
SHAMUS O’BRIEN.

A Romantic Comic Opera
IN TWO ACTS,

Founded on the Poem
by
JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU,

Written by
GEO. H. JESSOP,

Composed by
CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD

Pianoforte Arrangement
by

Boosey & Co Ltd.
295, Regent Street, London, W.
AND
Steinway Hall, 222-223 West 57th Street, New York.

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Price of the Recitatives only, 2/- net.
SHAMUS O'BRIEN,
A STORY OF IRELAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A Romantic Comic Opera, in Two Acts,
Founded on the Poem by JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU;

Book by
GEORGE H. JESSOP,

The Music composed by
C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

THE COMPLETE OPERA.

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SEPARATE SONGS.

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<td>&quot;My heart is thrilled.&quot;</td>
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PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENT.

Selection, by Charles Godfrey, Junr. 2 6


And STEINWAY HALL, 111-113, WEST 37th STREET, NEW YORK.
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Op. 61.

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Characters.

Shamus O'Brien ("on his keeping" i.e. outlawed.) ......... Baritone.
Father O'Flynn (The Parish Priest of Ballyhams.) ......... Bass.
Captain Trevor (of the British Army.) ......... Tenor.
Mike Murphy (a Peasant Farmer.) ......... Tenor.
Sergeant Cox (of Captain Trevor's Company.) ......... Mezzo Soprano.
Nora O'Brien (Wife of Shamus.) ......... Soprano.
Kitty O'Toole (Sister to Nora.) ......... Mezzo Soprano.
Little Pandeen (The lair of the O'Briens.)

Soldiers, Peasants, Villagers, &c.

Period. Immediately after the suppression of the rebellion of 1798.

Note.

The Composer has only used two traditional folk-songs in this opera, viz: the Irish air known as 'The Top of the Cork Road' or more commonly as 'Father O'Flynn,' and an old English March Tune of the time of Cromwell known as "the Glory of the West."
Act I.

Scene. Village of Ballyhamis, in the mountains of Cork.

Time. Immediately after the suppression of the Rebellion of 1798.

The poor village street of Ballyhamis. Shanahan's cottage set 1. Door practicable. Other cabins on drop, and mountain road winding off r. e. A few set trees and other features.

(The Chorus is in two parts, which reply to each other and then come together.)

No. 2. Chorus.

Allegro.

Soprano.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

It's wicked news,
It's wicked news,
It's bitter news,
It's bitter news,

Spake up a-vick. And tell us cruel news we're hearing.
Spake up a-vick. And tell us quick cruel news we're hearing.
It's bitter news, It's bitter news, It's wicked news.
quick, What trouble ye are fearing! Spake up, spake up!

bitter news, it's wicked!

and tell us quick, What trouble ye are fearing!

It's wicked news, its cruel!

Too

soon, faith, ye'll know Whence is coming the blow. The murder, the terror, the

pillage, They'll hunt him with dogs Thro' the mountains and bogs Our darlint, the pride of our

They'll hunt him with dogs Thro' the mountains and bogs Our dar-

Och, one! They'll hunt him with dogs Thro' the mountains and bogs Our dar-

They'll hunt him with dogs Thro' the mountains and bogs Our dar-

village! Our dar-
- lint. the pride of our village!
- lint. the pride of our village!
- lint. the pride of our village!
- lint. the pride of our village! It's
- lint. the pride of our village! It's bitter news,
- lint. the pride of our village! It's bitter news,
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- lint. the pride of our village! It's bitter news,
- lint. the pride of our village! It's bitter news,
- lint. the pride of our village! It's bitter news,
Trust the priest to know the way.
Tell us what's the matter.

The Men uncover and bow. The Women curtsey.)

O'Flynn.

Peace be with you! Little peace, but heavy tidings.

There's a blight upon our village, and a price on Sham-us!
Tempo I.

head.

There are

It's bitter news, its wicked, wicked!

It's bitter news, its wicked, wicked!

It's cruel news, its wicked!

It's cruel news, its wicked!

wicked men would sell him, though I know, good souls, you

love him, and would guard him, and protect him, for you know the man he

Andante.

is!
give ye to next Michaelmas to name us A gossoon so presentable and famous, So

loved in all the neighbour-hood as Shamus. Faith, ye

wouldn't find his match in twice as long. At

hur-ling, 'tis give in he bates the de-vil, He'll lep yez either high or on the

poco rall. a tempo

level, He's the fairest hurdlest drinker at a revel, And an il-ligant perform-er at a
If Romulus and Ramus Had lived along with Shamus They'd be
like two puppy jackals with a lion: Spake up now, can you blame us. If the
boys of Bally-ha-mis Shout "Faugh a ballagh" Shamus The O'Brien!

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If Romulus and Ramus Had lived along with Shamus They'd be
like two puppy jackals with a lion: Spake up now, can you blame us. If the
boys of Bally-ha-mis Shout "Faugh a ballagh" Shamus The O'Brien!
Ah! The cellens sworn there, ever so amiable a dancer. No lawyer ever shook him for an answer; In court one day, how old counsellor Mc- Caun.

—str, Give him up and fairly owned he had him bet.

He wouldn't drop his eyes in front of Ne-ro, Northenle if the cowardly was down to

Zer-o; He's the moral and the model of a hero. He's the making and the shaping of a
If Romulus and Ramus had lived along with Shamus, They'd be

like two puppy jackals with a lion: Spoke up now, can you blame us, If the

boys of Bally-ha-mis Shout "Faugh a ballagh" Shamus The O'Brien!

boys of Bally-ha-mis Shout "Faugh a ballagh" Shamus The O'Brien!

boys of Bally-ha-mis Shout "Faugh a ballagh" Shamus The O'Brien!
He never left a friend that wanted rating, He never kept a boy or girl a-waiting, Whether kisses or shillelaghs was the play.

He's a footfall like the red deer on the mountain, An eye like a young salmon in the fountain, He's a way of going straight and never counting How many or how few is in his
If Romulus and Rames Had lived along with
If Romulus and Rames Had lived along with
If Romulus and Rames Had lived along with
If Romulus and Rames Had lived along with

Shamus. They'd be like two pup-py jackals with a lion: Spake
Shamus. They'd be like two pup-py jackals with a lion: Spake
Shamus. They'd be like two pup-py jackals with a lion: Spake
Shamus. They'd be like two pup-py jackals with a lion: Spake

up now, can you blame us, if the boys of Baly-ha-mis Shout
up now, can you blame us, if the boys of Baly-ha-mis Shout
up now, can you blame us, if the boys of Baly-ha-mis Shout
up now, can you blame us, if the boys of Baly-ha-mis Shout

(cue) Kitty. "I heard all ye were saying."

Sortie.

No. 2 (bis)
Allegro come al 1\textsuperscript{mo}.

Kitty "I think, boys, if they come."

Chorus!

Let the army come on With its sword and its gun
To

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hurry and burn Ballyha-mis: A man has to
hurry and burn Ballyha-mis: A man has to
hurry and burn Ballyha-mis: A man has to
hurry and burn Ballyha-mis: A man has to
creep To catch weasels asleep. They'll as soon catch a weasel as
creep To catch weasels asleep. They'll as soon catch a weasel as
creep To catch weasels asleep. They'll as soon catch a weasel as
creep To catch weasels asleep. They'll as soon catch a weasel as
Shamus.
Shamus.
Shamus.
Shamus.
Kitty. "I dare keep warning"
No. 3. Song.
Kitty: "Know if... - Truth, will I?"

Andante molto moderato.

"Is too much... who never comes?"

Kitty.
Where is the man that is

coming to marry me? Where is the gossoon that's eager to court?

Time runs to wasting, the longer! tarry me,
Age comes so surely and youth is so short.

Just for my...

Self for of course if I'd money, I'd have my grand lover as well as the rest.

Boys come to court with a kiss an' a pet to it; Never a one that I feel I could choose.
Poco più lento.

Yet I've a heart, if they only could get to it, Yet I've a tongue that don't want to re-

fuse.

Somewhere far off in the world, out of sight o' me. Wait's the one, go soon will

accel. poco a poco e cresc.

suit me, I know; Come, heart to heart, hand in hand, take how id

accel. poco a poco

tight o' me; I'll be yer ball that ye won't let me

coll' voce

(At the close of song Kitty bends forward in listening attitude, looking down the road, then draws back, partly out of sight behind a set tree. Voices off, and Captain Trevor and Mike Murphy enter.)
(cue) Capt. Trevor. "You need not appear"

No. 4. Trio.

Andante leggiero.

Mike.

He's as straight as a dart, and as slim as a rush, With a

step like a fawn, and a voice like a thrush; And his

eyes are like fire, sometimes soft, sometimes bright,

And the keen-fanged hound hasn't teeth half so
Capt. Trevor.  
If I knew other men As handsome as he,  
I'd be white.  

He is good looking then?  

Kitty.  

axing them when?  

Good looking enough for to force me to part  
From the

But

But

on-ly col-leen ev-er rea-ched to my heart.

But
handsome or no, he has struck a blow in the ranks of rebellion, and
handsome or no, he has struck a blow in the ranks of rebellion, and
handsome or no, he has struck a blow in the ranks of rebellion, and

pp

now he must go, every charm, every grace of his figure or
now he must go. Every charm, every grace of his figure or
now he must go. Every charm, every grace of his figure or face. Must be noted.

face. Must be noted to give his pursuers a
must be noted, must be noted to give his pursuers a
must be noted, must be noted to give his pursuers a
Tempo I. (cresc. previous.)

'Tis hard, 'Tis hard that stern duty should force me to part. This gallant young life from the love of his heart.

Mike. And harder to think that a trivial re-

ward Should win a success I had sought— with the sword. 'Tis

But the money is there?
Kitty.

It's myself will take care.

Twill be

hard,

'tis hard!

But the money is there? But the money is there?—

cresc.

melted and pour'd down your throat at the fair. It's myself will take care,

A slight, active man in the house with the

It's myself will take care.

doors?

When the outlaw is taken, the blood-money's

But the money is there?
Allegretto.

But handsome or no, he has struck a yours.

But handsome or no, he has struck a

But handsome or no, he has struck a

Allegretto.

blow in the ranks of rebellion, and now he must go! Ev’ry charm, Ev’ry

blow in the ranks of rebellion, and now he must go! Ev’ry charm, Ev’ry

blow in the ranks of rebellion, and now he must go! Ev’ry charm, Ev’ry

pp stacc.

grace both of figure and face, of figure and

grace both of figure and face, of figure and

grace both of figure and face, of figure and

5
'Twill be melted and poured down your throat at the trace.
'Tis hard!
But duty compels me.
Yes, duty compels him to
But the money is there?

'Twill be melted and poured down your throat at the trace.
'Tis hard!
But duty compels me.
Yes, duty compels me.
But the money is there?
fair.

(angrily)

pel's.

When the outlaw is

But the money is there?

'Tis myself will take care

taken the blood money's yours!

The blood money's there.

So the money is there.

'twill be melted and poured down your throat at the fair.
"Say to you, please?"

No. 5. Duet.
Allegretto.

Kitty.

Captain. Well, he'd take me by the hand. Do you understand? And stand 

close to where I stood, if he could. And he'd say, "My dear, my dear Kitty, sure the

whole world knows you're pretty, and you're dainty, and you're witty and you're

good."

Yes, he should. Oh, he would?

But when Irishmen deceive,
Do you believe? Can you know what's said to you, False or true? For your

Paddy or your Barney, Tho' you're lovely as Killarney, May have taken trips to Blarney Not a few. Don't be blue! Don't be blue! For you're

Wir-rips-thru! Wir-rips-thru!

Faith, he's coming on at last! Wait! Ye grace-ful and you're winning. And when love is just beginning--
talk of love too fast, For there's many a word to ponder, And there's
cresc.
For there's many a word to ponder, And there's
cresc.
many a mile to wander, Ere love meets us over you-
many a mile to wander, Ere love meets us over you-
-Captain touches his cap-
der, And completes the spell he cast.
der, And completes the spell he cast.

And you're goin' after that? Duty

5
Oh, you needn't touch your hat, I could keep you if I tried. But I calls me from your side.

natural born idiot can't be taught to read his book, And a natural born Saxon can't be taught by love or look.

Oh, demmit! pretty Kitty, if you could but read my heart, you'd not censure, you would pity. When you see me forced to part.

poco rall.
Let me take you by the hand
As you stand! Let me taste a honey sip

Piu mosso.

I'm not ready for your tasting, So your time you're only wasting. (He attempts again and
(Captain attempts to kiss her, she repulses him.)

From your lip.

Piu mosso.

poco rall.
a tempo

You're a goose in need of tasting. Come now, stilt!
she boxes his ears)

What a slip! Feud this trip!

poco rall.
a tempo

Never mind the reason why!

If it were not for stern duty, I would tame you, saucy

* Box on the ear on this note.
Well, I'll learn ye by and bye!
For I find you'll need a lesson, which I'll
beauty.
For I find you'll need a lesson, which I'll give you with a
give you with a blessin', with a blessin', Ere my thirsty lips are pressin'
blessin', with a blessin', with a blessin', Ere my thirsty lips are pressin'
on the lips, on the lips of such as
on the lips, on the lips you hold so
(said and with a stamp)
No. 6. Song, Chorus and Ensemble.

Allegro molto e con brio.

Shamus.

He's got to catch me before he can hang me.

I've sharpen'd the sword for the sake of old Erin; I carried a pike when she called on her sons;

I ran the risk then, and I will not be fear'in' The enemy's gallows no more nor his guns.

The land that bred me and my colleen within it has surely a claim to the life that it gave;

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sooner he cowld on its green sod this minute, Than live an in - former, or tremble a
slave.
But life I won't yield — Like a
poor panting damsel thing, Hurl'd fast in the snare or bound tight by the rope —
God
put this stout heart in my bosom for something, As long as it beats — it is beating with
hope —
I'll live for my
country, I'll live for my Nora, I'll live for my
goose, my little Paudeen; They'll seek ere they
find me, they'll fight ere they score a defeat for O'Brien.
And lower the green!
Call the neighbours, Call the neighbours! Put the creel upon the thatch.

Men of the hillside! Gather, gather!

(Nora comes out of house carrying a large basket; O'Flynn follows her with a short step-ladder, which he places against the house. Nora ascends and puts the basket on the roof.)

Allegro non troppo.
Nora.

Come, boys, come. Throw down the scythe and spade.

For ye say there's a man That ye love more than all, Tis' the head of your clan That is sounding the call.

Shamus.

Father O'Flynn.

Come, boys, come, throw down the scythe and spade;
Come, boys, come, There's no time to be delayed,

Bring the sticks ye've tried in smiting, Bring the girls that ye delight in, Till they

see O'Brien fighting, Faux a ballyagh who's a-fraid?

[Music notation]
From the moor, from the hill, From the meadow and field,

We are come, as ye will, for a sword or shield.

So the
Englishman wants ye? Well, if he insists, He'll meet good Irish

black-thorns, in good Irish fists.

Shamus. I know, I know...
Allegretto molto moderato. Nora.

Oh, boys, listen to Shamus!

I know ye are brave as brave can be.

Boys, boys, who wouldn't for Shamus?

fight to the last for mine and me.

know that ye'd none of you question or carp, Ye'd play on their skulls as I'd play on a harp.

But tho' blackhorn is tough, sure the bay-on-ef's sharp!
boys, listen to Shamus!

Chorus Basses.

Oh, boys, listen to Shamus!

Boys, none is wiser than Shamus!

have no fighting for me the day.

Just

Boys, boys, trust it to Shamus!

only support we in all I say.

An
I'll be your bail that I give them the talk, For I'm a red deer that they never shall stalk: An' if they want exercise, faith, they shall walk

Kitty.  

Yes, boys, walk after Shamus!

Nora.  

Yes, boys, walk after Shamus, Yes, boys, walk after Shamus!

O'Flynn.  

Yes, boys, walk after Shamus!

Chorus.  

We'll do as he bids us,
Oh, boys, listen to Shamus! For his wit is quick, and his
never fear.

Kitty. \textit{mf}

There’s a season to fight and a

Nora. \textit{mf}

There’s a season to fight and a

Shamus. \textit{mf}

There’s a season to fight and a

O’Flynn. \textit{mf}

There’s a season to fight and a

head is clear.

head is clear.

Girls, girls, listen to Shamus,

Girls, girls, listen to Shamus,
time to lie low; And we have a plan, as we'll soon let ye know, That'll
give us a laugh in the face of the foe.
Boys, boys, leave it to

cresc.
Boys, boys, leave it to Shamus!

Boys, boys, leave it to Shamus!

Boys, boys, leave it to Shamus!

Boys, boys, leave it to Shamus!

Boys, boys, leave it to Shamus!

Boys, boys, leave it to Shamus!

(Two Scouts come running on R.C., shouting. — 1st Scout: "Hi! hi! The soldiers! They're coming down the road!" 2nd Scout: "The soldiers! The soldiers! They're close upon us now!"

Tempo di marcia.
Hark! Hark! Their steps I'm countin',
The foot falls of soldier.

Hark! Hark! Their steps I'm countin',
The foot falls of soldier.

steps I'm countin',
The foot falls of soldier.

Hark! Their steps I'm countin',
The foot falls of soldier.

Hark! Their steps I'm countin',
The foot falls of soldier.
Is it a crime, a crime in the sword when he wanted to tame us?

Is it a crime, a crime in the sword when he wanted to tame us?

Country that bred us Loving its hills an' its rocks an' its

Country that bred us Loving its hills an' its rocks an' its

Loving its hills an' its rocks an' its

Loving its hills an' its rocks an' its

Meadows? Is it a treason that all Bal-ly-ha-mis Glories to own a true

Meadows? Is it a treason that all Bal-ly-ha-mis Glories to own a true

Meadows? Is it a treason that all Bal-ly-ha-mis Glories to own a true

Meadows? Is it a treason that all Bal-ly-ha-mis Glories to own a true

G Cresc.
(cue) Captain: "Damn! This O'Brien must be somewhere, though."

No. 7. Trio. Chorus.
Allegretto.

Captain.

Shamus.
Allegretto.

Is it

Confound your demned cheek! Who

Shamus, you seek? Ha! ha! ha! he!

else dye suppose?

Sopr.
You won't find him this week! I'm the boy that knows.

Alt.

Ha! ha!

Ten. Chorus.

Ha! ha!

Bass.

Ha!

Copyright 1895 by Booth & Co.
If you know, you must

Ha! ha! He's the boy that knows!

Ha! ha! He's the boy that knows!

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! He's the boy that knows!

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! He's the boy that knows!

Tell!

You know where he'll hide?

You'll be paying me well?

Ha! Ha! Ha!

Ha! As if I was inside of the gossoon himself.

Well, I'll

Ha! Ha! Ha!

But, but, but!

Ha! Ha! Ha!
give you your pelt, and engage you as guide.

We'll get ready to start.

He'll engage him as guide!

He'll engage him as guide!
folk-stand a-part, stand a-part, stand a-part!

ha! ha! ha!

He'll engage him as guide!

We'll engage him as guide! Ha! ha! Ha! ha! Him as guide!

He'll engage him as guide! Ha! ha! Ha! ha! Him as guide!

He'll engage him as guide! Ha! ha! Ha! ha! Him as guide!
You look for Shaun, he left at dawn To search the bogs for a Leprechaun.

fool! You don't know 'en his name! (smilingly)

Sure, all the world—

Well, I don't know him all the same.

_knows Thady Farrell!

Sure, all the world__ knows Thady.

Sure, all the world__ knows Thady.

Sure, all the world__ knows Thady.

Sure, all the world__ knows Thady.
if ye don't, we need not quarrel! The fairies dance when they've the chance.

Farrell!

Farrell!

Farrell!

Farrell!

nough of this! Point out the way! D'ye know where

A leprechaun, if caught at dawn

these demn'd rebels lay? Point

I'm close to them where'er they go.
out the way, Point out the way if that is so.

In troth, I ought to

He's close to them!

He's close to them!

He's close to them!

He's close to them!

Do ye know!

Ha! ha! Ha! ha! In troth, he ought to know!

Ha! ha! Ha! ha! In troth, he ought to know!

Ha! ha! Ha! ha! In troth, he ought to know!

Ha! ha! Ha! ha! In troth, he ought to know!
know the town of Glen-gall. Where the soldiers' barracks were?

Andante.

(Captain stamps impatiently.)

ought!

So I thought. But you'll hardly find Shamus there!

Do you know where the bog-road passes? By the side of the deep morasses?

Yes, I do.

(Chorus): Good for you! For —

(Chorus): — the — — — —
I want to know which
not ly-ing bid in the grasses.

way to go, Aun not the place he is-n't!

Ochone! och-

one! ye'd lose your pret-ty shoes In search-ing for a pisin!

Ochone! ye'd
Ochone! ye'd
Listen now! You're getting lose your pretty shoes!

lose your pretty shoes!

Och-one! your pretty shoes!

Och-one! your pretty shoes!

By the lakeside near, Sure ye'll know the broken pier?

among the rocks? The cover of covers for our fox!

Yes, sure he is not
Più mosso.

Shamus. He isn't there? You'd best be-ware How you in-sult me there!

Più mosso.

f

farther! You'd best beware! You'd best beware!

He's an-gry now, wow wow wow wow wow wow! He'll have my life!

He'll have my life—

Och murther! och murther! och mur-

He's an-gry now, he's an-gry,

Chorus.

He's an-gry now, he's an-gry,

He's an-gry now,
Allegro. (\( \text{\textit{d} \text{\textit{d}} \text{\textit{d}}} \))

ware!  
- ther!

He's angry!

He's angry!

He's angry!

He's angry!

Allegro. (\( \text{\textit{d} \text{\textit{d}}} \))

I prefer a knife. Take away the fool!

Now your honour's quare. Spiteful as a mule. Sure, I

Shamus.

spake your fair. use me as your tool!

Sure, the gossoon's pride Shows he's not a fool, and to
Capt.

Shamus.  Oh, he must behave, he's beyond all rule.

O'Flynn.  Now your honour's quare,—Spiteful as a mule,

track or guide he's a perfect jool — his pride shows he not a fool, and to

I prefer a knave Take away the fool, — Take away the

Sure I spake you fair use me as your tool.

track and guide he's a perfect jool — he's a perfect

To track or guide on mountain side

Chorus.

To track or guide on mountain side

To
fool! Take away the fool!

spiteful as a mule!

fool!

cresc.

to seek or hide from friends or foes,

track or guide on mountain side

cresc.

to seek or hide from friends or foes

track or guide on mountain side

cresc.

to seek or hide from friends or foes

from friends or foes, He's the boy, the boy that

friends or foes, or foes, He's the boy, the boy that

friends or foes, or foes, He's the boy, the boy that

friends or foes, or foes, He's the boy, the boy that
Più lento.

Take away the fool!

He's a perfect fool!

I went at

He's the boy, the boy that knows, He's the boy that knows! He knows, He's the boy, the boy that knows, He's the boy that knows!

knows, He's the boy, the boy that knows, He's the boy that knows!

knows, He's the boy, the boy that knows, He's the boy that knows!

knows, He's the boy, the boy that knows, He's the boy that knows!

knows, He's the boy, the boy that knows, He's the boy that knows!

Più lento.

Shamus.

dawn to gather sloes with a Leprechaun — He knows! He knows!

O'Flynn.

He knows!

He knows!

He knows!

He knows!

He knows!

He knows!
No. 8. Finale. (Cue: Mike, "and my revenge on the one day.")

Allegro giusto.

O'Flynn.

Push the jug a-round, Keep the caps a-brim-ming, No one can be drown'd,

Kitty (holding up jug):

O'Flynn. Where's an empty glass? No one calls it la-bour

While his head is swimming.

Kitty.

Cruiskeenlawn to pass To a thirsty neighbour.

Chorus.

Lords may sip their port.

Lords may sip their port. T'is may suit the winnen;

Lords may sip their port. T'is may suit the winnen;

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But to fight or court, Potheen's what we swim in.

But to fight or court, Potheen's what we swim in.

But to fight or court, Potheen's what we swim in.

But to fight or court, Potheen's what we swim in.

Nora.

Come boys, here's the stuff to set your hearts a-beating; Step up, take enough,

Kitty.

f

Bring your noggin's here, See that none want filling, Liquor can't be dear

Nora.

f

Sure, 'tis Shamus treating, Bring your noggin's here, See that none want filling, Liquor can't be dear

O'Flynn.

Bring your noggin's here, See that none want filling, Liquor can't be dear
that never paid a shilling.

Chorus.

But to fight or court, Poth-eeen, Poth-eeen's what we swim

that never paid a shilling.

Lords may sip their port, Tey may do for wimmen,

Lords may sip their port, Tey may do for wimmen,
(Father O'Flynn and Nora together near C.)

(O'Flynn. mp)

No - ra, my

Nora. p

What else would they be, and my

col-leen, your eyes are dim?

boy a-way?

He'll make his point, you may trust to him. He'll be
Father, oh Father,
back again ere close of day.
my heart stands still.
For the last two nights, in the midnight gloom,
I heard the Banshee a-keening shrill.
And an-
other keen is the knell of doom.
O'Flynn. \( \text{(d = d)} \)

No-ra, my colleen, your heart is sore, sure the Banshee waits for a hundred more. Perhaps for some wandering Nora.

A stranger? Father, your stranger's sake, who's drowning now in a mountain lake.

Crease. Would the Banshee care if the lasses were dead? Not for a stranger she'll wait, and keen, but the best old stock of our Erin green. O'Flynn

And you think 'tis for
O'Flynn.  
The same as she did when his father  
Shamus the Banshee cried.

Lento.  
died.  
\[ \text{grave yews, spold, In the churchyard mound.} \]

low, dark bed for the bright and bold;  
\[ \text{On the} \]

moun - tal - side  
The first sight ev - er the Banshee cried.

No child or scion of the great O'Brien,  
But the
Bun shee keens, yes, she keens when she knows him dying.

One night a sigh, and the next a cry, with the third a wail surely a man must die. The sound comes clear to the tortured ear of her whom the doomed one has loved most dear.

Twice thrice the gloom have I heard the doom wailing like
women before a tomb. If once more, but once
more I hear that awful, awful, awful cry,

I'll know my Shamis is called to die.

O'Flynn. Allegro moderato.

Cheer up, cheer up,

No-ra a-room, Shamis is safe, he'll be with you soon,

(KATY runs on from R.)
Kitty.

Come, boys, come, put the glasses down!

(Chorus come forward. Enter the old

Lynch, the piper, is come to town.

piper with his pipes.)

O'Flynn. mf

I've

look'd up-on sorrows of se-ver-al types, But sel-dom seen one would'nt

yield to the pipes,

When the heart is overburthen'd with
all that it feels, Dance, Dance, Dance all the misery out at your heels.

Jig, Vivace.

Repeat as often as necessary for the dance. Last time.
Chorus.

(Shamus enters. Yora embraces him. He teases)

off the old coat and hat, kisses her, and draws her forward.)

Shamus.
Presto, ma non troppo.

soldiers are safe for the rest of the night, with their feet in a boghole, their head in the heather, I left them a will-o'-the wisp for a light, And surely they ought to be happy together.

took them thro' rivers, I took them thro' bogs with lots of great tussocks to trip us and lame us, Yet laugh to have
seen them all panting like dogs, and catching a
breath to fling curses at Shamus.

They're safe where they are, for I
called from the hill, "Don't stir till daylight, it's no road for a
stronger; But if you're contented and try to keep
still, To - mor - row will find you in no sort of dang - er."

I kissed them my hand, and I gave them a cheer,

I took the short cut by the pass of Glen - co - rah,

wast - ed no minutes, and now I am here.

For a glass of poth - een and a dance with my
Reel.
Allegro molto.  (The dance is resumed. Sunset effect on the scene.)
Come all ye true bred Irishmen that love a song and dance,
And house. Kitty and Father O'Flynn join them.)
give the piper hearty cheer when'er you get the chance;
But while we've poteen, pipes and jigs, you
know too well, has plenty to endure,
we cannot call us poor.
Andante tranquillo. (d – d)
Nora.

Till we wake up Paudeen— I think he's fast—

ad lib. (Exit into house)

Till you give him a kiss, dear, it may be the last.

Shamus. p

What ails her? The last? O'Flynn.

Sure the girl's in a fright. The

Shamus: (spoken) The Banshee!

Banshee was crying ere yesterday night.

Più lento.
Nora.

(Knock.)

(Knock.)

Kiss him, Shamus, kiss our darling!
Nora.

Shamus.

Twill be comfort to ye, may he.

Aye, with all my heart.

Aye, if we must

Sure I told you part.

So you heard? Speak, asthere!

Agitato e poco accelerando.

It was the Banshee, I heard the keen Ere

Just once more! Agitato e poco accelerando.

yesterday, last night again.

But only
twice; Sure many hear that and never a soul goes short of breath.

Nora

but shell keen again; If the third voice

wails, 'tis destiny's call!

Shamus.

And it means my

Lento.

senza tempo Banshee (behind the scenes)

Ul-la, ul-la-lone, ul-la-lone och one, och-one, och-one

derth.

colta voce
Banshee.

Nora.

O'Flynn.

Hark, hark, 'tis the Banshee's cry!

Banshee.

Kitty.

Nora.

Shamus.

Oh, my darling, my

Ul-la, ul-la lone... och ongcchoo.

pp molto express.

Oh, my dar-lin', my

Ul-la.

Young and strong, I have got to die!
Kitty.

Tempo di Marcia.

Father, oh Father, but Fate is cruel!

Nora.

Father, but Fate is cruel!

Shamus.

Father, but Fate is cruel!

O'Flynn.

Father, but Fate is cruel!

Tempo di Marcia.

(Kitty sees the gleam of a bayonet, and lays her hand on Shamus' arm, pointing up the road.)

(Shamus runs up the street and is met by a row of bayonets.)

(The peasants pour on R. and come almost into collision with the troops, but give back before the bayonets.)
Shamus.

Back, friends, back, for the fight's not fair, only warm hearts,

Mike (pointing at Shamus.)

That's the rebel, faith I'll take my here—only cold steel there!

life in hand for vengeance sake. Nora, when ye threw we

o'er,

Do you mind the oath I swore? Now it's come to
It's fulfilling, you'll soon be free, and I am willing. Jack for

That's the Jill, an' Pat for Bid-dy, I'll not have ye long a wid-dy.

re-bel you - der! seize him!

Shamus, (surrendering) Come, boys, anythings to please him?

Kitty. Shame on ye, shame on ye, Look what you're doing,
\[\text{Taking the man with the child in his arms. O'Flynn.}\]

\[\text{Shame on ye, bringing a household to ruin, Taking the head from the best of our farms!}\]

\[\text{Kitty.}\]

\[\text{Shame on ye, shame on ye!}\]

\[\text{Nora.}\]

\[\text{Shame on ye, shame on ye!}\]

\[\text{Shame on ye, shame on ye!}\]

\[\text{Capt.}\]

\[\text{Shame on ye, shame on ye!}\]

\[\text{Shame on ye, shame on ye!}\]

\[\text{O'Flynn.}\]

\[\text{Will you be silent?}\]

\[\text{Shame on ye, shame on ye!}\]

\[\text{Shame on ye, shame on ye!}\]

\[\text{Sup.}\]

\[\text{Shame on ye, shame on ye!}\]

\[\text{Alto.}\]

\[\text{Chorus.}\]

\[\text{Tener.}\]

\[\text{Bass.}\]
Will you be silent? This is my duty, and it must be done.

If you would only keep peace in your island, You'd never see either bayonet or gun.

Oh, spare his life to me! Grant me his wife to be, Let me not live as his
Kitty.

Nora.

Musha, it's feasible,

widow forlorn.

Sure he'll be peaceable,

harmless,

life to me!

Oh, spare his life to me!

harmless as Fezdeen afore he was

Let me not live as his widow for-

hora.

lorn.

Shamus.

Girls, do not cringe to him,
Yield not an inch to him, Sure you heard death in the

Banshee's shrill keen. Only rear

Paddy here Up like his daddy here, To

Worship his country and die for the

Mike. Don't be cast down, my colleen as thora, I'll be your

Green.
(Nora raises her head, as if to reply to Mike, but falls)

Kitty.

Mike.

Spit on him, spurn him, tramp on him, friend when your Shamus is gone!

Kitty.

fainting into Father O'Flynn's arms.

No-ra!  Capt.

Silence, you blackguard; your portion is done.

Shamus.

Poco più lento.

molto express.

—ling, a dien toyon!  Sure my heart flew to you

Even when taking the sword in my hand.
Kit-ty, be good to her! Fa-
ther, you've stood to her,
cresc.

Più mosso.

Stand to her still when I'm out of the land.

O'Flynn.

Cheer up, for

Capt.

Shamus.

Take off the prisoner!

f
good-bye, my gos-
life is in her!

p

soon grow up like a man!

rall. cresc.
Molto più lento.

Kitty. molto espress.

Don't fret about her, dear!

Col Ped.

fret without her, dear!

Tempo di marcia.

I'll bring you news of her just as I can!

(Soldiers commence to hurry Shamus off. The villagers rush forward and throw themselves on the

Troops. A brief struggle. Sergeant is compelled to lead Shamus go. He flings himself between the opposing ranks.)

Stand back!
Home, boys!  
Save yourselves, and save your hearths!

You've got one

You've got one

You've got one

You've got one

prisoner, hold him fast, for he's the last you'll get,
But,

prisoner, hold him fast, for he's the last you'll get,
But,

prisoner, hold him fast, for he's the last you'll get,
But,

prisoner, hold him fast, for he's the last you'll get,
But,

by the rock of Cashel! you haven't hung him

by the rock of Cashel! you haven't hung him

by the rock of Cashel! you haven't hung him

by the rock of Cashel! you haven't hung him
(Shames is dragged off by soldiers. Kitty bending over Nora, who is fainting in Father O'Flynn's arms. The peasantry following the soldiers to entrance with uplifted sticks, and Mike Murphy con.

erings close beside the Captain.)

5

End of Act I.
Act II.

Scene I. — The Barrack Square. Practicable door in porch R., leading to the military lock-up. Entrances K, U. E. and L. E. Main entrance L. 2 and 3 E. A broad entrance, this all set obliquely so as to show a part of the road beyond, leading to main gate. A sentry box at either side of this entrance. The relief guard, led by Sergeant Cox, enters R. U. E. and marches to each entrance with military music, changing the guard. They are about to march off when Captain Trevor enters L. E., sentry saluting.

No 10. Introduction.
Alla marcia.

Quasi Timpani.

N.B. The rising of the Curtain must be timed so as to finish the change of guard, and begin the dialogue at the point indicated. This must vary according to the size of the stage.

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(cue) Capt. "I almost wish ——— ——— of mine, of course."

No. 11 Solo. Captain:

Andante moderato.

But demmit rebel. Its danged hard lines!

I can't let him go. I can't give her up. What the devil can I do?

My heart is thrall to Kitty's beauty. And honour points the path of duty. A-лас! a-лас! they can't a-

If Shamus dies, she can but hate me; If he sur-
vives what trials wait me! A - las, a - las, and woe is me!

The rebel must not be for - given, the

fair, bright maid, with eyes like heaven, must weep and suffer all thro' me. Oh, for the power to solvethese puzzles, to snatch

— him from the levelled muzzles, and set him free. and set him
Oh, were I not a British soldier, I'd give up all, so I might hold your soft hand in mine.

All fancy free!

But ere you will consent to marry, I must discard the sword I carry. It cannot be, it cannot be! It cannot be!
fairy, Your heart is soft, but will not vary its stern decree.

cree, its stern decree. I turn my back on love and beauty. This thorny path the path of duty leads far from thee, far far from thee!
(cue) Sergeant It will soon be sunrise.

Moderato con moto.

Capt.

(Mike follows the Captain, trying to pluck his sleeve.)

What the devil are you doing?

If your noble honour pleases. 'Tis about that small reward.

You and it may go to blazes! Have I got it in my pocket?

Sure, I thought it's apt you might.

Well, the Government proclaimed it, and they're
sire to make it right! So don't get so flurried! The Crown won't be

But I am so flurried!

hurried To please an impatient, bog-trotting splap-peen.
The Crown won't be hurried To please an impatient splap-

You'll get all your money. Then won't it be funny, to say you've had debts

peen. If they'll pay me the money, Then won't it be funny to say I've had

from the King and the Queen? debts from the King and the Queen? Oh, yer

5
Allegretto.

Mike.

honour, don't be hard, but about that same reward, I can't do without it at all. And Government, I'm told, is loth to part with gold, and I dare not stay longer near Glen-gall, Glen-gall.

Capt.

And I think you're not to blame. I'm glad you've so much shame. For they'll skin you if they catch you in Glen-

So. 1
gall. Glen-gall.
da-ren't stay lon-ger near Glen-gall. Glen-gall.

Just

cum

think of all I've done, And all the risks I've run. And en- tire-ly Cap-tain, for your

Più lento.
a tempo

sake, your sake, His rever-ence looks black. And my col-leen turns her back. And the
colle voce

Capt.

a tempo

And I

neigh-bours regard me as a snake. a snake.
think they're nearly right. Though your skin's not overbright, In calling you a serpent, no mis-

Yes, the

take, mistake!

neighbours regard me as a snake, a snake. So you

see I've lost my girl. Set the village in a whirl, And, may-be, done damage to my

rall. Più lento.
soul, my soul. I took ye from the bog, I've hunted like a dog. Don't
Take but little pride in standing at your side. If you call yourself a winner on the whole, the whole! If you call yourself a winner on the whole.

Don't leave me unrewarded at the goal, the goal.

Don't leave me unrewarded at the goal.

Più mosso
No. 13 Solo Mike.
Andante.

Mike.

Och - one, when I used to be young, och - one, when I used to be young!

Them was the days I was free and hearty, The life and soul of a dancing party, the first boy

axed when a song was sung!

Then I could court as sweet as honey; Di - vil a hair I
thought of money, och sure I was brave— and young.

poco rall.

Och—one, when I used to be young!

colla parte

Più mosso.

Now look at me, poor and battered, Caun’ been patch’d and coat all tatter’d.

ff

Look at the work of a woman’s tongue! Born from the kings that

ruled the parish, Sure a-ny Girl should be proud of marriage wid the
outdestock she lived among. Och one! Och one, when I used to be young, used to be young! The fairies danced at my mother's marryin', The Banshee keen'd at my father's berryin', The wildest keen that ever she sung.
Sure all the world has turned again me, Since No- ra scorn'd the love with

in me wid a cool sharp 'No' from her cruel tongue.

Più lento.

Ochone! Ochone! Ochone!

Ochone! — Ochone when I used to be young; Ochone! Ochone! when I

used to be young!

Ochone!

Andante con moto. Soprano.

(off the stage) All. Walk, girls.

Walk: girls.

Sergeant: "Hark!"

walk. Here's the man we all are proud of. Sure.

What's that?"

word or two of talk is the most we'll be allowed of.

Sing. girls. Sing. Sure.

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N
haps he'll hear us singing. Och, twould be another thing, if
haps he'll hear us singing. Och, twould be another thing, if

Kitty. (Kitty and a band of Peasant Girls appear at entrance L, the Sentries bar the way.)

Och, you're a soldier, handsome and
comfort we were bringing!
comfort we were bringing!

great: Sure ye won't keep us here at the gate. Time's

short I'm sayin' it, Now you're de-layin' it; Put up that bayonet Don't make us
Chorus. With yer beautiful scarlet coats—And yer swords an muskets bright—'Tis yer-

With yer beautiful scarlet coats—And yer swords an muskets bright—'Tis yer-

selves—are feelin' yer oats This il-ligant Fri-day night.

selves are feel—in' yer oats This il-ligant Fri-day night.

selves are feel—in' yer oats This il-ligant Fri-day night. Acush-la ma-

A-cushla ma-chree! Sure ye wouldn't touch me. And as quick as a

chree! I'm as smart as a flea and as quick as a
Kitty (sings, going up to Sergeant C.)

Ah, ah, Sergeant astores. Sure you will not be cross, Think

Poco piu lento.

All we have bore, and remember our loss. For it's not in yer beautiful eye. An' it's

not in yer smiling face. To put us asthows, or to turn us away. When we've

ventured here to your place. You won't misname us—You
could - n't blame us, We must see Shamus,

And face to face.

The red coat, the red coat, the prettiest coat that
ever was seen; But a dread coat, a dread coat, 'Tis myself would like for to

paint it green. Sure a - ny dress, as long as it co - vers a

paint it green. But a - ny dress, as long as it co - vers a
manly heart. Can do no less, can feel no less than shame.

Soprano.
keeping true friends apart.

Tutti
keeping true friends apart.

Well, my girls, we

won't be cruel. So you are not cruellasses, You shall see your

Well, my girls, we

won't be cruel. So you are not cruellasses, You shall see your

village jewel. See him thro' our canteen glasses.

Village jewel. See him thro' our canteen glasses.
This poor old barrack has got its can-teen, Good British ale-an' beer. Nothing is fallin' here, Not even a drop of your na-tive po-theen.

Più lento.

A friendly hand in for-eign land, What e-ver tint your coat is painted,

Chorus. A friendly hand in for-eign land, What e-ver tint your coat is painted,

Più lento.

A friendly hand in for-eign land, What e-ver tint your coat is painted,
Tempo I.

Will bring good cheer, will bring good cheer,
Will bring good cheer, will bring good cheer,
Will bring good cheer, will bring good cheer, for a glass of
Will bring good cheer, will bring good cheer, for a glass of

Tempo I.

And a glass of whisky are well acquainted,
And a glass of whisky are well acquainted,
beer are well acquainted.
beer are well acquainted.

(Exeunt Soldiers and Girls R.E.E.) dim.

p pp dim. morendo
(Enter Captain.)
(Cue) Kitty: "Mind kissing you, if -"

No 15. Duet. Kitty and Captain.
Molto moderato.

Captain, "If what?" Kitty, "Oh, it's a very cautious 'if' entirely."

Kitty.

So it's kisses you're craving, You big soldier man!

But first quit your mis-behavin', and I know you can.

Not that I'm afeared of kissin', I'm not prim nor stiff,

But before I yield or listen, There's a cautious "if";
Kitty.  pp

Captain.  There's a cautious "if."

Poco piu mosso.

Poco piu mosso.

It's a mighty little word, but I've often read and heard it makes us all the mighty little word but I've often read and heard it makes us all the trouble all the trouble that it can.  I've a right to ask at least, if you've spread the wedding feast, if you've called upon the least, if I've spread the wedding feast if I've called upon the
priest, My big soldier man, my big soldier man.

priest. Like a soldier man, like a soldier man.

Kitty.

I can kiss by easy stages as the love birds do;

But you'll tell me where the cage is, Ere I hep to you. You must

cresc.
tell me if you can, sir, how you mean to live. For be -

fore you get my answer, There's a cautious "if."

There's a
I'm as proud as any
You're as proud as any Duchess, and be-
Duchess and before your lips as much as either cheek or forehead
fore my lip as much as either cheek or forehead
touches in a kiss from you, your pro-
touches in a kiss for you, my pro-
posal you must write it, and I'll have my friends invited, and I'll
posal I must write it, and you'll have your friends invited, and you'll
see the chapel lighted, and the ring in view, and the

You're as charming as an English spring, you're as

(imitating him.)

You're straying from the important thing,

dainty as a milk white pearl!

leggiero

Don't try blarney with an Irish girl!

It's very hard, my darling.
Kitty. To be debarred from lips so pretty. The tide now flows...

But per-chance the ebb'll fling my heart close at your feet, close at your feet, fair rebel, fair rebel!

Kitty.

Capt. So we'll wait a little longer, Say a

So we'll wait a little longer, Say a week or two,

week or two, and if love keeps growing stronger,

and if love keeps growing stronger, Why, I'll hop to you.

Why, I'll
And we'll hop to you
And we'll banish all suggestion of a
banish all suggestion of a tiff, a tiff, a tiff. Till we've
tiff, a tiff, a tiff, Till we've-
solved the mighty question of this cautious "if,"
solved the mighty question of this cautious "if,"
of this cautious "if,"
of this cautious "if,"

Till we've
Tempo di Marcia.

Allegro.

(Serjeant goes to look up R.)

Shamus enters.

dim.

Nora. (Breaks down)

Darling, darling, Shamus.\footnote{f}

Don't, don't be weeping;

Sure since I was on my keeping, Few the nights that I got sleeping in our

Nora.

Lit-tle home. Ah, but I could sit and pa-der know-ing

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far as you might wander, you were somewhere

Nora.

over yonder, and you'd surely come.

Shamus.

Darling,

Never,

Darling,

Never,

more! when evening falls, will I rise when

more! when evening falls, will she rise when
Shamus calls, nev-er-more!

Shamus calls, nev-er-more!

nev-er-more within those walls

nev-er-more within those walls

shall I hear your tread

shall you hear my tread.

Oh, that cruel

Oh, that cruel
Banshee's wail never told a truer tale;
Will she never, never fail? Will she
never, never fail? Must she
never, never fail? Must she
have her dead? Have her dead?
Animato. (p) più messo che (p)

Shamus.

Come, girl, now my only, only merit is to

show that I inherit something of my father's spi-

Nor.

Love, it is your life.

rit!

Darling, how my head is swimming,

Darling,

see, my eyes are dimming;
Shamus.

Show yourself the pearl of women.

Prove yourself my wife.

Allegro.

Nora.

Let us face the foes men boldly.

Shamus.

Let us face the foes men boldly.

Allegro.

Let us face the foes men boldly.

Meet them sternly, coldly, one soft
glance and whisper only shared by you and me.

Life's a battle; We have lost it, Reckon not how much it cost.

Death's a river,
When we've crost it, You shall wait for me, Darling! You shall wait for thee, darling!

I shall wait for thee! darling!

Darling! I shall wait for thee! darling!
(Captain appears at L. U. E. Kitty and Father following)

(Samus embraces Nora and is led off by the Sergeant Nora sinks on the stage, covering her face.)

Più lento.

O'Flynn. p

Leave her Tranquillo

lonely with her sorrow; There are times when friendly words hurt us

even more than bitter; She is feeling how it

hurts.
(Cue, Mike, "Close to the gallows this time.")

**No. 17. Ensemble and Melodrama.**

*(Bugle-Call for Officers)*

(The Captain and officers enter. A line of Soldiers is drawn up behind. The Peasants' girls enter, also Father O'Flynn and Kitty, who draw Nora to them, leaving Mike alone. The officers take their places behind the drums.)

(The Captain rises) Captain "The court is open - - - little room for doubt in this case"
(Captain consults officers in dumb show)

Captain "Shamus... tried."
Shamus "That word... lied."
Captain "The sentence... is."

Nora. **agilato**

Have mercy, your honour, oh, don't say the word, don't say the word!

He's all that I have, and so young, kind

gentlemen, try to forget what you've heard, sure he always was rash with his
tongue, spare him, your honour, spare him, spare! That is a

Sopr.

Chorus.

Alt.

Spare him!

grief I could not bear.

Spare him, the rebellion's

All the rebels fly to cover. Hearth's are

cover
cold and hearts are broken, Leave the words of death un-
spoken! By the power that he braved. Save him, as you would be

Nora.  
roll.  

Save him, as you would be saved!

Capt.  

I grieve to say—

Shamus.  

Oh, wait a bit!

saved! (They kneel.)
Shamus.

Don't kneel down to a thing like it! I'm grieved, heart sore, to leave my wife, but I wouldn't take a gift of life! ÓFlynn.

Moderate.

Capt. f

Have done, have done, 'tis a painful duty I must fulfill.

Chorus. Butcher! Butcher! of course you will! Butcher! Butcher!
Court! Sergeant, support your officers! Cut this rioting!

(The soldiers push back the peasants)

Shamus:

Oh, let the gentleman have his say! I can't be waiting on him all day!

Capt.: (speaks)
"The court's decision... shall be hung."

O'Flynn.

(The Officers leave the Stage)

God rest his spirit!

(The Chorus fall on their knees)

Chorus.

Och... one... and och... one, my...
own, my own, ah why... must you die, ah why must you die? Och-

own, my own, ah why... must you die, ah why must you die? Och-

one... and och, one, my own, my own, ah why... must you die, ah

one and och, one, my own, my own, ah why... must you die, ah

(The Stage and Theatre become gradually quite dark)

why must you die? Ah why must you die...

why must you die? Ah why must you die...
The Banshee.

(behind the Scenes)

Ullalalone! Ullalone! Ochone ochone!

(Complete darkness)

Och

Ullalone, Ullalone, Ullalone, ochone.

(The Curtain falls)

one, ochone! ochone, och one!
Scene II. A country road winding across stage. Behind road a hill, studded with trees. L. a mossy bank.


Allegro.

(A number of peasants run down road from L. to R., then Chorus of Peasants Enter from L.)

They're taking him from the jail, bound

and without resistance. Shamus, we will not fail, we're

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coming to your assistance.

coming to your assistance.

coming to your assistance.

coming to your assistance. Well show them which is which, we'll

coming to your assistance.

coming to your assistance.

coming to your assistance.

coming to your assistance.

Well show them which is which, we'll leave them in the
ditch, we'll bring back Shamus to Ballyhamis! and

ditch, we'll bring back Shamus to Ballyhamis! and

ditch, we'll bring back Shamus to Ballyhamis! and

ditch, we'll bring back Shamus to Ballyhamis! and

leavethem in the ditch, well show them which is which, we'll leave them in the ditch, in the
ditch, we'll bring back Shamus to Ballyhamis! and

ditch, we'll bring back Shamus to Ballyhamis! and

ditch, we'll bring back Shamus to Ballyhamis! and

ditch, we'll bring back Shamus to Ballyhamis! and
Nora.

This is the place, father.

Oflynn.

Here he must pass.

Wait here, poor stricken souls, rest on the grass.

Kitty.

To take our last look of poor Shamus.

Nora.

A-lass! Oh! a-

Andante.

Twas only a week ago this beautiful summer

Oflynn.

Twas only a week ago this beautiful summer

Andante.

Twas only a week ago this beautiful summer
Nora.

Shamus, my life, Shamus, my life in another

hour he'll be lost to his wife; Hell be past the power of love to

wake him.

O Flynn.

My child, take heed! Your tears will

shake him, your sobs will break him, and he has need of courage and

Kitty.

Oh! he will not swerve, he will not swerve from the path he's

nerve.
Kitty
chosen without reserve!

Nora. A woman's

O'Flynn. A woman's

A woman's

tear, a woman's tear, it is our only offering

here; 'Twill fall unheeded on the bier of all I have to love and

here; 'Twill fall unheeded on the bier of all she has to love and
trust! A farewell sobbed, a last embrace, A

clinging kiss upon his face,

Then turn we

to the burial place, to learn our lesson,

To the burial place, to learn our lesson,

To the burial place, to learn our lesson,
Lento.

"Dust to dust!"

"Dust to dust!"

"Dust to dust!"

FATHER.

The time draws closer, Kit-ty, guard her well, for this one heart tis Shamus needs me most.

(Exit R.)

PIU MOSSO. NORA.

Smile, boy, smile, we have had e-ough of woe, Father's coming, Father's coming by and-by, you shall see him go.
Più lento.

Kitty.

Nora.

Go, go, go to his awful doom!

child, Nora, your looks are wild!

Think of the empty room.

Think of the desolate hearth: Think of the orphaned birth.

bey. Think of the smiles and joy that centered around his

Kitty.

Nora, hell live to forget. Nora, he's only a baby yet.
"Lento moderato."
(Nora kisses the child wildly and then looks dazed.)

And we are a-

lone on earth.

Enter Mike. M. "Well, girls, ... Kitty... Take heart and be brave, darling"

Tempo di Marcia.

Sopr.

Alto. Chorus. (behind the scenes.)

Tempo di Marcia.

(very distant)

Side Drum.

continued until the asterisk on P. 169

very distant at first.

Kitty. "I can hear them coming now"

(distant)

Ulla-
Nora.

Hark! hark! 'tis the Banshee again!

I hear her screeching, grasping reaching for the lives

Kitty.

Sister, no, the Banshee wailed

the lives of men!

own, my own! oh, why must you die, oh, why must you die?
three before this fatal hour.
Never has her warning failed; Heav'n protect us from her power! This la-

tement uprising, dying. Thro' the valleys inter-

vening, 'tis our stricken neighbours crying, 'tis the

voice of friends a-keen-

(nearer) Ulla-

Alt.
Sister darling,

stand apart:

Oh, that mournful deadly

drumming! Every footfall wounds my heart, for my

boy is coming, coming.
I little thought ever a day should rise when the
step of my Shamus, drawing nigher, should freeze up my life-blood and
scorch my eyes, like a belt of ice and a flame of fire.

(Enter from R: a file of soldiers, surrounded by villagers. Then an Officer, then the crot with Shames bound on it. Father O’Flynn, walking at his side. Then Captain Trevor, followed by another detachment of military.)

Chorus.
Ulla lone! Ulla lone! Och-

(Reprise of the preceding music.)
one and ochone the beautiful face and the fearless eye, Och-

one! the beautiful face and the fearless eye, Och-

one! my own, my own, oh, why must you die, oh,

why must you die? Och-one!

why must you die? Och-one!

why must you die? Och-one!

why must you die? Och-one!

Father O'Flynn raising his hand, and checking the man leading the cart.)
Captain.

Father O'Flynn.

Wherefore?

I beg the favour of a moment's halt. To pray and soothe this parting

of colta roce

Captain.

I'll grant you time for prayers upon the gallows.

Shamus.

A useless favour!

soul.

Not there?

Not there. Good friend and holy priest, you'll grant my

Sory prayer. You'll be at No-ras side?

Alto Chorus.

Ulla - lone! allalone! oeh - one and oehone! oeh -

Oeh - one and oehone! oeh.
Father.

Captain, you won't refuse! Consider, please!

one och - one.  (Captain hesitates. Kitty comes forward swiftly and lays her hand on his arm looking in his face.)

one och - one.

Captain.

Più lento.

I hardly know. Ground muskets! Stand at ease. Shamus.

Listen to

me, men;  I'll be short-ly go-ing where I'll know more than all the world is

knowing;  But before entering that dark domin - ion perhaps you'd like to hear my last o -
Allegro molto e con brio.

pinion.

I love my old Ireland, and sure ye can't blame me, I've fed on her legends, I've chant- ed her songs; The name that I hear, if I failed her, would shame me; I weep over her woes, and I burn at her wrongs.

I've fought and I've fallen; I've heard the dread warning That told me my life must be yielded etc.

night; Yet though you must kill me this beautiful morning There's stuff in your hearts that will
own I am right
With my pike in my hand and my

Foot on the heather, I'd fight you again as I fought you before; But

now I'll forgive ye the whole lot together, And own that my fate is the fortune of

Poco sostenuto.

war.

I'm telling you this

on the road to the gallows, Not a shake in my voice, not a tear in my eye,
Here, Shamus, here! I'm coming to you, dear, I'm not conquered yet; with Paradaes, Shamus broke down and leaped against the side of the cart.

want your last sigh, the last look of your eye, and the boy. God bless him! I'll never undress him and see him kneel to his prayers.

But his father's name shall be in the same and a curse upon his...
slayers!
O'Flynn.

Hush, No-ra, hush! Vengeance is sharp and swift; but a weapon too keen for women or men, 'Tis only for God to lift.

Chorus. Oh-one my own, my own, oh, why must you die, oh, why must you die?
Andante espressivo.

Shamus.

Raise him, No-ra, till I kiss him.

(She raises child for him to kiss.)

See how I am tied! molto espress.

Bloody war and deadly schism force me from your side.

Once more and once more,

and a parting kiss for yourself, As-thore!
Allegro molto.

On-ly one! no! no more! O' Bri-en must keep his

Capt.

Come fa-ther, come fa-ther! We can't be lin-ger-ing here all pride!

day. There's your pen-sent - Do your office! Say whatev-er you've got to say.

(Father O'Flynn climbs into cart)
alone ul-in-lone och-one and och-one! the beautiful face and the
alone och-one and och-one! the beautiful face and the
alone och-one and och-one! the beautiful face and the
alone och-one and och-one! the beautiful face and the

fear-less eye, och-one ul-la-la, my own, my own, oh,
fear-less eye, och-one my own, my own, oh,
fear-less eye, och-one my own, my own, oh,
fear-less eye, och-one my own, my own, oh,

why must you die? oh, why must you die?
why must you die? oh, why must you die?
why must you die? oh, why must you die?
why must you die? oh, why must you die?
Allegro molto.

Kitty. f

Father O'Flynn cuts the rope which binds
Shamus with one stroke of his knife.

He's free! He's a-

O'Flynn. mf

I can't stand it! Save yourself!

(Shamus leaps from the cart, knocking down
two soldiers R. and L. and makes for the hill,
Mike comes from behind tree and tries to stop
him. The soldiers are hampered by the people
and cannot fire.)

Captain "Stop him... aim low!"

fool! Now stand to him, neighbours!

(goes)

Shamus.

Good-by to you, Captain, good-bye to your men!

(Volley

(Pause to be held until the volley is over)

(The soldiers fire a volley up the hill, Mike falls and rolls down
the slope, Shamus is left standing at the top.)

When you

Oh, boys, listen to Shamus!

Chorus, Oh, boys, listen to Shamus!

pp Oh, boys, listen to Shamus!

pp Oh, boys, listen to Shamus!

(The soldiers scatter over
the hill in pursuit.)
next want a guide you'll employ me again!

Oh, boys, listen to Shamus!

Oh, boys, listen to Shamus!

Kitty.

Nora.

I'm thinking he's vanished clean out of your ken.

Ah, I'm thinking he's vanished clean out of your ken.

O'Flynn.

I'm thinking he's vanished clean out of your ken.

Ah, I'm thinking he's vanished clean out of your ken.

Boys, listen to Shamus!

Boys, listen to Shamus!
Tonight he'll be sleeping in
thinking he's vanished clean out of your ken,

A-her-low glen and the devil's in the dice if you catch him again!

And the...
Search, search, search,
de- vil's in the dice if you catch him again!
Search, search, search,
de- vil's in the dice if you catch him again!

Boys, search after Shamus! Search, boys, search after Shamus! Search!
Boys, search after Shamus! Search, boys, search after Shamus! Search!
Boys, search after Shamus! Search, boys, search after Shamus! Search!
Boys, search after Shamus! Search, boys, search after Shamus! Search!
Boys, search after Shamus! Search, boys, search after Shamus! Search!
Boys, search after Shamus! Search, boys, search after Shamus! Search!
Boys, search after Shamus! Search, boys, search after Shamus! Search!
Boys, search after Shamus! Search, boys, search after Shamus! Search!

Search, search, search,
Search! Search! search after him well!

Search! Search! search after him well!

Search! Search! search after him well!

Search! Search! search after him well!

Search! Search! search after him well!

Search! Search! search after him well!

Search! Search! search after him well!

Search! Search! search after him well!

(curtain)

End of the Opera.

January. 1895.
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### DRAWING ROOM OPERETTAS.

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### BOOSEY'S CABINET OPERAS FOR PIANOFORTE.

The Numbers refer to the Musical Cabinet.

**ONE SHILLING EACH.**

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<th>Opera</th>
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<td>Dinorah</td>
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<td>Lobelia (Italian, French, German and English)</td>
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<td>English and German</td>
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</table>

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