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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flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is
kind - ly I'll scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the

cresc. e rit.

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

give sigh for sigh.
scent - less and dead.

rit.

rit.

delicato

mp *a tempo*

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

Allegretto leggiero

VOICE

PIANO

mp

1. In a
2. With

mf

sha - dy nook one moon-light night, A lep - re-haun I spied;____ With
tip - toe step and beat-ing heart, Quite soft - ly I drew nigh:____ There was

mp

scar - let cap and coat of green; A cruis-keen by his side.____ 'Twas
mis - chief in his mer - ry face, A twin - kle in his eye.____ He

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

elf was off, Then what was I to do? O, I laugh'd to think what a

cresc.

cresc.

fool I'd been; And the fair - y was laugh - ing too!

LITTLE MARY CASSIDY

FRANCIS A. FAHY

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

Con moto

PIANO

mf

1. Oh,'tis lit-tle Ma- ry Cas-si-dy's the cause of all my mis - e - ry, The
2. 'Twas at the dance at Dar-mo-dy's that first I caught a sight of her, And

rai - son that I am not now the boy I used to be; Oh, she
heard her sing an I - rish song till tears came in my eyes; And

bates the beau - ties all that we read a - bout in his - to - ry, Sure
ev - er since that bless - ed hour I'm dream - ing day and night of her, The

staccato

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half the coun-try-side's as lost for her as me. Tra-vel Ire-land up and down, hill—
div'l a wink of sleep I get from bed to rise. Her— cheek the rose in June, her—

vil-lage, vale and town, Girl like my *) *Col-leen dhoun*— you'll be
song the lark in tune; Work-ing, rest-ing, night or noon, she nev-er

look-ing for in vain: Oh, I'd rath-er live in pov-er-ty with
laves my mind; Oh, till sing-ing by my cab-in fire sits

lit-tle Ma-ry Cas-si-dy Than Em-per-or with-out her be o'er Ger-ma-ny or Spain.
lit-tle Ma-ry Cas-si-dy, 'Tis lit-tle aise or hap-pi-ness I'm sure I'll ev-er find.

*) 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

Allegretto

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. O
2. The

rit. *a tempo*

Ped. ✻

swan of slen - der - ness Dove of ten - der - ness Jew - el of joys a -
dawn is dark to me, Hark, oh, hark to me, Pulse of my heart, I

mf

cresc.

rise! The lit - tle red lark, Like a soar - ing spark Of
pray! And out of thy hid - ing With blush - es glid - ing,

cresc.

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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

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.

cresc.

morn of thy match - less eyes.
Laugh - ing on ev - - 'ry

1. spray.

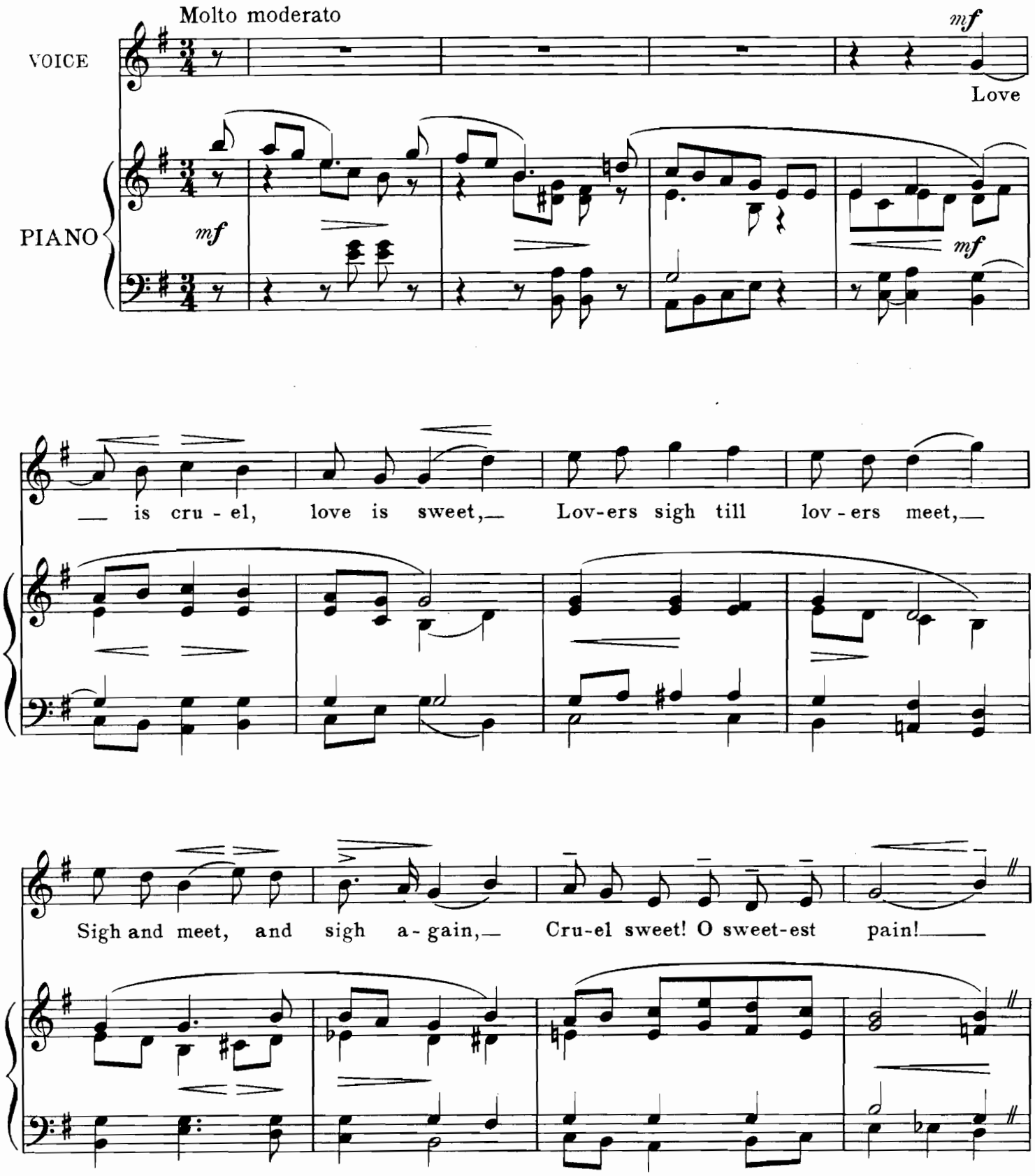
2.

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

Allegretto

VOICE

PIANO

mf

mf >

1. Oh! the
2. Tho' the
3. No, that

days are gone when beau - ty bright My heart's chain wove; When my
bard to pur - er fame may soar When wild youth's past; Tho' he
hal - low'd form is ne'er for - got Which first love traced; Still it

poco rit.

a tempo

dream of life from morn till night Was love, still love; New
win the wise, who frown'd be - fore, To smile at last; He'll
lin - g'ring haunts the green - est spot On mem - 'ry's waste; 'Twas

a tempo

poco rit.

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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

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

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. ✻

THE LOW-BACKED CAR

Words and Music by
SAMUEL LOVER
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Animato

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. When first I saw sweet Peg - gy, 'Twas on a mar - ket day;
2. In bat - tle's wild com - mo - - tion, The proud and might - y Mars,
3. Sweet Peg - gy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese,
4. I'd rath - er own that car, sir, With Peg - gy by my side,

A low - back'd car she drove, and sat Up -
With hos - tile scythes de - mands his tithes Of
But the scores of hearts she slaugh - ters By
Than coach - and - four, and gold ga - lore And a

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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___ me, 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*

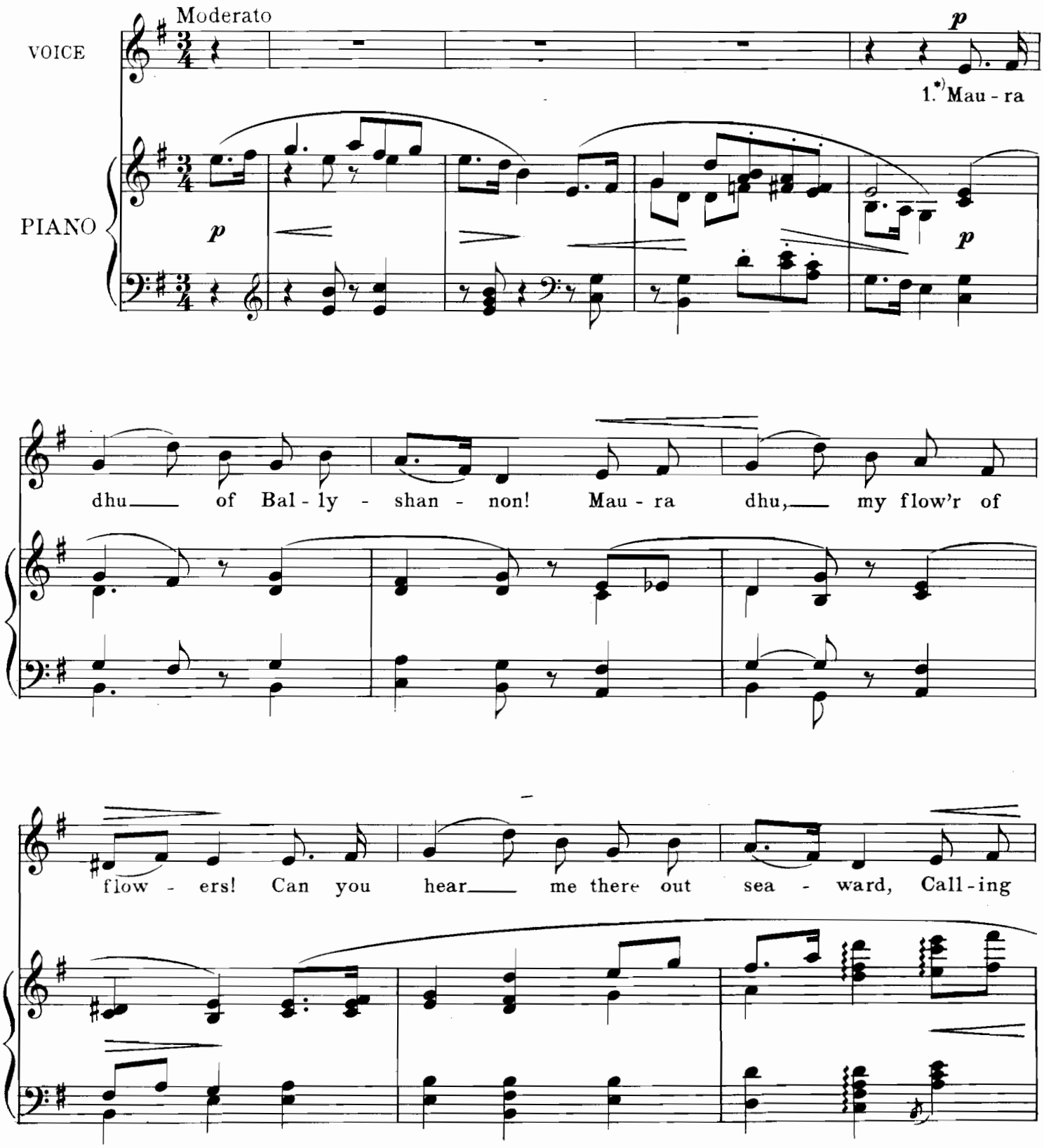
rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd af - ter the low - back'd car.
cure___ the heart That is hit from the low - back'd car.
Peg - gy is pick-in' While she sits in her low - back'd car.
glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low - back'd car.

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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back the by-gone hours? Mau - ra dhu, my own, my hon - ey!

cresc.

cresc.

With wild pas-sion still a - glow, I am sing - ing you the

f

f

3

3

3

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.

go, long a - go!
go, long a - go!

molto rit.

molto rit.

a tempo

dim.

2d verse
last verse

2d verse
last verse

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
2. You would not heed my call - ing once, and

mp

hand up - on my door, And a stir a - mong the
now why would I hear? You would not hold my

yar - row that's fad - ing on the floor: The
wist - ful hand, but let it fall, my dear: You

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voice cries at my win - dow, the hand at my door beats
would not give me word or look, but went your si - lent

dim. e rit.

on, But if I heed and an - swer them, sure, hand and voice are
way, Oh, *)wir - ra - sthrue, dumb mouth of you, that had so much to

dim. e rit.

p

gone.
say.

p

a tempo

p

mp

3. Be still, my dear: I heed, I hear, but can - not help you

mp

*) 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.

war - - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be -
sul - - ly thee, Thou soul of love and

cresc. ***f***

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

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

mp

1. Mo
2. Most

*) Bouch - a - leen bwee, and mo Bouch - a - leen bwee, It's
dear and most green are the fair hills of E - ri, But on

I would go with you wher - ev - er you be; I'd
steep - er hill - sides my feet would not wear - y; My

cresc.

*) 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___

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.

cresc.

3d Verse

heart for your cas - tle, mo___ Bouch - a - leen___ bwee!

rit.

rit.

mp

last Verse

I might go with you, mo Bouch-a - leen bwee!

f

rit.

f

rit.

pp

Ped.

MY LITTLE KERRY COW

W. M. LETTS

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Animato

PIANO

mf

1. It's in Con - nacht or in Mun - ster your - self might trav - el wide, And be ask - ing all the herds you'd meet a - long the coun - try -
2. If her - self went to the cat - tle fairs she'd put all cows to shame, For the fin - est po - ets of the land would meet to sing her

cresc.

side, But you'd nev - er meet a one could show the likes of her till
fame; And the young girls would be ask - ing leave to stroke her sat - in

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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

brow, *poco rit.* It is he may keep his gold - en purse and

I my Ker - ry cow.

a tempo

4. There are red cows that's con - tra - ry, and there's

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

paint - ing her be - neath the haw - thorn bough, Where she's

poco rit.

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*

Allegretto con moto

PIANO

p

p legato

My— love's an ar - bu - tus By the bor - ders of

legato

Lene, So— slen - der and— shape - ly In her gir - dle of

cresc.

f

green. And I meas - ure The— pleas - ure Of her eye's sap - phire—

cresc.

f

*) The editor has made a few slight changes.

dim.

sheen By the blue skies that spar - kle Thro' the soft branch-ing

rall.

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

dead on the lea, And_ Time's jeal - ous__ fin - gers Dim your

rall.

rall.

young charms, Ma - chree. But un - ran - ging, un - chan - ging You'll

cresc.

cresc.

f

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

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

1. My heart is heav-y night and day, my fair love leav - ing me, That from my path you turn'd a - way to dwell a - mong the *) Shee. Where
2. Now ev - 'ry day and all night long I wear the bit - ter rue, And hear a way - ward fae - ry song when I would dream of you. In

*) 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

rit.

have you drunk of fae - ry streams that wash'd your love a - way, O

rit.

cresc.

heart of gold, and left you cold as wa - ter, and as

free? Ah! *)wir - ra - sthrue, my heart's with you, my

f

dim. e rit.

fair love leav - ing me.

dim. e rit.

rit. *pp*

*) Wirasthrue = Pity, alas.

NELLY, MY LOVE, AND ME

P. W. JOYCE, LL. D.

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Animato

PIANO

mf

1. There's a beech - tree grove by the riv - er side, Sweet
2. There's a sweet lit-tle cot - tage hard by the grove, As

scent - ed with new - mown hay; And two young peo - ple that
white as the driv - en snow. And round the win - dows and

I know well Come and meet there ev - 'ry day. They're the
up the wall, Sweet pea and ros - es grow; 'Tis

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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

see; For I plant-ed them all with my own two hands, For Nel-ly, my love, and me.—

rit. *a tempo*

rit. *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

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

Con moto

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. Not far from old Kin - va - ra, in the mer - ry month of
2. She tripp'd a - long right joy - ous - ly, a bas - ket on her

May, When birds were sing - ing cheer - i - ly, there
arm; And oh! her face; and oh! her grace, the

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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 save you, miss," says I, says I; "God save you, kind - ly
4. En - chant - ed with her beau - ty rare, I 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

went my heart a - long with her, a cap - tive in her
ev - er since I sigh - ing say, as I that scene re -

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 -

cor - ner of her ould plaid shawl.
bout you and your ould plaid shawl!"

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

some men live for fame, And some on his - t'ry's
seek her all through Clare, I'll search for tale or

cresc.

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

Moderato

PIANO

mp

Oh! if I__ were yon gos - sa - mer, That's trem - bling o'er the green, I__ know the sun - ny tress - es Where I'd hide and be un - seen. Or_

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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.

Al - ice bàn, My hon - ey I would seek.

rit.

rit.

p

Ped.

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

NORA CHESSON

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato e misterioso

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. Last
2. The

night, last night in the dark o' the moon In - -
mu - sic call'd to my i - - dle feet, And

to my dreams slid a fair - y tune; It slew the dreams that I
O! the mu - sic was wild and sweet. I left my dreams and my

dream'd of him, With its moon - shine mu - sic faint and dim. What
lone - ly bed, And fol - low'd far where the mu - sic led, And

rit. *a tempo*

rit. 3 *a tempo*

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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

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

"O - ver the Hills and Far A - way?"
"O - ver the Hills and Far A - way?"

3. We danced all night in a si - lent band, Si-lent

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

f

tune of the fair - y pipes— that play— "O - ver the Hills and

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

Moderato ma non troppo

VOICE

PIANO

mf

mf

1. They are go - ing, go - ing, go - ing from the val - leys and the
2. They are go - ing, shy - eyed col - leens, and lads so straight and

mf

hills, They are leav - ing far be - hind them Heath - 'ry
tall, From the pur - ple peaks of Ker - ry, from the

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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

go - ing, go - ing, go - ing from the val - leys and the
go - ing, shy - eyed col - leens, and lads so straight and

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

Hou - li - han, your road's a thorn - y way.

rit.

rit.

a tempo

4. So some must wan - der
5. Oh the cab - ins long de -

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.

6. They are go - ing, go - ing, go - ing and we can - not bid them

stay; The fields are now the stran-ger's where the stran-ger's cat-tle

allargando

stray. Oh — Kath - a - leen Ni Hou - li - han, your way's a thorn-y

way! Oh! — Kath - a - leen Ni Hou - li - han, your way's a thorn-y

rit.

rit.

3

way!

ff

3 *dim. e rit.*

3

p

A PIPER

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

Irish Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Allegretto

VOICE

PIANO

mf

mf

A — pi - per in the streets to-day Set

up — and tuned, and start-ed to play, And a - way, a - way, — a -

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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

age of gold; And all the world went gay, went gay, For

half an hour in the street to - day.

L.H.

THE SEDGES

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

Donegal Air
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

PIANO

p

p

I whis - per'd my great sor - - row To

p

ev - - 'ry lis - t'ning sedge, And they bent, bow'd with my

sor - - row, Down to the wa - ter's edge. But she

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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.

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

Moderato ma non troppo

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. His hair was black, his eye was blue, His arm was stout, his word was true. I wish in my heart I was with you *a)Go - thee - thu, ma - vour - neen slaun!*

poco rit.

mf a tempo

b)Shule, shule, shule a - gra! On - ly death can

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 -*

thee - thu, ma - vour - neen slaun!

poco rit.

poco rit.

mf a tempo

2. I sold my rock, I sold my reel, When my
3. I wish the King would re-turn to reign, And

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.

thee - thu, ma - vour - neen slaun!
thee - thu, ma - vour - neen slaun!

mp a tempo

Shule, shule, shule a - gra!

poco rit.

mp a tempo

Ped.

On - ly death can ease my woe, Since the lad of my heart from me did go. Go -

f

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

round the world I'll beg my bread, Till I find my love, a - live or dead, *Go -*

cresc.

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

Andante maestoso

VOICE

PIANO

mf

p

Si - lent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy wa - ter, Break not, ye breez - es, your

p

chain of re-pose; While mur - mur-ing mourn - ful - ly Lir's lone - ly daugh - ter

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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

rit.

f

THE SNOWY-BREASTED PEARL

STEPHEN EDWARD de VERE

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

Moderato

PIANO

mp

Ped. *

mp

1. Oh! she_ is not like the rose, That proud in beau-ty glows, And_
2. If I_ sigh, a sud-den fear Comes o'er her, and a tear Stands_

mp

boast-eth that she's so won-drous fair; But she's like the vio-let blue, Ev-er
quiv-'ring with-in her down-cast eye; When I_ smile, those orbs of a-zure Gleam

p

mod-est, ev-er true, From her leaf-y bow'r per-fum-ing the
forth with love and pleas-ure, Like sud-den glo-ry burst-ing thro' a

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rit. p a tempo

still night air. Oh, she's gen-tle, lov-ing, mild, She's art - less as a child, Her
cloud-ed sky. If I claim her for my bride, She trem-bles at my side, And

rit. p a tempo

cresc.

clus-t'ring tress - es soft - ly flow-ing down; I'll love thee ev - er-more, Sweet
gen - tly lifts her eyes with looks so ten - der; I love thee, on - ly thee, My

sostenuto

cresc.

rit.

a) Col-leen oge as-thore, My true love, my snow - y breast - ed
b) Col-leen gal ma-chree, My true love, my snow - y breast - ed

rit.

1. 2.

Pearl! Pearl!

pp p pp rit.

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

p

still her pale cheek grew, And her eyes of a-zure hue Seem'd

light - ed with a flame, a fa - tal, wast - ing flame.

rit.

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

Brightly

PIANO

mf

Och, when we lived in ould Glen-ann Me - self could lift a song! An' ne'er an hour by— day or dark Would

rit.

I— be— think - in' long. The— wear - y wind might

a tempo

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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

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. My joy and grief, go——
2. My joy,— fill your dear

sleep—— and gath - er Dreams from the tree— where the
hands full of ros - es, Gath - er—— lil - ies that

dreams hang low, Round - er than ap - ples, and
stand a - row: Pull rush and reed with the

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sweet - er than hon - ey, All to de - light you, *)ma cree - vin cno!
Shee's fair chil - dren, But eat not, drink not, ma cree - vin cno!

p (croon)

Sho - heen, sho - heen, sho - heen sho! Sho - heen, sho - heen,

p slower

Ped. ✻

sho - heen sho!

a tempo

p

3. Reach to the star that hangs the low - est, Tread down the drift of the

p

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

poco rit.

a tempo
cresc.

ap - ple - blow

poco rit.

a tempo

Ride your rag-weed horse to_ the

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

Sho - heen,_ sho - heen, sho - heen sho!_

rit.

rit.

A SWORD OF LIGHT HATH PIERCED THE DARK

(MO CHRAOIBHIN CNO)

ETHNA CARBERY

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

f

mf

A__ sword of Light hath pierced the dark, our eyes have seen the__

mf

Star: Oh,__ Ei - re, leave the ways of sleep now days__ of prom - ise__

rit.

rit.

f *a tempo*

are: The rust - y spears up - on__ your walls are__ stir - ring to__ and__

a tempo

f

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allargando

fro, In_ dreams they front up - lift - ed shields_Then wake,*) *Mo Chraoi-bhin*
(mo Chree - veen

allargando

Cno!
no!)

The_ lit - tle waves creep whis - per-ing where sed - ges fold_ you_

in, And_ round you are the bar-rows of your bur - ied kith_ and_

rit.

rit.

*) *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 *ffz* *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

white wine and the red. And in your oak - en

meth - er the yel - low mead shall flow What

day you rise, in all men's eyes a Queen, *Mo Chraoi - bhin Cno!*

cresc.

maestoso

ff

rit.

rit.

THE TIME FOR LOVE

ARTHUR STRINGER

Irish Air

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Animato

VOICE

PIANO

mf

When the moon was the size av a cart - wheel, And as sooth - er - in' soft_ as cream;_ When the lough lay strange wid the night - mist, And the down was a sea av dream_ When the voice av a gerrl was

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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!