

F. S. KELLY.

Opus I.

TWO SONGS

1. SHALL I COMPARE THEE
2. AGHADOE



SCHOTT & CO.,
LONDON.

NET 2/- EACH

Aghadoe.

There's a glade in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 There's a green and silent glade in Aghadoe,
 Where we met, my love and I, Love's fair planet in the sky,
 O'er that sweet and silent glade in Aghadoe.

There's a glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 There's a deep and secret glen in Aghadoe,
 Where I hid him from the eyes of the red-coats and their spies,
 That year the trouble came to Aghadoe.

O, my curse on one black heart in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 On Shaun Dhu, my mother's son in Aghadoe!
 When your throat fries in hell's drouth, salt the flame be in your mouth,
 For the treachery you did in Aghadoe!

For they track'd me to that glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 When the price was on his head in Aghadoe:
 O'er the mountain, through the wood, as I stole to him with food,
 Where in hiding lone he lay in Aghadoe.

But they never took him living in Aghadoe, Aghadoe;
 With the bullets in his heart in Aghadoe,
 There he lay, the head, my breast keeps the warmth of where 'twould rest,
 Gone, to win the traitor's gold, from Aghadoe!

I walk'd to Mallow town from Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 Brought his head from the gaol's gate to Aghadoe;
 Then I covered him with fern, and I piled on him the cairn,
 Like an Irish King he sleeps in Aghadoe.

O, to creep into that cairn in Aghadoe, Aghadoe!
 There to rest upon his breast in Aghadoe!
 Sure your dog for you could die with no truer heart than I,
 Your own love, cold on your cairn in Aghadoe.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

II

Aghadoe.

F. S. KELLY.
Op. 1, N^o 2.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

There's a

glade in *Agh - a - doe, Agh - a - doe, Agh - a - doe, There's a

con Ped.

*The syllable *Agh* has a guttural sound like that of the German *Ach!*

green and si - lent glade in Agh - a - doe,

Where we

espress

met, my love and I, Love's fair plan - et in the sky, O'er that

sweet and si - lent glade in Agh - a - doe.

p

Ped.

There's a glen in Agh - a - doe, Agh - a - doe, Agh - a -

Ped.

- doe, There's a deep and se - cret glen in Agh - a - doe,

Ped.

p

Where I hid him from the eyes of the red-coats and their

spies, That year the trouble came to Agh - a - doe.

fz

0, my

Allegro risoluto.

curse on one black heart in Agh - a - doe, Agh - a - doe, On Shaun

f marcato *fz*

Dhu, my moth-er's son in Agh - a - doe! When your

fz *f con fuoco*

throat fries in hell's drouth, salt the flame be in your mouth, For the

treach - er - y you did in Agh - a - doe! For they

mf espress

f *p*

track'd me to that glen in Agh - a - doe, Agh - a - doe, When the

non legato

price was on his head in Agh - a - doe: O'er the

moun - tain, through the wood, as I stole to him with food, Where in

staccato

cresc.

hid - ing lone he lay in Agh - a - doe. But they

ten. *ten.* *ten.*

> >>

ten. *ten.* *ten.*

f.

never took him liv - ing in Agh - a - doe, Agh - a - doe; With the

bul-lets in his heart in Agh - a - doe, There he

mp colla voce

lay, the head, my breast keeps the warmth of where 'twould rest, Gone, to win the trai-tor's

gold, from Agh - a - doe! _____

dim. e ritard poco a poco



Tempo I.

walk'd to Mal-low town from Agh - a - doe, Agh - a - doe, Brought his

Ped. * Ped. *

head from the gaol's gate to Agh - a - doe; Then I

legatissimo

Ped. *

ff maestoso

cov-ered him with fern, and I piled on him the cairn, Like an

cresc. molto

Ir - ish King he sleeps in Agh - a - doe.

ff marcatis.

p

Non troppo lento.

pp

O, to

piangendo e poco riten

pp

(*ppp*)

pp

creep in - to that cairn in Agh - a - doe, Agh - a - doe! There to

pp

pp

rest up - on his breast in Agh - a - doe!

Sure your

mp cresc. molto

dim. e

mf

dog for you could die with no tru - er heart than I, Your own

ff

mf dim. e

ritard

love, cold on your cairn in Agh - a - doe.

ritard

ppp a tempo

rit.

Tempo I.

f

dim.

p

dim. e ritard

ppp