THE LANE TO BALLYBREE

A Song for Voice and Piano

By

OLEY SPEAKS

Words by

KATHERINE EDELMAN

High Voice

Low Voice

Piano

G. SCHIRMER, Inc.
New York
THE LANE TO BALLYBREE

There's a little lane a-winding, a crooked little lane,
   A dewy, woodbine-scented lane, that leads to Ballybree;
Where the hawthorn boughs are laden with their wealth of starry bloom,
   And sweetly singing little birds are heard on bush and tree.

*There's a little lane a-winding, a little, winding lane,
   Where the furze is all in blossom like a wave of yellow gold.
And every turning in the brake you hear the leaves a-stirrin',
   'Tis the little fairy people—oh, they're very brave and bold.

There's a little lane a-winding, a crooked little lane,
   And there's some one at the end of it who's wishing hard for me;
There's soft winds gently blowing—a peat fire brightly glowing—
   Oh! I'm aching to be wandering the lane to Ballybree.

Katherine Edelman.

*This verse not used in Mr. Spence's setting.
The Lane to Ballybree

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Oley Speaks

Voice

Andante

Piano

There's a little lane a-winding, a

crooked little lane, A dewy, woodbine-scented lane, that

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leads to Ballybree; Where the hawthorn boughs are laden with their wealth of starry bloom, And sweetly singing little birds are heard on bush and tree.

There's a
little lane a-winding, a crooked little lane:

dewy, woodbine-scented lane, that leads to Bal-ly-bree; Where the

hawthorn boughs are laden with their wealth of scarlet bloom, And
sweetly singing little birds are heard on bush and tree.

There's a little lane a-winding, a crook-ed little lane, And there's

someone at the end of it who's wishing hard for me, There are
soft winds gently blowing and a peat-fire brightly glowing. Oh! I'm

aching to be wand'ring thro' the lane to Ballybreen.

There's a little lane a-winding, a crooked little lane.

And there's someone at the end of it who's...
wishing hard for me. Where the hawthorn boughs are laden with their wealth of starry bloom, Oh! I'm aching to be wandering the lane to Ballybree, Oh! I'm aching to be wandering the lane to Ballybree.
Secular Songs by Oley Speaks

The Hills of Dawn
Frank L. Bezanson

A Favorite Among American Composers
Bills of youth
Bluebells, Delhi night,
Charity
(Also published with orchestra
accompaniment)

A Garden Idyl
Arthur Wallace Punch

For Love and Thee
Lucie G. Chauffe

The hills of dawn
Joy of June
June-time
The hills of dawn

The hills of dawn

A Favorite Among American Composers
Little house o' dreams
Midst way to walk with you

Morning
Mother
My homeland
Realization
The secret
Sorrows
Song of Spring
Song of winter
Summer in the heart
Sylvia
The thought of you
To one unknown
To you
Toward the sunrise
When all the happy birds
When the bayroos come home

A martial melody
(Also published with orchestra
accompaniment)
When June days come again

Your smile

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