

Book 1

Songs of Ireland

Selected and Edited

by

GRANVILLE
BANTOCK



W. Paxton & Co., Ltd.,
36-38 Dean Street,
London, W.1

PRINTED IN ENGLAND

15590



Victor Kélasz.

1ST COLLECTION

IRELAND

GRANVILLE BANTOCK



W. PAXTON & CO LTD.

36-38, DEAN STREET,
LONDON, W. I.

Made & Printed in Great Britain.

15590

CONTENTS

ARRANMORE	3
BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS	4
GARRYOWEN	6
KILLARNEY	8
PADDY WHACK	10
SAINT PATRICK'S DAY	14
THE BLACKBIRD'S SONG	16
THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK	18
THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME	20
THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS	32
THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER	24
THE LEPREHAUN	26
THE MEETING OF THE WATERS	22
THE MINSTREL BOY	12
THE RAKES OF MALLOW	27
THE ROSE OF TRALEE	30
THE WEARING OF THE GREEN	28

15590



Mus. II. 29.448/1

2003 9 842/4

Arranmore

Killdroughalt Fair

THOMAS MOORE

Dreamily
p espress.

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

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

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

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 espress.

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

mp legato

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

cres.

cres.

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

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

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

- 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 ail. O they want the wild sweet bri- ry fence, Which

f *sost.* *mf* *mf*

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. f

ten.

f

sost.

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.

sost.

Killarney

E. FALCONER

Brightly
p espress.

1 By Kil-lar-ney's lakes and fells, Em - 'raldisles and wind - ing bays,

p espress.

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a melody with a triplet of eighth notes in the second measure and another triplet in the fourth measure. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in 4/4 time, starting with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a key signature of one flat. It features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass line and chords in the treble line, with a triplet of eighth notes in the second measure.

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

Detailed description: This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff continues the vocal melody from the first system, with a triplet of eighth notes in the second measure. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment, maintaining the eighth-note bass line and chordal accompaniment, with a triplet of eighth notes in the second measure.

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

mf *ten.*

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves of music. The top staff continues the vocal melody, marked with *mf* and ending with a *ten.* (tenuto) marking. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment, marked with *mf* and ending with a *ten.* marking. The piano accompaniment features a consistent eighth-note bass line and chordal accompaniment throughout.

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

sost.

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

p

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

ten. dim.

sost. ten. dim.

- 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

f

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

f

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

ten.

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

cres.

cres.

ten.

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 enchaining,
 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.

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

mf espress.

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line is in the upper staff, starting with a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in the lower staff, starting with a bass clef and a 4/4 time signature. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a more rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

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

cres.

mf

cres.

Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of music. The vocal line continues in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment continues in the lower staff. The piano part has a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

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

f

f

marc.

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves of music. The vocal line concludes in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment concludes in the lower staff. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

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

rall. *mp*

L.H.

sost.

a tempo

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

ten. *dim.*

p *ten.* *dim.*

- 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 sor-rows, 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

f

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

cres.

cres.

spi - rit 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 bril - 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 espress.

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

mp espress.

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

più p

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

p *cres.*

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

p *cres.*

più cres. *f*

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

più cres. *f* *sost.*

The dear little Shamrock

Softly

p

There's a dear lit-tle plant that grows in our Isle, 'Twas St. Pa-trick him-

p

self sure that set it; And the sun on his la-bour with

mp

mp

plea-sure did smile, And with dew from his eye of-ten wet it. It

mp

cres. *sost.* *mp*

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system contains the lyrics: "shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire - land, And he called it the". The second system contains: "dear lit - tle Sham - rock of Ire - land. The dear lit - tle Sham - rock, the". The third system contains: "sweet lit - tle Sham - rock, the dear lit - tle, sweet lit - tle Sham - rock of Ire - land." Musical markings include *cres.* (crescendo) in the first system, *espress.* (espressivo) in the piano part of the first system, *p* (piano) in the second system, and *dim.* (diminuendo) in the third system.

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,
 Dencetes 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

fine or gay, For each does but re - mind me, How

swift the hours did pass a - way With the girl - I left be - hind me.

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

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

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

p espress.

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

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

- 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.

1 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer Left bloom - ing a - -

p espress.

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment with triplets in the bass line.

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

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line includes a fermata over the word 'lone'. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern with triplets.

fa - ded and gone. No flower of her

cres.

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line ends with a fermata over the word 'gone'. The piano accompaniment features a crescendo marking (*cres.*) and ends with a fermata.

kin - dred, No — rose - - bud is nigh, — To re-

p

p

sost.

flect back her — blush-es, Or — give sigh for — sigh.

dim.

dim.

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

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 cruise-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

1 Bold and reck-less, wild and dar - ing, Law-less, rough and ov - er - bear - ing, Al-ways fight-ing,

mf

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

f *ten.*

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

ten. *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 is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and a more active treble line. The lyrics are as follows:

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

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.

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

p sustained

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef, 3/4 time, with a key signature of two flats. It begins with a quarter rest followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs), starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a sustained texture. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line.

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

Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of music. The vocal line continues with quarter and eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line with some chords. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line.

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

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves of music. The vocal line concludes with a quarter note and a quarter rest. The piano accompaniment ends with a sustained chord. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line.

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

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

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

- 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

mp

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 Is

ten.

ten.

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.

cres.

dim.

cres.

dim.

TWELVE SONGS by FRANZ SCHUBERT

WITH ENGLISH AND GERMAN WORDS

ADIEU	Page 24
AVE MARIA	20
CRADLE SONG	32
ERL KING, THE	2
FIRST LOSS, THE	26
HARK! HARK! THE LARK	16
IMPATIENCE	30
IN PRAISE OF TEARS	14
LITANY	18
POST, THE	27
SERENADE	11
WHO IS SYLVIA?	22

1/6
NET.

15,315

W. PAXTON & CO LTD
95, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

Made & Printed in Great Britain

Dar Księży Marianów
Londyn, 26.08.2003r.

THE SONGS OF England, Scotland, Ireland, & Wales

SELECTED & ARRANGED BY

GRANVILLE BANTOCK

IN FOUR BOOKS

CONTENTS:

ENGLAND

BARBARA ALLEN
COME, LASSES AND LADS
DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN
DRINK TO ME ONLY
EARLY ONE MORNING
GOD SAVE THE KING
HOME, SWEET HOME
JOHN PEEL
O MISTRESS' MINE
ONCE I LOVED A MAIDEN FAIR
SALLY IN OUR ALLEY
SUMMER IS A-COMING IN

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER
THE BARLEY-MOW
THE BRITISH GRENADIERS
THE CARMAN'S WHISTLE
THE CHESHIRE MAN
THE HAWTHORN TREE
THE KING'S HUNT
THE LINCOLNSHIRE POACHER
THE WOODS SO WILD
THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER
WIDDICOMBE FAIR

SCOTLAND

A HUNDRED PIPERS
ANNIE LAURIE
AULD LANG SYNE
BONNIE DUNDEE
BONNIE WEE THING
CALLER HERRIN'
CA' THE YOWES
CHARLIE IS MY DARLING
COMIN' THRO' THE RYE
GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O
HIGHLAND LADDIE

JOHN HIGHLANDMAN
MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE
O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS?
SCOTLAND YET
SCOTS WHA HA'E
THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND
THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'
THE FLOWERS O' THE FOREST
THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN
YE BANKS AN' BRAES

IRELAND

ARRANMORE
BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE
ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS
GARRYOWEN
KILLARNEY
PADDY WHACK
SAINT PATRICK'S DAY
THE BLACKBIRD'S SONG
THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK
THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

THE HARP THAT ONCE
THRO' TARA'S HALLS
THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER
THE LEPREHAUN
THE MEETING OF THE WATERS
THE MINSTREL BOY
THE RAKES OF MALLOW
THE ROSE OF TRALEE
THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

WALES

English and Welsh Words

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT
(*Ar hyd y nos*)
CAPTAIN MORGAN'S MARCH
(*Rhyfelgyrch Cadpen Morgan*)
CUCKOO, DEAR
(*Gwew fach*)
DAVID OF THE WHITE ROCK
(*Dafydd y Gareg Wen*)
HUNTING THE HARE
(*Hela'r 'Sgyvarnog*)
LAND OF MY FATHERS
(*Hen wlad fy nhadaw*)
MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH
(*Rhyfelgyrch Gwyr 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 gwddw brith*)

W. PAXTON & CO., LTD.

36-38, DEAN STREET, LONDON W.1