

Book 1

Songs of Ireland



Selected and Edited

by

**GRANVILLE
BANTOCK**

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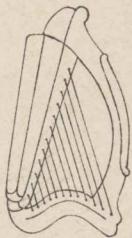


Victor Elasay.

1ST COLLECTION

IRELAND

GRANVILLE BANTOCK



W. PAXTON & CO LTD.
36-38, DEAN STREET,
LONDON, W.I.

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Arranmore

Killdroughalt Fair

THOMAS MOORE

Dreamily

p' espress.

1 O, Ar - ran-more, lov'd Ar - ran-more, How oft I dream of thee, — And of those days when

p L.H.

2

by the shore I wan - der'd young and free. — Full ma - ny a path I've tried since then, Thro'

cres.

dim.

plea-sure's flow - ry maze, — But ne'er could find the bliss a-gain I felt in those sweet days. —

cres.

dim.

- 2 How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs
At sunny morn I've stood,
With heart as bounding as the skiffs
That danc'd along thy flood.
Or when the western wave grew bright
With day-light's parting wing,
Have sought that Eden in its light
Which dreaming poets sing.

- 3 That Eden where th' immortal brave
Dwell in a land serene
Whose bowers beyond the shining wave
At sunset oft are seen.
Ah! dream too full of sadd'ning truth,
These mansions o'er the main
Are like the hopes I built in youth,
As sunny and as vain.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms

My lodging is on the cold ground

THOMAS MOORE

Smoothly

mp express.

i Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I

gaze on so fond - ly to - day, Were to change by to - mor - row, and

fade in my arms, Like fai - ry gifts fa - ding a - way, Thou wouldst

still be a - dor'd, as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy

love - li-ness fade as it will, *p* And a - round the dear ru - in each

wish of my heart Would en-twine it - self ver - dant-ly *dim.* still. *ten.*

sost.

2 It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
 And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
 That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known
 To which Time will but make thee more dear.
 No, the heart that has truly lov'd, never forgets
 But as truly loves on to the close,
 As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
 The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

Garryowen

We may roam thro' this world

THOMAS MOORE

Lively

1 We may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast, Who but sips of a sweet, and then
 2 In Eng-land the gar-den of beau-ty is kept By a dra-gon of pru-de-ry

flies to the rest; And when plea-sure be-gins to grow dull in the East, We may placed with-in call, But so oft this un-a-mi-able dra-gon has slept, That the

or-der our wings, and be off to the West; But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile, Are the gar-den's but care-less-ly watch'd af-ter all. O they want the wild sweet bri-ry fence, Which

dear - est gifts that Heav'n sup-plies, We ne- ver need leave our own green Isle, For
round the flow'rs of E - rin dwells, Which warms the touch while win-ning the sense, Nor

sen - si - tive hearts and for sun - bright eyes, Then re - mem-ber where - e - ver your
charms us least when it most re - pels. Then re - mem-ber where - e - ver your

ten.

gob - let is crown'd, Thro' this world, whe-ther east-ward or west - ward you roam, When a
gob - let is crown'd, Thro' this world, whe-ther east-ward or west - ward you roam, When a

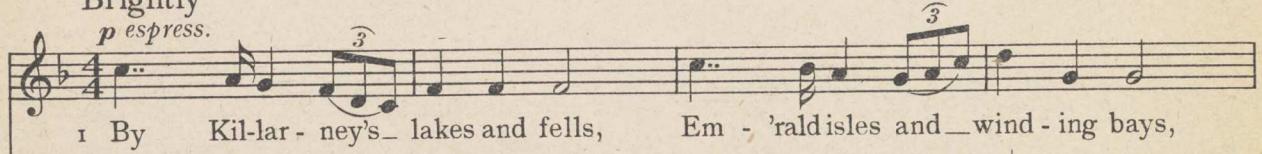
cup to the smile of dear wo - mangoes round, O re - mem-ber the smile which a - dorns her at home.
cup to the smile of dear wo - man goes round, O re - mem-ber the smile which a - dorns her at home.

Killarney

E. FALCONER

Brightly

p espres.



I By Kil-lar-ney's lakes and fells, Em - 'rald isles and wind - ing bays,



Moun - tain paths and wood-land dells, Mem - 'ry e - ver fond - ly strays.



Boun - teous Na-ture loves all lands, Beau - ty wan - ders e - vry-where,



Foot-prints leaves on ma - ny strands, But her home is ³sure - ly there.

An - gels fold their wings and rest In that E - den of the west,

Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Heav'n's mir - ror, Kil - lar - ney.

- 2 No place else can charm the eye
 With such bright and varied tints,
 Ev'ry rock that you pass by
 Verdure broiders or besprints.
 Virgin there the green grass grows
 Ev'ry morn Spring's natal day,
 Bright-hued berries daff the snows,
 Smiling Winter's frown away.
 Angels, often passing there,
 Doubt if Eden were more fair,
 Beauty's home, Killarney,
 Heaven's mirror, Killarney.

Paddy Whack

THOMAS MOORE

Lively

While His-to-ry's Muse the me-mo-rial was keep-ing Of all that the dark hand of

Des-ti-ny weaves, Be-side her the Ge-nius of E-rin stood weeping, For hers was the sto-ry that

blot-ted the leaves. But O, how the tear in her eye-lids grew bright, When,

af - ter whole pa - ges of sor - row and shame, She saw His - to - ry write With a

pen - cil of light That il - lum'd the whole vo - lume, her Wel - ling - ton's name.

2 "Hail, Star of my Isle," said the Spirit, all sparkling
 With beams such as break from her own dewy skies,
 "Thro' ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
 I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
 For tho' Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
 And unhallow'd they sleep in the crossways of Fame;
 But O, 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;
 Tho' proud was thy task other nations en chaining,
 Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
 At the foot of that throne for whose weal 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 Minstrel Boy

The Moreen

THOMAS MOORE

Sustained

mf *espress.*

I The Min - strel Boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll

mf *espress.*

cres.

find him; His fa - ther's sword he has gir - ded on, And his

cres.

wild harp slung — be - hind him. "O Land of Song" said the

f

"

O

L

a

n

d

o

s

g

o

n

g

o

o

marc.

rall.

war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - tray thee, One

L.H.

sost.

a tempo

sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee.

ten.

dim.

p

2 The Minstrel fell, but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under.
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder.
 And said "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery;
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
 They ne'er shall sound in slavery."

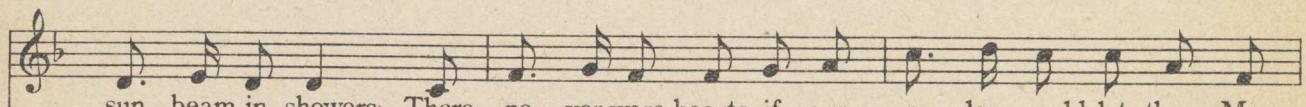
Saint Patrick's Day

THOMAS MOORE

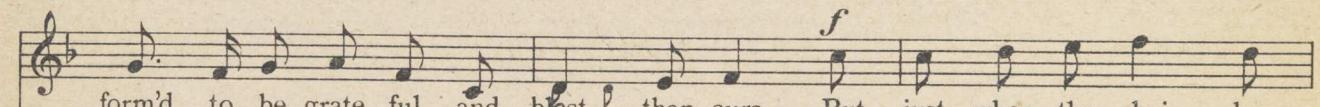
With spirit

mf.

1 Tho' dark are our sorrows, to - day we'll for - get them, And smile thro' our tears like a
2 Con - tempt on the min - ion who calls you dis - loy - al, Tho' fierce to your foe, to our



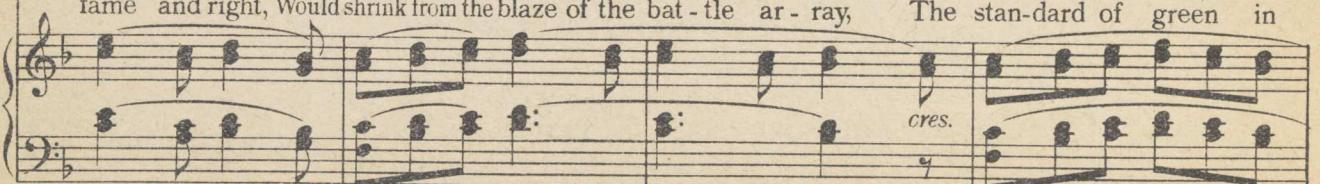
sun - beam in showers; There ne - ver were hearts, if our ru - lers would let them, More
friends we are true; The tri - bute most high to a head that is roy - al Is

sost.

form'd to be grate - ful and blest than ours. But just when the chain has
love from a heart that loves li - ber - ty too. While cow - ards, who blight your

*cres.**cres.*

ceas'd to pain, And hope has en-wreath'd it round with flowers, There comes a new link, our
fame and right, Would shrink from the blaze of the bat - tle ar - ray, The stan-dard of green in



spirit to sink. O the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles, Is a
front would be seen, O my life on your faith were you summon'd this min - ute, You'd

flash a - mid dark - ness, too bri - liant to stay, But tho' 'twere the last lit - tle
cast ev - 'ry bit - ter re - mem - brance a - way, And show what the arm of old

spark in our souls, We must light it up now on Saint Pa - trick's Day.
E - rin has in it, When rous'd by the foe on Saint Pa - trick's Day.

3 He loves the green Isle, and his love is recorded
 In hearts which have suffer'd 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 cloud its native ray;
 Each fragment will cast a light to the last,
 And thus, Erin, my country, tho' broken thou art,
 There's a lustre within thee that ne'er will decay;
 A spirit which beams thro' each suffering part,
 And now smiles at all pain on Saint Patrick's Day.

The Blackbird's Song

Words by H. F. B.

With feeling
mp express.

There's a bird, whose mel - low note in ear - ly spring is heard; It

mp express.

sost.

fills the air with me - lo-dy, the soul with hope di - vine. 'Tis the black - bird's

song. There's no mu - sic can com-pare with it, Or vie with it, or share with it The

più p

hap - pi - ness that dwells with-in this heart of mine. Far and wide the e - choes

ring Glad with ti - dings of the Spring, And I think of thee, so

cres.

fair and fine. When the day is dawn - ing In the ear - ly

più cres.

morn - ing. 'Tis the black - bird's song that makes the wel - come sun to shine.

f *sost.*

The dear little Shamrock

Softly

There's a dear lit-tle plant that grows in our Isle, 'Twas St. Pa - trick him-self sure that set it; And the sun on his la - bour with plea - sure did smile, And with dew from his eye of-ten wet it.

It

cres.

sost.

mp

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major. The top staff features lyrics: "shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire - land, And he called it the dear lit - little Sham - rock of Ire - land. The dear lit - little Sham - rock, the sweet lit - little Sham - rock, the dear lit - little, sweet lit - little Sham - rock of Ire - land." The middle staff contains a piano accompaniment with bass and treble clefs. The bottom staff also contains a piano accompaniment. Various dynamics are indicated throughout the score, such as *cres.*, *espress.*, *p*, and *dim.*

2 That dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
Whose smiles can bewitch, and whose eyes can command
In each climate they ever appear in;
For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mireland,
Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland.
The dear little Shamrock, etc.

3 That dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When its three little leaves are extended,
Denotes from the stalk we together should toil,
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended.
And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mireland,
From one root should branch, like the Shamrock of Ireland.
The dear little Shamrock, etc.

The Girl I left behind me

Not too fast

mf espress.

I'm lone - some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and

val - ley, Such hea - vy thoughts my mind do fill Since

part - ing with my Sal - ly. I seek no more the

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The lyrics begin with "fine or gay, For each does but re-mind me, How". The bottom staff is for the piano, featuring a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and rhythmic patterns that provide harmonic support to the vocal line. The music concludes with a dynamic marking of *f*.

2 O ne'er shall I forget the night,
 The stars were bright above me,
 And gently lent their silv'ry light,
 When first she vow'd she loved me.
 But now I'm bound to Brighton camp,
 Kind Heav'n then pray thou guide me,
 And send me safely back again
 To the girl I left behind me.

3 Had I the art to sing her praise
 With all the skill of Homer,
 One only theme should fill my lays
 The charms of my true lover.
 So let the night be e'er so dark
 Or e'er so wet and windy,
 Kind Heaven send me back again
 To the girl I left behind me.

4 Her golden hair in ringlets fair,
 Her eyes like diamonds shining,
 Her slender waist with carriage chaste
 May leave the swan repining.
 Ye gods above, O hear my prayer,
 My beauteous fair to bind me,
 And send me safely back again
 To the girl I left behind me.

The Meeting of the Waters

The Old Head of Dennis

THOMAS MOORE

Flowing

p *espress.*

There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet As that

p *espress.*

vale in whose bo - som the bright wa - ters meet; O, the

last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part, 'Ere the

bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart, 'Ere the

ten.

ten.

dim.

bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart.

dim.

2 Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
 'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet and rill,
 O, no—it was something more exquisite still.

3 'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
 Who made ev'ry 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.

4 Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best;
 Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

The Last Rose of Summer

The Groves of Blarney

THOMAS MOORE

Tenderly
p *espress.*



'Tis the last rose of summer Left bloom - ing a -

p *espress.*



- lone; All her love - ly com - pa-nions Are

cres.



fa - ded and gone.

No flower of her

cres.



A musical score for voice and piano. The vocal line starts with "kin - dred, No—— rose - - bud is nigh," followed by "To re-flect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh." The piano accompaniment features eighth-note patterns in the bass and treble staves. Measure 3 begins with a sustained note in the bass staff labeled "sost." The dynamic "p" (piano) is indicated above the vocal line in the first section, and "dim." (diminuendo) is indicated above the vocal line in the second section.

2 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them.
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves 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 gems drop away.
 When true hearts lie wither'd
 And fond ones are flown,
 O, who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?

The Leprehaun

P. W. JOYCE

Joyfully

mf

1 In a sha - dy nook one moon-light night, A Le - pre-haun I spied; With scar - let cap and

coat of green. A cruis-keen by his side. 'Twas tick - tack-tick, his ham-mer went Up-on a wee - ny

shoe; And I laughed to think of a purse of gold; But the fai - ry was laugh-ing too.

- 2 With tip-toe step and beating heart
 Quite softly I drew nigh:
 There was mischief in his merry face,
 A twinkle in his eye.
 He hammerd and sang with tiny voice
 And drank his mountain dew,
 And I laugh'd to think he was caught at last
 But the fairy was laughing too.

- 3 As quick as thought I seiz'd the elf;
 "Your fairy purse!" I cried;
 "The purse," he said—"tis in her hand—
 That lady by your side!"
 I turn'd to look: the elf was off—
 Then what was I to do?
 O, I laugh'd to think what a fool I'd been,
 And the fairy was laughing too.

The Rakes of Mallow

Rollicking

mf



cur-sing, swear-ing, Live the Rakes of Mal - low. Beat - ing with ad - mo-nish-ment,

ten.

trn.

Cheat-ing land-lords of their rent, Up a - gin the Govern-ment, These are the Rakes of Mal - low

ten.

ten.

ten.

2 Fond of eating, feasting, drinking,
Dancing, singing, flirting, winking,
Ever acting, never thinking,
Live the Rakes of Mallow.

We are the boys to fright and scare
We are the lads without a care,
We are the men to curse and swear,
We are the Rakes of Mallow.

3 Full of mischief, double-dealing,
Sly and cunning, deft at stealing,
Caught and sentenced, never squealing,
Live the Rakes of Mallow.

Fill your mugs with mountain dew,
Never was there better brew
Life to give, and life renew,
Here's to the Rakes of Mallow.

The Wearing of the Green

Anon.

With fervour
p *espress.*

The musical score consists of four staves of music, each with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The first staff contains the lyrics: "O Pad-dy, dear, and did you hear the news that's go-ing round? The sham-rock is for-bid by law to grow on I-rish ground; Saint Pa-trick's Day no more we'll keep, his co-lour can't be seen, For there's a cru-el law a-gin the wear-ing of the green. I met with Nap-per Tan-dy, and he". The second staff contains a piano accompaniment with a bass line. The third staff contains a piano accompaniment with a bass line. The fourth staff contains a piano accompaniment with a bass line.

took me by the hand, And said he, "How's poor old Ire - land, and
 how does she stand?" "She's the most dis - tress - ful coun - try that
 e - ver yet was seen; They're hang-ing men and wo-men there for wear-ing of the green"

- 2 Then since the colour we must wear is England's cruel red,
 'Twill serve but to remind us of the blood that has been shed;
 You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod,
 But never fear 'twill take root there tho' underfoot 'tis trod.
 When laws can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
 And when the leaves in summertime their verdure dare not show,
 Then I will change the colour that I wear in my canteen;
 But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the green.
- 3 But if at last our colour should be torn from Ireland's heart,
 Her sons with shame and sorrow from the dear old isle will part;
 I've heard a whisper of a land that lies beyond the sea,
 Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day.
 O Erin, must we leave you driven by a tyrant's hand?
 Must we ask a mother's blessing from a strange and distant land?
 Where the cruel cross of England shall never more be seen,
 And where, please God, we'll live and die still wearing of the green.

The Rose of Tralee

Tenderly

p espress.

I The pale moon was ri - sing a - bove the green moun-tain, The sun was de -

p sustained

-cli - ning be - neath the blue sea, When I stray'd with my love to the

pure cry - stal foun - tain That stands in the beau - ti - ful vale of Tra -

- lee. She was love-ly and fair as the rose of the sum-mer, Yet 'twas not her

cres.

beau - ty a - lone that won me, Oh, no! 'twas the truth in her

cres.

dim.

eye e - ver dawn-ing, That made me love Ma - ry, the Rose of Tra - lee.

dim.

2 The cool shades of ev'ning their mantle were spreading,
 And Mary, all smiling, was list'ning to me,
 And the moon through the valley her pale rays was shedding,
 When I won the heart of the Rose of Tralee.
 But though lovely and fair as the rose of the summer,
 Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me,
 Oh, no! 'twas the truth in her eye ever dawning,
 That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.

The Harp that once thro' Tara's halls

Molly, my treasure

THOMAS MOORE

Solemn
mp

1 The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu-sic shed Now
 2 No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells, The

sost.

hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul were fled. So
 chord a - lone that breaks at night Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus

sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And
 Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives *ten.*
 Is

hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.
 when some heart in - dig - nant breaks To show that still she lives.

*dim.**cres.**dim.*

TWELVE SONGS

by

FRANZ SCHUBERT

WITH ENGLISH AND GERMAN WORDS

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THE SONGS OF
England, Scotland, Ireland, & Wales
SELECTED & ARRANGED BY
GRANVILLE BANTOCK
IN FOUR BOOKS

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ENGLAND

BARBARA ALLEN
COME, LASSES AND LADS
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BONNIE DUNDEE
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JOHN HIGHLANDMAN
MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE
O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS?
SCOTLAND YET
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THE FLOWERS O' THE FOREST
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IRELAND

ARRANMORE
BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE
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WALES

English and Welsh Words

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT
(*Ar hyd y nos*)
CAPTAIN MORGAN'S MARCH
(*Rhyfelgyrch Cadpen Morgan*)
CUCKOO, DEAR
(*Gwcu fach*)
DAVID OF THE WHITE ROCK
(*Dafydd y Gareg Wen*)
HUNTING THE HARE
(*Hela'r Sgyvarnog*)
LAND OF MY FATHERS
(*Hen wlad fy nhadau*)
MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH
(*Rhyfelgyrch Gwyry Harlech*)
NEW YEAR'S EVE
(*Nos Galan*)

THE ASH GROVE
(*Llwyn On*)
THE BELLS OF ABERDOVEY
(*Clychau Aberdyfi*)
THE BLACKBIRD
(*Y Fwyalchen*)
THE DEPARTURE OF THE KING
(*Ymadawriad y Brenin*)
THE DOVE
(*Y Deryn pur*)
THE RISING OF THE LARK
(*Codiad yr Hedydd*)
THE SNOW WHITE STEED
(*Y March a'r gwddiw brith*)

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