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OPERAS.

BENEDICT'S

LILY OF

KILLARNEY.

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EXTRA VOLUME.

THE

LILY OF KILLARNEY.

Opera

IN THREE ACTS,

BY

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

THE WORDS BY

DION BOUCICAULT AND JOHN OXENFORD.

EDITED BY J. PITTMAN.

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**NOTE.**—The Publishers beg to draw attention to the Appendix in this volume, which contains a New Duet—"Why, Am Not I Thy Guardian, Dear?"—usually substituted for that in the Second Act, "I give the best advice I can," also a "Pas de caractère" (or Hornpipe), introduced in the marriage scene, and which is now printed, through the courtesy of Sir J. Benedict, for the first time. The Publishers regret that they have not been able to obtain permission to print the dialogue in addition to the music.
THE LILY OF KILLARNEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EILLY O'CONNOR (the Colleen Bawn) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Soprano.
MRS. CREGAN ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Contralto.
SHEILA ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Contralto.
MISS ANN CHUTE (the Heiress) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Soprano.
HARDRESS CREGAN ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Tenore.
MYLES NA COPPALEEN ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Tenore.
MR. CORRIGAN ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Basso.
FATHER TOM ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Basso.
O'MOORE ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Basso.
DANNY MANN ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Baritono.

The Opera of "The Lily of Killarney" is a musical version of the drama of the "Colleen Bawn," whose thrilling and yet simple history is admirably adapted to lyrical expression. The curtain rises on a party of HARDRESS CREGAN's friends enjoying the hospitality of the Hall at Tore Cregan, exhibiting the careless joyousness of the Irish temperament, and characteristically ending in a race by moonlight to try the relative mettle of two of the guests' horses. MRS. CREGAN, left alone, receives the visit of CORRIGAN a "middle-man." Vulgar, obsequious, and graspingly ambitious, he holds a mortgage on the Cregan estates, and is anxious to see young CREGAN married to the heiress ANN CHUTE as the only chance of payment, and failing which he hints at being willing to take the hand of the still attractive MRS. Cregan in satisfaction, an idea which is scornfully repulsed by the proud matron. Hardress Cregan's humble confidant and faithful follower, the boatman DANNY MANN, is now heard singing, and Corrigan informs MRS. Cregan that he is waiting to take her son to see the Colleen Bawn, the peasant rival of Ann Chute, and to confirm his information he causes her to watch the signal exchanged by Hardress with his mistress, whose light is seen turning at her cottage window across the lake, and is extinguished simultaneously with that held by Hardress, who has appeared on the stage at Danny's vocal summons. Danny and Hardress then disappear on their joint expedition, leaving MRS. Cregan in despair at the discovery, and Corrigan triumphant. After an interview between Corrigan and MYLES NA COPPALEEN, the peasant lover of Colleen Bawn, still devoted to her though knowing her to be another's, in which he tries to get information as to the secret amours of Hardress, we are introduced into the cottage of the Colleen Bawn, where FATHER TOM, the good priest who watches over her, endeavours to persuade her to get Hardress to proclaim his marriage to her openly. When the object of the poor girl's love appears, however, he attempts to make her abandon the marriage certificate and promise to conceal their union altogether; but Myles intervenes to prevent the success of his base scheme, and the priest reappearing, binds her by an oath never to part with her "marriage lines." Hardress, caryed at her submission, departs, bidding her farewell for ever and leaving her senseless from emotion. Hardress, in the 2nd Act, is seen...
prosecuting his suit to Ann Chute, but haunted with remorse at his desertion. Danny Mann, whose devotion knows no limits, noting his master’s trouble, offers to do away with its cause by a summary process, but being repelled with horror, he still clings to the only solution in his eyes of the difficulty, and expresses his readiness to act if young Cregan will but send his glove as a token secretly understood between them that the Colleen is to disappear. Meanwhile Corrigan still presses his loathsome alternative on Mrs. Cregan, when Hardress, who is present, threatens to brain him, and the middle-man retires with taunts and threats. Danny Mann overhears this scene, and insinuates to Mrs. Cregan that if she can get her son to send his glove as a token he will soon remove the only impediment to the happiness of the family he is attached to. Mrs. Cregan disappears awhile and re-enters with the desired symbol of her son’s wishes, which Danny Mann eagerly seizes, and proceeds to act upon it. Poor Eily O’Connor is seduced by him to enter his boat under the notion her husband has sent for her; and, though frightened by the desperate manner and menacing hints of Danny, who has primed himself with drink for his odious task, she consents to his care, in spite of Myles na Coppaleen’s warnings. Her alarm is soon shown to be well founded, when Danny Mann rows her to a solitary water cave, and bidding her step out upon a rock, tells her she must resign the marriage lines or take them with her to the bottom of the lake. Myles, who uses the cave as a secret haunt, prevents this threat from being literally fulfilled by shooting Danny Mann, whom he takes for an otter in the dim light, and saving the Colleen Bawn, whose body he spies beneath the water, and rescues by means of a “header.” The end of the tale is almost as soon told as guessed. Hardress is arrested for murder as an accomplice of Danny Mann, who, wounded but not dead, makes a dying confession of the scheme against the Colleen Bawn’s life. Corrigan, who has brought the soldiery about Ann Chute’s house at the moment of young Cregan’s marriage with the heiress, is nearly triumphing in his revenge, when Myles na Coppaleen produces the living Eily O’Connor, or rather Eily Cregan, Hardress’ lawful wife, and Mrs. Cregan absolves her son of even intentional guilt by confessing that she alone procured the glove that was to convey to Danny Mann the order to execute his wicked design.

The scene is laid in Ireland.
OVERTURE.

Moderato.

Piano.

\( \text{p tremolo. ben marcato.} \)

\( \text{a tempo. \( \text{sf dim.} \) \( \text{molto rall.} \)} \)

\( \text{tremolo.} \)

\( \text{molto rall.} \)

\( \text{a tempo. \( \text{a tempo.} \)} \)

The Royal Editor.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(1)
The Royal Edition.— "The Lily of Killarney."— (12)
No. 1.

INTRODUCTION.

Allegro con spirito.

Piano.

Coro.
Soprani e Contralti.

O'MOORE coi primi Tenori.

HyLAND coi Bassi.

Another cheer, one more, one more to

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(13)
split the roof a- sun-der, a-cross the wa- ter let it roar as po- tent as the

split the roof a- sun-der, a-cross the wa- ter let it roar as po- tent as the

split the roof a- sun-der, a-cross the wa- ter let it roar as po- tent as the

thun- der, to show we hon- our well the toast, to

thun- der, to show we hon- our well the toast, to

thun- der, to show we hon- our well the toast, to

show we all re- spect the host: he is a jol- ly

show we all re- spect the host: he is a jol- ly

show we all re- spect the host: he is a jol- ly

he Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(14)
BACHELOR, he is a jolly bachelor!

cheer, one more, one more to split the roof asunder!

and when he leads a wedded life we trust he'll
across the water let it roar, across the water
across the water let it roar, across the water
across the water let it roar, across the water

let it roar as potent,
let it roar as potent,
let it roar as potent,

as potent
as potent
as potent

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—17)
as the thun-der, to show we hon-o-our

as the thun-der, to show we hon-o-our

as the thun-der, to show we hon-o-our

f

well the toast, to show we all re-spect the host, an-o-ther

well the toast, to show we all re-spect the host, an-o-ther

well the toast, to show we all re-spect the host, an-o-ther

f

cheer, one more, one more, an-o-ther cheer, one

cheer, one more, one more, an-o-ther cheer, one

cheer, one more, one more, an-o-ther cheer, one

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(18)
more, one more, across the water let it roar, across the water let it roar, as potent as the thun
more, one more, across the water let it roar, across the water let it roar, as potent as the thun
more, one more, across the water let it roar, across the water let it roar, as potent as the thun

O'Moore.

Another cheer then for his wife, your kind attention I beseech!

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(19)
Another cheer then for his
Hear!
Hear!
Hear!

wife, your kind attention I beseech!

order!

order! silence! silence for a
silence for a speech, order! silence! silence for a

order! silence! silence for a
cresc.
Allegro moderato assai. O’Moore.

Tho’ un-ac cus-tom’d I may be
to public speaking,
to public speaking you’ll a-gree,
upon oc-ca-sions,
upon oc-ca-sions,
upon oc-ca-sions such as this.

The Royal Edition.—“The Lily of Killarney.”—(21.)
when friendship, love, and wedded bliss, the soul of
honour; pow'r of beauty impress upon us as a duty the

task of wishing happiness and wealth,

wealth; and, and, and happiness, happiness and

we can't; we can't, I'm sure, do less than--
Hard-ress Cre- gan, here's to your good health!

Soprani.

Another cheer,

1mi e 2di Contralti.

Another cheer,

1mi Tenori.

Another cheer,

2di Tenori.

Another cheer,

1mi e 2di Bassi.

Another cheer,

Another cheer,

Another cheer,

Another cheer,

Another cheer,

Another cheer,

Another cheer,

Another cheer,

Another cheer,

Another cheer,

Another cheer,

Another cheer,

Another cheer,

Another cheer,

Another cheer,

Another cheer,

Another cheer,
another cheer, another cheer, another cheer, another cheer,

another cheer, another cheer, another cheer, another cheer,

another cheer, another cheer, another cheer, another cheer,

en-core, en-core! a migh-ty speak-er is O'cheer, en-core, en-core!

en-core, en-core!

cheer, en-core, en-core!

cheer, en-core, en-core!

cheer, en-core, en-core!
Moore,
a mighty speaker is O’ Moore!

Soprani e Contratti. cresc.

My feelings, my feelings!

Hardress.

those! Hardress, Hardress,

those! Hardress, Hardress,
RECIT.

my feelings for a speech are much too strong; so, if you

Hard-ress!

Hard-ress!

Hard-ress!

in tempo.

please, I'll answer in a song!

Allegro moderato.

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(26)
The bachelor's life is gay, careless, and free; from beauty to beauty un-

chain'd flutters he! he kisses the dark, and he flirts with the fair, and

never is weigh'd down by the burden of care? we all would get married, we

own it, but yet— the days of his freedom who would not regret? the

ba-chelor's life is gay, careless and free; from beauty to beauty un-

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(27)
-chain'd flutters he!

1mi 2di Tenori.

A sensible song, very true, very true, and

1mi 2di Bassi.

A sensible song, very true, very true, and

A bachelor's life is gay, careless and free!

-o-ther loud cheer now to Hardress is due!

-o-ther loud cheer now to Hardress is due!

But

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—28
soon comes a moment when liberty falls, who thinks where he’s going when

young beauty calls? but soon comes a moment when liberty falls, who

thinks where he’s going when young beauty calls? who thinks where he’s going when

young beauty calls? the chains ferg’d by woman are pleasant and bright; sure

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(29)
none would be free when a pris'n is de-light!

Chorus of Ladies.

A sensi-ble song, ve-ry
dolce.

but,

true, ve-ry true, we're glad, sir, you give e-vey la-dies their due!

sin-gle or mar-ried, you'll find me the same when

prof-fer a claim; but, sin-gle or mar-ried you'll find me the same when

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(30)
kindred or friendship can profess a claim; and often I trust, when my life's in the sere, the comrades of youth I shall find gathered here; and often I trust, when my life's in the sere, the comrades of youth I shall see gathered here!

Soprani e Conventi.

Tenori.

No doubt in the world that will do, that will do, no

Bass

No doubt in the world that will do, that will do, no

No doubt in the world that will do, that will do, no

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(31)
Hardress.

The comrades of youth I shall see gather'd here!

O'Moore.

Your nag will win! pooh! nonsense—no,
no—
Hyland.
Up-on my word, I tell you so!
if you, if you had said the same of mine—
yours? that I like, that's mighty
to strong impressions you in-cline;
fine!
would you in-sin-u-ate that

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(33)
Hardress.

Recit.

Fie! don't quarrel friends about
d'y mean, sir, that I'd tell a—

I—

cresc.

Allegro vivaceassimo.

borses, 'tis very plain, the wisest course is— to test their merits here, and now— a

stee-pie-chase!

OMoore.

The very thing, I vow!

HYLAND.

The very thing, I vow!

A race now by moonlight in

The Royal Edition, "The Lily of Killarney." (34)
this very place, could aught be more fit for a good steeple-chase?

in

this very place, could aught be more fit for a good steeple-chase? a race now by moonlight,

cresc.

this very place, a good steeple-chase, the candles shall light up the

could aught be more fit for— the candles shall light up the

cresc.

start, so away! with moon and with candle we're sure of fair play, with

start, so away! with moon and with candle we're sure of fair play, with

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(35)
moon and with candle we're sure of fair play, with moon and with candle we're

A race now by moonlight in this very place, could surely of fair play!

ought be more fit for a good steeple-chase in this very place, could

ought be more fit for a good steeple-chase? a race now by moonlight.
a good steeple-chase? the candles shall light up the start, so away! with
sought be more fit for—
the candles shall light up the start, so away! with
With
With

*Soprani e Contralti.* cresc.

moon and with candle you're sure of fair play, with moon and with candle you're
moon and with candle we're sure of fair play, with moon and with candle we're
moon and with candle we're sure of fair play, with moon and with candle we're
cresc.

sure of fair play, with moon and with candle, with moon and with
sure of fair play, with moon and with candle, with moon and with
sure of fair play, with moon and with candle, with moon and with
candle you're sure of fair play, a race now by moonlight in this very

candle we're sure of fair play, a race now by moonlight in this very

candle we're sure of fair play, a race now by moonlight in this very

place, could aught be more fit for a good steeple-chase? aught be more

place, could aught be more fit for a good steeple-chase? aught be more

place, could aught be more fit for a good steeple-chase? aught be more

fit for a good steeple-chase? a race now by moonlight in this very

fit for a good steeple-chase? a race now by moonlight in this very

fit for a good steeple-chase?

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(38)
place, could aught be more fit for a good steeple-chase.

place, could aught be more fit for a good steeple-chase.

could aught be more fit for a good steeple-chase.

for a
good steeple-chase?

for a
good steeple-chase?

for a
good steeple-chase?

a-way, a-way,

to the

a-way, a-way,

to the

a-way, a-way,
race, a-way, a-way, a-way, a-way, a-way,
a-way, a-way, a-way, a-way, a-way,
a-way, a-way, a-way, a-way, a-way,
a-way, a-way, a-way, a-way, a-way,
a-way, a-way, a-way, a-way, a-way,
a-way, a-way, a-way, a-way, a-way,

away, to the race, to the race! a race by moon-light in this place,
away, to the race, to the race! a race by moon-light in this place,
away, to the race, to the race! a race by moon-light in this place,
away, to the race, to the race! a race by moon-light in this place,
away, to the race, to the race! a race by moon-light in this place,
away, to the race, to the race! a race by moon-light in this place,

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(40)
The Royal Edition.—“The Lily of Killarney.”—(41)
No. 2.  

DUET.

DANNY MAN.  MRS. CREGAN—Are you mad?  (di dentro.)

Andantino.

I come, I come, my heart's de-

Piano.

Corrigan—Hark! that's the voice of
Danny Man.

- light,

I come, I come, my heart's de-light!

son's boatman! he's waiting below to take him across the lake, step aside with me and you shall see whether I have spoken

Cresc.

dim.

the truth or not.

DANNY MAN.

The moon has rais'ed her lamp a-bove, to

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(43)
light the way to thee, my love, to light... the way... to thee,... my love;
her rays upon the waters play, to tell me eyes more bright than they are
watching thro' the night... are watching thro' the night! I come,... I come,... my heart's... delight... I come,... I come,... I come, my heart's de...
HARDRESS.—Danny's signal.

- light!  

I come, I come, my heart's de-light!

pp marcato.

HARDRESS.—Thank Heaven I have got rid of those fellows.

I come, I come, my heart's de-light

On hill..... and dale..... the moon-beams fall..... and

Danny Man.

spread..... their sil-ver light..... o'er all, but

But those bright eyes I
come, my heart's delight, I come, I come, my heart's de-
light, I come, I come, my heart's de-
light, I come, I come, my heart's de-
light, I come, I come, my heart's de-
light, I come, I come, my heart's de-
light, I come, I come, my heart's de-
light, I come, I come, my heart's de-
light, I come, I come, my heart's de-
light, I come, I come, my heart's de-
light, I come, I come, my heart's de-
light, I come, I come, my heart's de-
light, I come, I come, my heart's de-
light !

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(40)
No. 3.  
QUARTET.

Andantino.

Danny Man.—Looking for you!  Her eyes is niver off this place!

Piano.

Try now;  Look, that's once;  that's twice;  that's thrice.

Hardress.  Recit.  Allegro con fuoco.

No longer I'll delay,

she calls me to her arms, at once I must obey!

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(47)
Allegro con grazia.

Hardness.

\[ \text{never was seen such a beautiful star as yonder bright taper that} \]

\[ \text{sparkles afar, ah, never was seen such a beautiful star as} \]

\[ \text{yonder bright taper that sparkles afar!} \]

\[ \text{those gems} \]

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(48)
are but lifeless
that twinkle, that twinkle above,

the star of the cottage is beam- ing, is

beam- ing with love, the star of the cottage is beam- ing with

MRS. CREGAN.

A- las our sus- pi- cions, not groundless they

if, God- dess of bea- ty, a star thou wilt

Corrigan.

You see, you see my sus-

The Royal Edition. "The Lily of Killarney." (40)
are, he summon'd the signal
own, the star of the cottage be-

picions, not ground-less they are, he summon'd the signal that

that shone from afar, the charms of a peasant to him are a-

fits,....... thee alone, if, Godess of

shone, that shone from afar, the charms of a peasant to him are a-

above the pride of his race and his fond mother's love! he hurries to

beauty, a star thou wilt own, the

above the pride of his race and his fond mother's love! he hurries to

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(50)
The Royal Edition—"The Lily of Killarney."—(51)
beautiful star, the boat is below,

and the moon is above, the boat is below, and the moon is above,

so all's made convenient and pleasant for love...

sirs youn-dar that's Ven-ius who's wait-ing a-lone, and wick-ed young
Cu - pid, young Cu - pid my - self, my - self you will

A - las our sus - pi - cions,
never was seen such a beau - ti - ful star as yon - der bright ta - per that
own!
make haste, Mas - ther Hard - ress,

You see my sus - pi - cions,
not ground - less they are, he sum - mon'd the
spark - led a - far, oh, nev - er was seen such a beau - ti - ful star, oh,
'tis rea - dy you are, you sure - ly will fol - low,
not ground - less they are, he sum - mon'd the sig - nal,
he summon'd the signal
never was such a beautiful star as yonder bright Jasper that
you surely will follow you beautiful
he summon'd the signal that shone from a-

that shone from afar, that shone
spark-led afar, that spark-led afar, that
star, yon beautiful star, yon beautiful

far, that shone from afar, that shone

ff piu mosso.

from afar, the charms of a peasant to
spark-led afar! those gems are but life less that

tiful star! the boat is below, and the
from afar, the charms of a peasant to

ff piu mosso.

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(54)
hopes o-ver-thrown, thus pros-
fits thee a lone, the star.

self you will own, yes, wick-
hopes o-ver-thrown, thus pros-

pects are blight-ed, thus hopes o-ver-

... of the cot-tage be-fits thee a

ed young Cu-pid my self you will

pects are blight-ed, thus hopes o-ver-

thrown! the charms of a pe-san-t

-lone! those gems are but life-less

own! the boat is be-low,

thrown! the charms of a pe-san-t

sempre staccato e leggerissimo.

The Royal Edition.—“The Lily of Killarney.”—(56)
to him are above all the

that twinkle above,

the moon is above, so...

to him are above

pride of his race, all the pride of his race and a

the star of the cottage

all's made convenient and pleasant for love... so...

all the pride................. of his race.................

fond mother's love, and a fond mother's love... he....

in... burning, is burning with love, if...

all's made convenient and pleasant for love, sure yonder that's

........ and a fond, and a fond mother's love... he....
Venus who's waiting alone, and wicked young Cupid myself you will
hurries to dangers unheeded, un-

known, he... hurries to dangers un-

own, if, Goddess of beauty, a

own, sure yonder that's Venus whose waiting alone, and wicked young

known, he... hurries to dangers un-

heeded, unknown.... thus prospects are

star thou wilt own.... the star... of the

Cupid myself you will own, sure yonder that's

heeded, unknown thus prospects are

The Royal Edition.—*The Lily of Killarney.*—(58)
blist - ted, thus hopes o - ver - thrown, thus pros - pects are
cot - tage be - fits thee a - lone,........... the star of the
Ve - nus who's wait - ing a - lone, and wick - ed young
blist - ted, thus hopes o - ver - thrown, thus pros - pects are

più lento.

blist - ted, thus hopes o - ver - thrown!
cot - tage be - fits thee a - lone!
Cup - id my - self you will own! the boat is be - low,
blist - ted, thus hopes o - ver - thrown!
the charms of a
charms........................ of a pea - sant
star.......................... of the cot - tage
and the moon is a - bove,
the boat is be -
pea - sant to him are a - bove

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(90)
Is burning, and the moon is above,

All the pride of his race and a fond mother's

So all's made convenient and pleasant, and

Love, all the pride of his race

Mother's love, the pride of his race and a

Pleasant for love, convenient, convenient and

And a fond mother's love, the pride of his race and a

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(60)
fond mother's love, a fond, a fond mother's
burning with love, burning, burning with
pleasant for love, pleasant, pleasant for
fond mother's love, a fond, a fond mother's
love!
love!
love!
love!

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(61)
No. 4.

RECITATIVE AND AIR.

RECITATIVE.

Assai moderato.

Myles.

From Inchigeela, all the way I

travelled unto Kerry, and mighty weary seem'd the way, my

poor heart was not merry:

To ev'ry cabin door there

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(62)
a dark-eyed Connor or Mac-shame, "Ah, Myles, as-

-there," the colleens cried, "Oh, won't ye stop a-while in-

-side, and take the welcome sup and smoke?"

"Oh, no," see I, "my heart's too full, with love I choke!"
AIR.

"Allegretto, leggiiero.

Piano.

con grazia.

"leggierrissimo.

It is a charming girl I love, she comes from Gar-ry o-wen; she's gentler than the tur-tle dove, her hair is brown and flow-ing! her eye is of the soft-est blue, her

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(64)
breath as sweet as morning dew, her breath is lighter than the fawn, and

‘Och!, she’s call’d the Colleen Bawn, botheration, botheration, her

likeness I never shall see; there is but one Colleen Bawn, and

she does not love me!

ask me what I’m looking for, then listen to the sequel:—The Colleen Bawn I’ll

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(65)
love no more when I can find her equal; mayhap now such a girl is here with step as light, with eye as clear, ah, she'll be welcome as the dawn all—though she's not the Colleen Bawn, botheration, botheration, her likeness I never shall see! there is but one Colleen Bawn, and she does not love me!

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(88)
No. 5.

RECI TATIVE AND ROMANCE.

RECI TATIVE.

Allegro agitato.

Piano.

\[ \text{Father Tom} - \text{The night is getting towards morning.} \]

I must be going.  

Eily, Eily!  

Where is the girl?

Oh! there she stands looking o'er the lake.  

Eily!  

The Royal Edition. — "The Lily of Killarney." — (67)
EILY.

RECYT.

Far o'er the lake his signal light I see, he

tempo.

FATHER TOM.

comes! He

EILY.

comes! His boat before the wind spreads its flowing sail, and cleaves the

Allegretto.

waters like a bird!... wafted

by the breath of love..... he comes, he comes, he comes!

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(68)
ROMANCE.

Andantino.

In my wild mountain valley he sought me, my heart soon he knew was his own; when he made me his bride then he taught me contented to dwell here alone! when the day in the west is declining, his boat on the dark lake I see,...... and led by my taper's bright

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(69)
shining he comes o'er the waters to me,....... and led by my taper's bright

shining he comes,....... he comes,....... he comes o'er the waters to

I ask not if others be fairer, how rich or how noble they be, I

know that to him none are dearer, and who could be dearer to me? my

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(70)
heart it would ever beat lightly, nor shrink from each day's coming dawn,... could

he but still smile on me brightly, nor part from his own Colleen Bawn!... could

he but still smile on me brightly, nor part,.... nor part,.... nor part,....

part from his own Colleen Bawn!.

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(71)
No. 6.

QUARTET.

Andantino con moto.

Piano.

Myles.

Let the farmer praise his grounds, let the huntsman praise his hounds, the
shepherd his dew-scented lawn— but I more bles'd than they spend each
happy night and day with my charming little cruis-keen lan, lan, lan,... my charming little cruis-keen lan!

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(72)
E.M.Y.

Gramachree ma cruis-keen, slantha gal ma-vour-neen, gramachree a Colleen

Myles.

Gramachree ma cruis-keen, slantha gal ma-vour-neen, gramachree a Colleen

Father Tom.

Gramachree ma cruis-keen, slantha gal ma-vour-neen, gramachree a Colleen

lan, lan, lan... gramachree a Colleen Bawn!

lan, lan, lan, gramachree a Colleen Bawn!

lan, lan, lan, gramachree a Colleen Bawn!

lan, lan, lan, gramachree a Colleen Bawn!

Myles.

Im-mortal and di-vine, great

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(73)
Bac-chus, god of wine, create me by adoption thy son,
in hope that you'll comply, that my glass shall ne'er be dry, nor my smiling little cruis-keen lan,
lan, lan, lan... my smiling little cruis-keen lan!

EILLY.

Gramm-chree ma cruis-keen, sla-tha gal ma-vour-neen, gramm-chree a Col-leen,
Sheelah.

Gramm-chree ma cruis-keen, sla-tha gal ma-vour-neen, gramm-chree a Col-leen,
Myles.

Gramm-chree ma cruis-keen, sla-tha gal ma-vour-neen, gramm-chree a Col-leen,
Father Tom.

Gramm-chree ma cruis-keen, sla-tha gal ma-vour-neen, gramm-chree a Col-leen,
lawn, lawn, lawn, gra-ma-chree a Col-leen Bawn!

Sheelah,—Whist what's that?

Hardress. (di dentro.)

The moon........ has rais'd........ her

Andantino,

Eily.

That voice!

lamp........ s-bove........ to light........ the way........ to

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(75)
'tis he!.

thee... my love!

FATHER TOM.

Has end-ed all our fun, has end-ed all... our

That voice!

fun; it means that two are com-pa-ny, and three... are none!

Eily.

Sheelah.

Yes, go!

Myles.

We'll go.....

Myles.

We'll go!

FATHER TOM.

We'll go!

The Royal Edition,—"The Lily of Killarney."—(76)
man - ners in these ca - ses well......... we

Allegro.

Sheelah.

Tis he, no doubt........ 'tis he......... no

Know, good manners in........ this case......... we

Father Tom.

Good manners in........ this case......... we

Allegro.

doubt, that voice so well

know, yes, in this case we

know, yes, in this case........ this case we

The Royal Edition.—“The Lily of Killarney.”—(77)
F I N A L E.

E I L Y.

Andante con moto.

With this treasure must I part.... which is
dear'est to my heart, with this treasure must I
part.... which is dear'est to my heart, which has

often check'd my tears, often quell'd my anxious

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(79)
fears; with this treasure I must part which is dearest to my heart.

HARDRESS.

Forms are nought to love like ours,

lightest wreaths of fragile flowers, forms are nought to love like ours,

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(80)
wreaths of fragile flow'rs, firm our faith-ful hearts re-
main as an ad-am-an-tine chain, firm our faith-
ful hearts re-

Erly.

With this

main as an ad-

am-

tine chain, firm our


treasure must I part which is dearest to my

hearts, our hearts re-

main, firm our faith-

ful hearts re-


The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(81)
heart, which is dearest to my heart, which is

main... as an adamantine chain, an

sostenuto.

dearest to my heart; yet of thy love this is the dearest

adamantine chain!

tempo.

tooken, methinks a sweet enchantment will be broken!

con espres.

pianendo.

yet take it, take it, thou'lt forget me
not? thou'lt for-get me not?

Hardness.

Oh, nev'er!

Eliy, thou art dearer now than ever!

Allegro con brio.

Hardness.

Ta'oun know'est well we can-not part, what-ever may be-

ful, tho' pe-ri-s may as-sail my heart it will surmount them

all! a flame less pure may soon ex-pire when

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(83)
breezes rudely blow; my love is fed by deathless fire and

Eily.

No, dearest, no, we cannot part, what through the storm can glow!

—ever may befall, yes, I will trust thy icy-al heart, I

give thee life and all! a flame less pure may soon expire when

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(84)
breezes rudely blow, my love is fed with deathless fire and

Eulx.

thro' the storm can glow!

Hardress.

Ei-ly, my Ei-ly!

thou'lt forget me not?

never, oh never!

thou'lt forget me not?

thou art dearer, thou art

The Royal Edition.—“The Lily of Killarney.”—(85)
Hardress, my dearer now than ever!

Hardress, thou'lt forget me not? oh never, thou'rt

tempo.

thou knowest well—what—

dearer... now than ever! we cannot part what—
poco rall.
tempo.

—ever may befall, yes, I will trust thy loyal heart, I
—ever may befall, yes, I will trust thy loyal heart, I

The Royal Edition—"The Lily of Killarney."—(36)
give thee life and all! a flameless pure may
soon expire when breezes rudely blow, my love is fed by
deathless fire and thro' the storm can glow! thou knowest
well we cannot part, we cannot part,

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(87)
whateve, may be, fal, yes, I will

what- ever may be-fal, then per iis

trust thy loyal heart, thy loyal heart,

may assail my heart, assail my heart,

I give thee life and all! dearest,

it will surmount them all! dearest,

no, we cannot part, dearest, no, we cannot, can

no, we cannot part, dearest, no, we cannot part,
not part!

can - not part!

Myles.

No, hand that paper back, you

are beguil’d! ah! why deceive, ah! why deceive
dolor.

allegro.

this fond and trusting child?

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(89)
Hardress.

Thou low-born churl! out-law! dost thou
cresc. assai

Eily.

Hardress. Hard-ress, I im-place! oh, Myles, for-bear!
dare?

Myles. maestoso.

Tis true I am an out-law, I

am a low-born churl, but I scorn to do such dirty work, to

allegro.

Father Tom.

do such dirty work as you high-born!

If not to

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(90)
EDWARD.  

Ely, are these your

him, to me those lines restore!

EILY.

Oh,

spies? a plot! am I betray'd?

to me those lines restore!

Father, spare me, I implore!

that paper I de-

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—91)
Hardress.

FATHER TOM.

Oh, 'tis a trap well
mand, that pa- per I de-
mand!

FATHER TOM.

Ei-ly, oh, place that proof of hen-
our near your

heart, and swear it nev-er from that spot shall part!

Hardress.

That fa-tal oath shall be our part-ing knell,
to all our

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(92)
Eily.

Andante con moto.

Hardress.

Ah!

I swear, I

love for ever a farewell!

Myles.

Father Tom.

Ah!

Ah!

ff

dim.

pp

Eily. (con voce soffocata.)

sweat, no, father, Hardress, stay!

Myles.

Of love and

Thus kneeling duty, which will she obey?

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(93)
Andante con moto.

-fore thee I solemnly swear,.............. that nought from my

bosom this treasure shall tear,........... oh, Hardress, for-

a piacere.

give me, I cannot rebel,........ for give... me,

love.............. thee, oh, say not fare-well!

HARDRESS.

MYLES.

FATHER TOM.

Oh,

He cannot escape, he is caught in the

Oh,
Hardress.

false one, that oath.................. you now
snare, he's caught in the snare,............... his love he must

Eily.

Eily, re mem ber you

Oh,........

so - lemn ly swear ................... con
either de - ny or de - clare!............

so - lemn ly swear ................... that

Hardress, for - give me,
signs......... me to ru - in, and

what dan - gers may

nought......... from your bo - som that

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(95)
Oh, Hardress, forgive me,
you to despair,
and threaten her no one can tell,
what dangers may treasure shall tear,
that

I cannot rebel,
you to despair!
but treasure shall tear!

Hardress, ah, Hardress, forgive me,
I remember this hour,
you have Myles will be there, will be there
to against every danger

The Royal Edition.—“The Lily of Killarney.”—(98)
love thee, I love thee, sh...
utter'd the knell. I

watch... o'er her... to
find it a spell... that

cresc. sempre

say... not fare-well,
bid thee for ever fare-well, for
watch o'er her well... to
o'er your happiness

ah, say not fare-well!

ever... fare-well!

watch o'er... her well!

ever... shall dwell! oh,

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(97)
Eily, remember you

Thus kneeling be-

oh, false one, that

tutta la forza.

solemnly swear, oh, Eily, re-

fore thee I solemnly swear, that nought from my

oath you now solemnly swear, consigns me to

cape, he is caught in the snare, his love he must

memorize you solemnly swear, 

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(88)
This treasure shall tear, oh, hardness, for 
and you to despair, remember this 
either deny or declare, what dangers may 
that nought from your bosom that treasure shall tear,

Give me, I cannot forget, forgive me, I 
hour you have uttered your knell, I go, I go, and 
threaten her no one can tell, but Myles will be there, to 
you'll find it a spell that o'er your happiness, for 

fff  

love, you, ah, say not farewell! 
bid thee farewell, oh, false one, oh, 
watch her, to watch o'er her well, yes, Myles will be there, 
ev'ry shall dwell, oh, 

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(99)
Oh, hardness, oh, hardness, ah, false one, farewell for yes, Myles... will be there to watch, to

member you solemnly swear that naught from your

dine.
say not, ah, say not farewell,
ever, for ever farewell, oh, false.... one, oh,

watch over her well, yes, Myles.... will be there,

bosom that treasure shall tear, against ev'ry

cresc.
I love... thee, I love thee, ah, false one, farewell, oh,

yes, Myles.... will be there, yes, Myles.... will be there to
danger you'll find it a spell that over your
false one, I bid thee for
watch, to... watch o'er o'er her, yes, Myles will be
happiness o'er shall dwell, that o'er your

say... not fare-well, ah, say... not fare-
ev... er, for ev... er fare-
there to watch o'er her
happiness o'er shall

stringendo.

well, oh, Hard--ness, for
well, for ev...er... fare-
well, to watch... o'er her
dwell, oh, Fi--ly, re

stringendo.

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(101)
- give me, ah, Hard-ress,
- well, for ev-er............ fare-
well, yes, Myles will be
-mem-ber you so lenn-ly

- give me, ah
- well, I bid thee for

there to watch, to watch o'er her

swear that nought from your bosom that treas-ure shall

ah, say not fare-

ev-er, for ev-er fare-

well, to watch o'er her

tear, that treas-ure shall

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Kilbarney."—(103)
ho, tally-ho ho ho ho ho ho! The wind is in the

ho, tally-ho ho ho ho ho ho! The wind is in the

ho, tally-ho ho ho ho ho ho! The wind is in the

ho, tally-ho ho ho ho ho ho! The wind is in the

ho, tally-ho ho ho ho ho ho! The wind is in the

ho, tally-ho ho ho ho ho ho! The wind is in the

sou-sou-west, a fine and cloudy morning, it is a glorious

sou-sou-west, a fine and cloudy morning, it is a glorious

sou-sou-west, a fine and cloudy morning, it is a glorious

sou-sou-west, a fine and cloudy morning, it is a glorious

hunting day, the cheery dogs give warning; the wind is in the

hunting day, the cheery dogs give warning; the wind is in the

hunting day, the cheery dogs give warning; the wind is in the

hunting day, the cheery dogs give warning; the wind is in the

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(105)
The Royal Edition,—"The Lily of Killarney."—(106)
day, a glorious hunting day, the wind is in the

day, a glorious hunting day, the wind is in the

day, a glorious hunting day, the wind is in the

day, a glorious hunting day, the wind is in the

sou-sou-west, a fine and cloudy morning,
sou-sou-west, a fine and cloudy morning,
sou-sou-west, a fine and cloudy morning,
sou-sou-west, a fine and cloudy morning,

it is a glorious hunting day, tally-ho,
it is a glorious hunting day, tally-ho,
it is a glorious hunting day, tally-ho,
it is a glorious hunting day, tally-ho,

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(109)
(giusto.)

yoiks, tally-ho!

yoiks, tally-ho!

trem.

ANN CHUTE.

No, no, no, no!

p e leggero.

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(110)
Herris leaves me not, he cannot join the chase,

he cannot join... the

chase,

away, away, to

day love be his lot;
your

claims to mine give place, your claims... to mine... give

The Royal Edition.—“The Lily of Killarney.”—(111)
But I can sing it if that's all, and to my side, to my
hind him!
hind him!
hind him!
hind him!
side I'll bind...................... him, tally-ho, tally-

-
ho, tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(113)
Tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho,

The wind is in the southwest, a fine and cloudy morning, it is a glorious hunting day, the cheery dogs give warning, the wind is in the southwest, a fine and cloudy
morning, it is a glorious hunting day, the cheery dogs give

tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho,

-withing; at evening when returning home, a cold and

-ho!...

-ho!...

-ho!...

-weary sinner, I like to find these three things
-ho!............. tal-ly-
- ho!............. to horse, to horse, to horse, and
- ho!............. to horse, to horse, to horse, and
- ho!............. tal-ly-ho, tal-ly-ho,
- ho!............. tal-ly-ho, tal-ly-ho, tal-ly-ho, tal-ly-ho,
-ho, tal-ly-ho, tal-ly-ho, tal-ly-ho, tal-ly-ho,
- as you fly, leave sorrow far be-
- as you fly, leave sorrow far be-
- tal-ly-ho, tal-ly-ho, tal-ly-ho, tal-ly-ho,
- ho, tal-ly-ho, tal-ly-ho, tal-ly-ho, tal-ly-ho,

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(117)
-ho, taly-ho, taly-ho,

hind.............. ye, the wind is in the west..............

hind.............. ye, the wind is in the west..............

taly-ho, taly-ho, the wind is in the west..............

-ho, the wind is in the west..............


a fine and cloudy morn-ing, it is a

a fine and cloudy morn-ing, it is a

a fine and cloudy morn-ing, it is a

a fine and cloudy morn-ing, it is a

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—118)
tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho,
fine and cloudy morning,

it is a glorious

fine and cloudy morning,

it is a glorious

fine and cloudy morning,

it is a glorious

fine and cloudy morning,

it is a glorious

(gridato.)

tally-ho, yoicks, tally-ho!

hunt-ing day, tally-ho, yoicks, tally-ho!

hunt-ing day, tally-ho, yoicks, tally-ho!

hunt-ing day, tally-ho, yoicks, tally-ho!

hunt-ing day, tally-ho, yoicks, tally-ho!

hunt-ing day, tally-ho, yoicks, tally-ho!

hunt-ing day, tally-ho, yoicks, tally-ho!

hunt-ing day, tally-ho, yoicks, tally-ho!

hunt-ing day, tally-ho, yoicks, tally-ho!

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(120)
The eye of love is keen, the eye of love is keen, and readily can trace

in the lov'd one's face...... the passing shade, the passing shade that to the world remains un-seen!
grief that lurks beneath a smile, the
tear that scarcely dims, the eye, the
grief that lurks beneath a smile, the
tear that scarcely
dims the eye, the wrath that scarcely curls the lip, love can
readily discern!

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney,"—(122)
The eye of love is keen,

searches deep, and searches deep; nought, nought can love be

-guile! love's eye... is keen,..... nought,
nought can love beguile, love's

eye, love's eye is keen, nought can

love. See...

Allegro moderato.

nought can love beguile!

con espress.
Ah, never may that faithful heart by idle doubts be
curs'd,..... the love with which I first was bless'd is still as fondly
nurs'd,..... the love with which I first was bless'd is still as fondly... nurs'd

stringendo.

still as fondly, fondly... nurs'd with

...in my constant heart,.......... with in...............
ANN CHUTE.
leggiero.

...... my constant heart! Let not suspicion in my breast be

like a serpent nurs'd, let not suspicion in my breast be

like a serpent nurs'd, at once be all...... the

cresc.

truth confess'd, and I will bear, will

dim. bear...... the worst although with aching heart,
- though with aching heart, let not suspicion

Ah, never shall that faithful heart by

in my breast be like a ser-

idle doubts be curs’d, the love with which I first was bless’d is

pent nurs’d, at once be

still as fondly nurs’d, the love with which I

all the truth confess’d and I will bear the

first was bless’d is still as fondly, fondly

The Royal Edition.—'The Lily of Killarney.'—(127)
wrest although with aching heart, with aching
nurs'd with-in my constant heart,........

accel.

heart, although... with aching heart, let not suspicion in my

........... with-in....... my constant heart, ah, never may that faithful

accel.

breast be like a serpent nurs'd, at once be all the truth confess'd and I will

heart by idle doubts be... curs'd, the love with which I first was bless'd is still as

bear the worst.............. although with aching

fondly nurs'd.............. with-in that constant

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(128)
Although with aching heart, yes, I will bear, will bear the worst.

Although, although with aching heart, with aching heart!

Nurshed within, within that constant heart, that constant heart!

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(129)
No. 10

TRIO.

Hardress.

Allegro giusto.

Vil-lain, you dare!

Corrigan.

Allegro giusto

Young man, have a care,

Mrs. Cregan.

vil-lain, you dare!

Hard-ress, my care,

young man, have a care!

dar-ling, be-ware, oh, be-ware, the ser-pent is nigh thee, be-ware of his cres.

Corrigan.

sting, the ser-pent is nigh thee, be-ware of his sting!

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(130)
serpent, a serpent, oh, no, quite a different thing, believe me, I am a dove or a lamb,

believe me, believe me, I am a dove, a dove or a lamb!

Hardress.

My mother a low-born adventurer's bride!

the lover of

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(181)
MRS CREGAN.

You, Hardress, could
my mother, my
Early shows family pride,
The lover of

save me, you, Hardress, could save me,
mother a low-born adventurer's bride,
Early shows family pride, how nobly you

save me, save me, oh, my
my mother a low adventurer's
brave me, the lover of Early shows family

The Royal Edition. — "The Lily of Killarney." — (132)
Allegro molto.

son! would you aid your hap-less mo-ther ev-ry an-gry feel-ing

bridge! add an-o-ther word, an-

pride! what an up-roar, what a

smo-ther, calm-ly be your du-ty done, calm-ly be your du-

- o-ther, cast one glance up-on my

bath-er, what an up-roar, what a

done; take the wife that Heav’n pro-

- vides, vain is ev-ry course be-

mo-ther, and your race, your race will soon be

bath-er, pray these an-gry feel-ings smo-ther, be ad-vis’d, my fu-

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(133)
-sides, take the wife that Heav'n provides, vain is every course be-
run, add another word, another, cast one glance upon my
son, pray these angry feelings smother, pray these angry feel-
ings
cresc.

-sides, save me, save me, oh, my son, save me, save me, oh, my
mother, and your race, your race will soon be......
smother, be advised, be advised, be advised, my future

son!
run! when the upstart beggar rides on his

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(154)
horse we know who guides, he is sure to be un-

done! Pray these angry feelings smother, be ad-

vis'd, my future son, be ad-vis'd, my future

son, love and fortune are my guides, love and fortune are my

guides, I shall laugh at all besides when my victory is

The Royal Edition—"The Lily of Killarney."—(135)
Would you
woo, I shall laugh at all besides when my victory is won!

aid your hapless mother every angry feeling smother calmly

Add another word, another,

what an uproar, what a bother,

be your duty done, calmly be your duty done, take the

cast one glance upon my mother, and your

what an uproar, what a bother, pray these

The Royal Edition—"The Lily of Killarney."—(188)
wife that Heav'n provides, vain is every course besides; take the race, your race will soon be run, add an angry feelings smother, be advis'd, my future son, pray these

wife that Heav'n provides, vain is every course besides, save me, other word, another, cast one glance upon my mother, and your angry feelings smother, pray these angry feelings smother, be advic'd.

save me, oh my son, save me, save me, oh my son, would you race, your race will soon be... run, cast one advis'd, be advis'd, be advis'd, my future son, love and

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(37)
aid... a hap - less mo - ther take the

 glance up - on... my mo - ther, and... your

 for - tune are my guides, I shall laugh... I shall laugh, ha ha ha

wife... the wife... that Heav'n pro - vides... ...

race... your race... will soon... be run,

ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

... vain is ev - 'ry course be - sides: save me, save me,

and your race will soon be run, and your race, your

I shall laugh at all be - sides, I shall laugh at all be -
save me, oh, my son, save me, save me, save...
race will soon be run, and your race, your race...

-sides when my victory is won, when my victory, the vict-

...... me, oh,......... my son!

...... will soon............. be run!

-tory................. is won!

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(139)
No. 11.  

**DUETTO.**

*Allegro moderato assai.*

**Piano.**

**Danny Man.**

Trust me, trust me, that glove, that glove would be a token as plain as any word that's spoken, that glove would be a token as plain as any word that's spoken!

**Mrs. Cregan**

That
glove, that glove I cannot see!

DANNY MAN.

Oh, never mind, never mind, leave that to me, leave that, leave that to

MRS. CREGAN.

me! But if his freedom,

DANNY MAN.

freedom wouldn't secure? It would, it

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(141)
would, of that, of that you may be sure!

Oh,

Colleen Bawn, your reign is over, your reign is over!

Please, forget your high-born lover, your high-born

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(142)
lovers, 'tis not you alone that love him, other

hearts now watch above him; 'tis not you alone that

love him, other hearts now watch above him! oh, I'd give my life to-

- mor-row to save him from a mo-ment's sor-row, and if your

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(143)
life's his stumbling-stone, and if your life's his stumbling-

- stone I'd take it, I'd take it as I would my own, I'd take it, I'd take it as I would my own!

MRS. OREGAN. (To Danny Man.) Allegro.

(I have the glove!) is this what you desire?

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(144)
RECIT.

Danny Man.

He gave it, then

poco più lento.

con voce soppressa.

oh, let my fears expire!

the Colleen

f β trem.

Bawn no more, no more his foe shall be,

don't fear her charms, but leave her fate to me!

trem.

Allegro marziale e maestoso.
Mrs Cregan.

No blot on our scutcheon shall e'er have a place, but

pure as old shall be Cregan's high race; dis-honour has threaten'd but threaten'd in vain, the tow'rs of Tore Cregan rise proudly again, the tow'rs of Tore Cregan rise proudly again!

Danny Man.

Bad luck to the eyes and the Colleen's fair face, that

The Royal Ediden.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(146)
makes the bold Cre- gan for-get his high race,
her cheralis are no val-ue, her arts are in

MRS. CREGAN.

No vain, the Cre- gan will rise to his glo-ry a-gain!

blot on our scut-choon shall e'er have a place,
but bad luck to the eyes and the Col-lon's fair

pure as of old shall be Cre-gan's high race,
dis-
fase that makes the bold Cre- gan for-get his high
Honour has threat'ned but threat'ned in vain, the tow'rs of Tore race,
her charms and her arts are in vain, the Cre- gan will

Cre-gan rise proudly again, the tow'rs of Tore rise to his glory again, the Cre-gan will

Cressa.

Cre-gan will rise, will rise again, Cre-gan will rise, will rise again.

The Royal Edition.—" The Lily of Killarney."—(148)
No. 12.  

SCENE AND AIR.

Presto.

RECIIT.

DANNY MAN.

A lowly peasant girl would brand with shame the Cregan's ancient name!

Tempo.

RECIIT.

no! sooner shall she part with

Life than come before the world as Hardress' wife,

expression.

tremolo.

in tempo.

with life! can I sufficient courage find to harm a

The Royal Edition. "The Lily of Killarney." (150)
Girl so gentle, so gentle, a girl so gentle and so kind!

Andante espressivo.

The Colleen Bawn, the cantabile.

Colleen Bawn from childhood I have known, I've seen that beauty

in the dawn which now so bright has grown; although her cheek is

blanch'd with care her smile diffuses joy... Heav'n form'd in her a

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(151)
jewel rare, shall I
shall I

—stroy? the Colleen Bawn, the Colleen Bawn from childhood I have

known, I've seen that beauty in the dawn which now so bright has

cresc.

grown; I've seen that beauty in the dawn that now so bright has

cresc.

grown!

Heaven form'd in her a jewel rare,
shall I..... that gem de-stroy, shall I that gem de-stroy, shall

I,........................ shall I that gem........ de-stroy!

Allegro con fuoco.

RECIT.

Down, coward scruples, hold thy peace, re-morse! my du-ty to my mas-ter I'll ful-

moderato.

fil thro' good and ill, thro' good and ill, nought, nought shall check me!

Allegro con fuoco.

RECIT.

nought, nought shall check me!

Allegro.

RECIT.

well I know my course!

Duty, yes, I'll do my duty,

Duty, yes, I'll do my duty!

what is love and what is beauty to a

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(154)
rough mis-shapen creature crook'd in form and hard in feature, crook'd in

form and hard in feature? what is love and what is beauty, what is

love and what is beauty to a rough mis-shapen creature

crook'd in form and hard in feature, crook'd in form and hard in

feature? duty, yes. I'll do my duty.

The Royal Edition.—“The Lily of Killaney.”—(155)
duty, yes, I'll do my duty!

hearts that

melt in soft compassion beat in

frames of other fashion,

hearts that

melt in soft compassion beat in

frames of other fashion:

I'll help the

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(156)
mas-ter where I can, no o-ther law has Dan-ny

Man, no o-ther law has Dan-na Man, has

Dan-ny Man, has

Dan-ny Man; I'll help the mas-ter

where I can, no o-ther law has Dan-ny

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(157)
Man, I'll help the master where I can,

no other law has Danny Man, no other law

Man!

The Royal Edition.—*The Lily of Killarney.*—(158)
No. 13.  

AIR.  

Andante molto.  

Piano.  

dolce.  
cresc.  

Fairy.  

I'am a - lone, I'am a - lone, I watch the  
dim.  

stars... as they rise, I hear the sound of my sighs... mocked  

by the breeze's moan! all things round me seem to say that I am  

sempre pianissimo.  

sad and so are they, so... are they! but could I see my heart's de-light, his
smile would cheer the gloom of night, the shade on my soul would be chased away, and my heart would leap to the glorious day!

I'm alone, I'm alone, methinks each gathering cloud becomes an air-woven shroud, floating, floating to graves unknown!

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Kilmainy."—(100)
sailing slowly, slowly by, they crowd and darken all the sky, all... the

sky! but could I see my heart's... delight his smile would cheer the
gloom of night, the shade on my soul would be chased away... and my

heart would leap... to the glorious day! I'm alone,

I'm alone...
No. 14. MELODROME.

Danny Man.— There she is, his foe, his enemy!
She alone stands between him and his fortune!

Billy.— Ah, you have returned; have you seen him, has he spoken of me? Tell me, speak!

Danny Man.— Yes, I have his commands!

Billy.— ("You are pale, you tremble!")
Your eyes are red and frightful!

Allegro assai.

Danny Man.— "Tis drink, drink, he! hast not fear, if ye think I'd hurt ye?

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(162)
Eily.—Hurt me, no, why should ye?
Danny Man.—No, no, course I wouldn't, you are to meet the masther!

Danny Man.—To-night!
Eily.—To-night?
Danny Man.—You're to come Eily.—Ah, what joy! I shall see him, then, once more!
Danny Man.—Y' ll never breathe to mortal of where yer goin', but slip down to the landin' below where I have the boat waiting for ye?

—Danny Man.—She is happy, she—a [staggered.]
Eily.—Danny, I'm afraid you are not sober enough to sail Danny Man.—Sober! the drunkener I am the better I can do the work I've got to do there leave me alone.

Eily.—What's come o'ye Danny?
Danny Man.—Nothing, acushla, nothing! (Drinks out bottle.)

I'll be betther by and bye.
No. 15.  

DUET.

Allegretto.

Piano.

Myles.

I give the best advice, the best advice I can in bidding you beware, beware of Danny Man, in bidding you beware, beware of Danny Man, I give the best advice, the best advice I

The Royal Edition—"The Lily of Killarney."—(164)
can, in bidding you beware, beware of Danny Man, in bidding you beware, beware, beware, beware, beware of Danny Man!

That poor deform'd, afflicted creature! A crooked back, my dear, don't mend one's nature! A friend of Hardress' ever true!...

But still he may be false to you,
Oh, no! I never can believe—

give the best advice, the best advice I can in

there's any harm in Danny Man,

bidding you beware, beware of Danny Men, in bidding you be-

never can believe there's harm in Danny Man, oh,

— beware, beware of Danny Man; I give the best advice, the best advice I

no! I never can believe there's

can in bidding you beware, beware of Danny Man, in
Any, any harm in Danny

Bidding you beware, beware, beware, beware, beware of Danny

Man, no, no, no, no, there's no harm in Danny

Man, beware, beware, beware, beware, beware, beware, beware of Danny

Man; no, no, no, no, there's no harm in Danny

Man, beware, beware, beware, beware, beware of Danny

Man!

Man! I've lately seen the surly lout go
Myles.
creeping stealthily about, like one whose brain was mischief brewing,

Eily.
which very soon he would be doing, so strange, so mighty

strange... perhaps all this appears..... I'll

strange all this appears..... I must confess I

not.... encourage idle fears..... tho' strange this all ap-

have, I have my fears.....

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(188)
I'll not encourage idle fears, I'll not encourage idle fears, I have my fears, I have my fears!... oh, I give the best advice...

no, I never can believe... there's any harm in service, the best advice I can in bidding you beware, beware of Danny Man, I never can believe there's Danny Man, in bidding you beware, beware of Danny
harm in Danny Man; oh, no, I
Man; I give the best advice, the best advice I can, in bidding you be-
never can believe there's any, any 
-ware, be-ware of Danny Man, in bidding you be-ware of Danny
harm, any harm in Danny Man; oh, no, oh, 
Man, be-ware, be-ware of Danny Man, be-ware, be-ware,

no, there is no harm in Danny Man!

be-ware, be-ware of Danny Man!
Myles.

Oft to himself I've heard him grumble.

Sometimes your name I've heard him murmur!

Billy.

Well, what care I who breathes my name?

There is none, none, none, can couple it with

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(171)
Allegro non troppo.

shame

e'en the weak in
innocence

pp dolce.

find a strong and sure
defence; when this mighty

truth I know should I live
suspicion's prey, thinking

every friend a foe, thinking every friend a
innocence... sometimes find a weak defence;

that's an ugly truth I know, that's an ugly
cresc.

truth I know! trusting hearts

are oft a prey to the smooth and smiling foe, to the

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(174)
smooth and smiling foe!
who walks on doubtful paths should
neatly pick his way!

E'rn the weak in innocence
find a strong and
Honest folks in innocence sometimes find a

sure defence; when this mighty truth I know
weak defence, that's an ugly truth I know;

The Royal Edition—"The Lily of Killarney." (125)
should I live suspicion's prey, thinking every friend a trust ing hearts are oft a prey to the smooth and smiling foe, thinking every friend a foe! oh foe, to the smooth and smiling foe! who

no, in faith, in faith I'll walk, and safe will be... my walks in doubtful paths should neatly, neatly pick his way, oh, no, in faith, in faith I'll walk, and way, who walks in doubtful paths should neatly

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(178)
No. 16.  
FINALE.  

Allegretto.  

Piano.  

f  
sfz  
p  

Chorus of Boatmen. (di dentro.)  
Alti e parte dei 1mi Tenori.  

A - cross the broad waters 'tis pleasant to row, .......  

1mi Tenori.  

2di Tenori.  

1mi Bass.  

2di Bass.  

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(178)
cross the broad waters 'tis pleasant to row,

cross the broad waters 'tis pleasant to row, and float o'er the city that

cross the broad waters 'tis pleasant to row,

and float o'er the city that slumbers below! Per-

and float o'er the city that slumbers below!

slumbers below!

and float o'er the city that slumbers below!

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(179)
-chance we shall see him, the tall gal-lant knight.

Imi e 2 di Tenori.

per-chance we shall see him, the
tall gal-lant knight,

aluni dei Imi Bassi.
in

Imi e parte
dei 2 di.
tall gal-lant knight, in ar-mour of sil-ver, on cour-ser so white, in
tall gal-lant knight,
in
cresc.
cour-ser so white,

how glad-ly we'll wel-come the
armour of sil-ver, on cour-ser so white, how glad-ly we'll wel-come the
armour of sil-ver, on cour-ser so white, how glad-ly we'll wel-come the
How gladly we'll welcome the brave Donohue!

To the sons of old Erin a friend ever true...

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(181)
MYLIE.

Both-er-a-tion, both-er-a-tion, her likeness I nev-er can see;........ there is but one Col-leen Bawn, and she does not love me!

The smoke of my whisky
Still wont be seen.

This is a party night for my work, cloudy and dark.

There's my distillery bound in a snug hole up there, and here's my bridge to cross over to it! I think it would puzzle a

(Swings across stage and alights on a rock.)

What's that?

pp

pp

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(183)
It was an otter I woke from a nap he was takin' on that bit of rock there.

Allegretto.

Oh ye devil, if I had my gun

I'll give ye a leaden supper! I'll go up and load it, may be I'll get a shot!

It is a charming girl I love, she comes from Gar-ry

Owen!

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(184)
A friend to the friend-less the good king appears,
friend to the friend-less the good king appears,
friend to the friend-less the good king appears,

the hum-bled he rais-es, the mourn-ers he cheers,
the hum-bled he rais-es, the mourn-ers he cheers,

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(185)
oft by him wonder-ful sto-ries are told,

and oft by him wonder-ful

the story is told,

and oft by him wonder-ful

stories are told about our green isle and her glo ries of old, a-

stories are told, a-

about our green isle and her glo ries of old, yes, glad-ly we'll wel-come the

about our green isle and her glo ries of old, yes, glad-ly we'll wel-come the

about our green isle and her glo ries of old, yes, glad-ly we'll wel-come the

The Royal Edition. — "The Lily of Killarney." — (180)
1mi e 2di Soprani.

Yes, gladly we'll welcome the brave Dono-

brave Donahue, ...

brave Donahue, ...

brave Donahue, ...

brave Donahue, ...

---

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(187)
Eily.— What place is this you have brought me to, Danny?

Eily.— It is like a tomb.

Danny Man. Recit.  
Step out on this rock, come, come now, be quick,

Allegro  
tempo.

Recit.

the boat is leaking!

The Royal Edition. — "The Lily of Killarney."— (189)
Eily, I have a word to say to you,

RECIT.

listen now, listen now, and do not

Allegro.

tremble: No boy in all Kerry was brighter than me, I was

straight as a dart, and fitted to win any young Colleen's heart; this

Eily (timidamente)

is but a wreck of myself that you see, you know how it chanced! Yes, from.
Hard-ress I heard! It's a mighty bad tale, but it's true ev'ry word, he
made me a crip-ple, I bear him no ill; I lov'd him be-fore, and I
doat on him still, he might crush me to pie-ces, my last part-ing breath would be to de-
clare that I lov'd him till death!

But you, a fond wo-man, his dar-ling wife, withheld what he pri-zes more dearly than

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(101)
life! tempo.

What would you have? That

Allegro non troppo.

paper that you wear in that fair bosom, faith, a pow'r too fair!

Eily.

You know I have sworn never, never with it to part!..... I, too, have sworn from the depths of my heart to have it, de-

DANNY MAN string, il tempo.

Eily.

No, never!

- stroy it, my oath I'll o - bey! that pa - per,
Eily.

that paper, I say!

No, never!

danny man.

That paper, that paper!

No, sooner the

danny man.

life in my heart you may take!

Then down with you

both to the depths of the lake!

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(103)
(Pushes her off—the clings to the rock.)

Eily.

DANNY MAN.

Spare me for Hardress' sake a-lone! He wants you.

(Pushes her in—a shot is fired, and he falls in the water.)

dead and gone!

Myles.

Allegretto.

There is but one Colleen Bawn, and she does not love

Allegretto.

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(194)
me!

come, that was a pretty shot you will agree,

as sure as the taxes the otter is hit, but

faith, I can't see him, no, devil a bit;

yet here he was moving, no, nothing's in
sight; stop, wheugh! What is this? 'tis a

(Catches Eily's dress, lifts her out of the water.) (frightened, lets her drop again.)

something that's white Eily!

Allegro agitato assai.

Eily!

Allegro molto.

(My'es plunges into the water and reappears with Eily, during following Chorus, clinging to the rock.)

the Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(106)
Allegretto.

Alti. (di dentro.)

When innocence suffers the good king is nigh,
ne'er from the helpless averts his kind eye, the rich he protects, but he
Soprani e Contralti.

most loves the poor, and often he knocks at the sad peasant's door; my

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(197)
brothers we'll trust in the brave Dono-hue, to the sons of old Erin a

friend, a friend, a friend... ever true!

friend, a friend, a friend... ever true!

friend, a friend, a friend... ever true!

friend, a friend, a friend... ever true!

Crescendo assai.  

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(198)  

End of Act II.
No. 17.

AIR.

ACT III.

Myles.

slumbers, oh, soft as your glance they may be, all

though I am sure you’re not dreaming of me; once

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(1st).
more see the image of him you love best, what

matters my trouble, what matters my trouble when

cresc.
you are at rest, when you are at rest; what matters my

cresc.

trouble when you, when you are at rest? ...........

lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, ................

he Royal Edition.—“The Lily of Killarney.”—(200)
lullaby, lullaby!

Small joy, my poor Eily the

morning will bring, it is not for you that the

lark comes to sing; there'll be dew on the grass, there'll be

dew in your eye, sleep gently, my Eily, my love, lullaby.

The Royal Edition—"The Lily of Killarney,"—(201)
- by;.. sleep gent-ly, my love, my love, lul-la-by,.. sleep gent-ly, my

Ei-ly, my own, my love, lul-la-by,

lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by,

lul-la-by!

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(202)
No. 18.  

**TRIO.**

Piano.

---

**EILY.**

Blessings on that reverend head,.......

**MYLES.**

I alive and Eilily

**FATHER TOM.**

Blessings, girl, upon thy head,............. up -

---

on that reverend head!.....

dead, such a ball, such a ball was never made,..... such a ball was never on thy head,.....

---

*The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(203)*
though your hapless child was dead,... deep be
made!

for the future do not dread, for

-neath the waters drown'd,

ground, not alive, not alive will Myles be found, not alive will Myles be found!

future do not dread!

Heav'n a brave preserver found,...

I alive and Eily

Heav'n, who thy preserver found,

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(204)
Heav'n a brave preserver found; when beneath the waters dead, such a bull was never made, was never made!

watching o'er thee hovers round; Heav'n who thy preserver

drown'd, Heav'n a brave preserver when the Colleen's underground, not alive will Myles be found, watching o'er thee hovers

found! still joyless life will on me shine, still life with found! although she never can be mine, 'tis only round! still happy days may on thee shine, and life with

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(205)
all its cares be mine, for what is life,....... my love with-

by her light I shine, she's sun,... moon,

many joys....... be thine; be hopeful,

out?....... a dungeon where.... the lamp is out!.... for what is stars! when she.... goes out....

Ei - ly, do not doubt...

life........... my love with - out... my love with - out?..... a dungeon dark will it be with me... no doubt,

the cup of care will soon run out...

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(206)
where.....the lamp is out! for what is
dark will it be with me, no doubt, no doubt; she's
the cup of care, of care will soon run out;

life.....my love without? a dungeon where the lamp is out!
sun, moon, stars! when she goes out, dark will it be with me, no doubt!
yes, have no doubt, the cup of care will soon run out! be hopeful,

a dungeon where the lamp is out!
when she goes out... dark will it be with me.... no doubt,

Easily do not doubt, the cup of care will soon run out,
what's life, my love without,

yes, dark 'twill be, no doubt,

be hopeful, do not doubt,

loso.

life, ............. my love without?

dark ............. 'twill be, no doubt!

hope - ful, do not doubt!

dolce.

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(208)
No. 19.  
CHORUS WITH SOLOS.

Allegro con brio.

Piano.

1° e 2° ai Tenori.

1° e 2° ai Bassi.

The Royal Edition,—“The Lily of Killarney.”—(209)
wedding day has come at last, the time of wooing now is past, which lovers, lovers find so long, but yet in after life will oft regret, in after life... will oft regret, in after life... will oft
Soprano.

Contralto.

Oh, fie, the lover we despise whose wooing now is past!

love in holy wedlock dies, whose love in holy

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(211)
wedlock dies, to such a constant pair as this, to
such a constant pair as this, each day, each
day will bring increase of bliss, each
day, each day will bring increase of bliss, each

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(212)
bliss, then hail to the bridegroom, and
bliss, then hail to the bridegroom, and
then hail to the bridegroom, and
then hail to the bridegroom, and

hail, and hail to the bride united by
hail to the bride, united, united,
hail to the bride, united, united,
hail to the bride, united, united,

love may they keep side by side united by love... may they keep side by
united by love... may they keep side by
united by love... may they keep side by
united by love... may they keep side by

The Royal Edition: "The Lily of Killarney." (213)
Song: "The Lily of Killarney"

Chorus: "The Lily of Killarney"

Verse 1:

Side... down life's smoothest path as they glide, as they
Side... down life's smoothest path as they glide, as they
Side... down life's smoothest path as they glide, as they

Crescendo:

Grace fully glide!
Grace fully glide!
Grace fully glide!

Hail to the bride, groom, hail to the bride,
Hail to the bride, groom, hail to the bride,
Hail to the bride, groom, hail to the bride,

wed-ding day has come at last, the time of woo-ing now is
wed-ding day has come at last, the time of woo-ing now is
wed-ding day has come at last, the time of woo-ing now is
wed-ding day has come at last, the time of woo-ing now is

past, the wed-ding day has
past, the wed-ding day has
past, the wed-ding day has
past, the wed-ding day has

come at last, the time of woo-ing
come at last, the time of woo-ing
come at last, the time of woo-ing
come at last, the time of woo-ing

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—[215]
now is past! hail to the
now is past! hail to the
now is past! hail to the
now is past! hail to the

bride-groom, hail to the bride,
bride-groom, hail to the bride,
bride-groom, hail to the bride,
bride-groom, hail to the bride,
bride-groom, hail to the bride!
bride-groom, hail to the bride!
bride-groom, hail to the bride!
bride-groom, hail to the bride!
Andantino.

CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS.

1st Bridesmaid.

Let the mystic O-range flow'rs pre-sage be of hap-py hours!

2nd Bridesmaid.

Let this veil, thou la-dy fair, light-ly rest up-on thy hair,

let this veil, thou la-dy fair, light-ly rest up-on thy hair!

let this veil, thou la-dy fair, light-ly rest up-on thy hair!

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(217)
ALL THE LADIES.
Soprano.

Take the gifts which here you see, tri-ling tho' their val-ue be,
Contralto.

Take the gifts which here you see, tri-ling tho' their val-ue be,
dolce.

still of lov-ing hearts they tell, dear-est maid-en, prize them well,

still of lov-ing hearts they tell, dear-est maid-en, prize them well,
cresc.

dear-est maid-en, dear-est, prize them well!

dear-est maid-en, dear-est, prize them well!

FATHER TOM.

A gift I bring,

the Royal Edition. — "The Lily of Killarney." — 218
ring, twas found beneath the waters of the

Anne Chute.

lake!

By great O’Donohue into the

waters cast, a happy omen, pleas’d the gift... I

Tempo 1o. Allegro con brio.

Mrs. Cregan.

take!

Now to the church, happy am I at

crescendo

do.

The Royal Edition.—“The Lily of Killarney.”—(210)
last, the day of sorrow now is past!

**Chorus of Ladies and Gentlemen.**

*Sopranis.*

Contralti.

1° e 2°i Tenori.

Bassi.

The wedding day has come at last, the

The wedding day has come at last, the

The wedding day has come at last, the

Church will bind the lovers fast, hail to the

Church will bind the lovers fast, hail to the

Church will bind the lovers fast, hail to the

*Loggiere.*

The Royal Blitton.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(220)
bride-groom, hail to the bride, hail to the
bride-groom, hail to the bride, hail to the
bride-groom, hail to the bride, hail to the
bride-groom, hail to the bride, may
bride-groom, hail to the bride, may
bride-groom, hail to the bride, may
bride-groom, hail to the bride, may
happiness with them forever abide!
happiness with them forever abide!
happiness with them forever abide!
happiness with them forever abide!

The Royal Edition—"The Lily of Kilbarney."—(221)
hail to the bride - groom, hail to the bride!

hail to the bride - groom, hail to the bride!

hail to the bride - groom, hail to the bride!

hail to the bride - groom, hail to the bride!
No. 20. BALLAD.

Andante espressivo.

Piano.

Hardress.

Eily Ma'Vour neen, I see thee before me,

fairer than ever with death's pallid hue;

mortal thou art not, I
dolce.

humbly adore thee, yea, with a love which thou knowest is true!

look'st thou in anger, ah, no, such a feeling

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(221)
ne'er in thy too gentle heart had a place; softly the smile of forgive-ness is steal-ing, Ed-ly, my own, o'er thy beau-ti-ful face, un poco stringendo.

the smile of forgive-ness is steal-ing, Ed-ly, my own, o'er thy beau-ti-ful face! cresc.

Once would my heart with the

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(225)
widest emotion, throb, dearest Eily, when near me wert thou;...

now I regard thee with deep, calm devotion, never, bright angel, I

lov'd thee as now!

though in this world were so

dolce.

cruelly blighted all the fond hopes of thy innocent heart,

soon in a holier region united, Eily Ma-vour-nee, we


The Royal Edition. — "The Lily of Killarney." — (226)
never shall part, soon in a holier region united,

Eily Maevour-nee, we never shall part, soon in a holier

calando.

region united, Eily Maevour-nee, we

roll. assai

ne'er... shall part!

roll. assai

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(327)
No. 21. CONCERTED PIECE.

*Allegro agitato.*

**Piano:**

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\[\text{Musical notation}\]
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**Handress.**

```
\[\text{Musical notation}\]
```

Mo- ther, what

**Mrs Cregan.**

```
\[\text{Musical notation}\]
```

mean those looks so wild? Fly, fly, at

once, my son, my child; no,

---

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(328)
no, not that way, oh,

hear me, I implore, a soldier

stands at ev'ry door, a soldier stands at ev'ry door! From the

Allegro non troppo.

window haste away, all is lost if you delay; when ocean

rolls between us write, now let your only thought be flight, now

The Royal Edition.—“The Lily of Killarney.”—(220)
ANN CHUTE.

Question not, but haste away,
let your only thought be flight, away, away, away,
from this way.

Be sure your mother counsels window haste away,
all is lost if you delay; when ocean

right, and let your only thought be flight, and let your only rolls between us write, and let your only thought be flight; now let your

thought be flight, away, away, away, question
only thought be flight, away, away,

Mother dear, what would you

She Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney," (230)
not, but haste away, there is danger in death again, again, no more death, like a thief to flee away! yet I am

-lay; be sure your mother counsel right, and let your

-lay; now let your

sure you counsel right, no trifle would your heart af-

only thought be flight, and let your only thought be

only thought be flight, oh, haste a-

-fright, no trifle would your heart af-fright, so
flight, a-way, a-way, ........................................ oh,
- way, a-way, no more de-lay, oh,
I o-bey, I o-bey, oh, mo-ther, dear, I

haste a-way, ........................................ oh, haste a-
haste a-way, no more de-lay, oh, haste a-
will o-bey, oh, mo-ther, dear, I will o-

- way, no more de-lay, no more de-lay, oh, haste a-way, a-way, a-way!
- way, no more de-lay, no more de-lay, oh, haste a-way, a-way, a-way!
- bey, I will o-bey, I will o-bey, I will o-bey, I will o-bey!

The Royal Edition.—“The Lily of Killarney.”—(232)
Ann Chute.

Ex-plain, ex-plain what dread-fel cause!

Mrs. Cregan.

He's threat'en'd with the ven-get-ice of the laws!

Ann Chute.

Of what is he ac-cus'd?

Mrs. Cregan.

Of mur-der, ask no

Allegro strepito so.

more! go to your

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney." (233)
room, and leave me,

child, leave me.

child, before my brain is turn'd; horror! they burst the door!

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(234)
Sopranos: L’istesso tempo.

Contralti: What portends this strange confusion?

Tenori: What portends this strange confusion?

Bassi: What portends this strange confusion?

While surely it is some delusion! What portends this strange confusion?

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(236)
this is some delusion, are the red-coats not afraid?

Corrigan.

Nought, nought we fear, we come in the king's name!

Mrs. Cregan.

I see the wretch exulting in our shame!

Ann Chute.

Brave Irishmen, you hear the voice of honour,
voice of honour call; it bids you

drive the strangers from this ancient hall!

CHORUS OF GENTLEMEN.

1st Tenor.

Gentlemen of Ireland all, on the bold invaders fall!

2nd Tenor.

Gentlemen of Ireland all, on the bold invaders fall!

Bass.

Gentlemen of Ireland all, on the bold invaders fall! drive them

drive them from this ancient hall, drive them from this ancient

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(388)
from this ancient hall, drive them from this ancient hall, drive them from this ancient hall, from this hall, from this hall!
an - cient hall!

O'Moore.

Peace, peace, peace, no

Moderato.

time is this for idle fray!

Moderato.

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(239)
a charge of murder has been brought to-day against young Hardress!

Chorus.
Soprani.

Murder, murder, Hardress,

Contralti.

Murder, murder, Hardress,

Tenori.

Murder, murder, Hardress,

Bassi.

Murder, murder, Hardress,

no, he's innocent, he is innocent!

no, he's innocent, he is innocent!

no, he's innocent, he is innocent!

no, he's innocent, he is innocent!
O'Moore.

Yes, I believe him so, and therefore do I think it best among his friends, among his friends this mighty charge to test!

CHORUS.

That course is best, that course, that course is best,
CORRIGAN.

Oh, certainly, a clever plan,

we find the truth but lose the man,

we find the truth

but lose the man, while here we learnedly debate.

he'll

slip away as sure as fate, while here we learnedly debate.

he'll

slip away as sure as fate, he'll slip away as sure as fate, he'll
slip away, he'll slip, he'll slip away as sure as fate, as sure as fate!

(to the soldiers.) quick, search the house! This outrage must we

bear? The law requires, the law requires— My sleeping-room is

there! With deep regret— Yet, madam, yet our duty we must

do, you see! Enough, enough, here take the
CORRIGAN.

key!  (She had it, she had it, in that chamber he must be, she

Allegro agitato come prima.

had it, she had it, in that chamber he must be (exit with soldiers.)

MRS. CREGAN.

(He's fled, he's fled, they come too late,

the chamber they will search in vain!)

ANN CHUTE.

This is not justice, this is hate, al-

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney.—(244)
-though respect for law they feign!

Soprano:

This is not justice, this is hate, although respect for law they feign!

Contralto:

This is not justice, this is hate, although respect for law they feign!

Tenor:

This is not justice, this is hate, although respect for law they feign!

Bass:

This is not justice, this is hate, although respect for law they feign!

Mrs. Cregan:

His voice, his voice! I'm

Soprano & Contralto:

-though respect for law they feign!

The Royal Edition— "The Lily of Killarney," (245)
(enter Corrigan.)

paralyz'd with fear.

CORRIGAN.

Be hold, be hold the pris'ner

ANN CHUTE.

Its worst let hate and ma lice

MRS. CREGAN.

My son, my boy, oh, more....... than ev er

O'MOORE.

Their worst let them who hate him

CORRIGAN.

here! The law of fended claims its

Soprani e Contralti.

Its worst let hate nd ma lice

Tenori.

Its worst let hate and ma lice

Bassi.

Its worst let hate and ma lice

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(216)
do, kind friends will still be firm and true, what
dear, my son, oh, more than ever dear, what
do, his friends will still be firm and true, what
due, while justice feeds my vengeance

do, your friends will still be firm and true, what
do, your friends will still be firm and true, what
do, your friends will still be firm and true, what

e'er misfortune may befall, by you he's
e'er misfortune may befall, by you he's
e'er misfortune may befall, he can re-
too, oh, when he spurn'd me from this hall I swore his

e'er misfortune may befall, really up -
e'er misfortune may befall, really up -
e'er misfortune may befall, really up -

The Royal Edition.—“The Lily of Killarney.”—(247)
hon'ry'd, thanks to all, its worst let hate...... and

hon'ry'd, thanks to all, its worst let hate...... and
oly up on them all, their worst let hate and ma-lie do,

pride should have a fall,
the

on us one and all, its worst let hate and

on us one and all, its worst let hate and

on us one and all, its worst let hate and

ma-lie do, kind friends........... he stands ab-solv'd, ab-

ma-lie do, kind friends........... he stands ab-solv'd, ab-

his friends will still........... be firm........... and

law of-fend-ed claims its due while jus-tice feeds my ven-

ma-lie do, your friends........... your friends...........

ma-lie do, your friends........... your friends...........

ma-lie do, your friends........... your friends...........

The Royal Edition.—“The Lily of Killarney.”—243
-solv-ed by you, what-e'er mis-
-solv'd by you, what-e'er mis-
true, his friends will be firm and true, what-e'er mis-
-geance, feeds my ven-geance too, oh, when he

...will still be firm and true, what-e'er mis-
...will still be firm and true, what-e'er mis-
...will still be firm and true, what-e'er mis-

-fortune may be-fall, by you he's hon-or'd,
-fortune may be-fall, by you he's hon-or'd,
-fortune may be-fall, he can re-ly up-

spurn'd me from this hall I swore his pride should
-fortune may be-fall, re-ly up-on us
-fortune may be-fall, re-ly up-on us
-fortune may be-fall, re-ly up-on us

"The Royal Edition," "The Lily of Killarney."—(246)
thank you all!

thank you all!
on them all!

have a fall!

one and all!

one and all!

one and all!

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(250)
No. 22.  

**Myles.**  
*Allegro.*

**FINALE.**

Stop, stop!

to put an end to every thing, a witness

most infallible I bring, who'll prove;

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(251)
who'll prove the Colleen Bawn not dead at all, the Colleen

Bawn not dead at all, yes, yes, herself I

Hardress.

call, herself I call! My Colleen Bawn, my

love, my wife, oh, welcome, welcome

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(252)
back... to life!

Soprano.

1mi e 2di Contralti.

The Colleen Bawn, his

O'Moore coi 1mi e 2di Tenor.

The Colleen Bawn, his lovely wife, oh, welcome,

Hyland, Father Tom co/ 1mi e 2di Bassi.

The Colleen Bawn, his

love-ly wife, oh, welcome, welcome back... to

welcome back to life, oh, welcome, welcome back to

welcome back to life, oh, welcome, welcome back to

love-ly wife, oh, welcome, welcome back to

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(253)
life, the Colleen Bawn, his lovely life, the Colleen Bawn, his lovely wife, oh, welcome, welcome back to life, the Colleen Bawn, his lovely wife, oh, welcome, welcome back to life, the Colleen Bawn, his lovely wife, oh, welcome, welcome back to life, the Colleen Bawn, his lovely wife, oh, welcome, welcome back to life!

wife, oh, welcome, welcome back to life!

life, oh, welcome, welcome back to life!

life, oh, welcome, welcome back to life!

life, oh, welcome, welcome back to life!

wife, oh, welcome, welcome back to life!

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—254)
There's happiness in plenty,

and to spare, but still there's none for me;... this is not fair!

Not alone you'll have to sigh, a victim

like yourself am I,

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(255)
love I don't repent, if she is happy

ANN CHUTE.

I'm.... content! From you a lesson

I will learn, nor your humble

teaching spurn, ....... I've lost a husband, found .... a friend, may both prove true, may both prove true unto the

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(256)
end!
Soprani e Contralti.

A... cloudless... day at last... will... dawn up -

Tenori e Bassi.

A... cloudless... day at last... will... dawn up -

- on... the... hapless colleen Bawn, up-on the hapless
- on... the... hapless colleen Bawn, up-on the hapless

Colleen Bawn, up-on the Colleen Bawn!

Colleen Bawn, up-on the Colleen Bawn!

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(257)
RONDO FINALE

Allegro con spirito, tempo di Valse.

Eily.

By sorrow tried severely, happiness I.

...... find at last, the future gleams so clearly, in

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(258)
darkness seems the past, by sorrow tried severe, happiness I... find at last, the future severe, happiness you find at last, severe, happiness you find at last, in darkness seems the past!
yet calm thyself, fond heart, and in thy

gladness forget not thy sadness, yet calm

thyself, fond

we think the sun most bright

when freed from night we hail his light, we

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(260)
hail... his light... we hail, we hail his light,...

Soprani e Contralti.

Freed from night, we hail the light!

Tenori.

Freed from night, we hail the light!

Bassi.

We hail the light!

hail...

Sopraní e Contralti.

We hail, we hail...

Tenori e Bassi.

We hail, we hail...

his... light, we hail his light,

the... light, we hail the light,

the... light, we hail the light,

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(262)
we hail his light, we
we hail the light, we
we hail the light, we

hail.......... his.......... light!
hail.......... the.......... light!
hail.......... the.......... light!

Sea

Sea

Sea

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(263)  END OF THE OPERA.
Andantino.

DUET.

LILY.

Why, am not I thy guardian, dear, when danger's near, my love? when I am by no spell nor charm can work thee harm, my love! didst thou but sigh my

MYLES.

rail. e dim. assai.

rail. dim. p tempo. cresc.

rail. dim. p tempo. cresc.

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(264)
rall, e dim. assai.

heart would burn thy grief to learn, my love; . . . . . . they say the

sky guards all below, I'll guard thee, too, my love! . . . . . . . . .

still do not fear where'er thou art, thou'rt next my heart, my

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(385)
love,

near, to thee near, by e'en a thought can I be

if thou shouldst hear the breezes

brought, my love,

sigh, think I am nigh, my love,

shouldst thou appear

in dreams to me, I'd haste to thee, my love, shouldst thou ap-

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(286)
hear the breeze sigh, think I am near, my love!

PEAR in dreams to me, I'd haste to thee, my love!

why, am not I thy guardian, dear, when danger's near, my love?

when I am by nor spell nor charm can work thee harm, my love, didst thou but sigh my heart would

The Royal Edition,—"The Lily of Killarney."—(267)
burn thy grief to learn, my love; they say the sky
burn thy grief to learn, my love; they say the sky guards

guards all below, I'll guard thee, too, my love, why, am not

I thy guardian, dear, when danger's near, my love?
I thy guardian, dear, when danger's near, my love?

The Royal Edition,—"The Lily of Killarney." (208)
Repeat first 24 bars of Hornpipe.

The Royal Edition.—"The Lily of Killarney."—(271)
The Royal Edition.—“The Lily of Killarney.”—(272)