EMERSON'S VOCAL METHOD.
By L. O. EMERSON.

This "method" is designed to fill a long-felt want for a thorough study of the governing principles of vocal production, and to teach the practical results of the entire subject in a way comprehensible to all. The ideas are presented in the form of a complete course in vocal instruction, and are given in a little book of 160 pages, and are simple and easy to understand. The object is to make the student understand and practice the principles of vocal production in a way that will enable him to become a successful singer.

Price..........................$1.50.

OSGOOD'S GUIDE TO THE ART OF SINGING.
By GEO. L. OSGOOD.

This book is the result of researches by Mr. Osgood during a prolonged stay among the European music schools, and it is based upon the combined writings and traditions of celebrated Italian masters and schools, and has been issued in order to make it easier for students to learn the art of singing. It is divided into three parts which are to be studied in order, and it contains many instructive and practical exercises and examples. The book is well illustrated with many musical excerpts, and includes a complete system of vocal instruction. It is a valuable addition to the library of every student of music.

Price..........................$1.50.

SCHOOL FOR THE VOICE.
No one better understands the needs of American singers, or is better fitted by his many years of study and experience, to create a system of training and education for American singers than Mr. Ludden, and the example of his methods and techniques is followed by a large number of American singers. The book contains a complete system of vocal training and education, and includes many instructive and practical exercises and examples.

Price..........................$1.50.

SEELER'S EXERCISES FOR TRAINING THE VOICE.
By MADAME SEELER.

This is an original and selected collection of exercises, revised and enlarged, and used by Madam Seeler, with good results, in her celebrated school at Berlin.

Price..........................$1.25.

SIEBER'S ART OF SINGING.
By PROF. FRED. SIEBER.

This valuable textbook is a complete system of vocal training and education, and includes many instructive and practical exercises and examples.

Price..........................$1.50.

GARCIA'S SCHOOL OF SINGING.
By MANUEL GARCIA.

This is a new and complete method of vocal instruction, and is based upon the excellent features of the famous Garcia method. It is thoroughly practical and is adapted to the needs of American singers.

Price..........................$1.50.

CHORUS CHOIR INSTRUCTION BOOK.
By A. N. JOHNSTON.

This "method" is a new work for the instruction, training, and practice of chorus choirs. It is the result of the author's extensive experience as a teacher of chorus choirs, and it contains many instructive and practical exercises and examples. The book is well illustrated with many musical excerpts, and includes a complete system of vocal instruction. It is a valuable addition to the library of every student of music.

Price..........................$1.50.

CONCONE'S LESSONS IN VOCALIZATION.
This is a pocket edition of the voice method of Concione. It contains five lessons, one for each of the five voice types, and is especially adapted for class instruction. It is a valuable addition to the library of every student of music, and it includes many instructive and practical exercises and examples.

Price..........................75 cents.

PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON & COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.
THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA. By W. H. STEINHARD REHERT. Cloth $1.50; Boards, $1.25; Paper, $1.00.

The short interview of Jesus with the woman at Jacob’s well is made the occasion of about twenty Canticles, Airs, Recitatives, &c., all forming an interesting short Oratorio, called," only because it short. A Chant. Among the Charms are: “Receive you shall ye draw water from the well of salvation” “God is a Spirit,” and “Abide with me.”


“For the sinner thirsteth for God, yes, for the living God: when shall I come to appear before the presence of God?”


“O come, let us worship and kneel before the Lord, For he is our God. And we are the people of his pasture.”


“And to the Lord, all the earth, Sing with the harp, and praise him.”

HYMNS OF PRAISE. (Lohengrin.) By MENDELSSOHN. Boards, 60 cts.; Paper, 50 cts.

“O, blessed are they that hear and trust in the Lord.”

HEAR MY PRAYER. By MENDELSSOHN. 40 cts. (Soprano and chorus.)

The above five Compositions belong to the grand, solemn, religious pieces, which are peculiar to the great Master of Song. Having one great excellence, they differ somewhat in arrangement. “As the Hart fasts” has four short Choruses, a Quartet, a Trios, and Two Recitatives. The 69 Psalm is a penitential work, and is one continuous Double Chorus. “Come Let Us Sing” has four Choruses (with Solo, and one Duett). The “Hymn of Praise” covers 85 pages, has 126 numbers, and 25 choruses. “Hear my Prayer” is a continued Hymn of Anthems, with twentySolo and Chorus.

FESTIVAL CANTATA. By Ferdinand Hummel. Boards, $1.25; Paper, $1.00.

A brilliant way of Thanksgiving, with words principally from the Scriptures. Quite appropriate for a Concert performance, it will also add to the interest of any public assembly, like an anniversary, a national holiday, or “Thanksgiving” Day.

THE PRODIGAL SON. By Arthur Sullivan. Cloth, $1.50; Boards, $1.25; Paper, 50 cts.

The words are selected from the Scripture, and, with the music, admirably to the pathetic story. Thus the opening canto “Like as a father pitieth his children” and others equally appropriate. There are 18 numbers, including Solos, Duos, Quartets and Choruses.

GOD IS OUR REFUGE. (46th Psalm.) By DAVIES, BOW. Cloth $1.25; Boards 80 cts.; Ode and string parts, $1.00.

This Psalm has seven numbers, of which No. 1 is a Chorus; No. 2 is a Supranos and “Hymn Chorus, No. 3 a Bass Solo; No. 4 a Chorus; No. 5 a Tenor Solo; No. 6 a Quartet, and No. 7 a Chorus.

The whole is a first-class work, by one of our best composers.

LAMENTATION OR FRANK JERUSAEL. By MENDELSSOHN. Cloth $1.25; Paper $0.50.

This is one of the Festivale Works, of recent publication, it sets to music one of the beautiful old Latin hymns which are sung in their original pronunciation. English and Latin words are given; and, as the composition is not difficult, it can happily fail to be a great favorite.

JOSEPH’S SONG. By J. H. CHAPMAN. Boards, $1.25; Paper, 75 cts.

Fine Cantata, with the ever beautiful Bible story.

RUTH AND NAOMI. BY DAVIES, BOW. Cloth, $1.25; Boards, $1.00.

A charming sacred trilogy, well told, in words and music.


Thus a very easy and pretty thing, and, in the dramatic form, has entertained hundreds of large audiences. Costumes, &c., are easily improvised.

BELSHAZAR. By J. A. BUTTERFIELD. Boards, $1.25; Paper, $1.00.

This has been given many times, with magnificent effect, by the author and others. Like “Galahad,” it can be performed with or without dresses and scenery.

NOEL. A Christmas Cantata or Cradle. By C. S. SIMPSON. Cloth, $1.50; Paper, $1.00.

This beautiful composition has 20 numbers which have reference to the Angel’s Song at Bethlehem, and the rest are appropriate Choruses, Duets, Trios, Quartets, &c., with nothing musical Bible.

TRANSPORT AND ETERNAL. By ANDREW ROBERSON. Price 3 cts.

A very impressive and solemn ode, of Cantata.

DANIEL. By G. F. ROSE and W. J. BRADBURY. Price 50 cts.

Quite easy and admirable for evening performances.


An easy and pleasant cantata.

ST. VICTORY’S DAY. By VAN BREUK. Cloth, $1.00; Paper, 75 cts.

A musical Cantata of the English cloistered life. Written by the author of “Belshazzer.”

ST. CHARLES’ ART MESSAGE. By ST. CHARLES’ ART. Page 50 cts.

The music is a composition of Ambroise Thomas, from his drama of “St. Charles.”

REDemption HYMN. By J. G. D. PARKER. Price 30 cts.

A powerful chorus, with piano solo.

CHRIST THE LORD. By W. WILLIAMS. Boards, $1.00; Paper 50 cts.

A sacred cantata, in three parts, for Christmas festivals.

BELSHAZAR’S FEAST. By Geo. F. ROSE. Price 50 cts.

Easy and taking cantatas.

BOOK OF CANTATAS. By G. F. ROSE and W. J. BRADBURY. Price $2.50.

Contains “Daniel,” “Pilgrim’s Fathers” and “Ruth.”

BELLS IN THE AIR. Music by Camille Saint-Saens. Words translated from the French of Louis Gallet, by SERGEANT and KIMBALL. Boards $1.50; Paper 50 cts.

FLIGHT INTO EGYPT, being Part II of the “Holy Family,” a sacred Tragedy, by HECTOR BERLIOZ. Cloth, 80 cts.; Paper, 50 cts.

FALL OF JERUSALEM. By Howard E. PARKER. Boards, $1.00; Paper 50 cts.

The story of the fall of Jerusalem, with promise of restoration.

OUR SAVIOUR. By W. WILLIAMS. Price 40 cts.

The beautiful story of our Saviour’s life, death, and final resurrection, arranged for Christmas entertainments.

CHRISTMAS HYMN. By J. C. CUTTERSON. Boards, $1.00; Paper, 50 cts.

A beautiful Christmas Cantata, for evening service or entertainment.

OLIVER DITSON & COMPANY, BOSTON.
MOORE'S

IRISH MELODIES.

WITH SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

SIR JOHN STEVENSON;

AND CHARACTERISTIC WORDS

THOMAS MOORE.

BOSTON:
OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 WASHINGTON STREET.
NEW YORK:  C. H. DITSON & CO.
BIографICAL SKETCH OF THOMAS MOORE.

Born with a genius musical and happy, the life and writings of Thomas Moore teem with hilarity and the spirit of melody. He wrote with ease; there was a freedom and fullness in the flow of his words perfectly bewitching, and the subjects he selected were of a kind best adapted to the exuberant and fanciful verse in which he expressed them. At times he delights by ingenious creations—autobiographies by daring imagery—melting by simple tenderness, and winning every heart by the sheer utterance of soft melody.

Thomas Moore was born in Dublin, May 30th. 1779. In his thirteenth year he was a regular contributor to a magazine, and being inclined to theatrical displays, frequently enacted the principal character in the performances of an amateur club. In the year 1795, he entered a Roman Catholic University. In the following year he wrote and published a paraphrase of Aeneas's Fifth Ode. He continued his translations with a hope of receiving honor or reward from the Board of the University. Disappointed in this expectation, but not despairing of ultimate success, Moore labored in improving his verses, and illustrating them by annotations, in which he exhibited considerable learning and skill.

When nineteen years of age, he left his native country, and resided in London, having two objects in view, namely, keeping his terms in the Middle Temple, and publishing by subscription his translation of Aeneas.

In 1803 Moore left London, having received an appointment from the Government to an office in Bermuda. Subsequently he visited the United States, and in 1806, as the result of the voyage, published two volumes, entitled "Odys and Epistles," included in which was the celebrated "Canadian Boat Song.

In 1817 was commenced the publication of "The Irish Melodies," which met with the greatest success, and became at once universal favorites.

The year 1812 found Moore, at the age of thirty-two, enjoying a well earned fame. It was thought by many that the brilliancy of his productions necessarily confined them in contracted limits; that no continuous work could maintain throughout such a steady glow of splendor, such bright emanations of vivid fancy. Aware of the existence of this belief, Moore, in the year above mentioned, resolved upon taking the field in the same rank with Scott.

The task was delayed for two years, during which, however, he gathered material for the foundation of a structure which should endure for ages. At the end of that time the clouds which had for so long a period gathered about the prospects of success, were dissipated by the liberality of the house of Messrs. Longman, who agreed to pay the post 8,000 guineas for his new poem, even before seeing a line of it.

In 1815, such progress had been made in the work as to enable the author to write to his publishers, informing them of his readiness to submit the manuscript to them for their consideration. The manuscript complete was placed in the hands of Messrs. Longman in 1816, and in the following year, "Lalla Rookh" was hailed with a burst of admiration. Enchanted with the gorgeous scenes so gracefully portrayed by the gifted poet, every person of literary taste read with a delightful rapture never before experienced.

"And no wonder!" writes a late biographer, "it was a triple triumph of industry, learning, and genius." The broad canvas exhibited a gorgeous painting; from beginning to end the same lavish ornament, the same variegated and delicate tracery, the same reveling of a spirit happy in its intense enjoyment of beauty, that characterized the miniatures and great that heretofore proceeded from the artist's pencil. So far from betraying a diminution of power, or an inability to maintain his high-pitched note, the poet pursued his strain until he fairly left his reader languishing with a surplus of luxuriant song, and faint from its oppressive colors.

In 1817, in company with Rogers, Moore visited Paris, and purchased an edition of his satirical poem, "The Poet's Family," which became quite popular. Painted with wit, the Satires of Moore' were keen-edged and effective. Used to severity, which finds its vent in harshness, he chastised with existing vitriolica, which instead of corrugating, afforded a great fund of amusement, even to those who were by them made ridiculously prominent in public view.

In 1819, Moore travelled with Lord John Russell. After passing the Simplon, in Italy, the two parted company, the former to visit Lord Byron in Venice, the latter to proceed to Genoa.

On his return, "Rhyme on the Road" appeared, as a series of sketches of travel. Owing to the mismanagement of his deputy at Bermuda, the pecuniary affairs of Mr. Moore became much embarrassed. Aid from a host of friends was tendered, almost forced upon him; but he refused all such assistance, and alone with his pen he overcame all obstacles, made a full settlement of all claims, and became free.

Soon after he received £6,000 for "The Lovers of the Angels," and £500 for "Fables of the Holy Alliance." He wrote the "Life of Sheridan," and "The Epicurean," in 1827, the latter a prose poem, containing the spirit and beauty of "Lalla Rookh." In 1830 he published "Notices of the Life of Lord Byron," and in the following year "Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald." Moore's latest production is "The History of Ireland," appearing from time to time in "Lardner's Encyclopaedia." For several years his health rapidly declined, and it became evident that his end was near. Sand followed sand from the hour glass of his earthly existence, till on the 20th of February, 1852, at the age of 73, he left the scenes of his triumphs and the abiding place of his fame. On the 30th of March his remains found rest in the churchyard of Bunrath, a little village near Devizes.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1823, by Oliver Brown, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.
PREFATORY REMARKS.

The "Irish Melodies" originated in a desire to secure in one collection, and in a form that might not pass away, the numerous National Airs known among the wild and beautiful scenery of Ireland, and rapturously admired by all whom good fortune had been to listen to their charming notes.

It was the pride of an Irishman to know that though political influence and legislative interference had labored hard to exterminate this peculiar feature of his native land, it continued to exist amidst the dangers with which it was surrounded; and, that above the noise and turmoil of distracted national affairs, its sweet and charming melody failed not to be heard.

"There can be no doubt," says Moore, "that to the zeal and industry of Mr. Bunting, his country is indebted for the preservation of her Old National Airs. During the prevalence of the Penal Code, the Music of Ireland was made to share in the fate of its people. Both were alike shut out from the pale of civilized life; and seldom, anywhere, but in the huts of the proscribed race, could the sweet voice of the songs of other days be heard. Even of that class, the itinerant harpers,—among whom, for a long period, our ancient music had been kept alive,—there remained but a conspicuous tradition; and a great Music Meeting was held at Belfast, in the year 1792, at which two or three still remaining of the old race of wandering harpers assisted, exhibited the last public effort made by the lovers of Irish Music, to preserve to their country the only graces or ornament left to her, on the wreck of all her liberties and hopes. Thus, what the fierce legislature of the Pale had endeavored vainly through so many centuries to effect,—the extermination of Ireland's Minstrelsy,—the deadly pressure of the penal laws had nearly, at the close of the eighteenth century, accomplished; and, but for the zeal and ingenious research of Mr. Bunting, at that crisis, the greater part of our national treasures would probably have been lost to the world. It was in the year 1796 that this gentleman published his first volume; and the national spirit and hope then awakened in Ireland, by the rapid spread of the democratic principle throughout Europe, could not but increase a most cordial reception for such a work, flattering it as it was to the fond dreams of Erin's early day. Hence, the "Irish Melodies" have found, remarkable testimony to the truth of her claims to so early a date of civilisation."

"It was in the year 1797," continues Moore, "that through the good offices of Mr. Bunting's book, I was first made acquainted with the beauties of our native music. A young friend of our family, Edward and Mary, the nephew and niece of that herself, who played with much taste and feeling on the flute, and, unselfishly for herself, was but moderately warmed with the patriotic ardor then kindled around him, was the first who made me known to this rich mine of our country's melodies—mine, from the working of which my humble efforts have since derived their base and value.

"About the same time I formed an acquaintance, which soon grew into intimacy, with young Robert Emmet. He was my son, I think, by one class, in the university; for, when, in the first year of my course, I became a member of the debating society,—a sort of nursery to the authorized Society,—I found him in full reputation, not only for his learning and eloquence, but also for the handsome nature of his life, and the grave gravity of his manners. The love of Ireland, which was the very soul of his youth, and the purest kind of which he will in consequence be necessary to adapt to them. In these instances, the poet must write not to the eye, but to the ear; and must be content to have his verses of our description which Cuvier mentions, "Qua situ sita spatiove non remedialis ordina.") That beautiful air, "The Twilight of the Hope," which has all the romantic character of the Swiss "Ross des Faches," is one of those wild sentimental rales which it will not be easy to give up all claims upon Ossian for him.) his heart would have been proof against such music, and his genius would have made it immortal.

"Another difficulty,—which is, however, purely mechanical,—arises from the irregular structure of many of these airs, and the laws of kind which will in consequence be necessary to adapt them. In these instances, the poet must write not to the eye, but to the ear; and must be content to have his verses of our description which Cuvier mentions, "Qua situ sita spatiove non remedialis ordina.") That beautiful air, "The Twilight of the Hope," which has all the romantic character of the Swiss "Ross des Faches," is one of those wild sentimental rales which it will not be easy to give up all claims upon Ossian for him.) his heart would have been proof against such music, and his genius would have made it immortal.

"The "Irish Melodies" were followed in the hands of Mr. M. More, and sometimes to sit by me, when I was thus engaged: and I remember one day his starting up so from a reverie, when he had just finished playing that spirited tune called the "Red Fox," and exclamining, "Oh! that I were at the head of twenty thousand men, marching to that air!"

"How little did I then think that in one of the most touching of the sweet airs I used to play to him, his own dying words would find an interpreter so worthy of their sad and proud feeling; or that another of these mournful strains would long be associated, in the hearts of his countrymen, with the memory of her who shared with Ireland his last blessing and prayers.

"Though fully alive, of course, to the feelings which such music could not but inspire, I had not yet undertaken the task of adapting words to any of the airs.

In 1807, an announcement was made of the publication of a Collection of the best Original Irish Melodies, with characteristic symphonies and accompaniments, and with words containing, as frequently as possible, allusions to the manners and history of the country. Moore immediately engaged with zeal and alacrity in a work so congenial with every feeling of his heart. He addressed a letter to Sir John Stevenson, which, as it gives a very comprehensive view of the matter, we transcribe.

Mr. Moore says:—"I feel very anxious that a work of this kind should be undertaken. We have too long neglected the only talent for which our English neighbors ever deemed to allow us credit. Our National Music has never been properly collected; and while the composers of the Continent have enriched their operas and sonatas with melodies borrowed from Ireland,—very often without even the honesty of acknowledgment,—we have left these treasures, in a great degree, unclaimed and forgotten. Thus our airs, like too many of our countrymen, have, for want of protection at home, passed into the service of foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better period of both politics and music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland, at least, appears too plainly in the tone of sorrow and desperation which characterizes most of our early songs.

"The task which you propose to me, of adapting words to these airs, is by no means easy. The poet who would follow the various sentiments which they express, must feel and understand that rapid fluctuation of spirits, that uprush of emotion, that wild exultation which the pure love of country, that deep longing for the land of our fathers, and that burning desire to feel the power of the race which has animated the old songs, cannot altogether pass away. These are feelings which the poet must bring to bear upon the words which he is to give."

It was a fortunate circumstance that two persons were found so well fitted to write Ireland's minstrelsy and songs, as were Moore and Cuvier. The "Irish Melodies," in the hands of Mr. Moore, were no sooner published than they were universally acknowledged as a work of the highest excellence, and the "Twilight of the Hope," was found to be something of the kind which the poet is so anxious to give to Ireland. It has been a great source of pleasure to me to know that the song has been sung by all the best voices in Ireland, and that it has been received with the greatest applause by all who have heard it. The "Twilight of the Hope," therefore, is a song which I am very glad to have sung, and which I hope will be sung by many others in the future. 
PREFATORY REMARKS

and Stevenson. The task set apart for each was one of much difficulty, and one which required much severe toil to accomplish.

With a modesty characteristic of the man, Moore attributed the success of the undertaking to the genius and perseverance of his con-

jurer. But the public never has, never will take his disclaimer as an indication of the power of his own talent. His passionate, thoughtful sentiment, has had no part in the creation of the spirit of immortality with which the Irish melodies are stamped. In a letter to the Marchioness Dowager of Duns or, Mr. Moore thus speaks of the labors of Mr. Stevenson:—"Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his coun-

cy's music. In those airs which he has arranged for voices, his skill has particularly distinguished itself; and though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet, when a familiar strain has been dis- missed, as having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns, in a harmonized shape, with new claims on our interest and attention; and to those who study the delicate arts of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure, independently of the rest,—so artistically has the harmonist, (if I may thus express it) girded the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part."

Moore has made a few memorandums and brief notices of several of the most popular of the melodies. "Of the few songs written with a conscious political feeling—such as "When he who adheres," and "one or two more,"—the most successful in its day, was "When I first met doe, warm and young," which alluded in its hidden sense, to the Prince Regent's detection of his political friends. It was little less, I own, than profanation to disturb the sentiments of so beautiful an air by any connection with such a subject. The great success of this song, soon after I wrote it, among a large party staying at Chaw-

borst, is thus alluded to in one of Lord Byron's letters to me:—"I have heard of having left Chaworth and all these full of amusement," and, in particular, that "When I first met doe, warm and young," had the most affecting effect. I told you it was one of the best things you ever wrote, though that dog ** ** ** wanted you to omit part of it."

Moore has been somewhat surprised that "Oh, breathe not his name," was meant to allude to Lord Edward Fitzgerald; but this is a mistake: the song having been suggested by the well-known passage in Robert Emmet's dying speech. 'Let no man write my epitaph,' etc. My tomb remain unmarred, till other times and other feelings shall change its justice to my memory."

The poet attempts to commemorate the glory of our great duke, with "Trotter's Air," etc. It is far remarkable, that it is made up simply for its want of poetical spirit, by an outpouring, rarely grunted in bands in these days of the spirit of prophecy. It was in the year 1815 that the following lines if were made at Chaworth:

And still the last coron of thy life is remaining,

The projector, the patron, within reach yet known:

Though proud was thy task after nations subduing,

Far ponder to lead the deep wounds of thy own.

At the foot of that throne for whose seat from thou stoodst,

Go, plant the last that first crept thylytoil, etc."

About fourteen years after these lines were written, the Duke of Devonshire recommended to the throne the great measure of Catholic Emancipation.

The fancy of the "Origin of the Irish Harp" was suggested by a drawing made under peculiarly painful circumstances, by the friend previously mentioned, Edward Hudson. When, in conse-

quence of the compact made with the Irish, the cabinet then under the concurrence of the conspiracy, the state prisoners, before proceeding into exile, were allowed to see their friends, I paid Mr. Hud-

son a visit, in the jail of Kilmainham, where he had then lain im-

scribed for five or more months, hearing of friends of his life being led thence forth, and expecting every week his own to come. I found that to sume his solitude he had made a large drawing with charcoal on the wall of his prison, representing that fancied origin of the Irish Harp, which some years after I adopted as the subject of one of the Melodies. In connection with another of these melody airs—one that defies poetry to do it justice—I find the following touching and singular statement in an article of the Quar-

terly Review. Speaking of a young and promising poetess, Laurea-

tia Davidson, who died very early from nervous excitement, the Reviewer says, "She was particularly sensitive of music. There was one song (it was Moore's Farewell to his Harp) to which she took a special fancy. She wished to hear it only at twilight, thus (with that same purring love of excitement which made her place the Zodiac harp in the window when she was computing) wishing to increase the effect which the song produced upon a nervous sys-

tem already dimly susceptible, so far it is said that whenever she heard this song she became palsied, and almost fainting,—yet it was her favorite of all songs, and gave occasion to those verses addressed in her fifteenth year to her sister."

"With the melody entitled "Love, Valor, and Wit," an incident in connected, which awakened feelings in no, of pride, but zeal and courage, as well as remaining the heard to be heard of the descendents of those great Irish families who found themselves forced, in the days of persecution, to seek in other lands a refuge from the shame and ruin of their own, whose story I have thus associated with one of their country's most characteristic airs:"

To Blake and O'Donnell, whose fathers resigned.

The green hills of their youth, among strangers to

That repeat which at home they had sighed in vain.

"From a foreign lady of this ancient extraction,—whose name I could venture to mention them, would lead to the incident an addi-

tional Irish charm. I received, through the hands of a gentleman, a large portfolio, adorned inside with a beautiful drawing, repre-

senting "Love, Valor, and Wit," as described in the song. In the border that surrounds the drawing, are introduced the favorite emblems of Erin,—the Harp, the Shamrock, the modern emblem of St. Patrick, together with scrolls containing each, inscribed in letters of gold, the name of some favorite melody of the fair artificer." It was necessary in considering this sketch, to enter into a length-

ened criticism of these admirable odes, with their far from sparkling, more painstaking—here glowing with fervor—there laden with pathos—all tinged with exorbitant illustration. The reader has then before him in all their richness of sentiment and harmony. It may be true that force and dignity are wanting to some of these lyrics; that even slightly fancy colors until art becomes too evident in strained and fruitless combinations of times in excess at the border of the ornament there is not enough of poetry affecting to relate to a nation's misery than the Irish Melodies strongly impress. The love of country that pervades and inspires his theme, his simple tenderness of feeling that at once strikes the heart as instantly to melt it, his facility of creation, linked with a glacial appreciation of all that is beautiful in nature—the grace, the elegance, the sensibility, the ingenuity, that are never absent—the astonishment and thoroughly successful adaptation of sense to sound, of sweetest poetry to thrilling music—are claims to admiration which the most prominent of his species will find it impossible to resist.

From the commencement of the publication of the Irish Melodies, Moore's name and fame were known in every land. From this hour success and honor attended the results of his talent and industry. He attributed all his poetical success to his strong, sensuous feeling for Music. There can be no doubt that his obligations to nature in this respect were very great. Music and poetry were the food of his life, and he was inextricably united.

It is evident in the Irish Melodies, which comprise the whole of this volume, Moore wished only to see them. With him the words and the music were one. 'So intimately, indeed,' says an English writer "were they united, that the sight of them crowded together in one volume, unaccompanied by any additional notes which there were always as-

sociated in his own mind, inflicted upon him positive pain." This work has been translated into Latin, Italian, French and Russian, and will continue to command a popularity unequalled by that of any other composition of a similar kind.
IRISH MELODIES.

INTRODUCTORY PIECE FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

CAROLAN'S CONCERTO.
INTRODUCTORY PIECES.

AIR—PLANXTY DRURY.

AIR—THE BEARDLESS BOY.
GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

AIR—MAID OF THE VALLEY.

FOR ONE OR TWO VOICES.

Tenderly.

Go where glo-ry waits thee; But while fame e-lates thee, Oh! still re-mem-ber me.

When the praise thou meet-est, To thine ear is sweet-est, Oh! then re-ment her me.
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

O - ther arms may press thee, Dearest friends ca - ress thee, All the joys that bless thee Sweet - er far may be;

O - ther arms may press thee, Dearest friends ca - ress thee, All the joys that bless thee Sweet - er far may be;

But when friends are near - est, And when joys are dear - est, Oh! then re - mem - ber me.

But when friends are near - est, And when joys are dear - est, Oh! then re - mem - ber me.

When at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou livest.
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning.
Oh! then remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its ling'ring roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wore them,
Her who made thee love them.
Oh! then remember me.

When around thee, dying
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should Music stealing
All the soul of Feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let Memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee;
Oh! then remember me.
ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

AIR— AILEEN AROON.

1. Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes,

Blend like the rainbow that hangs in the skies;
Shining thro' sorrow's stream, Sad d'ning thro' pleasure's beam,

Thy suns, with doubtful glee, Weep while they rise!

E'en! thy silent tear never shall cease,
E'en! thy lugubrious smile never shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form, in Heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!
REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.

AID—MOLLY MACALPIN.

WAR SONG.

Remember the glories of Brien the brave,
'To the days of the hero are o'er,
Tho' lost to Moos'nias and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kin-koo-ral no more!

* Brien Boru, the great Monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th Century, after saving defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

† Munster

‡ The Palace of Ierum.
Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there?
No, Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions,* who stood
In the day of distress by our side; [blood,
While the moss of the valley grew red with their
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and fell!
The sun that now blesses our arms with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain:—
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain!

* This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dál nAraidi, the Ancient troops of Brian, when they were intercepted, in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitchebric, Prince of Theory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest: "Let them die!" they said, "in the sight of God; and suffer each of us, laid in his own grave, by one of these stones, to be placed in his rank by the side of a wound man."—Hibernia, vol. viii. p. 235. "E'en her seven odd hundred wounded men," says O'Halloran, "fell, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared amidst the foremost of the troops.—Never was such another sight exhibited."—Memoirs of Ireland, Book XIII, Chapter 1.
WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

AIR—THE FOX’S SLEEP.

Slow, and with feeling.

1. When he who adores thee has left but the name Of his fault and his sorrow be-

2. With thee were the dreams of my earliest love, Every thought of my reason was

—Oh! say, wilt thou weep when they darken the fame Of a life that for thee was re-

thine: In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above, Thy name shall be mingled with

* These words allude to a story in an old Irish manuscript, which is too long and too melancholy to be inserted here.
sign'd?  Yes, weep! and, however my foes may condemn, Thy tears shall efface their de-
mine!
Oh! bless'd are the overers and friends who shall live The days of thy glo-ry to

cree;  For Heav'n can witness tho' guil-ty to them I have been but too faithful to
But the next dearest blessing that Heav'n can give, Is the pride of thus dy-ing for

thee!  thee!

cres.
The Harp that once, thro' Tara's halls, The soul of Music shed, Now

hangs as mute on Tara's walls As if that soul were fed—— So
sleeps the pride of former days, So glory's thrill is o'er; And

hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord, alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells:
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives!
FLY NOT YET.

AIR—PLANXY KELLY

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When pleasure, like the midnight flow'r, That scorces the eye of vul-gar light, Be-
gins to bloom for sons of sight, And maids who love the moon! 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That beau-ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft as-sets done glowing, Set the tides and gob-lets flow-ing
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES

1. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— Joy so seldom weaves a chain like this to-night, that

Oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,—

Joy so seldom weaves a chain Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.

2. Fly not yet; the fount that play'd
In times of old, through Annon's shade,*
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of birth, began
To burn when night was near;
And thus should women's hearts and looks
As soon be cold as winter breaks.

Nor kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.
Oh! stay,— oh! stay,—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake,
As those that sparkle here?

* Solis Fons, near the Temple of Annon.
OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

AIR—JOHN O'KELLY THE ACTIVE.

1. Oh! think not my spirits are always as light And as
tree from a pang, as they seem to you now; Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night Will re-
were not with friendship and love intertwin'd; And I care not how soon I may sink to repose, When these

2. The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows! If it
turn with to-morrow to brighten my brow: No, life is a waste of wearisome hours, Which seldom the rose of en-
blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind! But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest, Too often have wept o'er the
Joyment adorns; And the heart that is soonest awake to the show's In always the first to be touch'd by the thorn! But dream they better'd; And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest, Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceiv'd. But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile; May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here Than the send round the bowl, while a relic of truth Is in man or in woman, this pray'r shall be mine. That the tear that joyment can gild with a smile, And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear! Sun-shine of Love may illume our youth, And the moonlight of Friendship console our decline!
RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

AIR—THE SUMMER IS COMING.

Moderate time.

1. Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a bright gold ring on her wrist she bore; But stray, So lone and lovely, thro' this bleak waste? Are oh! her beauty was far... beyond Her sparkling E-man's sons so good or so cold As not to be

* This Ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—"The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Bauta, and by his sagacious administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed, that a noble lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly crown, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value, and such an impression had the law and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her circlets or jewels."—Narren's History of Ireland, Vol. 1, Book 12.
"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;
No son of Eaux will offer me harm;
For, tho' they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight they love honour and virtue more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And blest forever was she who relied
Upon Eaux's honour and Eaux's pride.
THO' THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

AIR—COURTENAY.

1. Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see, Yet where—
2. To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore, Where the

--- ever thou art shall seem Erin to me! eye . . . . . of the stranger can haunt us no more,

---
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home, And thine eyes shall make my climate wherever we roam.
Rude than the foes we leave frowning behind:

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathe,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;

Nay dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

*In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII., an Act was made enjoining the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being there or always above the crop, or from wearing wigs, or Capace, long breeches, on their heads, or below the upper lip, called Command. On this occasion a song was written by one of our leaders, in which an Irish youth is made to give the preference to his dear Codex (or the mouth with the flowing locks,) to all strangers (by which the English were meant,) or those who wore their habits. Of this song it is, An Answer has remt us, and is universally recited.—Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Sages, page 184—Mr. Walker informs us also that about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.
AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

AIR—THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM.

1. As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow, While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below, So the cheek may...
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which Joy has no balm, and Affliction no sting.

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's bright ray:
The beams of the warm Sun play round it in vain—
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.
THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.*

AIR—THE OLD HEAD OF DENNIS. THERE IS NOT IN THIS WIDE WORLD

1. There is not in this wide world a vale so sweet As that vale in whose bosom the

2. Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene Her purest of crystal and

bright waters meet,† Oh! the last rays of feeling and brightest of green; "Twas not the soft magic of

---

* "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow; and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1837.
† The rivers Avon and Avoca.
life must de-part, Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart! Ere the
streamlet or hill; Oh! no—it was something more ex quis-ite still;—Oh!

bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!
no—it was something more ex quis-ite still;—

"Twas that friends, the belon’d of my bosom were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Swee vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best, [cones,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world would
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!"
ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.*

AIR—THE BROWN THORN.

SONG AND TEO.

1. Oh! haste, and
2. Oh! Father,

leave this sacred isle, . . . Un-holy bark, ere morning smile; For on thy
send not hence my bark, . . . Thre' win'-try winds and o'er bolls dark; I come, with

* A moral life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Wiltshire MS., and may be found among the Acta Sanc. Hibernae. We are told
of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any vessel of the party; he ordered to receive even a sister nun, St. Canora
when her boat had taken to the island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the negligeant answer of Senanus
according to his poetical biographer:

"Get Popoal, spied ferlinda.
Commoneet cum serene.
Admittiene is asile." See the Acta Sanc. Hibern., page 410.

According to Mr. Leland, St. Senanus was not less a personage than the River Shannon; but O'Connell and other antiquarians deny this metameri-
phelia indisputably.
deck, though dark it be, A female form I see! And I have sworn this sanctified
hum-bly heart, to share Thy morn and ev'-ning pray'r: Nor mine the feet Oh! ho-ly

sod... Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod!
saint, The brightness of... thy sod to saint.

TRIO.

The Lady's prayer Se-na-nus spurn'd, The wind blew fresh, and the bark return'd: But legends

The Lady's prayer Se-na-nus spurn'd, The wind blew fresh, and the bark return'd: But legends
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES

"Till morning's light......... delay'd And giv'n the Saint one ro-sy
hint... that had the maid..."
THE DIRGE.—HOW OFT HAS THE BANSHEE CRIED.

AIR.—THE DEAR BLACK MAID.

HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES.

1. How oft has the Ban-shee cried, how oft has death un-tied
2. We're fall'n up-on goo-my days. Star af-ter star de-cays,
3. Oh! quench'd are our bea-con lights, Thou of the hun-dred fights'

Bright links that glo-ry wove. Sweet bonds en-twin'd by love,
Ev'-ry bright name, that shed Light o'er the land is fled,
Thou on whose burn-ing tongue Truth, peace, and free-dom hung.

---

* I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character, which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and endless general, by which England has been deprived of so many good and great men, at a moment when she must require all the aid of talents and eloquence.

This designation, which has been applied to Lord Nelson, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Gorman, the last of O'Flahet, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," page 40. "Con of the hundred Fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb and upbraid our defeats with thy victories."

† "Pax, Romanorum aliquis."
First Voice.

Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth, Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth,

2nd Voice.

Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth, Lost joy or hope that ne'er return-eth,

Tenor.

(see lower.)

Both mute, but long as valour shin-eth, Or mer-cy's soul at war re-plineth

Bass.

Piano Forte

Accomp.

Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the Her-oo's grave, Peace to each

But bright-ly flows the tear Wept o'er a Her-oo's bier! Peace to each

So long shall Erin's pride Tell how they liv'd and died! Peace to each

Peace
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

Manly soul that sleepest, Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave

Soul that sleepest, Rest to each eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave

Manly soul that sleepest, Rest to each eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave

Peace, Rest to each eye... that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave

Sigh o'er the Hero's grave.

Sigh o'er the Hero's grave.

Sigh o'er the Hero's grave.

Sigh o'er the Hero's grave.

Dim.
HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES.

AIR—THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE

1. How
dear to me the hour when daylight dies, And sunbeams melt along the
as I watch the line of light that plays, Along the smooth wave, tow’rds the

2. And
slient sea, For then sweet dreams of other days a rise, And
burning west, I long to tread that golden path of rays, And

lento.

Mem'ry breathes her ves - per sigh to thee. For then sweet dreams of other
think 't would lead to some bright isle of rest, I long to tread that golden

days a rise, And Mem'ry breathes her ves - per sigh to them.
path of rays, And think 't would lead to some bright isle of rest.
TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

AIR—DERMOT

HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES

With Feeling

1. *Take back the virgin page, White and un-

2. Yet let me keep the book; Oft shall my

written still; Some hand, more calm and sage, The leaf must fill.

heart renew, When on its leaves I look, Dear thoughts of you.

* Written on returning a blank book.
Thoughts come as pure as light, Pure as ev'ry soul requires; But oh! each word I write Love turns to fire, passion write one wrong wish there.

Haply, when from those eyes Far, far away I roam, Should calmer thoughts arise Toward you and home; Worthy eyes to meet, Thoughts that not burn, but shine, Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far, Seamen their records keep, Led by some hidden star Through the cold deep; So may the words I write, Tell through what storms I stay—You still the unseen light, Guiding my way.
WHEN IN DEATH I SHALL CALM RECLINE.

AIR—UNKNOWN.

THE LEGACY.

When in death I shall calm recline, O bear my heart to my mistress dear; Tell her it liv'd upon smiles, and wine of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here; Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow, To
When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door
Where weary travellers love to call.*
Then if some hard, who roams forsakes,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its Master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now overflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.
But when some warm devoted lover,
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Oh, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

* "A true hero was one or two harps, for all travellers, who were the more reticent, the more they excelled in music." — O'HALLORAN.
WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

AIR—GARTONCE.

1. We may roam thru' this world, like a child at a feast, Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest. And, when
2. In Eng-land, the gar-den of Beau-ty is kept By a dra-gen of pre-de-ry pleas'd within call; But so

plea-sure be-gins to grow dull in the east, We may or-der our wings and be off to the west; But if
off this un-a-mia-ble dra-gen has slept, That the gar-den's but care-less-ly watch'd af-ter all. Oh! they

hearts that feel, and eyes that smile, Are the de-er gifts that heav'n sup-plies, We
want the wild sweet brie-ry fence, Which round the flow'rs of Ker-in dwells; Which
In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try;
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good bye.

While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
Ever smiling before his faithful ear,
Through billows of woe and beams of joy,
The same as he looked when he left the shore.
EVELEEN'S BOWER.

AIR—UNKNOWN.*

1. Oh! weep for the hour, When to Eveleen’s bow'r The Lord of the Valley with
   false vows came; The moon hid her light From the heavens that night, And
   o-ver the moor; And many a deep print On the white snow's tint, Shew'd the

2. The white snow lay, On the narrow path-way, Where the Lord of the Valley crost

---

* Our claim to this Air has been disputed; but they who are best acquainted with national melodies, pronounce it to be Irish. It's general,
known by the name of "The pretty Girl of Darby, &c."
wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame! The clouds past soon, from the chaste cold moon, and track of his foot step to Eveleen's door. The rosy sun's ray soon melted a way Every

heaven smiled again with her vestal flame; But none will see the day when the trace on the path where the false Lord came; But there's a light above Which a

clouds shall pass away, Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame, lone can remove That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.
LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

AIR—THE RED FOX.

Let Erin remember the days of old, Ere her faithless sons betray'd her; When Malachi wore the collar of gold, Which he won from the proud invader;

* "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively hand in hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one and carrying off the sword of the other as trophy of his victory."—Warren's History of Ireland.
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

When her Kings, with standards of green unfur'd, Led the Red Branch Knights to danger,
Ere the emerald gem of the western world Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays, 2
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days,
In the wave beneath him shining;

Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long faded glories they cover.

* Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland: long before the birth of Christ we find an hereditary order of Chivalry in Illyria, called Curuddthas na Cruithne na roth, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from whose chief seat in Úisce, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster Kings, called Teagh na Cruithne na roth, the Academy of the Red Branch, and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called, Broinlair, or the house of the Sourdail Soldier. — O'Halloran's Introduction, &c., part 1. ch. 6.

† It was an old tradition in the time of Grendel, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, as a whole, and that the Atlas of Fith, overwhelmed. His eyes that fisherman, in clearer weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. Placitus occupit unum hunc ecclesiasticum, que montem patriae Orientali, hunc monasterium, sed unde madea ecclesiasticalis, et extranea transmarina, erasque usque ademutus, frequenter extraneorum.—Topogr. Ill. Dist. 11. c. 8.
SILENT, OH MOYLE, BE THE ROAR OF THY WATER.

AIR—MY DEAR EVELEEN.

SONG OF FIONNUALA.*

Mournfully.

1. Slient, Oh Moyle, be the roar of thy wa-ter; Break not, ye breezes, your chain of re-pose, While

murmuring mournful ly Lir’s lone ly daughter, Tells to the night-star her

* To make this song intelligible, it would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was by some supernatural power transformed into a Swan, and confined to wander for many hundred years over several lakes and rivers, in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the Miss bell was to be the signal of her release— I found the fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moraea.
M O O R E S I R I S H M E L O D I E S

When shall the swan, her pensât - note singing, Sleep, with wings in
darkness full’d, When shall heav’n, its sweet bell ringîng, Call my spirit from this

Sad’s, O Mayle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.

When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our Isle with peace and love?
When shall heav’n, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above.
COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

AIR—WE BROUGHT THE SUMMER WITH US.

I. Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief To simple sages, and reasoning fools; This moment's flow'r too fair and brief To be with'er'd and stain'd by the
dust of the schools. Your glass may be pur-ple, and mine may be blue. But while they're both fill'd from the
same bright bowl, The fool that would quarrel for difference of hue, Deserves not the comfort they
shed on the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side,
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?

From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the hearts and the laws that try
Truth, valour, and love, by a standard like this.
1. Sublime was the warning which Liberty spoke, And grand was the moment when
2. If the fame of our fathers bequeath'd with their rights, Give to country its charm, and to

Spaniards awoke Into life and revenge from the Conqueror's chain!
home its delights; If deceit be a wound and suspicion a stain;

Oh! Liberty! let not this spirit have rest, Till it moves, like a breeze o'er the
Then ye men of Iberia! our cause is the same! And oh! may his tomb want a
waves of the west; Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot, Nor, oh! be the Shamrock of
tear and a name, Who would ask for a nobler, a ho-li-er death, Than to turn his last sigh in-to

E- rin for-got, While you add to your gar-lands the O - live of Spain!
vio- to-ry's breath, For the Shamrock of E- rin and O - live of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which at home they had sigh'd for in vain,
Join, join in our hope that the same, which you light
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm, and as bright;
And forgive even Alibon while blushing she draws,
Like a truant, her sword in the long-sighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause!—Oh! it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain;
Then bow painted by sorrow its martyrs will dir!
The finger of Glory shall point where they lie;
While far from the footsteps of coward or slave,
The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain.
BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

AIR—MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND. HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.

1. Believe me, if all those endearing young charms, Which I gaze on so fondly today . . . Were to

2. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks unprofan'd with a tear . . . That the

change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms, Like fairy gifts fading away, Thou wouldst

for - yeur and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear! No, the
still be adored, as this moment thou art, Let thy loveliness fade as it will... And a-

heart that has truly loved never forgets, But as truly loves on to the close... As the

round the dear ruin each wish of my heart Would entwine itself devoutly still...

sunflower turns on her god when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose...
ERIN, OH! ERIN.

AIR—SHAKAMA HULLA. *

EARMONIZED FOR THREE VOICES.

With
Feeling and
Solemnity.

1. Like the bright lamp that lay in Kil-dare's holy shrine,  
    And burn'd thro' long ages of darkness and storm, Is the

2. The nations have fall'n, and thou still art young. Thy sun is but rising when others are set; And the'

heart that sor-rows have frown'd on in vain, Whose spir-it out-lives them, un-fa-ding and
sla-very's cloud o'er thy morn-ing hath hung. The full noon of free-dom shall beam round thee

warm! E-rin! oh E-rin! thus bright, thus' the tears Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit ap-pear!  
yet. E-rin! oh E-rin! tho' long in the shade, Thy star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade!

* There an various settings of this air; that which differ most from the set we have adopted, will be found at the end of this song.
† The indistinguishable fire of St. Brigid, at Kildare, which Geraldus mentions,  
    Appalled Kilclianum occurrit Irenaeus Sanctus Brigid, queen locatis  
guileless vessels; non quad exiguit non parvi, sed quad tam adolescentias aut novelles mulieres ignes, repente quaelibet ferretut nutriment uit,  
    tempere virginis per tot annorum carminis semper maneat istincitis.  
—Gerald Camb de Mainz, Hist. Duid. 1. c. 84.
3. Unchilled by the min, and unswaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour,
Till the hand of spring her dark chains unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.*
Erin! oh Erin! my winter is past,
And the hope, that liv'd thro' it, shall blossom at last.

* Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the lily, has applied this image to a still more important subject.
OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

AIR — ETTY TREVOR.

HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.

With
Expression.

1. Oh! blame not the bard,* if he fly to the bow'rs, Where pleasure lies, care-less-ly

2. But, alas! for his country—her pride is gone by, And that spirit is broken, which

smiling at fame; He was born for much more, and, in happier hours, His

never would bend; O'er the ruin in her children in secret must sigh, For 'tis

* We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those searching bard whom Spencer so severely, and perhaps truly describes in his state of Ireland, and whose poems he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device which gave good grace and equanimity unto them; the which it is great pity to be almost to the growing of viciousness and vice, which with good usage would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."
soul might have burn'd with a ho- li-er flame. The string, that now lan- guish-es

trea-som to love her, and death to de-fend. Un-pris'd are her sons,'til they've

loose o'er the lyre, Might have bent a proud bow* to the war-ror's dart; And the
learn'd to be-tray; Un-dis-tin-guish'd they live, if they shame not their sires; And the

lip which now breathes but the song of de-sire, Might have pou'd the full tide of the
torch, that would light them thro' dig-ni-ty's way. Must be caught from the pile, where their

* It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from Fr., the goddess of a bow, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more credible to us than the following. - So that, Ireland (called the land of the Bear, for the constant brine baresm for 400 years,) was now become the land of concord. - Lloyd's State Worthes, Art. "The Lord Grandesco."
3
Then blame not the bard, if, in pleasure's soft dream,
He should try to forget, what he never can heal;
Oh! give but a hope, let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down,
Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored,
While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
Like the wreath of Hermodius, should cover his sword.

4
But, though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin! shall live in his songs,
Not ev'ra in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs!
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
I'll thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep.

See the Hymn, addressed to Abern,—"I will carry my sword, hidden in my caves, like Hermodius and Arisingham," &c.
AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

AIR--MOLLY, MY DEAR.

1. At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping,
   I fly To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye.
And I think that if Spirits can steal from the regions of air, To re-

visit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our

love is remembered even in the sky.

2. Then I sing the wild song, which once 'twas rapture to hear,
   When our voices both mingling breath'd like one on the ear;
   And, as echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
   I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls,*
   Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

* "There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields; and that it is these souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call echoes."

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON’S LIGHT.

AIR—OONAGH.

1. While gazing on the moon’s light, A moment from her
2. The day had sunk in dim showers, But mid-night now, with

smile I turn’d, To look at orbs, that, more bright, In lone and distant
lustre meek, Illumin’d all the pale flow’re, Like hope, that lights a

glory burn’d. But, too far Each proud star, For me to feel its
mourner’s cheek. I said (while The moon’s smile Play’d o’er a stream, is
warming flame—Much more dear That mild sphere, Which near our planet smiling came; Thus dimpling bliss,) "The moon looks On many brooks, The brook can see no moon but this;

Mary dear! be thou my own—While brighter eyes unheeded play, I'll love those moonlight thus, I thought, our fortunes run, For many a lover looks to thee, While oh! I feel there

looks alone, Which bless my home, and guide my way! Is but one, One Mary in the world for me.

* * *

"Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, so despised as it is in comparison to most of the others, is more beneficial than they all put together."—Wattson's Theory, &c.

In the Estrofetes of Ariosto, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with the words, "New smile, good shore.

* This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works,—"The moon looks upon moonlight beams, the night-flower sees but one moon."
WHEN DAYLIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING UNDER THE BILLOW.

AIR—KITTY OF COLERAINE.*

I Z L O M E S

1. When daylight was yet sleeping under the billow, And stars in the heavens still lingering shone, Young

2. As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses, Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two, A

Kit-ty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow, The last time she e'er was to press it a-lose. For the

but-ter-fly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses, Flew o-ver the mir-ror, and shad-ed her view. En

* Having some reason to suspect that "Kitty of Coleraine" is but a modern English imitation of our style, I have thought it right to give an
authentic Irish air to the same words, without, however, omitting the former melody, for which the words were originally written, and to which, I
believe, they are best adapted. "Paddy's Reunion" follows the present air.
youth, whom she treasured her heart and her soul in, Had promised to link the last tie before noon; And, when
rag'd with the insect, for hiding her grace, She brush'd him—he fell, a last never to rise—"Ah.

Once the young heart of a maiden is stolen, The maiden herself will steal such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces, For which the soul's innocence

after it soon!
too often dies!

While she stole through the garden, where heart's-ease was growing,
She cult some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;
And a rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing,
That spite of her haste, she must gather it too;
But, while o'er the roses too, carelessly leaning,
Her zone few in two, and the heart's-ease was lost—
"Ah! this means," said the girl, (and she sigh'd at its meaning.)
"That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost i!"
WHEN DAYLIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING UNDER THE BILLOW.

Moderate time.

When daylight was yet sleeping under the billow, And stars in the heavens still lingering shone, Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow, The
last time she e'er was to press it alone. For the youth, whom she treasur'd her

heart and her soul in, Had promis'd to link the last tie before noon; And, when

once the young heart of a maiden is stolen, The maiden herself will steal

after it soon!
BY THE HOPE WITHIN US SPRINGING.

AIR — THE FAIRY QUEEN.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES.

1. By the hope, with-in us spring-ing, Ho-rald of to-

2. O'er his watch-fire's fad-ing em-mem-bers, Now the foe-man's

merrow's strife;

And by that sun, whose light is bringing, Chains or freedom, death or life—

When his boding heart that field re-mem-bers, Where we dimm'd his glory's light!

* In order to bring this son air of Cullen within the compass of the voice, it was necessary to raise some parts of it an octave higher than they are in the original setting, and to convert into a symphony the wild, characteristic strains, which, more than once, breaks so boldly across the course of the melody. The merit of this arrangement, as well as the responsibility, rests entirely with Sir John Stevenson. He gave me the air in its present harmonised form, and I found it rather a difficult task to follow with words, of any tolerable meaning, those abrupt variations of expression with which it abounds. The Melody, in its original form, may be seen at page 78.
Oh! re- mem- ber, life can be no charm for him, who lives not free!

No- ver be him blind a-gain A chain, like that we broke from then.

Like the day-star in the wrea,
Hark! the horn of combat calls—

Blessed is he o'er
fore the evening falls, May we pledge that born in triumph round

May we pledge that born in triumph round!

* "The Irish horn was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic age, our ancestors quaffed Mead out of them, as the Danish
hunters do their beere in this day."—WALTERS.
whose de-cline The smiles of home may soothing shine, And light him down the steep of years.

now beat high, In slumber cold at night shall lie. Nor wak-en ev'n at vic'try's sound:

And light..... him down the steep of years:

Nor wak-en ev'n at vic'try's sound:

But oh! how grand,

But oh! how blessed.
Night closed around
Air—The Fair Rosamund

After the Battle

Night clo'd a-round the conqueror's way,
And lightning shew'd the distant hill,
Where those, who lost that dreadful day,
Stood few and faint, but fearless still! The soldier's
The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task, moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise, and give them light to die!

There is a world, where souls are free,
Where tyrants taist not nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright op'ning be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?
OH! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

AIR—THADY YOU GANDER.

Playfully.

Oh! 'tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove, We are sure to find something blissful and dear; And that,

when we're far from the lips we love, We have but to make love to the lips we are near. The heart, like a ten-drill, accustomed to cling, Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone. But will

"I believe it is Marmont, who says "Quand on n'a pas ce que on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a." There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such views of their defense of inconsistency to be the exact and precise sentiments of him who writes them, that they suppose me, in self-defense, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them, that Democritus was not the worse philosopher, for having playfully concludes that snow was black; nor Xenophon in any degree the less wise, for having written an ingenious enumeration of folly."
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

lean to the nearest and love-liest thing, it can twine with itself, and make closely its own. Then

Oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove, To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear, And to

know, when far from the lips we love, We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise, To make light of the rest, if the rose is not there; And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes. 'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair, Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike; They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too:

And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike, It will tincture love's plume with a different hue! Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove, To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear And to know, when far from the lips we love, We have but to make love to the lips we are near.
THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

THROUGH GRIEF AND THROUGH DANGER.

AM—I ONCE HAD A TRUE LOVE.

HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.

With Feeling.

1. Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way, Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn, that

2. Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd; Thy crown was of briars, while gold her

round me lay; The dark—er our fortune, the bright—er our pure love burn'd, Till shame in—to glory, till

brows adorn'd; She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'lt hid in caves; Her friends were all masters, while
3. They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
Hast thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale?
'They say too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile chains—
Oh! do not believe them—so chain could that soul subdue,
Where shineth thy spirit, there liberty shineth too.*

* "Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty."—St. Paul, 2 Corinthians, iii. 17.
IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.*

AIR—THE SIXPENCE.

1. It is not the tear at this moment shed, When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him. That can
2. Oh! thus shall we mourn, and his memory's light, While it shines thru' our hearts, will im-prove them; For

tell how belov'd was the soul that's fled, Or how deep in our hearts we de-plore him. Tis the
worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright, When we think how he liv'd but to love them! And, as

* These lines were occasion'd by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who died lately at Madeira.
tissue, through many a long day wept, Thro' a life, by his loss all shaded; 'Tis the buried saints the grave perfume, Where, fadeless, they've long been lying; So our

sad remembrance, fondly kept, When all other griefs have faded! hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom From the image he left therein dy'ing!
'TIS BELIEV'D THAT THIS HARP, WHICH I WAKE NOW FOR THEE.

AIR—GAGE FANE.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP

1. 'Tis believ'd that this Harp, which I wake now for thee, Was a
2. But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep, And in

Syren, of old, who sung under the sea; And who

Tears, all the night, her gold ring-lets to steep, Till
of-ten at eve, thro’ the bright bil-low rovd, To
heav’n look’d, with pi-ty, on true love so warm, And

meet, on the green shore, a youth, whom she lov’d.
chang’d to this soft harp the sea-maid-en’s form!

3
Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheek smil’d the same—
While her sea-beauties gracefully curl’d round the frame;
And her hair, Shedd’g tears-drops from all its bright rings,
Fell over her white arm, to make the gold strings! *

4
Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known
Still to mingle lore’s language with sorrow’s sad tone;
Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay,
To be love, when I’m near thee, and grief, when away!

* This thought was suggested by an ingenious design, prefixed to an ode upon St. Cecilia, published some years since, by Mr. Hudson, of Dublin.
1. Oh! the days are gone when beauty bright My heart's chain wove; When my dream of life, from morn till night, Was love, still love. New hope may bloom, And
Though the hard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though be the wise, who frowned before,
To smile at last;
He'll never see
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sang to woman's ear
His soul's true flame;
And at every close, she blush'd to hear
'The one lov'd name.

No! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which first love made;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas o'er the field,
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.
Oh! this light which ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.
LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

SOPRANO.

1. O the days are gone when beauty bright My heart's chain wore; When my dream of life from morn till night Was

TENOR.

2. Tho' the bard to per-er fame may soar When wild youth's past, Tho' he win the wise who frown'd before To

BASS.

3. No, that hallow'd spot is ne'er forgot, Which first-love was'd; But it ling'ring haunts the greenest spot On

* It is sincerely necessary to offer my apology for inserting a second arrangement of this choice gem.
love, still love. New hope may bloom, and days may come of milder, calmer beam, But there's nothing half so

smile at last, He'll ne'er meet a joy so sweet, In all his noon of fame, As when first he sang to

mem'ry's waste; 'twas o'er shed,  'twas soon as shed, 'twas morning's winged dream; 'twas a light that ne'er can

sentando a tempo.  ritardando

sweet in life, as love's young dream, No, there's nothing half so sweet in Me As love's young dream.

woman's ear, His soul felt flame, And at ev'ry close she blush'd to hear The one lov'd name.

sentando a tempo.

shine a-gain on life's dull stream, 'twas a light that ne'er can shine a-gain on life's dull stream.

ritardando.

Dal Segno for Syn
WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

AIR—THE SONG OF SORROW.

Mournfully.

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past; Your dreams of pride are o'er;

The fatal chain is round you cast, And you are men no
more! In vain the Hero's heart hath bled, The Sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain; Oh! freedom! once thy flame hath fled, It never lights again.

Weep on! perhaps, in after days, They'll learn to love your name; And many a deed may wake in praise, That long hath slept in blame!
And, when they tread the ruin'd Isle, Where rest, at length, the lord and slave, They'll wonder'mg ask, how hands so vile, Could conquer hearts so brave.

"Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate, Your web of discord wove; And while your tyrants join'd in hate, You never join'd in love. But hearts fell off that ought to twine, And Men profan'd what God had giv'n, Till some were heard to curse the shrine Where others knelt to Hsav'n."
I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

AIR—DOMHALL.          HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.

1. I saw... thy form in youthful prime, Nor thought that pale decay.... Would

2. As streams, that run o'er golden mines, Yet humbly calmly glide... Nor

steal before the steps of time, And waste its bloom away.... Mary!

seem to know the wealth that shines Within their gentle tide.... Mary!
Yet still thy features wore that light Which flees not with the breath: And
So, veil'd beneath a simple guise, Thy radiant genius shone, And

life ne'er look'd more purely bright Than in thy smile of death Mary!
that which charm'd all other eyes Seem'd worthless in thy own... Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hast left that sphere;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!

| Though many a gifted mind we meet, |
| Though fairest forms we see, |
| To live with them is far less sweet |
| Than to remember thee, Mary!* |

* I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite description of Shenstone's, "Hee! quanto minus est cum reigiis versus quam fed
meaningless!"
BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.*

AIR—THE BROWN IRISH GIRL.

Moderate time.

By that Lake, whose gloomy Shore Sky-lark never warbles o'er, Where ice cliff hangs high and steep, Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep. "Here, at least," he calmly said, "Woman ne'er shall find my bed." Ah! the good Saint little knew What the wily sex can do. Ah! the good Saint little knew. What the wily sex can do.

* This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

† There are many other curious traditions concerning this Lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, &c.
2. Twas from Kathleen's eyes he saw—Eyes of most unruly blue! She had lov'd him well and long, Wish'd him her, nor thought it wrong. Where'er o'er the Solas would fly, Still he heard her light foot sigh; East or west, where'er he turn'd, Still her eyes before him burn'd.

3. On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
   Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
   Dreams of heav'n, nor thicks that e'er
   Woman's smile can haunt him there.
   But nor earth or heav'n is free
   From her pow'r, if fond she be:
   Even now, while calm he sleeps,
   Kathleen o'er him jeans and weeps.

4. Fearless she had truck'd his feet
   To this rocky, wild retreat,
   And when morning met his view,
   Her mild glances met it too.

   Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts!
   Sternly from his bed he starts,
   And with rude repulsive shock,
   Hurls her from the beetle's rock.

5. Glendalough, thy gloomy wave
   Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
   Soon the Saint (yet, ah! too late)
   Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
   When he said, "Heav'n rest her soul,"
   Round the Lake light music stole;
   And her ghost was seen to glide
   Smiling o'er the fatal tide.
WHEN THROUGH LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE.

AIR—THE BANKS OF BANNA.

Slow and
with feeling.

When through life un-blest we rove, Los-ing all that made life dear, Should some notes, we

'ad to love In days of boyhood, meet our ear; Oh, how welcome breathes the strain! Wak'ning tho'ts that long have slept;

Kindling former smiles a-gain, In faded eyes, that long have wept!
2. Like the gale, that sighs a-long Beds of oriental flow'rs, Is the grateful
3. Music!—oh, how faint, how weak, Language fades before thy spell! Why should feeling

breath of song. That once was heard in happier hours. Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
ever speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well. Friendship's balmy words may feign,

Though the flow'rs have sunk in death; So, when pleasure's dream is gone, Its mem'ry lives in music's breath!
Love's are ev'n more false than they; Oh! 'tis only Music's strain Can sweetly soothe and not betray!
DRINK TO HER.

AIR—HEIGH-HO: MY JACKY.

I. Drink to her, who long Hath wak'd the poet's sigh; The girl, who gave to song What loco.

gold could never buy. Oh! woman's heart was made For min-strel's hands a-lone; By
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

o- ther fin-gers play'd, It yields not half the tone. Then, here's to her, who long Hath

walk'd the po-et's sigh, The girl, who gave to sing What gold could ne-ver buy!

2
At Beauty's door of glass,
Where Wealth and Wit once stood,
They asked her, "She might pass?"
She answered "he who could."
With golden key, Wealth thought
To pass, but 'twould not do;
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through!
Then here's to her, &c.

3
The love, that seeks a home
Where wealth or grandeur shines
Is like the gloomy gnome,
That dwells in dark gold mines.
But oh! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere;
It's native home's above,
Though woman keeps it here
Then drink to her, &c.
OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

AIR — THE BROWN MAID. FOR ONE OR TWO VOICES.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade, Where cold and un-honour'd his relics are laid.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade, Where cold and un-honour'd his relics are laid!

* This song was suggested by the well-known speech in Robert Emmet's dying speech: "Let no man write my epitaph... let my tomb remain uninscription'd, till other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory."
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

2
But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.
1. Lesbia hath a beaming eye, But no one knows for whom it beam-eth; Right and left the arrows fly, But what they aim at, no one dream-eth. Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon My

No-ra's lid that seld-on rises; Few its looks, but ev'ry one, Like un-expect-ed
2. Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath laid it,
Not a hair of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature placed it
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving ev'ry beauty free
To sink or swell as heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina dear!
My simple, graceful Nora Creina!
Nature's dress,
Is loveliness——
The dress you wear, my Nora Creina

3. Lesbia hath a wit refin'd,
But, when its points are gleaming round us
Who can tell if they're designed
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber love repose——
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the campling of the roses.
Oh, my Nora Creina dear!
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, though bright,
Has no such light.
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!
THE SHAMROCK.

AIR—ALLEY CROKER.

In Moderate Time

1. Thro' Er-rin's isle, To sport a-while, As Love and Va-lour wand'red, With wit, the spirtle, whose quiver bright A

thou-sand ar-rows squan-der'd, Where'er they pass A tri-ple grass * Shoots up, with dew-drops stream-ing, As

* Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the Pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of the plant as a national emblem. Hope, using the emblem, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, "standing upon tiptoe, and a trefoil or three-colored grass in her hand."
Says Valour, "See!
They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning!"
Says Love, "No, no,
For me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning!"
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves.

And cries, "Oh! do not sever
A type that blends
Three godlike friends,
Love, Valour, Wit, forever!"
Oh, the Shamrock!
The green immortal, Shamrock!
Chosen leaf of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!
AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AIR—Croghan a Venek.

1. A-venging and bright fall the
   By the red cloud that hung o-ver

2. swift sword of E-rn, On him who the brave sons of Una be
   Co-nor's dark dwelling, When U-la's three champions lay sleep-ing in gore—

* The name of this beautiful and truly Irish air, I am told, properly written Crochane as Frier—i.e., the Fennian Mount, or Mount of the Fennian heroes, these brave followers of Finn Mac Cool, so celebrated in the early history of our country.

† The words of this Song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called—Deirdre, or the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Uanach;—which has been traveling literally from the Gael by Mr. O'Flanagan—see Vol. I. of Transactions of the Irish Society of Dublin, and upon which it appears that the "Dadhulta" of Megherna is founded. The treachery of Conn, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Uanach, was the cause of a deadly war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Ulster. "This story," says Mr. O'Flanagan, "has been from time immemorial, held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are:—The death of the children of Tuirtean;—The death of the children of Loer,—both regarded Tuatha de Danna; and 1549, "The death of the children of Uanach," which is a Hibernian story." It will be remembered that, on a previous page of these Ballads, there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Loer, or Loer,—"Silent, O Morla!" &c.

‡ Whatever one thought of these sagacious critics in antiquity, which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a lasting reproach upon our nationality if the classic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement that so well merit.

§ "O tall, view that cloud that I see spewing in the sky! I see now Erin green a smiling cloud of blood-stained red." —Deirdre's Song.
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

For ev'ry fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in, A
By the blawns of war, which so often, high swelling, Have

drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.
wafted these heroes to victory's shore—

3. We swear to revenge them! — no joy shall be tasted,
   The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
   Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
   Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head.

4. Yes, monarch, though sweet are our home recollections,
   Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
   Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
   Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!
SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

AIR - OPEN THE DOOR. HARMONIZED FOR ONE, TWO, OR THREE VOICES.

FIRST VOICE.

TENOR.
(See below.)

PIANOFORTE.

With melancholy expression.

1. She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps, And lovers are round her sighing:

2. She sings the wild song of her dear native plains, Every note which he liv'd a-waking:

3. He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died, They were all that life had entwined him;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps, For her heart in his grave is lying.

Ah! little they think who delight in her strains, That the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried, Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow!
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own lovd island of sorrow.
NAY, TELL ME NOT.

AIR—DENNIS, DON'T BE THREATENING.

With ard-ness and spirit.

1. Nay, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drown'd One charm of feeling, one fond regret; Be-

lieve me, a few of thy angry frowns Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet. Never hath a beam Been

lost in the stream That ever was shed from thy form or soul; The spell of those eyes, The balm of thy sighs, Stil
float on the surface, and hallow my bowl. Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal One blissful dream of the heart from me; Like fountains that awaken the pilgrim's zeal, The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

They tell us that Love, in his fairy bow'rry,
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
But sprinkled the one with a rainbow's show'rry,
He bath'd the other with mantling wine.

Soon did the buds, that drank of the floods
Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;
While those which the tide, of ruby had dy'd,
All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!

Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like fountains that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.
WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWRET.

AIR—THE YELLOW HORSE.

TWO VOICES.

Playfully.

Tenor Voice.

What the bee is to the flowret, When he looks for honey dew, Thro' the leaves that close embow'r it,

TENOR.

That, my love, I'll be to you. What the bank with verdure glowing, Is to waves that

wander near, Whisp'ring kisses, while they're going, That I'll be to you, my desir.
What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whisp'ring kiss—es

Nay, if flow'rs will lose their looks,
If sun-ny banks will wear a-way,
'Tis but right that

while they're going That I'll be to you, my dear.

bees and brooks Should sip, and kiss them while they may.

TREBLE. But they say the bee's a rover,
That he'll fly when sweets are gone,
And when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on.

TENOR. Nay, if flow'rs will lose their looks,
If sun-ny banks will wear away,
'Tis but right that bees and brooks
Should sip, and kiss them while they may.
HERE WE DWELL.

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

Here we dwell in holiest bowers,
Where angels of light o'er our e-ri-sons bend,
Where sighs of de-vo-tion and breathings of flowers,
To heav-en in min-gled o-dors as-cend!

Do not disturb our calm, Oh Love! So like is thy form to the cher-uhs a-bove, It
2
Love stood near the Novice and listen'd,
And Love was no novice in taking a hint;
His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glisten'd,
His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint,
"Who would have thought," the urchin cries,
"That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
His wandering wings and wounding eyes."

3
Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
Young Novice to him all thy orisons rise.
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censor's flame with his sighs.
Love is the saint enshrin'd in thy breast,
And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
If he came to them cloth'd in Piety's vest.

CEAN DUBH DELISH.
WITH FEELING AND GUEST.

This life is all chequered with pleasures and woes, That chase one another like waves of the deep. Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows, Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep. So closely our whims on our meadow and mount, And neglected his task for the flowers on the way. Thus many, like me, who in

* Proposito Sorens praeclara (Eolo) — Parnass. Lib. I. St. 20.
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

miseries tread, That the laugh is call'd upere the tear can be dried; And as fast as the rain-drop of youth should have tasted The fountain that runs by philosophy's shrine, Their time with the flow'res on the

pi-ty is shed, The goose plumage of folly can turn it aside. But pledge me the cup, if ex-

man-gin have wasted, And left their light turns all as empty as mine. But pledge me the goblet—while

intense would cloy. With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise, Be sure the light grief that is sister to joy, And the

Idleness weaves These flow'res together, should wisdom but see One bright drop or two, that has fall'n on the leaves, From her

short brilliant folly that flashes and dies! fountain divine, 'tis suft - scient for me!
THIS EARTH IS THE PLANET.

AIR—NOCH BOSIN SHIN DOE.

1. They may rail at this life— from the hour I began it, I've found it a life full of

kindness and bliss; And until they can show me some happier planet, More social and bright, I'll confound on high, Tho' the nymphs may have livelier poets* to sing them, They've none, even there, more e-

* Tous ses habitans de l'eau sont vil — Flavellia des Monden.
MOORE’S IRISH MELODIES.

As long as the world has such eloquent eyes,
As before me this moment enamour’d than I,
And, as long as this harp can be waken’d to love,
And that eye is divine in spirit rapt’ned I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for creation shall be,
They may talk as they will of their E-dens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight, so often we’ve roa’d through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
And look, in their twilights as lovely as you.

But though they were even more bright than the queen
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven’s blue sea.
As I never these fair young celestials have seen,
Why, this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be e’tally rare.
Did they want a supply of cold heavens for that station,
Heven’ns knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.

O think what a world we should have of it here,
If the baters of peace, of affection and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn’s comfortless sphere,
And have earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

* La, Terre pourra être pour Venus l’isle du bien et la source des amours, aussi Venus l’est pour nous. — Pluralis des Mondes.
ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

AIR—MOLL BOE IN THE MORNING.

With

Animation.

1. One bumper at parting, the man they have
circled the board since we met, The fullest, the saddest of a ny Remains to be crowded by us yet; The
sweetness that pleasure has in it, Is always so slow to come forth, That seldom, a-ye! till the minute It
As onward we journey, how pleasant,
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
But Time, like a pitiless master,
Gries "onward!" and spurs the gay hours,
Ah, never does Time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flow'rs
But come, may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of pleasure,
They die midst the tears of the cup.

How brilliant the sun look'd in sinking!
The waters beneath him how bright!
Oh! trust me, the farewell of drinking
Should be like the farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd, by daring,
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim,
So fill up, let's shew at our parting,
In full liquid glory, like him.
And oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up;
Twas born on the bosom of pleasure
It dies midst the tears of the cup.
THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

AIR—THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

Fuddingly.

Accomp.

'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming alone; All her lovely companions are faded and gone.
2. I'll not leave thee, thou love one,
   To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
   Go, sleep thou with them;
    Thy leaved o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
   Lie scentless and dead.

3. So soon may I follow,
   When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
   The gen'm drop away;
    And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
   This bleak world alone?
THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES.

"Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming alone, All her lovely companions are faded and

Feelingly
gone; No flow'r of her kin-dred, no rose-bud is

gone; No flow'r of her kin-dred, no rose-bud is

gone; No flow'r of her kin-dred, no rose-bud is

nigh, To re-flect back her blushe's, or give sigh for sigh.

nigh, To re-flect back her blushe's, or give sigh for sigh.

nigh, To re-flect back her blushe's, or give sigh for sigh.
1. The young May moon is beaming, love, The glow-worm's lamp is glistening, love, How sweet to rove Thro' Mor-na's grove.* While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!

* "Steals silently to Morra's grove." — See a translation from the Irish, in Mr. Bunting's collection, by John Brown, one of my noblest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.
Then a-wake! the heav'ns look bright! my dear! 'Tis never too late for de-light, my dear! And the

_lentando._  

best of all ways To lengthen our days Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,  
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,  
And I, whose star,  
More glorious far,  
_Is the eye from that casement peeping, love_

Then awake! — 'till rise of sun, my dear,  
The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,  
Or in watching the flight  
Of bodies of light,  
_He might happen to take thee for one, my dear._
1. The minstrel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His

2. The minstrel fell! But the foe's man's chain Could not bring his proud soul under; The
father's sword he has girded on, And his wild harp slung behind him.

harp he lov'd never spoke again, For he tore its chords asunder; And

"Land of Song!" said the warrior bard, "Tho' all the world betrays thee, One

said, "No chains shall singly thee. Thou soul of love and bravery! Thy
sward, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faithful harp shall praise thee!

songs were made for the pure and free, They shall never sound in slavery!
FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

AIR—THE LAMENTATION OF AUGHBIM.

Dependingly

1. Forget not the field where they perish'd, The truest, the last of the brave—All gone! and the bright hope we cherish'd Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave.

2. Oh! could we from death but recover Those hearts, as they bounded before, In the face of high heaven to fight over That combat for Freedom once more!

3. Could the chain for an instant be riven Which Tyranny flung round us then. Oh! 'tis not in man, nor in Heaven, To let Tyranny bind it again!

4. But 'tis past, and tho' blazon'd in story, The name of our Victor may be, Accurst is the march of that glory Which reads o'er the hearts of the free

5. Far dearer the grave or the prison, Illust'd by one patriot name, Than the trophies of all who have risen, On Liberty's ruins, to fame!
OH! FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

Air—Name Unknown.

Moderate time, with Spirit.

1. Oh! for the swords of former time! Oh! for the men who bore them, When arm’d for Right, they stood sublime, And tyrants crouch’d before them! When pure yet, all courts beg-wan With honors to enslave him, The
best honors worn by Man Were those which virtue gave him. Oh! for the swords of former time!

Oh! for the men who bore them, When arm'd for Right they stood sublime, And tyrants crouched before them.

Oh! for the Kings who flourished then,  
Oh! for the pomp that crown'd them,  
When hearts and hands of free-born men  
Were all the ramparts round them!  
When, safe built on bosoms true,  
The throne was but the centre,  
Round which Love a circle drew,  
That Treason durst not enter.  
Oh! for the Kings, &c.
THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.

THE SONG OF O'BRAUK, PRINCE OF BREFFNI.

AIR—THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW.

According to the feeling of each verse.

1. The valley lay smiling before me, Where late I left her behind; Yet I
trembled, and something hung o'er me, That would it were death, and death on ly! But no—

2. I flew to her chamber, was lonely As if the loved tenant lay dead! Ah,

* These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and factioning us. The following are the circumstances as related by O'Halloran. The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Deirdre, daughter to the King of Meath, and though he had been for some time married to O'Brauk, Prince of Breffni, yet could it not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Brauk was about to remove to England on a great expedition (an act of petty frequent in those days,) and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she admired. O'Brauk instantly obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Verdon. The researches of Stowe and of old translations have made it abundantly clear that this has been the cause of the death of Heron. The ancients have told us, that the death of Heron was owing to a woman, and that all it is the worst fortune to have and come, as many appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy.
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

I look'd for the lamp, which she told me Should shine when her pil-grim return'd, But, 'ho!
And there hung the hie, that could soft-en My ve-ry worst pains in to bliss, While the
dark-ness be-gan to in-fold me, No lamp from the bat-tle-ments burn'd. hand, that had wak'd it so oft-en, Now throbb'd to my proud ri-val's kiss.

3
There was a time, falsest of women! When Breffini's good sword would have sought That man, through a million of foesmen, Who dar'd but to doubt thee in thought! While now—oh! degenerate daughter Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame! And through ages of bondage and slaughter, Thy country shall bleed for thy shame.

4
Already, the curse is upon her, And strangers her val'eye profane; They come to divide—to dishonour, And tyrants they long will remain! But onward! the green banner bearing, Go, flesh ev'ry sword to the hilt; On our side is VIRTUE and Erin, On theirs is the SAXON and GUILT.
1. Oh! had we some bright little Isle of our own, In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone; Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bow'rs, And the best banquets on through a whole year of flow'rs.

2. There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the chime, We should love as they loved in the first golden time; The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air, Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there!
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to Hope, like the bee,
Living always on flow'rs;
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on holy and elsewhere can give.

calm as the night!
FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

AIR—MOLL ROONE. SONG OR Duet.

Fare—well! but whenever you welcome the hour That a—wakes the night-song of mirth in your bow'r, Then

think of the friend, who once wel—com'd it too, And for—got his own griefs to be hap—py with you.

Fare—well! but whenever you welcome the hour That a—wakes the night-song of mirth in your bow'r, Then

think of the friend, who once wel—com'd it too, And for—got his own griefs to be hap—py with you.
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES

His griefs may return, not a hope may remain Of the few that have brightened his path-way of pain, But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup, Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright, My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night; Shall join in your revels, your sports and your wiles, And return to me, beamimg all o'er with your smiles! Too blest, if it tells me, that 'mid the gay cheer, Some kind voice had murmur'd 'I wish he were here!' Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy, Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy, Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care, And bring back the features that joy us'd to wear. Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd! Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd. You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

2

3
FAREWELL, BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

ANOTHER ARRANGEMENT.*

By A. F. KEFFER

* Although this is not an Irish air, and has not been inserted in the European edition of Moore's Melodies, yet the great favor with which it has been received in this country, will bear a sufficient apology for its insertion. — An. Ed.
And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up,
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles!
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd 'tis wish he were here.'
YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.*

AIR—WERE I A CLEER.

1. You re-mem-ber El-len, our ham-let’s pride, How meekly she bless’d her hum-ble lot, When the strang-er William had made her his bride, And love was the light of their low-ly cot.

* This Ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story, told of a certain Noble Family in England.
To-gether they toil'd thro' winds and rains, "Till William at length in sadness said, They must seek their fortunes on other plains, Then sighing she left her lowly shed.

They roamed a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there,
The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the Porter bow'd as they pass'd the gate

Now welcome, Lady," exclaim'd the youth,
"This castle is thine, and these dark woods all!"
She believ'd him wild, but his words were truth
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall.
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What William the stranger woo'd and wed
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed.
I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

AIR—THE ROSE TREE.

FOR ONE, TWO, OR THREE VOICES

1. I'd mourn the hopes that leave me, If thy smiles had left it too; I'd weep when friends deceive me, If

2. 'Tis not in fate to harm me, While fate leaves thy love to me; 'Tis not in joy to charm me, Un-

3. And tho' the hope be gone, love, That long sparkled o'er our way, Oh! we shall journey on love, More

loc. loco.
thou wert, like them untrue. But while I’ve thee before me, With heart so warm and eyes so bright, No less joy be shar’d with thee. One minute’s dream about thee Were worth a long, an endless year Of safely, without its ray. Far better lights shall win me A long the path I’ve yet to roam. The

tempo.

clouds can linger o’er me, That smile turns them all to light? waking bliss without thee, My own love, my only dear. mind that burns within me, And pure smiles from thee at home.

4 Thus, when the lamp that lighted The traveler at first goes out, He feels awhile benighted, And looks round in fear and doubt. But soon, the prospect clearing, By cloudless starlight on he treads, And thinks no lamp so cheering As that light which Heaven sheds
COME O'ER THE SEA.

AIR - JUISHLIN MA CHEE.

With
Impassioned
Melancholy.

1. Come o'er the sea, Mazl-en, with me, Mine thro' sun-shine,

storm, and snows; Seasons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same where'er it goes. Let
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

fate frowned on, so we love and part not; 'Tis life where thou art, 'tis death where thou art not. Then,

come o'er the sea, Maid-en, with me, Come where'er the wild wind blows; Seasons may roll,

But the true soul Burns the same where'er it goes.

2. Was not the sea
Made for the free,
Land for courts and chains alone?
Here we are slaves,
But, on the waves,
Love and liberty's all our own.
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us.
Then, come o'er the sea, &c.
HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

1. Has sorrow thy young days shaded, As clouds o'er the morning fleet? Too fast have those young days

2. Has love to that soul, so tender, Been like our La-ge-nian mine,* Where sparkles of gold-en

* Our Wicklow Gold Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, but too well the character here given of them.
Has Hope, like the bird in the story,*

That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory,
Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then wait the fair gem away.

* "The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in its mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing and settled again." Sam. Taylor.

If thus the young hours have fleeted,
When sorrow itself lost'd bright;
If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus the cold world now wither
Each feeling that once was dear:
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.
NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

AIR—LUGGIE LAW.

With

regression.

 lentando.

a tempo.

1. No, not more welcome the faery numbers Of music fall on the sleeper's ear. When half a

waking from fearful slumbers, He thinks the full choir of heav'n is near.—Then came fast
Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell;
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell.
'Twas whisper'd balm — 'Twas sunshine spoken
I'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign blessed sounds again.
WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

AIR—O PATRICK! FLY FROM ME.*

HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.

In Moderate time.

1. When first I met thee, warm and young, There shone such truth about thee, And on thy lip such promise hung, I did not dare to doubt thee. I saw thee change, yet still relied, Still clung with hope the faults they blam’d, Some gleams of future glo-ry. I still was true, when nearer friends Consip’d to wrong, to

2. When ev’ry tongue thy fol-liet nam’d, I sted th’unwelcome sto-ry; Or found in ev’n the

* This very beautiful Irish Air was sent to me by a gentleman of Oxford. There is much pathos in the original words, and both words and music have all the features of authenticity.
M O R R E Y'S I R I S H M E L O D I E S.

3. E'en now, though youth its bloom has shed,
   No lights of age adorn thee;
   The bow who lov'd thee once have fled,
   And they who flatter scorn thee.
   Thy midnight cup is pledge'd to slaves,
   No gentile thee enwreatheth it;
   The smiling thore, like light on graves,
   Has mark'd cold hearts beneath it.
   Go, go, though words were thine,
   I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour!

4. And days may come, thou false one! yet,
   When e'r those ties shall sever;
   When thou wilt sell, with vain regret,
   On her thou'lt lose forever;
   On her, who in thy fortune's fall,
   With smiles had still receiv'd thee,
   And gladly died to prove thee all,
   Her fancy first believ'd thee.
   Go, go, 'twas vain to curse,
   The weakness to uphold thee;
   Hate cannot wish thee worse
   Than guilt and shame have made thee.
WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

AIR—PADDY WHACK.

Moderate Time, with energy.

While History's Muse the memorial was keeping Of all that the dark hand of Destiny waves, Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping, For her's was the story that bled the leaves. But
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

1. "Oh! how the tear in her eye-lids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw

His-story write, with a pencil of light,
That illumined the whole volume, her Wellington's name.

2. "Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling
With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies,
"Though ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
For though Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
And unhallow'd they sleep in the crossways of fame;
But oh! there is not One dishonouring blot
On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name.

3. Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The grandest, the purest, e'en thou hast yet known;
Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
At the foot of that throne, for whose seat thou hast stood,
Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame,
And bright o'er the flood of her tears and her blood,
Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name"
THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

AIR—PEASE UPON A TRENCHER.

1. The time I've lost in woo-ing, In watch-ing and pur-su-ing The
light that lies In wo-man's eyes, has been my heart's un-do-ing.
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

Tho' Wisdom oft has sought me, I scorn'd the lee she brought me, My

Only books Were woman's looks, And folly's all they've taught me.

2
Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him the Sprite,*
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
Oh! winds could not outrun me.

3
And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing,
No, vain, alas! th' endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever;
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance,
Is now as weak as ever.

* This alludes to a kind of Irish Fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields, al fock. As long as you keep your eyes upon him, as he fixed and in your power; but the moment you look away, and he is ingenious in furnishing some deception, he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lely Morgan (in a note upon her rational and interesting novel O'Donnel), has given a very different account of the goblin.
OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

AIR—SÍOS AGUS SÍOS LION.

1. Oh! where’s the slave so low—ly, Condemned to chains un—bo—ly, Who, could be burst His bonds at first, Would pine be—neath them slow—ly? What soul whose wrongs degrade it, Would
2. Less dear the laurel growing,
   Alive, untouch'd and flowing,
   Than that whose braid
   Is pluck'd to shade
   The brows with vict'ry glowing

   We tread the land that bore us,
   Her green flag glitters o'er us,
   The friends we've tried
   Are by our side,
   And the foe we hate before us.

   Farewell, Erin, &c.
COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM

AIR—LOUGH SHEELING.

With melancholy feeling, but not too slow.

1. Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer, Though the
herd have fled from thee, Thy home is still here; Here still is the

smile, that no cloud can o'er-cast, And a heart and a hand all thy

own to the last.

2. Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

3. Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
And thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.
COME REST IN THIS BOSOM.

ANOTHER ARRANGEMENT. By KIALLMcK

Andante.

1. Come rest in this bosom, My own stricken deer, Tho' the herd have fled from thee, Thy
2. Oh, what was ever made for,
If 'tis not the same,
Through joy and through torments,
Through glory and shame; I know not, I ask not,
If guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee,
Whatever thou art

3. Thou hast call'd me thy angel,
In moments of bliss,
Still thy angel I'll be,
Mid the horrors of this;
Through the furnace unshrinking,
Thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee,
Or perish there too.
I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

AIR—MISS MOLLY. FOR ONE OR TWO VOICES.

1. I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining, A bark o'er the waters move

2. And such is the fate of our life's early promise, So passing the spring-tide of

lentando.

gloriously on; I came when the sun o'er the beach was declining. The

joy we have known; Each wave that we dance'd on at morning ebbs from us, And
bark was still there, but the waters were gone. I came when the sun o'er the beach was declining. The

leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone! Each wave that we danc'd on at morn-ing ebbs from us, And

bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

leaves us at eve, on the bleak shore alone!

3

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;

Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

4

Oh! who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first walk'd a new life through his frame,

And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame.
FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

AIR—BOB AND JOAN

Lively and Spirited.

1. Fill the bumper fair, Ev'ry drop we sprinkle O'er the brow of care,

Smoothes away a wrinkle, Wit's electric flame Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when through the flame it shoots from brimming glasse.
Fill the bumper fair,

Every drop we sprinkle o'er the brow of care, Smooths away a wrinkle.

2. Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down as ray
From the star'd dominions:
So we, Sages sit,
And, 'mid bumpters bright'ning,
From the baw'n of wit,
Draw down all its lighting! Fill, &c.

3. Would you know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanced up in that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fire that warms us, Fill &c.

4. The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor um nor cup
To hide the pilfer'd fire in.
But oh! His joy, when round
The hands of Heaven spiring,
Among the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying! Fill, &c.

5. Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the Sparks of Soul
Mix'd their burning treasure.
Hence the goblet's show'r
Hath such spells to win us;
Hence its mighty power
O'er the flame within us. Fill, &c.
DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

AIR—NEW LANGOLEE

THE FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

*Dear Harp of my Country! in moderate time, with much warmth of expression.*

darkness I found thee, The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long, When proudly my own Island

* In that sublime, but beautiful song, "When Echo first arose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line—

"The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The chain of silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaal, near Finn's palace, at Athlone, where the preceding battle, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of silence, and sang themselves among the rocks." See also the Ode to Gaul, the Son of Mars, in Miss Brodie's "Reliques of Irish Poetry."
Dear Harp of my Country! farewel to thy numbers,

This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go, sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumber,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.

If the pulse of the Patriot, Soldier, or Lover,
Have shrunk'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thine own!

Harp! unbound thee, and gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song! The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness, Have wak'n'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill, But oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness, That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.
MY GENTLE HARP!

AIR—THE COINA OR DURGE.

With

fusing

1. My gentle Harp! once more I wak'en
   The sweetness of thy slumbering strain;
   In tears our last fare-well was tak'en,
   And now in peace and triumph came,
   When many an ardent bosom bounded,
   With hopes, that

2. And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
   An hour of

   ...
moore's irish melodies.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Harp, from chords like these?
Alas! the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline.
Oh how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
When ev'n the wreaths in which I dress thee
Are sadly mix'd—half flow'r's, half chains.

But, come—if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy—O breathe for me
And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be.
How lightly, ev'n, 'mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill;
Like Mennon's broken image, sounding,
Mid desolation tuneful still!*

* Dimulro magicus resonans abl Memnoni chordis.
Alexa vultus. These autrum nostra prouis.
A S S L O W O U R S H I P.

AIR——THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

Moderate time, with expression.

1. As slow our ship her foamy track against the wind was cleaving, Her
2. When round the bowl of van-ished years We talk, with joy-ous seeming, And

trembling pennant still look'd back To that dear isle 'twas leav-ing. So
smiles, that might as well be tears, So faint, so sad their bea-ming, While
3. And, when in other climes we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flow'ry, wild, and sweet,
And rought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heav'n had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

4. As Travellers oft look back, at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing.
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to each one feling ray
Of joy that's left behind us!
IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

AIR—THE LITTLE HARVEST ROSE. FOR ONE OR TWO VOICES.

In moderate time, and with feeling.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown, And its

pleasures in all their lustre begin, When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own. And the
light that surrounds us is all from within; 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time We can love, so in hours of less

transports we may: Of our smiles, of our hopes 'tis the gay sunny prime, But affection is warmest when these fade away.

When we see the first charm of our youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream, that will never return;
When our cup, which hath sparkled with pleasure so high,
Now tastes of the other, the dark flowing urn;
Then, then is the moment affection can away
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love, n'est among pleasures is faithless as they,
But the Love, born of Sorrow, like sorrow is true!

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid their dyes,
Yet faint is the odour the flow'rs shed about;
'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies,
That call their full spirit of fragrant out;
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
But 'tis only in grief true affection appears;
To the magic of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears!
WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

AIR—LERMICK'S LAMENTATIONS.*

Slow, and
with
melancholy
expression.

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast lov'd, Be his
faults and his folies forgot by thee, then; Or, if from their
slumber the veil be remov'd, Weep o'er them in silence and close it a-

* Our right to this fine air (the "Lochaber of the Spean") will, I fear, be disputed; but, as it has been long connected with Irish words, and is
considerably claimed for us by Mr. Bunyan and others, I thought I should not be authorized in leaving it out of this collection.
moore’s irish melodies.

- gain. And oh! if 'tis pain to re-member how far from the path-ways of

light he was tempt-ed to roam, Be it bliss to re-member that thou wert the

star That a-rose on his dark-ness, and guid-ed him home.

2. From bee and thy innocent beauty first came,
The revelations that taught him true love to adore, To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
From the idols he darkly had knelt to before,
O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
Thou canst be like a soft, golden calm o'er the sea;
And if happiness purely and glowingly smil'd
On his evening horizon, the light was from thee.

3. And though sometimes the shade of past folly would rise,
And though falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwell in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away.
As the Priest of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair:
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there.
REMEMBER THEE!

AIR—CASTLE TIROWEN.

Not too slow, and with strong feeling.

1. Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart, It shall

neve--ver for--get thee, all lorn as thou art; More
dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy show'res,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

2
Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious and free,
First flow'ry of the earth, and first gem of the sea;
I might hail thee with poudre, with happier brow,
But oh! could I love thee more deep'y than now?

3
No! thy chains, as they torture thy b'oed as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons;
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!
Wreathe the bowl With flow'rs of soul, The brightest Wit can find us; We'll

take a flight Tow'rd s heav'n to-night, And leave dull earth behind us! Should Love a - mid the

wreaths be hid That Joy, th' enchant - er, brings us. No dan - ger fear, While wine is near, We'll
Twas nectar fed, of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
And Man may brew his nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows—
Take wine like this, let looks of bliss,
Around it well be blended,
Then bring Wit's beam to warm the stream,
And there's your nectar splendid!
So, wreath the bowl with flow'r's of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight tow'rds heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

Say, why did Time his glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly?
When wise, he knew, runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly.
O lend it us, and smiling thus,
The glass in two we'd sever,
Make pleasure glide, in double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then wreath the bowl with flow'r's of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight tow'rds heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!
WHEN'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

AIR—YATHIE QUINN.

I. When'er I see those smiling eyes, All fill'd with hope, and joy, and light, As

if no cloud could ever rise, To dim a heav'n so purely bright; I
For Time will come with all his blights,
The ruin'd hope, the friend unkind;
And love, who leaves where'er he lights,
A chill'd or burning heart behind;
And Youth, that like pure snow appears
E'en sullied by the dark'ning rain;
When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears,
Will never shine so bright again!

sigh to think how soon that brow In grief may lose its ev'ry ray, And

that light heart, so joyous now, Almost forgot is since... was gay.

2
IF THOU WILT BE MINE.

AIR——THE WINNOWING SHEET.

HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.

1. If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air, Of earth, and sea, shall

2. Bright flow'rs shall bloom wher-ever we row, A voice divine shall
Moore's Irish Melodies

[Music notation]

His at thy feet; What-e-ver in Fancy's eye looks fair, Or in Hope's sweet music

Talk in each stream, The stars shall look like worlds of love, And this earth be all one

Sounds most sweet, Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!

Beautiful dream in our eyes, if thou wilt be mine, love!

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams that flow from heavenward hills,
Shall keep our hearts like meads, that lie,
To be bath'd by those eternal rills,
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them who feel his spells;
That heav'n which forms his home above,
He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
As thou 'tis own, if thou wilt be mine, love!
TO LADIES' EYES.

AIR—PAGUE A BALLAD.

Moderate time, with Spirit.

1. To Ladies' eyes a-round, boy, We can't re-fuse, we can't refuse, Tho' bright eyes so abound, boy, 'Tis hard to chuse, 'tis hard to chuse, For thick as stars that lighten Yon si-ry bow'rs, yon si-ry bow'rs, The
countless eyes that bright-en This earth of ours, this earth of ours. But fill the cup, where'er, boy, Our

choice may fail, our choice may fail, We're sure to find love there, boy, So drink them all! so drink them all!

Some eyes there are so holy,
| They seem but giv'n, ||
| As splendid beacon, solely, ||
| To light to heav'n, : ||
While some, O we'er believe them,
| With tempting ray, : ||
Would lead us, (God forgive them !)
| The other way, : ||
But fill the cup, &c.

In some, as in a mirror,
| Love seems pourtray'd, : ||
But shun the flaut'ring error,
| 'Tis but his shade. : ||
Himself has fix'd his dwelling
| In eyes we know, : ||
And lips—but this is telling,
| So here they go! : ||
Fill up, fill up, &c.
THOUGH DARK ARE OUR SORROWS.

AIR—ST. PATRICK’S DAY.

The Prince’s Day.

With spirit
and feeling.

Though dark are our sorrows, so
day we’ll forget them, And

smile through our tears, like a
sun-beam in show’rs; There
ever were hearts, if our ru-

lers would let them, More

form’d to be grate-ful and blest than sure, But just when the chain Has cease’d to pain, And Hope has entwined its

*This song was written for a fete in honour of the Prince of Wales’ Birthday, given by my friend Major Bryan, at his seat in the County of

Kilkenny.
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

round with flow'rs, There comes a new link Our spirits to sink—Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the pole, Is a

Shah—mid dark now, too brilliant to stay; But, though 'tis we're the last flake, the spark in our souls, We must

light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

2

Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal: Though force to your foe, to your friends you see true; And the tribute most high to a bond that is royal, In love from a heart that loves liberty too. While cowards, who blight Your fame, your right, Would shrink from the blaze of battle array, The Standard of Green In front would be seen,—Oh—my life on your faith! Were you summon'd this minute, You'd cast ev'r bitter resonance away, And show what the arm of Old Erin has in it, When roused by the foe on her Prince's Day

3

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded In hearts which have suffered too much to forget; And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded, And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet. The gem may be broke By many a stroke, But nothing can close its native ray; Each fragment will cast A light to the last—And thus Erin my country, though broken thou art, There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay: A spirit which beams through each suffering part, And now smiles at all pain on her Prince's day.
OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

AIR—YELLOW WAY AND THE FOX.

HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.

With feeling and cheerfulness.

1. Oh! doubt me not, the sea-son Is o'er, when Folly made me rove, And now the ves-tal Rea-son Shall

2. And tho' my lute no long-er May sing of Passion's ardent spell, Oh! trust me at the stronger I

watch the fire awak'd by Love, Altho' this heart was early blown, And fairest hands disturb'd the tree, They

feel the bliss I do not tell. The bee thro' many a garden roves, And sings his lay of courtship o'er, But
only shook some blossoms down, Its fruit has all been kept for thee. Then doubt me not, the season
is
when he finds the flow'r he loves, He settles there and hums no more. Then doubt me not, the season is

o'er when Folly made me rove, And now the ves-tal Reason Shall watch the fire a-wak'd by Love.

o'er when Folly made me rove, And now the ves-tal Reason Shall watch the fire a-wak'd by Love.
'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

AIR—SAVOURNIE DEELISH.

HARMONIZED FOR TWO, OR THREE VOICES

1. 'Tis gone, and for ev'ry, the light we saw breaking, Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead. When

2. For high was thy hope, when those glo-ries were dart-ing, Ar-round thee, thro' all the gross clouds of the world. When

3. But, shame on those tyrants, who en-vied the blessing! And shame on the light race, unwor-thy its good, Who, as

man from the slum-ber of ages wak-ing, Look'd up-ward and burst the pure light ere it fled!

Truth, from her fet-ters in-sanely start-ing, At once, like a sun-burst, her ban-ner un-for'd.

Death's recking al-tar, like flames ca-ren-sing The young hope of Freedom lap-tid it in blood.

* The "Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the Royal Ensign.
The gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning But deep in the long night of bondage and mourning, Then vanished for ever that fair sunny vision, Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision, Shall

dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning, And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee! Tongues of all nations, how sweet had extended The first note of Liberty Erin, from thee! Long be remembered, pure, bright, and ethereal, As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee!

Moore's Irish Melodies
CONCLUDING PIECES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

AIR—OAHN DUBH DELISH.
CONCLUDING PIECES

AIR—PLANXTY JOHNSTONE.

AIR—CAPTAIN MAGAN.
CONCLUDING PIECE.
### CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Biographical Sketch of Thomas Moore.</strong></td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Prefatory Remarks to the Melodies.</strong></td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Thy Fair Bosom&quot;</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;As a Dream, over the Face of the Waters&quot;</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;As Slow Our Ship&quot;</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;At the Mid-Hour of Night&quot;</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Barley My Dear&quot;</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Beggars and Beggars&quot;</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Before the Battle... (Four Parts)&quot;</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms... (Duet)...&quot;</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;By the Hope Within Us Springing... (Four Parts)&quot;</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;By That Lake Whose Glowy Shore&quot;</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Come O'er the Sea&quot;</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Come Rest in This Room...&quot; <strong>(Another Arrangement)</strong></td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Come, Send Round the Wine&quot; <strong>W. Wordsworth</strong></td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Dear Harp of My Country&quot;</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Drink to Her&quot;</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;E'en, E'en... (Three Parts)&quot;</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;E'en, the Tear and the Smile&quot;</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Evelyn's Flower&quot;</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Farewell, But Whenever You Welcome the Hour... (Duet)...&quot;</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Fly Not Yet&quot;</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Forget Not The Field&quot;</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Go Where Glory Waits Thee... (Duet)...&quot;</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shared... (Duet)...&quot;</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Here We Dwell&quot;</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;How Dear to Me the Moon&quot;</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;How Oft Has the Bonsung Cried... (Four Parts)&quot;</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;I'd Mourn the Hopes That Leave Me... (Duet)...&quot;</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;If Thou Will Be Mow... (Duet)...&quot;</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;I'll O'er The Bays&quot;</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;In the Morning of Life... (Duet)...&quot;</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;I saw Thy Form in Youthful Prime&quot;</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;It is Not the Tear at This Moment...&quot;</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Let Us Remember the Days of Old...&quot;</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Love and the Hour...&quot;</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Lover's Young Dream... (Two)...&quot;</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Lover's Young Dream... (Two)...&quot;</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;My Gentle Maid&quot;</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Nay, Tell Me Not&quot;</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;No, No, More Welcome&quot;</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Nora Creina&quot;</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Oh! Blare Not the Bays... (Duet)...&quot;</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Oh! Breathe Not on Him... (Duet)...&quot;</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Oh! For the Swallows of Forlorn Time...&quot;</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Oh! Doubt Me Not... (Duet)...&quot;</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;If We Were Some Bright Little Bird...&quot;</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;If We Were Some Bright Little Bird...&quot;</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;The Brown Throes... (Three Parts)&quot;</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---
CONTENTS.

INSTRUMENTAL PIECES.