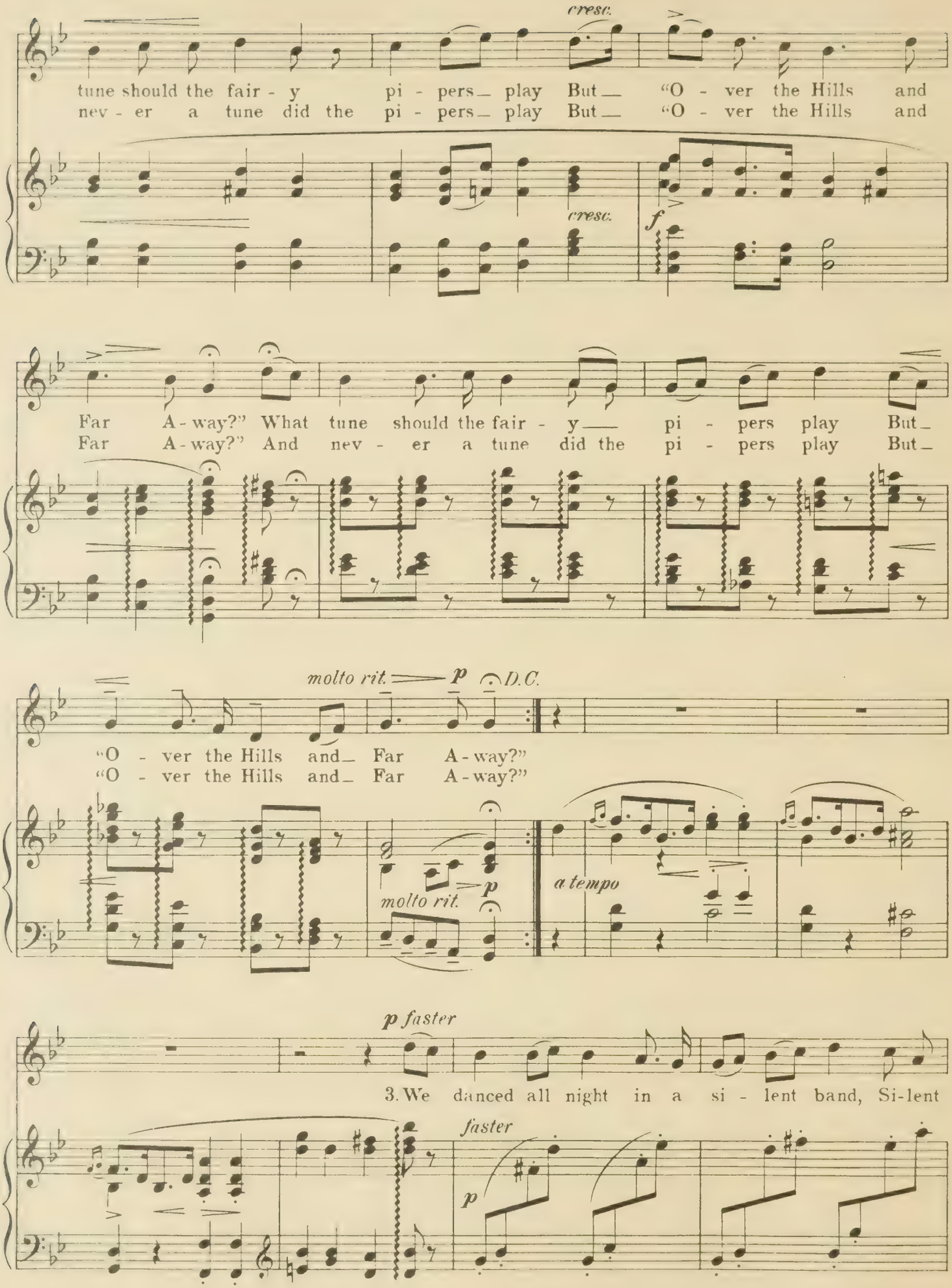
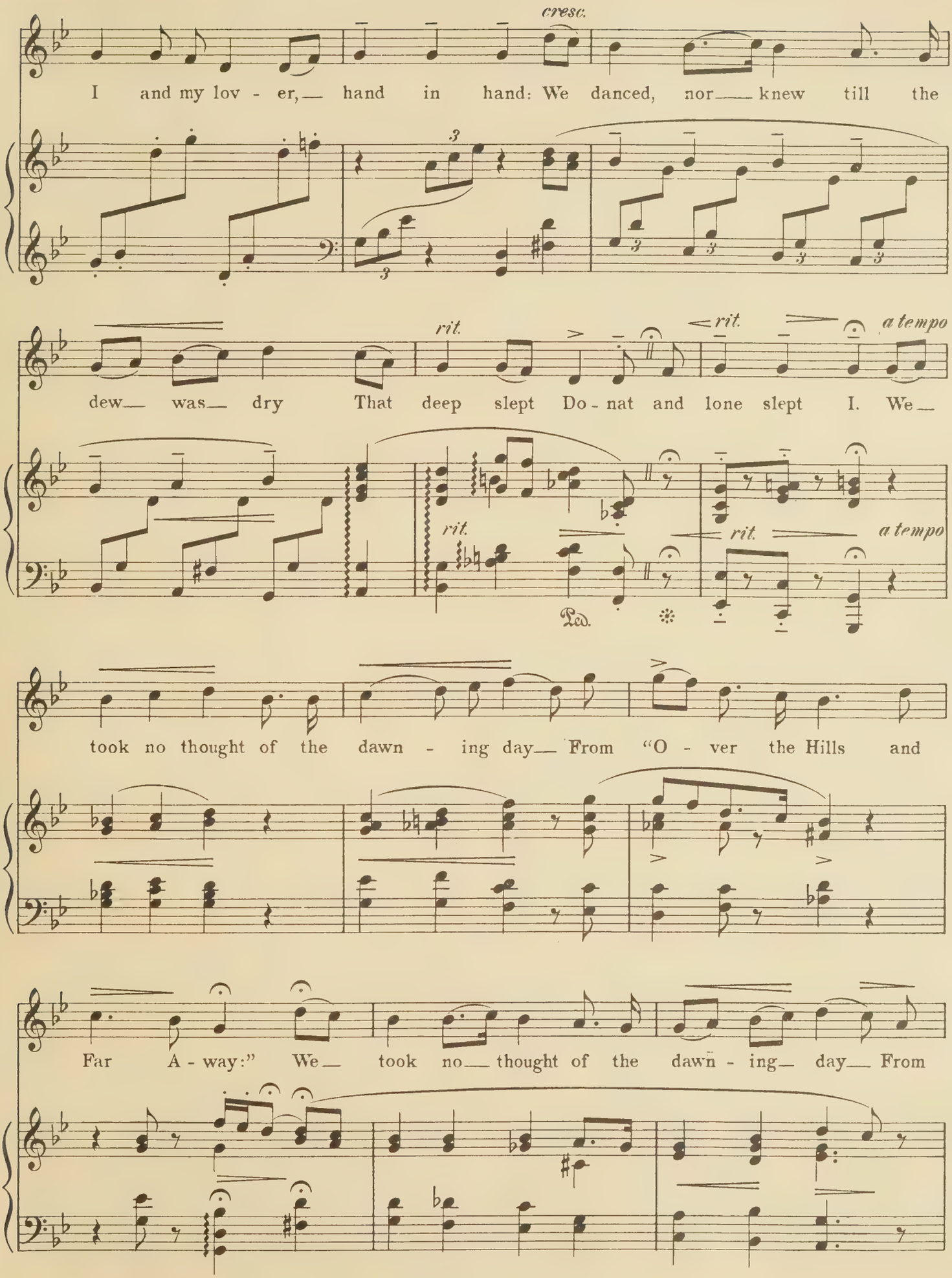
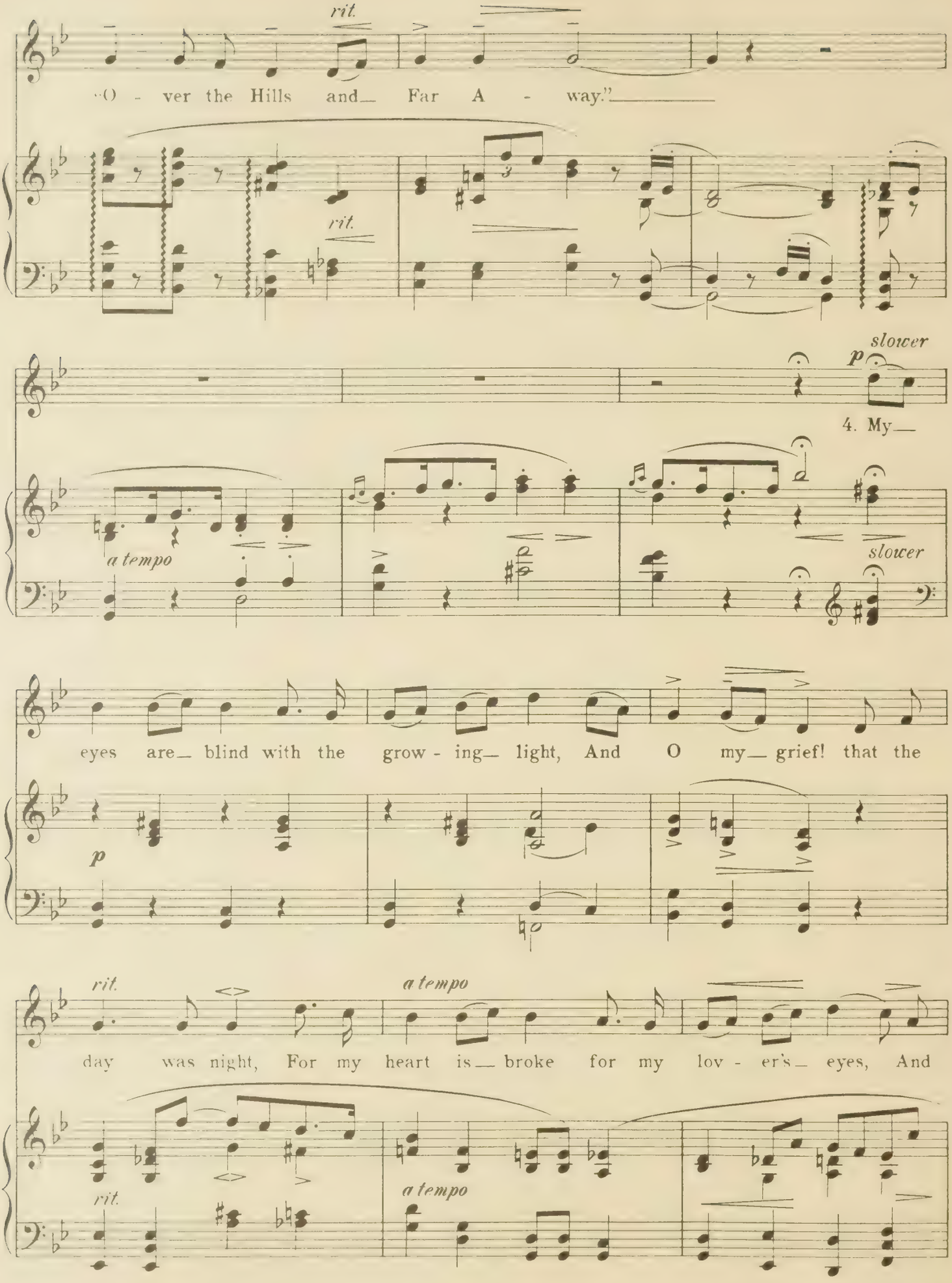
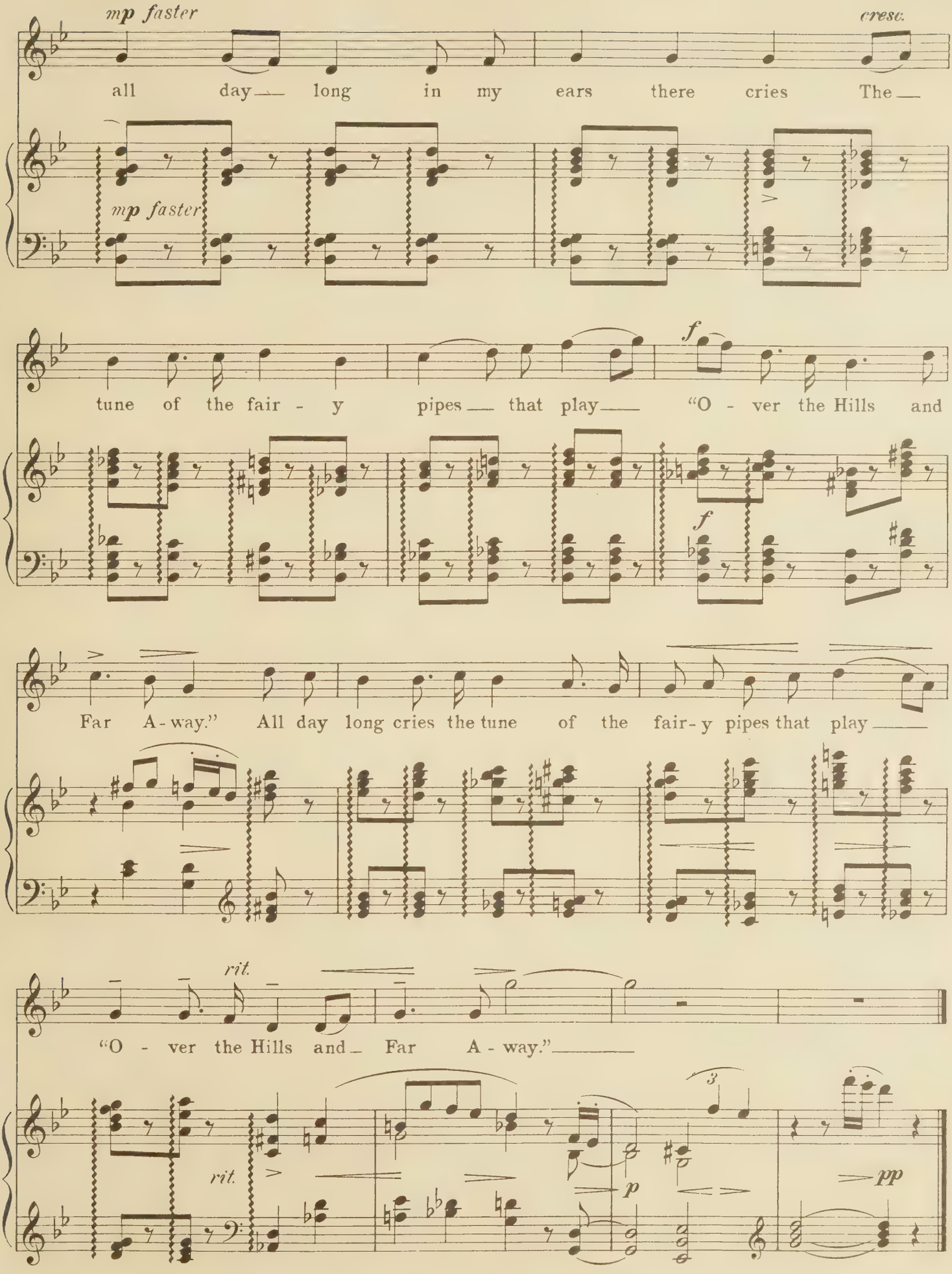

cresc.
tune should the fair - y pi - pers play But "O - ver the Hills and
nev - er a tune did the pi - pers play But "O - ver the Hills and
cresc.
f
Far A - way?" What tune should the fair - y pi - pers play But
Far A - way?" And nev - er a tune did the pi - pers play But
molto rit. p D.C.
"O - ver the Hills and Far A - way?"
"O - ver the Hills and Far A - way?"
p
molto rit.
a tempo
p faster
3. We danced all night in a si - lent band, Si - lent
faster
p


cresc.
I and my lov - er,— hand in hand: We danced, nor— knew till the
rit.
rit.
a tempo
dew— was— dry That deep slept Do - nat and lone slept I. We—
rit.
rit.
a tempo
Ped.
took no thought of the dawn - ing day— From "O - ver the Hills and
Far A - way:" We— took no— thought of the dawn - ing— day— From

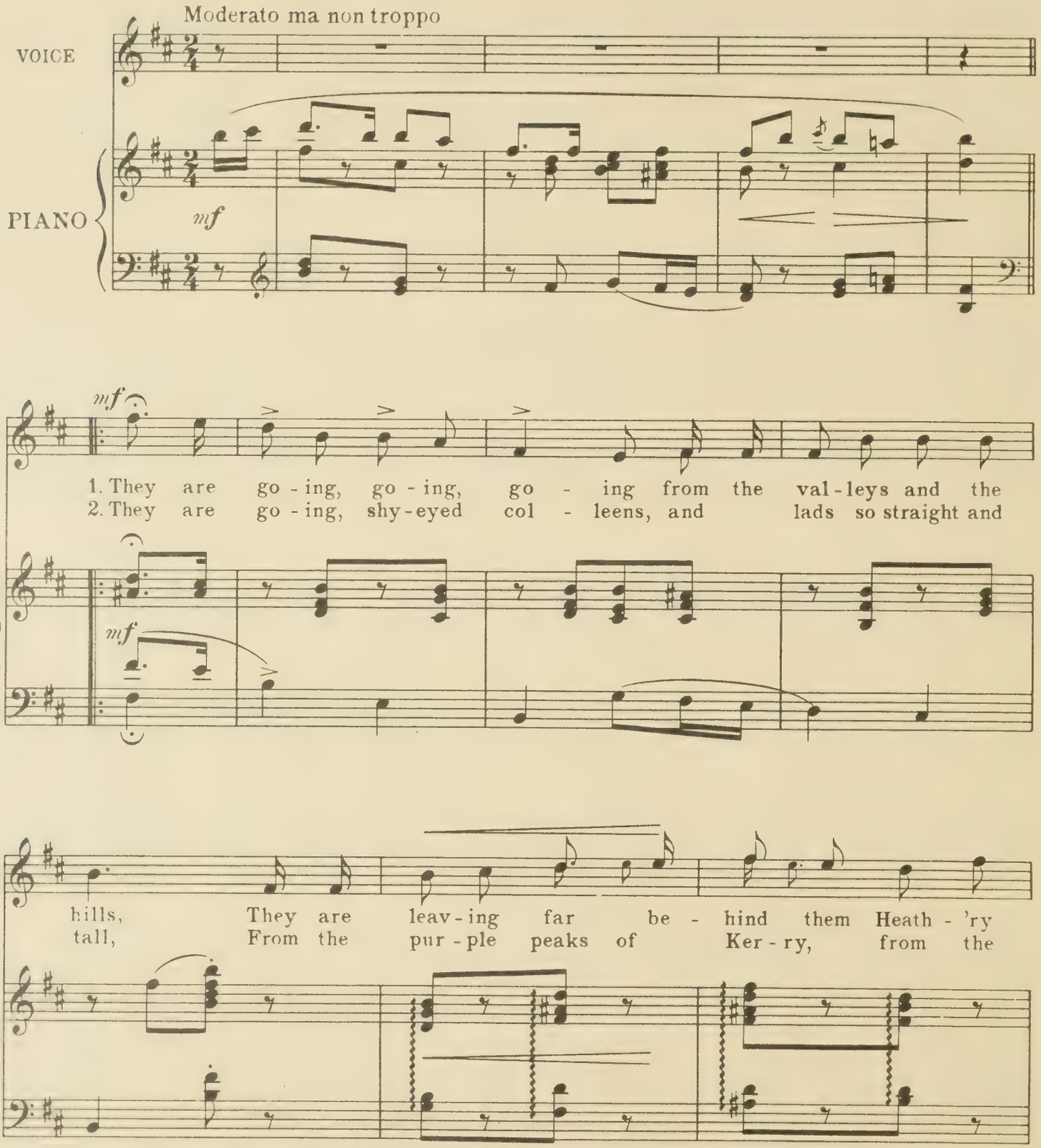

rit.
"O - ver the Hills and_ Far A - way."_____
rit.
slower
p
4. My_
a tempo
slower
eyes are_ blind with the grow - ing_ light, And O my_ grief! that the
p
rit.
a tempo
day was night, For my heart is_ broke for my lov - er's_ eyes, And
rit.
a tempo


mp faster
cresc.
all day long in my ears there cries The
mp faster
tune of the fair - y pipes that play "O - ver the Hills and
f
f
Far A - way." All day long cries the tune of the fair - y pipes that play
rit.
"O - ver the Hills and Far A - way."
rit.
p
pp

THE PASSING OF THE GAEL

ETHNA CARBERY

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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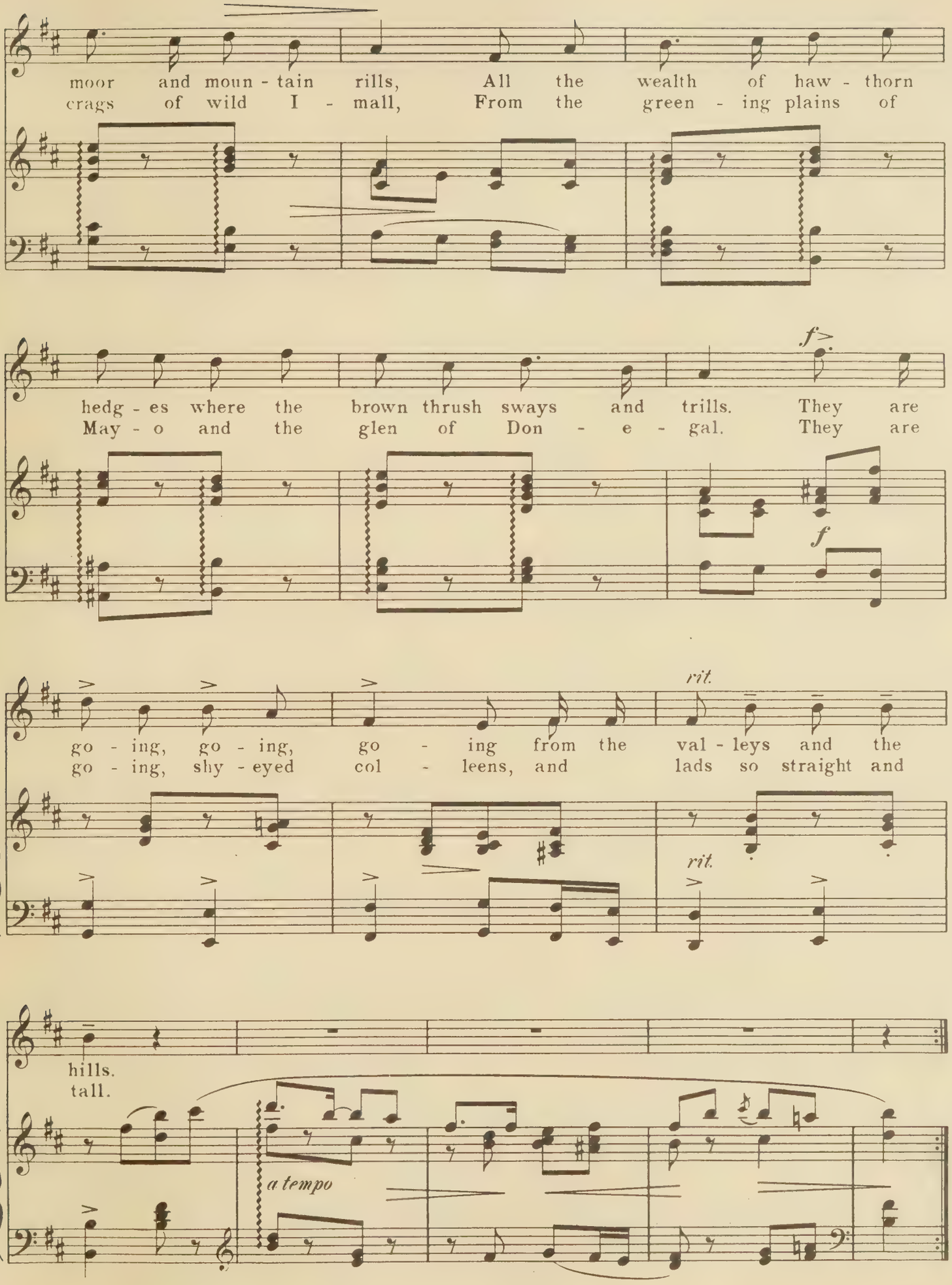
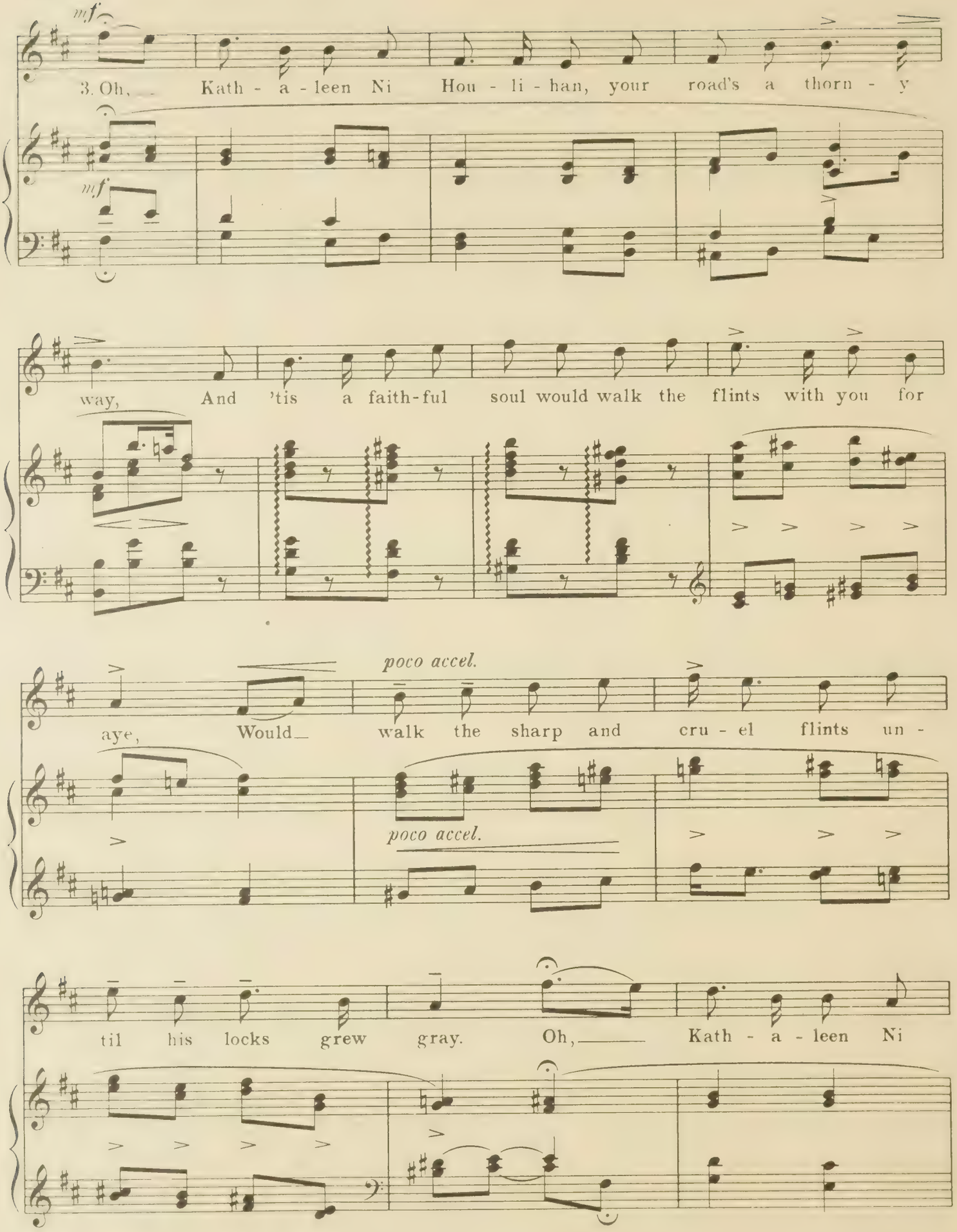
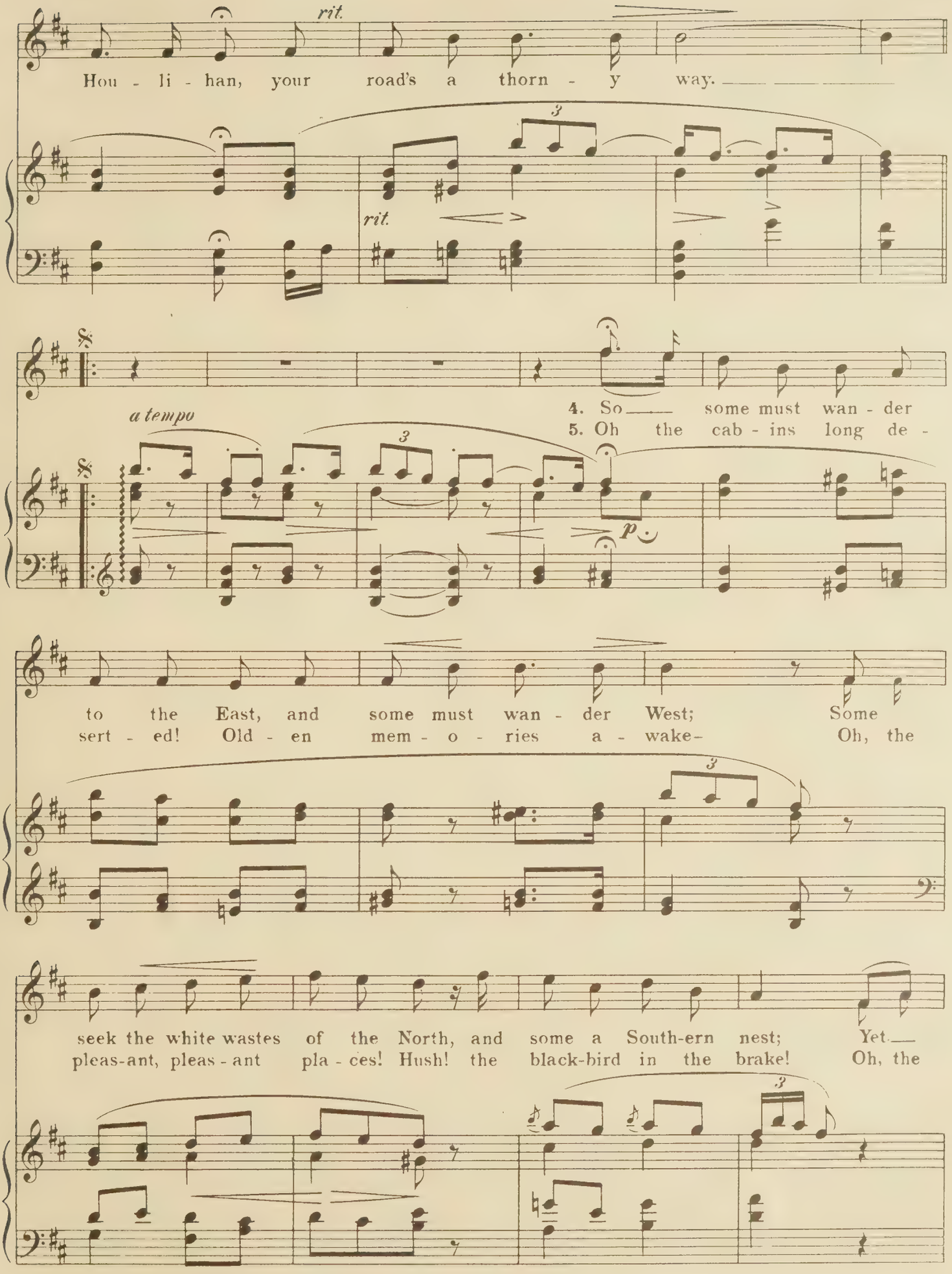
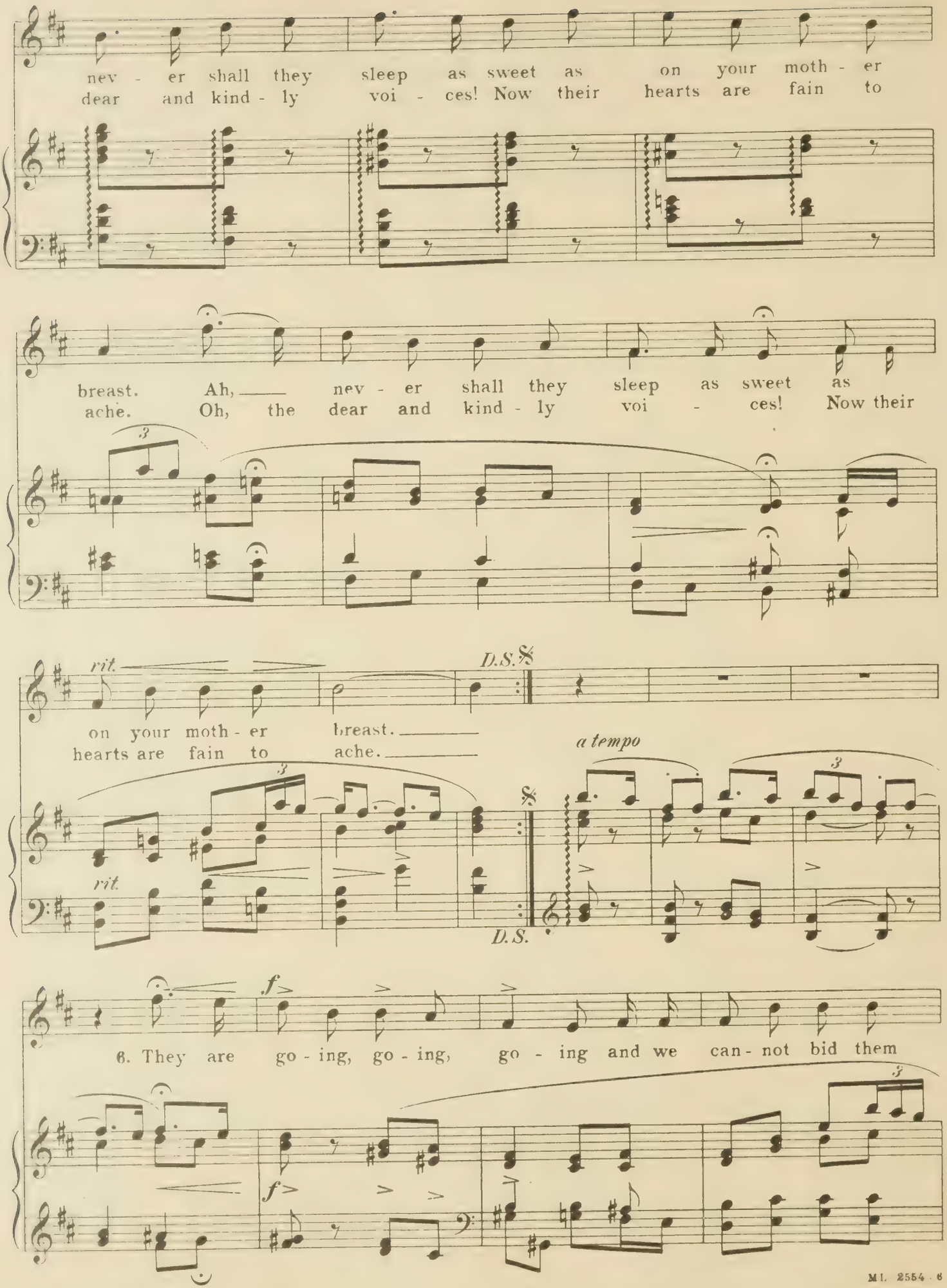
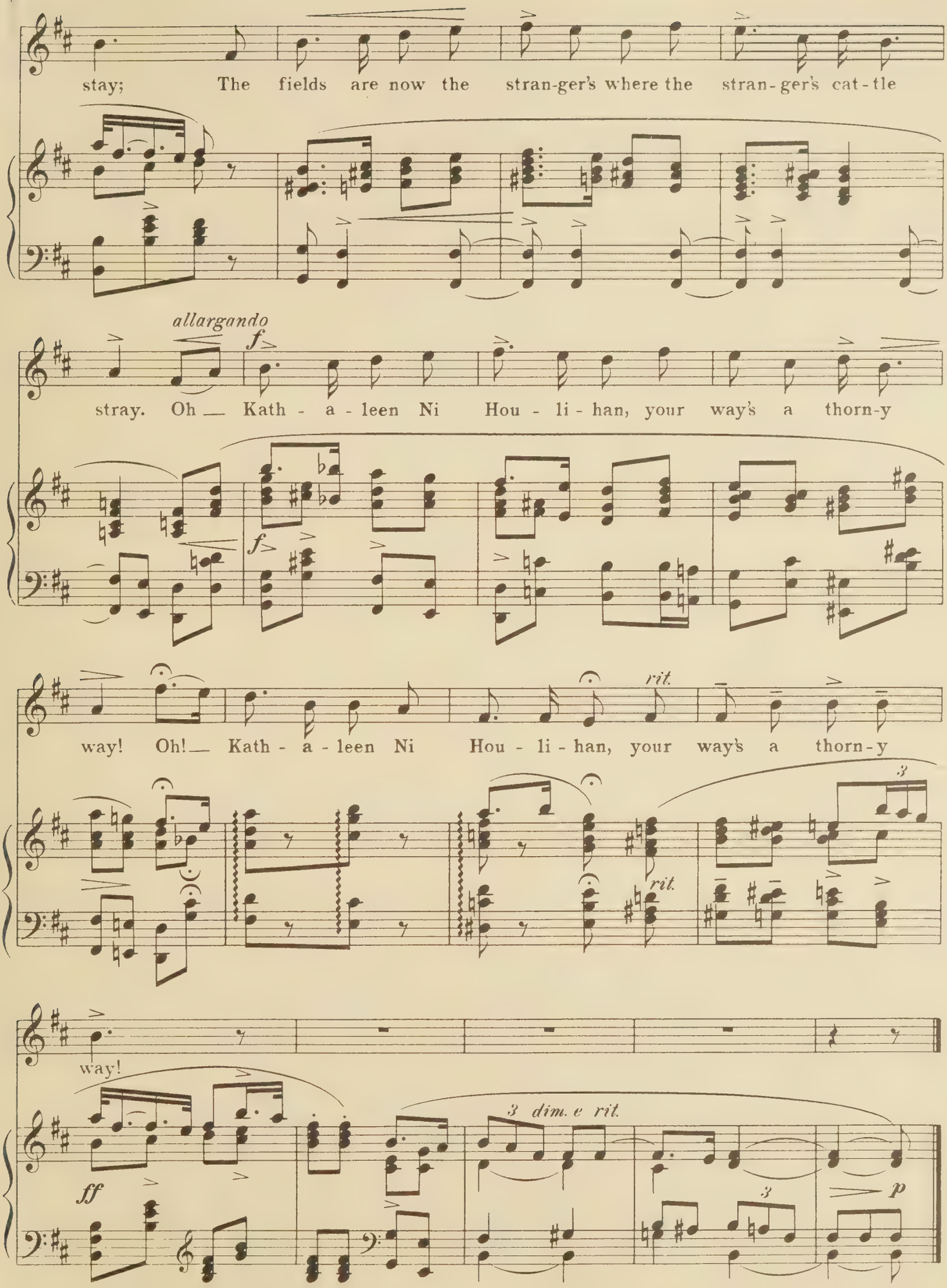

moor and moun - tain rills, All the wealth of haw - thorn
crags of wild I - mall, From the green - ing plains of
hedg - es where the brown thrush sways and trills. They are
May - o and the glen of Don - e - gal. They are
f>
f
go - ing, go - ing, go - ing from the val - leys and the
go - ing, shy - eyed col - leens, and lads so straight and
rit.
rit.
hills.
tall.
a tempo


mf
3. Oh, Kath - a - leen Ni Hou - li - han, your road's a thorn - y
mf
way, And 'tis a faith-ful soul would walk the flints with you for
poco accel.
aye, Would walk the sharp and cru - el flints un -
poco accel.
til his locks grew gray. Oh, Kath - a - leen Ni


rit.
Hou - li - han, your road's a thorn - y way.
rit.
a tempo
4. So some must wan - der
5. Oh the cab - ins long de -
p
to the East, and some must wan - der West; Some
sert - ed! Old - en mem - o - ries a - wake- Oh, the
seek the white wastes of the North, and some a South-ern nest; Yet
pleas-ant, pleas - ant pla - ces! Hush! the black-bird in the brake! Oh, the

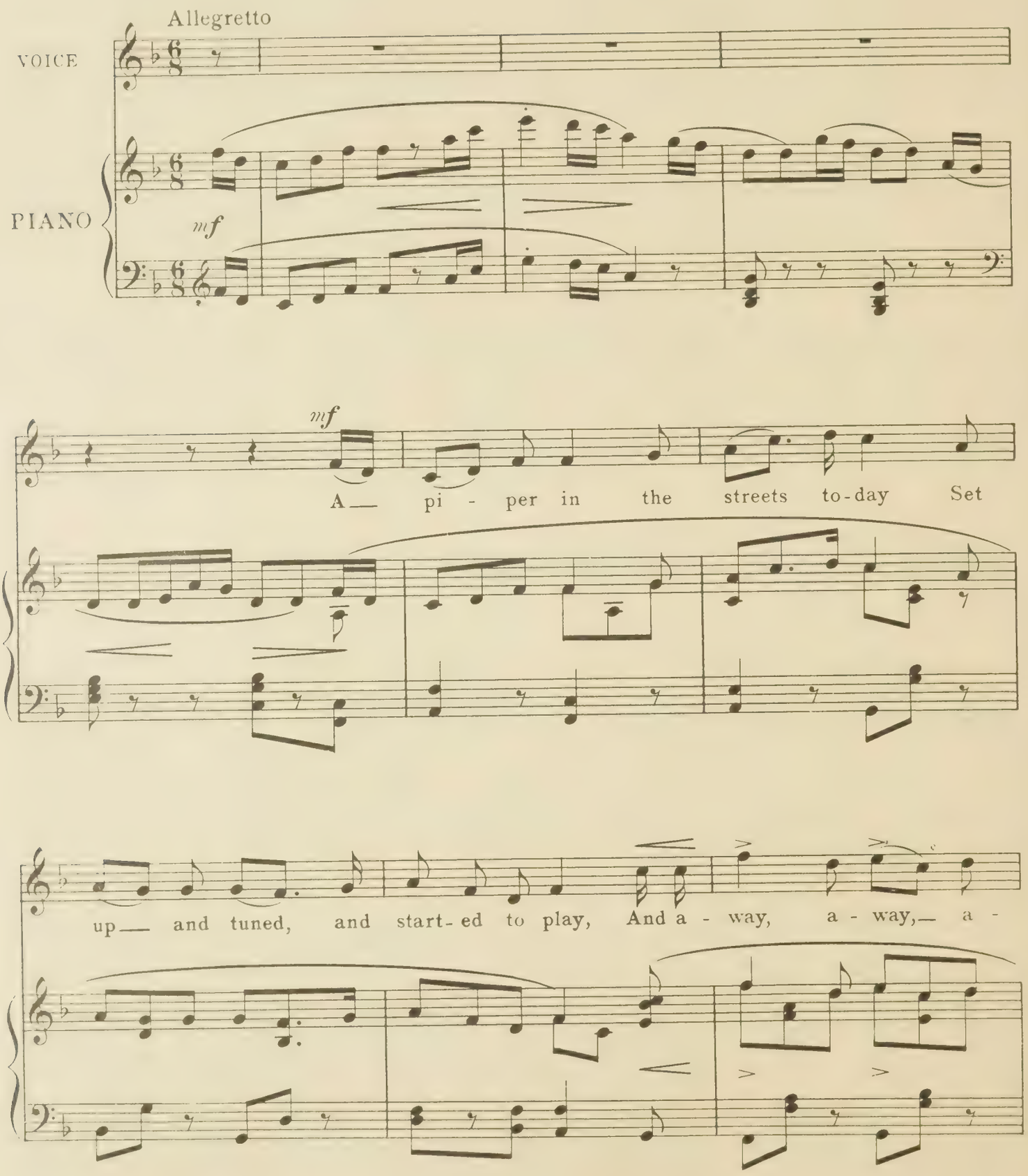

nev - er shall they sleep as sweet as on your moth - er
dear and kind - ly voi - ces! Now their hearts are fain to
breast. Ah, nev - er shall they sleep as sweet as
ache. Oh, the dear and kind - ly voi - ces! Now their
rit.
D.S.𝄋
on your moth - er breast.
hearts are fain to ache.
a tempo
rit.
D.S.
f
6. They are go - ing, go - ing, go - ing and we can - not bid them
f


stay; The fields are now the stran-ger's where the stran-ger's cat-tle
allargando
f
stray. Oh — Kath - a - leen Ni Hou - li - han, your way's a thorn-y
f
rit.
way! Oh! — Kath - a - leen Ni Hou - li - han, your way's a thorn-y
3
rit.
way!
ff
3 dim. e rit.
3
p

A PIPER

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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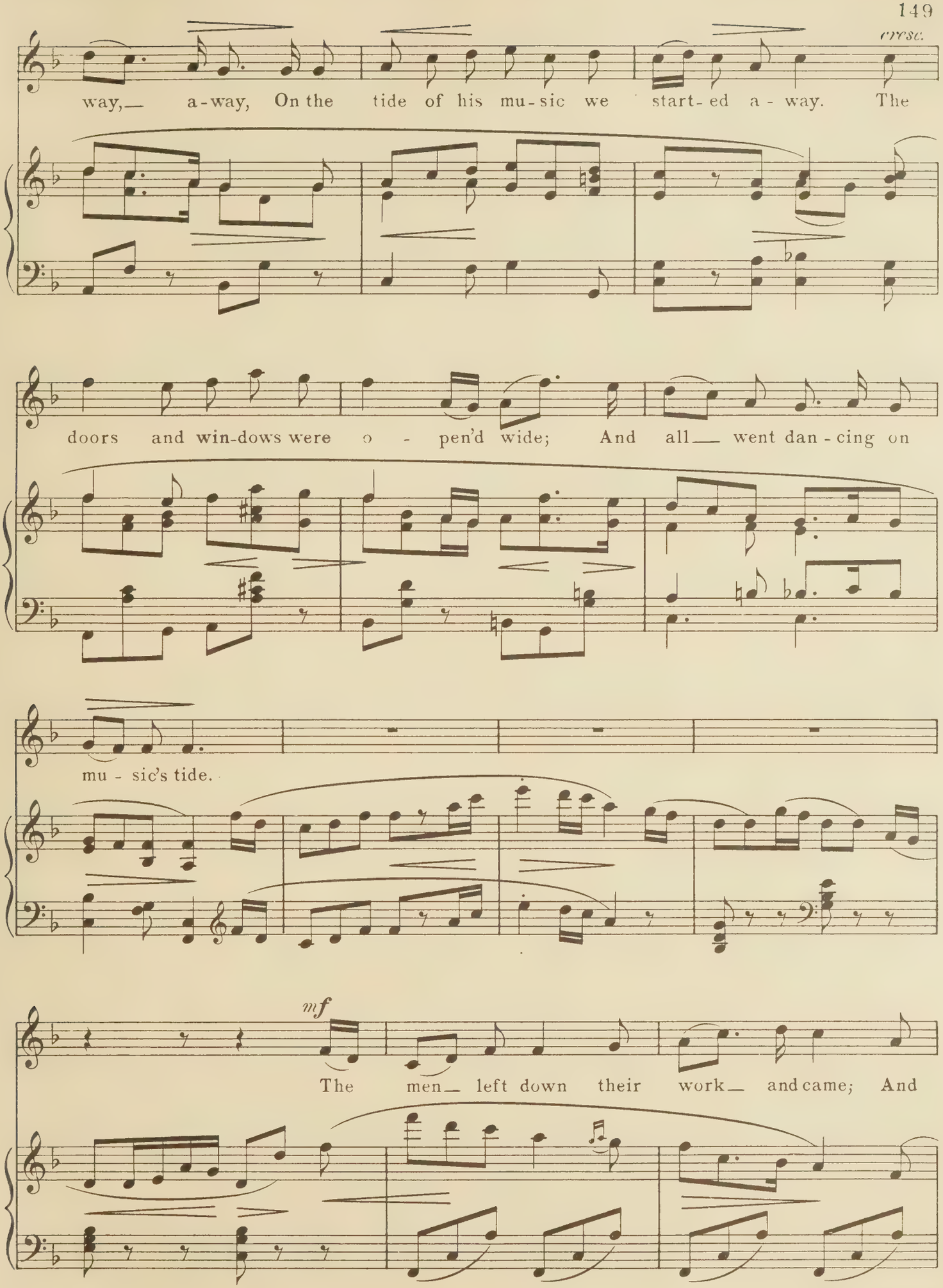
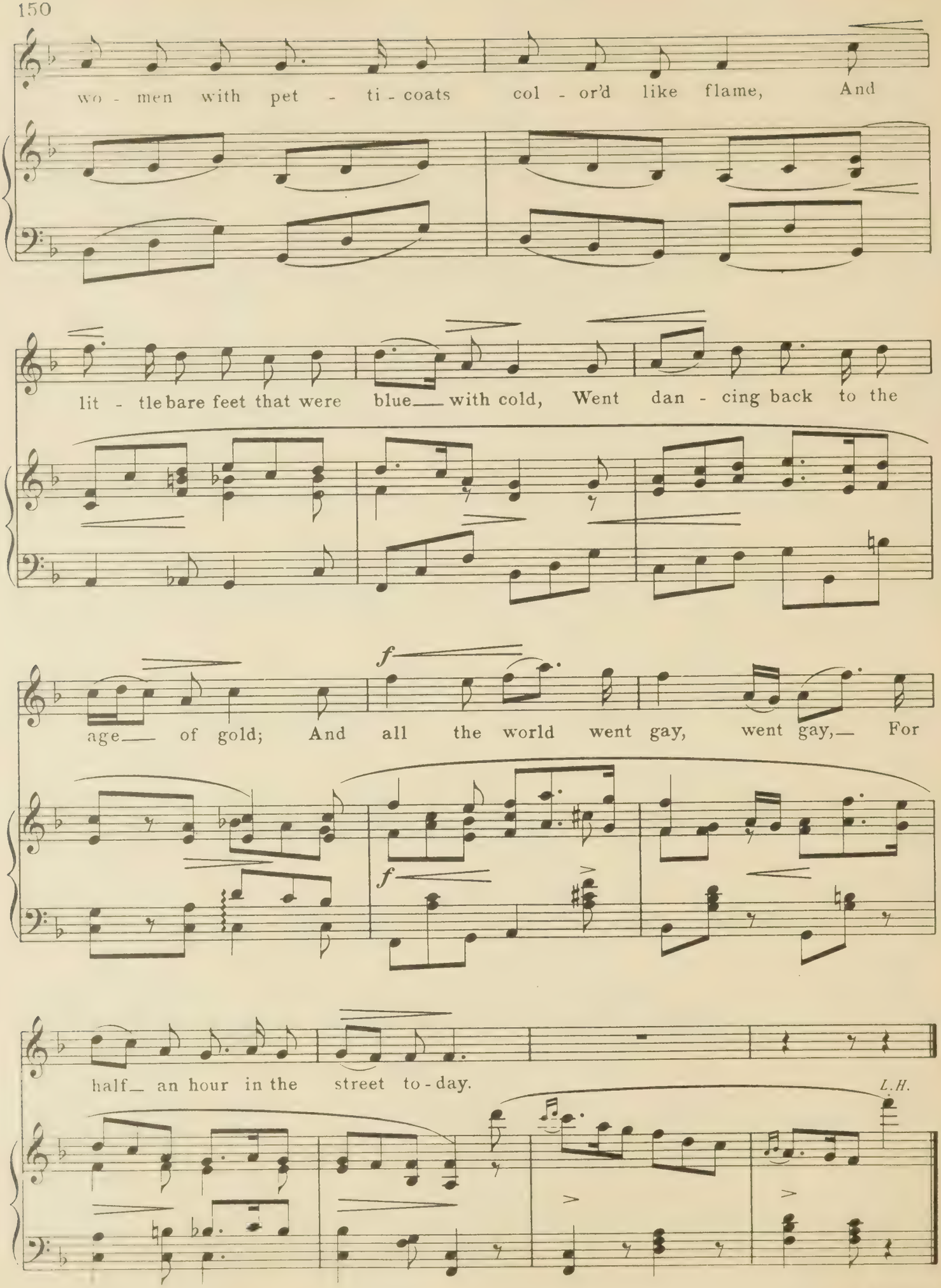
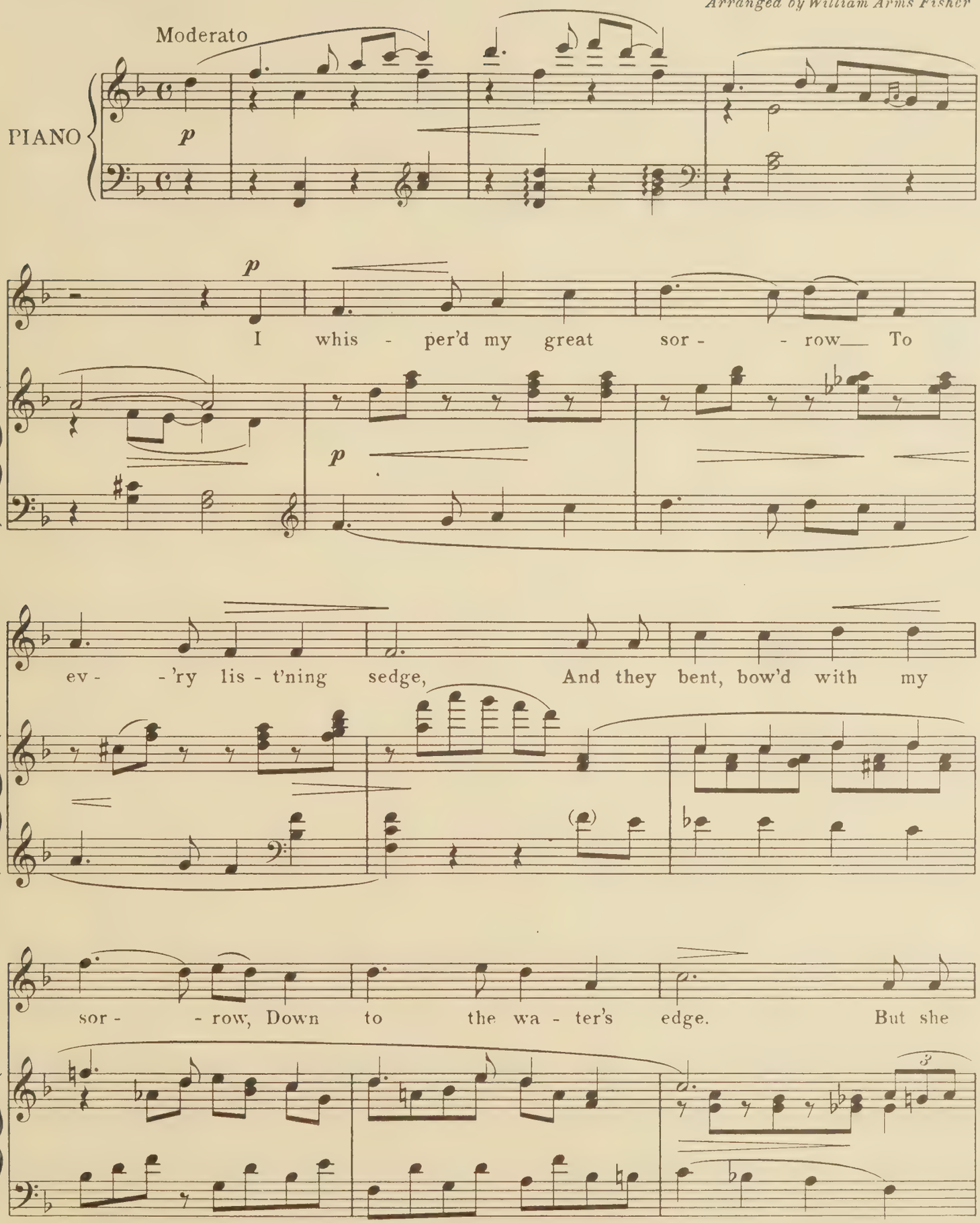

cresc.
way,— a-way, On the tide of his mu-sic we start-ed a-way. The
doors and win-dows were o - pen'd wide; And all— went dan-cing on
mu - sic's tide.
mf
The men— left down their work— and came; And


wo - men with pet - ti - coats col - or'd like flame, And
lit - tle bare feet that were blue with cold, Went dan - cing back to the
f
age of gold; And all the world went gay, went gay, For
f
half an hour in the street to - day.
L.H.

THE SEDGES

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

Donegal Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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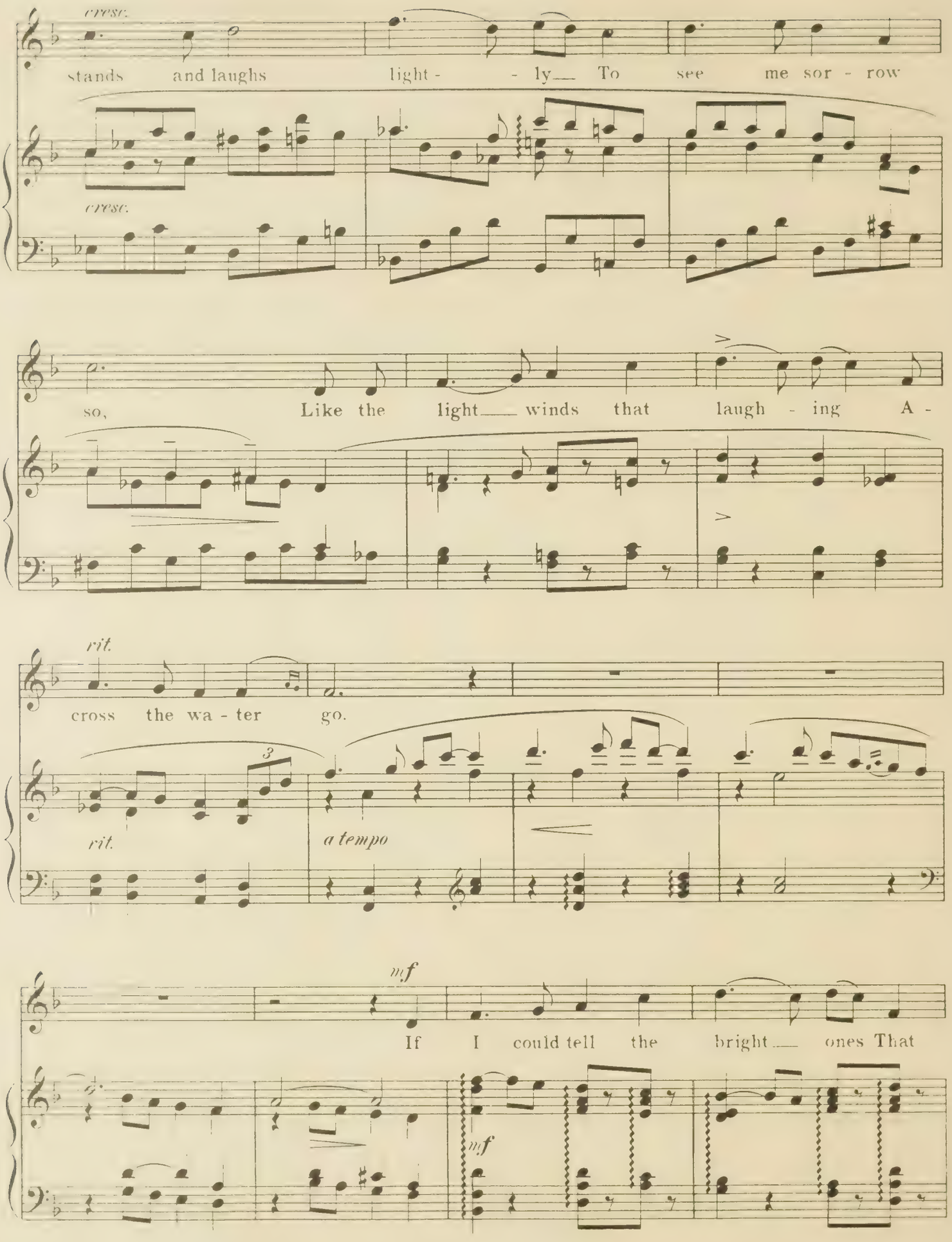
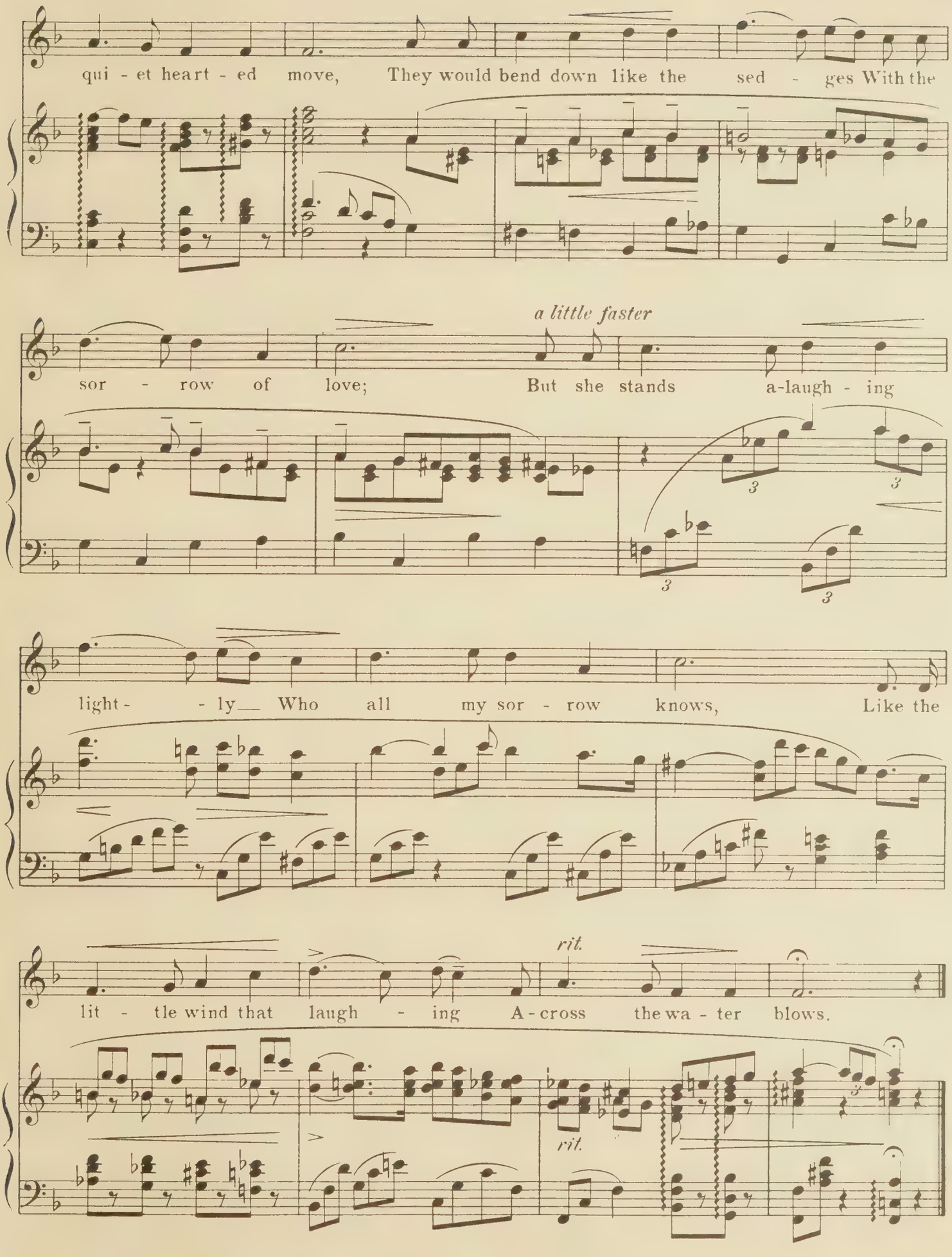
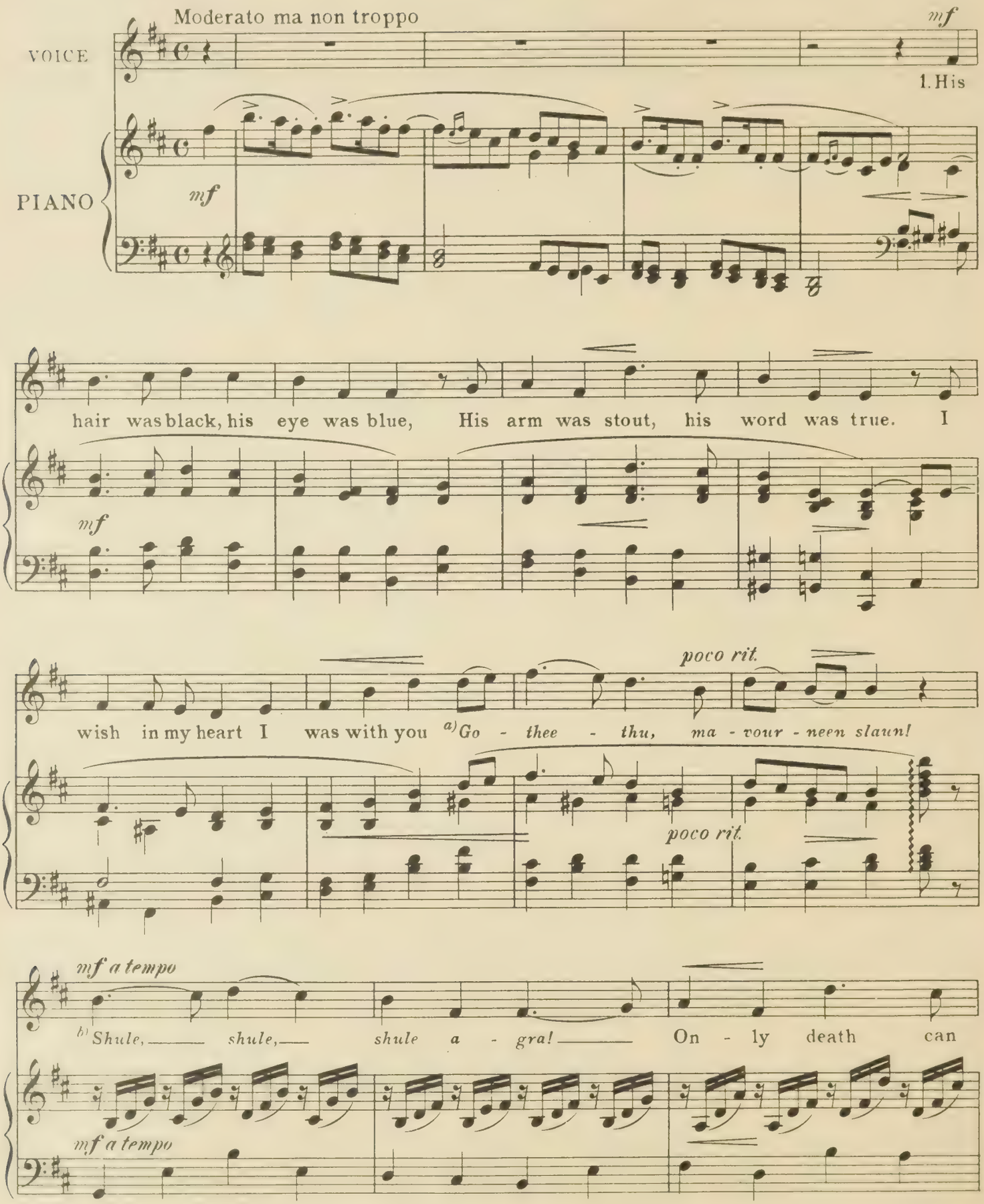

cresc.
stands and laughs light - - ly To see me sor - row
cresc.
so, Like the light winds that laugh - ing A -
rit.
cross the wa - ter go.
3
rit.
a tempo
mf
If I could tell the bright ones That
mf


qui - et heart - ed move, They would bend down like the sed - ges With the
a little faster
sor - row of love; But she stands a-laugh - ing
light - - ly__ Who all my sor - row knows, Like the
rit.
lit - tle wind that laugh - ing A - cross the wa - ter blows.
rit.

SHULE AGRA

Old text adapted by
ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Old Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



a) Farewell, my darling b) Come, come, my love;

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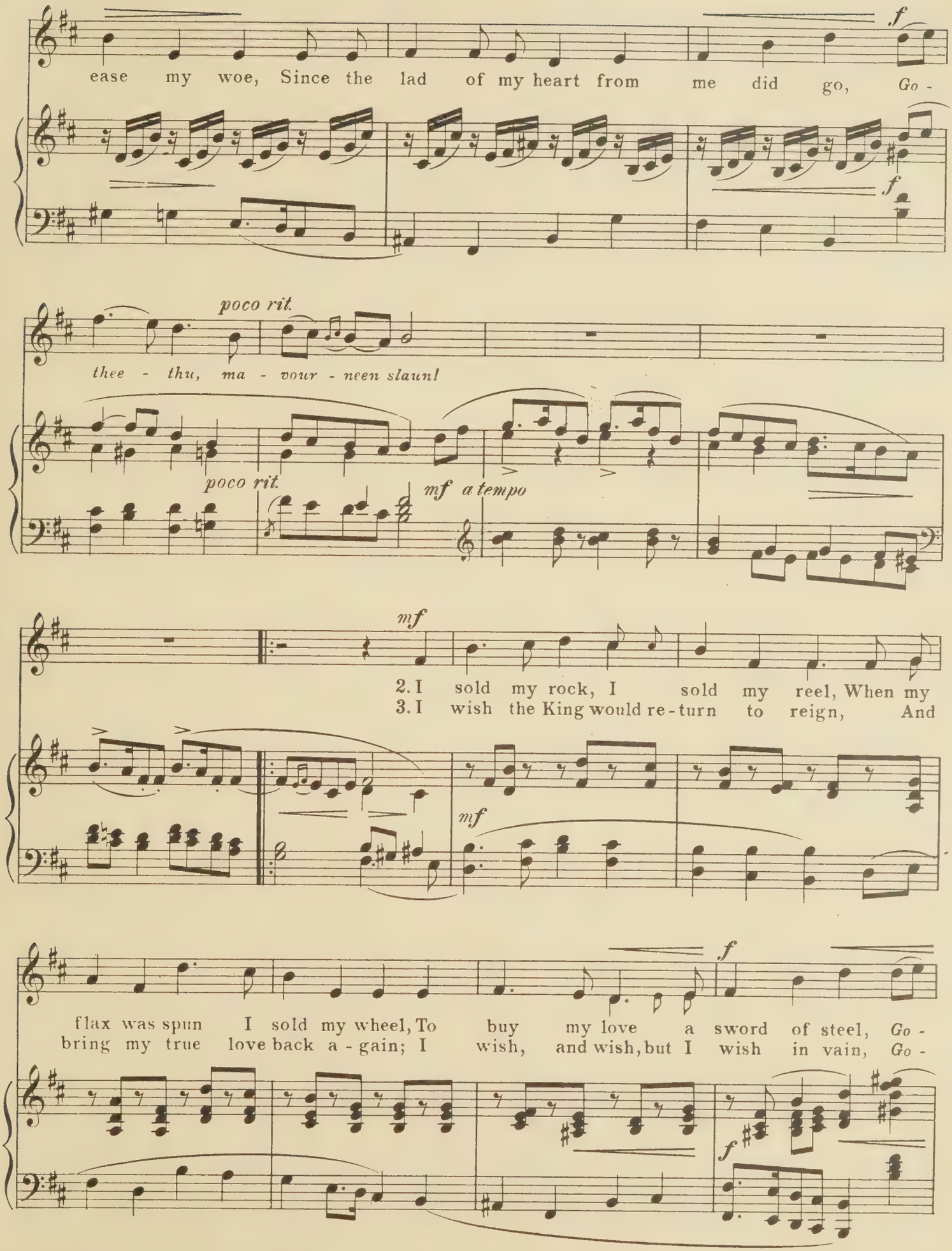
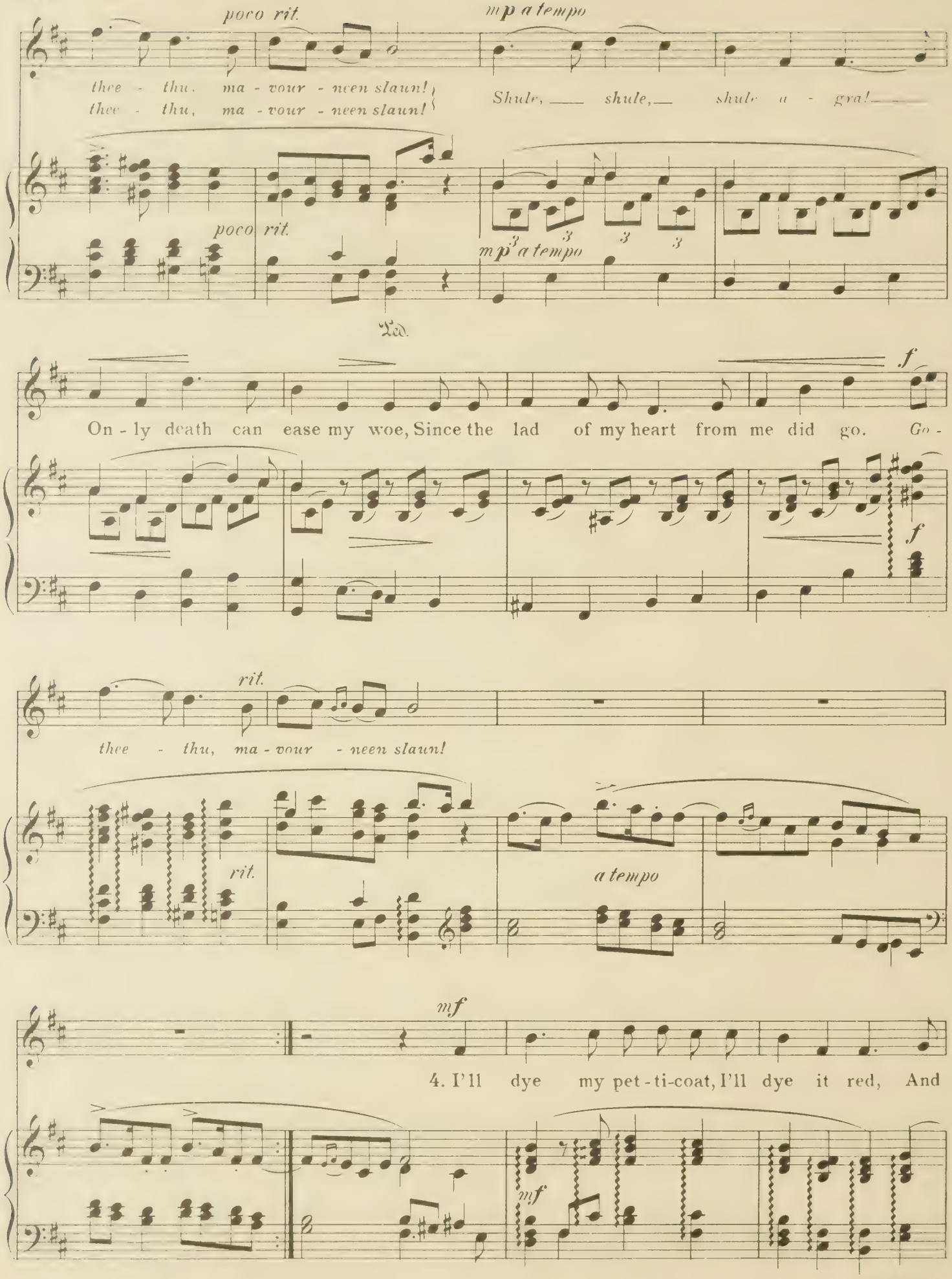
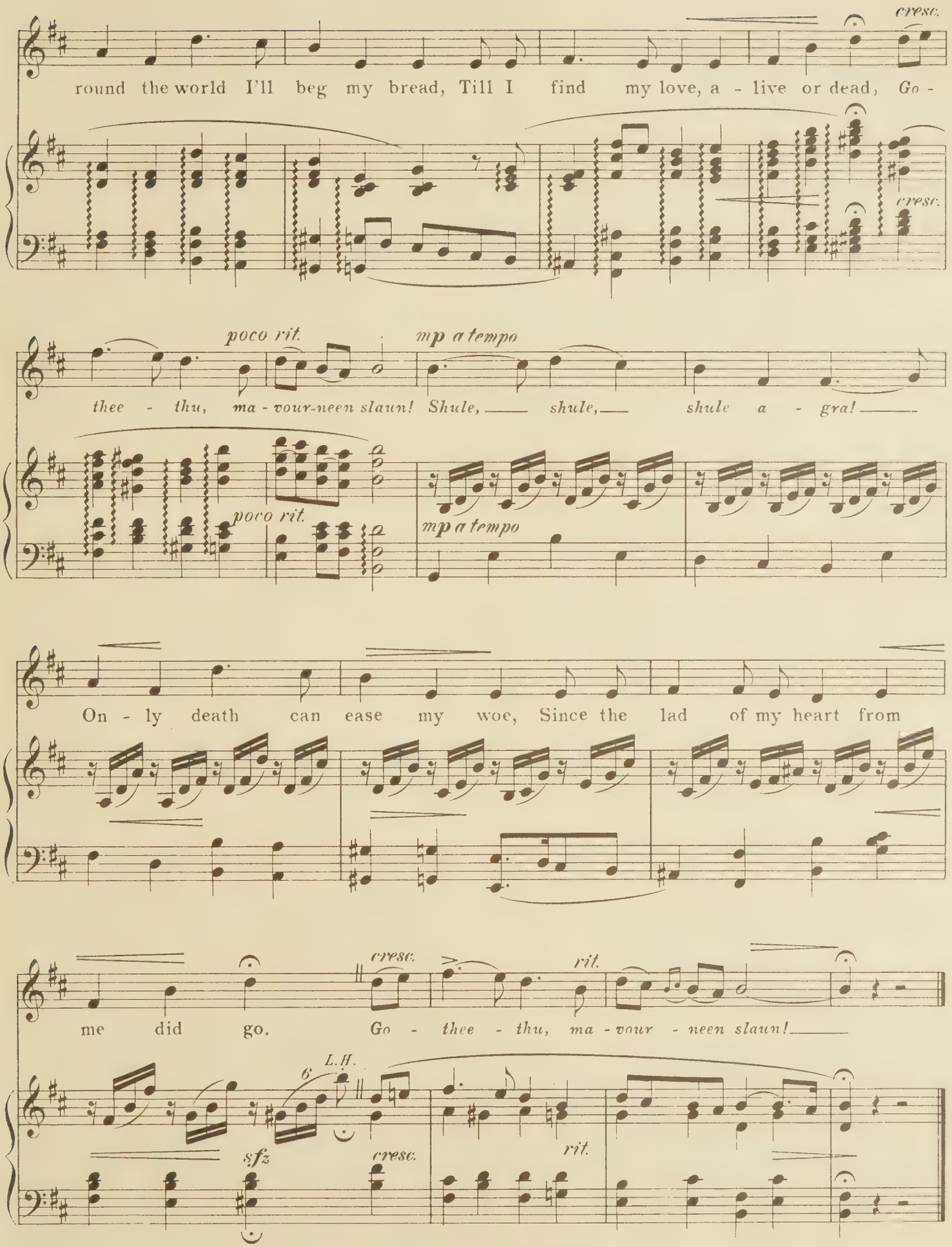

ease my woe, Since the lad of my heart from me did go, Go -
poco rit.
thee - thu, ma - vour - neen slaun!
poco rit.
mf a tempo
mf
2. I sold my rock, I sold my reel, When my
3. I wish the King would re-turn to reign, And
mf
flax was spun I sold my wheel, To buy my love a sword of steel, Go -
bring my true love back a-gain; I wish, and wish, but I wish in vain, Go -


poco rit.
mp a tempo
thee - thu, ma - vour - neen slaun!
thee - thu, ma - vour - neen slaun!
Shule, shule, shule a - gra!
poco rit.
mp a tempo
Ped.
f
On - ly death can ease my woe, Since the lad of my heart from me did go. Go -
f
rit.
thee - thu, ma - vour - neen slaun!
rit.
a tempo
mf
4. I'll dye my pet - ti-coat, I'll dye it red, And
mf

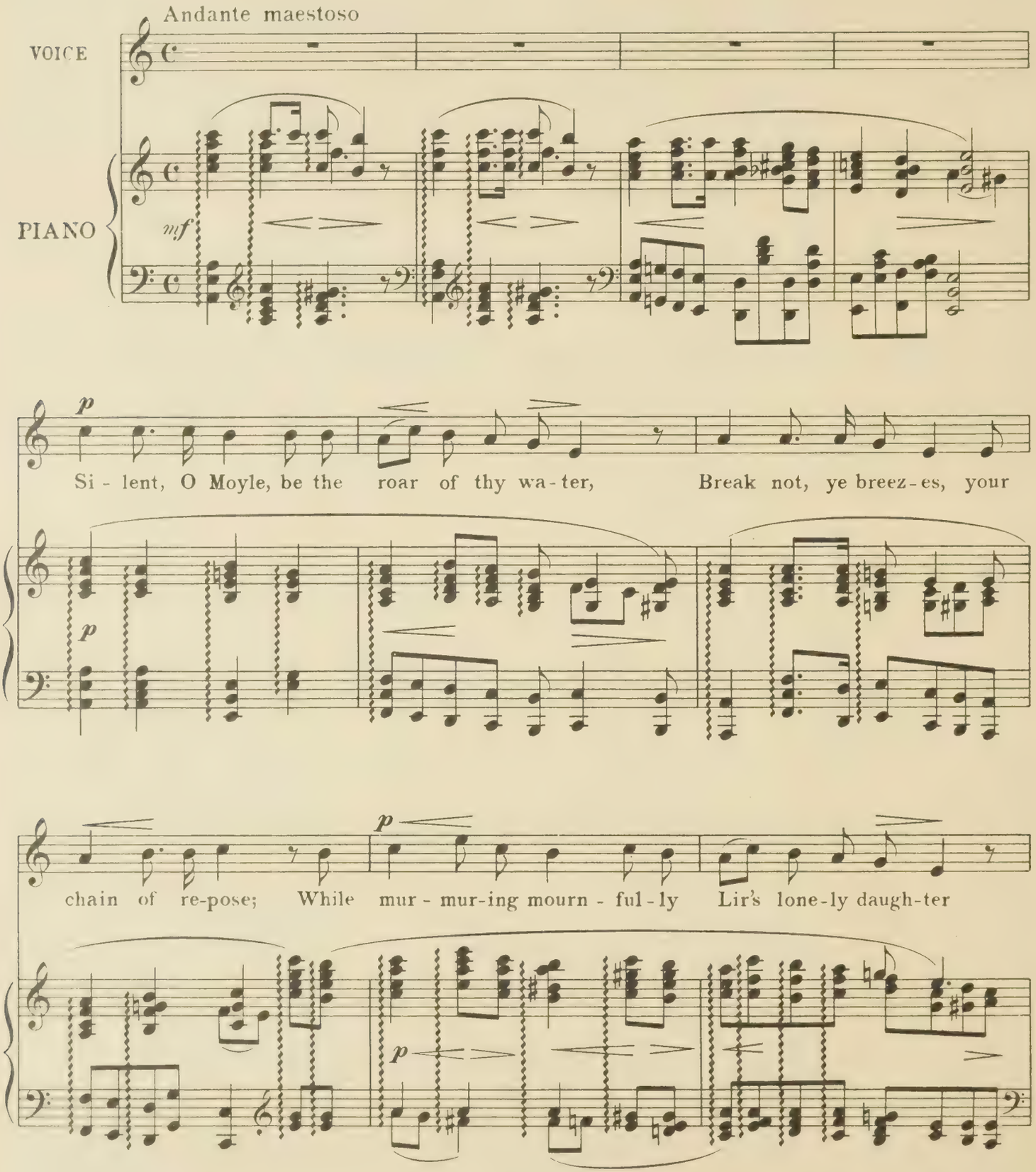

cresc.
round the world I'll beg my bread, Till I find my love, a - live or dead, Go -
cresc.
poco rit.
mp a tempo
thee - thu, ma - vour-neen slaun! Shule, shule, shule a - gra!
poco rit.
mp a tempo
On - ly death can ease my woe, Since the lad of my heart from
cresc.
rit.
me did go. Go - thee - thu, ma - vour - neen slaun!
L.H.
6
sfz
cresc.
rit.

SILENT, O MOYLE, BE THE ROAR OF THY WATER

(The song of Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir)

THOMAS MOORE

Air: "Arrah, my dear Eveleen"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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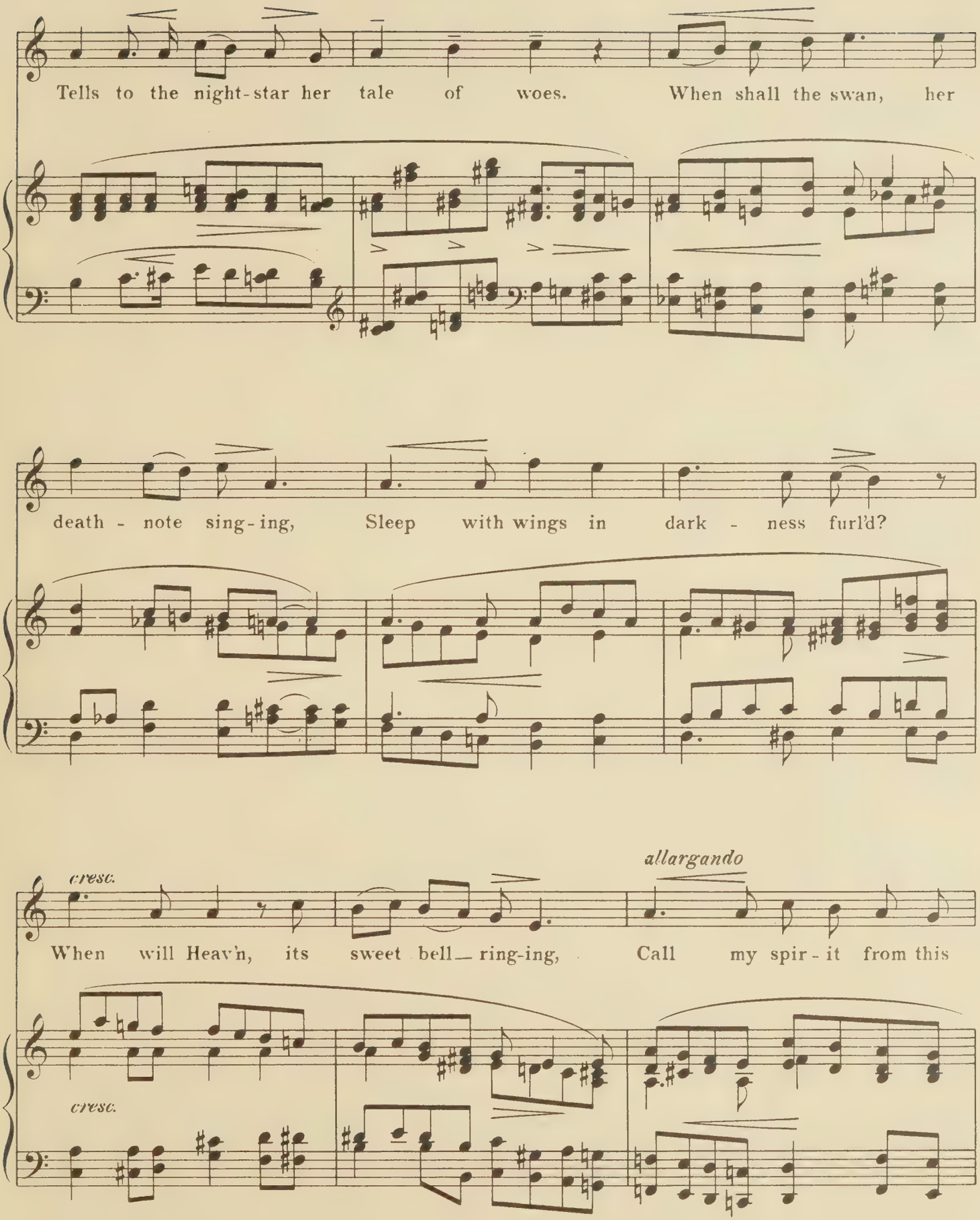
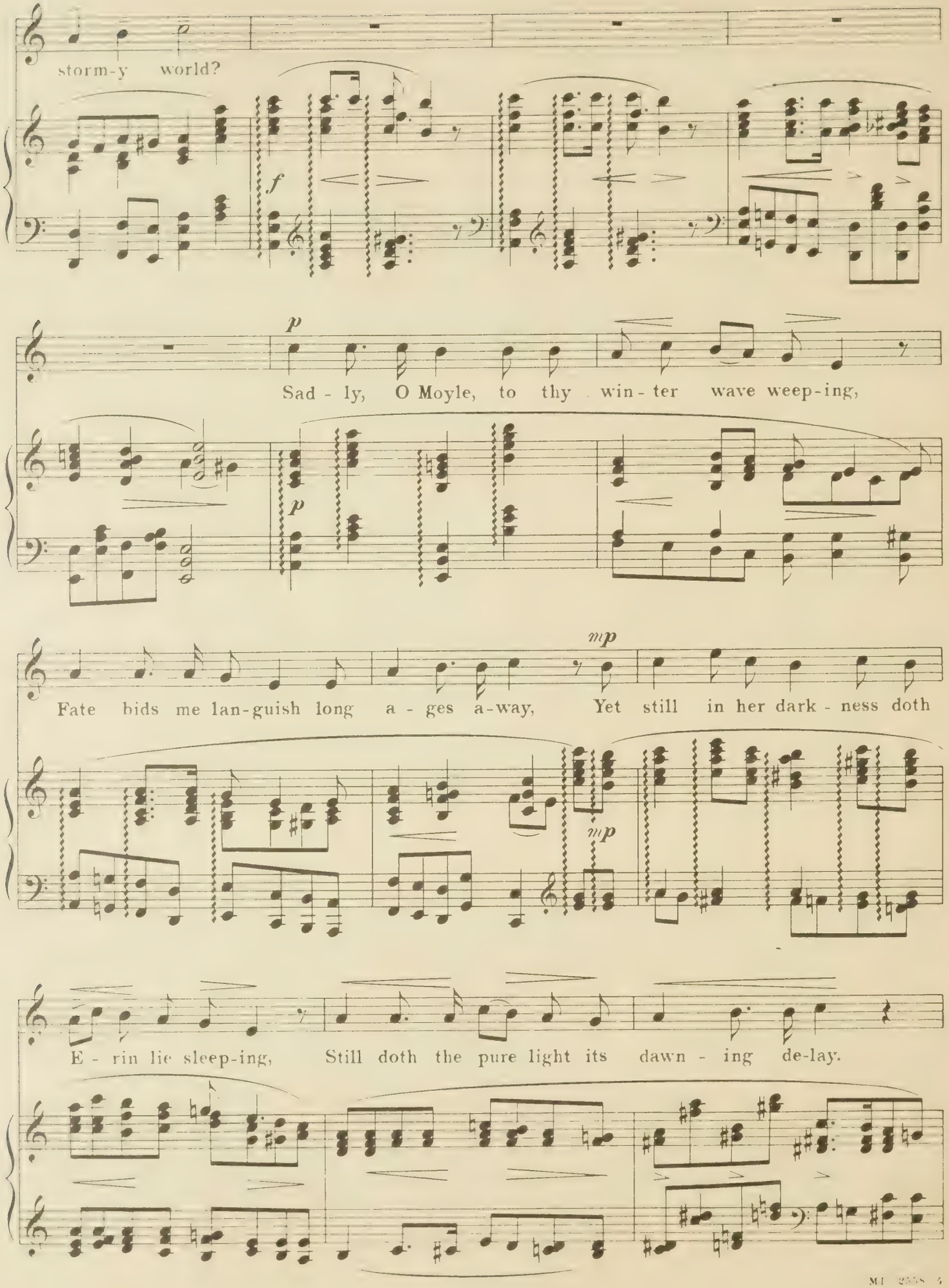
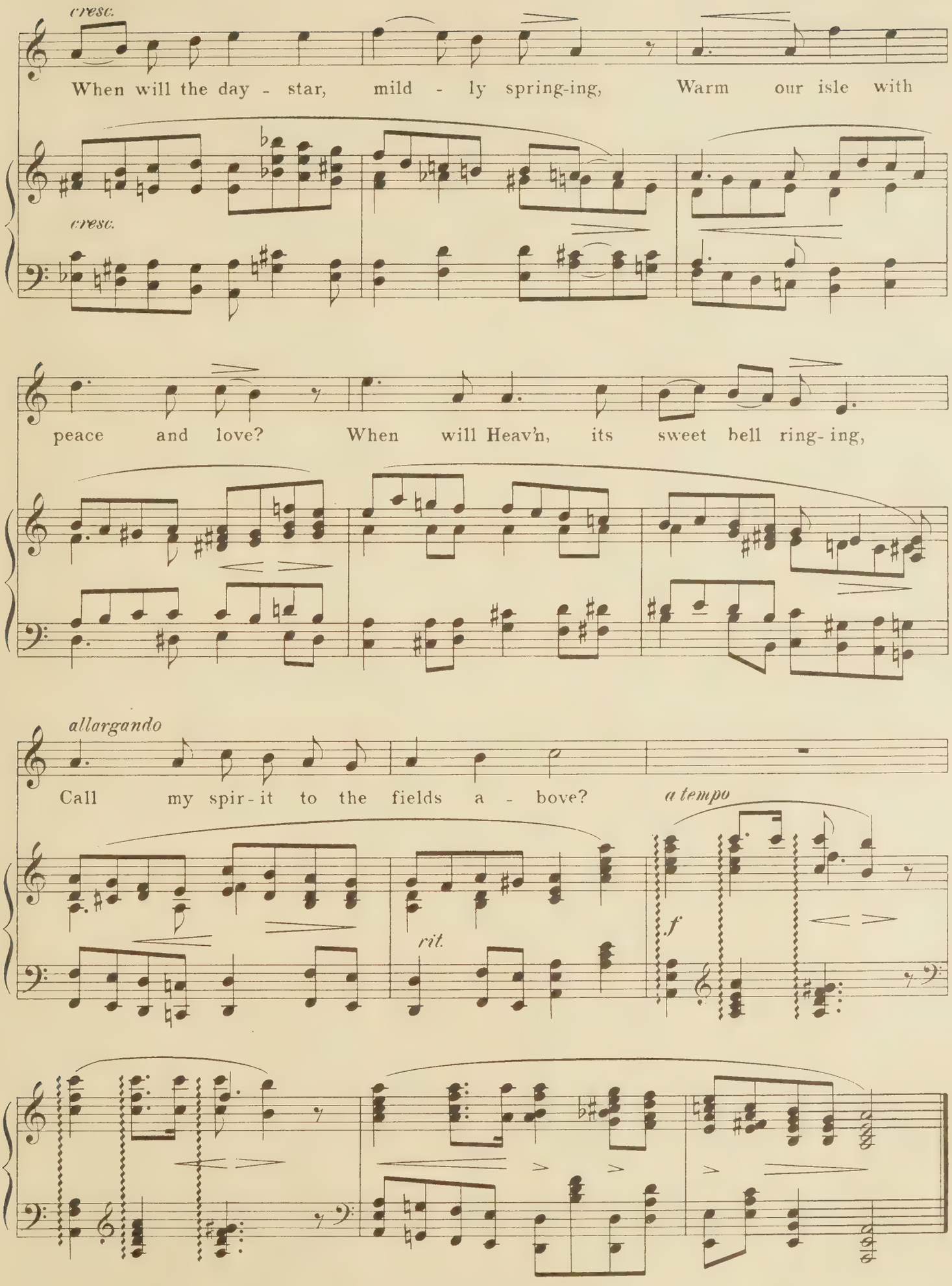

Tells to the night-star her tale of woes. When shall the swan, her
death - note sing - ing, Sleep with wings in dark - ness furl'd?
cresc.
allargando
When will Heav'n, its sweet bell_ ring-ing, Call my spir - it from this
cresc.

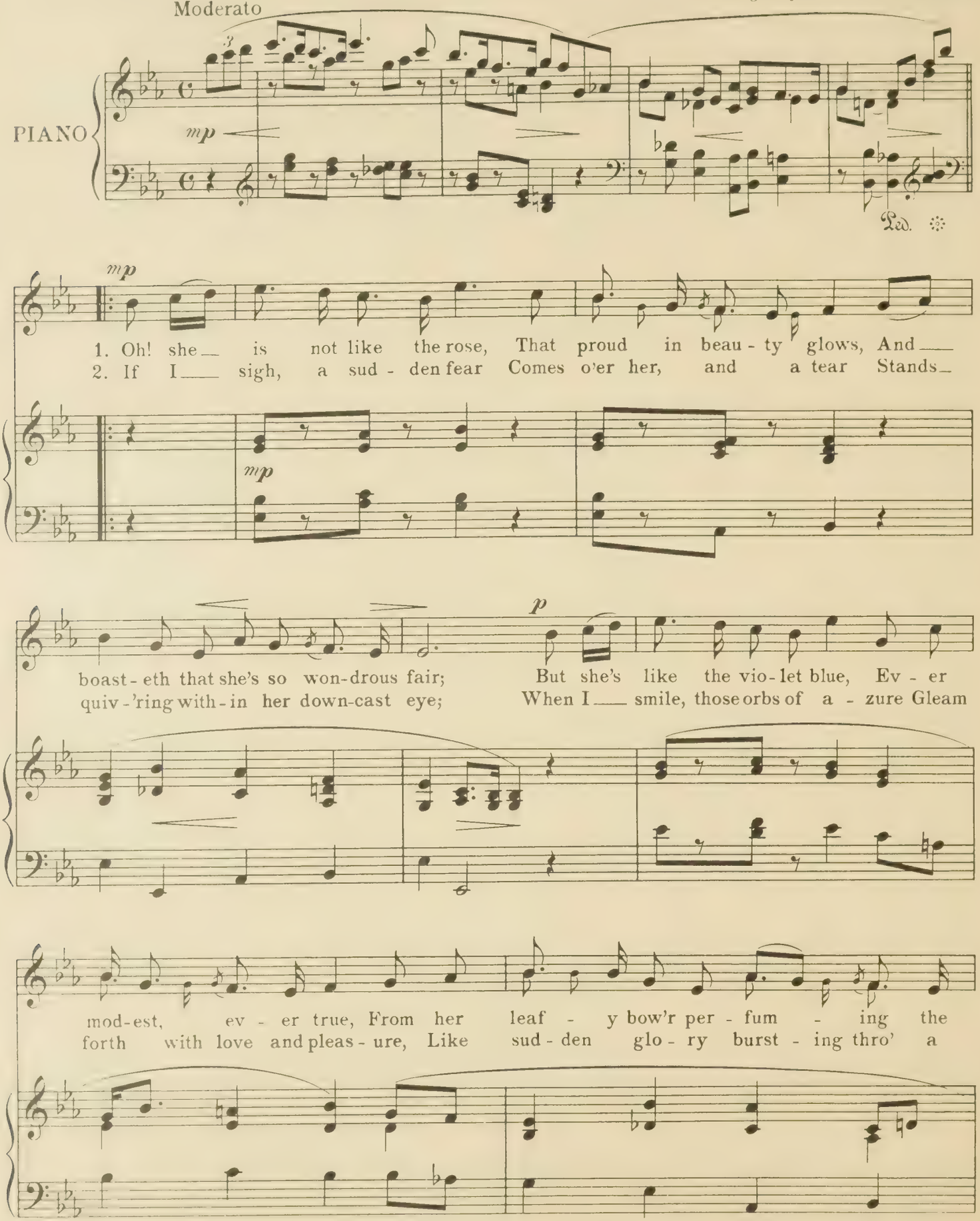

storm-y world?
f
p
Sad - ly, O Moyle, to thy win - ter wave weep-ing,
p
mp
Fate bids me lan-guish long a - ges a-way, Yet still in her dark - ness doth
mp
E - rin lie sleep-ing, Still doth the pure light its dawn - ing de-lay.


cresc.
When will the day - star, mild - ly spring-ing, Warm our isle with
cresc.
peace and love? When will Heav'n, its sweet bell ring- ing,
allargando
Call my spir- it to the fields a - bove?
a tempo
f
rit.

THE SNOWY-BREASTED PEARL

STEPHEN EDWARD de VERE

Irish Air: "Pearl of the white breast"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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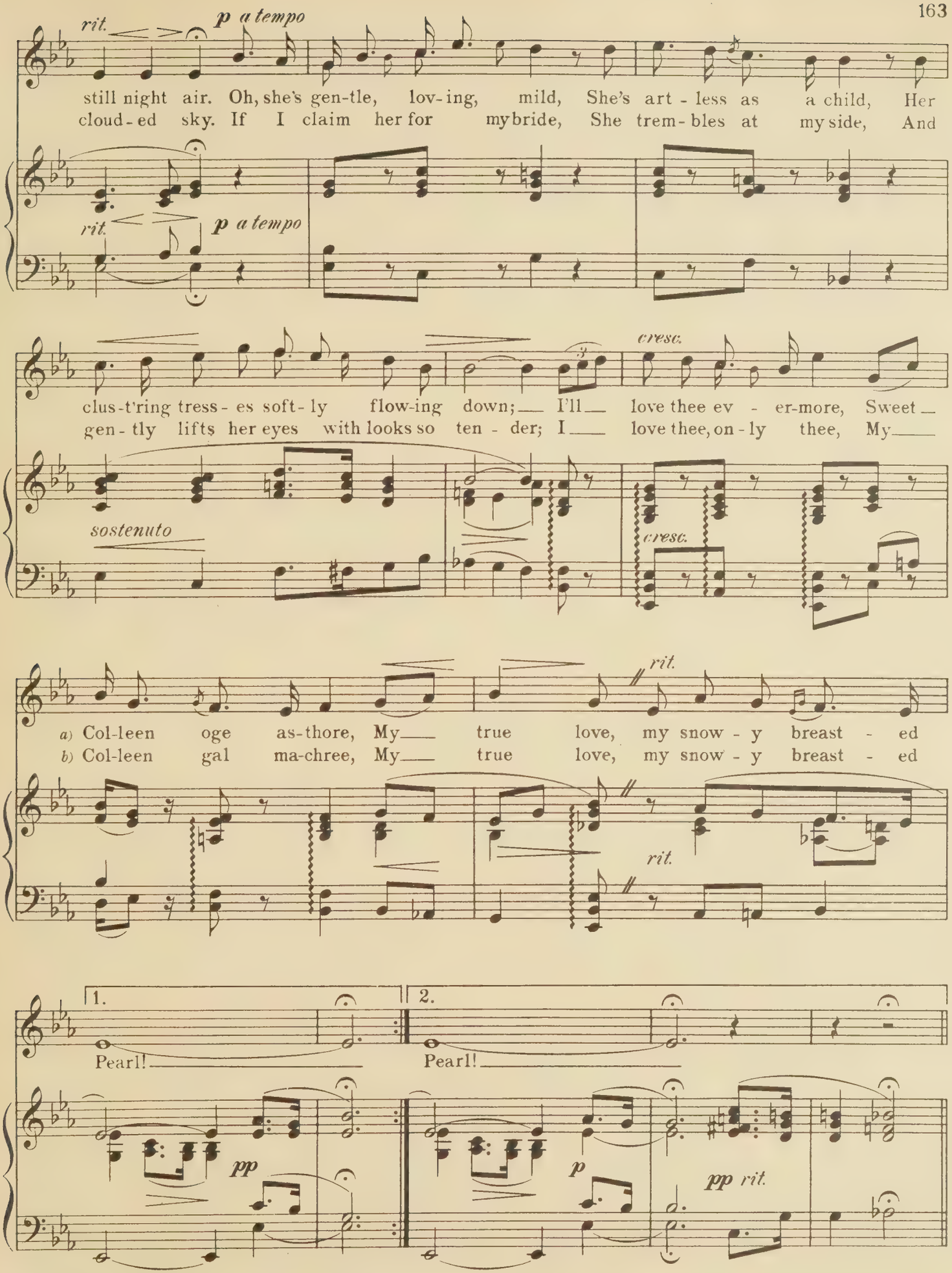
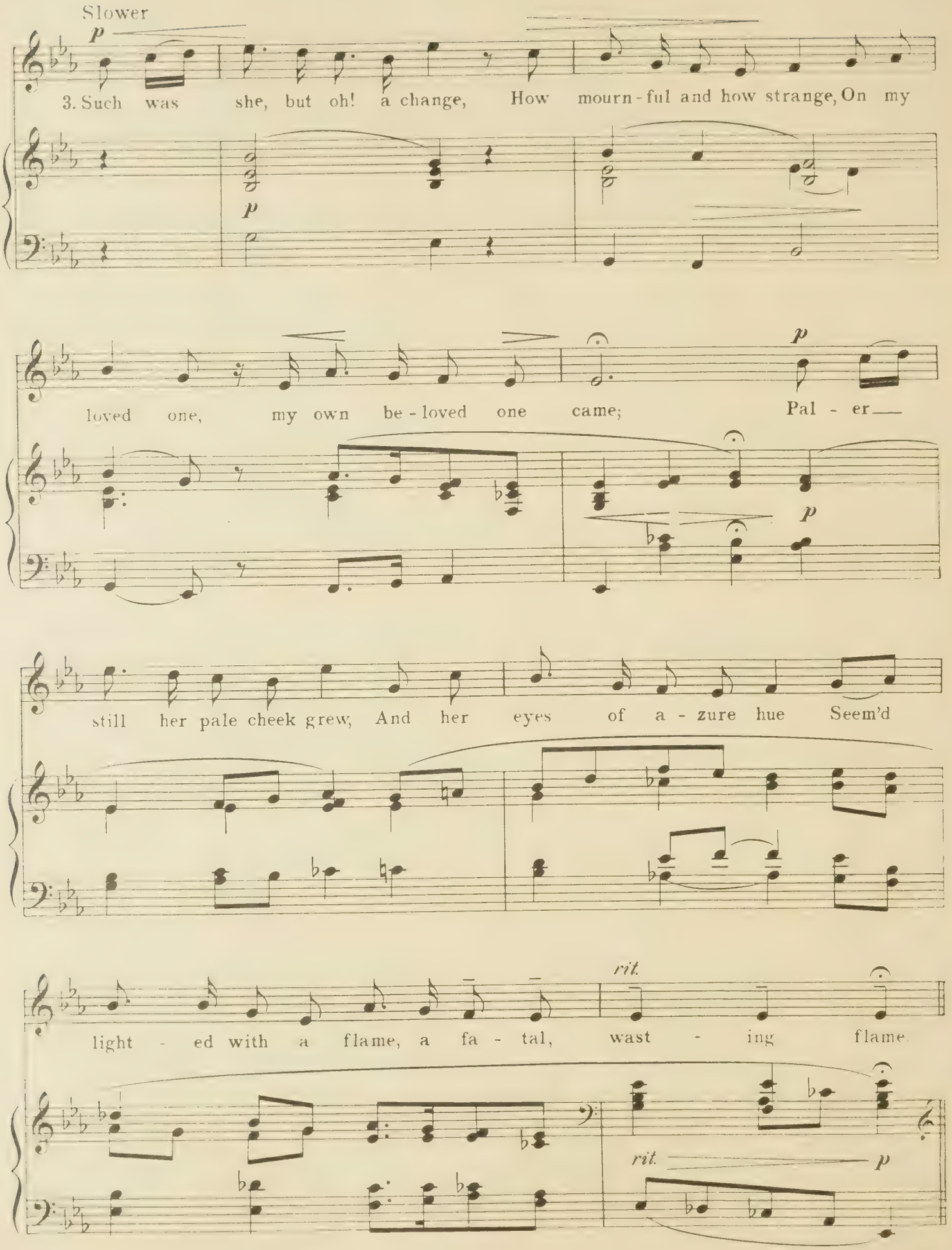
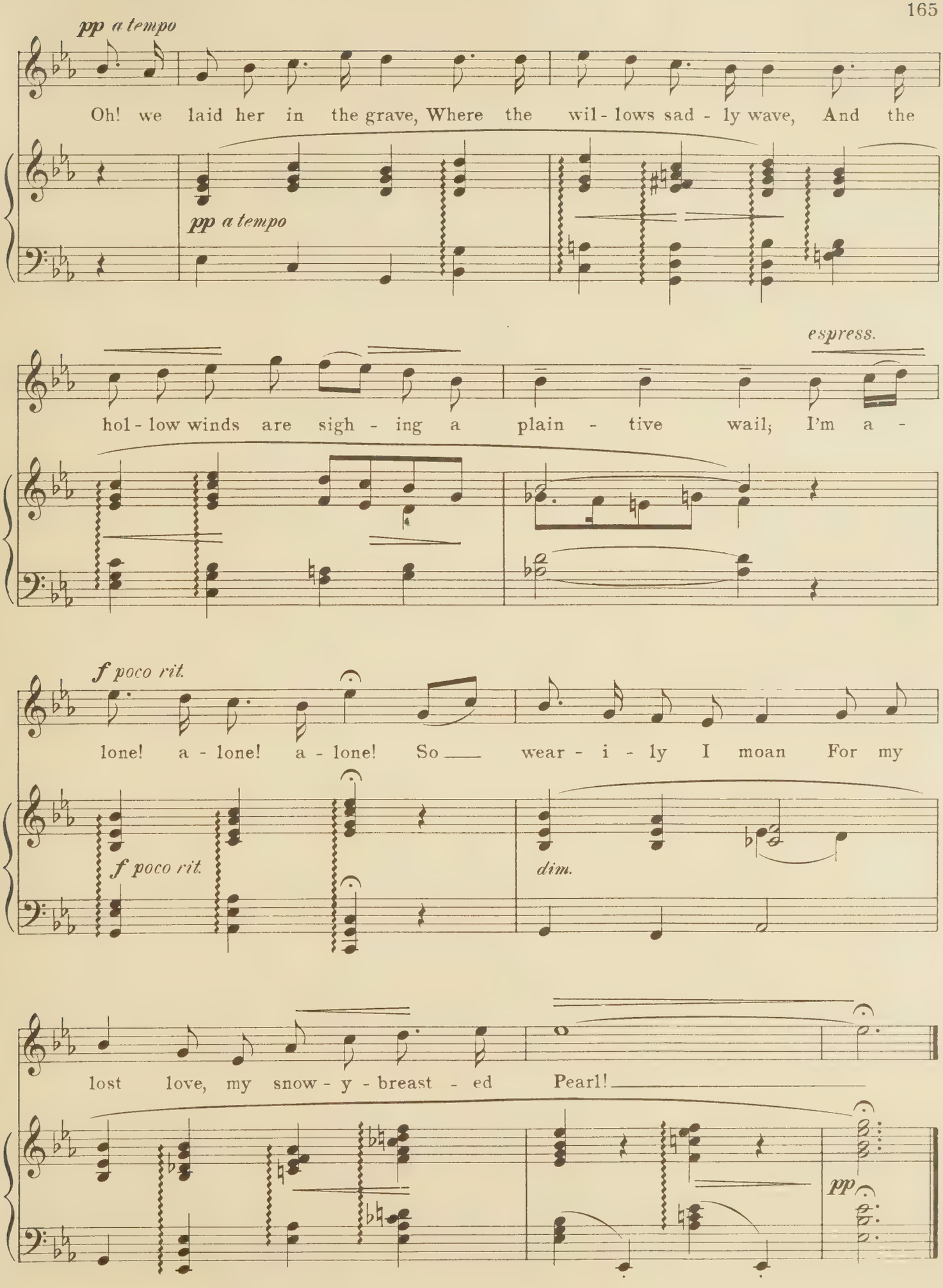


a) Darling young girl (pronounced "O gas-tore")
b) Fair girl of my heart.

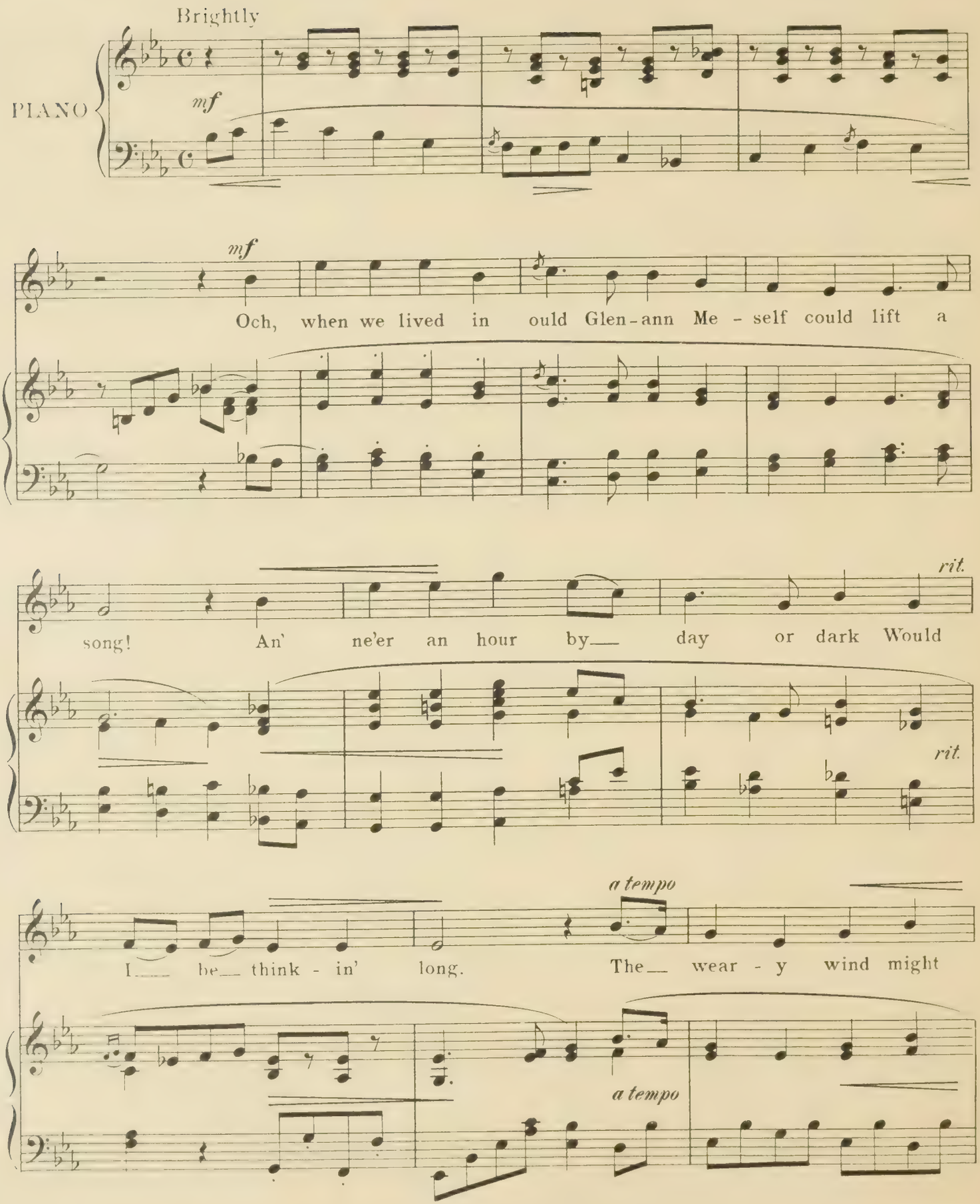

Slower
p
3. Such was she, but oh! a change, How mourn-ful and how strange, On my
p
loved one, my own be-loved one came; Pal - er
p
still her pale cheek grew, And her eyes of a - zure hue Seem'd
rit.
light - ed with a flame, a fa - tal, wast - ing flame.
rit.
p


pp a tempo
Oh! we laid her in the grave, Where the wil - lows sad - ly wave, And the
pp a tempo
espress.
hol - low winds are sigh - ing a plain - tive wail; I'm a -
f poco rit.
lone! a - lone! a - lone! So wear - i - ly I moan For my
f poco rit.
dim.
lost love, my snow - y - breast - ed Pearl!
pp

A SONG OF GLENANN

MOIRA O'NEILL

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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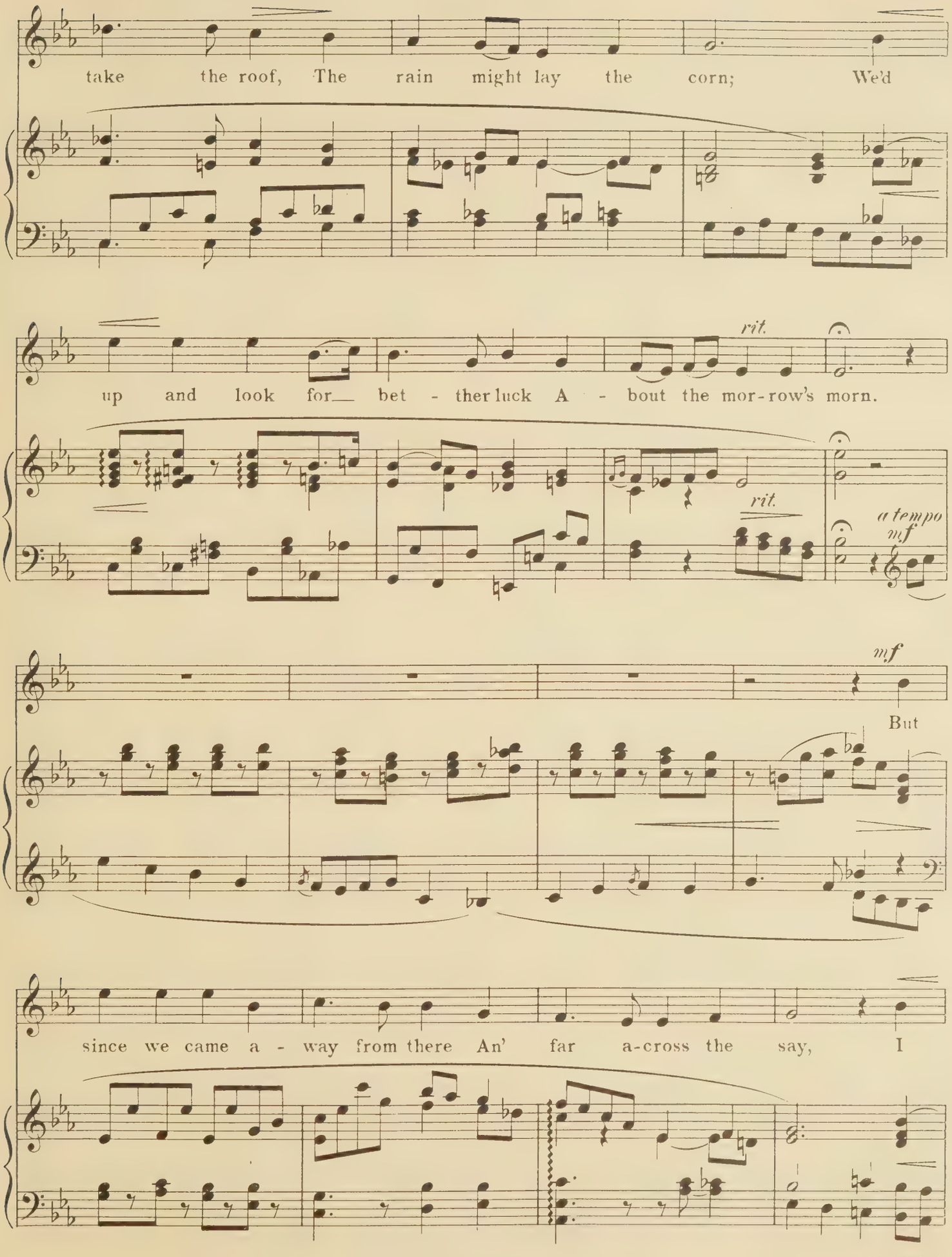
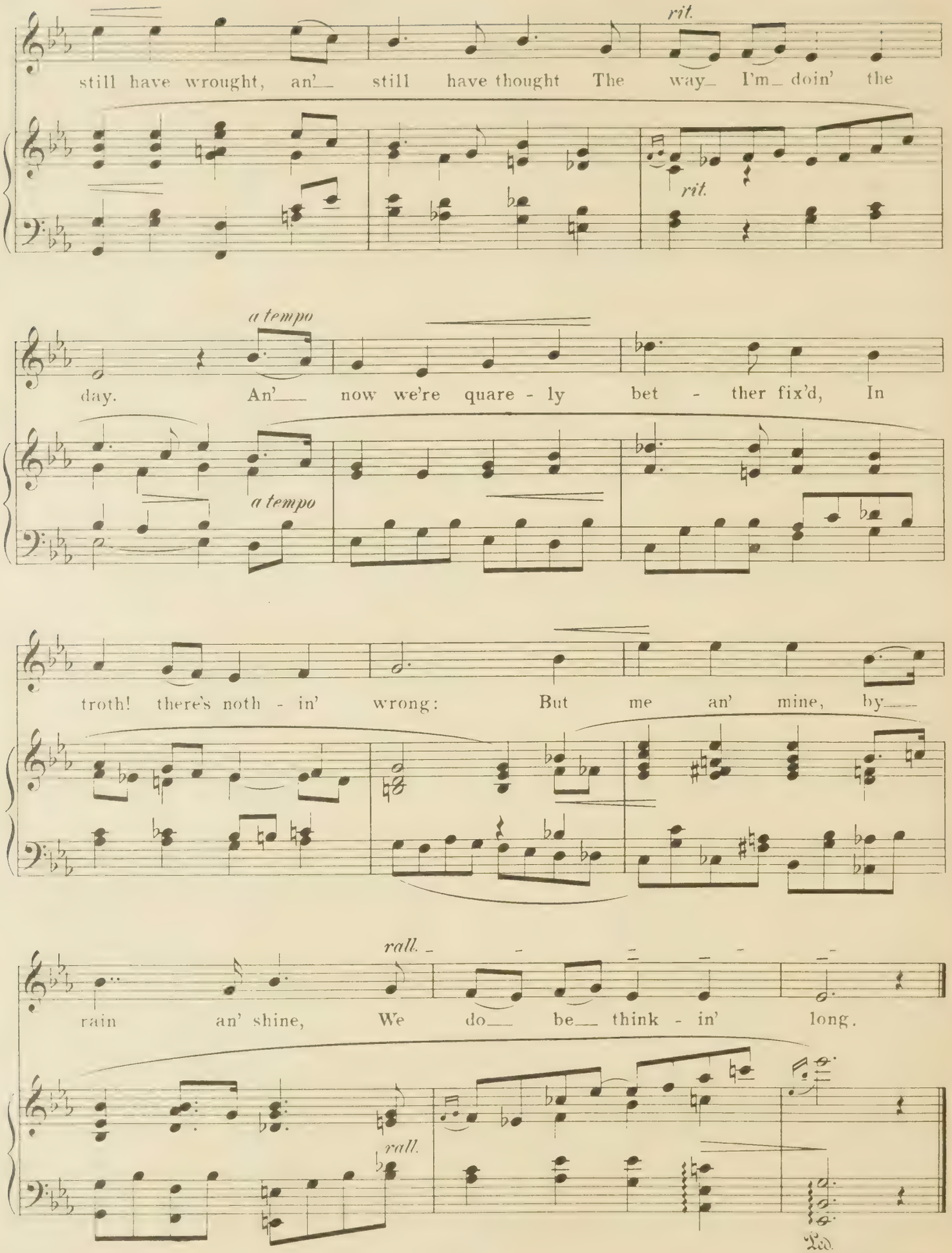
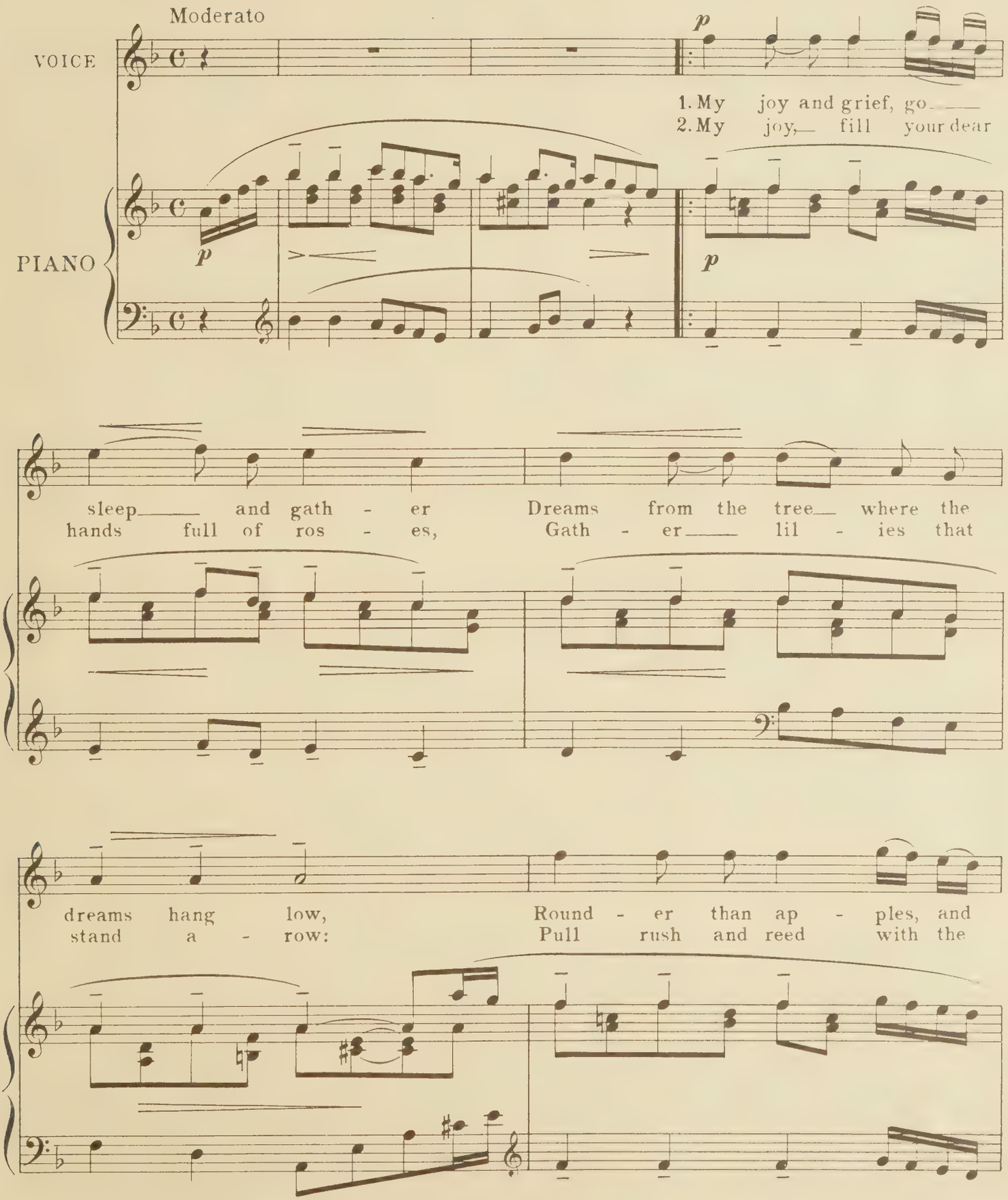

take the roof, The rain might lay the corn; We'd
up and look for bet - ther luck A - bout the mor-row's morn.
rit.
rit.
a tempo
mf
mf
But
since we came a - way from there An' far a-cross the say, I


still have wrought, an'_ still have thought The way_ I'm_ doin' the
rit.
rit.
a tempo
day. An'_ now we're quare - ly bet - ther fix'd, In
a tempo
troth! there's noth - in' wrong: But me an' mine, by_
rall.
rain an' shine, We do_ be_ think - in' long.
rall.
Ped.

SOONTREE
(A LULLABY)

NORA HOPPER

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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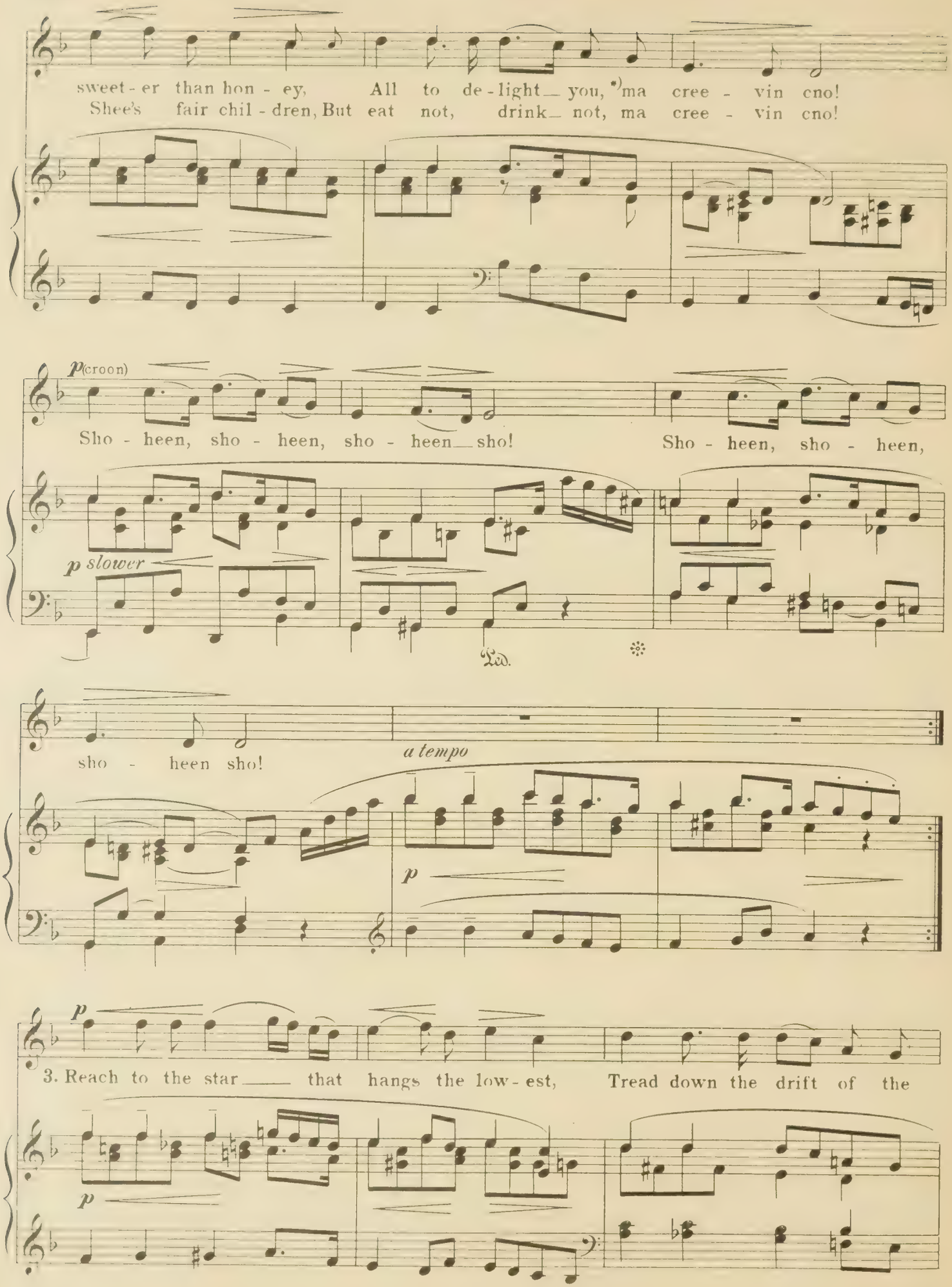
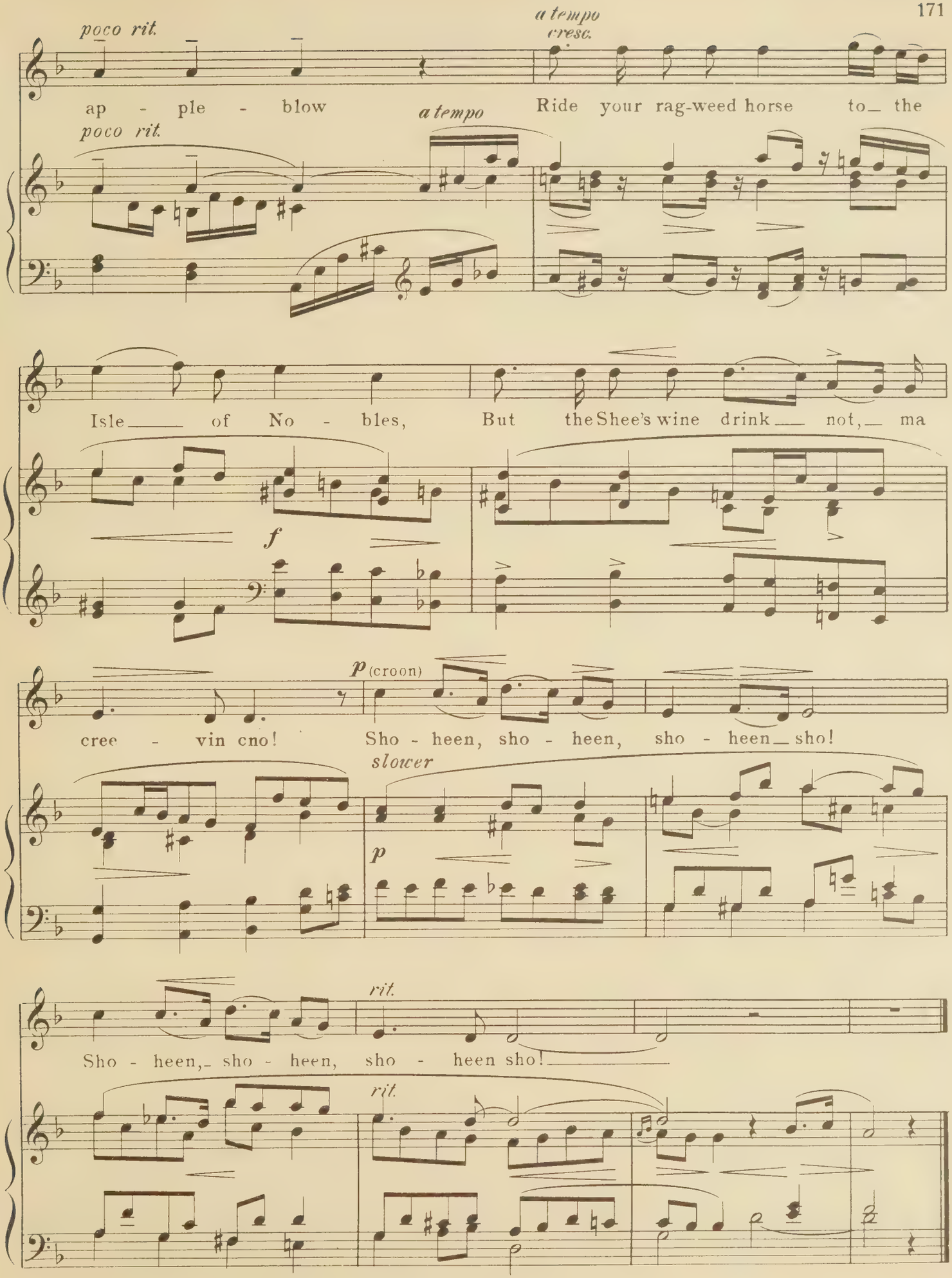


*) *Ma creevin cno,* My cluster of nuts = my brown-haired girl.


poco rit.
a tempo
cresc.
ap - ple - blow
Ride your rag-weed horse to_ the
poco rit.
a tempo
Isle_ of No - bles,
But the Shee's wine drink_ not,_ ma
f
p (croon)
cree - vin cno!
Sho - heen, sho - heen, sho - heen_ sho!
slower
p
rit.
Sho - heen,_ sho - heen, sho - heen sho!
rit.

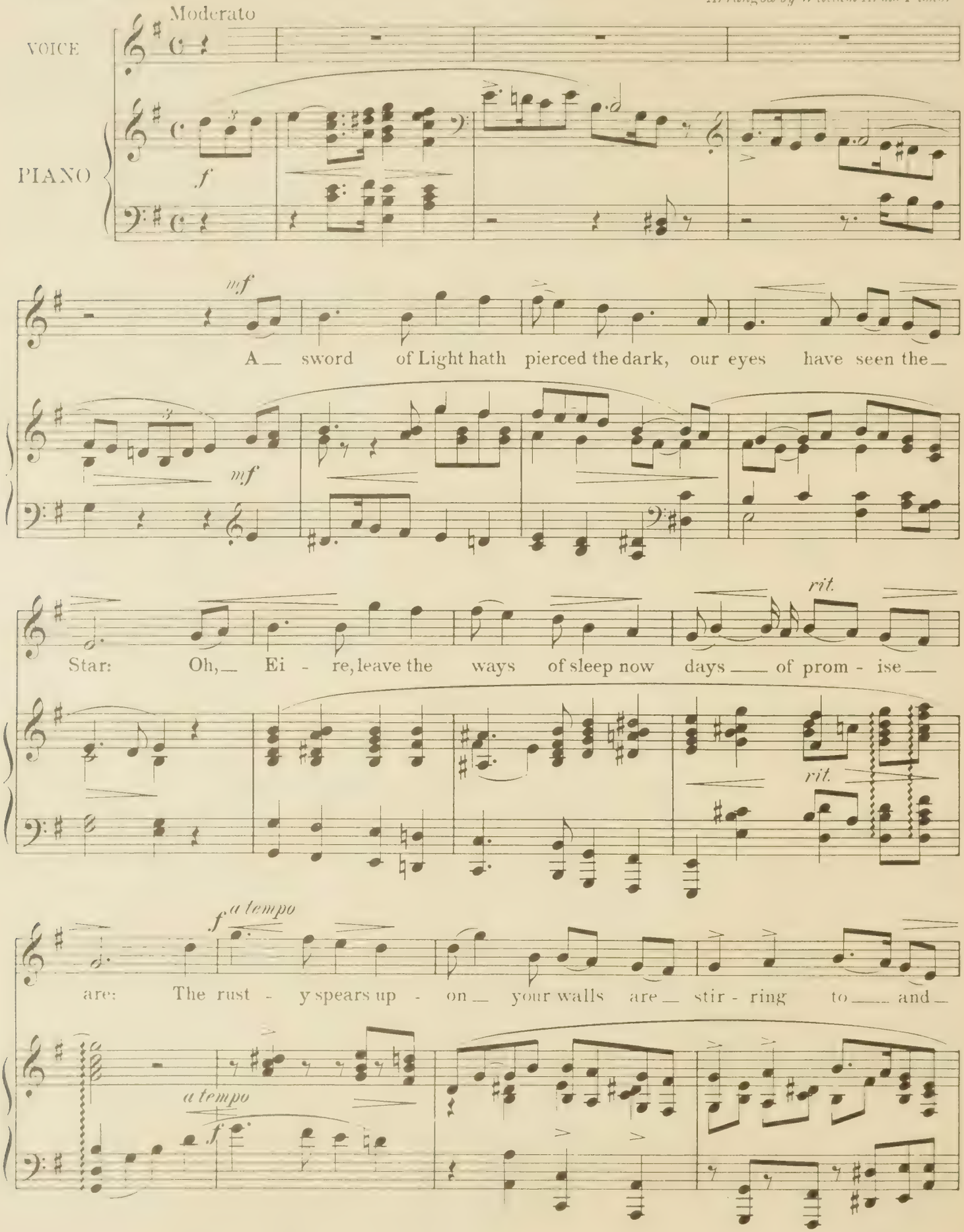
A SWORD OF LIGHT HATH PIERCED THE DARK

(MO CHRAOIBHIN CNO)

ETHNA CARBERY

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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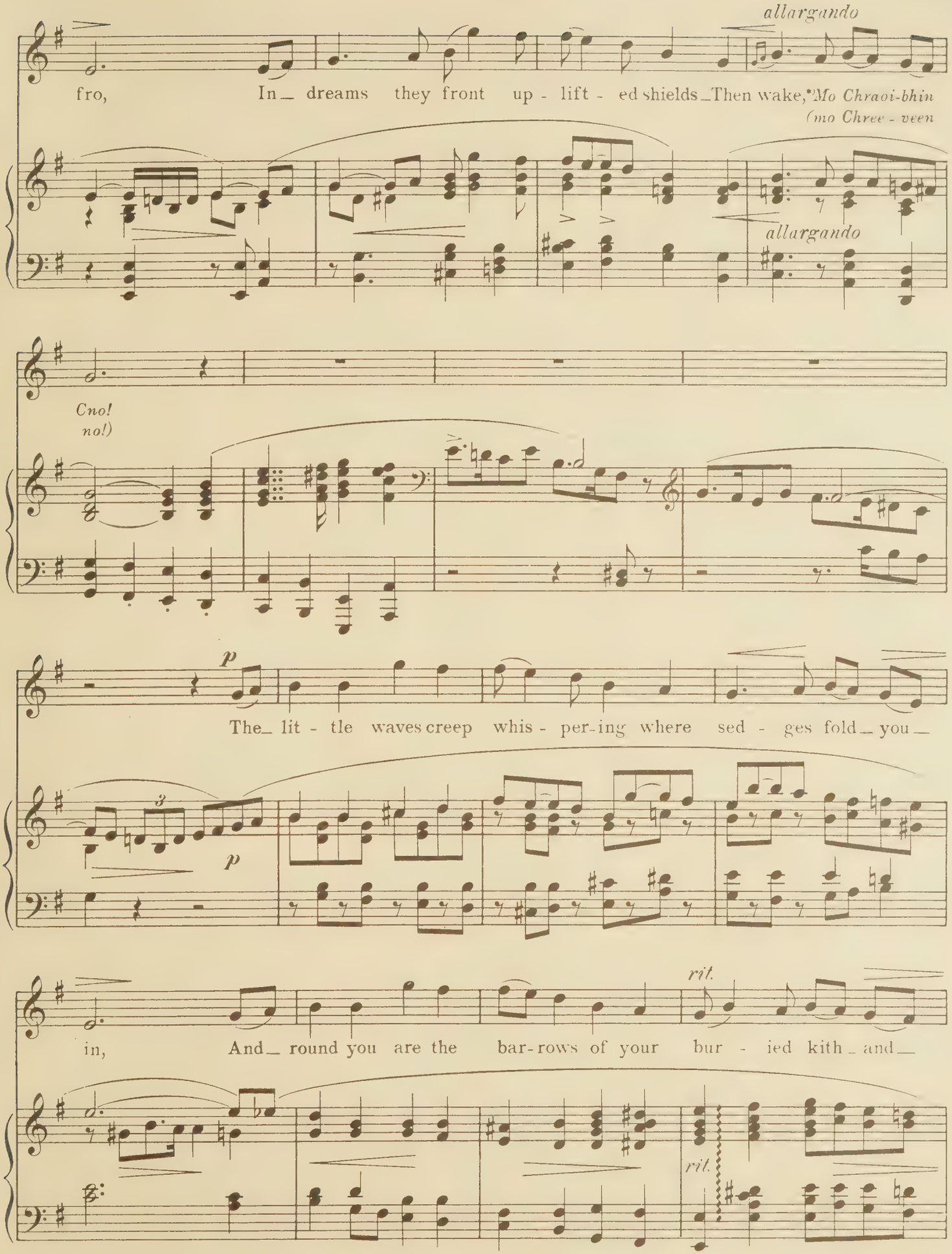
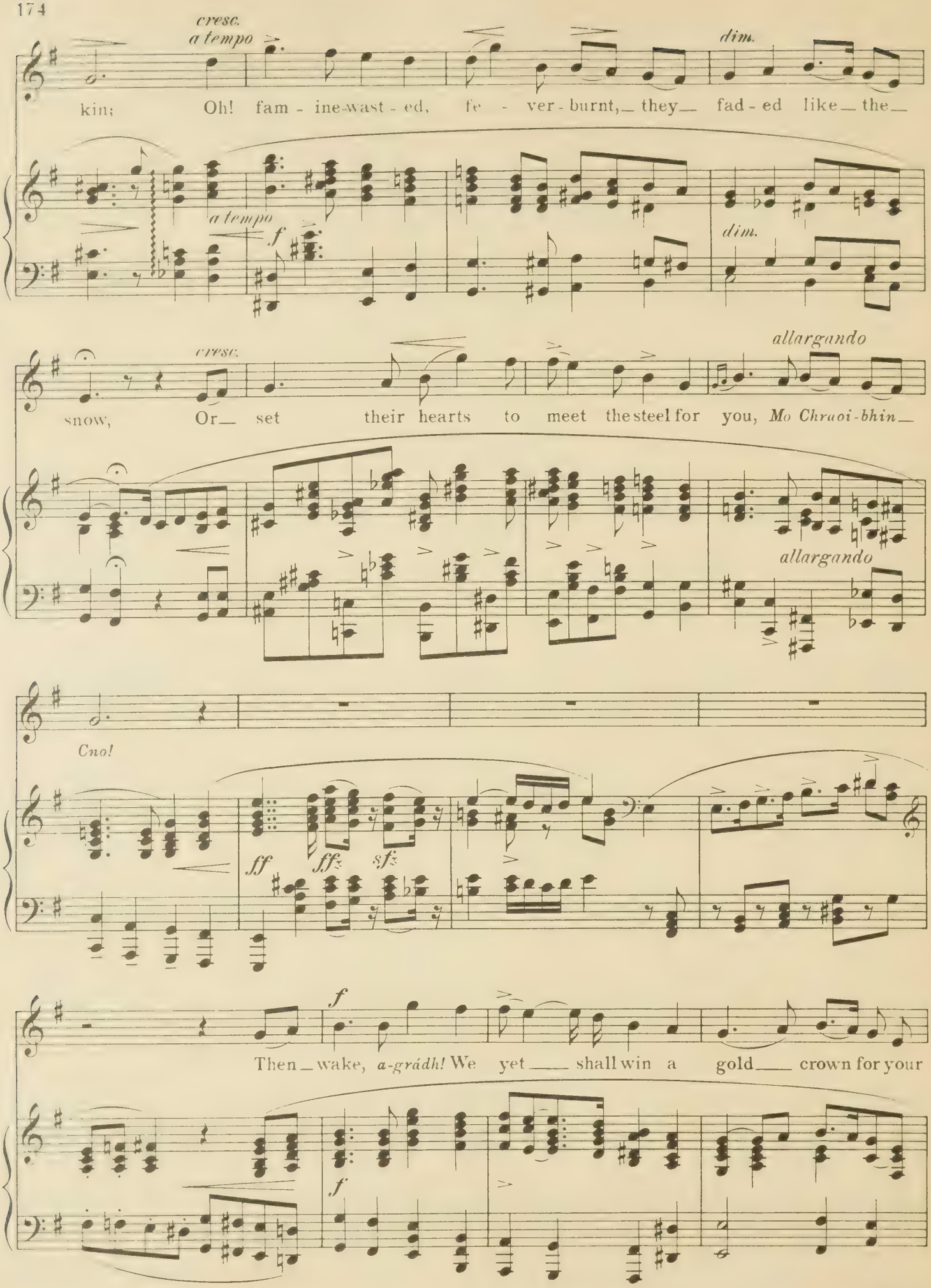
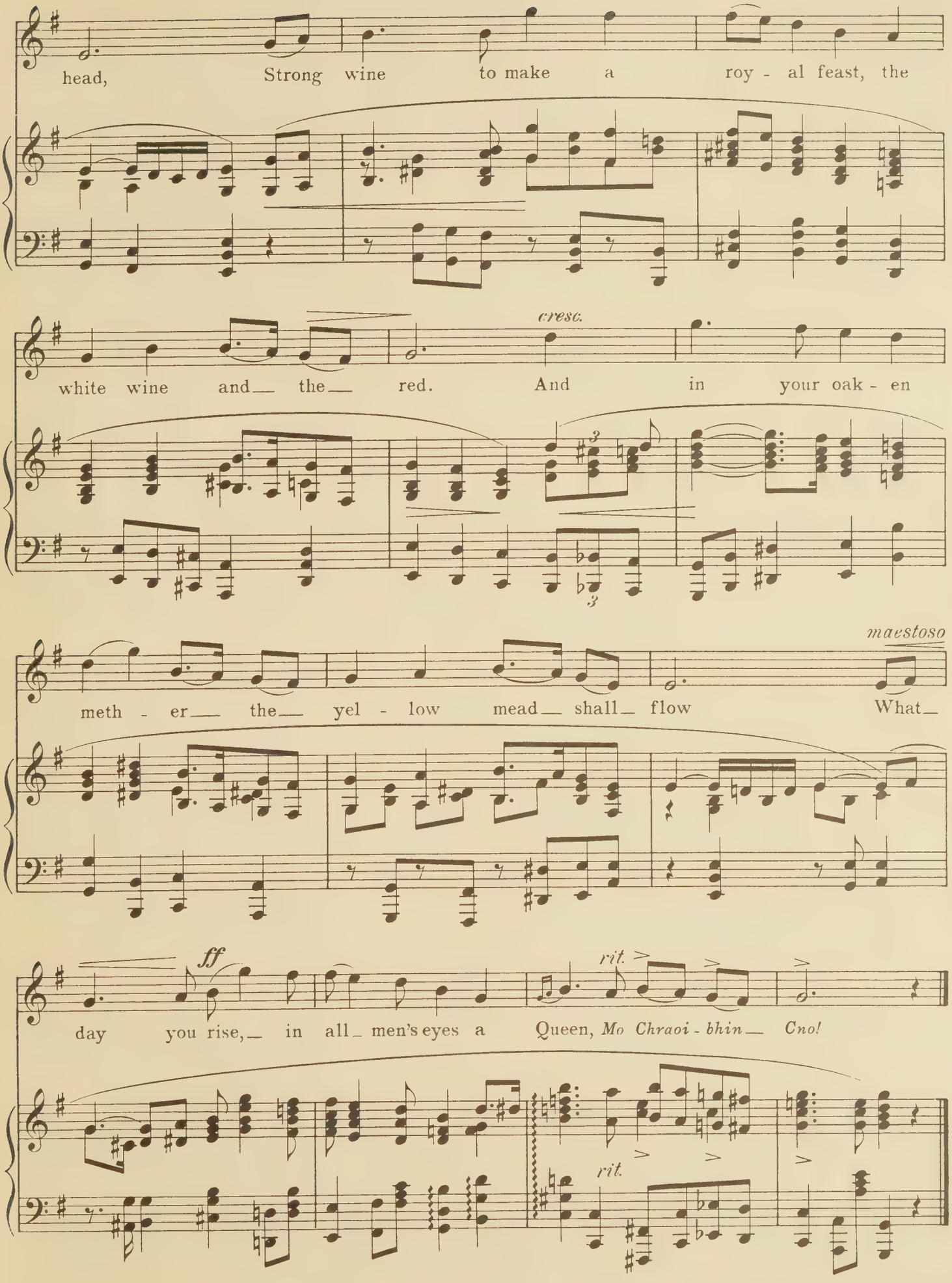


* *Mo chreeveen no,* My cluster of nuts = my brown-haired girl, i.e., Ireland.

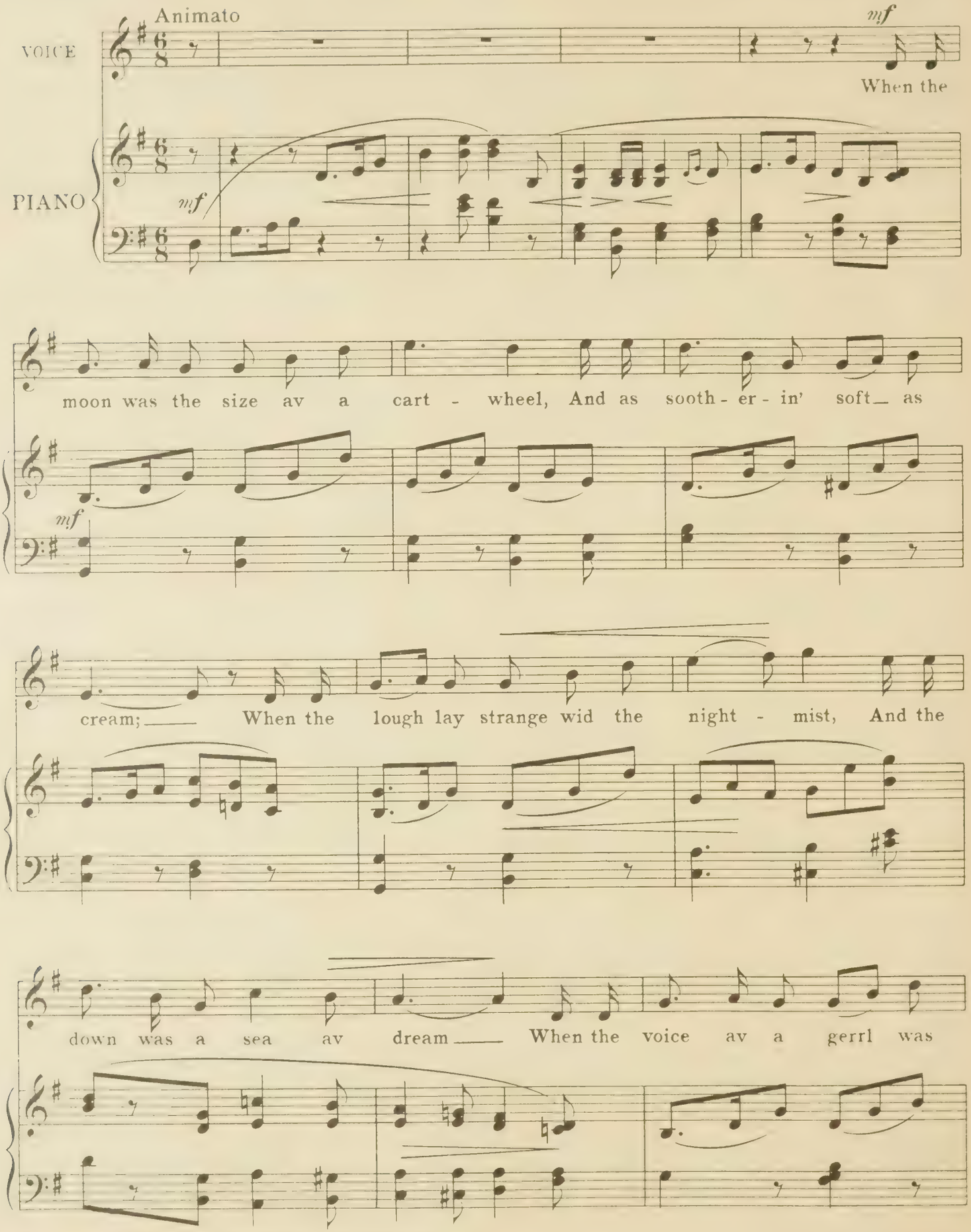

cresc.
a tempo
dim.
kin; Oh! fam - ine-wast - ed, fe - ver - burnt, they fad - ed like the
a tempo
f
dim.
cresc.
allargando
snow, Or set their hearts to meet the steel for you, Mo Chraoi - bhin
allargando
Cno!
ff
fffz
sfz
f
Then wake, a-grádh! We yet shall win a gold crown for your
f


head, Strong wine to make a roy - al feast, the
cresc.
white wine and the red. And in your oak - en
maestoso
meth - er the yel - low mead shall flow What
ff
rit.
day you rise, in all men's eyes a Queen, Mo Chraoi - bhin Cno!
rit.

THE TIME FOR LOVE

ARTHUR STRINGER

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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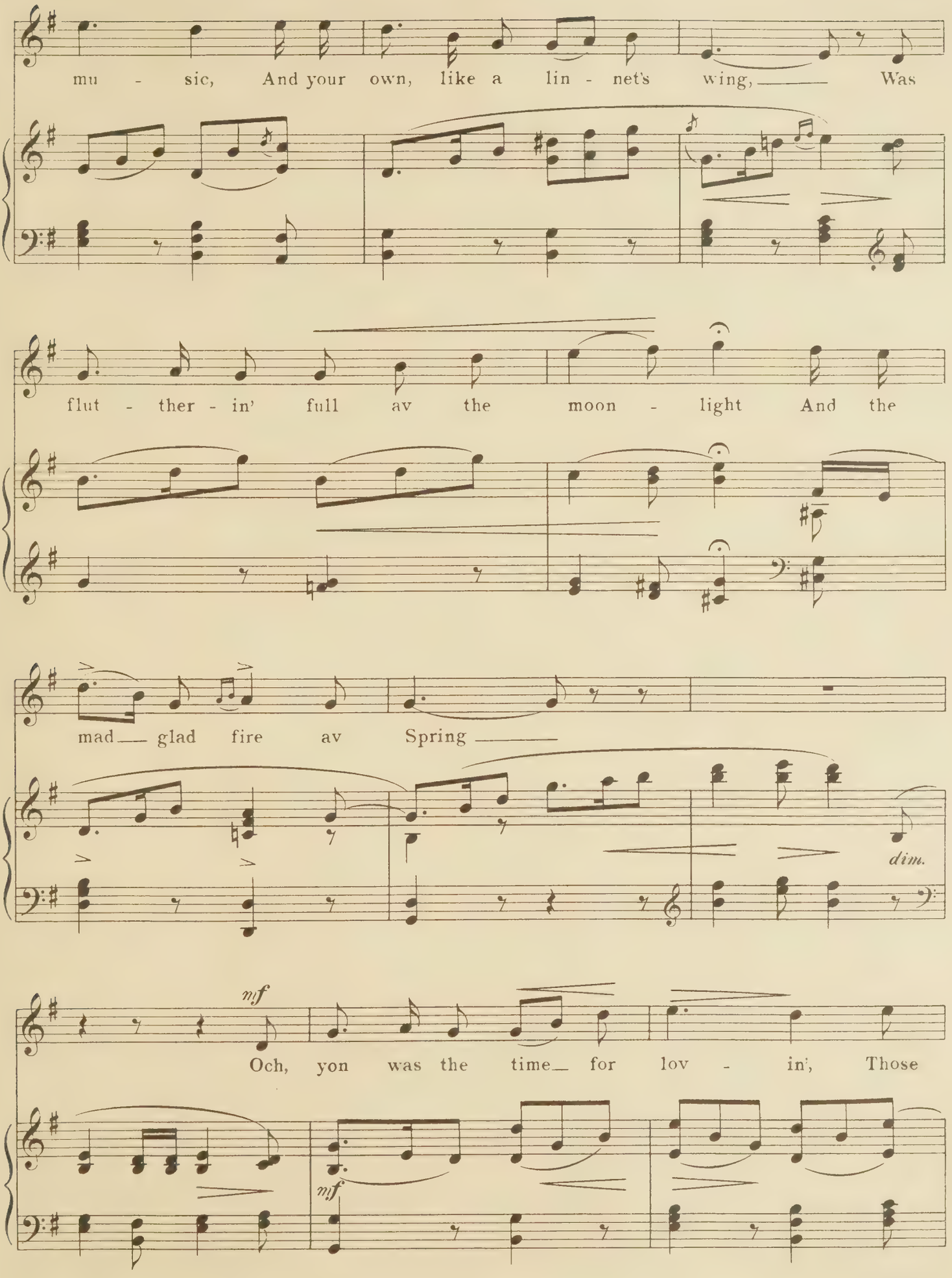
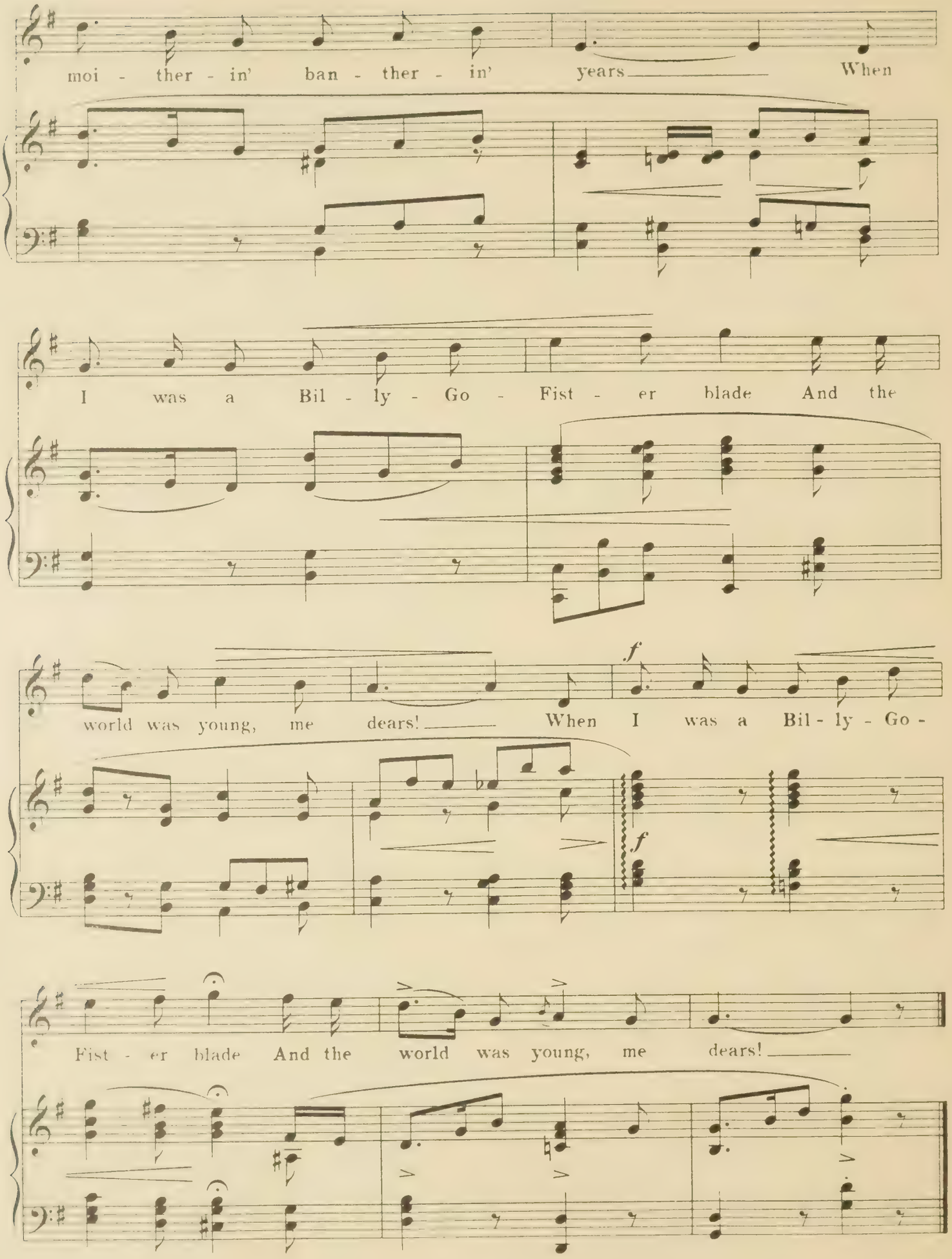
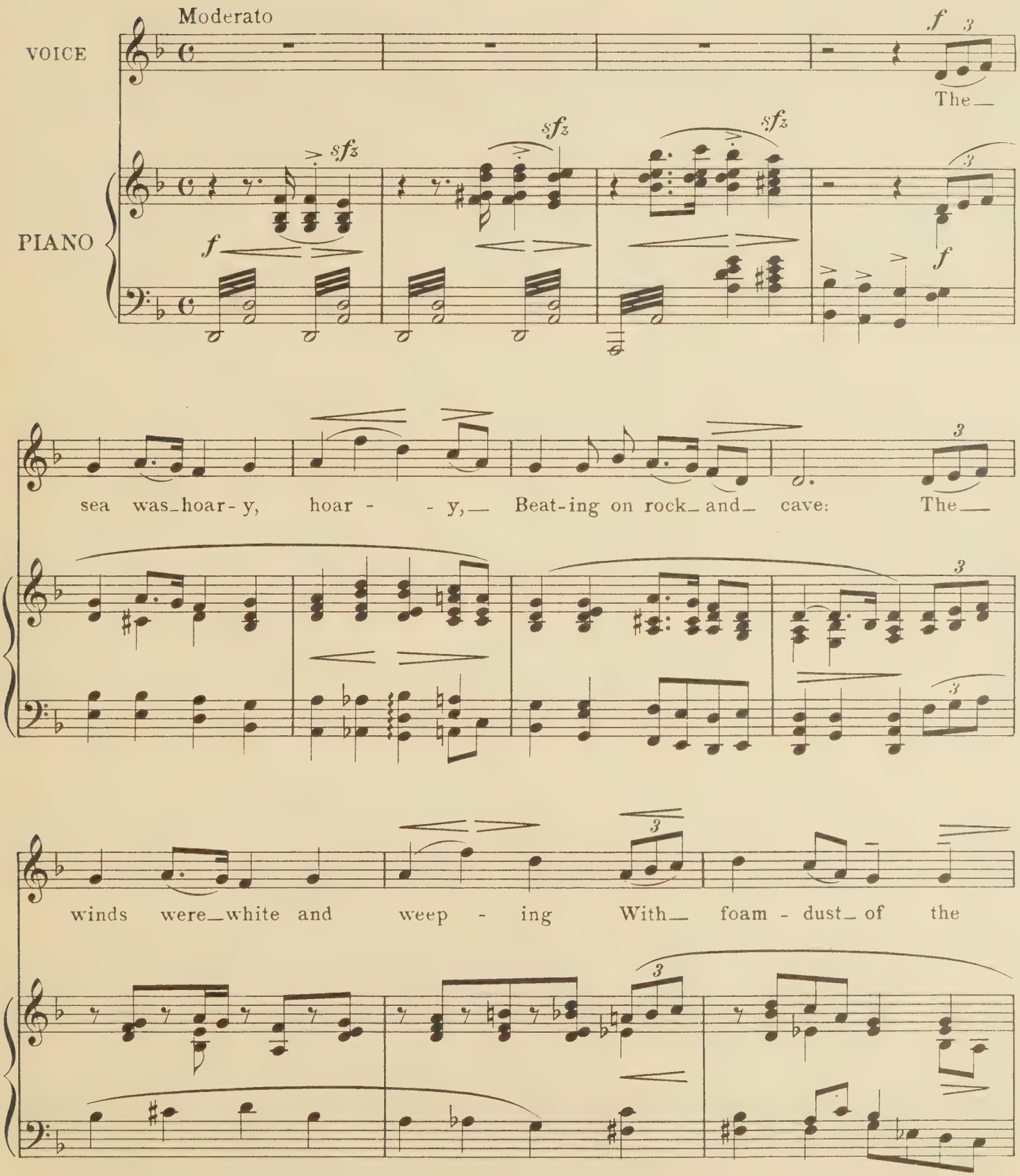

mu - sic, And your own, like a lin - net's wing, Was
flut - ther - in' full av the moon - light And the
mad glad fire av Spring
dim.
mf
Och, yon was the time for lov - in', Those
mf


moi - ther - in' ban - ther - in' years When
I was a Bil - ly - Go - Fist - er blade And the
world was young, me dears! When I was a Bil - ly - Go -
Fist - er blade And the world was young, me dears!

THE VOICE OF THE SEA

A.E.

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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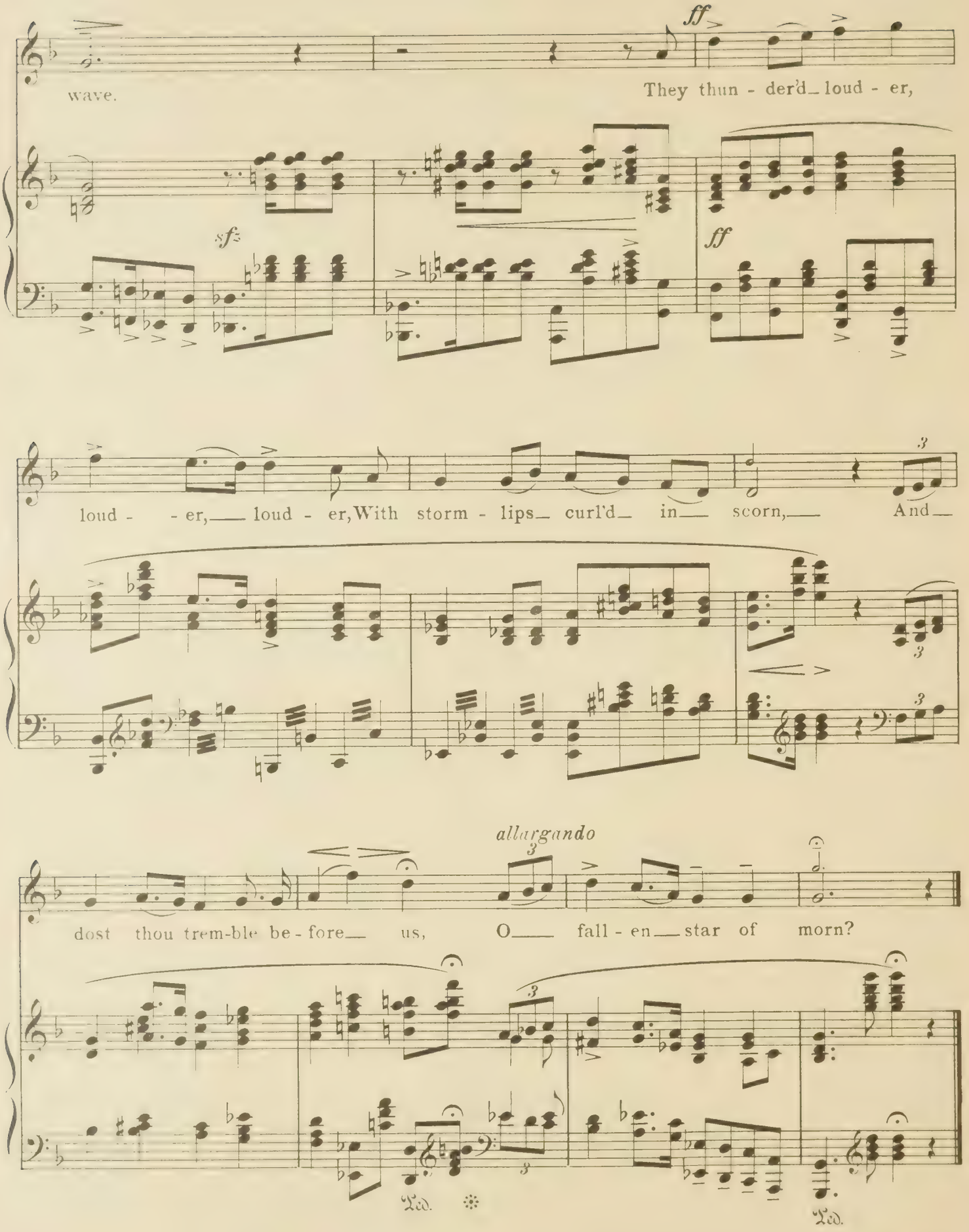
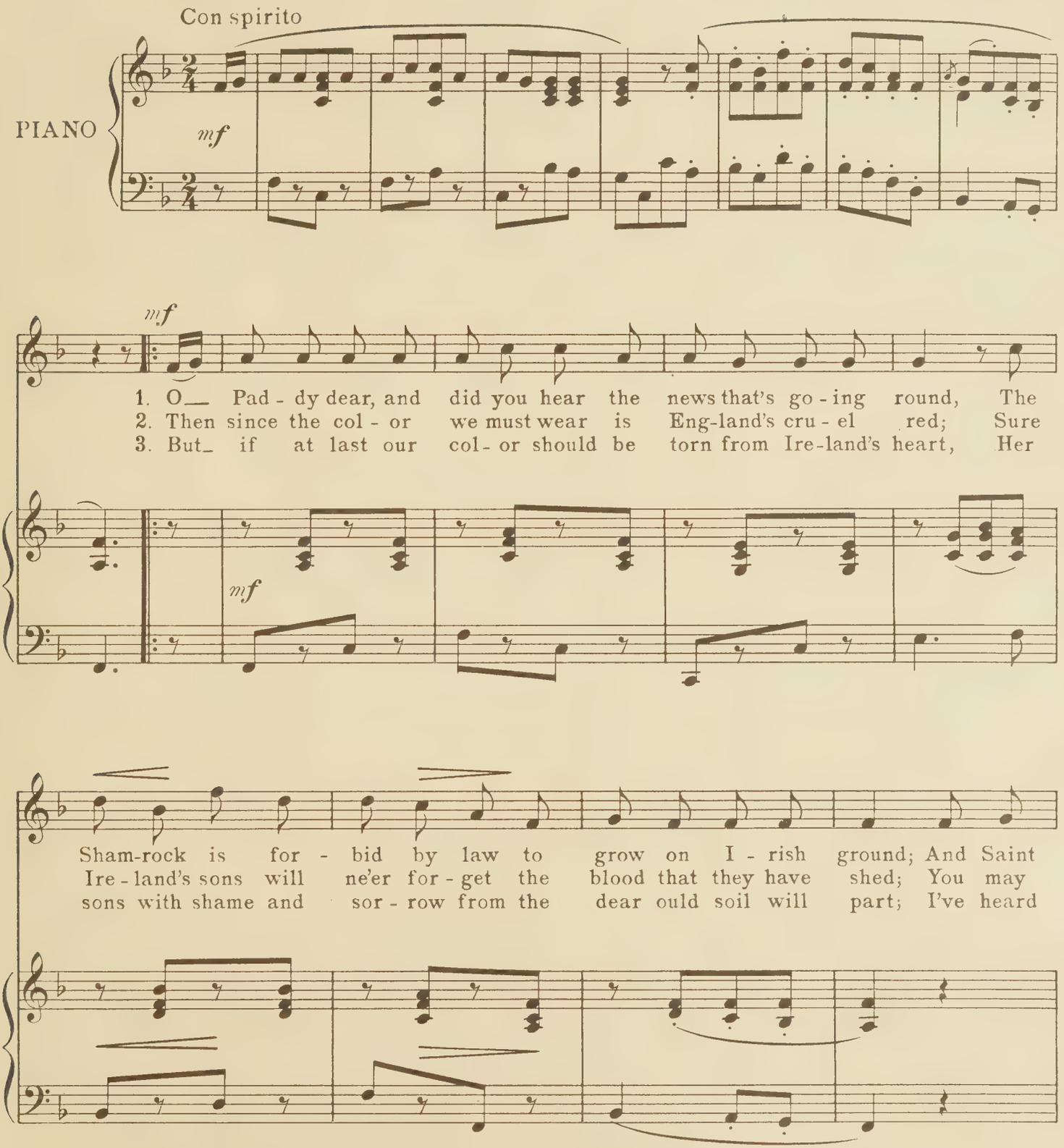

wave.
They thun - der'd_ loud - er,
loud - - er,__ loud - er, With storm - lips_ curl'd_ in__ scorn,__ And__
allargando
dost thou trem-ble be - fore__ us, O__ fall - en__ star of morn?

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

A street ballad of 1798
altered by Dion Boucicault
who added the third verse

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



This song was sung throughout Ireland subsequently to 1798. The melody was printed in 1756.

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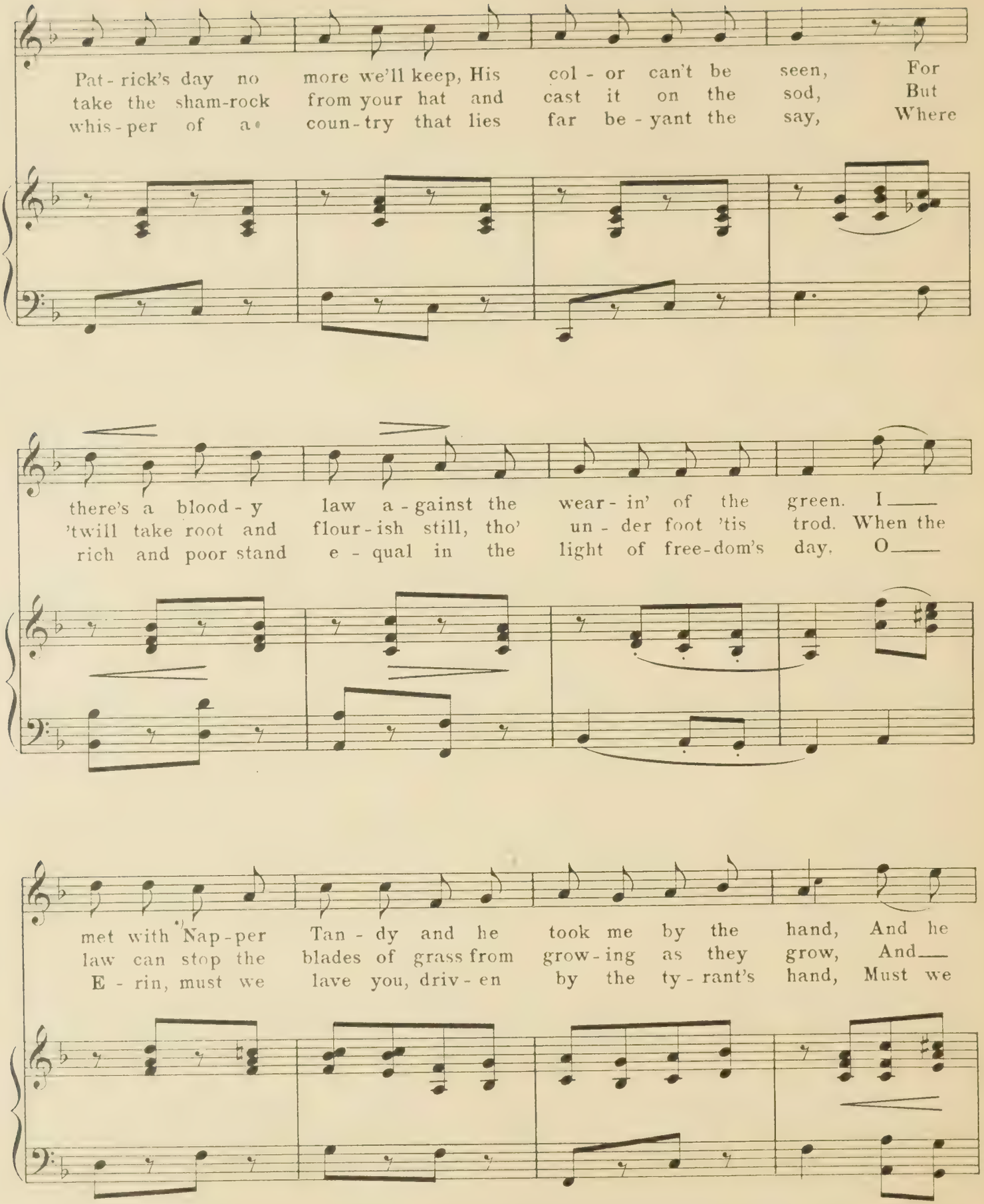
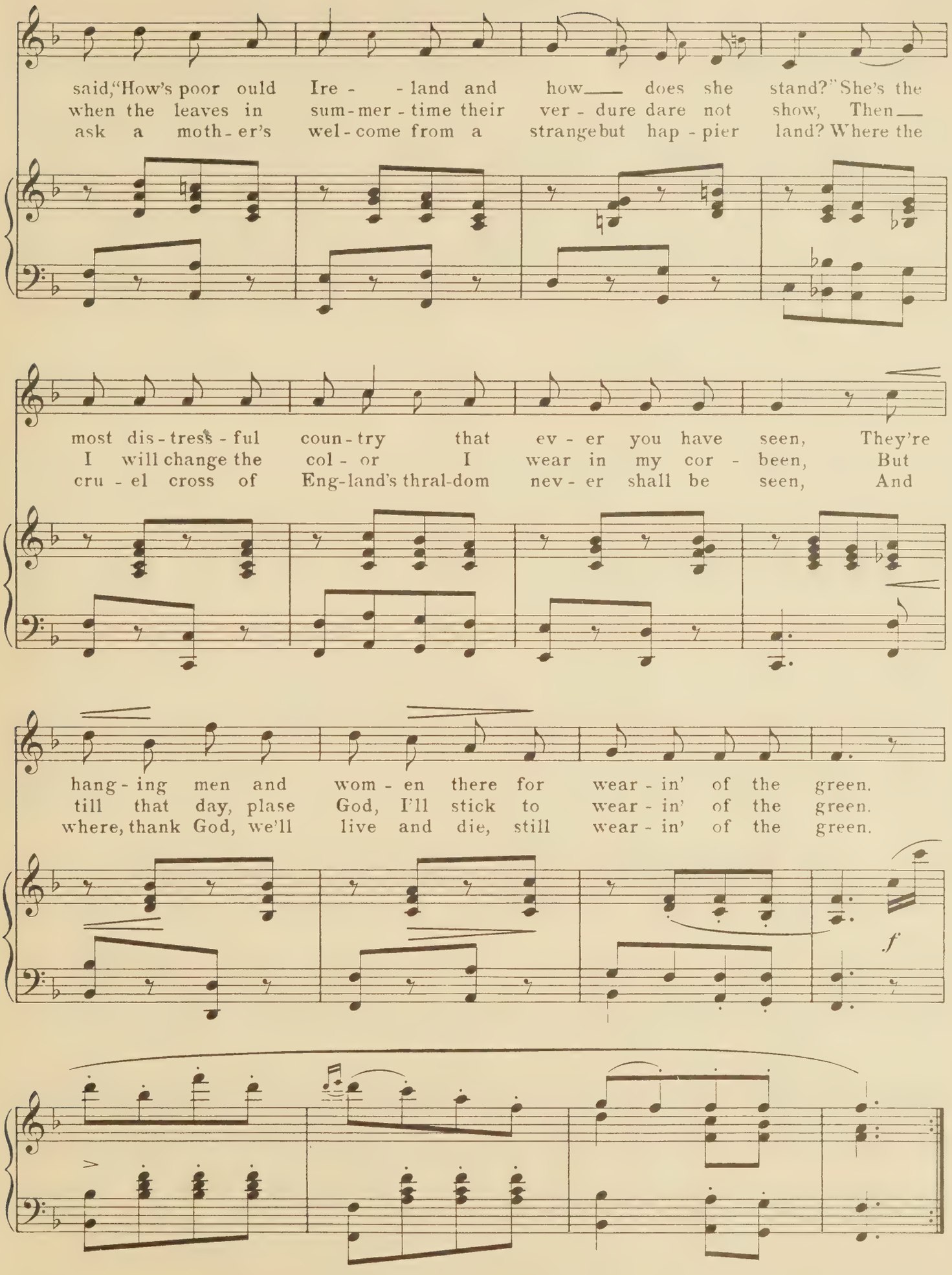


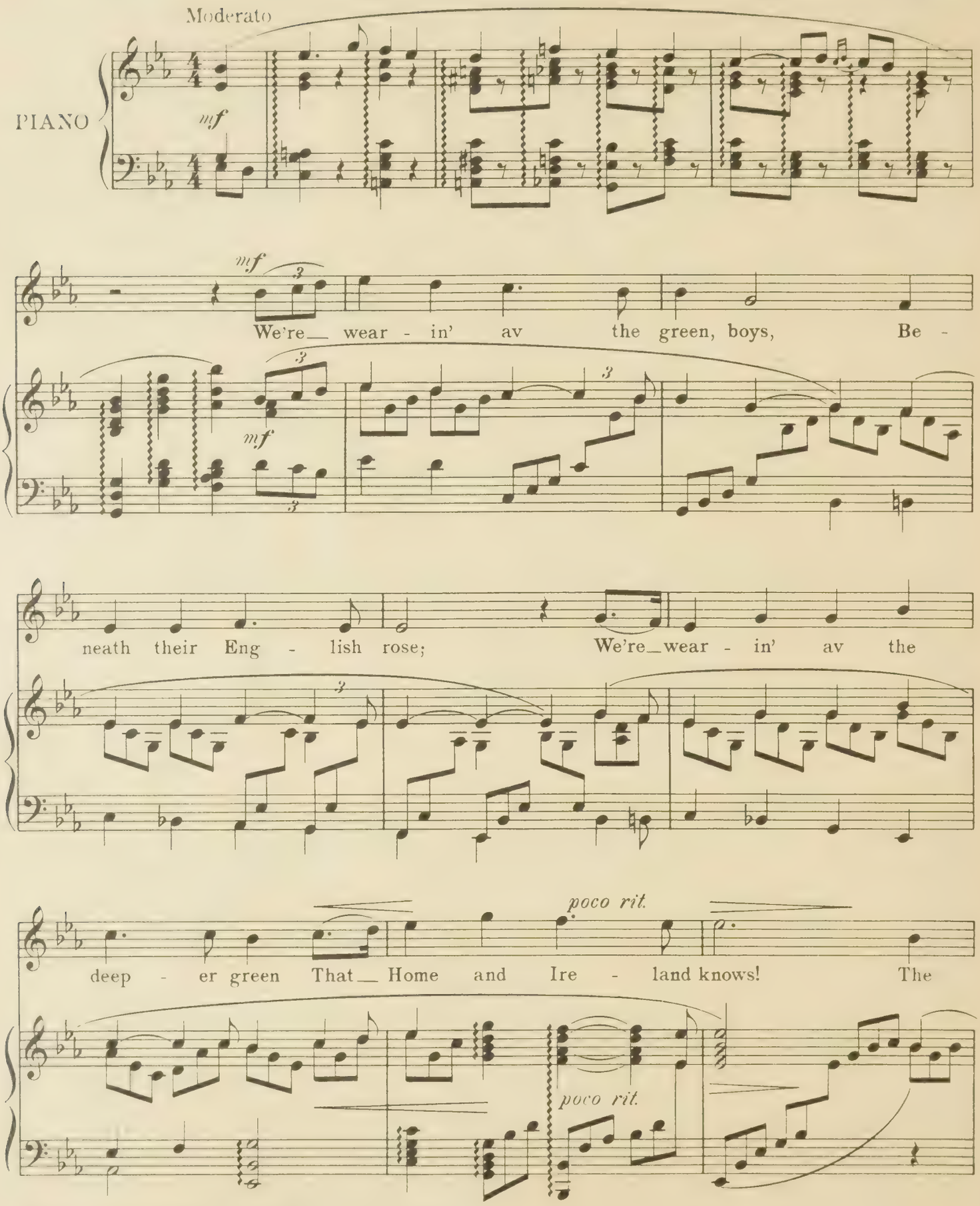
*) Some versions give Buonaparte in place of Napper Tandy.


said,"How's poor ould Ire - - land and how___ does she stand?" She's the
when the leaves in sum-mer-time their ver-dure dare not show, Then___
ask a moth-er's wel-come from a strangebut hap-pier land? Where the
most dis-tress-ful coun-try that ev-er you have seen, They're
I will change the col-or I wear in my cor-been, But
cru-el cross of Eng-land's thral-dom nev-er shall be seen, And
hang-ing men and wom-en there for wear-in' of the green.
till that day, plase God, I'll stick to wear-in' of the green.
where, thank God, we'll live and die, still wear-in' of the green.
f

WE'RE WEARIN' AV THE GREEN

ARTHUR STRINGER

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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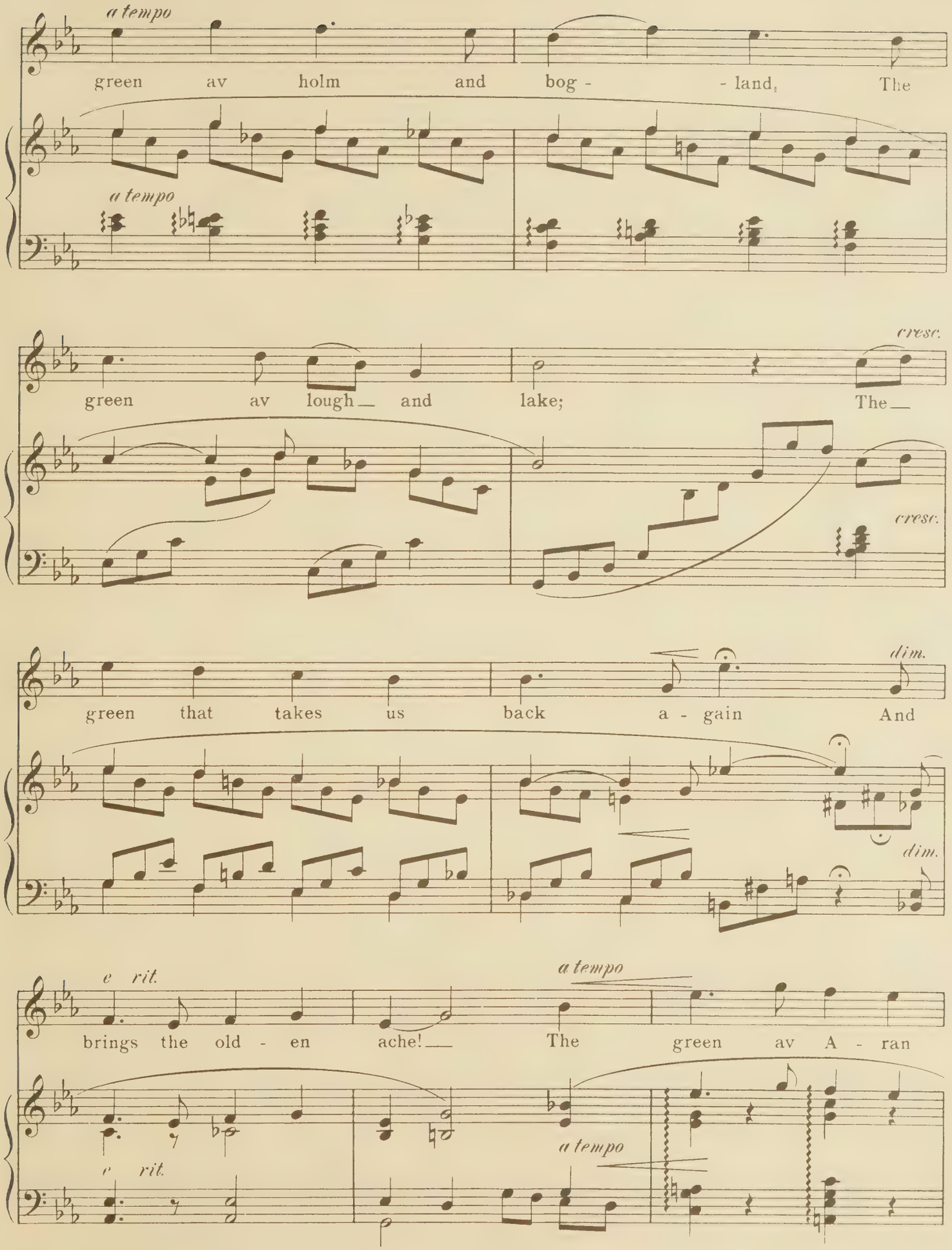
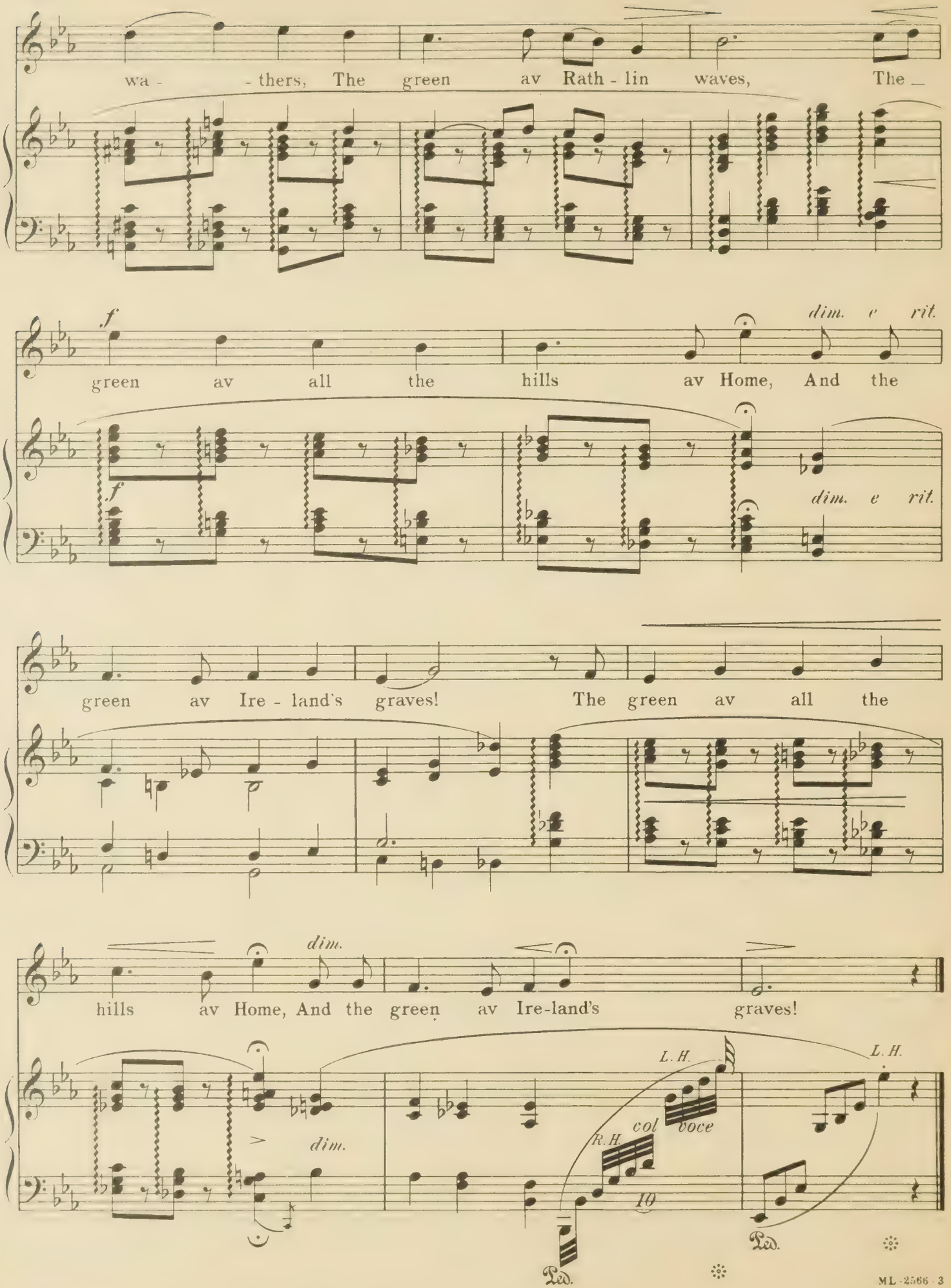
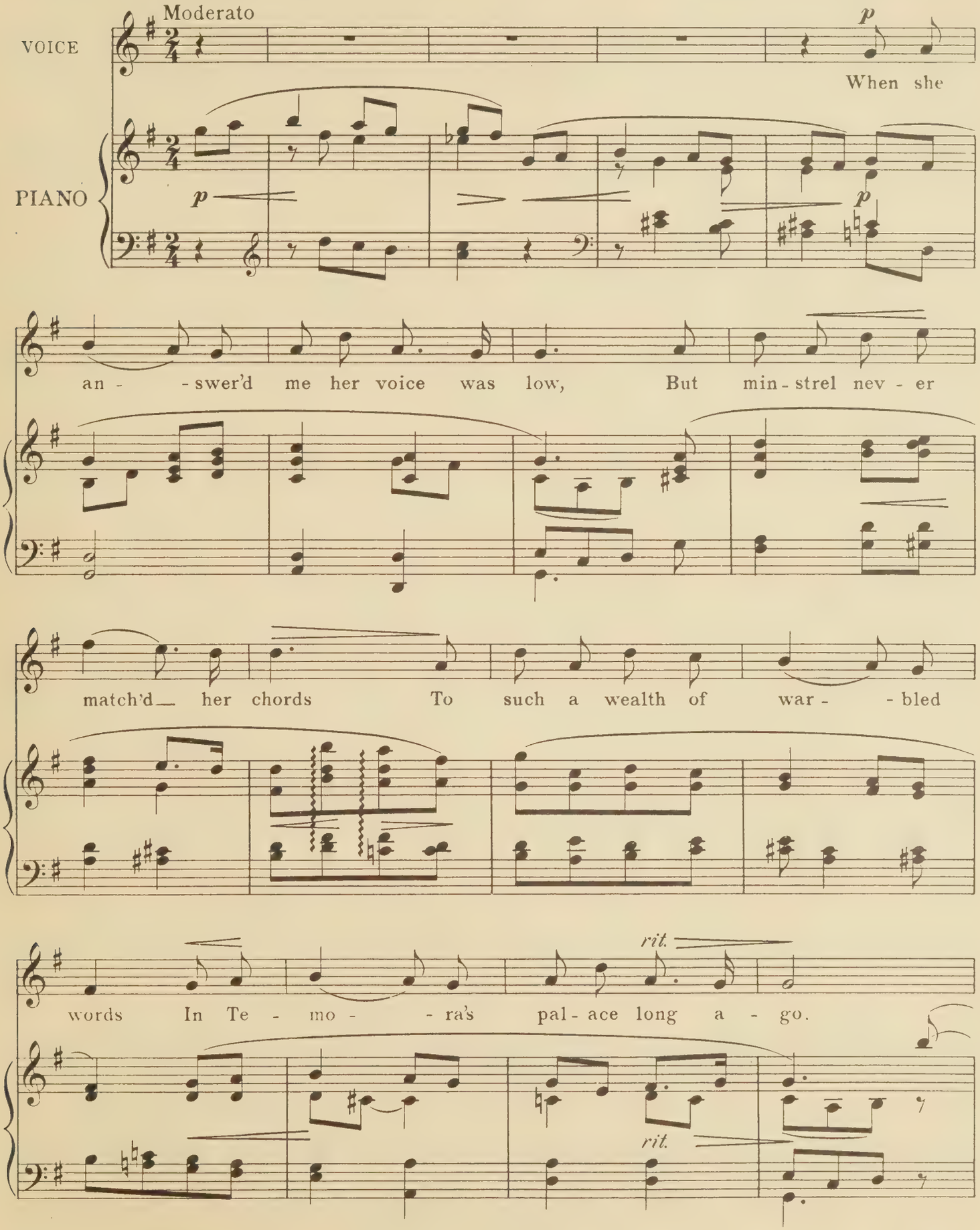

a tempo
green av holm and bog - - land, The
a tempo
cresc.
green av lough and lake; The
cresc.
dim.
green that takes us back a - gain And
dim.
e rit.
a tempo
brings the old - en ache! The green av A - ran
a tempo
e rit.


wa - - thers, The green av Rath - lin waves, The _
f
dim. e rit.
green av all the hills av Home, And the
f
dim. e rit.
green av Ire - land's graves! The green av all the
dim.
hills av Home, And the green av Ire-land's graves!
dim.
L.H.
col voce
R.H.
10
L.H.
Ped.
Ped.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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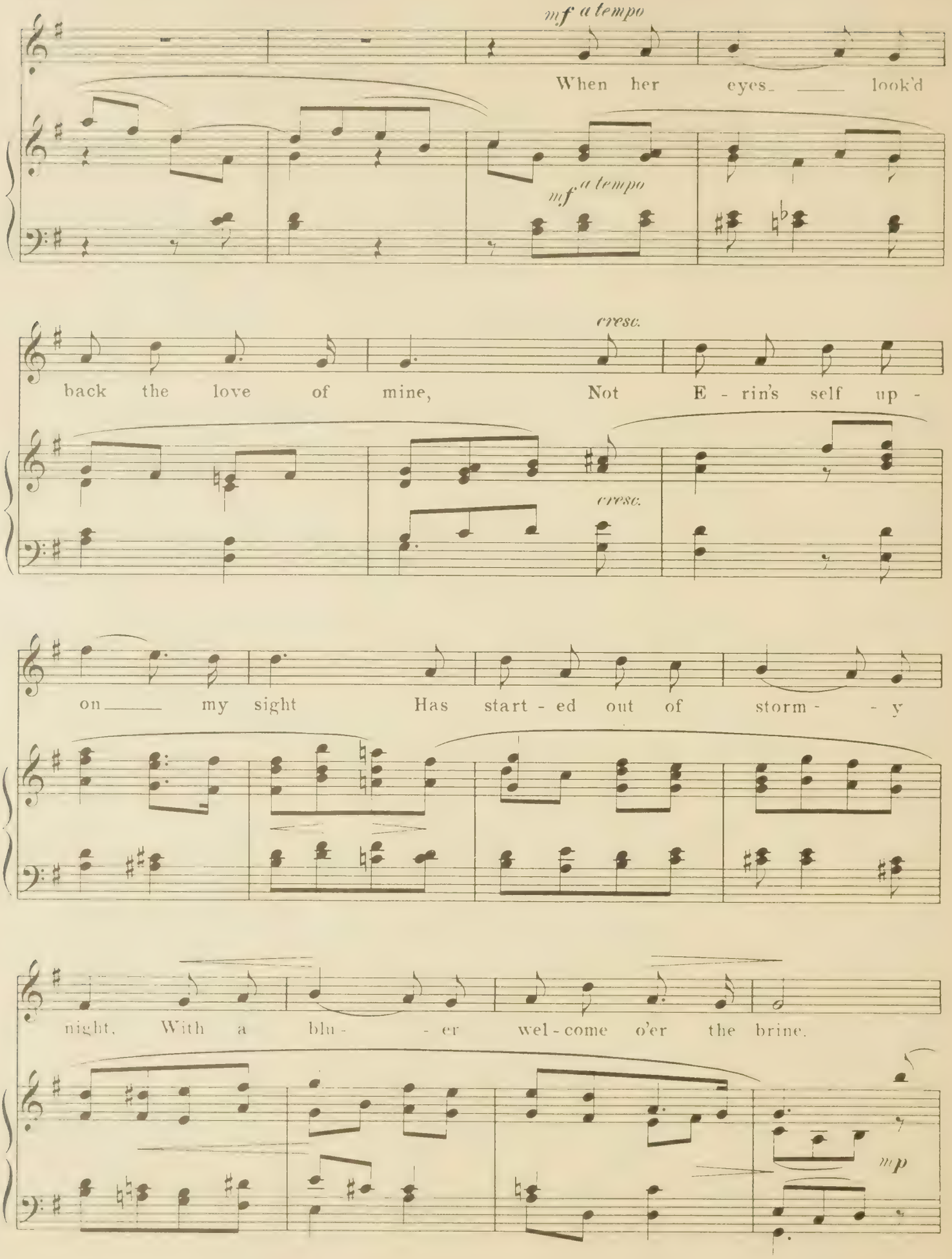
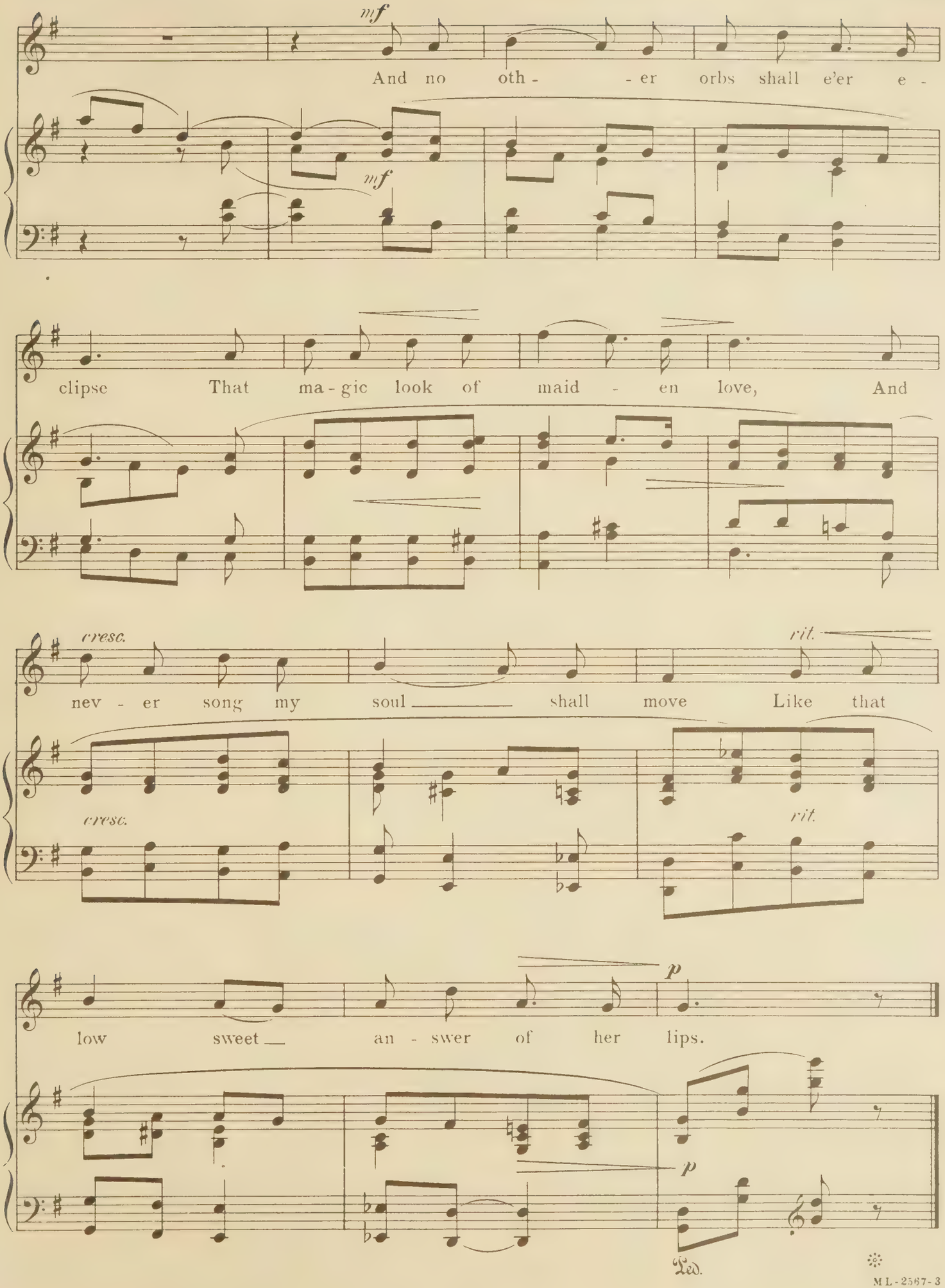
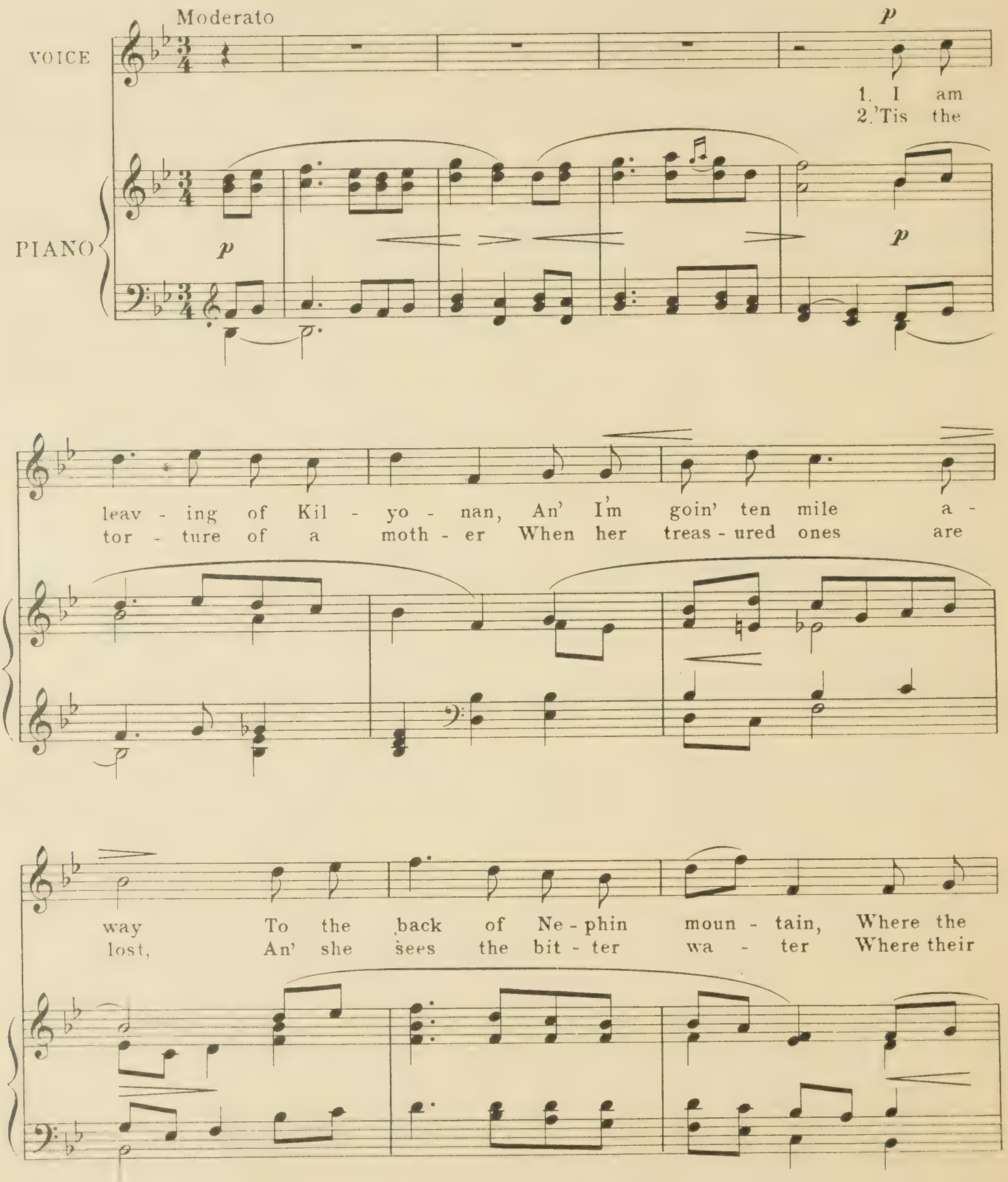

mf a tempo
When her eyes look'd
mf a tempo
cresc.
back the love of mine, Not E - rin's self up -
cresc.
on my sight Has start - ed out of storm - - y
night, With a blu - - er wel - come o'er the brine.
mp


mf
And no oth - - er orbs shall e'er e -
mf
clipse That ma - gic look of maid - en love, And
cresc.
nev - er song my soul shall move Like that
rit.
cresc.
rit.
p
low sweet an - swer of her lips.
p
Ped.

WHEN THE WEST WIND BLOWS

JAMES B. DOLLARD

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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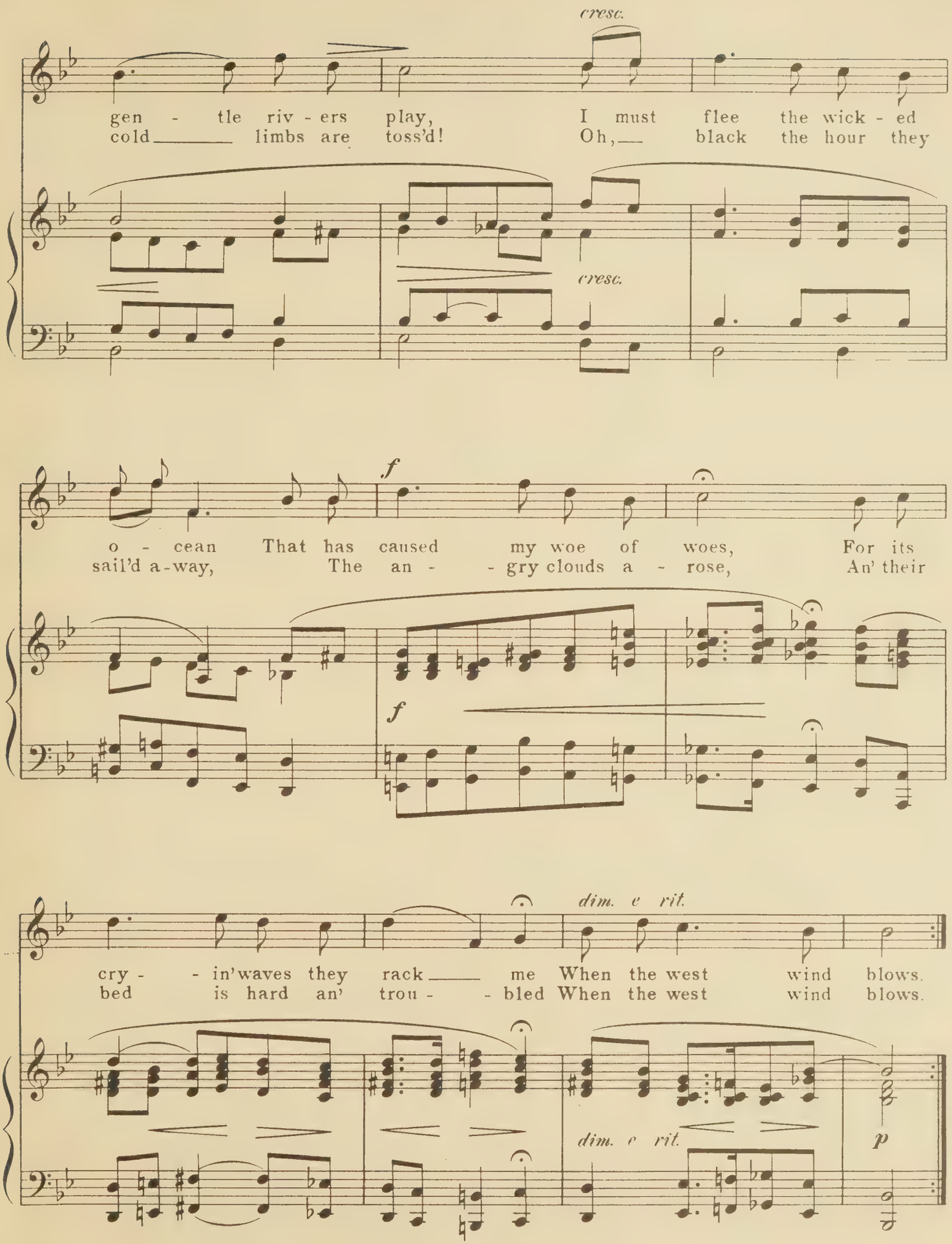
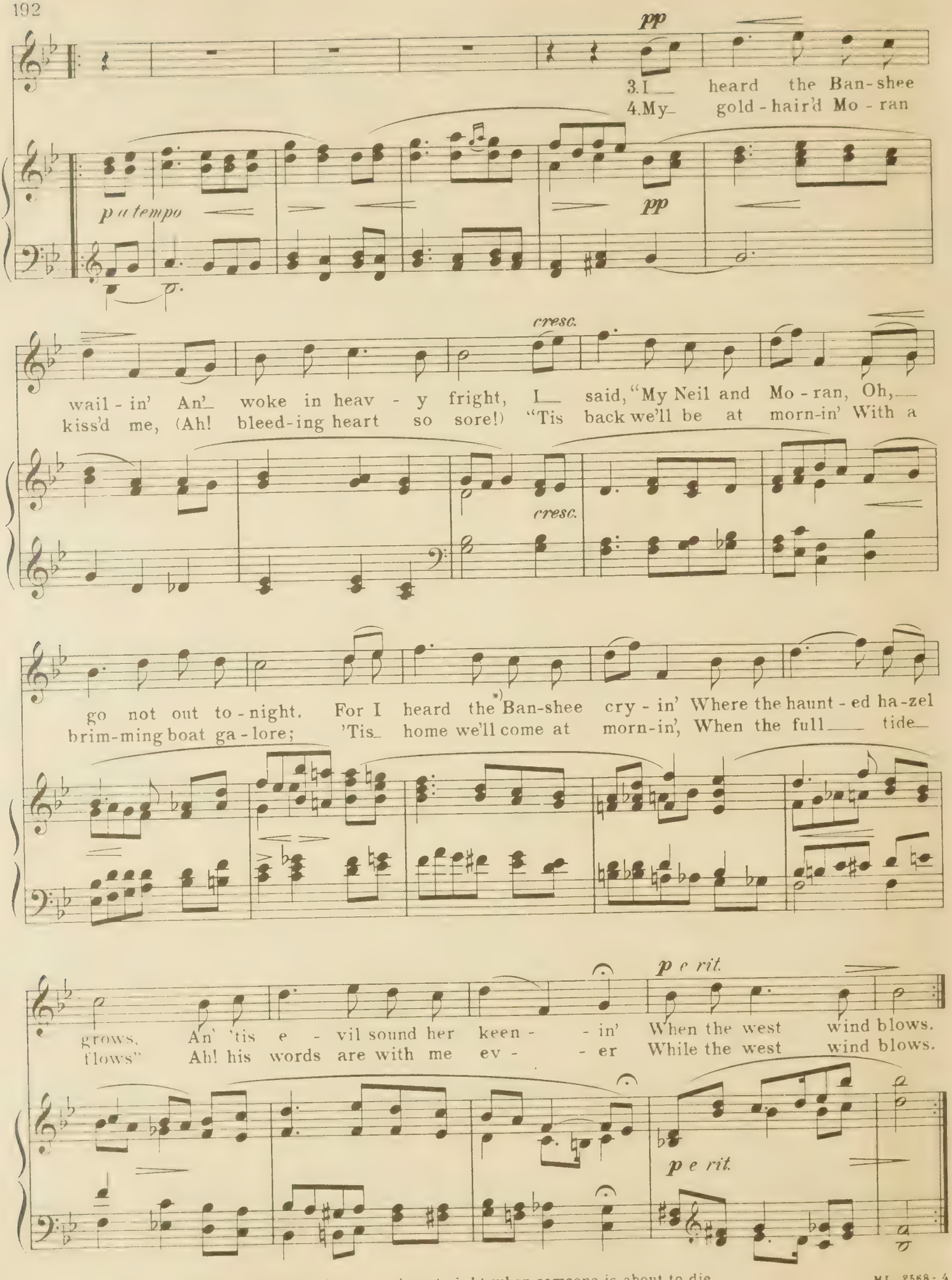
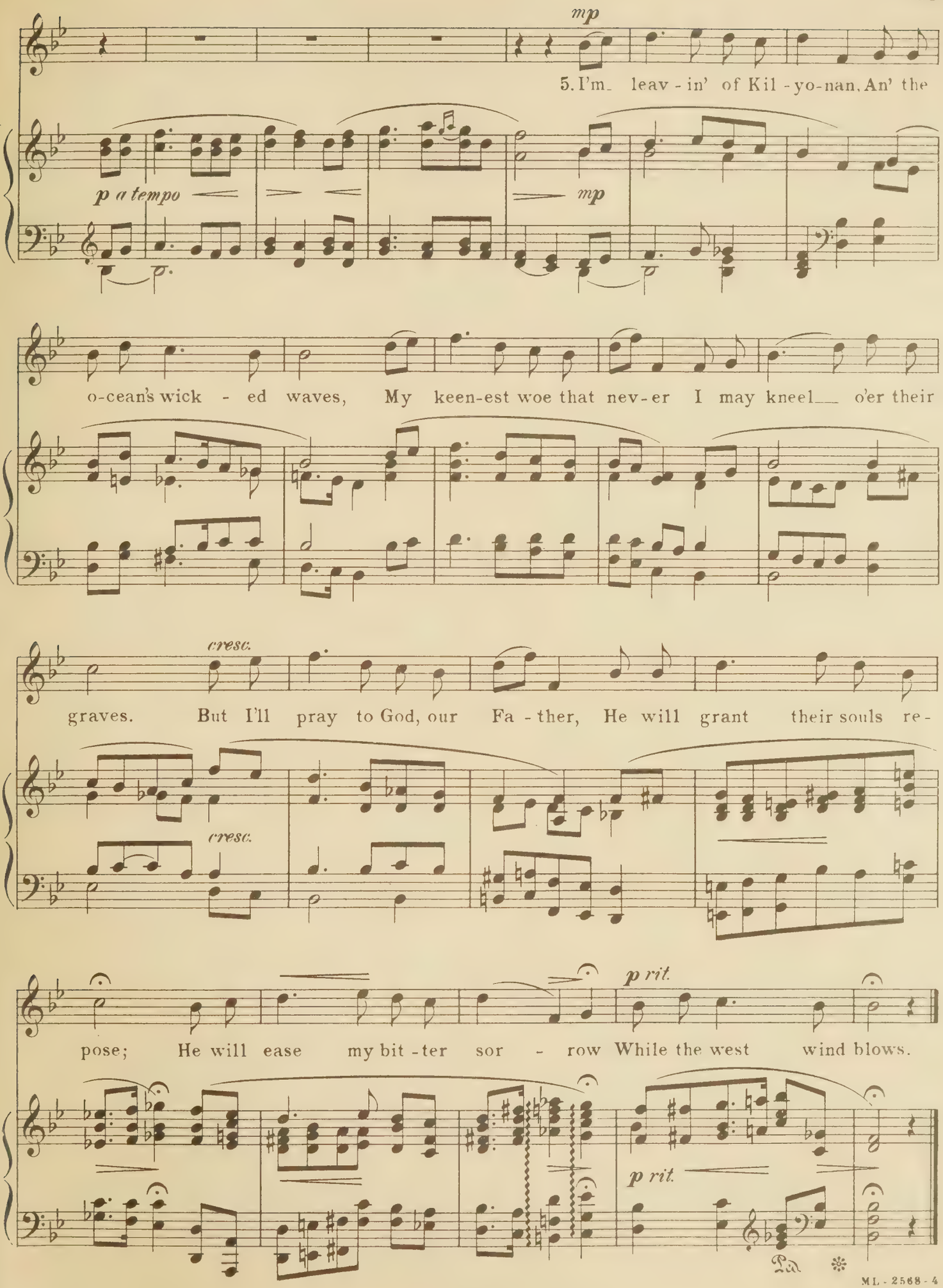

cresc.
gen - tle riv - ers play, I must flee the wick - ed
cold limbs are toss'd! Oh, black the hour they
cresc.
f
o - cean That has caused my woe of woes, For its
sail'd a-way, The an - gry clouds a - rose, An' their
f
dim. e rit.
cry - in' waves they rack me When the west wind blows.
bed is hard an' trou - bled When the west wind blows.
dim. e rit.
p



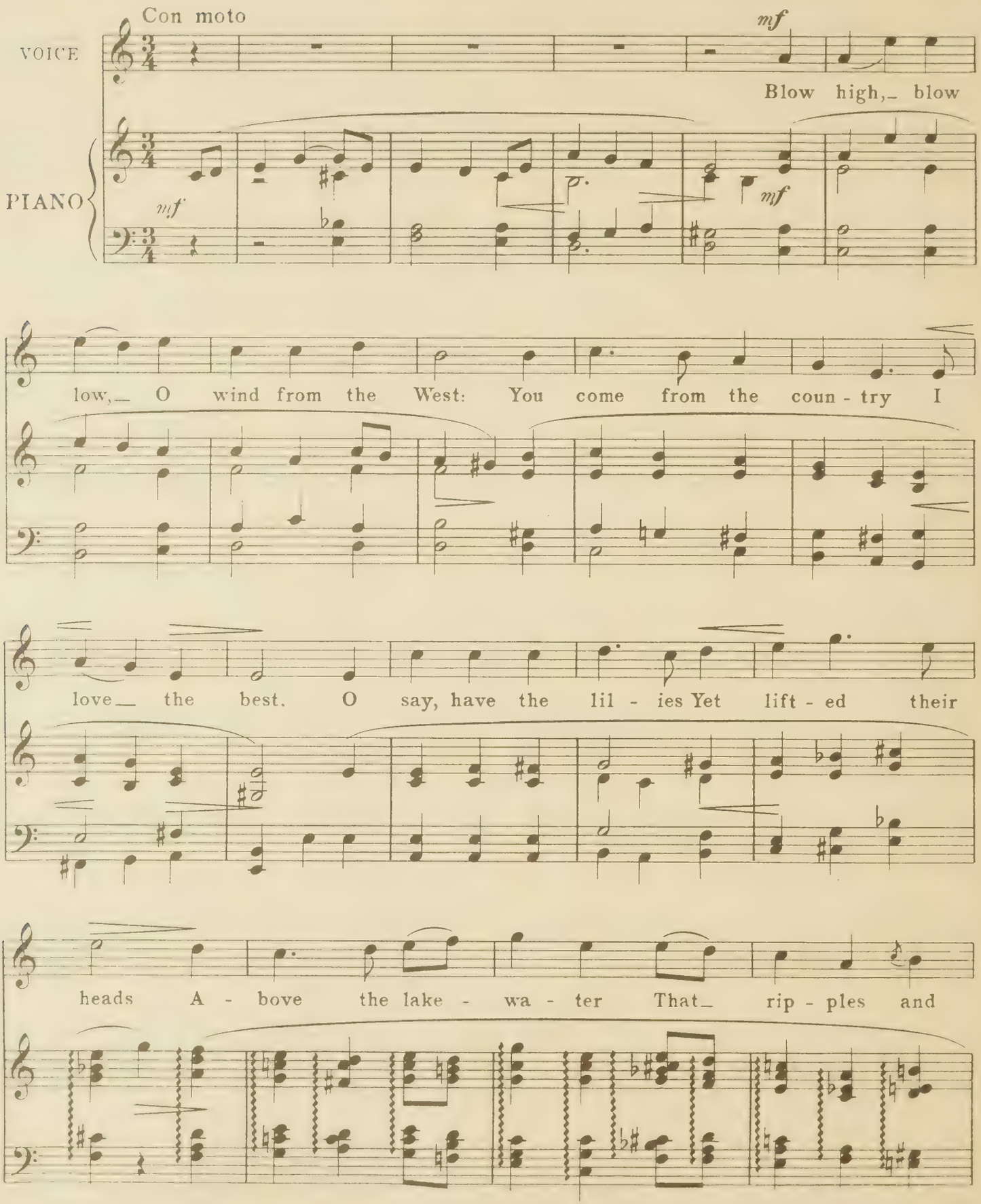
*) Banshee: A fairy woman heard keening or crying at night when someone is about to die.


mp
5. I'm_ leav - in' of Kil - yo-nan, An' the
p a tempo
mp
o-cean's wick - ed waves, My keen-est woe that nev-er I may kneel__ o'er their
cresc.
graves. But I'll pray to God, our Fa - ther, He will grant their souls re -
cresc.
p rit.
pose; He will ease my bit - ter sor - row While the west wind blows.
p rit.

THE WIND FROM THE WEST

ELLA YOUNG

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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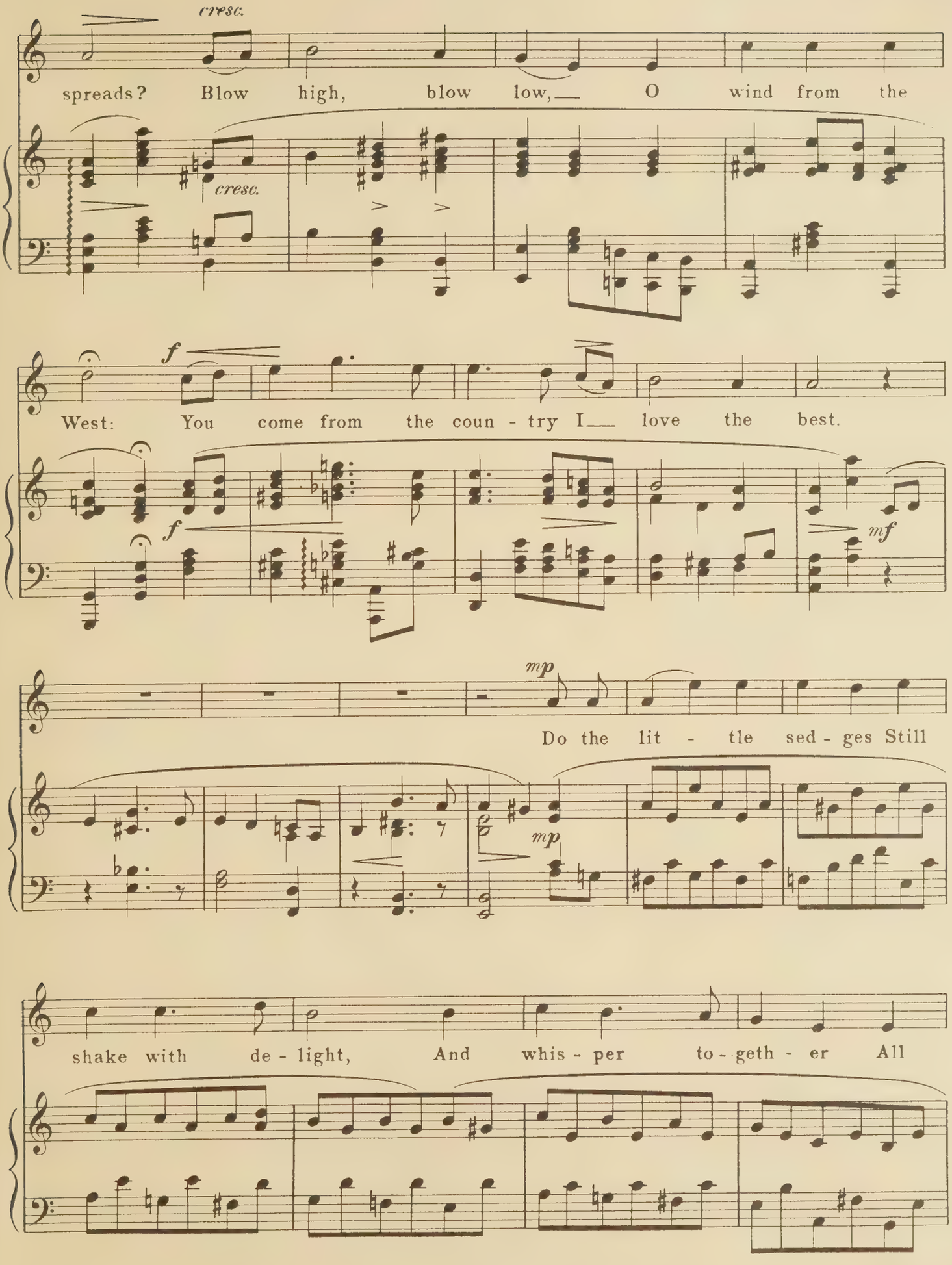
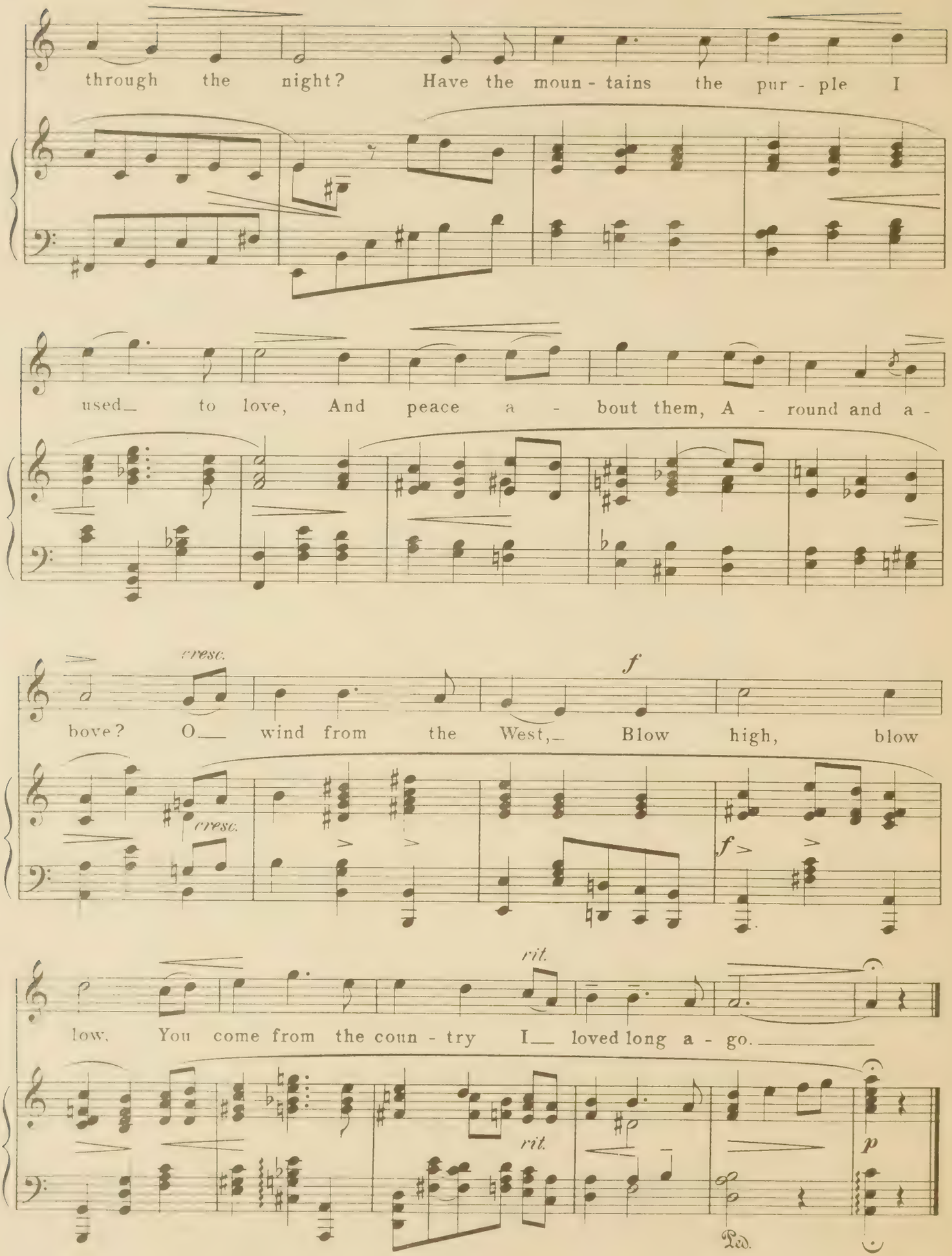

cresc.
spreads? Blow high, blow low, O wind from the
cresc.
f
West: You come from the coun - try I love the best.
f
mf
mp
Do the lit - tle sed - ges Still
mp
shake with de - light, And whis - per to - geth - er All


through the night? Have the moun - tains the pur - ple I
used_ to love, And peace a - bout them, A - round and a -
cresc.
f
bove? O__ wind from the West,_ Blow high, blow
cresc.
f
rit.
low. You come from the coun - try I__ loved long a - go.
rit.
p
Ped.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Con moto spirito

VOICE

PIANO

mf

There's

p

mu - sic in my heart all day, I hear it late and ear - ly, It

mf

comes from fields are far a-way, The wind that shakes the bar-ley. Och-one, och-one! A -

rit. *a tempo*

rit. *a tempo*

bove the up-lands drench'd with dew, The sky hangs soft and pearl - y, An

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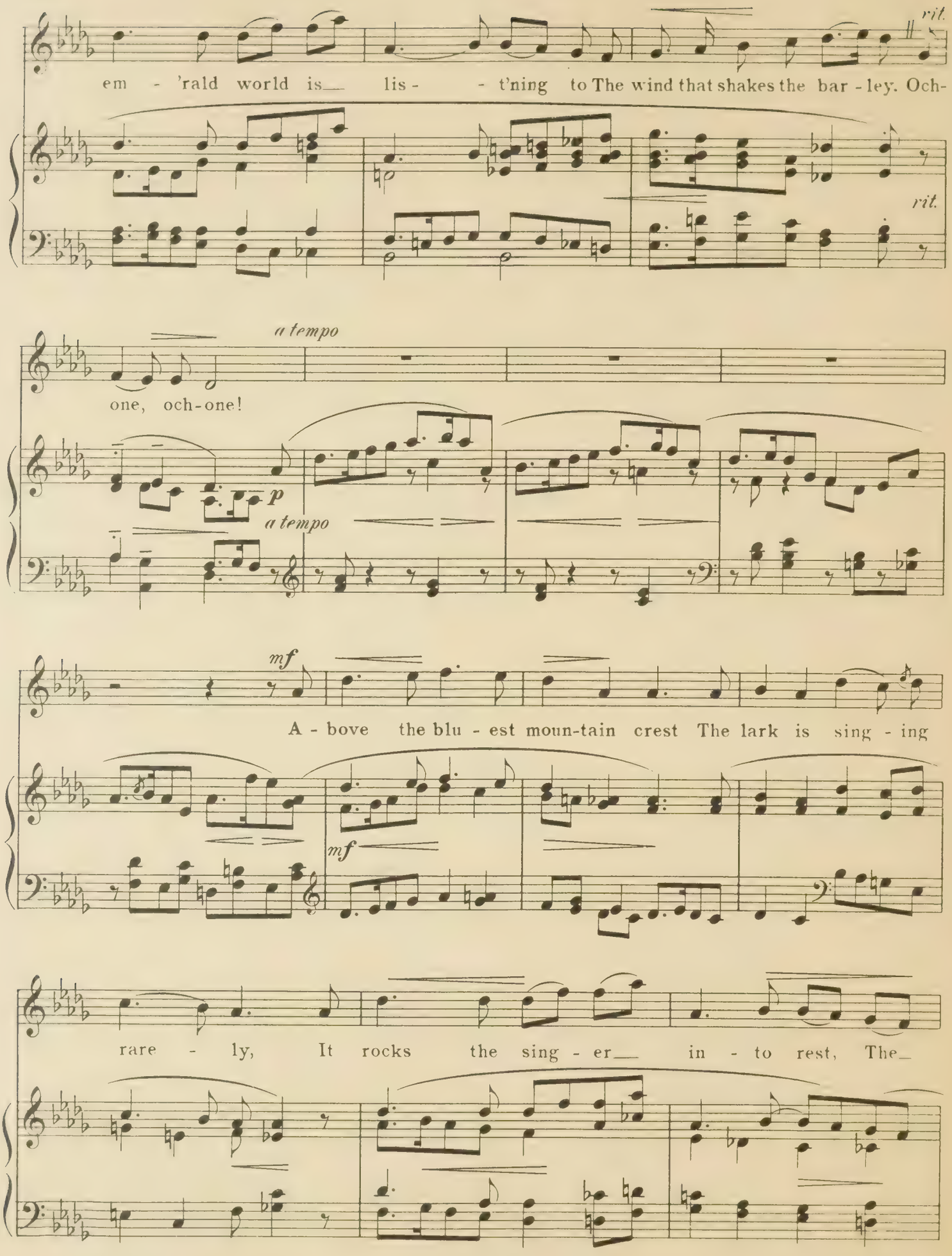
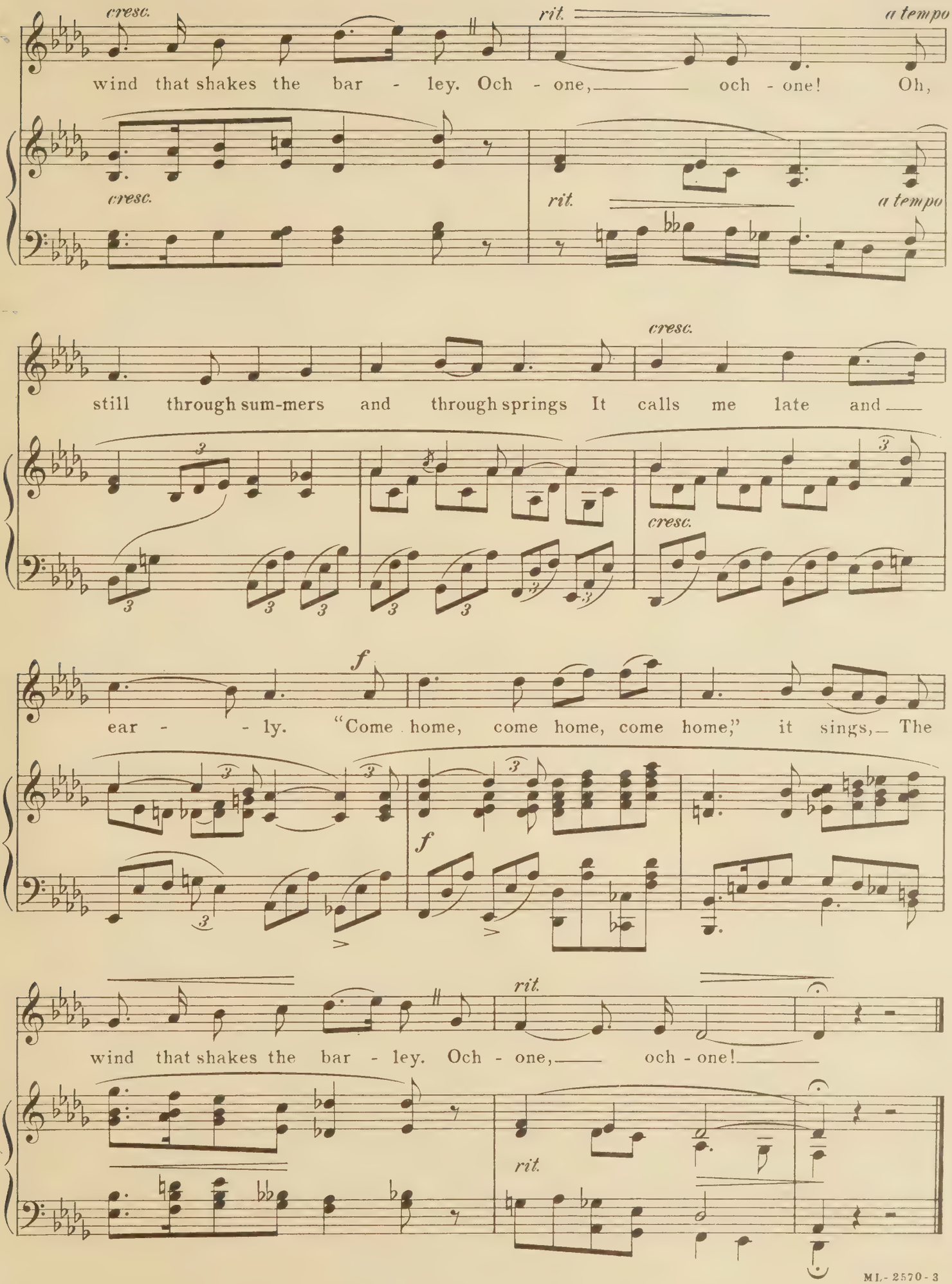
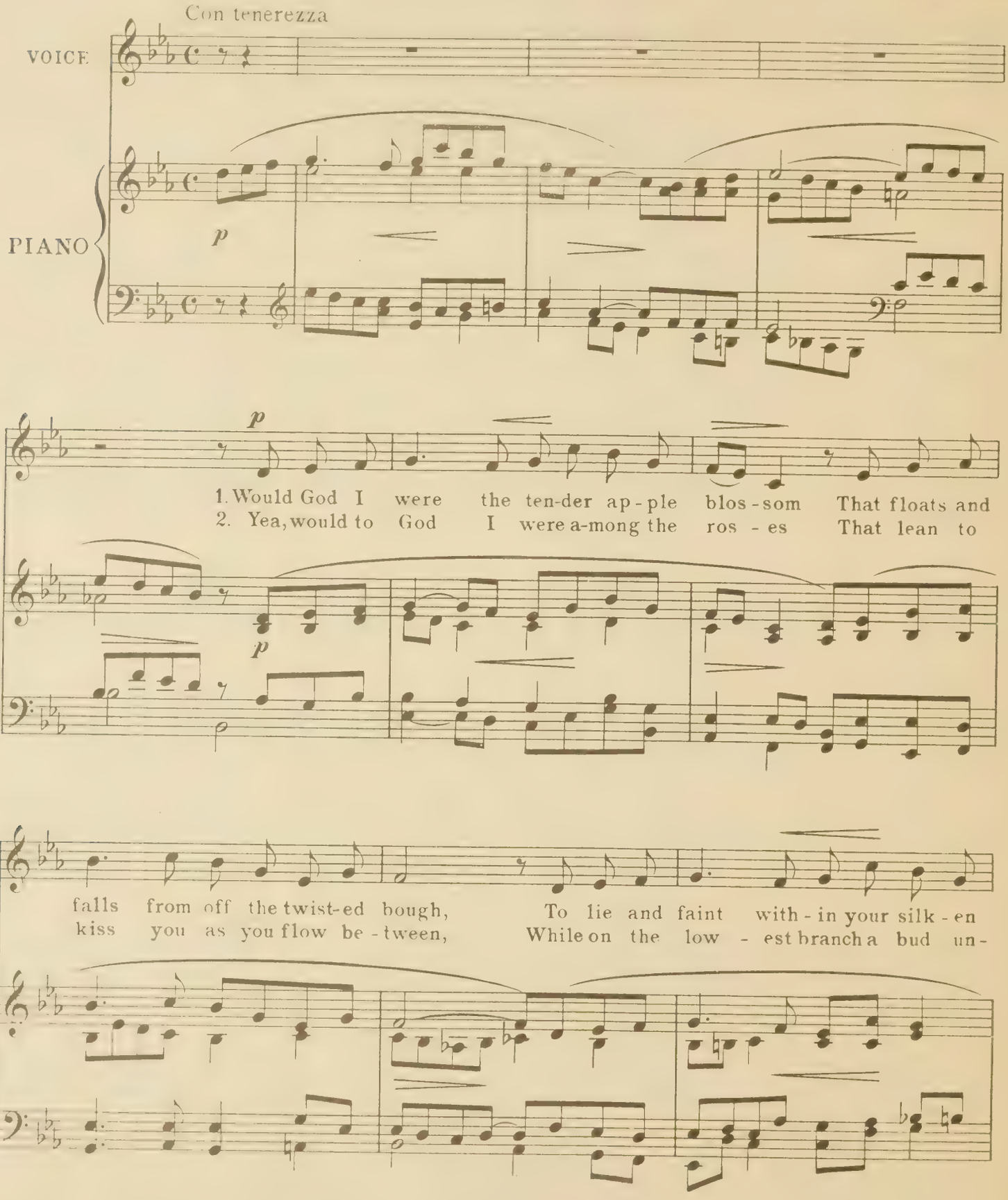

em - 'rald world is lis - - t'ning to The wind that shakes the bar - ley. Och-
rit.
rit.
a tempo
one, och-one!
p
a tempo
mf
A - bove the blu - est moun-tain crest The lark is sing - ing
mf
rare - ly, It rocks the sing - er in - to rest, The


cresc.
rit.
a tempo
wind that shakes the bar - ley. Och - one, och - one! Oh,
cresc.
rit.
a tempo
cresc.
still through sum-mers and through springs It calls me late and
cresc.
f
ear - - ly. "Come home, come home, come home," it sings, The
f
rit.
wind that shakes the bar - ley. Och - one, och - one!
rit.

WOULD GOD I WERE THE TENDER APPLE BLOSSOM

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

Irish Air from County Derry
Arranged by William Arms Fisher



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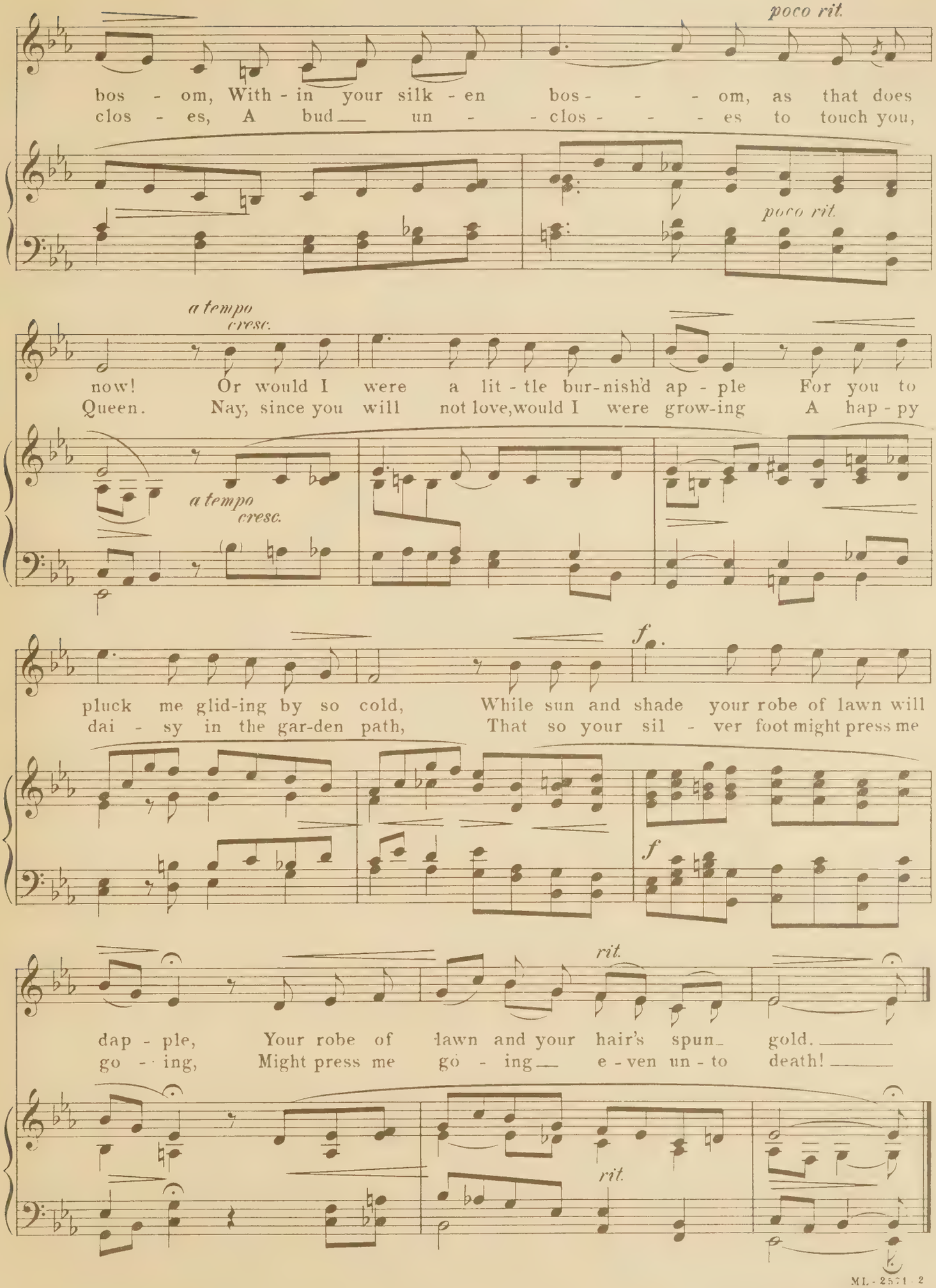
poco rit.
bos - om, With - in your silk - en bos - - - om, as that does
clos - es, A bud un - - clos - - - es to touch you,
poco rit.
a tempo
cresc.
now! Or would I were a lit - tle bur-nish'd ap - ple For you to
Queen. Nay, since you will not love, would I were grow-ing A hap - py
a tempo
cresc.
f
pluck me glid-ing by so cold, While sun and shade your robe of lawn will
dai - sy in the gar-den path, That so your sil - ver foot might press me
f
rit.
dap - ple, Your robe of lawn and your hair's spun gold.
go - ing, Might press me go - ing e - ven un - to death!
rit.