Brian Boru.

Romantic Opera

in Three Acts.

WORDS BY

STANISLAUS STANGE.

MUSIC BY

JULIAN EDWARDS.

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY.

CINCINNATI, NEW YORK, CHICAGO.
CAST.

Irish Characters.

BRIAN BORU, Ireland's Champion..................................MAX EUGENE.
O'DONOVAN, His Foster Brother..................................SAMUEL J. SLADE.
O'CONNOR, His Standard Bearer..................................BRUCE PAGET.
ERINA, O'Connor's Sister...........................................GRACE GOLDEN.
O'REILLY, An Irish Chieftain......................................FRED M. MARSTON.
JOHNNY DEGAN, O'Hara's Rival......................................JOHN C. SLAVIN.
BABY MALONE, The Child of a Giant..................................AMELIA SUMMERVILLE.
MONA, O'Connor's Retriever.........................................HELEN BRACKETT.
FAIRY QUEEN, The Spirit of Ireland................................LOUISE MARGOT.
BANSHEE........................................................................ANNIE CAMERON.
PAT O'ARA, Brian's Benchman..........................................RICHARD F. CARROLL.

English Characters.

ELFRIEDA, An English Princess......................................AMANDA FABRIS.
LORD EDWARD, Commander of the English Forces...............GEORGE O'CONNELL.
FIZZ-STEPHEN, A Knight..............................................TOM RICKETTS.
ERBERT, Edward's Envy................................................ANDREW J. LYNAM.
OSWALD, An English Monk.............................................FRED SUMMERFIELD.
HEERALD, Standard Bearer............................................JOHN HENDRICK.
ATHELSTONE, A Messenger............................................OLIVER NORMAN.

Fairies, Witches, Irish Warriors, English Knights, Monks,
Maids of Honor, Irish Colleens, etc.

ACT I.

SCENE, Wicklow Hills. (St. Kevin's Keep R. Malone's Cottage L.)
TIME—Midnight.

ACT II.

SCENE, Great Hall of Dublin Castle. (English Headquarters.)
TIME—Noon of the following day.

ACT III.

SCENE I., Irish Camp outside of Dublin. TIME—Afternoon of same day.
SCENE II., Old Dublin Street. (St. Patrick's Church and View of Dublin Bay)
TIME—Same.

Produced under the management of.........................E. C. WHITNEY.
Stage Director..........................................................JOHN E. NASH.
Director of Music.....................................................JULIAN EDWARDS.
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Act I.

No. 1. Introduction.

Andante.

SOP.  

ALTO.  

(Tenors unseen.)  

TEN.  

BASS.  

The world is dreaming, the stars are gleaming, the moonlight is dreaming, the stars are gleaming, the moonlight.
streaming, the birds are still. The dew is

weeping, the day is sleeping in silence sleeping

old Wicklow Hill The world is dreaming. The stars are
gleam-ing, the moon-light streaming on old Wicklow Hill!

Allegretto.

FAIRY QUEEN.

From hill and dale, from till and vale, From
out each rocky mountain, from forest shade, from sylvan glade, and
ev’ry flowing fountain. Come! ye spirits of the air!

Haste! Your presence here declare. In the pale moon’s silver
lightCelebrate each mystic
CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

Allegro.

SOPHIE.

Merry laughter now shall ring; Fairy voices sweetly sing;

SOPHIE.

Merry laughter now shall ring; Fairy voices sweetly sing;

Allegro.

p

Tiny feet come gaily skipping, Lightly on the moonbeams tripping;

Allegro.

p

Tiny feet come gaily skipping, Lightly on the moonbeams tripping;
Singing, dancing, hand in hand, Music of the fairy band. Here we weave our magic spell. Here the fate of man foretell.
(Enter fairies in groups from different entrances.)

Soprano:

From hill and dale!

Alto:

From rill and vale!

(Notation of musical composition follows.)
(Enter Witches and Leprechauns.)

CHORUS OF WITCHES AND LEPRECHAUNS.

TEXT:

From out each rocky mountain, Speeding on the wings of night,

BASS:

O - - wi! O - - wi! Guided by fair

Luna's light, Hither have we come!
Allegretto.

FAIRY QUEEN.

From forest glade, From sylvan shade, And ev'ry flowing fountain,

SOP. pp

ALTO.

From forest glade, From ev'ry flowing fountain, Waft-ed

TEN. pp

From forest glade, From ev'ry flowing fountain, Waft-ed

BASS. pp

Allegretto.

PF

Waft-ed in a golden car, Driven by a shining star.

in a golden car, Driven by a shining star.

in a golden car, Driven by a shining star.
Waft - ed in a gold - en ear,  Hith - er, hith-er
Waft - ed, waft - ed in a gold - en ear,  in a
Waft - ed in a gold - en ear,  in a gold - en
Waft - ed, waft - ed in a golden

have we come,  Driv - en by a shin - ing star,
gold - en ear,  Driven by a shin - ing
car,  Driv - en by a shining star,
waft - ed in a gold - en ear,  Driv - en by a
Allegretto.

Hither, hither have we come.

Star, Hither have we come.

Hither have we come.

Shining star, Hither have we come.

Allegretto.
SOP.

Here to

ALTO.

Here to

TEN.

Here to

BASS.

re - vel in our art. Till the shades of night de - part. Here to

re - vel in our art. Till the shades of night de - part. Here to

re - vel in our art. Till the shades of night de - part. Here to

f
laugh the hours away, dancing till the break of day.

Here we revel in our art, 'Till the shades of night depart, Here to laugh the hours away,

Here we revel in our art, Till the shades of night depart, Here to laugh the hours away,
Dancing till the break of day, Here we revel in our art, Till the shades of night depart,
Dancing till the break of day, Here we revel in our art, Till the shades of night depart,
Here to laugh the hours a-way, Dancing till the break of day.
dawn is near, That the sun is coming here, Then we spirits disappear.

dawn is near, That the sun is coming here, Then we spirits disappear.

dawn is near, That the sun is coming here, Then we spirits disappear.

dawn is near, That the sun is coming here, Then we spirits disappear.

cresc.
Un poco meno mosso.

FAIRY QUEEN.

The night is dying,

Ha ha, Ha ha,

Ha ha, Ha ha,

Ha ha, Ha ha,

Ha ha, Ha ha,

SOP. and ALTO.

Our duty must be

dying, the night is dying.

done. Ere the coming of the sun.——

Our duty must be done. Ere the
coming of the sun.

Ha-ra, we summon thee, we summon thee, O Ha-ra, O

QUEEN.

Henchman of great Brian Boru, Thou art honest,

Ha-ra!
faithful, true, Ireland now has need of you, We summon thee, O'Harra!

O'HARA (outside)

Here's a health to Michael

Fenney's aunt, An I'll tell ye the reason why, She ails because she's
hungry, an' dhrinks be-kase she's dry.

(Fairies disappear as O’Hara enters.)

(Chorus outside very pp)

SOPFS. & ALTOS. Here’s a health to Michael

ppp
Fenney's aunt, an' I'll tell ye the reason why; She

ates be-kase she's hun-ry, an' drinks be-kase she's
dry. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Tempo di Valse.
(Enter Fairies.)
HA'RA, O HA'RA, WE WELCOME THEE, WE WELCOME THEE, O'

Moderato.

FAIRY QUEEN.

If one word by thee be spoken,

HA'RA, O HA'RA!

we must vanish,
y by this token we thy silence now com-

mand. Speechless thou in Fairy-land,
SOP and ALTO.

We thy silence now command, Speech less thou in Fairy land.

FAIRY QUEENS.

When thou shalt wake, this will seem

The idle fancy of a dream;

But this remember, bear in mind, Be-

side thee, when awake, thou'lt find An instrument whose melody Shall
help to set old Ireland free.

An instrument whose melody Shall

FAIRE QUEEN.

Though mute its voice till danger falls

help to set old Ireland free.

When Erin sings of "Ta-ras Halls" Then draw the bow across the strings and

music borne on fairy wings Shall those who hear it so entrance, That
while thou play - est all must dance;

CHORUS.

Shall those who hear it so en-trance

BANSHEE, (unseen)

Werra weh, werra weh, werra, werra, werra

that while thou play - est all must dance.

FAIRY QUEEN.

The Ban - sheel! the Ban - sheel!

(Fairies vanish.)

VOICES OF THE AIR.

TEN.

Bri-an! Bri-an! Bri-an! The voices of the air, bid thee beware.

BRIAN BORU.

Who calls on Brian?

Brian! Brian! Brian!
SOP.  Eiffri-dal' (Echo P)

TEN.  Eiffri-dal' (Echo pp)

BASS.  Eiffri-dal' (Echo ppp)

'Tis but the echo of the hill, Dying like weak Bri-ans

will, Neath the magic of Eiffri-dal's name. Eiffri-dal!'
Go where I will, do what I may, My heart for-
fri-da!
PPP
El-fri-da!

ev-er leads the way, To where, in old St. Kev-in's Keep, The fair El-

BANSHEE.

fri-da lies a-sleep.

Wor-ra weh,

wor-ra weh, wer-ra, we-ra, we-ra weh The Banshee warns thee of to-

rit.
morrow, Warns thee of the coming sorrow; In thy hands lies Ireland's fate, Heed the warning ere too late. From this English Princess part, Cast thy love from out thy heart. Erin's heart is all thine own, Let thy love be hers alone. Oh, beware! (vanishes) Un poco Allegro.

Oh, beware! wer-ra, wer-ra, wer-ra, web! BRIAN 'Ts true, all true.
Lost to duty, Spell bound by Frida's beauty!

Yet from her love I cannot part, nor tear her image from my heart. Tis vain to try. 'Twere easier to die than live without Frida's love, without El-
ERINA.

Brian! Brian! Brian!

Rida's love.

BANSHEE.

Erina's voice.

shame; To thee she offers Ireland's crown, Dis-honored be thy name.

If thou dost fail to keep thine oath To country and to
love. Dis-pised by all on earth thou'lt be, accursed by all a-

Allegro. (Banshee and vision of Erin vanish.)

bove. BRIAN.

E-rin-a, E-rin-a!

Brian's name by all accursed? No! No! No! No! No!

Maestoso.

No! No! Hear, ye voices of the night, I

(Trass.)

swear, I swear to thee, Brian shall set all Ireland free, shall
(Exit.)

set all Ireland free!

CHORUS. SOP.

slethber scorn-ing. The god of morn-ing is

slethber scorn-ing. The god of morn-ing is

slethber scorn-ing. The god of morn-ing is

now a-dorn-ing old Wick-low Hill.

now a-dorn-ing old Wick-low Hill.

now a-dorn-ing old Wick-low Hill.
No. 2. Song. "I'm a Giant's little Baby."

Allegro Moderato.

BABY.

1. Now if I wuz to tell ye, The
tin-der age of me, You wuz-n't cease to wond'ro, That a

2. But though I am an in-fant, Not

long come from a-bove, OI feel this ve-ry in-stant, OI'm big enough to love! No

infant had such tres-ses, Such teeth wuz ni-ver seen. If it wuzn't fer me dresses, Ye'd

man yet call'd me "Tootay!" But ei felt a thrill of bliss, An' want to call him "Wootay, An'
BABY.

take me for sixteen, O - bone! O - bone!

kiss, an' kiss, an' kiss!

O'HARA.

O - bone!

girl's little baby, Me fay - ther is Ma - bone... Ol'm

just a lit - tle baby, Tho' a tri - fle o - ver - growe, An'

An'
O'm too young to marry, That's why I live alone,

Weight for age to carry Has the daughter av Malone.

O'hone!

O'm the daughter av Malone!

O'hone! She's the daughter av Malone!
No. 3. Song. "The Irish Patriot."

Andante.

ÓCONNOR.

'Twas a glorious day and the fight was done, When a soldier

trembling hands to the red earth fell, He gathered the

fell on the field he'd won; He fell where he fought, his
leaf he loved so well, 'Twas Ireland's emblem, his

sword in his hand, And dived where he fell for his native
fingers grasped, And the shamrock close to his heart he
land, But braver soldier never was seen, for
chased, Thus holding tightly the sprig of green, then

firmly grasping his little cruiskeen, And though his
draining dry his little cruiskeen, He life less

life's blood stained the earth, he drank this toast, "To the
sank up on the earth, and smiling died for the

pause 20 time.

land of my birth."
then his

land of his birth.
No 4. a) March and Chorus: "We are the guardians of Beauty."

Allegro brillante.

(Knights of the Red Branch enter.)

**BASSES.**

*We are the guardians of beauty.*
watch our El - fri - das our duty, though loy - al to our

land, the Princess doth com - mand. Our hom - age for her youth and

MONKS.
(TEN)

We are the monks of St. Kevin, we're all at six - ts and

beau - ty.

seven - s. The Princess doth be - guile, with her fas - ci - na - ting smile, the
men a-dore, Bow down be-f ore El-fri-

da Charm like thine was nev-er seen, Thou dost

da Charm like thine was nev-er seen, Thou dost

da Charm like thine was nev-er seen, Thou dost

never seen, Thou dost

never seen, Thou dost
reign, fair beauty's queen. They who kneel before thy throne,
reign, fair beauty's queen. They who kneel before thy throne,
reign, fair beauty's queen. They who kneel before thy throne,
reign, fair beauty's queen. They who kneel before thy throne.

Live for thee, and thee alone. El-
Live for thee, and thee alone. El-
Live for thee alone. El-
Live for thee and thee alone. El-
Frida! Frida! All men adore,
Frida! Frida! All men adore,
Frida! Frida! All men adore,

Dore, bow down before,
Dore, bow down before,
Dore, bow down before,

All men bow
All men bow
All men bow
b) Song. "The Heart's richest Dower."

ELFRIDA.

Tempo di Valse.

No gold can
As old as

Boy,
Nor jewels rare,
One tender sigh of
time,
Yet always new,
In every clime its

Maids fair,
No crown of Kings,
No treasure
Blossoms grew,
For love was sown,
In heart of

trove,
Such joy e'er brings, as love, sweet love,
man,
And there has grown since life began.
The love that gives and asks not why,
That
The dearest theme, the greatest bliss,
Of

Love e'er lives, it cannot die. That love consumes,
Youth's fair dream, is love's first kiss. When soul seeks

tore all else as naught, and fills two souls with
Soul and heart joins heart. One perfect whole. That

but one thought. Love! Love! the heart's richest dow

Love! Love! the soul's fairest flow'r, Love! Love! the world's greatest pow'r, is Love! sweet Love!

Ah!

SOP. and ALTO.

Love! Love! the heart's richest dower. Love! Love! the TEN.

Love! Love! the heart's richest dower. Love! Love! the BASS.

Love! Love! the heart's richest dower. Love! Love! the
Ah!

The world's greatest

soul's fairest flow'r.

Love! Love! the world's greatest pow'r is

soul's fairest flow'r, Love! Love! the world's greatest pow'r is

f1st time.  2d time.

pow'r is Love. As old as Ah

Love! sweet Love. The

Love! sweet Love. The

Ah

world's greatest pow'r is love.

world's greatest pow'r is love.
Love, sweet love! Ah!

is love, sweet love! The

world's greatest pow'r is

world's greatest pow'r is
sweet Love!

Love,

sweet Love!

Love,

sweet Love!

stringendo.

O'CZOR.

No man escapes when once her path he's cross'd, Come,
Brian, he who hesitates is lost. Oswald. (To Elfride.)

If he go we fail in our endeavor, And Ireland's lost to England for-

Elfride.

Patience; he cannot leave, his heart is here. While he ever.

loves me, no cause for fear. Brian.

Allegro. Peace! I would speak with her.
(He comes down.)

Her charms compel. El-fri-da! Allegro.

To say farewell?

Brian comes to say farewell.

To say farewell. Brian comes to say farewell!

To say farewell. Brian comes to say farewell!

To say farewell. Brian comes to say farewell!

Bass, pp

To say farewell. Brian comes to say farewell!
Moderato.

Fare-thee-well, for we must sever, but

bids me part from thee. Fare-thee-well, fare-well for ever, from thy

spell I will be free. Thoughts of love now firmly spurning, Thee I

banish from my heart. From thy charms to duty turning, Hence I sadly must de-
ELFRIDA.

part.
From thy charms to duty turning, I sadly must de-

deemed of friends the dearest, All must end as thou hast said... Thou dost

part.

frown, to stay thou fearest? Then depart; thy love is

Say farewell or thou canst never for thy duty's call be

BRIAN.

Fare thee -
dead, Then de-part, then de-part, thy
free. Say fare-well farewell, for-ev-er, By thy
well. We must sev-er, Du-ty

love is dead.
conscience guided be. Hear the cry, break from her spell,
bids me part from thee. Fare-thee-well, we must part,

Hear the cry that, onward lead-ing, Bids thee break from beauty's

Hear the cry that, onward lead-ing, Bids thee break from beauty's

Hear the cry that, onward lead-ing, Bids thee break from beauty's

pp
Thee I deemed of friends the dearest, All must
end as thou hast
hear the cry, say Farewell. Hear the cry,
Fare thee well, We must part. Say farewell,
spell, Friendship's counsel not unheeding. To El -
spell, Friendship's counsel not unheeding. To El -
spell, Friendship's counsel not unheeding. To El -
say farewell, To El - fri - da say fare -
say farewell. To El - fri - da say fare -
say farewell. To El - fri - da say fare -
All must end as thou hast said, All end as thou hast said,
All must end as thou hast said, All end as thou hast said,
All must end as thou hast said, All end as thou hast said,
hence I sadly must depart, I sadly must de-
well. To El - fri - da say fare - well. Oh, say fare - well, fare -
well. To El - fri - da say fare - well. Oh, say fare - well, fare -
well. To El - fri - da say fare - well. Oh, say fare - well, fare -
hence I sadly must depart, I sadly must de-
decresc. dimin. rit.
(Elfrida goes toward the Kepp and at sign # turns to Brian and says "Brian")
No. 5. Song. "Theres a lad that I know."

Allegretto non troppo.

There's a lad that I know, and I know that he speaks softly to me, the whispered question one day in my ear, when he breathed it, oh dear; how I

un poco rit. a tempo

cush-la ma-chree. He's as straight as a rush, and as bright as a stream that trembled with fear. What the question he asked was I need not confess, oh, his

rit. a tempo

round it doth gleam, Oh! of him how I dream! He's the pride of my heart, and he tender care, sure my answer was "Yes." His breath is so sweet, oh, the

rit.
loves me well. But who the lad is, I'm not going to tell. Then
roost is less! But how I found out, why I leave you to guess. Now

say is he a sol-dier? And what may he
what should he be do-ing? And what did he

be?______
say?______

Listen an' I'll tell ye,
Listen an' I'll tell ye,

The man for me.
Some o-ther day.
No. 6. Duet. “There's a picture in my heart.”

Moderato.

O'ZONOVAN.

There's a picture in my heart, that naught shall ever displacethere's a picture in my

heart, of a young and lovey face, of a
ERINA.

There's a picture in my young and lovely face...

heart of a manly face and true. There's a

picture in my heart of all I once deemed you.

Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, then you have for-
Ne'er call me Ma-vour-nee, 'tis you have for-
got-ten.

You have forgot ten the friend of your child-
hood, the

sweet-ness of truth.

sweet-ness of truth. There's a song within my heart— A

song of youth and joy, but that sweet song has ne'er been
sung since we were girl and boy, since we were girl and boy.

There's a song within my heart, Its music now is pain. That song of faith and trust in thee Shall ne'er be sung again.

Ma-vour-nee, Ma-vour-nee, then you have for-
N'èr call me Ma-voir-neen, 'tis you have for-got-ten.

You have for-got-ten then you have forgot-ten the friend of your child-hood, the sweet-ness of truth.

Allegretto.

SOP. and ALT.

We're simple Irish colleens. Though fond of war-like joys. For our husbands are, our sweet hearts, are.
Ireland's sojer bhoys, Ah! Ah!

At present they're not fightin'; No

glory do they reap. They gared the English

Princess, In old St Kevins keep. Ah!
Ah!

But whin the sun is shining, and the night gives place to day, Shure thin their work is o'er. An' the bhoys come out to play. Come out to kiss their col-kins. They niv-er miss a chance. To join their I-rish
Were simple Irish
sweet-hearts in a good old Irish dance, But when the sun is
col-lects, Though fond of war-like joys, For our husbands and our
shin-ing, The night gives place to day, Sure, thin their work is
sweet-hearts are fre-ends so yer bhoys, At present they're not
over an the bhoys come out to play... Come out to kiss their
fightin. No glories do they reap. They guard the English colleen, They never miss a chance. To join their Irish

Princess I saw St. Kevin's keep.
sweethearts in a good Irish dance.
No. 8. Song. "Paddy's legs."

"Oh, me name is Pat O'Hara, An' O'Gráin bothered wid me legs. 'Tis me lift one gives me thruble, An' that's worse than twinty plagues. For O'll tell yez all the ray-son, Thin the mat-ter ye can sift, Me
Right leg is a daisy, But the devil's in me lift.

Ho, ho, ho, ho, yis the

ÓHARA.

Now Ol want ter do me dooty; An Ol z-her-it fum my fay-ther, This most dev-il's in his lift.

Iv-ry day start in; For this leg is a Chris-tian, Though quare un-righteous walk; He lost his lift leg air-ly, An'

this is full of sin, Straight to Church on Sun-day morn-in', Shure me had one made of cork, Thin it led him to the bot-tle, Jist as
roight leg goes to pray. Oh, but when Oi reach the dure-way, Why me na-tural as could be, But al-tho' he's dead an' bur-ied, Some

a tempo

lift leg runs a-way. Oh, me name is Pat O'Hara, An' Oll'm cork still lives in me.

bo-thered wid me legs! Tis me lift wan gives me thru-ble, An' that's

worse nor twin-ty plagues, An' Oll'll tell yez all the ray-son, Thin the
matter ye can sift, Me roight leg is a daisy, But the div'il's in me lift.

CHORUS.

Ho, ho, ho, ho, yis, the div'il in his lift.

I & 2 time.

2 O' in 3 Iv'ry time I pass a cab-een, where the whiskey strong is sott, Me wanst I knew a col-leen, A rose without a thorn. She
right leg walks by quickly, but the lift leg holds "bolt!" For we're me darlin' sweetheart, the finest colleen born. Oi

It's a rare old toper, An' never stops to think, un
lis her to the altar, Me right leg full av pride, but me

Til the bottle's impety, that me right leg doesn't drink. Ah! me
lift leg wouldn't marry And so I lost me bride.

Name is Pat 'O' Hara, An' O'film bothered wid me legs, 'Tis me
lift wan gives me thruble, An' thot's worse nor twinty plagues, An' O'll

tell yez all the ray-son, Thin the mat-ter ye can sif, Me

rught leg is a dai-sy, but the div-ils in me lift.

Ho, ho, ho, ho, yin, the

Last time.

5. Shure

div-ils in his lift.
No. 9. Jig.

Allegro.
No. 10. Finale.

Allegro maestoso.

\[ \text{TEN.} \quad f \]

Strike the harp, raise the

\[ \text{BASS.} \quad f \]

voice, sing the song of great Bri-an. And oft the rapt bard the glad
theme shall re-
ew; In peace mild and bounteous, In battle a
li-
on, In the hearts of his peo-
ple lives Bri-an Bor-
u. How

off to the con-
bat of Ire-
land so glori-
os, un-
daurt-ed to

shiled her the bo-
ro quick flew, How oft crowned with con-
quest, re-
tuming victorious, We hailed Erice Champion, great Brian Boru.

On Tara's famed plains when by myriads surrounded, Bright

gleamed his broad falchion, his javelin straight flew, Till the foes of our

isle, with pale terror confounded, Bowed their necks to the victor, great
Brian Boru.

In peace mild and bounteous, in battle a

Then

lion, in the hearts of his people lives Brian Boru.

soldiers of Erin remember great Brian, still

valiant and brave his example pursue; May you equal in
val - or the lord of the li - on, And ri - val in glo - ry great

un poco

Bri - an Bor - u.

rit.

in peace mild and bounteous, In bat - tle a

off a tempo

li - on, In the hearts of his peo - ple lives Bri - an Bor - u.
Meno mosso.
(Dialogue continues.)

Love! Love! The heart’s richest dower, Love!
Love: the soul's fairest flower. Love! Love! Love!

world's great-est pow'r is love, sweet love.

Allegro.

O'DONOVAN. (spoken) "Lord Brian!" (BRIAN) O'Donovan!

O'CONNOR! O'calling! an armed hand! What means this rude intrusion?
(ODONOVAN.) We have determined that Ireland shall no longer drift a rudderless ship on

the cruel sea of chance. This we who live for our country will no longer abide.

(BRAN.) We? Are you spokesman for all here?

(ALL.) Not (O'CONNOR.) He speaks for himself alone!

Allegro non troppo.

ODONOVAN.

This is no time for senseless quarrels, No time to

rest — no half won laurels. While I risk soldiers
are disband - ing, Troops from Eng - land now are land - ing,

BRIAN.

IRISH CHARACTER AND CHORUS.

If this be true,

Troops from Eng - land here are land - ing.

Troops from Eng - land here are land - ing.

I swear to you, The faith - less Brit - tish horde I'll

not forgive, Not one shall live, I swear it by my sword.
IRISH PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS.

SOP.

[Music notation]

ALT.
Great Brian, bear, And set Elfrida free. Drive the

TEN.
Great Brian, bear, And set Elfrida free. Drive the

BASS.
Great Brian, bear, And set Elfrida free, Drive the

English to the sea. Sound our trumpets, beat the drums, shout a-

English to the sea. Sound our trumpets, beat the drums, shout a-

English to the sea. Sound our trumpets, beat the drums, shout a-

ELFRIDA.

The blot now cast on Edward

loud, Great Brian comes.

loud, Great Brian comes.

loud, Great Brian comes.
name. This slur on his repute is spoken. When he
is not by the slander to reflect. Sopr. ff
Alto. Great Brian,
Tenor. Great Brian,
Bass. Great Brian,

hear. And set Elfrida free. Drive the English to the sea.
hear. And set Elfrida free. Drive the English to the sea.
hear. And set Elfrida free. Drive the English to the sea.
Sound our trum-pets, beat the drums, shout a-loud, great Bri-an comes.

REIAN

O'DONOVAH.  
Si-lente! 'Tis I com-mand!

Bri-an, This is our com-mand.

Tempo di Marcia.
Moderato.

Robert

Lord Edward greeting sends, And deeply does deplore His ship's unready state requires three days more. Within that time he will embark, Set sail for England's shore. It cannot from your fame detract, Your
mercy we implore. O'DONOVAN.

If I possessed Lord Brian's


power, Not one day more, No not one hour.

No, not one day

IRISH PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS.

No!

ENGLISH PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS.

Your mercy we im-
ELFRIDA.

EGBERT.

ÓDONOVAN.

IRISH PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS.

SOP.

ALTO.

TEK.

BASS.

ENGLISH PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS.

TEN.

BASS.

CRESC.
Ah!

ful, we implore, we implore.

mer-ciful no more, Be mer-ciful no more, no more.

SOP. Not an hour, Not a day, Not an hour, Not a day, No!

ALTO. Not an hour, Not a day, Not an hour, Not a day, No!

TEN. Not an hour, Not a day, Not an hour, Not a day, No!

BASS. mer-ciful no more, no more.

ful, we implore, we implore.

BASS.
Agitato.

ELFRIDA.

Do not from me cold-ly turn, hear my ap-peal, Nay, do not frown, nor

look so stern. Nought I con-ceal. To please El-fri-da let

"Yes, be your re- ply, Then you may ask what e'er you will, I'll

not de-ny.

ÓHARA.

Share Oireland's in dan-ger, He's going to say "yes,"
ri-na with thee rests ould Ire-land's true fate, For lost to us all is our
ri-na with thee rests ould Ire-land's true fate, For lost to us all is our
ri-na with thee rests ould Ire-land's true fate, For lost to us all is our

ERINA.

un poco meno mosso

Within your

Brian the Great.

Brian the Great.

Brian the Great.

heart enshrined, Lies your people and your land,
None here so well divined, None so well could understand. As the Irish girl who loves you.

The temptation that you feel, But she knows you'll cast it from you, for your heart is true as steel.
ELFRIDA.

ERINA.

It is but

As true as steel...

IRISH CHORUS.

SOP.

ALTO. For his heart is true as steel...

TEN.

For his heart is true as steel...

BASS.

For his heart is true as steel.

ENGLISH CHORUS.

TEN.

BASS. It is but
ELFRIDA.

three days more. Your mercy we implore.

ERINA.

Your trust they'll abuse, Your...

ÓCONNOR.

Your trust they'll abuse.

ÓREILLY.

Your trust they'll abuse.

Ó'DONWAN.

Your trust they'll abuse, Your trust they'll a-

EGBERT.

Your mercy we implore.

IRISH CHORUS.

Your trust they'll abuse. Your...

No!

No!

No!

ENGLISH PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS.

three days more. Your mercy we implore,
Grant this boon, don't refuse,

trust they'll abuse,

Grant this boon, don't refuse,

trust they'll abuse,

Grant this boon, don't refuse,

trust they'll abuse,

Grant this boon, don't refuse,

trust they'll abuse,
boon, don't refuse. Love! Love! the heart's richest
Bri-an, your trust they'll abuse.
Bri-an, set El-frida free,
Bri-an, refuse. Bri-an, set El-frida free,
Bri-an, your trust they'll abuse. Bri-an, set El-frida,
boon, don't refuse. Bri-an 'tis but three days
Refuse. Bri-an, set El-frida
Bri-an, your trust they'll abuse. Bri-an,
boon, don't refuse. 'Tis but three days
rit.
Love! Love! the soul's fairest flow'r. Love!

Fri-dan, free, Drive them to the sea.

Drive the English to the sea. Sound

free, Drive the English to the sea. Sound

more, Bri-an, 'tis but three days more. Grant

free. Drive the English to the sea. Beat

set El-fri-da free, Drive them to the sea.

set El-frida free, Drive the English to the sea. Shout

more, 'Tis but three days more, Grant
Love! the world's greatest pow'r is love, sweet love.

Drive the English to the sea,

the trumpet beat the drums, great Britain comes.

the trumpet beat the drums, great Britain comes.

trumpets, beat the drums, shout a loud, great Britain comes.

us this boon, Britain, don't refuse.

the drums, great Britain comes.

shout a loud, great Britain comes.

a loud, great Britain comes.

this boon don't refuse.
ERINA.

Too long that English flag our soil has desecrated.

This our Irish banner, to freedom consecrated.

IRISH PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS. Then raise our banner to the sky, And
SOP.

Shout a - loud our bat - tle cry. Re - e - cho ev - ry

ALTO.

Shout a - loud our bat - tle cry. Re - e - cho ev - ry

TEN.

Shout a - loud our bat - tle cry. Re - e - cho ev - ry

BASS.

Shout a - loud our bat - tle cry. Re - e - cho ev - ry

hill _ and erag. And bless our dear old I - rish flag.

hill and erag. And bless our dear old I - rish flag.

hill _ and erag. And bless our dear old I - rish flag.

hill and erag. And bless our dear old I - rish flag.
(Brian takes flag from O'Connor, plants it in the ground and kneels before it.)

BRIAN. Andante Maestoso.

Oh, flag of old Ireland, So dear to my soul, Proudly wave o'er us, Freedom thy goal.

Lead on to victory, We'll follow thy call, Nor rest till in combat Our
enemies fall, All tyranny shall perish, And bondage shall cease,
When gently wafted skyward Thy folds float in peace.
Green badge of Erin, Long mayst thou be
Standard of liberty, Flag of the
IRISH PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS.

Ezina and sop.

All tyr - an - ny shall per - ish and bond - age shall

O'Connor and ten.

All tyr - an - ny shall per - ish and bond - age shall

O'Reilly and bass.

All tyr - an - ny shall per - ish and bond - age shall

ENGLISH CHORUS.
ELFRIDA.

Danger now threatens, the lion a-wakes.

The

O'DONOHAN.

Danger now threatens, the lion a-wakes.

The

GERBERT.

Danger now threatens, the lion a-wakes.

The

cease, When gently wafted sky-ward, Thy folds float in

cease, When gently wafted sky-ward, Thy folds float in

cease, When gently wafted sky-ward, Thy folds float in

cease, When gently wafted sky-ward, Thy folds float in

Danger now threatens, the lion a-wakes.

The

Danger now threatens, the lion a-wakes.
spell is quite broken, My magical art

Ireland, Long mayst thou be
lost all its pow-er, O'er great Brian's heart.

Standard of lib-er-ty, Flag of the free.

lost all its pow-er, O'er great Brian's heart.

lost all its pow-er, O'er great Brian's heart.
EGBERT. un poco agitato.

Lord Brian, your answer ere I go.

BRIAN.

Say to Lord Edward this,

ELFRIDA.

Brian.

Brian answers, "No!" Tomorrow without
ELFRIDA.

BRIAN.

fail The English must set sail. Your

hostage I will return ere

EGBERT.

Tis impossible to leave so soon.

noun.
Grant us but a brief delay.
I have said not another day.

Before to-morrow has told its story, This flag of Dublin shall spread its
Danger now threat-ens, the li-on a-wakes.

bond-age shall cease when gen-tly waft-ed

Danger now threat-ens, the li-on a-wakes.

Danger now threat-ens, the li-on a-wakes.

Danger now threat-ens, the li-on a-wakes.

Danger now threat-ens, the li-on a-wakes.
Princess Elfri-da he wholly for-
sky-ward, thy folds float in peace.

The Princess Elfri-da he wholly for-
sky-ward, thy folds float in peace.
sky-ward, thy folds float in peace.
sky-ward, thy folds float in peace.

The Princess Elfri-da he wholly for-
sakes, The spell is quite broken, my magical art has

Green badge of Ireland long mayst thou

sakes, The spell is quite broken, her magical art has

Green badge of Ireland long mayst thou

sakes, The spell is quite broken, her magical art has

Green badge of Ireland long mayst thou

sakes, The spell is quite broken, her magical art has
lost all its pow-er, its pow-er, has lost all its pow-er o'er
be, Standard of lib-er-ty,
lost all its pow-er, its pow-er, has lost all its pow-er o'er
be, Standard of lib-er-ty,
lost all its pow-er, its pow-er, has lost all its pow-er o'er
be, Standard of lib-er-ty,
lost all its pow-er, its pow-er, has lost all its pow-er o'er
be, Standard of lib-er-ty,
Great Brian's heart, the lion awakes, and

Flag of the free, Flag of the

Great Brian's heart, the lion awakes, and

Flag of the free, Flag of the

Flag of the free, Flag of the

Flag of the free, Flag of the

Flag of the free, Flag of the

Great Brian's heart, the lion awakes, and

Great Brian's heart, the lion awakes, and
lost is all pow-er o'er great Bri-an's heart.

free. Flag of the free.

lost is all pow-er o'er great Bri-an's heart.

free. Flag of the free.

lost is all pow-er o'er great Bri-an's heart.

free. Flag of the free.

lost is all pow-er o'er great Bri-an's heart.

free. Flag of the free.

lost is all pow-er o'er great Bri-an's heart.

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free. Flag of the free.

lost is all pow-er o'er great Bri-an's heart.

free. Flag of the free.

lost is all pow-er o'er great Bri-an's heart.

free. Flag of the free.
Act II.

No 1. Introduction, Song and Chorus.

Allegretto non troppo.

1st TEN.

2nd TEN.

1st BASS.

Sing a merry roundelay: sing hey! sing ho!

2nd BASS.

Sing a merry roundelay: sing hey! sing ho!
Sing a merry roundelay; sing hey! sing hey!
Sing a merry roundelay; sing hey! sing hey!
Sing a merry roundelay; sing hey! sing hey!

ho! Bassus rules, here's to his sway, sing hey! sing ho!
hey! sing ho! Bassus rules here's to his sway, sing hey, sing ho, sing hey, sing ho!
lay, Sing a merry roundelay.
lay, Sing a merry roundelay.
Spurred Knights and men-at-arms, men-at-arms! drink deep!

Spurred Knights and men-at-arms, drink deep! drink deep!

Spurred Knights and men-at-arms, drink, drink deep!

Deep! Drink to love and war's alarms, war's alarms.

Drink to love and war's alarms, War's alarms.

Drink deep! Drink to love and war's alarms, drink deep! drink deep!

Drink to love and war's alarms, drink! drink!
(They drink)

larmo, drink deep! Drink!

larmo, drink deep! Drink!

deep! Drink deep! Drink!

Here's to the vine that gives good wine,

Here's to the vine that gives good wine,

Here's to the vine that gives good wine,

Here's to the vine that gives good wine,
b) Solo. "An Englishman's Toast."

Moderate con spirito.

**FITZ STEPHEN.**

1. An
2. An

English-man loves all good things to eat, His in-ter-est most
English-man fights till he wins or dies; But vic-to-ry or van-qui-ished he

kind-ly to treat; He loves a great haunch of beef well roast, but
lust-i-ly cries; The bat-tle is o-ver, come hur-ry, my host, I'm
better than all he loves a good toast, thirsting to give you an Englishman's toast."

**CHORUS TEN AND BASS.**

But better than all I'm thirsting to give you an Englishman's toast.

**FITZ.**

Here's the best toast; "Fight while you pray; eat and be merciful and
drink while you may, With a hey down der-ry, down der-ry, down dey!

der-ry down, der-ry down dey! Hey der-ry down der-ry down dey!

Here's his best toast, "fight while you pray;"
eat and be merry, and drink while you may:
With a hey down der-ry, down der-ry, down der-ry, down!
Hey der-ry, down der-ry, down der-ry, down der-ry, down der-ry, down der-ry, down.

Down der-ry, down der-ry, down der-ry, down der-ry, down der-ry, down der-ry, down der-ry, down der-ry, down der-ry, down.

dey!

dey!

2º time.
Un poco Allegro.

**Erina.**

The open gates, their ships at sea, but

signs of English treachery, 'Twas well I conquered maiden fear, for

(She starts to go.)

Brian must not venture here.

**Egbert.**

Nay, minstrel mine, you must not leave.
FITZ.

To lose thee now would deeply grieve!

Stay, minstrel stay!

---

EDWARD.

Too quickly earthly pleasures fleet, we

Here sing thy lay?

---
EDWARD.

cannot part with voice so sweet, here thou shalt reign a minstrel king, Thy

only task, for us to sing.

TEN.

Say, minstrel, stay! here sing thy

BASS.

lay! here thou shalt reign a minstrel king. Thy only task for
ERNA. (Aside)

If they my purpose
us to sing, then stay minstrel stay!

here detect, nor sex, nor youth, will
Stay, minstrel, stay!

they respect. They must not learn.
Stay, minstrel, stay!
I will return. (Commandingly.)

Stay, minstrel.

EDWARD.

Thy manner

stay, thou guest not away!

strange, this sudden change, thy wish to fly,

makes us reflect, we do suspect thou art a
ERINA.

EGBERT. a spy! a spy!

FITZ. a spy! a spy! Death to the spy!

EDWARD. a spy! a spy! Death to the spy!

CHORUS. A spy! Death to the spy!

Death to the spy.

(As he)

Oh! why was I a woman born?

spy! Death to the spy!

spy! Death to the spy!

Death! Death to the spy!
ERIKA.

This weakness of the heart I scorn. There is one chance still

spy!...

death to the spy!

left to try, and should I fail, I can but die. Ha! ha! ha!

Death... to the spy!

ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! sh!

No
spy am I; no soldier brave, sing tra la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la. The thought of death is far too grave, sing
tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Crown me then your minstrel
king; Of beauty's joys and love I'll sing, But
not one breath of gloomy death, but not a breath of gloomy death.

Sing tra la, la, la, la, sing

tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, The

The pp

The pp
minstrel boy loves youth and joy, sing tra la la la la la la

minstrel boy loves youth and

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. (Fitz imitating Frima)
youth and joy, loves youth and joy.
youth loves youth and joy.
youth and joy, youth and joy.

The
minstrel boy loves youth and joy.
I'll wager, sure as I'm a
/nsinner, that boy's no spy,
let's go to dinner.

EDWARD.

Take the minstrel now to the banquet room. If he try to escape,

dead... be his doom.

death... be his doom.

IMPROV.
No. 13. Solo. "A Fool is he."

Allegro Moderato.

1. A fool is he who dares to say what fate doth will he

2. None can say what will befall, but each man car his

must obey; The life that he shall lead on earth was

fate fore-told, If all his energies be bent to
pre-ordained before his birth. It is our own to fight and
make of fate an instrument. A fool is he who weakly

wis; It is our own to fight and lose;
cries. "Tis destiny I thus fulfill!"

Be strong in virtue, weak in sin. fate has no voice; 'tis
'Tis with ourselves the victory lies, 'tis not our fate but
we must choose, as we will.
Fate rules but fools, not

men who from all folly have escaped.
These hearts of iron will,

A destiny fulfill That they themselves have shaped, them-

selves have shaped.
No 14. Song. "Paddy and his pig."

1. Paddy had a
wondrous pig that gave him good advice, he bought it from the fairies, a
single man when first he got this pig. For all the geis in Ireland he

good deed was the price. That piggy was a wonder, Be-gor-ra, he could
didn't care a fig. At last he met a widow, she should call him

spake. Whin- i-ver Pat would blunder the pig be-gan to squeak.
Pat, An' said, 'Make me youraddy,' Shure the pig soon set-tled that.
Allegro.

"Paddy, yer off agin, Paddy, look out! Paddy, yer off agin, Paddy, look out!"

full a-gin; moind phat yer a-bout. Be ac-tin' loike a man av sainse and

let the whis-key be; Shure if ye want to be a pig, live from that wid-dy run; There's some ex-cuse for sui-cide, for

a tempo

in the styke wid marriage there is none?"
3. Piggy was the first to die; Poor Paddy grieved an' cried, then he

shtarted in to shrink. An' drank un-till he died. He

drank while he was dyin', took his whis-key to the sky; There he saw his piggy

Allegro.

fly - in', An' heard the piggy cry; Paddy, yer off a-gin,

Paddy, look out! Paddy, yer full a-gin! Moind phat yer a -
bout. Don't thry to in-ter heavin's gate, In- deed they won't be
civil, An' shoul's they smell the whis-key, Pat, they'd send you to the
Allegro.

divil...
No 15. March.

Moderato.
No. 16. Duet. "When e'er you leave."

Andante sostenuto.

ELFRIDA. pp con molto espress. e sostenuto.

When e'er you leave, a lone I grieve, ah! why a-

way so soon.

BRIAN.

I have done wrong to stay so long.

ppp — way so soon.
ELFRIDA.
 long. See now 'tis almost noon.
 Dear

Tis almost noon.

BRIAN.
 fried, a lit - tle long - er stay. Her smile drives

Ah! Do not leave me yet, I

all remorse away. I know not how to say thee

pray, ah, leave me not, I pray.

moy, I can not say thee moy.

Leave her not.

Leave her not.
ELFRIDA.

Come yet a while, upon me smile, I cannot bid thee go.

BRIAN.

Both heart and mind with thee are blind, thy self a-

Bid thee go.

Dear friend, a little longer

Alone they know.
stay.

Ah! Do not leave me

Her smile drives all remorse away. I know not how to

yet, I pray, ah, leave me not, I pray. I say 'Thee nay! I cannot say thee nay. pp

Go not away.

pray thee stay, go not away. I cannot stay, I must away. pp

Go not away.
No. 17. a) Song and Chorus. "Sheathe the sword."

Allegro.

BRIAN.

Brian! Brian! good and true,

Brian! Brian! good and true,

Brian! good and true,

Brian, Brian, long life to you!

Brian, Brian, long life to you!

Brian, Brian, long life to you!
Con spirito.

1. Let the sword in the scabbard ring; the helm be laid a-
2. Let the sword in the scabbard rust; the shield rest on the

side. Bards of peace not war shall sing, the
wall, ere we fight in a cause un

just, or

gates be opened wide. Hang up the shield,
answer a tyrant's call. 'Each man for all and
lay down the spear; let peace and plenty reign. If
all for one, let this our motto be.

we unite in friendship here, we have not fought in
good. Then sheathe the sword, sheathe the sword: one common good,

one brotherhood, unite us all. Sheathe the sword.

PRINCIPALS AND CHORES. Sheathe the sword.

TENOR Sheathe the sword.
BASS Sheathe the sword.
Fill up the loving cup, fill up, fill to the brim; raise it high, drain it dry, to
un poco rit.  a tempo
Bri-an, drink to him! Fill up the loving cup, fill up, fill
rit.
to the brim, fill up the loving cup, fill up, fill up!

BRIAN.
fill up the loving cup, fill up, fill up!
ALTO: Fill up the loving cup, fill up, fill to the brim; raise it high,

Tenor: Fill up the loving cup, fill up, fill to the brim; raise it high,

Bass: Fill up the loving cup, fill up, fill to the brim; raise it high,

don it dry, to Brían, drink to him! Fill up the loving cup,

don it dry, to Brían, drink to him! Fill up the loving cup,

don it dry, to Brían, drink to him! Fill up the loving cup,

fill up, fill to the brim; raise it high, don it dry, fill up, fill

fill up, fill to the brim; raise it high, don it dry, fill up, fill

fill up, fill to the brim; raise it high, don it dry, fill up, fill
Good fellowship, lies in the heart of the up! Good fellowship, up! Good fellowship, up! Good fellowship.

sparkling wine. Good fellowship.

Good fellowship

Good fellowship

Good fellowship

Good fellowship

Good fellowship

lies in the heart of the ruby wine. Ah!
in the heart of the wine.

Fill heart, deep in the heart of the ruby wine.

lies in the heart, lies in the heart of the wine.

lies in the heart, lies in the heart of the wine.

lies deep in the heart of the wine.

up, fill up the cup, fill to the brim.

Fill up the cup, fill to the brim, fill up the Good fellowship lies in the wine. fill up the Good fellowship lies in Good fellowship lies in
fill to the brim. Fill up, fill up the cup.

up, fill to the brim. Fill up the cup, fill to the brim, fill up the wine, fill up the cup,

the wine, fill up the cup,

ELFRIDA.

Fill up the cup to the brim.

cup, fill up, fill to the brim.

cup, fill up, fill to the brim.

fill the cup to the brim. a tempo.

cup to the brim. a tempo.
you will stay!  BRITAIN.

Lead thou the way.

ELFRIDA.

Fill up the loving cup, fill up, fill to the brim; raise it high,

SOP.

Fill up the loving cup, fill up, fill to the brim; raise it high.

ALT.  Fill up the loving cup, fill up, fill to the brim; raise it high.

Ten.

BASS.

Fill up the loving cup, fill up, fill to the brim; raise it high.

drain it dry, to Brian, drink to him!  Fill up the loving cup, fill up, fill

drain it dry, to Brian, drink to him!  Fill up the loving cup, fill up, fill

drain it dry, to Brian, drink to him!  Fill up the loving cup, fill up, fill

\textit{a tempo.}
Più mosso.

to the brim; raise it high, drain it dry, fill up, fill up.
to the brim; raise it high, drain it dry, fill up, fill up.

Più mosso.

dry, drink to him, drink to him.
dry, drink to him, drink to him.

Allegro.

BABY.

1. If all the young gels wuz ducks is a lake, if
2. If iv'ry young gel wuz a blackbird or thrush, if

all the young gels wuz ducks in a lake, Share the
divil him-self 'ud turn
iv'ry young gel wuz a black-bird or thrush Share
divil a man 'ud be
Oh, if all the young gels wuz deeks in a lake!
Oh, if iv'ry young gel wuz a black-bird or thrush!

Oh, if all the young min wuz sal-mon and trout, if all the young min lived up in the moon, if sal-mon and trout, Sure the wint-in themselves 'd be hook-in' us out, if up in the moon, Sure the girs 'd start in an' build a balloon, if
all the young men were salmon and trout.
all the young men lived up in the moon.

Last time.

The music notation includes the title 'BABY' and the words 'all the young men were salmon and trout. all the young men lived up in the moon.'
No. 19. Finale. "Pride goes before a fall."

Allegro Moderato.

Pride goes before a tumble.

Listen to thim shuntbe.

Yes, the coast is clear.

(Eater Erina.)

E-rin-a, ye kin ester here.
EKINA.

Quickly, ere they wake, my place in the dungeon take; I owe my safety to your ready wit. I will reward you at a time more fit.

(Tey laugh outside.) un poso meno mosse.

When man, expelled from Eden's bow'rs, a moment lingered near the gate, Each scene recalled the
vanished hours, and bade his curse his future state. No grief could sink so deep as this, to think bow all his love has flown, Fretting as each love-less kiss, the love that lives is all my own.

Tempo di Valse.
loving cup, fill up, fill to the brim; raise it high, drain it dry, to
loving cup, fill up, fill to the brim; raise it high, drain it dry, to

ERINA.

They come this way!

Brian, drink to him. Fill up the loving cup, fill up fill
Brian, drink to him. Fill up the loving cup, fill up fill

to the brim; Fill up the loving cup, fill to the brim.
to the brim; Fill up the loving cup, fill to the brim.
(going - Sen returns.)

(Osiovan.) OSIOVAN.

No, I will stay!

Piu Allegro.

wine to his head hath mounted, the cost he hath not counted. Brian, for her, his soul would sell, en-

thrall - ed by Elfrida's spell. (Enter Brian and Elfrida.)
Andante non troppo.

ELPIDA.

Though we must part we part as friends, that is all we now can be.

Give me, some token may recall the happy hours spent with thee.

BRIAN.

OdonoVan.

Fair lady, all I have is take care!
Bria, thou wilt rue this

What'ler you ask I will accord,

within her hand he is but clay.

Ask what you will I'll not refuse, except my honor and my

He'll not refuse!
What-e'er she asks he will accord,

What-e'er I ask he will accord,

sward.

What-e'er you ask I

What-e'er she asks he will accord,

What-e'er I ask he will accord,

except his honor, except his

will accord, except my honor and my sword, except his

except, except his
hon - or and his sword.

honor, except his hono - or and his sword.

cept my hono - or and my sword. What

hon - or and his sword.

say you to this chain? we may not fur - ther

cost - ly gifts were vain, the ring - up - on thy
'Tis Ireland's ring!

That ring.

Nay! Nay—that is not mine.

'Tis all I ask; 'tis all I'll decline.

False is the rose.

tale. Oh, give it me for friendship's sake!

The danger
To give the ring will

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Give me the ring.

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Ask anything except the ring.

The danger grows;

Bring!

Ha ha ha ha! No other thing.

Ha ha ha ha! I prithee now re-

false is the rose.

No

frain, see, thou shalt have this chain, yes, thou shalt have this
gold will I take from thy hand; come give to me that chain.

band; give me that iron band!
I cannot give the

To yield will ruin bring.
To please me give the ring.
ring, I cannot give the ring.
He yet will give the ring.
(To Ó'Donovan.)

Patience yet awhile, I'll the

(To Elfrieda.)

Thou hast done thy best; he hath withstood the test.

ring from his beguile. Brian, Brian, Brian!

Let me see that wondrous charm that makes of thee a king...

Fear
not, the rose would not harm; the shamrock on thy ring, fear not, fear not!

The harp that once through Tara's halls the
soul of music shed, Now hangs as mute on

E-rin-a!

E-rin-a!

'Tis E-rin-a's voice re-echoing in my heart!

E-rin-a!

E-rin-a!

Ta-ra's walls as if that soul were

He hath made his choice. He hath made his choice. Here is the ring de-

'Tis E-rin-a's voice re-echoing in my

He
fled: So sleeps the pride of former days, so part, depart. Man, why dost thou pause?

heart. Too life-like doth it seem. This hath betrayed our cause, he hath betrayed our cause!

glory's thrill is o'er, And Man, why dost thou pause? Would'st thou lose cannot be a dream, this He hath betrayed our cause.

hearts that once beat high for pride, now love, would'st thou lose pow'r would'st thou lose all? cannot, this cannot be a dream, too I will not, I cannot do this thing! I cannot do this thing. No,
feel that pulse no more.

By thy faith we stand or fall. To Brian then I'll re-

life-like doth it seem.

no, I cannot do this thing.

more to chiefs and la-

dies bright the

turn the ring.

Erin! Tis Erin's voice!

Yet why should I pause? He hath betray'd our cause, yet why should I pause? He hath betray'd our cause.

cresc.

harp of Tara swells, the

love thou'lt lose, her love thou'lt lose, so quick-

ly, quickly choose,

re-echoing in my heart, too life-like doth it

can not do this thing, I will not do this thing. I cannot take the ring. No! I
chord that breaks alone at night, its

He hath made his choice.

seem. 'tis Erin's voice! This

can not take the ring, yet he hath betrayed, yet he hath betrayed, betray'd our

tale of ruin tells. Thus

Then the ring, depart, depart, can not be a dream, 'tis Erin's

cause, Erin!

freedom now seldom wakes; the

part. I take the ring, then

voice receiving in my

Should I take the ring, must I take the ring? If I take the ring, no
only throb she gives

Ir

take the ring, then take the ring, de-part.

heart.

This can-not be a dream, too

more shall he com-mand, never more com-mand. The

when some heart in-dig-nant breaks to show that still she

wouldst thou lose love, pow'r, lose all? Wouldst lose love, lose all? To-gether we stand, stand for

life-like dash it seem. 'Tis En-na's soul! No lon-ger do I

ring be-longs to Ire-land, the ring be-longs to Ire-land, to Ire-
Allegro.

Ah!

Ah!

Too late, the mischief done!

E-rin-a!

Loved one!
ERINA.
Thy ring!

ELFRIDA.

BRIAN.
My ring! My ring!

Let me keep it,

I implore, till we part on Ireland's shore.

The ring, I'll ask no more.

ERINA.
The ring, the ring restore.
George! For England! For England! For England and St.

(Soldiers seize Erina and Brian.)

I have it! not.

This is some devilish plot. The ring! Thou liest, whelp!

George!

Erina.

Ah! Brian! Ah! Brian!

Cowards! Traitors! You shall rue this day!

Sop.

Alto.

Ten.

Bass.
ERINA.

With Brian let me

England! for England! for England and St. George!

England! for England! for England and St. George!

(Ensign and soldiers exseat)

stay.

ELFRIDA.

Take the girl away!

England! for England! for England and St. George!

England! for England! for England and St. George!
Un poco meno, ma agitato.

mine the blame!

ELFRIDA.

BRIAN.

Place him in a
der joint deep!

Iron chains up-

Thou liest in hu-man guise!

on him heap.

Kuze bar-barian,

Thou em-bo-di-ment of lies!

wild, untruth, El-fri-da now speaks truth, El-fri-da now speaks
truth, I never loved thee, never loved; thouwert thouwert

fool. I hate and scorn thee, hate and scorn, thouperblind

(Exit)

Away to the dungeon deep.

Away to the dungeon deep.
O'HARA.

BRIAN.

Pax volubis.

Oz, Ireland! My heart will break.

Iron chains upon him heap.

Iron chains upon him heap.

BRIAN.

Cum!

SOP. PP

ALTO.

Oswald!

TEN. PP

BASS.

Of traitors not the least, you dis-
O'BAHA.

(to Brian, aside)

Pax ve·bis eum! Hush be-

-grace the garb of priest:

-yaunt that thine lies freedom, Ourland's fate; quick, not a moment to lose or else ye'll be too late.

No! For my

This is not Os-wald! This is not Os-wald! Treach-er-y!
O'HARA.

name is Pat O'Hara from the county Connemara!

death to him!

"My fiddle's got something to say... Dance ye devils...

dance!"

Death to him!

death to him!

Allegro.
Act III.


Allegretto.

SOP.

Clink! Clank! Clank! Clank! MERRILY sing the anvil lay. Clink! Clank!
Clink! Clank! En-gre-ly hearts de-sire the fray, Event and spoil.

ar-mor and shield, Clink! Clank! Clink! Clank! Clink! Arrow and sword ready to wield, Clink! Clank! Clink! Clink! Clink! Bear the clash of i-ron or steel; Fight-ing blood in ven-us we feel. Sharpen the sword!
Straighten the spear! All for love of the
shamrock dear!

Well never be ruled by the land of the rose
while the
I - rish shamrock
grows.

Clink! Clink! Clink! Clink! Clink! Clink! Clink!
Mer-ri-ly sing the
an-vils lay.
Clink! Clink! Clink! Clink! Clink!
Eagerly heartde-stre the fray. River and bolt, Armor and shield, Clink! Clank!

Clink! Clank! Clink! Clank! Clink! Clank! River and bolt, Armor and shield.

Clink! Clank! Clink! Clank! Clank! Clack! Clink! Clank! Clink! Clank! Clank!
"Why this martial array?"
Andante Moderato.

(dialogue.)

"The wall of the Haustee."

ALTOS, Wir - ra, weh!

Wir - ra, weh!

Wir - ra, wir - ra, wir - ra, weh!
No. 22, Solo and Chorus: "Where is thy heart ÓBrian the brave?"

Moderato.

("I saw him give it to her!")

Un poco meno.

SOP.

Where is thy

ALTO: Wir-ra, wir-ra!

Un poco meno.

heart, Oh, Ó Brian the brave, How couldst thou thy duty forget,
Lost to thy country, To love a weak slave, The
Andante.
star of thy glory is set. There is rust on thy
sword, The soul's golden cord Thy falseness hath broken, hath
broken in twain. Thou canst not redeem our love, our en-
teeem. For honor itself thou hast slain.
There is
O'CONNOR.

STOP.

There is rust on thy sword, The soul's gold-en cord, Thy falseness hath

rusted thy sword. The soul's gold-en cord, Thy falseness hath brok-en, brok-en,

ALTO. pp

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

BASS.

brok-en in twain. Thou canst not re-deem our love, For

brok-en in twain. Thou canst not re-deem our love, our es-teem,

Ah! Thou canst not re-deem our love, our es-teem,

Ah! Thou canst not re-deem our love, our es-teem,

Ah! Thou canst not re-deem our love, our es-teem,

Ah! Thou canst not re-deem our love, our es-teem,
No. 23. Melodrama.

Andante.

Who shall take your place? (OBox) 1!

(All) You!

I retain this ring. (All) No!

Who will follow me?

In poco agitato.

None? Ireland! fight our way to Brian's side. Against the law. It is for Ireland.
St. Patrick will forgive. Yes, forgive and bless. Will the Irishman remain behind? No! Fuaigh na bealai!

Where is Brian? With Elfrida! No! Brian is here.

despite the treachery of foe and friend. Allegro Moderato. Soprano

Strike the harp, raise the voice, sing the

ALTO.

Strike the harp, raise the voice, sing the

TEN.

Strike the harp, raise the voice, sing the

BASS.

Allegro Moderato.
song of great Brian. In the hearts of his people lives

song of great Brian. In the hearts of his people lives

song of great Brian. In the hearts of his people lives

riff.

(discussion continues)

Brian Boru.

Brian Boru.

Brian Boru.

Marziale.

BRIAN.

For Ire-land! Un-

SOP.

ALTO. For Ire-land!

TES.

For Ire-land!

BASS.

Marziale.

Sheathe each trusty sword. Old Ireland! Shall know no foreign lord. Then

Dear Ireland!

Dear Ireland!

Dear Ireland!
Wield aloft our blades of steel For freedom fighting die Till death itself our lips shall seal Shout this our battle cry: For Ireland! for Ireland! First and last for Ireland!

Better far seek honored graves than

First and last for Ireland.
live accursed a race of slaves. Better far clasp bands with death, shouting with our dying breath, For

Ire-land! For Ire-land! Better fall up-on the field;

For Ire-land! For Ire-land!

For Ire-land! For Ire-land!

Ir-ish hearts shall nev-er yield; Sol-diers know not how to fly,
All they know is how to die for Ireland! For Ireland!

For Ireland, for Ireland, un-sheathe each trust-y sword. Old Ireland! For Ireland, for Ireland, un-sheathe each trust-y sword. Old Ireland!

Ireland, dear Ireland shall know no foreign lord. Then wield aloft our blades of steel, for

Ireland, dear Ireland, shall know no foreign lord. Then wield aloft our
freedom fighting all; Till death itself our lips shall seal, Shout this our battle cry, for
blades of steel, Till death itself our lips shall seal, For
Ireland! first and last for Ireland! For Ireland! Shout
Ireland! first and last for Ireland! For Ireland! Shout
Solo. "All hope has flown."

Moderato.

ERINA.

1. All hope has flown, I am alone heir in captive life; for Bryan's cry; Nothing
2. Love knows not death; 'tis heaven's breath that gives to love its length.

My heart doth sigh, for Bryan's cry; Nothing
Each tender sigh, each love-lit eye, A foe to
now remains But thoughts of him, I
earth-ly strife;
With thoughts of love no
love so well, That love for him no words can tell, Ah,
sin can dwell, all evil dies beneath its spell, Love

nought can ease this bitter pain, To know can not meet a-
is the best this world can give, Without its light no love can

_gain._
_Abt love, dear love, Ere on earth we part, Ah,
love dear love — clasp me to thy heart. It may not be,

I shall not see — thy face again, dear love;

Nor thy heart greet until we meet in that fair land above.

In that fair land above.

D.C. 2nd Verse.

**Allegrccto.**

**Baby, sings 3rd verse.**

**Ohara, sings 1st verse.**

**Dugan, sings 2nd verse.**

Have he

Never combs his hair, he's too lazy to stir, is this bird the Irish

Away they heard away that lazy bird, that they call the Irish

Sits up on high, he's too lazy to fly, is this bird the Irish
BABY.

That they call the Irish Cuck-oo.
Is this bird the Irish Cuck-oo.
He's too

O'HARA.

Cuck-oo?19
He mu-

DUGAN.

That they call the Irish Cuck-oo.
Is this bird the Irish Cuck-oo.
His

HERALD.

That they call the Irish Cuck-oo.
Is this bird the Irish Cuck-oo.

FITZ.

That they call the Irish Cuck-oo.
Is this bird the Irish Cuck-oo.

laz
to hunt for his food to eat, So he mar- ries a bird that will
hab-it's this isle av Imer-
alld green, He's the la-
zi est bird that-
feathers a mix-ture of green an' red, He sits so still ye'll
bring him meat; he makes his bower in another bird's nest, his
i-ver was seen, fur ivery task that 
cuckoo will shirk, so dom
swear he was dead; if the thane didn't steal, he 
si-ver would sup, an' he

wife does the work an' he does the rest. 

La-zy is he that his li-ver won't work. 

doesn't go to bed for fear of getting up.

bird is the Irish

bird is the Irish

Cuckoo! Cuck-oo! Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! Cuck-oo!

Cuckoo!

Cuckoo! Cuck - oo!

Cuck-oo!

Cuck-oo!
Cuck-o! They ne-ver, ne-ver heard of this la-zy, la-zy bird, that they
cuck-o! They ne-ver, ne-ver heard of this la-zy, la-zy bird, that they
Cuck-o! They ne-ver, ne-ver heard of this la-zy, la-zy bird, that they
Cuck-o! We ne-ver, ne-ver heard of this la-zy, la-zy bird, that they
cuck-o! We ne-ver, ne-ver heard of this la-zy, la-zy bird, that they

call the I-rish Cuck-o.
call the I-rish Cuck-o.
call the I-rish Cuck-o.
call the I-rish Cuck-o.
call the I-rish Cuck-o.
call the I-rish Cuck-o.
3d time.

call the I-rish Cuck-o.
No. 27. Finale.

(Outside.)

SOP.  pp

ALTO  For

TEN.  pp

For

BASS.  pp

For

Ire-land, for Ire-land, un-sheathe each trust-y sword!

Ire-land, for Ire-land, un-sheathe each trust-y sword!

Ire-land, for Ire-land, un-sheathe each trust-y sword!
For Ireland, dear Ireland shall

a poco

Know no foreign lord!
Ireland, dear Ireland, un-sheath each trust-y sword! Old Ireland, dear Ireland, shall
Ireland, dear Ireland, un-sheath each trust-y sword! Old Ireland, dear Ireland, shall
Ireland, dear Ireland, un-sheath each trust-y sword! Old Ireland, dear Ireland, shall
Ireland, dear Ireland, un-sheath each trust-y sword! Old Ireland, dear Ireland, shall

(Prince and Cho, enter)

Know no for-eign lord! Then wield a-loft our blades of steel for freedom fighting die, Till
Know no for-eign lord! Then wield a-loft our blades of steel for freedom fighting die, Till
Know no for-eign lord! Then wield a-loft our blades of steel for freedom fighting die, Till
Know no for-eign lord! Then wield a-loft our blades of steel for freedom fighting die, Till
death itself our lips shall seal, shout this our battle cry, for Ireland, for Ireland, for Ireland,

first and last for Ireland, first and last for Ireland!

Andante.
Moderato. CHORUS.

We give to him the ring.

We give to him the ring.

We give to him the ring.

We give to him the ring. Crown Brian King!

BISHOP (Baritone)

Crown Brian King. I thus fulfill the people's

King! Crown Brian King.


Crown Brian King.
will, they placed the sham-rock on thy hand. This crown the sign of love di-

vine. Rise Brian, King of Ireland.

(PRIN. AND CHORUS.)

Brian, King of Ireland.

For

Brian, King of Ireland.

For

Brian, King of Ireland.

For

Brian, King of Ireland.

For
Ireland, Ireland, unsheath each trusty sword! Old Ireland, dear Ireland, shall
Ireland, for Ireland, unsheath each trusty sword! Old Ireland, dear Ireland, shall
Ireland, for Ireland, unsheath each trusty sword! Old Ireland, dear Ireland, shall
know no foreign lord! Then wield a - loft our blades of steel till
dead itself our lips shall seal, shout this our battle cry, "For Ireland, for Ireland,
know no foreign lord! Then wield a - loft our blades of steel till
dead itself our lips shall seal, shout this our battle cry, "For Ireland, for Ireland,
first and last for Ireland!

first and last for Ireland!

first and last for Ireland!

first and last for Ireland!

first and last for Ireland.

first and last for Ireland.

first and last for Ireland.

first and last for Ireland.

END OF OPERA.