Phaudrig Crohoore

an
Irish Ballad

for
Chorus and Orchestra

Written by

J. SHERIDAN LE FANU

Set to Music by

Charles Villiers Stanford.


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TO THE EVER-GREEN MEMORY

OF

WILLIAM R. LE FANU

I DEDICATE THIS WORK.

C. V. S.
PHAUDRIG CROHOORE.
(PATRICK CONOR.)

Poem by
J. SHERIDAN LE FANU.

Set to music by

Allegretto pesante. \( \text{\textcopyright } 104 \)

Pianoforte.

Oh! Phaudrigh Crohoore was the broth of a boy. An' he

stood six foot eight; An' his arm was as

stood six foot eight; An' his arm was as

stood six foot eight; An' his arm was as

stood six foot eight; An' his arm was as

* i.e. Patrick Connor.

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round as an o ther man's thigh. 'Tis Phaudrig was great!
'Tis Phaudrig was great!
'Tis Phaudrig was great!
'Tis Phaudrig was great!
'Tis Phaudrig was great!

An' his hair was as black as the shadows of night. An' hung o ver the
An' his voice, like the scars left by many a fight;

An' his eye like the thunder, was deep, strong, and loud,

lightning from under the cloud.

An' all the girls

lightning from under the cloud.

lightning from under the cloud.
liked him, for he could speak civil, and sweet when he liked it,
liked him, for he could speak civil, and sweet when he liked it,

An there wasn't a girl from thirty-five
divil.
An there wasn't a girl from thirty-five

But he could get round her.
But he could get round her.

But of under, Divil a matter how cross...
But of under, Divil a matter how cross...

B
all the sweet girls that smiled on him but one, one was the girl of his heart,

all the sweet girls that smiled on him but one, one was the girl of his heart, an' he loved her a-lone; For

all the sweet girls that smiled on him but one, one was the girl of his heart, an' he loved her a-lone; For

warm as the sun, as the rock firm and sure, Was the love of the heart of warm as the sun, as the rock firm and sure, Was the love of the heart of warm as the sun, as the rock firm and sure, Was the love of the heart of warm as the sun, as the rock firm and sure, Was the love of the heart of
But Michael O’Hanlon loved Kathleen as well As he hat-ed Cro-hoore, an’ that

same was like hell. But O’Bri-en liked him, for they were the same

parties, the O’Bri-ens, O’Hanlons, and Mor-phys and Car-ty’s: An’ they

all went to-geth-er and hat-ed Cro-hoore, for it’s ma-ny’s the
Allegretto. (\( \text{d} = 100 \))

"An' O' Hanlon made up to O' Brien, an' says he
batin' he gave them be - fore.

"I'll mar - ry your daughter, if you'll give her to me."

An' the match was made up, an' when Shrove - tide came
An' the match was made up, an' when Shrove - tide came
on the company assembled, three hundred, if

one.

There was all the O'Hanlons, an' Murphys, an' Car-lys.
Young boys an' girls of all of them parties.

An' the pipers an' the fiddlers were tearin' away; There was

Bri-ens, of course, gath-er'd strong on that day, An' the pipers an'

There was
talk'd, an' they laugh'd the length of the table, A - tin' an'

drink'in' all while they were ab-le; An' with pi - pin' an'

fiddlin', an' roar-in' like thunder, an' roar-in' like thunder

fiddlin', an' roar-in' like thunder, an' roar-in' like thunder

fiddlin', an' roar-in' like thunder, an' roar-in' like thunder
thunder.

thunder.

thunder, with pi-pi an'
thunder, with pi-pi an'

your head you think fairly was
an' roar in' like thunder, your head you think fairly was

fiddlin' an' roar in' like thunder, your head you think fairly was

fiddlin' an' roar in' like thunder, your head you think fairly was

splittin' a-sunder.
An the priest call'd

...silence, ye blackguards again, ...
An' they all held their tongues from their fun-nin' an'

baw-lin', so silent you'd no-tice the

small-est pin fal-lin'.
When the door sprang back to the wall, an' just begun to read.

Quasi tempo primo ma piu pesante e maestoso, (d = 62)

in walk'd Cro-hoore. Oh! Phau-drig Cro-hoore was the

broth of a boy. An' he stood six foot eight; An' his arm was as

broth of a boy. An' he stood six foot eight; An' his arm was as
round as another man's thigh, Tis Phau-drig was great!

round as another man's thigh, Tis Phau-drig was great!

round as another man's thigh, Tis Phau-drig was great!

round as another man's thigh, Tis Phau-drig was great!

Andante, (4 4)

Tis Phau-drig was great!

Tis Phau-drig was great!

Tis Phau-drig was great!

Tis Phau-drig was great!

As a black cloud moves

An he walked slowly up, watch'd by many a bright eye. As a black cloud moves
An' none strove to stop him, for
on thro' the stars of the sky; An' none strove to stop him, for

Phandrig was great,
Phandrig was great,
Phandrig was great,

stood, all alone, just opposite the gate where O'Hanlon and

Kathleen, his beautiful bride, were sitting so illogantly outside by
(d = \frac{1}{2}) Tenors.

An' he gave her one look that her

side.

heart almost broke.

An' he turn'd to O' Brien, her fa-ther, and

spoke:

An' his voice, like the thun-der, was deep, strong and loud.

An' his voice, like the thun-der, was deep, strong and loud.

Soprano.

An' his eye shone like lightning from un-der the cloud.

Alto. An' his eye shone like lightning from un-der the cloud.

Tenor. An' his eye shone like lightning from un-der the cloud.

Bass. An' his eye shone like lightning from un-der the cloud.
Tempo I. (♩ = 104)

Bass.

did not come here like a tame-crawlin' mouse, But I stand like a man in my e-nemies' house.

In the field, on the road, Phaundrig ne-ver knew fear Of his foe-men, An' God knows he scorns it here; So love me at aise, for three minutes or four.

So love me at aise to spake to the girl— To spake to the girl I'll ne-ver see...
Andante. (d - s入口)

Soprano:

And to Kathleen he turned,

more:

Alt.

an' his voice changed its

an' his voice changed its

tone.

For he thought of the days when he

tone.

For he thought of the days when he
called her his own,
called her his own.

An' his
eye blazed like lightning from under the cloud on his false-hearted girl, reproachful and proud, Ah says he,

Lento espressivo. \( (d = 72) \)

"Kathleen bawn, is it true what I hear. That you marry of your free choice without threat or fear? If so, speak the word, and I'll turn and depart,"
Cheated once, zn' once only by woman's false

Andante, (♩ = 80)

heart.

Soprano.

Alto.

Oh!

Oh!

sorrow and love made the poor girl dumb.

sorrow and love made the poor girl dumb.

pp
An' she tried hard to spake, but the words wouldn't come;

For the sound of his voice, as he stood there for -

must her went cold, cold on her heart, as the night-wind in

winter.

Q
An' the tears in her blue eyes stood ready to

moon-shine on snow,

An' the tears stood ready to

flow, and pale was her cheek as the

flow, and pale was her cheek, and pale was her cheek as the

flow, and pale was her cheek, and pale was her cheek as the

moon-shine, the moon-shine on snow.
and pale was her cheek, as the moonshine on snow.
and pale was her cheek, as the moonshine on snow.
and pale was her cheek, as the moonshine on snow.
and pale was her cheek, as the moonshine on snow.
and pale was her cheek, as the moonshine on snow.
Allegro molto (c. 1752)

Then the heart of bold Phaundrig swell'd high in its place, for he knew by one

That tho' strangers and foemen their pledged hands might look in that beautiful face, for he knew by one

Her true heart was his, an' his only for ever, her true heart was his, an' his only for ever, her true heart was his, an' his only for ever
An' he lifted his voice like the eagle's hoarse

An' says Phau-drig

"She's mine still,

Then up jumped O' Han-lon an a

in spite of you all!"
tall boy was he.
An' he look'd on bold Phaudrig as

tall boy was he.
An' he look'd on bold Phaudrig as

fierce as could be;

fierce as could be;

An' says he, "By the ho-ly be-fore you go

out, Bold Phaud-rig Cro-more, you must fight for a-bout."
Then Phan-drig made answer: "I'll do my endeavour."

An with one blow he stretched bold O Han-lon for

An with one blow he stretched bold O Han-lon for

An with one blow he stretched bold O Han-lon for

An with one blow he stretched bold O Han-lon for

Allegro assai (2:112)

In his arms he took Kathleen, an' stepped to the
heard; And up they all started, like
heard; And up they all started, like
heard; And up they all started, like
heard; And up they all started, like

bees in a swarm, an' they riz a great shout, like the burst of a
bees in a swarm, an' they riz a great shout, like the burst of a
bees in a swarm, an' they riz a great shout, like the burst of a
bees in a swarm, an' they riz a great shout, like the burst of a

storm; an' they roard an' they ran,
storm; an' they roard an' they ran,
storm; an' they roard an' they ran,
storm; an' they roard an' they ran,
an' they roared, an' they ran, an' they shouted glorious!
an' they roared, an' they ran, an' they shouted glorious!
an' they roared, an' they ran, an' they shouted glorious!
an' they roared, an' they ran, an' they shouted glorious!

But Kathleen and Phaudrig they

But Kathleen and Phaudrig they

But Kathleen and Phaudrig they

Kathleen and Phaudrig they
Tempo I. ma piu maestoso. (♩: 92)

never saw more. Oh! Phaudrig Cro-hoore was the broth of a

boy, An he stood six foot eight; An' his arm was as round as an-

other man's thigh, Tis Phaudrig was great! 'Tis Phaudrig was

never saw more. Oh! Phaudrig Cro-hoore was the broth of a

never saw more. Oh! Phaudrig Cro-hoore was the broth of a

never saw more. Oh! Phaudrig Cro-hoore was the broth of a

boy, An' he stood six foot eight; An' his arm was as round as an-

boy, An' he stood six foot eight; An' his arm was as round as an-

boy, An' he stood six foot eight; An' his arm was as round as an-

boy, An' he stood six foot eight; An' his arm was as round as an-

boy, An' he stood six foot eight; An' his arm was as round as an-
Andante tranquillo (d = 66)

But them days are gone by, an' he is no more. An' the
green grass is growin' o'er Phadrig Cro-hoore:
For he
But them days are gone by, an' he is no more. An' the
could not be aisy or quiet at all;
green grass is growin' o'er Phaudrig Cro-hoore.

green grass is growin' o'er Phaudrig Cro-hoore.

As he lived a brave boy, he resolved so to fall.
took a good pike, for Phaudrig was great, An' he fought, an' he

An' the green grass is
died in the year ninety-eight;

grow-in' o'er Phaudrig Cro-hoore, An' the day that Cro-

grow-in' o'er Phaudrig Cro-hoore. An' the day that Cro-
grow-in' o'er Phaudrig Cro-hoore. An' the day that Cro-

An' the day that Cro-
hoore in the green field was killed, A strong
hoore in the green field was killed, A strong
hoore in the green field was killed, A strong
hoore in the green field was killed, A strong

boy was stretch'd, an' a strong heart was still'd.
boy was stretch'd, an' a strong heart was still'd.
boy was stretch'd, an' a strong heart was still'd.
boy was stretch'd, an' a strong heart was still'd.
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