

A
SELECT COLLECTION
OF
IRISH MELODIES,

UNITED TO CHARACTERISTIC
ENGLISH POETRY;

WITH
SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

FOR THE
PIANO-FORTE, VIOLIN, AND VIOLONCELLO:

BY

Beethoven.

THE WHOLE COLLECTED AND PUBLISHED BY

G. THOMSON, F.A.S.

Edinburgh:

OF WHOM MAY BE HAD, PRINTED UNIFORMLY WITH THIS WORK,



A SELECT COLLECTION OF SCOTISH MELODIES, in Four Volumes;
and of WELSH MELODIES, in Two Volumes; united to interesting Songs, in-
cluding all those of BURNS, above One Hundred in number; and enriched
Symphonies and Accompaniments, chiefly by

Haydn.

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To Mr Mather from the Editor


 Select Collection of
ORIGINAL IRISH AIRS
For the Voice
 UNITED TO CHARACTERISTIC ENGLISH POETRY
Written for this Work
 with
SYMPHONIES & ACCOMPANIMENTS
 FOR THE
PIANO FORTE, VIOLIN, & VIOLONCELLO,
 Composed by
BEETHOVEN.

Price One Guinea.
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Ent^l at Stationers Hall.

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P R E F A C E.

MANY years have elapsed since the Editor began to collect Irish Melodies, about twenty of which, the most familiar to the lovers of music in Scotland, are interspersed in his Collection of Scottish Airs. He had no thoughts of forming an extended Collection of Irish Melodies, till the great Scottish Bard, in the course of their correspondence, suggested the idea, and offered to write Songs for them.* Encouraged by such an offer from BURNS, he proceeded with alacrity to collect the Melodies; and by the kindness of his musical friends, more particularly through the obliging exertions of his friend Dr J. Latham of Cork, he acquired a great variety of the finest old Melodies existing in Ireland, both in print and in manuscript; and year after year he has been adding to the number by every means in his power. These would long ere now have been given to the Public, had not unforeseen circumstances occurred to retard their appearance. They were sent to HAYDN to be harmonized, along with the Scottish and Welsh Airs: but after that celebrated Composer had finished the greater part of those two works, his declining health only enabled him to harmonize a few of the Irish Melodies; and upon his death, it became necessary to find another Composer, to whom the task of harmonizing them should be committed.

Of all the Composers that are now living, it is acknowledged by every intelligent and unprejudiced Musician, that the only one who occupies the same distinguished rank with the late Haydn, is BEETHOVEN. Possessing the most original genius and inventive fancy, united to profound science, refined taste, and an enthusiastic love of his art,—his compositions, like those of his illustrious predecessor, will bear endless repetition, and afford ever new delight. To this Composer, therefore, the Editor eagerly applied for Symphonies and Accompaniments to the Irish Melodies; and to his inexpressible satisfaction, Beethoven undertook the composition. After years of anxious suspense and teasing disappointment, by the miscarriage of letters and of manuscripts, owing to the unprecedented difficulty of communication between England and Vienna, the long-expected Symphonies and Accompaniments at last reached the Editor, three other copies having previously been lost on the road.

These SYMPHONIES of Beethoven will be found most appropriate and singularly beautiful Introductions and Conclusions to each Melody, full of matter perfectly original, and diversified in the most fanciful and striking manner, according to the plaintive, spirited, or playful character of the Melodies for which they were composed.

His ACCOMPANIMENTS are equally appropriate and valuable. In Chamber singing, the Piano-forte alone will be found a most satisfactory Accompaniment; and when the additional Accompaniments for the Violin and Violoncello, (not given in any other Irish Collection,) are joined with it, the effect will be felt in the highest degree excellent: for the parts united, exhibit combinations of harmony so rich, in a style so varied, so delicate, and so impressive, as to impart a new and powerful interest to the Melodies, which will secure to them lasting admiration, and a place among the most classical compositions.

A Second-voice part, too, has been composed by Beethoven, to a number of the Airs, which may thus be sung as Duets; but as those Airs still retain their precise original form, they can, of course, be sung perfectly well by a single voice.

The Editor is aware that there are many persons, who, not having cultivated music, are scarcely sensible of the value of Accompaniments, and prefer a simple Air to the finest music in parts. It is not to be denied, that there is a great charm in a fine voice singly, and that we *sometimes* hear a singer who can delight us by a song, without any Accompaniment. But such a singer is a *rara avis*: Nature seems niggardly in the much-valued gift of a rich fine toned voice; and there are few singers who feel themselves at ease, or can give much pleasure to their hearers, without the support and guidance of an Accompaniment: for it is well known that voices, in general, have a tendency to fall from the pitch in which they have set out, and thus the harmony of the instrument is necessary to keep the voice in a just intonation, or to recal it when it begins to wander.

It is probable, also, that amidst the powerful attraction of new and excellent Compositions, and the fluctuation and refinement of taste, national Melodies would be much neglected, were it not for their union with masterly and beautiful Accompaniments.

* BURNS'S Works, Vol. IV. Letter XLVI.

A distinguished Writer considers *Melody* in music, to be analogous to *Design* in painting; and *Accompaniments* he compares to *Colouring*. * If Carolan, the Irish Bard, could raise his head, and hear his own Melodies sung with Beethoven's Accompaniments, he would idolize the Artist, that, from his designs, could produce such exquisitely coloured and highly finished pictures. † Let *any* of the Irish Melodies be sung alone, and then with the Accompaniments of Beethoven, and it will immediately be perceived by every person of the least taste, how much the one is enriched by the other. The more critically the Music of this Collection is examined, the more clearly will it be seen what extraordinary pains and attention have been bestowed upon the Symphonies and Accompaniments of *every one* of the Melodies; for there is nothing of common place, no marks of negligence or carelessness throughout the Work: the whole has been composed *con amore*, as if the author were to rest his fame upon it; and accordingly he has announced to the Editor his intention of publishing it on the Continent, with the verses translated. This is equally flattering to the Melodies of Ireland, and satisfactory to the Editor; it is a decisive proof that Beethoven feels conscious that he has rendered them worthy of the attention of an enlightened Public.

Of the POETRY, the Editor may warrantably hope that its reception will not be less favourable than that of the Music, because its authors are celebrated for their genius, and exhibit in their songs the finest flow of fancy, feeling, and humour; which they have adapted in the happiest manner to the varied character of the Melodies. The Editor feels himself under the deepest obligations to them; for without their kind assistance, after the lamented death of BURNS, he could not have completed the Work, with satisfaction either to himself or the Public.

It was the intention of the Editor to offer a few thoughts concerning the antiquity of the Irish Melodies, &c., as he has done with respect to the Scottish and Welsh Melodies, in his Collections of those Songs. But after perusing Walker's Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards, Bunting's Critical Dissertation prefixed to his first volume of Irish Music, and Moore's Prefatory Letter to his third book of Songs, he finds that he could throw no new light on the subject. He believes, with Mr Moore, that the generality of the fine *Airs* are more modern than the antiquaries would have us consider them. Yet

from what Giraldus Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, has said of the superior skill of the Irish in the performance of instrumental or harp music, at that early period,—joined to Powell's account of the Welsh prince Gruffyd ap Conan having, in the eleventh century, "brought over with him from Ireland divers cunning musicians into Wales, who devised, in a manner, all the instrumental music that is now used there," and the notices of other ancient writers, it cannot be doubted that Ireland must be considered a parent country of music, to which Wales, and, perhaps, Scotland too, were originally indebted.

This Work, (which will probably be comprised in two volumes,) with the former publications of the Editor, puts the Public in possession of all that appeared to him most valuable and worthy of preservation in the native MELODIES of SCOTLAND, IRELAND, and WALES, united to the most interesting SONGS, SYMPHONIES, and ACCOMPANIMENTS that could be procured from original and distinguished Genius: and as he has spared neither pains, nor time, nor expence, in rendering every part of the three Works as perfect as possible, he trusts that they will do lasting honour to the musical and poetical character of the three countries. He looks back with great satisfaction upon his humble exertions, because he has had the happiness of eliciting from Poets and Musical Composers, who adorned the age in which they lived, what otherwise would never have been given to the world.

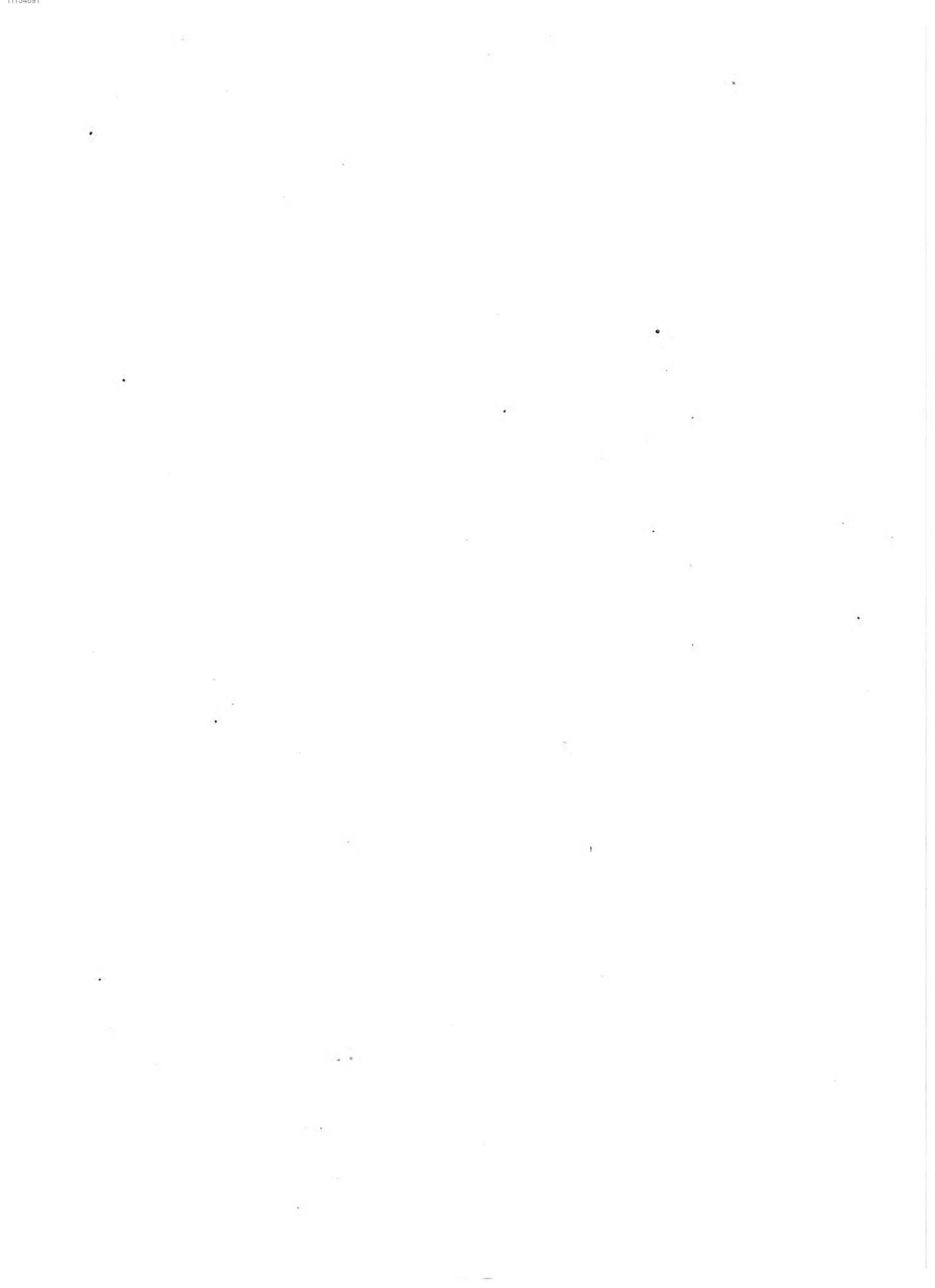
From the delay in publishing this work, others have got the start of it: And though the Editor is not insensible of the merit of those works, yet, his plan having been formed, and a great part of his materials collected, long before those works were heard of, he felt no inclination to withhold what he had with so much trouble acquired, more especially when he knows how truly the present work will be found to possess the charm of novelty; for, except in the Melodies, (which must be nearly alike in most collections,) it differs essentially from any of the works that have preceded it.

The Editor owes his most respectful acknowledgments to SIR WATKYN WILLIAMS WYNNE, Bart. for obligingly permitting his exquisite picture of ST CECILIA, by SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, to be copied and engraved for the frontispiece that graces this work.

Edinburgh, March 1814.

* ROUSSEAU, Dictionnaire de Musique, Article AIR; in which article this eloquent writer has treated of the power of Music over the memory and fancy, with singular felicity, and with the warmest glow of enthusiastic feeling.

† No. 1. of this Collection, for example.



The Return to Ulster.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *WALTER SCOTT, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 1.)—YOUNG TERENCE MACDONOUGH,—*By Carolan.*

ONCE again, but how chang'd, since my wand'rings began—
I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Bann,
And the pines of Clanbrassil resound to the roar
That wearies the echoes of fair Tullamore.
Alas! my poor bosom, and why shouldst thou burn!
With the scenes of my youth can its raptures return?
Can I live the dear life of delusion again,
That flow'd when these echoes first mix'd with my strain?

It was then that around me, though poor and unknown,
High spells of mysterious enchantment were thrown;
The streams were of silver, of diamond the dew,
The land was an Eden, for fancy was new.
I had heard of our bards, and my soul was on fire
At the rush of their verse, and the sweep of their lyre:
To me 'twas not legend, nor tale to the ear,
But a vision of noontide, distinguish'd and clear.

Ultonia's old heroes awoke at the call,
And renew'd the wild pomp of the chace and the hall;
And the standard of Fion flash'd fierce from on high,
Like a burst of the sun when the tempest is nigh.*
It seem'd that the harp of green Erin once more
Could renew all the glories she boasted of yore.—
Yet why at remembrance, fond heart, shouldst thou burn?
They were days of delusion, and cannot return.

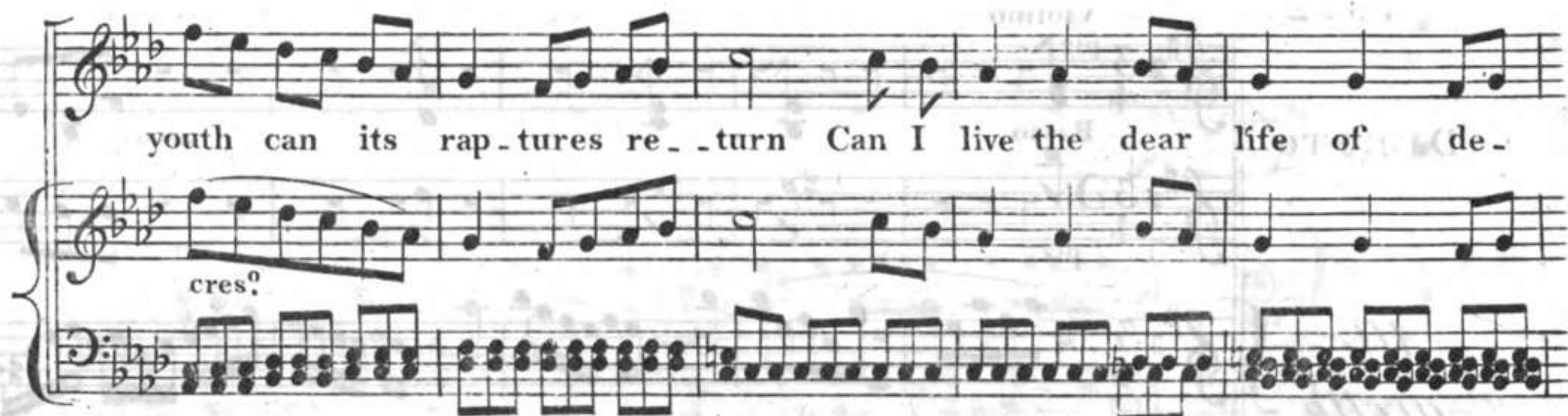
But was she, too, a phantom, the maid who stood by,
And listed my lay, while she turn'd from mine eye?
Was she, too, a vision, just glancing to view,
Then dispers'd in the sun-beam, or melted to dew?
Oh! would it had been so,—O would that her eye
Had been but a star-glance that shot through the sky,
And her voice, that was moulded to melody's thrill,
Had been but a zephyr that sigh'd and was still.

Oh! would it had been so,—not then this poor heart
Had learn'd the sad lesson, to love and to part;
To bear, unassisted, its burthen of care,
While I toil'd for the wealth I had no one to share.
Not then had I said, when life's summer was done,
And the hours of her autumn were fast speeding on,
“Take the fame and the riches ye brought in your train,
“And restore me the dream of my spring-tide again.”

* In ancient Irish poetry, the standard of Fion, or Fingal, is called the *Sun-burst*, an epithet feebly rendered by the *Sun-beam* of Macpherson.

youth can its rap-tures re-turn Can I live the dear life of de-

cres^o



- lu - sion a - - gain, That flow'd when these echoes first mix'd with my strain

p *sempre piano* *pp*



Violino

Basso



sempre piano *cres* *p*

sempre piano *cres* *p*

sempre piano *cres* *p*



SWEET POWER OF SONG.

N.º 2.

DUETTO.

*Alle-
-gretto
grazioso.*

Violino *pizz*

Basso *pizz*

arco

Partum vocalem

3 . 8.

Sweet Power of Song that canst im-part, to

Sweet Power of Song that canst im-part, to

cres!

low-land Swain or Moun-tain-er, a glad-ness thril-ling

low-land Swain or Moun-tain-er, a glad-ness thril-ling

cres

through the heart, a joy so ten-der and so dear Sweet

through the heart, a joy so ten-der and so dear Sweet

cres

Power that on a fo - - reign strand canst the rough sol - dier's bo - som,

Power that on a fo - - reign strand canst the rough sol - dier's bo - som

p *cres* *f* *sf* *p* *p/p* *dol* *pedal*

move, with feel - ings of his na - - tive land as gen - - tle

move, with feel - ings of his na - - tive land as gen - - tle

* *cres* *p* *f* *sf* *p* *p/p* *dolce*

as an in - - - fant's love

as an in - - - fant's love

Violino

Basso

piz

piz

pedal * *off* *cres* *p*

Sweet

arco

arco

pedal

s.

s.

Sweet Power of Song.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By JOANNA BAILLIE.

AIR, (No. 2.)—THE SUMMER IS COMING.

SWEET Power of Song! that canst impart,
 To lowland swain or mountaineer,
 A gladness thrilling through the heart,
 A joy so tender and so dear :

Sweet Power! that on a foreign strand
 Canst the rough soldier's bosom move,
 With feelings of his native land,
 As gentle as an infant's love.

Sweet Power! that makest youthful heads
 With thistle, leek, or shamrock crown'd,
 Nod proudly as the carol sheds
 Its spirit through the social round.

Sweet Power! that cheer'st the daily toil
 Of cottage maid, or beldame poor,
 The ploughman on the furrow'd soil,
 Or herd-boy on the lonely moor :

Or he, by bards the shepherd hight,
 Who mourns his maiden's broken tye,
 'Till the sweet plaint, in woe's despite,
 Hath made a bliss of agony.

Sweet Power of Song! thanks flow to thee
 From every kind and gentle breast!
 Let ERIN'S, CAMBRIA'S, minstrels be
 With BURNS'S tuneful spirit blest!

Once more I hail Thee.

WRITTEN, AND AFTERWARDS RETOUCHEd FOR THIS AIR,

By *BURNS.*

AIR, (No. 3.)—*Communicated without a name by a Friend.*

ONCE more I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
 Thy visage so dark, and thy hurricane's roar;
 Sad was the parting thou mak'st me remember,—
 My parting with Nancy, ah! ne'er to meet more!

Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure,
 When hope mildly beams on the soft parting hour;
 But the dire feeling, *O farewell for ever,*
 Is anguish unmingled, and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
 Until the last leaf of the summer is flown,
 Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
 Since hope is departed and comfort is gone.

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
 My anguish awakes at thy visage so hoar;
 Sad was the parting thou mak'st me remember,
 My parting with Nancy, ah! ne'er to meet more!

ONCE MORE I HAIL THEE.

N.º 3.
Violino

Violonc.º

Andante
con molta
espressione

Once more I hail thee thou gloomy De-cember, Thy vi-sage so 'dark, and thy tempest's dread roar

Sad was the parting thou mak'st me re-remember, My parting with Nancy Ah! ne'er to meet more.

THE MORNING AIR PLAYS ON MY FACE.

N.º 4.
Allegretto grazioso.

Violino

p

The morning air plays

on my face And through the grey mist peer - - ing The soft'nd silv'ry sun I trace Wood

cres

wild and mountain cheer - - ing Larks a - - loft are sing - ing Hares from co - vert

p

spring - - ing And o'er the fen the wild ducks brood Their ear - ly way are wing - - ing.

cres *cres*

Violino

f *p* *f* *p*

pp *cres*

The Morning Air plays on my Face.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *JOANNA BAILLIE.*

AIR (No. 4.)—*Communicated without a name by a Friend.*

THE morning air plays on my face,
 And, through the grey mist peering,
 The soften'd silv'ry sun I trace,
 Wood, wild, and mountain cheering.
 Larks aloft are singing,
 Hares from covert springing,
 And o'er the fen the wild duck's brood
 Their early way are winging.

Bright ev'ry dewy hawthorn shines,
 Sweet ev'ry herb is growing
 To him whose willing heart inclines
 The way that he is going.
 Fancy shews to me, now,
 What will shortly be, now,
 I'm patting at her door poor Tray,
 Who fawns and welcomes me now.

How slowly moves the rising latch!
 How quick my heart is beating!
 That wordly dame is on the watch
 To frown upon our meeting.
 Fy! why should I mind her,
 See, who stands behind her,
 Whose eye doth on her trav'ler look
 The sweeter and the kinder.

Oh! ev'ry bounding step I take,
 Each hour the clock is telling,
 Bears me o'er mountain, bourne, and brake,
 Still nearer to her dwelling.
 Day is shining brighter,
 Limbs are moving lighter,
 While ev'ry thought to Nora's love
 But binds my faith the tighter.

On the Massacre of Glencoe.—O tell me, Harper.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

This Air, (No. 5.) which was communicated, without a name, by a Friend in Ireland, is so remarkable for its simple and pathetic character, that it might pass for a Highland LAMENT. No music could be better suited to the following sorrowful tale of truth which the Poet has indited for it.

O TELL me, Harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where none may list their melody?
Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle, that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy.

No, not to these, for they have rest,—
The mist-wreath has the mountain crest,
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
Abode of lone security.
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild-wood deep, nor mountain grey,
Not this deep dell that shrouds from day,
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.

Their flag was furl'd, and mute their drum,
The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay at guests that come
In guise of hospitality.
His blythest notes the piper plied,
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,
The dame her distaff flung aside,
To tend her kindly housewifery.

The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel,
Meed for his hospitality.
The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand,
At midnight arm'd it with the brand
That bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazonry.

Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,
Nor infancy's unpitied plain
More than the warrior's groan, could gain
Respite from ruthless butchery.
The winter wind that whistled shrill,
The snows that night that clogged the hill,
Though wild and pitiless, had still
Far more than southron clemency.

Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
Their grey-hair'd master's misery.
Were each grey hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
'Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
"Revenge for blood and treachery."

O TELL ME HARPER WHEREFORE FLOW,

*Andante
lamenta-
-bile*

Violino
piz

8.

Oh! tell me Har-per wherefore flow thy way-ward notes of

wail and woe Far down the de- - sert of Glen- - coe, where

none may list their me- - lo - - dy Say harp'st thou to the

mists that fly, Or to the dun deer glancing by; Or;

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line contains the lyrics "mists that fly, Or to the dun deer glancing by; Or;". The piano accompaniment features a complex, flowing melody in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand.

to the eagle that from high screams chorus to thy

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "to the eagle that from high screams chorus to thy". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as *p* and *cres*. The right hand of the piano part has a very active, melodic line, while the left hand provides harmonic support.

Violino
min-strel-sy

The third system introduces a Violino part on a single staff, with the instruction "Violino" above it. The lyrics "min-strel-sy" are written below the violin staff. The piano accompaniment continues with dynamic markings like *piz* and *cres*. The violin part has a melodic line with some grace notes.

No

The fourth system shows the vocal line with the word "No" and a fermata. The piano accompaniment features dynamic markings such as *p/p* and *cres*. The right hand of the piano part has a very active, melodic line, while the left hand provides harmonic support.

WHAT SHALL I DO TO SHEW HOW MUCH I LOVE HER.

No. 6.
DUETTO.
Affettuoso.

Violino
Violoncello

What shall I do to shew how much I love her Thought's that oppress me O
What shall I do to shew how much I love her Thought's that oppress me O

how can I tell Will my soft pas - sion be a - - ble to move her
how can I tell Will my soft pas - sion be a - - ble to move her

Language is wanting when lov - ing so well Can sighs and tears in their
Language is wanting when lov - ing so well Can sighs and tears in their

si - lence be - to - ken half the distress this fond bo - som must know

si - lence be - to - ken half the distress this fond bo - som must know

cres.° *f* *p*



Or will she melt when a true heart is bro - ken, Weep - ing too late o'er her

Or will she melt when a true heart is bro - ken, Weep - ing too late o'er her

fp



lost lover's woe.

lost lover's woe.

Violino *Basso*

cres.° *f* *dim.°*



pp



What shall I do to shew how much I love her?

ANONYMOUS.

AIR (No. 6.)—TELL ME, DEAR EVELEEN.

Though this Air very much resembles the preceding one, yet the style of the Accompaniments is so ingeniously and charmingly varied, as to give each Air a distinct character; and both Airs are so delightful, and so touching, that the Editor could not allow himself to suppress either. The second voice part, added by Beethoven, to No. 6. is a curiosity, equally simple and beautiful.

WHAT shall I do to shew how much I love her?

Thoughts that oppress me, O how can I tell?

Will my soft passion be able to move her?

Language is wanting, when loving so well.

Can sighs and tears, in their silence, betoken

Half the distress this fond bosom must know?

Or will she melt when a true heart is broken,

Weeping, too late, o'er her lost lover's woe.

Is there a grace comes not playful before her?

Is there a virtue, and not in her train?

Is there a swain but delights to adore her?

Pains she a heart but it boasts of her chain?

Could I believe she'd prevent my undoing,

Life's gayest fancies the hope should renew;

Or could I think she'd be pleas'd with my ruin,

Death should persuade her my sorrows are true!

His Boat comes on the sunny Tide.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By JOANNA BAILLIE.

AIR (No. 7.)—THE LITTLE HARVEST ROSE.

His boat comes on the sunny tide,
And brightly gleams the flashing oar ;
The boatmen carol by his side,
And blythely near the welcome shore.
How softly Shannon's currents flow!
His shadow in the stream I see :
The very waters seem to know
Dear is the freight they bear to me.

His eager bound, his hasty tread,
His well-known voice I'll shortly hear ;
And O those arms so kindly spread !
That greeting smile ! that manly tear !
In other lands, when far away,
My love with hope did never twain ;
It saw him thus, both night and day,
To Shannon's banks return'd again.

18
HIS BOAT COMES ON THE SUNNY TIDE

N^o 7. *Basso* *Violino*
Andant^o *Grazioso.*
p

His boat comes on the sun-ny tide, And brightly gleams the

flash-ing oar, The boat-men ca-rol by his side, And blythe-ly near the

wel-come shore How soft-ly Shan-non's currents flow! His sha-dow in the

stream I see: The ve-ry wa-ters seem to know Dear is the freight they

bear to me. His

dim: *p/c*

COME DRAW WE ROUND A CHEERFUL RING

N.º 8.
Allegro
con brio.

Violino

fp

Come draw we round a cheerful ring, And broach the foaming ale, And

let the merry maiden sing, The beldame tell her tale And let the sightless harper sit the

blazing faggot by And let the jes-ter vent his wit, His tricks the ur chin try

Violino

fp *pp*

Come draw we round a cheerful Ring.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *JOANNA BAILLIE.*

AIR, (No. 8.)—*Communicated without a name by a Friend.*

COME, draw we round a cheerful ring,
 And broach the foaming ale,
 And let the merry maiden sing,
 The beldame tell her tale :
 And let the sightless harper sit
 The blazing faggot by ;
 And let the jester vent his wit,
 His tricks the urchin try.

Who shakes the door with angry din,
 And would admitted be ?
 No, Gossip Winter, snug within,
 We have no room for thee.
 Go, scud it o'er Killarney's lake,
 And shake the willows bare ;
 The water-elf his sport doth take,
 Thou'lt find a comrade there.

Will o' the Wisp skips in the dell,
 The owl hoots on the tree,
 They hold their nightly vigil well,
 And so the while will we.
 Then strike we up the rousing glee,
 And pass the beaker round,
 While ev'ry head right merrily
 Is moving to the sound.

VOL. I.

C

Our Bugles sang Truce ; or, The Soldier's Dream.

WRITTEN

By *THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.*

AND PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION.

AIR, (No. 9.)—KITTY TYRREL.

OUR bugles sang truce,—for the night-cloud had low'r'd,
 And the centinel-stars set their watch in the sky,
 And thousands had sunk on the ground, overpow'r'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
 When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track :
 'Twas autumn, and sun-shine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.
 I flew to the pleasant fields travers'd so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.
 Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn ;
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;—
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

OUR BUGLES SANG TRUCE

No. 9.

Andante
lamentabile

Violino

Our

bu - gles sung truce for the night cloud had low'r'd And the cen - ti - nel

stars set their watch in the sky And thousands had sunk on the

Pluto Ave

ground o - ver - pow'r'd, The wea - ry to sleep and the wound - ed to

die. When re - posing that night on my pal - let of straw, By the

cres? *p*

wolf scar-ing fag-got that guard-ed the slain At the dead of the night a sweet

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with lyrics: "wolf scar-ing fag-got that guard-ed the slain At the dead of the night a sweet". The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. Dynamics include "cres" and "p".

vi-sion I saw, And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it a - - gain.

This system contains the next two staves of music. The vocal line continues with lyrics: "vi-sion I saw, And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it a - - gain.". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. Dynamics include "cres" and "p".

Violino

Basso

This system contains two staves for instruments. The top staff is labeled "Violino" and the bottom staff is labeled "Basso". Both staves feature complex, rhythmic passages with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. Dynamics include "cres".

That Ben you

This system contains the final two staves of music on the page. The vocal line has lyrics: "That Ben you". The piano accompaniment continues with rhythmic patterns. Dynamics include "p".

THE DESERTER.

N^o 10.

VIOLINO

VIOLONC^o

Andante con moto ed agitato

If sadly think - ing and spi - rits sink - ing could more than drinking my cares com -

- pose; A cure for sor - row from sighs I'd bor - row And hope to - mor - row might end my

p *pp*
p *delicatamente*
 woes But since in wailing there's nought a - vail - ing And Fate un - fail - ing must strike the

sf *sf*
sf *sf*
 blow Then for that reason and for a season, We will be merry be - fore we go
cres *f* *sf*

sf *sf*
CHORUS
 Then for that reason and for a season we will be merry before we go.
 Then for that reason and for a season we will be merry before we go.
sf *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf*

If sadly thinking.

THE DESERTER,

THE EVENING PREVIOUS TO HIS EXECUTION.

WRITTEN

By the Right Hon. J. P. CURRAN,

AND PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION.

AIR (No. 10.)—THE DESERTER.

IF sadly thinking,
 And spirits sinking,
 Could, more than drinking,
 My cares compose,
 A cure for sorrow
 From sighs I'd borrow,
 And hope to-morrow
 Might end my woes.
 But since in wailing
 There's nought availing,
 And Fate unfailing
 Must strike the blow,
 Then for that reason,
 And for a season,
 We will be merry before we go.

A way-worn ranger,
 To joy a stranger,
 Through every danger
 My course I've run;
 Now hope all ending,
 And death befriending,
 His last aid sending,
 My cares are done.
 No more a rover,
 Or hapless lover,
 My griefs are over,
 And my glass runs low.
 Then for that reason,
 And for a season,
 We will be merry before we go.

Thou Emblem of Faith,

WRITTEN, ON RETURNING A RING,

By the Right Hon. J. P. CURRAN,

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION.

AIR, (No. 11.)—I WOULD RATHER THAN IRELAND ONCE MORE I WERE FREE.

THOU emblem of faith, thou sweet pledge of a passion
 That heav'n has ordain'd for an happier than me,
 On the hand of the fair, go, resume thy lov'd station,
 And bask in the beam that is lavish'd on thee.
 And when some past scene thy rememb'rance recalling,
 Her bosom shall rise to the tear that is falling,
 With the transport of love may no anguish combine,
 But the bliss be all her's, and the suff'ring all mine.

But ah! had the ringlet thou lov'st to surround,
 Had it e'er kiss'd the rose on the cheek of my dear,
 What ransom to buy thee could ever be found?
 Or what force from my heart thy possession could tear?
 A mourner, a suff'rer, a wand'rer, a stranger,
 In sickness, in sadness, in pain, or in danger,
 Next that heart would I wear thee till its last pang was o'er,
 Then together we'd sink, and I'd part thee no more.

THOU EMBLEM OF FAITH.

No. 11.

Andante affettuoso.

Violino

Thou

emblem of faith thou sweet pledge of a passion, That heav'n has or -

Cresc *pia*

dain'd for an happier than me; On the hand of the fair go re -

pia *Cresc*

sume thy lov'd station, And bask in the beam that is lavish'd on thee.

fp *pp*

Violino

Cresc *for* *pia*

OCH! HAVE YOU NOT HEARD PAT.

N.º 12
Allegretto
piuttosto
Vivace.

Violino

Och! have you not heard Pat of
 many a joke that's made by the wits'gainst your own country folk They may talk of our bulls, but it
 must be confest that of all the bullmakers John Bull is the best. I'm just come from London their
 ca-pi-tal town, A fine place it is faith I'm sorry to own, For there you can't shew your sweet
 face in the street But a Bull is the ve-ry first man that you meet.

sf
dol.
cres
p
f
p

Violino

p

Finis

110

Och! and have you not heard, Pat.

ENGLISH BULLS; OR, THE IRISHMAN IN LONDON.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT PRESENTED BY THE AUTHOR TO THE EDITOR.

AIR (No. 12.)—PADDY WHACK.

* * * *The Singer will readily see, that some lines in the third and subsequent verses, have a syllable more than the lines united to the music, and, of course, require an additional note, or the division of a note into two.*

OCH! and have you not heard, Pat, of many a joke,
That's made by the wits 'gainst your own country folk;
They may talk of our bulls, but it must be confest,
That, of all the bull-makers, John Bull is the best.

Why, I'm just come from London, their capital town;
A fine place it is, faith, I'm sorry to own;
For there you can't shew your sweet face in the street,
But a Bull is the very first man that you meet.

Now, I went to St Paul's,—'twas just after my landing,
A great house they've built, that has scarce room to stand in;
And there, gramachree! wont you think it a joke,
The lower I whisper'd, the louder I spoke!

Then I went to the tower, to see the wild beasts,
Thinking out of my wits to be frighten'd at least;
But these wild beasts I found standing tame on a shelf,
Not one of the kit half so wild as myself.

Next I made for the bank, Sir, for there, I was told,
Were oceans of silver, and mountains of gold;
But I soon found this talk was mere bluster and vapour,
For the gold and the silver were all made of paper.

A friend took me into the Parliament house,
And there sat the Speaker as mum as a mouse;
For in spite of his name, wont you think this a joke too,
The Speaker was he whom they all of them spoke to.

Of all the strange places I ever was in,
Was'nt that now the place for a hubbub and din?
While some made a bother to keep others quiet,
And the rest call'd for "Order,"—meaning just, make a riot.

Then should you hereafter be told of some joke,
By the Englishmen made 'gainst your own country folk,
Tell this tale, my dear honey, and stoutly protest,
That of all the bull-makers, John Bull is the best.

Musing on the roaring Ocean.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR, (No. 13.)—PEGGY BAWN.

Musing on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me ;
Wearying heav'n in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow,
Yielding late to nature's law ;
Whisp'ring Spirits round my pillow,
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care untroubled, joy surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me ;
Downy sleep, the curtain draw ;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa !

No. 13.

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

32

Violino

pia

Musing

Andantino

con moto.

pia

on the roaring o--cean Which di--vides my Love from me

Dolce.

Wearying

heav'n in warm de - vo - tion For his weal where'er he be Hope and fear's alternate

bil-low Yielding late to Nature's law Whispering spi - - rits round my

Violino

pil - - low, Talk of him that's far a - - wa.

pp

pp

O WHO SITS SO SADLY.

N.º 14.
Allegretto scherzando.

Basso
 Pizz
 Violin

O who sits so sadly and
 heaves the fond sigh? A-las, cried young Dermot 'tis on-ly poor I All under the willow, the
 willow so green My fair one has left me in sorrow to moan, So here am I come, just to
 die all a-lone, No longer, fond loves shall my bosom enslave, I'm weaving a gar-land to
 hang o'er my grave All un-der the willow the willow so green.

pia
fp
sf
f
for
for

Violino

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a piece titled 'O Who Sits So Sadly'. The score is in 6/8 time and G major. It features a vocal line with lyrics, a Basso part with 'Pizz' (pizzicato) markings, a Violino part, and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is 'Allegretto scherzando'. The lyrics describe a young man named Dermot who is sad because his beloved has left him. He is sitting under a willow tree, weaving a garland to hang over his grave. The piano accompaniment consists of a rhythmic pattern in the right hand and chords in the left hand. There are dynamic markings such as 'p' (piano), 'fp' (fortissimo piano), 'sf' (sforzando), and 'f' (forte). The score ends with a double bar line.

Who sits so sadly?—Dermot and Shelah.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By Mr T. TOMS.

AIR, (No. 14.)—THE BLACK JOKE.

Who sits so sadly, and heaves the fond sigh?
 Alas! cried young Dermot, 'tis only poor I,
 All under the willow, the willow so green:
 My fair one has left me in sorrow to moan,
 So here am I come, just to die all alone;
 No longer fond love shall my bosom enslave,
 I am weaving a garland to hang o'er my grave,
 All under the willow, the willow so green.

The fair one you love is, you tell me, untrue,
 And here stands poor Shelah, forsaken, like you,
 All under the willow, the willow so green.
 O take me in sadness to sit by your side,
 Your anguish to share, and your sorrows divide;
 I'll answer each sigh, and I'll echo each groan,
 And 'tis dismal, you know, to be dying alone,
 All under the willow, the willow so green.

Then close to each other they sat down to sigh,
 Resolving in anguish together to die,
 All under the willow, the willow so green:
 But he was so comely, and she was so fair,
 They somehow forgot all their sorrow and care;
 And, thinking it better a while to delay,
 They put off their dying, to toy and to play,
 All under the willow, the willow so green.

Let brain-spinning Swains.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.*

AIR (No. 15.)—A TRIP TO THE DARGLE.

LET brain-spinning swains, in effusions fantastic,
 Sing meetings by moon-light in arbour or grove ;
 But Patrick O'Donnelly's taste is more plastic,
 All times and all seasons are fitted for love :
 At Cork, or Killarney, Killala, or Blarney,
 At fair, wake, or wedding, my passion must glow :
 Fair maid, will you but trust to me,
 Fondly I'll love you wherever I go.

When driving the cows of old father O'Leary,
 An angel, yourself, I had still in my eye ;
 When digging potatoes, mud-spatter'd and weary,
 O what did I think on, but you, with a sigh !
 At plough, or hay-making, I'm in an odd taking,
 My bosom heaves high, though my spirits be low :
 Fair maid, will you but trust to me,
 Fondly I'll love you wherever I go.

When first I espied your sweet face, I remember,
 That hot summer day, how I shiver'd for shame !
 You smil'd when I met you again in December,
 And then, by the Pow'rs, I was all in a flame !
 Come summer, come winter, in you my thoughts center ;
 I doat on you, Judy, from top to the toe :
 Fair maid, will you but trust to me,
 Fondly I'll love you wherever I go.

*Allegretto
piuttosto
Vivace.*

Violino

The first system of music features a Violino part on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto piuttosto Vivace'. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *sf*, *p*, and *Cres*.

Let brainspinning swains in ef-fusions fantastic Sing meetings by moonlight in

The second system contains the first line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes the marking *for pia*.

arbour or grove; But Patrick O'Donnelly's taste is more plastic All times & all seasons are fitted for love

The third system contains the second line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes the marking *Cres pia*.

At Cork or Killarny Kil - lala or Blarney At fair wake or wedding my passion must glow

The fourth system contains the third line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a complex rhythmic pattern.

Fair maid will you but trust to me, fondly I'll love you wher-e-ver I go

The fifth system contains the fourth line of lyrics. It includes a Violino part on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. Dynamic markings include *f*, *f*, *pia*, *Cres pia*, *sf*, and *for*.

The sixth system continues the piano accompaniment from the previous system, featuring a *Cres* marking.

HIDE NOT THY ANGUISH.

N^o 16
Andantino
a moroso
con
espressione.

Violino
 Pizz.
 Cantabile

Hide not thy anguish thou must not de-ceive me Thy fortunes have

cres?

frown'd and the struggle is o'er Cometh the ru-in for nothing shall grieve me If

f p cres tenuto

Violino
 thou art but left me I ask for no more. piz arco

ffp f f > p sf sf p

f sf sf

ffp

sf

Hide not thy Anguish.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 16.)—DERMOT.

HIDE not thy anguish,—thou must not deceive me,
Thy fortunes have frown'd,—and the struggle is o'er;
Come then the ruin! for nothing shall grieve me,
If thou art but left me, I ask for no more.

Hard is the world, it will rudely reprove thee;
Thy friends will retire when the tempest is near;
Now is *my* season,—and now will I love thee,
And cheer thee when none but thy Mary will cheer.

Come to my arms,—thou art dearer than ever!
But breathe not a whisper of sorrow for me:
Fear shall not reach me, nor misery sever,
Thy Mary is worthy of love and of thee.

In vain to this Desert my Fate I deplore.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By Mrs GRANT,

THE SECOND AND THIRD VERSES EXCEPTED, WHICH ARE BY BURNS.

This Air (No. 17.) is well known by the name of THE LADY IN THE DESERT; O'Kain, the Irish harper, having frequently delighted his Scottish hearers with it. It is almost the same with the Air called COOLUN.

IN vain to this desert my fate I deplore,
For dark is the wild-wood, and bleak is the shore;
The rude blasts I hear, and the white waves I see,
But nought that gives shelter or comfort to me.

Ah! long has all joy in my bosom grown cold,
And darkly the future through tears I behold;
Forsaken and friendless my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice of pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

O Love! thou hast pleasures, and deep have I lov'd;
O Love! thou hast sorrows, and sore have I prov'd:
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel, by its throbbing, will soon be at rest.

When clos'd are those eyes, that but open to weep,
With my woes and my wrongs I shall peacefully sleep;
But the thorn thy unkindness first plac'd in my heart,
Transplanted to thine, shall new anguish impart.

Alas! for the pangs of regret thou wilt prove;
Alas! for the last fond repinings of love:
Though dying alone on a bleak desert shore,
'Tis thee and thy hopeless remorse I deplore.

IN VAIN TO THIS DESART MY FATE I DEPLORE.

N^o 17.
DUETTO.

Violino

Violoncello

Andante
expressivo.

p

In vain to this de_sart my fate I de_ _plore For dark is the

In vain to this de_sart my fate I de_ _plore For dark is the

dol

wild wood, and bleak is the shore The rude blasts I hear and the white waves I
wild wood, and bleak is the shore The rude blasts I hear and the white waves I

for *p*

This system contains two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal lines are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are repeated on both vocal staves. The piano part includes dynamic markings for *for* and *p*.

Violino
see But nought that gives shelter or comfort to me.
Violoncello
see But nought that gives shelter or comfort to me.

This system includes two vocal staves, a Violino part, a Violoncello part, and a piano accompaniment. The vocal lines are in treble clef. The Violino and Violoncello parts are also in treble clef. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff. The lyrics are repeated on both vocal staves.

This system consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef, a bass line in bass clef, and a piano accompaniment in grand staff. The piano accompaniment features a complex texture with many sixteenth notes in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line. The system concludes with a double bar line.

DUETTO

THEY BID ME SLIGHT MY DERMOT.

N.º 18.

Allegretto.

Piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked 'Allegretto' and 'f'. The music features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in both hands.

Soprano
They bid me slight my Der-mot dear For

Tenor
Oh ne-ver slight thy Der-mot dear Tho'

First system of lyrics with vocal lines for Soprano and Tenor, and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings 'f' and 'p'.

he's of low de-gree, While I my La-dy's maid am here And

he's of low de-gree, Tho' thou my La-dy's maid art here And

Second system of lyrics with vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

of the qua-li-ty But if my mo-ther would not grieve And

of the qua-li-ty For tho' thy mo-ther hap-ly grieve When

Third system of lyrics with vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

if the truth were known - - Well pleas'd would I this cas - tle leave And
 first the truth is known - - She'll bid thee not thy Dermot leave But

live for him a - - lone.

live for him a - - lone.

Violino
Violoncello

They bid me slight my Dermot dear.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

Though the first stanza of this song, as engraved under the music, is adapted either for one voice or for a duett, the rest of the song is meant to be sung by one voice only.

AIR (No. 18.)—Communicated without a name by a Friend.

THEY bid me slight my Dermot dear,
 For he's of low degree,
 While I my lady's maid am here,
 And of the Quality.
 But if my mother would not grieve,
 And if the truth were known,
 Well-pleas'd would I this castle leave,
 And live for him alone.

My lady, who is very kind,
 To me will sometimes call,
 And talk of love with scoffing mind,
 And say 'tis folly all.
 Ah! words like these are finely said,
 And may my lady please,
 For she her own true love has wed,
 And has her heart at ease :

But I remember well I know,
 How mourn'd this lady gay,
 When first my lord was forc'd to go
 To battle far away :
 Poor lady! then—I saw them part,
 Her tears I saw them fall ;
 Oh, then, the true love in her heart,
 Oh, was it folly all?

I sit, my love, to think on thee,
 Look o'er the Shannon wide,
 And fancy I thy cabin see
 The lofty elms beside.
 The Shannon waves run very high,
 The little boat I fear ;
 No more at night the passage try,
 For winter now is here.

There's none like thee,—the king of all,
 At funeral, and at fair ;
 My lord's fine man, that's in the hall,
 Can ne'er with thee compare.
 Thy heart is true, thy heart is warm ;
 And so is mine to thee ;
 And would my Lord but give the farm,
 How happy should we be !

When the black-letter'd List, &c.

WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

WRITTEN BY

The Hon. W. R. SPENCER.

AIR (No. 19.)—*Communicated without a name by a Friend.*

WHEN the black-letter'd list to the gods was presented,—
 The list of what Fate to each mortal intends,—
 At the long string of ills a kind Goddess relented,
 And slipt in three blessings—WIFE, CHILDREN, and FRIENDS.

In vain surly Pluto maintain'd he was cheated ;
 For justice divine could not compass its ends :
 The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated ;
 For earth becomes heav'n with wife, children, and friends.

The soldier whose deeds live immortal in story,
 Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,
 With transport would barter whole ages of glory,
 For one happy day with wife, children, and friends.

Though valour still glows in his life's waning embers,
 The death-wounded tar who his colours defends,
 Drops a tear of regret, as he, dying, remembers,
 How blest was his home with wife, children, and friends.

Though spice-breathing gales o'er his caravan hover,
 Though round him Arabia's whole fragrance ascends,
 The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover
 The bower where he sat with wife, children, and friends.

The day-spring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,
 Alone on itself for enjoyment depends :
 But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
 No warmth from the smiles of wife, children, and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
 The laurel which o'er her dead favourite bends ;
 O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,
 Bedew'd with the tears of wife, children, and friends.

Let us drink,—for my song, growing graver and graver,
 To subjects too solemn insensibly tends ;
 Let us drink, pledge me high, Love and Virtue shall flavour
 The glass which I fill to wife, children, and friends.

WHEN THE BLACK LETTER'D LIST,

N^o 19.

Violino

Allegretto

Musical notation for the beginning of the piece. The Violino part starts with a *Pizz.* (pizzicato) marking. The piano accompaniment begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic and includes a *cres* (crescendo) marking.

When the black letter'd list to the Gods was pre-sent-ed, The

list of what Fate to each mor-tal in-tends, At the long string of ill's a kind

Goddess re-len-ted, And slipt in three blessings, Wife, Children, and Friends. In

vain sur-ly Plu-to main-tain'd he was cheated, for jus-tice di-vine could not

compass its ends, The scheme of man's penance he swore was de - feated For

p *cres*

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a crescendo (*cres*) marking.

earth becomes heav'n with wife children and friends.

pizz *Violino*

This system contains the next two staves of music. The vocal line continues with lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes a *pizz* (pizzicato) marking and a *Violino* (violin) marking.

pp *p* *sf* *p* *sf* *p* *sf* *p* *sf*

This system shows the piano accompaniment for the third system, featuring a series of dynamic markings: *pp*, *p*, *sf*, *p*, *sf*, *p*, *sf*.

arco *f*

This system shows the piano accompaniment for the fourth system, including an *arco* (arco) marking and a forte (*f*) dynamic.

f

This system shows the piano accompaniment for the fifth system, ending with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

FAREWELL BLISS & FAREWELL NANCY.

N^o 20.

DUETTO.

Violino

piz. #

Farewell

Farewell

Andante

expressivo.

bliss and farewell Nan - - - cy, Farewell fleet - - - ing joys of

bliss and farewell Nan - - - cy, Farewell fleet - - - ing joys of

fan - - cy, Hopes and fears and sighs that lan - - guish now give


fan - - cy, Hopes and fears and sighs that lan - - guish now give

place to cure - less an - - guish Why did I so fond - ly

place to cure - less an - - guish Why did I so fond - ly

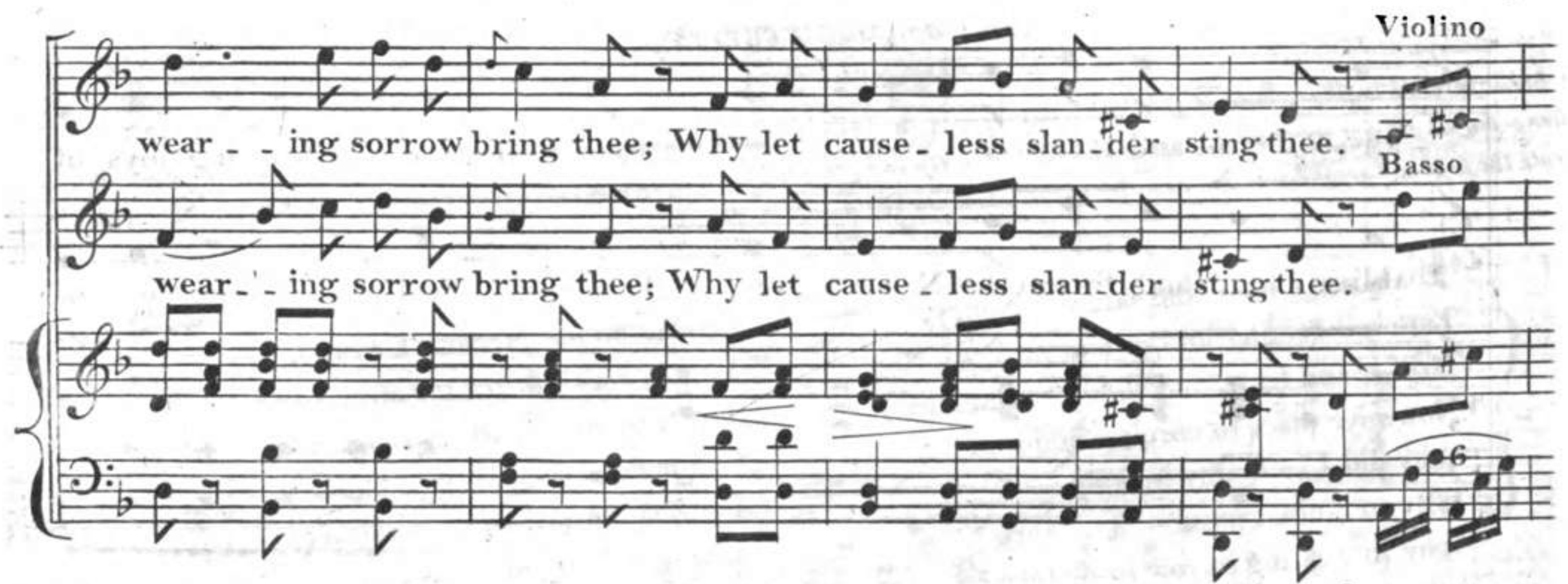
love thee, Why to mu - - - tual pas - sion move thee Why to
love thee, Why to mu - - - tual pas - sion move thee Why to

lento



wear - - ing sorrow bring thee; Why let cause - less slan - der sting thee.
wear - - ing sorrow bring thee; Why let cause - less slan - der sting thee.

Violino
Basso



pizz
pizz



Farewell Bliss, and Farewell Nancy.

AIR, (No. 20.)—LOUGH SHEELING.

The beautiful concluding stanza of this Song was written in connection with some verses of unequal merit, which the poet meant to alter; but he did not live to fulfil his intention. Mrs GRANT, therefore, in compliance with the request of the Editor, obligingly wrote the first and second stanzas, in order to introduce the third one by BURNS.

FAREWELL bliss, and farewell Nancy,
 Farewell fleeting joys of fancy;
 Hopes, and fears, and sighs that languish,
 Now give place to cureless anguish.
 Why did I so fondly love thee?
 Why to mutual passion move thee?
 Why to wearing sorrow bring thee?
 Why let causeless slander sting thee?

Gazing on my precious treasure,
 Lost in reckless dreams of pleasure,
 Thy unspotted heart possessing,
 Grasping at the promis'd blessing,
 Pouring out my soul before thee,
 Living only to adore thee:—
 Could I see the tempest brewing?
 Could I dread the blast of ruin?

Had we never lov'd so kindly;
 Had we never lov'd so blindly,
 Never met, or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.
 Fare-thee-well, thou first and fairest,
 Fare-thee-well thou best and dearest;
 One fond kiss, and then we sever,
 One farewell, alas! for ever.

Morning a cruel Turmoiler is.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 21.)

The Editor knows not the name of this Air ; but the Air itself is well known from its having been sung for years in public by the inimitable JOHNSTONE, to words beginning, " I was the boy for bewitching them : " And surely no one ever was better qualified to bewitch his audience, either as an actor, or as a singer of Irish melodies.

MORNING a cruel turmoiler is,
 Banishing ease and repose ;
 Noon-day a roaster and broiler is,
 How we pant under his nose !
 Evening for lovers' soft measures,
 Sighing and begging a boon ;
 But the blythe season for pleasures,
 Laughing, lies under the moon.
 Och ! then you rogue Pat O'Flannaghan,
 Kegs of the whisky we'll tilt,
 Murtoch, replenish our can again,
 Up with your heart-cheering lilt !

Myrtles and vines some may prate about,
 Bawling in heathenish glee,
 Stuff I wont bother my pate about,
 Shamrock and whisky for me !
 Faith, but I own I feel tender ;
 Judy, you jilt, how I burn !
 If she won't smile, devil mend her !
 Both sides of chops have their turn.
 Och ! then you rogue Pat O'Flannaghan,
 Kegs of the whisky we'll tilt,
 Murtoch, replenish the can again,
 Up with your heart-cheering lilt !

Fill all your cups till they foam again,
 Bubbles must float on the brim ;
 He that steals first sneaking home again,
 Day-light is too good for him.
 While we have goblets to handle,
 While we have liquor to fill,
 Mirth, and one spare inch of candle,
 Planets may wink as they will.
 Och ! then you rogue Pat O'Flannaghan,
 Kegs of the crature we'll tilt ;
 Murtoch, replenish our can again,
 Up with your heart-cheering lilt !

MORNING A CRUEL TURMOILER IS

No. 21.

Violino

Allegro
scherzando

The first system consists of three staves. The top staff is for the Violino, the middle for the piano right hand, and the bottom for the piano left hand. The music is in 9/8 time and D major.

Morning a cruel tur-moiler is, Banishing ease and re- pose, Noon day a roaster and broiler is,

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.

How we pant under his nose! Ev'ning for lover's soft measures Sighing and begging a boon

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.

CHORUS

Och! then you rogue Pat O' Flannagan

But the blythe season for pleasures Laughing lies under the moon Och! then you rogue Pat O' Flannagan

The fourth system begins the chorus. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part has a more active accompaniment.

Kegs of the whiskey we'll tilt Murtoch re- plenish our can again Up with your heart cheering lilt

Kegs of the whiskey we'll tilt Murtoch re- plenish our can again Up with your heart cheering lilt

The fifth system continues the chorus with two lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

Violin

The sixth system features a Violin part and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.

FROM GARYONE MY HAPPY HOME.

N^o. 22.
 Moderato
 con
 espressione.

Violino

From Ga - ry - one my hap - py home Full ma - ny a wea - ry
 mile I've come To sound of fife and beat of drum, And more shall see it

cres; poco *p*

ne - ver. 'Twas there I turn'd my wheel so gay, Could laugh and dance and sing and play, And

dol. *p* *pp* *p* *cres*

wear the circling hours a - way in mirth or peace for e - ver.

p

cres *p*

From Garyone, my happy Home.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By Mr T. TOMS.

AIR (No. 22.)—GARYONE.

FROM Garyone, my happy home,
Full many a weary mile I've come,
To sound of fife and beat of drum,
 And more shall see it never.
Twas there I turn'd my wheel so gay,
Could laugh, and dance, and sing, and play,
And wear the circling hours away,
 In mirth or peace for ever.

But Harry came, a blithsome boy,
He told me I was all his joy,
That love was sweet, and ne'er could cloy,
 And he would leave me never :
His coat was scarlet, tipp'd with blue,
With gay cockade and feather too,
A comely lad he was to view ;
 And won my heart for ever.

My mother cried, Dear Rosa, stay,
Ah ! do not from your parents stray ;
My father sigh'd, and nought would say,
 For he could chide me never :
Yet, cruel, I farewell could take,
I left them for my sweetheart's sake,
And came,—'twas near my heart to break—
 From Garyone for ever.

But poverty is hard to bear,
And love is but a summer's wear,
And men deceive us when they swear
 They'll love and leave us never :
Now sad I wander through the day,
No more I laugh, or dance, or play,
But mourn the hour I came away
 From Garyone for ever.

A wand'ring Gypsey, Sirs, am I.

By Dr WOLCOT,

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION.

AIR (No. 23.)—THE LEGACY.

A WAND'RING gypsey, Sirs, am I,
 From Norwood, where we oft complain,
 With many a tear and many a sigh,
 Of blust'ring winds and rushing rain.
 No costly rooms, nor gay attire,
 Within our humble shed appear;
 No beds of down, or blazing fire,
 At night our shivering limbs to cheer.

Alas! no friend comes near our cot;
 The redbreasts only find the way,
 Who give their all, a simple note,
 At peep of morn and parting day.
 But fortunes here I come to tell,
 Then yield me, gentle Sir, your hand:
 Within these lines what thousands dwell!
 And, bless me, what a heap of land!

It surely, Sir, must pleasing be
 To hold such wealth in every line!
 Try, pray now try, if you can see
 A little treasure lodg'd in mine.
 Yon sun that pours the lightsome day,
 And gilds the palace and the farm,
 Can never miss the kindly ray
 That makes the hapless vagrant warm.

A WAND'RING GIPSEY SIRS AM I.

N.º 23.

Violino

piz

Allegretto con moto ed espressione.

A wand'ring gipsey

Sirs am I, From Norwood where we oft complain, With many a tear and many a sigh, Of

blust'ring winds and rushing rain No costly rooms nor gay at-tire, With-in our humble

cres *p* *cres*

shed appear No beds of down or blazing fire, At night our shivering limbs to cheer

p

Violino

A -

SHALL A SON OF O'DONNELL.

N^o 24.
*Allegretto
 piuttosto
 Vivace.*

Violino
p Shalla

son of O' Donnell be cheerless and cold While Mac Kenna's wide hearth has a faggot to spare While O'
 Donnell is poor shall Mac Kenna have gold Or be clothed while a limb of O' Donnell is bare Shall
 sickness and hunger his sinews as sail And Mac Kenna unmov'd quaff his madder of mead On the
 haunch of a deer shall Mac Kenna re-gale While a chief of Tyrconnell is fainting for bread.

Violino
 Sym

Shall a Son of O'Donnel, &c.

THE TRAUGH WELCOME.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE IRISH.

AIR (No. 24.)—PADDY'S RESOURCE.

SHALL a son of O'Donnel be cheerless and cold,
While Mackenna's wide hearth has a faggot to spare ;
While O'Donnel is poor shall Mackenna have gold,
Or be cloth'd, while a limb of O'Donnel is bare ?
While sickness and hunger the sinews assail,
Shall Mackenna, unmov'd, quaff his madder of mead ;
On the haunch of a deer shall Mackenna regale,
While a chief of *Tyrconnell* is fainting for bread ?

No, enter my dwelling, my feast thou shalt share,
On my pillow of rushes thy head shall recline :
And bold is the heart and the hand that will dare
To harm but one hair of a ringlet of thine.
Then come to my home, 'tis the house of a friend,
In the green woods of Traugh thou art safe from thy foes :
Six sons of Mackenna thy steps shall attend,
And their six sheathless skeans shall protect thy repose.

Ⓞ Harp of Erin, &c.

On the death of O'KAIN, the blind Irish harper, well known in Scotland by the admirable and feeling manner in which he played his native music; remarkable also for his independence of spirit, sarcastic wit, and excessive conviviality, which exposed him sometimes to sad privations.

THE VERSES WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By DAVID THOMSON.

AIR (No. 25.)—I ONCE HAD A TRUE LOVE.

OH harp of Erin thou art now laid low,
 For he the last of all his race is gone :
 And now no more the Minstrel's verse shall flow,
 That sweetly mingled with thy dulcet tone :
 The hand is cold that with a poet's fire
 Could sweep in magic change thy sounding wire.

How lonely were the Minstrel's latter days,
 How oft thy string with strains indignant rung ;
 To desert wilds he pour'd his ancient lays,
 Or to a shepherd boy his legend sung :
 The purple heath at ev'ning was his bed,
 His shelter from the storm a peasant's shed !

The gale that round his urn its odour flings,
 And waves the flow'rs that o'er it wildly wreath,
 Shall thrill along thy few remaining strings,
 And with a mournful chord his requiem breathe.
 The shepherd boy that paus'd his song to hear,
 Shall chaunt it o'er his grave, and drop a tear.

O HARP OF ERLIN.

1. 25. *Violino*
*Andant.^o
con moto.*

Oh

harp of E - rin thou art now laid low, For he the last of all his

race is gone And now no more the Minstrel's verse shall flow that sweet-ly

min - gled with thy dul - cet tone The hand is cold that with a po - et's

cres

fire Could sweep in ma - - gic change thy sound - ing wire

Vio.

WHEN EVE'S LAST RAYS IN TWILIGHT DIE.

DUETTO. *N.º 26.* *Andante*

Violino
Violonc.
Cantabile
dol.

When eve's last rays in twilight
When eve's last rays in twilight

die, And stars are seen a - - long the sky, On Lif - - fy's banks I stray; And
die, And stars are seen a - - long the sky, On Lif - - fy's banks I stray; And

cres *f* *p* *cres*

there with fond re - gret I gaze Where oft I've pass'd the fleeting days With her that's far a -
there with fond re - gret I gaze, Where oft I've pass'd the fleeting days With her that's far a -

f *p* *cres*

Violino
Basso

way
way

cres *pp* *cres*

When Eve's last Rays in Twilight die.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *DAVID THOMSON.*

AIR (No. 26.)—THE SNOWY BREASTED PEARL.

WHEN eve's last rays in twilight die,
And stars are seen along the sky,
On Liffy's banks I stray ;
And there with fond regret I gaze,
Where oft I've past the fleeting days
With her that's far away.

When she would sing some lovely strain,
How sweet the echoes gave again
In fainter notes the lay :
Tho' mute the echoes of the grove,
In fancy still I hear my love,
Though now she's far away.

Her form the stream reflected clear,
And still it seem'd, when she was near,
To move with fond delay ;
But though its wave no trace retains,
Her image in my heart remains,
Tho' now she's far away.

No Riches from his scanty Store.

By HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION.

AIR (No. 27.)—WITHIN THIS VILLAGE DWELLS A MAID.

No riches from his scanty store
 My lover could impart ;
 He gave a boon I valued more—
 He gave me all his heart !
 His soul sincere, his gen'rous worth,
 Might well this bosom move ;
 And when I ask'd for bliss on earth,
 I only meant his love.

But now for me, in search of gain,
 From shore to shore he flies :
 Why wander, riches to obtain,
 When love is all I prize ?

The frugal meal, the lowly cot,
 If blest my love with thee !
 That simple fare, that humble lot,
 Were more than wealth to me.

While he the dang'rous ocean braves,
 My tears but vainly flow :
 Is pity in the faithless waves
 To which I pour my woe ?
 The night is dark, the waters deep ;
 Yet soft the billows roll :
 Alas ! at every breeze I weep ;—
 The storm is in my soul.

NO RICHES FROM HIS SCANTY STORE.

N^o. 27.

Violino

Andante
piu tosto
Allegretto

dol.

No ri - ches from his

scanty store my lo - ver could im - part He gave a boon I va - lued more He

gave me all his heart His soul sincere his gen'rous worth might well this bo - som

Violino

move And when I ask'd for bliss on earth I on - ly mean this love

cres^o *p*

"TWAS A MARECHAL OF FRANCE.

Al. 28.

Vivace
for
scherzando.

'Twas a Marechal of France, and he fain would honour gain, And he

long'd to take a passing glance at Portugal from Spain, With his flying guns this gallant gay And

cres *f* *f* *f*

ad lib. - - - *tempo*

boasted corps d'armée O he fear'd not our dragoons with their long swords boldly riding,

f *p* *f*

Whack fal de ral la la, la, la la la la, and Whack fal de ral la la la la la la.

for *f*

Violino

8vo - - - *loco*

for *Pedal* *pp* *for* *p* *p*

for

The British Light Dragoons;

OR, THE PLAIN OF BADAJOS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *WALTER SCOTT, Esq.*

AIR (No. 28.)—THE BOLD DRAGOON.

'**T** WAS a Marechal of France, and he fain would honour gain,
And he long'd to take a passing glance at Portugal from Spain,
With his flying guns this gallant gay,
And boasted corps d'armée,
O he fear'd not our dragoons with their long swords boldly riding.
Whack fal de ral, &c.

To Campo Mayor come, he had quietly sat down,
Just a fricassee to pick, while his soldiers sack'd the town,
When 'twas peste! morbleu! mon General,
Hear th' English bugle call!
And behold the light dragoons with their long swords boldly riding.
Whack fal de ral, &c.

Right about went horse and foot, artillery and all,
And as the devil leaves a house they tumbled through the wall;*
They took no time to seek the door,
But best foot set before,
O they ran from our dragoons with their long swords boldly riding.
Whack fal de ral, &c.

Those valiant men of France they had scarcely fled a mile,
When on their flank there sous'd at once the British rank and file,
For Long, de Grey, and Otway then
Ne'er minded one to ten,
But came on like light dragoons with their long swords boldly riding.
Whack fal de ral, &c.

Three hundred British lads they made three thousand reel,
Their hearts were made of English Oak, their swords of Sheffield steel,
Their horses were in Yorkshire bred,
And Beresford them led;
So huzza for brave dragoons with their long swords boldly riding.
Whack fal de ral, &c.

Then here's a health to Wellington, to Beresford, to Long,
And a single word of Bonaparte before I close my song:
The eagles that to fight he brings
Should serve his men with wings,
When they meet the brave dragoons with their long swords boldly riding.
Whack fal de ral, &c.

* In their hasty evacuation of Campo Mayor, the French pulled down a part of the rampart and marched out over the glacis.

Since Greybeards inform us that Youth will decay.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By Mr T. TOMS.

AIR (No. 29.)—LET OTHER MEN SING OF THEIR GODDESSES BRIGHT.

SINCE greybeards inform us that youth will decay,
And pleasure's soft transports glide swiftly away :
The song, and the dance, and the vine, and the fair,
Shall banish all sorrow and shield us from care.
Away with your proverbs, your morals, and rules,
Your proctors, and doctors, and pedants, and schools :
Let's seize the bright moments while yet in our prime,
And fast by the forelock catch old father Time.

Tho' spring's lovely blossoms delight us no more,
Tho' summer forsake us, and autumn be o'er ;
To cheer us in winter, remembrance can bring
The pleasures of autumn, of summer, and spring :
So when fleeting seasons bring life's latest stage,
To speak of youth's frolics shall gladden our age :
Then seize the bright moments while yet in your prime,
And fast by the forelock catch old father Time.

SINCE GREYBEARDS INFORM US THIT YOUTH WILL DECAY.

Allegretto scherzando

Violino

1. 29.

s.

Since Greybeards in - form us that

youth will de - cay, And pleasure's soft transports glide swiftly a - way; The

song and the dance and the vine and the Fair, Shall ba - nish all sor - row and

shield us from care A - - way with your proverbs, your morals, and rules, Your

proctors and doc - tors and pedants and schools; Let's seize the bright moments while

cres *ff* *fp* *fp* *sf* *pp* *f* *f*

Violino

yet in our prime, And fast by the forelock catch old fa-ther Time.

f

This system contains the vocal line and the beginning of the piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a single treble clef with a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a dynamic marking of *f* at the start.

First time

Basso Violino Violino Violino

p *pp*

This system is marked "First time" and includes vocal and instrumental parts. The vocal line is split between a Bass clef and a Treble clef. There are three Violino parts and one Basso part. The piano accompaniment has dynamic markings of *p* and *pp*. The system ends with repeat signs.

Last time

Basso Violino Basso Violino Violino

f *p* *p*

This system is marked "Last time" and includes vocal and instrumental parts. The vocal line is split between a Bass clef and a Treble clef. There are three Violino parts and one Basso part. The piano accompaniment has dynamic markings of *f*, *p*, and *p*. The system ends with repeat signs.

Violino Violino

cres dimin *pp*

This system is primarily instrumental, featuring two Violino parts and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings for *cres* (crescendo), *dimin* (diminuendo), and *pp* (pianissimo).

This system continues the instrumental parts from the previous system, showing the Violino and piano staves with various rhythmic and melodic patterns.

THE PARSON BOASTS OF MILD ALE.

1.^o 30.

Violino

*Allegro
ma non
troppo*

Celli

This system contains the instrumental introduction. It features a Violino part on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The tempo is marked 'Allegro ma non troppo'. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 9/8. The piano part includes a handwritten 'Celli' annotation above the bass line.

The Parson boasts of mild ale, The Squire of old Oc-to-ber But

This system contains the first line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: 'The Parson boasts of mild ale, The Squire of old Oc-to-ber But'.

lit-tle their boasts a-vail, if guests trudge home-wards so-ber

This system contains the second line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: 'lit-tle their boasts a-vail, if guests trudge home-wards so-ber'.

To drink's my dear de-light with boon boys and good li- quor, The

This system contains the third line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: 'To drink's my dear de-light with boon boys and good li- quor, The'.

Squire is a thir- - sty wight But nought can quench the vi- - car.

Chorus

So turn the kil-derkin up, in win- - ter and in summer, Go

So turn the kil-derkin up, in win- - ter and in summer, Go

Violino

cool thy-self with a cup, Or warm thee with a rummer.

cool thyself with a cup, Or warm thee with a rummer.

The Parson boasts of mild Ale.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.*

*The Air, (No. 30,) is the only one in this volume of which the Symphonies and Accompaniments are not composed by Beethoven :—
They are by Haydn.*

THE parson boasts of mild ale,
The squire of old October,
But little their boasts avail
If guests trudge homewards sober.
To drink's my dear delight,
With boon boys and good liquor ;
The squire is a thirsty wight,
But nought can quench the vicar.

CHORUS.—So turn the kilderkin up,
In winter and in summer,
Go cool thyself with a cup,
Or warm thee with a rummer.

Och, Tady, would you be told
Where souls may soon be merry,
Then follow your foot, be bold,
The Harp's the house in Derry :
For Pat Macshane's the host,
A right good lad by nature,
And, true as a finger post,
He points still to the *crature*.

CHORUS.—So mount your Limerick wig,
Be *nate* my joy, and proper,
And give them a song and jig,
And drink your thirteenth copper.

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TRUSTEES' OFFICE.

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