

FRONTISPIECE.



W. Hopwood del.

J. Hopwood sc.

*O Erin! whilst life in this bosom is swelling,
Shall I neglect thee, the land of my birth?
On thy mountains I'll hold with Sweet Friendship, my dwelling,
And hymn forth thy praises, thou favorite earth.*

Vide Page 230.

Published by B. Crosby & Co. Stationers' Court, Paternoster Row, London.

(CROSBY'S)

IRISH

(Musical Repository)

A choice SELECTION of (esteemed
(Irish Songs)
(Adapted for the Voice, Violin and)
(GERMAN FLUTE.)



W. Hopwood del.
Light-Dancing on the Daisy'd ground,
Our waltz-rings we trace around.

J. Hopwood sc.
When the moon, with paly light,
Gems the modest brow of night.

Published by B. Crosby & Co Stationers Court, Paternoster Row,
and sold by all Respectable Book & Music Sellers in the United Kingdom.

THE
IRISH
Musical Repository :

▲
CHOICE SELECTION

OF ESTEEMED

IRISH SONGS,

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LONDON :

PRINTED FOR B. CROSBY & CO. STATIONERS COURT.

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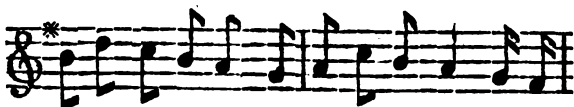
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THE IRISH Musical Repository.

A SPRIG OF SHILLELAH, &c.



O LOVE is the soul of a neat I-rish-man, He



loves all the lovely, loves all that he can, With his

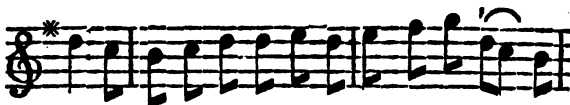


sprig of shil-le-lah, and shamrock so green.

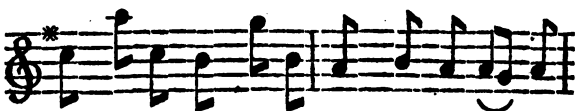
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His heart is good-humour'd, 'tis ho-nest and



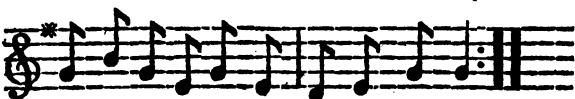
sound, No malice or hatred is there to be found; He



courts and he marries, he drinks, and he fights, For



love, all for love, for in that he delights, With his



sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,
An Irishman all in his glory is there,

With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so
green.

His clothes spick and span new, without e'er a speck,
A neat Barcelona tied round his nate neck ;

He goes to a tent, and he spends his half-crown,
He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him
down,

With his sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so
green.

At ev'ning returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whisky, his head soft with blows
From a sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green,
He meets with his Sheelah, who, blushing a smile,
Cries, " Get ye gone, Pat," yet consents all the
while.

To the priest soon they go ; and nine months after
that,

A fine baby cries, " How d'ye do, father Pat,
" With your sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so
" green ?"

Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth,
 Bless the land of the oak, and its neighbouring earth,
 Where grows the shillelah, and shamrock so
 green.

May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the
 Shannon,

Drub the French who dare plant at our confines a
 cannon :

United and happy at loyalty's shrine,

May the rose and the thistle long flourish and twine
 Round a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.



PADDY MACSHANE'S SEVEN AGES.**TO THE SAME AIR.**

If my own botheration don't alter my plan,
I'll sing seven lines of a tight Irishman,

Wrote by old Billy Shakespeare of Ballyporeen.
He said while a babe I lov'd whisky and pap,
That I mewled and puk'd in my grandmother's lap;
She joulted me hard just to hush my sweet roar,
When I slipp'd through her fingers down whack on
the floor,

What a squalling I made sure at Ballyporeen.

When I grew up a boy, with a nice shining face,
With my bag at my back, and a snail-crawling
pace,

Went to school at old Thwackum's at Ballyporeen.

His wig was so fusty, his birch was my dread,
 He learning beat out 'stead of into my head.
 Master Macshane, says he, you're a great dirty dolt,
 You've got no more brains than a Monaghan colt;
 You're not fit for our college at Ballyporeen.

When eighteen years of age, was teas'd and perplex
 To know what I should be, so a lover turn'd next,
 And courted sweet Sheelah of Ballyporeen.
 I thought I'd just take her to comfort my life,
 Not knowing that she was already a wife:
 She ask'd me just once that to see her I'd come,
 When I found her ten children and husband at home,
 A great big whacking chairman of Ballyporeen.

I next turn'd a soldier, I did not like that,
 So turn'd servant, and liv'd with the great Justice
 Pat,

A big dealer in p'ratoes at Ballyporeen.
 With turtle and venison he lin'd his inside,
 Ate so many fat capons, that one day he died.

So great was my grief, that to keep spirits up,
 Of some nice whisky cordial I took a big sup,
 To my master's safe journey from Ballyporeen.

Kick'd and toss'd so about, like a weathercock
 vane,

I pack'd up my awls, and I went back again

To my grandfather's cottage at Ballyporeen.

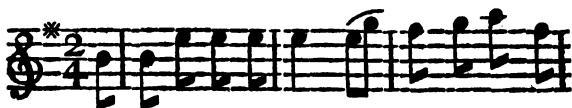
I found him, poor soul! with no legs for his hose,
 Could not see through the spectacles put on his
 nose;

With no teeth in his head, so death cork'd up his
 chin;

He slipp'd out of his slippers, and faith I slipp'd
 in,

And succeeded poor Dennis of Ballyporeen.

SMALILOU.



THERE was an I-rish lad, Who lov'd a cloister'd



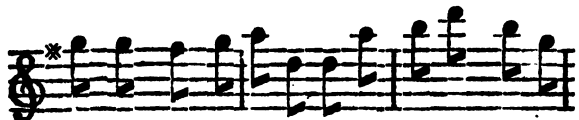
nun, And it made him ve -- ry sad, For



what was to be done. He thought it was a



big shame, A most confound-ed sin, That



she could not get out at all, And he could not get



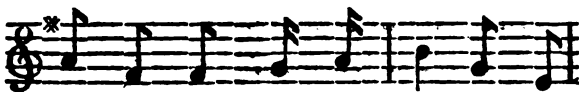
in: Yet he went ev'ry day, he could do nothing



more, Yet he went ev'ry day un-to the convent



door, And he sung sweetly, Smalilou, smalilou,



sma - li - lou; And he sung sweet-ly,



Smalilou, gramachree, and Paddy Whack.

To catch a glimpse of her

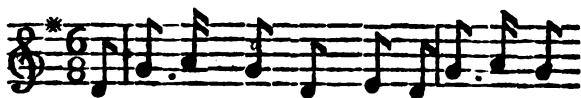
He play'd a thousand tricks;

The bolts he tried to stir,
 And he gave the wall some kicks :
 He stamp'd, and rav'd, and sigh'd, and pray'd,
 And many times he swore,
 The devil burn the iron bolts !
 The devil take the door !
 Yet he went ev'ry day, he made it a rule ;
 Yet he went ev'ry day, and look'd like a fool,
 Though he sung sweetly, &c.

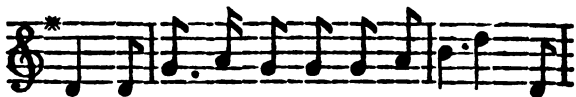
One morn she left her bed,
 Because she could not sleep,
 And to the window sped,
 To take a little peep ;
 And what did she do then ?
 I'm sure you'll think it right ;
 She bade the honest lad good day,
 And bade the nuns good night.
 Tenderly she listen'd to all he had to say,
 Then jump't into his arms, and so they ran away,
 And they sung sweetly, &c.



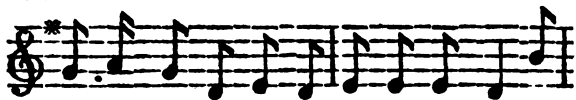
THE TWIG OF SHILLELAH.



MULROONEY's my name, I'm a co - mi - cal



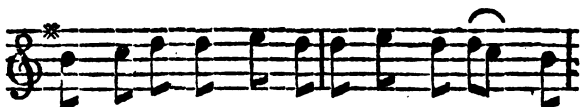
boy, A tight lit - tle lad at shil-le-lah; St



Pad-dy wid whisky he suckled me, joy, A-



mong the sweet bogs of Ki - la - lah. The



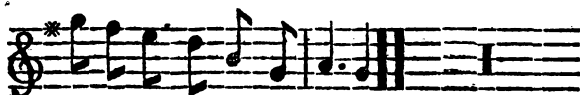
world I be-gan with a prospect so fair, My



dad was worth *nothing*, and I was his heir; So



all my estate was a heart free from care, And a



tight little twig of shil-le-lah.

“ Turn Captain,” cried dad, “ and if kilt in the
“ strife,

“ Success and long life to shillelah !

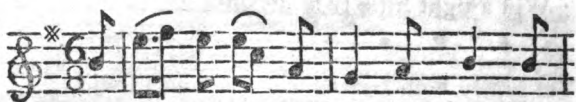
“ Your fortune is made all the rest of your life,

“ As sure as there’s bogs in Kilalah.”

But thinks I, spite of what fame and glory bequeath,
 How conceited I'd look in a fine laurel wreath,
 Wid my head in my mouth to stand picking my
 teeth

Wid a tight little twig of shillelah.

Yet firmly both Ireland and England I'll aid,
 The lands of oak-stick and shillelah;
 For now these two sisters are man and wife made,
 As sure as there's bogs in Kilalah.
 I'll still for their friends have a heart warm and
 true;
 To their foes give my hand, for what else can I do?
 Yes, I'll give 'em my hand—but, along wid it too,
 A tight little twig of shillelah.

DERMOT AND SHEELAH.

As Dermot toil'd one summer's day, Young



Sheelah, as she sat beside him, Fairly stole his



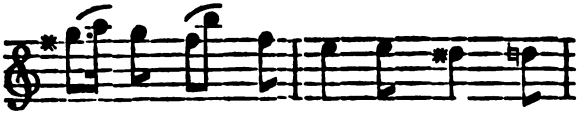
pipe a - way; Oh, then, to hear how she



did de-ride him. Where, poor Dermot, is it



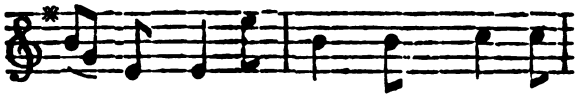
gone, Your li - ly li - ly loo - dle? They've



left you no - thing but the drone, And



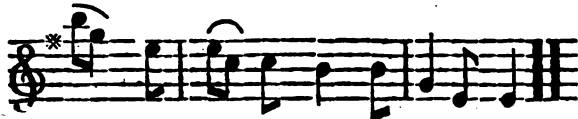
that's yourself, you noo - dle. Beam, bum, boodle,



loo - dle, loo - dle, Beam, bum, boo - dle,



loo-dle, loo. Poor Dermot's pipe is lost and



gone, And what will the poor de-vil do?

Fait now I am undone, and more,

Cried Dermot—Ah! will you be easy?

Did you not steal my heart before?

Is it you have made a man run crazy?

I've nothing left me now to moan ;

My lily lily loodle,

That us'd to cheer me so, is gone ;

Ah, Dermot ! thou'rt a noodle.

Beam, bum, boodle, loodle, loodle,

Beam, bum, boodle, loodle, loo ;

My heart, and pipe, and peace, are gone,

What next will cruel Sheelah do ?

Then Sheelah, hearing Dermot vex,

Cried, Fain 'twas little Cupid mov'd me,

You fool, to steal it out of tricks,

Only to see how much you lov'd me.

Come, cheer thee, Dermot, never moan,

But take your lily loodle,

And, for the heart of you that's gone,

You shall have mine, you noodle.

Beam, bum, boodle, loodle, loodle,

Beam, bum, boodle, loodle, loo :

Sheelah's to church with Dermot gone ;

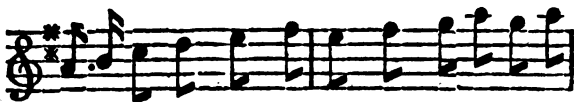
And, for the rest—what's that to you ?



PADDY O'BLARNEY.



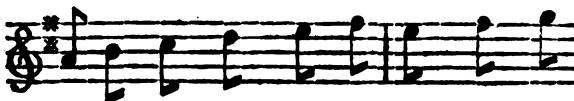
Is't my coun-try you'd know? I'm an



Irishman born, And they christen'd me Paddy O'-



Blar-ney; In hay-making time I step



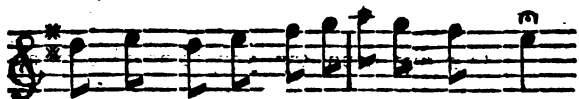
o-ver one morn, All the way from the



Lakes of Killarney: Turn'd my hand to just



what-e-ver came in my way, To be

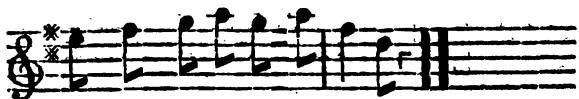


sure, while the sun shin'd I did not make hay.—

(Spoken.)—Well then, you know the wives and daughters of the farmers won't—well, they won't—



Have plenty of cause to remember the day, When



first they saw Paddy O'Blarney.

Then what does I do ? The next calling I seeks,

Ah ! the world for the Lakes of Killarney !

I cries mackarel alive that were caught for six
weeks,

Ah ! let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

Then fresh-gather'd strawberries, so sound and so
sweet,

With just half a dozen at top fit to eat——

(*Spoken.*)—‘ Ah, madam, you need not examine
them ; bless your two good-looking eyes, they
are full to the bottom, paper and all.’ “ Well,
I'll trust to you—I dare say you won't cheat me.”

So I coaxes her up, and herself makes her cheat ;

Ah, fait, let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

Next I turn'd to a chairman, and got a good job,

Ah, the world for the Lakes of Killarney !

I harangued at a famous election the mob,

Ah ! let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

Then to see how his honour and I did cajole ;

He knock'd down his flats with words, and I mine
with my pole :

(*Spoken.*)—Then, you know, when they came to chair him, I was no longer, you see, an odd man, for there was a pair of chairmen ;—

And sure such a pair was ne'er seen, by my soul,
As his Honour and Paddy O'Blarney.

But this notion of greatness was none of the worst,
Ah! the world for the Lakes of Killarney!
Having play'd second fiddle, I thought I'd play first,
Can't ye let alone Paddy O'Blarney?
So, swearing to plunder, and never to squeak,
I my qualification took out, and turn'd Greek.

(*Spoken.*)—Ah! to be sure we did not make a pretty dovehouse of our Pharaoh Bank. Let me see, we pigeoned, aye, and pluck'd them completely too.

Four tradesmen and six bankers clerks in one week;
Will you let alone Paddy O'Blarney?

A big man in all circles so gay and polite,
Ah! the world for the Lakes of Killarney!

I found one who larnt grown-up jolmen to write,
Just to finish gay Paddy O'Blarney.

I first larnt my name, till so fond of it grown,
I don't say I'd better have let it alone :

(*Spoken.*)—But by my soul and conscience it had
like to have finished me in good earnest, for you
see I just wrote——

Another jolman's signature 'stead of my own ;
What a devil of a Paddy O'Blarney !

But since Fate did not choose for to noose me that
day,

Ah ! the world for the Lakes of Killarney !
With a Venus of ninety I next ran away ;
What a fine dashing Paddy O'Blarney !

So marriage turn'd out the best noose of the two ;
The old soul's gone to heav'n, I'm as rich as a Jew :

(*Spoken.*)—So that if any jolman has an occasion
for a friend, or a lady for a lover, or, in short, if
any body should wish to be disencumbered of
the uneasiness of a wife, or a daughter, or a

purse, or any such kind and civil sarvice, that
can be performed——

By a gentleman at large that has nothing to do,
Let me recommend Paddy O'Blarney.



SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

TO THE SAME AIR.

I'm a comical fellow, I tell you no fib,
And I come from the bogs of Killaley;
You may see I'm the thing, by the cut of my jib,
And they christen'd me Teddy O'Reilly.
I ask'd dad for a fortune. He answer'd so smart,
He'd got none for himself, so none could he part.
(*Spoken.*)—And so, d'ye see, I began the world
With an Irish estate—that's a true honest heart,
And a snug little sprig of shillelah.

Dad's blessing along with me, off then I goes ;
 Success to the bogs of Killaley ;
 And *Erin go bragb* was the motto I chose,
 Like a sound-hearted Teddy O'Reilly ;
 For if she did not flourish, what good could I do ?
 Och, and then for her friends I've a heart warm and
 true :

(*Spoken.*)—And as for her enemies, och, to be sure
 now, and I wouldn't give them a hand !

Och, yes, but I would, and along with it too,
 A nate little sprig of shillelah.

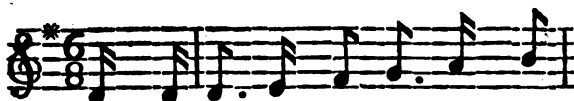
Then I came to this town, where the world's all
 alive ;

Success to the bogs of Killaley !
 And soon I learnt how many beans go to five ;
 What a wonderful Teddy O'Reilly !
 My pockets were empty, my heart full of glee :
 Och ! that was meat, drink, washing, lodging to
 me.

(*Spoken.*)—And then the young vargins ! Och, to be sure, and I didn't make a few conquestesses ; and the laurels, my dear jewels, the laurels ; arrah, and is it the laurels you're after meaning now ?

Och, the laurel that bangs all creation for me,
Is a tight little sprig of shillelah.



PADDY BULL'S EXPEDITION.*Air—Langoole.*

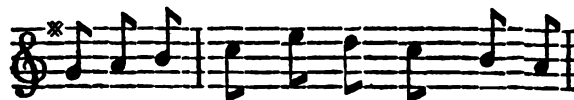
WHEN I took my de - par - ture from



Dublin's sweet town, And for England's own



self thro' the seas I did plow, For four long



days I was toss'd up and down, Like a

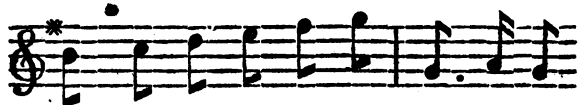


quid of chew'd hay in the throat of a cow.

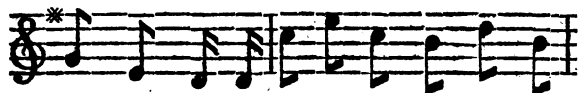
C



While afraid off the deck in the ocean to slip, Sir, I



clung, like a cat, a fast hold for to



keep, Sir, Round a-bout the big post that grows



out of the ship, Sir; Oh! I ne-ver thought



more to sing Lan-go-lee.

Thus standing stock-still all the while I was moving,

Till Ireland's dear coast I saw clean out of sight;

Myself, the next day—a true Irishman proving—

When leaving the ship, on the shore for to light;

As the board they put out was too narrow to quar-
ter,

The first step I took, I was in such a totter,
That I jump'd upon land—to my neck up in wa-
ter :

Oh ! there was no time to sing Langolee.

But as sharp cold and hunger I never yet knew.
more,

And my stomach and bowels did grumble and
growl,

I thought the best way to get each in good humour,
Was to take out the wrinkles of both, by my
soul.

So I went to a house where roast meat they pro-
vide, Sir,

With a whirligig, which up the chimney I spied,
Sir,

Which grinds all their smoke into powder besides,
Sir :

'Tis true as I'm now singing Langolee.

Then I went to the landlord of all the stage-coaches,
 That set sail for London each night in the week,
 To whom I obnoxiously paid my approaches,

As a birth aboard one I was come for to seek:—
 But as for the inside, I'd not cash in my casket:
 Says I, With your leave, I make bold, Sir, to
 ask it;

When the coach is gone off, pray what time goes
 the basket?

For there I can ride, and sing Langolee.

When making his mouth up, The basket, says he,
 Sir,

Goes after the coach a full hour or two;

Very well, Sir, says I, that's the thing then for
 me, Sir;

But the devil a word that he told me was true.
 For though one went before, and the other behind,
 Sir,

They set off cheek-by-jowl at the very same time,
 Sir;

So the same day at night, I set out by moonshine,
 Sir,
 All alone, by myself, singing Langolee.

O, long life to the moon, for a brave noble creature,

That serves us with lamp-light each night in the dark,

While the sun only shines in the day, which by nature

Needs no light at all, as you all may remark.

But as for the moon—by my soul I'll be bound,
 Sir,

It would save the whole nation a great many pounds, Sir,

To subscribe for to light him up all the year round,
 Sir,

Or I'll never sing more about Langolee.

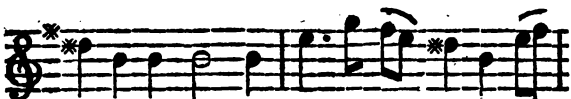
CUSHLAMACHREE.

Air—Pastheen Fuen.

DE. E - rin, how sweetly thy green bo-som



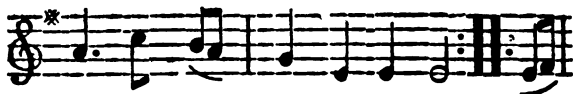
ri - ses, An e - me - rald, set in the



ring of the sea; Each blade of thy meadows my



faith-ful heart pri-zes, Thou queen of the



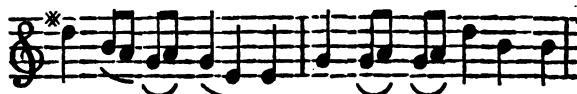
west, the world's Cush-la-ma-chree. Thy



gates o - pen wide to the poor and the



stran-ger; There smiles hos - pi - ta - li - ty,



hear-ty and free: Thy friendship is seen in the



moment of dan-ger, And the wan-d'r'er is



welcom'd with Cushlamachree.

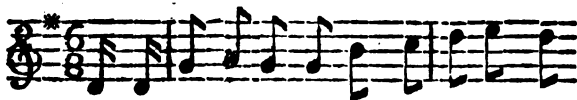
Thy sons they are brave, but the battle once over,
In brotherly peace with their foes they agree;
And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover
The soul-speaking blush, that says Cushlama-
chree.

Then flourish for ever, my dear native Erin,
While sadly I wander, an exile from thee !
And firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,
May Heaven defend its own Cushlamachree.





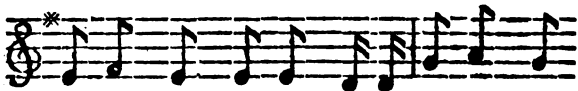
SHEELAH'S WEDDING.

AIR—St Patrick's Day in the Morning.

OCH, I sing of a wedding, and that at Dun-



lea-ry, And a wed-ding's no time to be



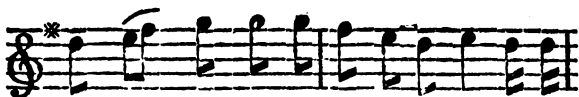
moping and drea-ry; So a wed-ding took



place be-tween Pat and his dea-ry, Who



long had at Cu-pid been frowning. But at



length, d'ye see, they resolv'd to be tied, Paddy



Shan-non the bridegroom, and Shee-lah the



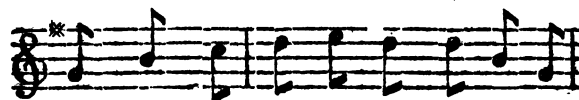
bride: For, d'ye mind, af-ter that, Whispers



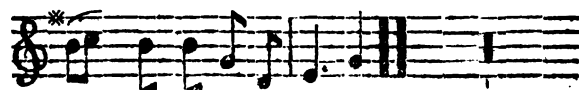
Sheelah to Pat, "Arrah, dear, how I blush! but I



"may have a ba-by; And then, love," says



she, "Och, how hap-py we'll be, On St



"Patrick's day in the morning!"

Well, the time being settled, to church they were
carried,

With some more lads and lasses, to see the pair
married,

Who vow'd that too long from the parson they tar-
ried ;

For who would such sweet things be scorning?

Then at church, arrah, yes, you may fancy them
there ;

Sure the priest tied them fast, you may very well
swear ;

And when it was done,

Och, what laughing and fun

Took place about something, and throwing the
stocking ;

While the blythe boys and girls

Talk'd of ringing the bells,

On St Patrick's day in the morning.

Now at home safe and snug, and the wedding-day
over,

Sure the bride and the bridegroom were both left
in clover,

Which Paddy so pleas'd, that hereafter a rover,

Och, he swore he should ever be scorning.

For Paddy, d'ye see, was so fond of his wife,

That he vow'd they'd be cozy and loving for life;

While so frisky they'd sing,

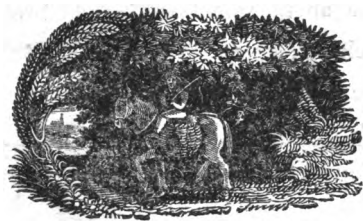
Summer, winter, and spring,

Arrah, would they, because in nine months, or
about it,

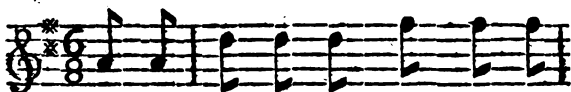
Why, a sweet little Pat

May squall out, and all that,

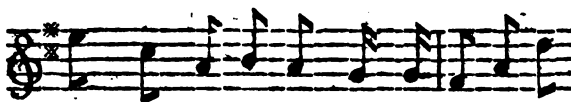
On St Patrick's day in the morning.



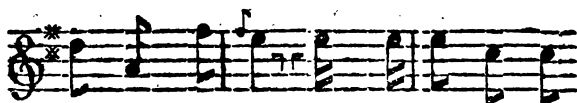
IRISH DRINKING SONG.



Of the an-cients it's speak-ing my



soul you'd be af-ter, That they never got

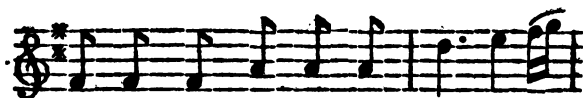


how came you so; Would you se-rious-ly

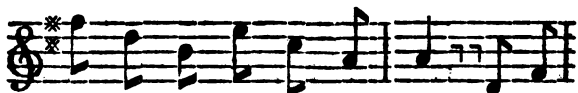


make the good folks die with laughter? To be

D



sure their dogs tricks we don't know, To be



sure their dogs tricks we don't know. With your



sma-li-low non-sense, and all your queer



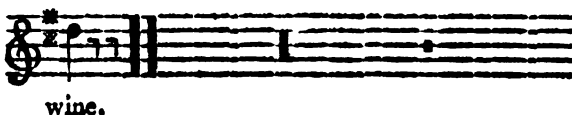
bodderns, Since whis-ky's a li-quor di-



vine, To be sure the old an-cients, as



well as the moderns, Did not love a sly sup of good



Apicius and Æsop, as authors assure us,
 Would swig till as drunk as a beast ;
 Then what do you think of that rogue Epicurus ?
 Was not he a tight hand at a feast ?
 With your smalilow, &c.

Alexander the Great, at his banquets who drank
 hard,
 When he no more worlds could subdue,
 Shed tears, to be sure, but 'twas tears of the
 tankard,
 To refresh him, and pray would not you ?
 With your smalilow, &c.

Then that other old fellow they call'd Aristotle,
 Such a devil of a tippler was he,

That one night having taken too much of his bottle,

The taef stagger'd into the sea.

With your smalilow, &c.

Then they made what they call'd of their wine a libation,

Which, as all authority quotes,

They threw on the ground—musha, what boderation !

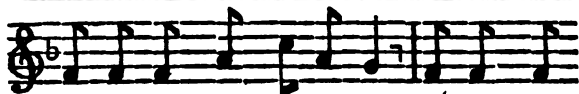
To be sure 'twas not thrown down their throats.

With your smalilow, &c.

I WAS THE BOY FOR BEWITCHING 'EM.



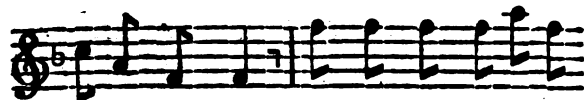
I WAS the boy for be-witch-ing 'em,



Whether good-humour'd or coy; All cried, when



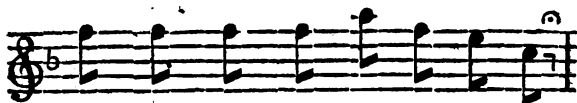
I was be-seeching 'em, "Do what you



"will with me, joy." "Daughters, be cautious and



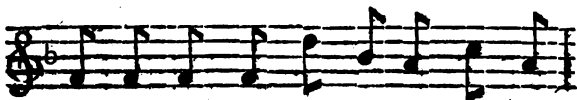
"steady," Mo-thers would cry out for fear,



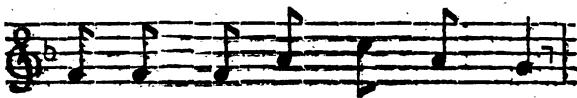
" Won't you take care now of Ted-dy?



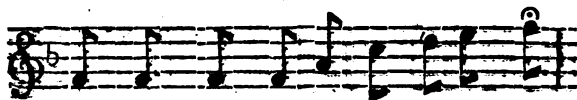
" Oh ! he's the de - vil, my dear !" For



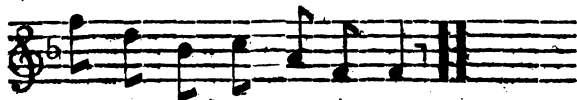
I was the boy for be-witch-ing 'em,



Whe - ther good - hu - mour'd or coy ;



All cried, when I was be-seeching 'em,



" Do what you will with me, joy."

From ev'ry quarter I gather'd 'em,
 Very few rivals had I;
 If I found any, I feather'd 'em,
 That made 'em plagnily shy.
 Pat Mooney my Sheelah once meeting,
 I twig'd him beginning his clack;
 Says he, "At my heart I've a beating,"
 Says I, "Then take one at your back."
 For I was the boy, &c.

Many a lass that would fly away
 When other wooers but spoke,
 Once if I took her, I die away,
 There was an end of the joke.
 Beauties, no matter how cruel,
 Hundreds of lads though they'd cross'd,
 When I came nigh to them, jewel,
 Melted like mud in a frost.
 For I was the boy, &c.

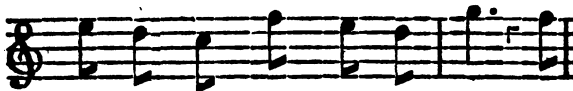
MR GRIMGRUFFINHOFF.



CAN an Irishman practise such guile, with a



la - dy so sweet to dis - sem - ble, And



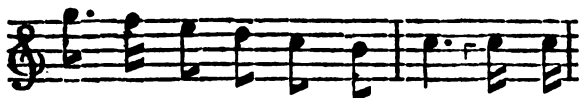
when he would make the rogue smile, to



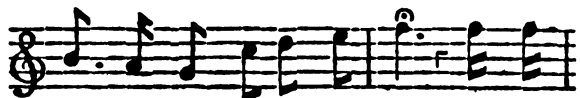
think but of ma - king her trem - ble? In -



deed, Mis - ter Grim - gruf - fin - hoff, if



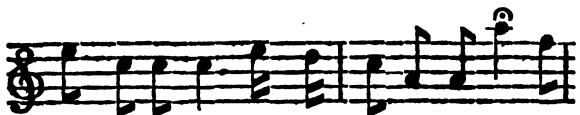
these are the rigs you must run, You may



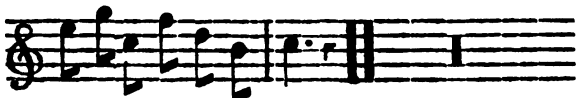
think yourself mighty well off, that you're



on - - ly a gao - ler for fun. Mis - ter



Grimgruffinhoff, Mis - ter Grimgruffinhoff, Is



on - ly a gaoler for fun.

To be sure 'tis a comical plan, when two married
folks disagree,

To pop them, as soon as you can, both under a
huge lock and key.

Should we blab of this project of ours, to cure
matrimonial pother,

One half of the world, by the powers ! would very
soon lock up the other.

Mr Grimgruffinhoff, Mr Grimgruffinhoff,
Would very soon lock up the other.

Oh Liberty, jolly old girl ! in dear little Ireland,
you know,

You taught me to love you so well, they never
can make me your foe ;

My practice will nothing avail ; and this little
frolic once o'er,

Never give me the key of a gaol, unless it's to
open the door.

Mr Grimgruffinhoff, Mr Grimgruffinhoff,
Will only open the door.



BUMPER SQUIRE JONES.



YE good fel-lows all, Who love to be



told where there's cla - - ret good store, At-



tend to the call of one who's ne'er frightened, But



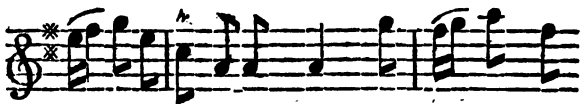
greatly de-lighted with six bot-tles more.



Be sure you don't pass the good



house Moneyglass, Which the jol - ly red



god so pe-cu-liar-ly owns; 'Twill well suit your



humour, for pray what would you more, Than



mirth with good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones?

Ye lovers who pine

For lasses, who oft prove as cruel as fair,
 Who whimper and whine for lilies and roses,
 With eyes, lips, and noses, or tip of an ear :
 Come hither, I'll shew you how Phillis and Chloe
 No more shall occasion such sighs and such
 groans ;
 For what mortal so stupid as not to quit Cupid,
 When call'd by good claret, and bumpers, Squire
 Jones ?

Ye poets who write,

And brag of your drinking fam'd Helicon's brook,
 Though all you get by't is a dinner oftimes,
 In reward for your rhymes, with Humphry the
 duke ;
 Learn Bacchus to follow, and quit your Apollo,
 Forsake all the Muses, those senseless old
 drones ;
 Our jingling of glasses your rhyming surpasses,
 When crown'd with good claret, and bumpers,
 Squire Jones.

E

Ye soldiers so stout,
 With plenty of oaths, though not plenty of coin,
 Who make such a route of all your commanders,
 Who serv'd us in Flanders, and eke at the Boyne;
 Come leave off your rattling of fighting and bat-
 tling,
 And know you'd much better to sleep with whole
 bones;
 Were you sent to Gibraltar, your note you'd soon
 alter,
 And wish for good claret, and bumpers, Squire
 Jones.

Ye clergy so wise,
 Who mysteries profound can demonstrate clear,
 How worthy to rise, you preach once a-week,
 But your tithes never seek above once in a year;
 Come here without failing, and leave off your rail-
 ing
 'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones:
 Says the text so divine, What is life without wine?
 Then away with the claret, a bumper, Squire
 Jones.

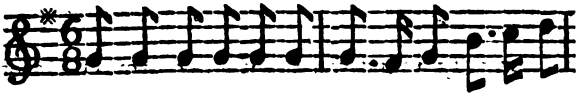
Ye lawyers so just,
 Be the cause what it will, who so learnedly plead,
 How worthy of trust, you know black from white,
 Yet prefer wrong to right, as you're chanc'd to
 be fee'd ;
 Leave musty reports, and forsake the king's courts,
 Where dulness and discord have set up their
 thrones,
 Burn Salkeld and Ventris, with all your d——n'd
 entries,
 And away with the claret, a bumper, Squire
 Jones.

Ye physical tribe,
 Whose knowledge consists in hard words and
 grimace,
 Whene'er you prescribe, have at your devotion
 Pills, bolus, or potion, be what will the case :
 Pray where is the need to purge, blister, or bleed ?
 When ailing yourselves, the whole faculty owns,
 That the forms of old Galen are not so prevailing
 As mirth with good claret, and bumpers, Squire
 Jones.

Ye fox-hunters, eke,
That follow the call of the horn and the hound,
Who your ladies forsake before they awake,
To beat up the brake where the vermin is found ;
Leave Piper and Blueman, shrill Dutchess and
Trueman ;
No music is found in such dissonant tones :
Would you ravish your ears with the songs of the
spheres ?
Hark ! away to the claret ! a bumper, Squire
Jones.



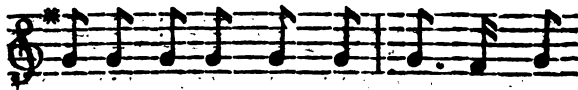
MR O'GALLAGHER.



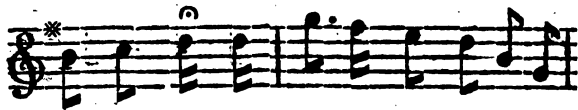
O WHAT a dainty fine thing is the girl I love!



She fits my finger as neat as a Lim'rick glove;



If that I had her just down by yon



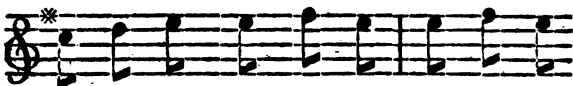
mountain side, It's there I would ax her if



she would be-come my bride. The



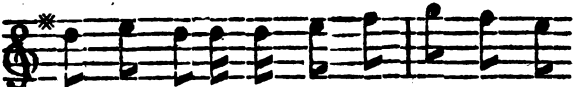
skin on her cheek is as red as Eve's apple ; Her



pret - ty round waist with my arms I'd soon



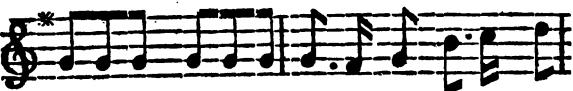
grap-ple ; But when that I ax'd her for



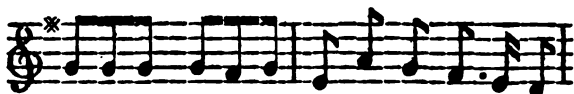
leave just to fol-low her, She cock'd up her



nose, cried, No, Mis-ter O'-Gal-la-gher.



Toorel lel loorel lel too-rel lel loo-rel la,



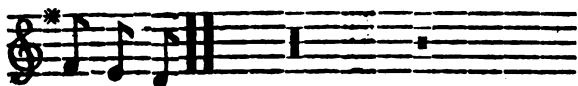
Toorel lel loo-rel lel too-rel lel loo-rel la,



Toorel lel loorel lel toorel lel loorel la, She



cock'd up her nose, cried, No, Mister O'-



Gal-la-gher.

O Cicely, my jewel, the dickens go with you ! why,
If that you're cruel, it's down at your feet I'll lie ;
'Cause you're hard-hearted, I'm melted to skin and
bone !

Sure you'd me pity to see me both grunt and groan.
But all I could say, her hard heart could not mol-
lify ;

Still she would titter, and giggle, and look so shy ;

Then with a frown I'm desir'd not to follow her :
 Isn't this pretty usage for Mr O'Gallagher ?

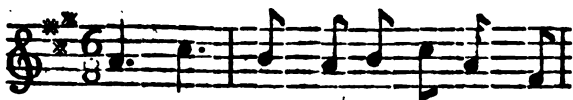
Toorel lel, &c.

'Twas at Balligally, one Easter, I met with her,
 Into Jem Garvey's I went, where I sat with her ;
 Cicely, my jewel, if that thou wilt be my own,
 Soon Father Luke he will come, and he'll make us
 one.

On hearing of this, how her eyes they did glister
 bright !

Cicely, my jewel, I'll make you my own this night.
 When that she found me determin'd to follow her,
 I'm yours, she then cried out, sweet Mr O'Gal-
 lagher.

Toorel lel, &c.

JUDY O'FLANNIKIN.*AIR—Humours of Limerick.*

OH, whack ! Cu - pid's a man - ni - kin,



Smack on my back he hit me a pol-ter ;



Good lack ! Ju - dy O' - Flan - ni - kin !



Dearly she loves neat Looney Mactwolter.



Ju-dy's my dar-ling, my kiss-es she



suffers; She's an heiress, that's clear, For her



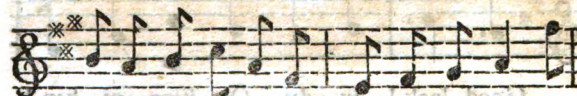
fa-ther sells beer; He keeps the sign of the



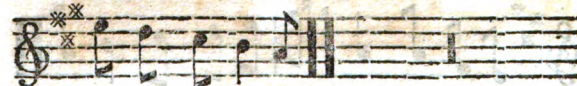
Cow and the Snuffers. She's so smart,



From my heart I cannot bolt her. Oh, whack!



Ju-dy O'Flan-ni-kin! She is the girl for



Looney Maetwolter.

Oh hone ! good news I need a bit ;

We'd correspond, but learning would choak her :

Mavrone ! I cannot read a bit ;

Judy can't tell a pen from a proker.

Judy's so constant I'll never forsake her ;

She's as true as the moon,

Only one afternoon

I caught her asleep with a hump-back'd shoemaker:

Oh, she's smart !

From my heart

I cannot bolt her.

Oh, whack ! Judy O'Flannikin !

She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.

WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE.



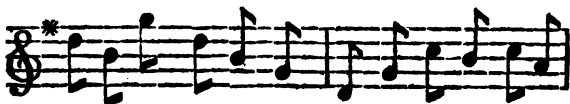
AT sixteen years old you could get lit-tle



good of me; Then I saw No-rah, who



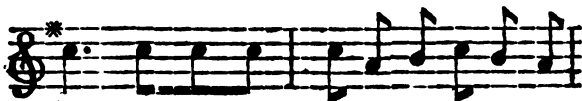
soon understood of me, I was in love—but my-



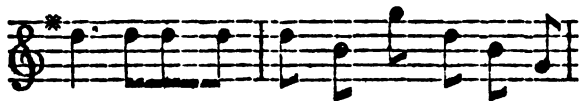
self, for the blood of me, Could not tell what I did



ail. 'Twas dear, dear, what can the matter be?



Och, blood and 'ounds! what can the matter be?



Och, gramachree, what can the mat-ter be?



Bother'd from head to the tail.

I went to confess me to Father O'Flannagan,
Told him my case—made an end—then began
again ;
Father, says I, make me soon my own man again,
If you find out what I ail.

F

Dear, dear, says he, what can the matter be?

Och, blood and 'ounds, can you tell what the matter be?

Both cried, What can the matter be?

Bother'd from head to the tail.

Soon I fell sick—I did bellow and curse again;

Norah took pity to see me at nurse again;

Gave me a kiss: och, zounds! that threw me worse again!

Well she knew what I did ail.

But, dear, dear, says she, what can the matter be?

Och, blood and 'ounds, what can the matter be?

Och, gramachree, what can the matter be?

Bother'd from head to the tail.

'Tis long ago now since I left Tipperary;

How strange, growing older, our nature should vary!

All symptoms are gone of my ancient quandary;

I cannot tell now what I ail.

But, dear, dear, what can the matter be ?

Och, blood and 'ounds, what can the matter
be ?

Och, gramachree, what can the matter be ?

Bother'd from head to the tail.



MURPHY O'CASEY.

TO THE SAME AIR.

WHEN first from Kilkenny, as fresh as a daisy,

The girls of our village all swore I was crazy ;

Arrah, maid, wife, or widow, could never be
easy,

If once, joy, I came in their way.

And it's dear, dear, what can the matter be ?

Oh botheration, joy, what can the matter be ?

Such a fellow as Casey, they swore there could
never be,

For at romps, fait, I spent the whole day.

But soon as Miss Jenny fell into my way, Sir,
As dull as a sparrow I rambled all day, Sir,
I strove to speak to her, but nothing could say,
Sir,

But phililu, what is't I ail?

And dear, dear, what can the matter be?

Oh, dear, what can the matter be?

The neighbours all laughing, cried, What can
the matter be?

Murphy O'Casey looks pale.

Our minds scarce made up, a rude press-gang as-
sail'd me,

And tho' I tipp'd them leg-bail, my jewel, soon
nail'd me,

Jonteel by the collar along the streets trail'd me,
And lodg'd me a-top of a ship—

(*Spoken.*)—Where they left me and half a dozen more, poked up in a hen-coop, all alone by myself, singing——

Dear, dear, what can the matter be?

Oh, musha whack, honey, what can the matter be?

But what of all that? sure I'm now safe return'd from sea;

Wa'n't it a delicate trip?

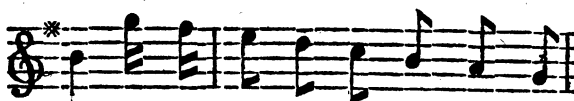


WHEN I WAS A CHICKEN.

AIR—Geary Owen.



WHEN I was a chicken, as high as a



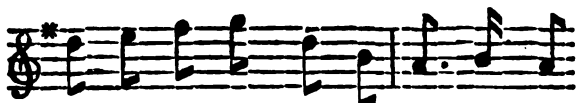
hen, By the priest I was bo-ther'd my



les-son to ken; "As an oak you must



"bend," says old Fa-ther O'Rook, "First im-



"pression's the thing ;" then he threw down his



book, While in rap-tures he took a young



girl by the hand, To give ab-so-lu-tion, as



I un-der-stand ; Oh ho ! thinks I, you're a



forestalling thief, I'll fol-low be-fore ye, and



turn a new leaf, With my ta ral la la ral la



When a few twelvemonths older, says I to myself,
 I'll turn out a master, and pocket the pelf ;
 So I wash'd off the sins from my penitent fair,
 Before they committed them,—conscience was clear :
 'Twas this stamp't my fame, and business increas'd,
 For the ladies all flock'd from the north, south, and
 east,
 To receive dispensations and pardons for crime,
 While they simper'd, “ Dear Father, am I come
 “ in time,
 “ For your ta ral la,” &c.

Now snug in possession of every thing fine,
 A heart full of love, and a house full of wine,
 With a levee of beauty, delightful my trade is,
 To give absolution to innocent ladies ;
 While Father O'Rook turns his eyes in despair,
 Talks of bending of oaks, and reclaiming the fair :
 " First impression," says I, " told me this was the
 " way,
 " To attend on the ladies, morn, noon, night, and
 " day,
 " With my ta ral la," &c.

THO' LEIXLIP IS PROUD.

Air—Humours of Glen.



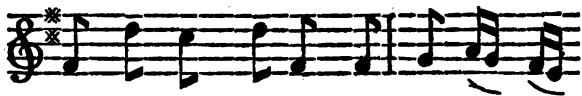
Tho' Leix-lip is proud of its close shady



bowers, Its clear fall - ing wa-ters, its



murm'ring cascades, Its groves of fine myrtle, its



beds of sweet flowers, Its lads so well



dress, and its neat pret - ty maids. As



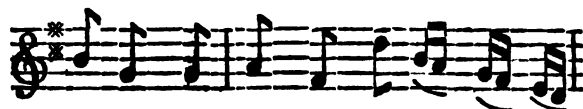
each his own vil-lage will still make the



most of, In praise of dear Car-ton I



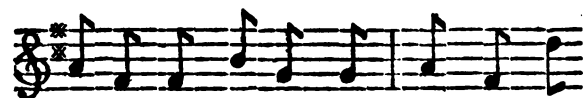
hope I'm not wrong; Dear Car-ton, con-



tain-ing what kingdoms may boast of, 'Tis



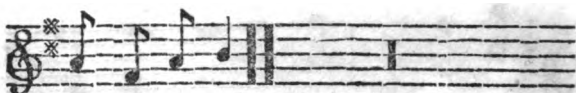
Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song; Dear



Car-ton, con-tain-ing what king-doms may



boast of, 'Tis No-rah, dear No-rah, the



theme of my song.

Be gentlemen fine, with their spurs and nice boots
on,

Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kildare,
Or dance at a ball with their Sunday new suits on,
Lac'd waistcoat, white gloves, and their nice
powder'd hair:

Poor Pat, while so blest in his mean humble station,
For gold or for acres he never shall long;
One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a na-
tion,

From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.

PADDY'S TRIP FROM DUBLIN.

AIR—The Priest in his Boots..



'Twas bus'ness requir'd I'd from Dublin be



stray-ing, I bar-gain'd the cap-tain to

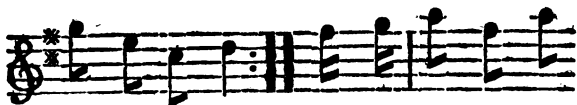


sail pretty quick, But just at the moment the



anchor was weighing, A spalpeen, he wanted to

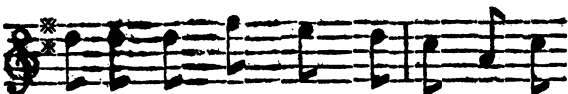
G



play me a trick. Says he, Pad-dy, go



down stairs and fetch me some beer now; Says



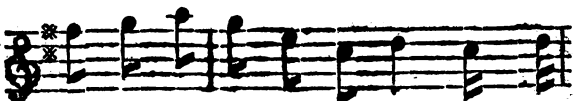
I, By my shoul you're mon-stra-tious-ly



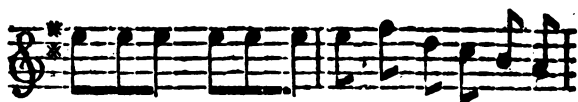
kind; Then you'll sail a-way, and I'll



look migh-ty queer now, When I come up and



see my-self all left be-hind. With my



tal de ral la de ral·lal de ral la ral la,



tal de ral la ral la la ral la la, And sing



pal-li-luh, whilliluh, whilliluh, palliluh,



Whack, boderation, and Langolee:

A storm met the ship, and did so dodge her,

Says the captain, We'll sink, or be all cast
away;

Thinks I, Never mind, 'cause I'm only a lodger,

And my life is insur'd, so the office must pay.

But a taef who was sea-sick kick'd up such a riot,
 Tho' I lay quite sea-sick and speechless, poor
 elf,

I could not help bawling, You spalpeen, be quiet ;
 Do you think that there's nobody dead but
 yourself?

With my tal de ral, &c.

Well, we got safe on shore, every son of his mother,
 ther,

There I found an old friend, Mr Paddy Mac-
 gee ;

Och Dermot, says he, is it you or your brother?

Says I, I've a mighty great notion it's me.

Then I told him the bull we had made of our
 journey,

But to bull-making, Irishmen always bear
 blame ;

Says he, My good friend, though we've bulls in
 Hibernia,

They've cuckolds in England, and that's all the
 same.

With my tal de ral, &c.

But from all sorts of cuckoldom Heaven preserve
us,

For John Bull and Paddy Bull's both man and
wife,

And every brave fellow who's kill'd in their service
Is sure of a pension the rest of his life.

Then who, in defence of a pair of such hearties,
Till he'd no legs to stand on, would e'er run
away?

Then a fig for the war, and d—n Bonaparte!
King George and the Union shall carry the day.
With my tal de ral, &c.

MURPHY DELANEY.**TO THE SAME AIR.**

It was Murphy Delaney, so funny and frisky,
Reel'd into a shebeen to get his skin full,
And popp'd out again, pretty well lin'd with whis-
ky,
As fresh as a shamrock, and blind as a bull:
When a trifling accident happen'd our rover,
Who took the quay-side for the floor of his
shed,
And the keel of a coal-barge he just tumbled over,
And thought all the while he was going to bed.
With my tal de ral, &c.
And sing phililu, hubbubboo, whack, bodera-
tion,
Every man in his humour, as Teague kiss'd
the pig.

Some folks passing by, pull'd him out of the river,
 And got a horse-doctor his sickness to mend,
 Who swore that poor Murph' was no longer a liver,
 But dead as a devil, and there was an end.

Then they sent for the coroner's jury to try him ;
 But Murph' not much liking this comical strife,
 Fell to twisting and turning the while they sat by
 him,

And came, when he found it convenient, to life.

With my tal de ral, &c.

Says he to the jury,—Your worships, an't please ye,
 I don't think I'm dead yet, so what is't you do?
 Not dead! says the foreman, you spalpeen be easy,
 Don't you think but the doctor knows better
 than you?—

So then they went on with the business some further,
 And examin'd the doctor about his belief;

When they brought poor Delaney in guilty of
 murder,

And swore they would hang him in spite of his
 teeth.

With my tal de ral, &c.

Then Murphy laid hold of a clumsy shillelah,
And laid on the doctor as sly as a post,
Who swore that it couldn't be Murphy Delaney,
But something alive, so it must be his ghost.
Then the jury began, joy, with fear to survey him,
(Whilst he like a devil about him did lay)
And sent straight out of hand for the clergy to lay
him ;
But Murph' laid the clergy, and then ran away.
With my tal de ral, &c.

LARRY O'LASH'EM.**TO THE SAME AIR.**

I'M Larry O'Lash'em, was born at Killarney,
Myself drove a noddy in Dublin's sweet town,
And got fares enough, 'cause I tipt the folks blar-
ney,
But myself was knock'd up, 'cause I knock'd a
man down.
So to London I drove to avoid the disaster,
There to drive hackney-coaches engag'd for the
pelf,
And honestly, out of my fares, paid my master
Two thirds, and kept only one half for myself.
With my tal de ral, &c.
And sing hi ge wo, here we go, merry and
frisky,
O'Lash'em's the boy for to tip the long trot.

I took up a Buck, and because 'twas the fashion,
 He mounted the box, and bade me get inside,
 And because I refus'd, he fell into a passion,
 So thinks I, while I'm walking, I may as well
 ride.

I amus'd myself laughing to see how the hinder
 Wheels after the fore ones most furiously paid,
 Till a wheel broke its leg, spilt the coach out of
 window,

While my head and the pavement at nut-cracking
 play'd.

With my tal de ral, &c.

I next drove a couple one morn to get married,
 The lady was sixty, the gemman a score ;
 For sake of her money the courtship he carried,
 But repenting, deserted her at the church door.
 She swoounded away—so a pity, 'twas thinking,
 Allur'd by the rhino, myself intercedes,
 And got married ; soon after she died of hard
 drinking,

And left me a widow forlorn in my weeds.

With my tal de ral, &c.

Having finger'd the cash that was due by my marriage,

I set up for myself, now a bachelor made ;
I purchas'd a fine bran new second-hand carriage,
Became my own Jarvise, and drive a fine trade.
And my coach and my horses, in case of invasion,
I'll send to the troops, and I'll join in the strife,
And if I am kilt in defence of the nation,
'Twill make me a hero the rest of my life.
With my tal de ral, &c.

PADDY'S DREAM.**TO THE SAME AIR.**

My grandmother Judy had oft made me wonder,
Such marvellous stories of ghosts she'd relate,
How they'd speak, arrah honey, much louder than
thunder ;

Till by Jasus, d'ye see, joy, she bodder'd my
pate.

So the Phantasmagoria being much the same thing,
Sir,

Like a madman, to see it I straight ran away,
Where the spalpeens they got me so snug in a
string, Sir,

That they coax'd me, agraph, just two thirteens
to pay.

With my tal de ral, &c.

And sing gramachree, didderoo, smilliloo huh,

Musha whack, Ally Croaker, and Sally Macgee.

Not a thing could I see when I enter'd the place,
Sir,

So I look'd with my fist, honey, where I might
sit,

Till a post, unjonteel, run its head in my face, Sir,
And bodder'd my senses, agrah, for a bit.

But the show once begun, beat my grandmother
hollow ;

They were now small as giants, then big as a
span ;

But the Turk, musha gra ! wid his damnable swal-
low,

Made me think he might eat me, and so off I ran.
With my tal de ral, &c.

Got home, I in no time at all went to bed, Sir,

But still on these spectres my fancy did keep,
And such comical whimsies kick'd up in my head,
Sir,

That made me get up, and walk out in my sleep.
I thought that Howth's Hill to a giant had chang'd,
And to wrestle with him did me strongly invite :

H

In a case now like this, sure it wasn't strange, Sir,
 That I chose, joy, much rather to run than to
 fight.

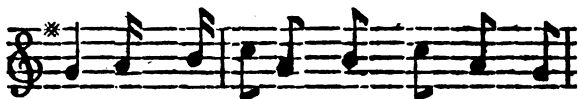
With my tal de ral, &c.

He follow'd me down stairs, agraah, in a jiffey,
 And to catch me he gave a most damnable stride,
 When finding myself on the banks of the Liffey,
 I jump'd in, and swam till I reach'd t'other side.
 The chill of the water soon made me awake, Sir,
 When, fait, a delectable figure I cut ;
 For I'd made, arrah fait, a most curious mistake,
 Sir,
 And, instead of the Liffey, jump'd into a butt.
 With my tal de ral, &c.

THE SIEGE OF TROY.



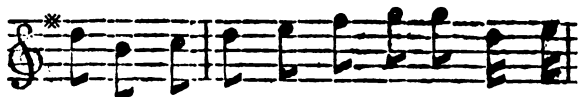
I SING of a war set on foot for a



toy, And of Pa-ris, and He-len, and



Hec-tor, and Troy, Where on women, kings,



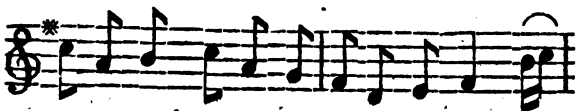
gen'ral's, and coblers, you stumble, And of



mortals and gods meet a ve - ry strange



jumble. Sing didderoo, bubberoo, oh my joy, How



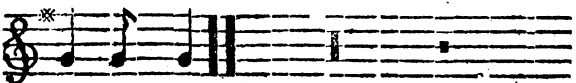
sweetly they did one a-no-ther destroy ! Come



fill up your bum-pers, the whis-ky en-



joy, May we ne'er see the like of the



siege of Tröy.

Menelaus was happy with Helen his wife,
 Except that she led him a devil of a life ;
 With that handsome taef Paris she'd toy and she'd
 play,
 Till they pack'd up their awls, and they both ran
 away.
 Sing didderoo, &c.

Agamemnon, and all the great chiefs of his house,
 Soon took up the cause of this hornified spouse,
 While Juno said this thing, and Venus said that,
 And the gods fell a wrangling they knew not for
 what.
 Sing didderoo, &c.

Oh then, such a slaughter and cutting of throats,
 And slaying of bullocks, and offering up goats ;
 Till the cunning Ulysses, the Trojans to cross,
 Clapt forty fine fellows in one wooden horse.
 Sing didderoo, &c.

Oh then for to see the maids, widows, and wives,
 Crying some for their virtue, and some for their lives!

Thus after ten years they'd defended their town,
Poor dear Troy in ten minutes was all burnt down.
Sing didderoo, &c.

But to see how it ended's the best joke of all :
Scarce had wrong'd Menelaus ascended the wall,
But he blubbering saw Helen, and oh ! strange to
tell !

The man took his mare, and so all was well.
Sing didderoo, bubberoo, oh my joy,
How sweetly they did one another destroy !
Come fill up your bumpers, the whisky enjoy ;
May we ne'er see the like of the siege of Troy.

ONE BOTTLE MORE.

ASSIST me, ye lads who have hearts void of



guile, To sing in the praises of old Ireland's



isle, Where true hospi-ta-li-ty o-pens the



door, And friendship detains us for one bottle



more ; One bottle more, arrah, one bot - tle



more, And friendship de - tains us for



one bot-tle more.

Old England, your taunts on our country forbear ;
With our bulls and our brogues we are true and
sincere ;

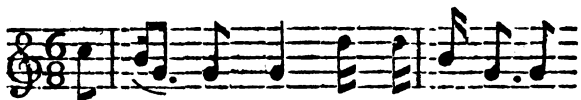
For if but one bottle remains in our store,
We have generous hearts to give that bottle more.

At Candy's, in Church-street, I'll sing of a set
Of six Irish blades who together had met ;
Four bottles a-piece made us call for our score,
And nothing remained but one bottle more.

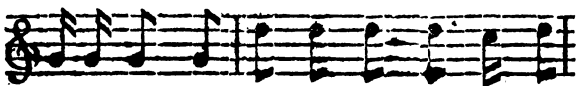
Our bill being paid, we were loth to depart,
For friendship had grappled each man by the heart,
Where the least touch, you know, makes an Irish-
man roar,
And the whack from shillelah brought six bottles
more.

Slow Phœbus had shone through our window so
bright,
Quite happy to view his blest children of light ;
So we parted with hearts neither sorry nor sore,
Resolving next night to drink twelve bottles more.

MR MULLINS AND MISS WHACK.



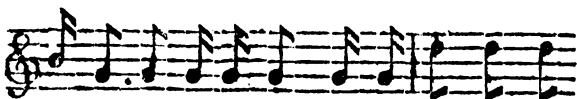
ON Ire-land's ground, seat of true hos-pi-



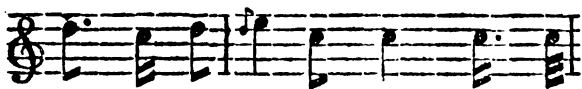
ta - li - ty, One Pat Mul-lins liv'd, till he



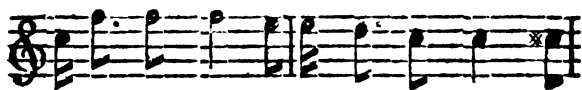
died—poor man! A mar-tyr he fell to his



con - vi - vi - a - li - ty, And the last thing he



grasp'd was a flow - ing cann. " 'Tis the



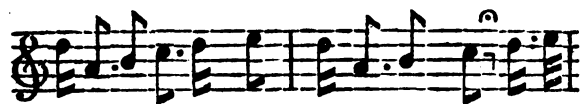
" spi-rit, my dear, Of whisky that's here, Then



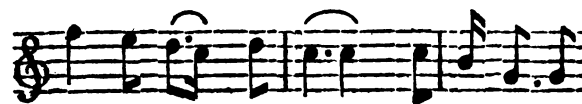
" take Pad-dy Mullins by the hand: Let my



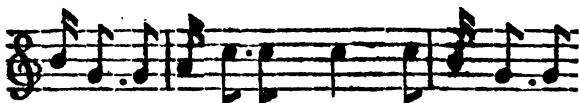
" own spi-rit move With the spi-rit I love, And



" Mullins is at your command, Mister Death, Mister



" Death, at your com-mand." Sing roughinha



stockinha roundleum whack ! Sing roughinha



stockinha roundleum whack !

Poor Pat left behind him, in grief's formality,
 One ugly small boy, and his name it was Jack,
 And he was in love to all dismality
 With an ugly old maid, they call'd Noreen
 Whack.
 Och, this pretty brown fair,
 With her sooty black hair,
 Took little Jacky Mullins by the hand :
 But how the folks star'd
 When this couple were pair'd,
 And old Fogerty strok'd his band ;
 Mr Mullins touch'd the priest's hand.
 Sing roughinha, &c.

Then poor Jacky's eye (for Nature's nigg'rality
 Had stinted poor Mullins, and he had but one)
 Like a gooseberry sparkled ; and Nature's lib'ra-
 lity

Stretch'd his mouth like a horse-shoe ; his nose
 it was long.

But then little Miss Whack
 Had a hump on her back,
 And her joints loop'd together on slings ;
 For between you and I,
 She was like a goose-pie,
 All giblets, and gizzards, and wings ;
 Miss Whack, all giblets and wings.
 Sing roughinha, &c.

This ugly sweet pair, join'd in connubiality,
 So nate they agree, like the dog and the cat ;
 Yet their quarrels are manag'd with such mutuality,
 If she raises her fist, he knocks her down flat.
 Cups, saucers, joint-stools,
 Pots, pans, working-tools,
 Mrs Mullins whacks at the head of poor Jack !

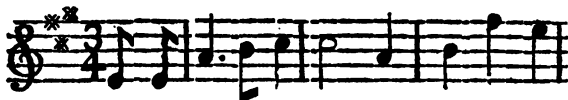
So let them fight it out,
 Break an arm, bruise a snout :
 Good night Mr Mullins and Miss Whack.
 Sing roughinha, &c.



THE GREEN LITTLE SHAMROCK.

Sung by Mrs MOUNTAIN.

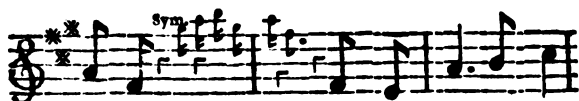
Allegretto.



THERE's a dear lit-tle plant that grows in our

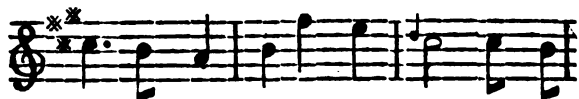


isle, 'Twas St Pa-trick him-self sure that

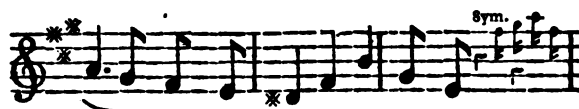


set it,

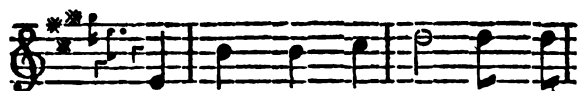
And the sun on his



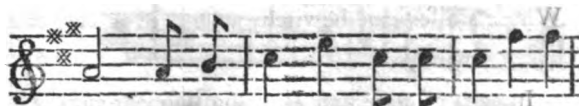
la - bour with pleasure did smile, And with



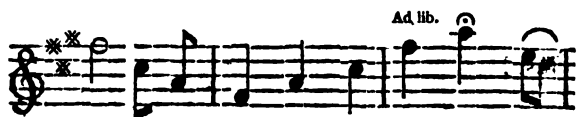
dews from his eye of-ten wet it.



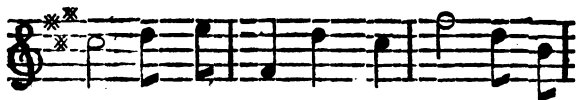
It thrives thro' the bog, thro' the



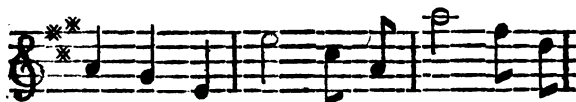
brake, thro' the mire-land, And he call'd it the



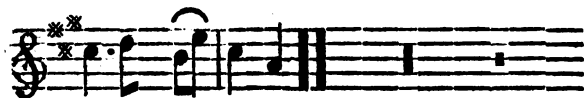
dear lit - tle shamrock of Ire - land, The



sweet lit - tle shamrock, the dear lit - tle



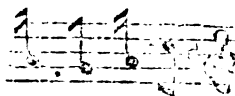
shamrock, The sweet lit - tle green lit - tle



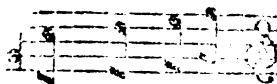
shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant still grows in our land,
 Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
 Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can com-
 mand,
 In each climate that each shall appear in,
 And shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the
 mireland,
 Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland,
 The sweet little shamrock, &c.

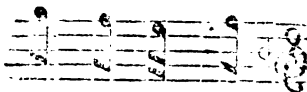
This dear little plant that springs from our soil,
 When its three little leaves are extended,
 Denotes from one stalk we together should toil,
 And ourselves by ourselves be befriended ;
 And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the
 mireland,
 From one root should branch, like the shamrock of
 Ireland,
 The sweet little shamrock, &c.



mi - ni - nev - e

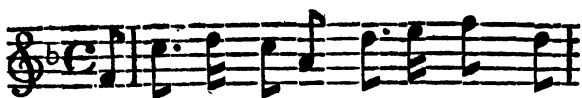


sham - rock, &c.

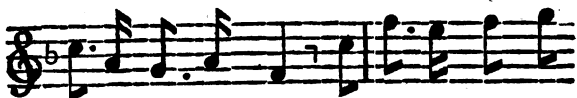


and their lit - the tales of love they

GRAMACHREE MOLLY.



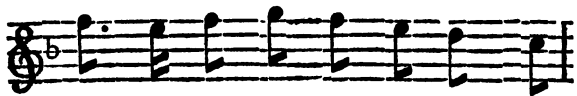
As down on Ban-na's banks I stray'd, One



e - ven - ing in May, The lit - tle birds, in



blythest notes, Made vo - cal ev'ry spray; They



sung their lit - - tle tales of love, They



sung them o'er and o'er ; Ah Gramachree, ma



Colleenouge, ma Molly Ash-tore !

The daisy pied, and all the sweets

The dawn of Nature yields,

The primrose pale, the violet blue,

Lay scatter'd o'er the fields :

Such fragrance in the bosom lies

Of her whom I adore.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,

Bewailing my sad fate,

That doom'd me thus the slave of love,

And cruel Molly's hate.

How can she break the honest heart
 That wears her in its core?
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear!
 Ah! why did I believe?
 Yet who could think such tender words
 Were meant but to deceive?
 That love was all I ask'd on earth,
 Nay, heav'n could give no more.
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

Oh had I all the flocks that gaze
 On yonder yellow hill,
 Or low'd for me the num'rous herds
 That yon green pasture fill;
 With her I love I'd gladly share
 My kine and fleecy store.
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves above my head,
 Sat courting on a bough,

I envied not their happiness,
To see them bill and coo.
Such fondness once for me she shew'd,
But now, alas ! 'tis o'er.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,
Thy loss I e'er shall mourn ;
Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart,
'Twill beat for thee alone :
Though thou art false, may heav'n on thee
Its choicest blessings pour,
Ah Gramachree, &c.

'TIS WHISKY I ADORE,*A PARODY ON THE FOREGOING.***TO THE SAME AIR.**

As I went down by yon blind quay,
One evening in the spring,
The little merry tap-room bells
Melodiously did ring :
They rung their merry-drunken notes,
They rung them o'er and o'er.
Ah Gramachree, Stol Rinky dear,
'Tis whisky I adore.

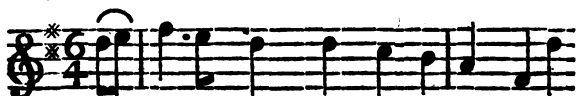
As I pass'd the fat landlady,
Full drunkenly I stalk'd ;
Says she unto her husband, " Tom,
" Have you yon noggin chalk'd ?"
" Oh yes, I did the noggin chalk,
" I chalk'd it o'er and o'er."
Ah Gramachree, &c.

His humming stuff so pleased me,
 That quickly I sat down,
 And devil a step that I did stir,
 Till I drank half a crown :
 And if I had ten times as much,
 I'd drink it o'er and o'er.
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

Two fat mud-larks, before my face,
 Lay grunting in a sty ;
 I envied them their happiness,
 So snugly they did lie.
 Such fondness once my wife shew'd me,
 But now, alas ! 'tis o'er.
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

At length, when home at night I came,
 My wife stood at the door ;
 With pot-hooks long, and crooked nails,
 My eyes and face she tore :
 She roll'd me in the gutter too,
 She roll'd me o'er and o'er.
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

THE BRISK IRISH LAD.

Allegretto.

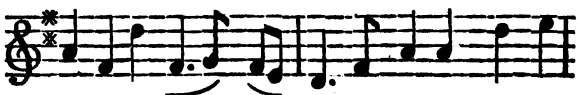
EACH pretty young Miss, with a long heavy



purse, Is court-ed and flat-ter'd, and



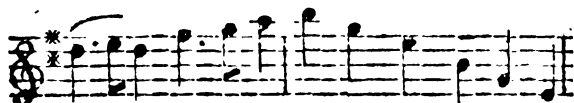
ea-si-ly had; She longs to be ta-ken for



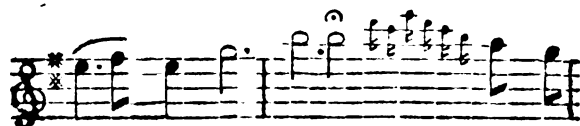
better or worse, And quickly elopes with an



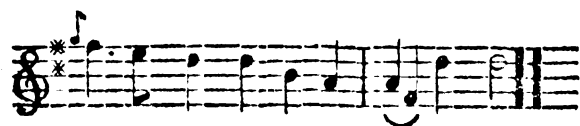
I - rish lad. To be sure she don't like a brisk



I - rish lad, To be sure she don't like a brisk



I - - rish lad, Oh! - - - - - to be



sure she don't like a brisk I - rish lad,

The wife, when forsaken for bottle or dice,
Her dress all neglected, and sighing and sad,

K

Finds delight in sweet converse, and changes her
sighs

For the good-humour'd chat of an Irish lad.

Oh ! to be sure, &c.

The widow in sorrow declines the sweet joys

Of public amusement, in sable all clad :

The widow her twelvemonth in mourning employs,

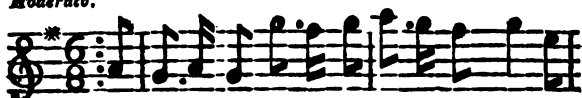
Then hastens to church with an Irish lad.

Oh ! to be sure, &c.

YOU NEVER DID HEAR OF AN IRISHMAN'S FEAR.

Sung by MR SHAW, in "Love a-la-Mode," at the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.

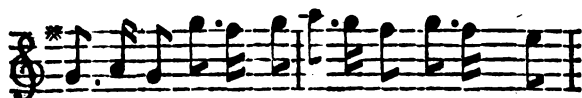
Moderato.



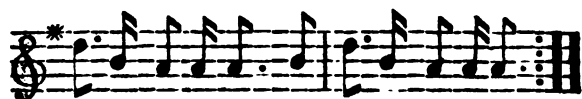
You never did hear of an Irishman's fear, In



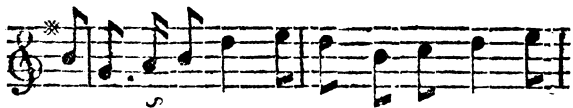
love or in battle, in love or in bat-tle, We're



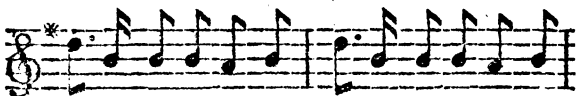
always on du-ty, and ready for beauty, Where



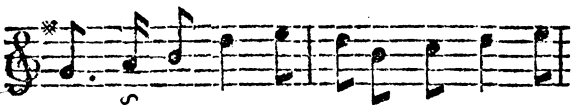
cannons do rattle, where cannons do rattle.



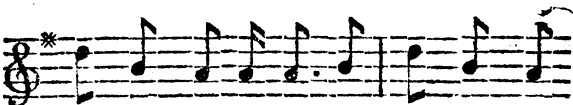
By day or by night, we love and we fight, We're



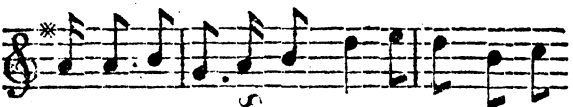
honour's defenders, we're honour's defenders; The



foe and the fair, we always take care To



make them sur-render, to make them sur-



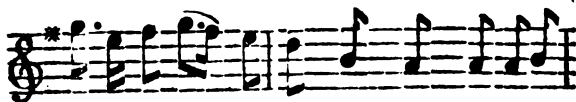
render. By day or by night, we love and we



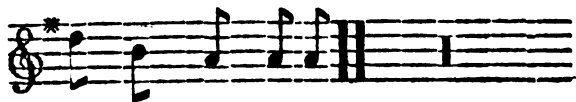
fight, We're ho-nour's de-fend-ers, we're



honour's defenders; O the foe and the fair, we



always take care To make them knock under, to



make them knock under.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

Grazioso.

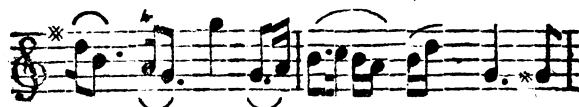
WHEN first I met young Ted-dy's eyes, His



bo - som heav'd with ten - - der sighs; His



eyes so bright, and sighs, did move My



heart to give him love for love, To



give my Ted - - dy love for love.

But when my praise he sweetly sung,
Such honey'd words dropt from his tongue,
In vain against such charms I strove,
I gave my Teddy love for love.

If truth adorns the gentle swain,
No more of fate shall he complain,
While all my actions fondly prove,
I give my Teddy love for love.

LEAP YEAR.



Won't you hail the leap year, by that



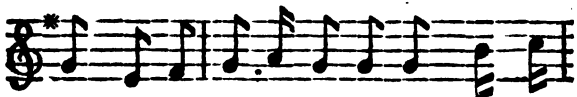
am'rous dog Janus, Once in ev'ry four times conse-



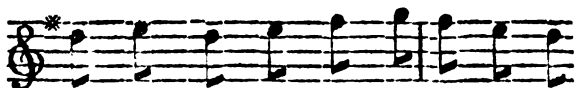
crated to Venus? Oh the fine lovely season for



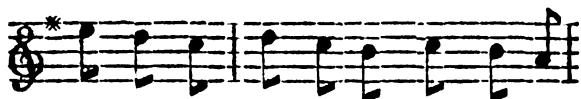
fro-lic and sporting, When the men are made



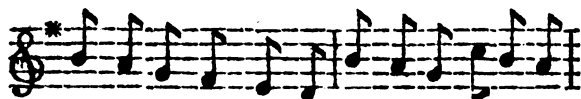
love to, and girls go a-courting. Then come



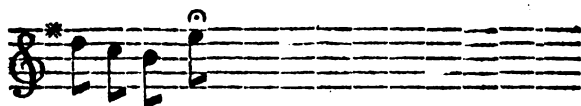
round me, dear creatures, and fro-lic and



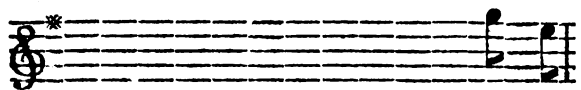
frisk it, And dance it and whisk it, and



dance it and whisk it; Sing smallilow, batheshin,



ah ar-rah Pat; (* To be sure there won't be



some fine fun go-ing forward), Fait and



conscience, and you may say that.

* To be sung *ad libitum*.

Mister Venus, come put on a masculine air,
 Throw yourself on your knees, curse your stars,
 lie and swear :

Perfection, says you, to your beauty's a quiz ;
 Cries Miss Mars, Do you love me?—I do, damme,
 whiz !

Then come round me, &c.

(To be sure there won't be fine sighing and dying,
 and wooing and cooing !)

Fait and conscience, and you may say that.

Rich young ladies of sixty, new born to love's
 joys,

Shall hobble and mumble their courtship to boys ;
 Girls shall court from the shiners of old men as-
 sistance,

With their eye on a handsome tight lad in the dis-
 tance.

Then come round me, &c.

(To be sure they won't make the best use of their
 time !)

Fait and conscience, and you may say that.

Miss Maypole shall stoop to the arms of an imp,
 And the tall Lady Gauky shall court my Lord
 Shrimp ;

Miss Pigmy shall climb round the neck of a tall
 man,

And the rich widow Mite court a big Irish jolman.
 Then come round me, &c.

(To be sure there won't be fine simpering, and
 ogling, and leering !)

Fait and conscience, and you may say that.

Miss Champansy, whose monkey has so many
 charms,

Of a fine powder'd coxcomb shall rush to the
 arms ;

To court Mister Sciatic Miss Spasm shall hop,
 And Miss Chevaux de Frise shall address Mister
 Crop.

Then come round me, &c.

(To be sure the bold little devils won't put the men
 into a fine flusteration !)

Fait and conscience, and you may say that

Thus you've nothing to do, jolmen all, but sit still,
And fait ev'ry Jack will soon find out a Jill:

Come on, ye bold devils! swear, lie, and make
speeches;

'Tis leap year, and the petticoats govern the breeches.

Then come round me, &c.

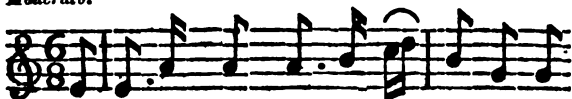
(Ah the dear creatures! to be sure they won't cut
a comical figure when they are dress'd in their
inexpressibles!)

Fait and conscience, and you may say that.

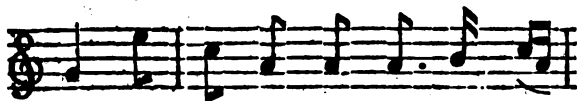
LET OTHER MEN SING OF THEIR GODDESSES BRIGHT.

Sung by MR SHAW, in "Love a-la-Mode," at the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.

Moderato.



LET o - ther men sing of their god-dess-es



bright, Who dar - ken the day and en-



light-en the night, I sing of a woman—but



such flesh and blood, A touch of her finger would

L



do your heart good. Wid my far ral lal



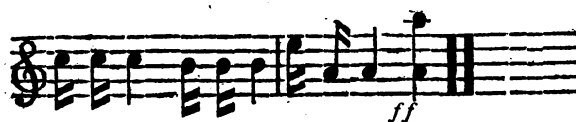
lal tal de ta ral lal la, Wid my



ta ral lal la de ral de ta ral lal la, tal de



ral lal lal la de ral de ta ral lal la, And my



smallilow, bubberoo, ditheroo, whack!

Ten times in a day to my charmer I come,
To tell her my passion, but can't—I'm struck
dumb;

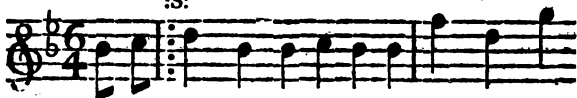
For Cupid so seizes my heart by surprise,
 That my tongue falls asleep at the sight of her
 eyes.

Wid my far ral lal, &c.

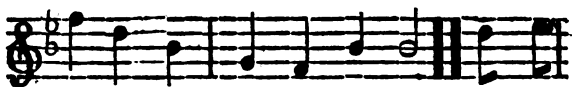
Her little dog Pompey's my rival, I see ;
 She kisses and hugs him, but frowns upon me :
 Then pr'ythee, dear Charlotte, think more of your
 charms ;
 Instead of your lap-dog, take me to your arms.
 Wid my far ral lal, &c.

Allegretto.

:S:



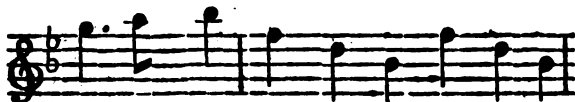
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bagpipe could make my heart glad: And his



hair was so red, and his eyes were so



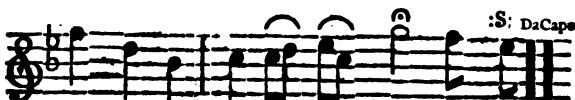
bright, Oh! they shone like the stars in a



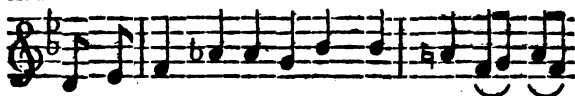
cold frosty night; So tall and so straight my dear



Pad-dy was seen, Oh! he look'd like the



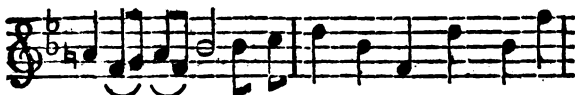
fai-ries that dance on the green. On the, &c.

Andante.

All the girls of Killarney wore green wil-low



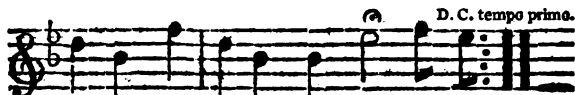
-tree, When first my dear Pa-trick sung



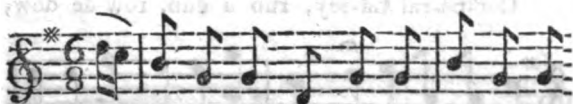
love-tales to me; Oh he sung and he danc'd, and he



won my fond heart, And to save his dear



life, with my own I would part. On the, &c.

CORPORAL CASEY.

WHEN I was at home, I was mer-ry and



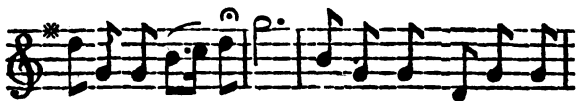
fris-ky, My dad kept a pig, and my



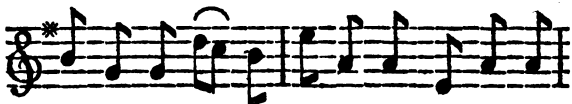
mother sold whisky, My uncle was rich, but would



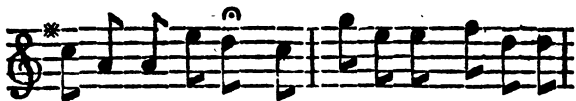
ne-ver be ea-sy, Till I was in-list-ed by



Corporal Casey. Oh! rub a dub, row de dow,



Cor-po-ral Ca-sey, rub a dub, row de dow,



Cor-po-ral Casey! My dear lit-tle Sheelah I



thought would run cra - zy, Oh! when



I trudg'd away with tough Corporal Casey.

I march'd from Kilkenny, and as I was thinking
On Sheelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking;

But soon I was forc'd to look fresh as a daisy,
 For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey.
 Oh ! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey !
 The devil go with him ! I ne'er could be lazy,
 He stuck in my skirts so, ould Corporal Casey.

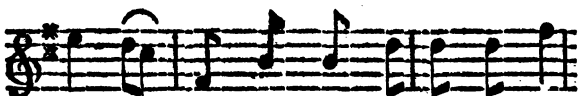
We went into battle, I took the blows fairly
 That fell on my pate, but he bother'd me rarely :
 And who should the first be that dropt?—Why,
 an't please ye,

It was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey.
 Oh ! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey !
 Thinks I, you are quiet, and I shall be easy ;
 So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey.

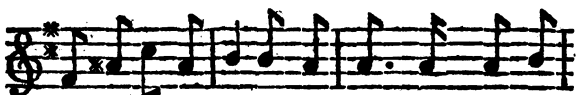
KATHELIN AND TEDDY.

Andante.

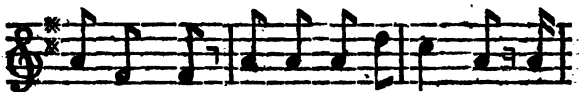
KATHELIN sat all alone, Not a soul be-



side her, While from Ted-dy, who was gone,



Oceans did divide her. His pipes, which she'd been



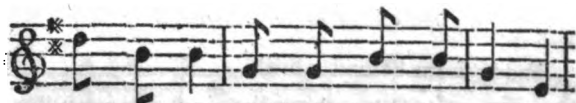
us'd to hear, Careless left behind him, She



thought she'd try, her woes to cheer, Till



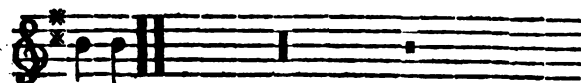
once again she'd find him. 'Twill not do, you



loo - dle loo, Ar-rah, now be ea - sy!



Ted was born with grief to make Kathelin run



crazy.

She takes them up, and lays them down,
 And now her bosom's panting,
 And now she'd sigh, and now she'd frown,
 For Teddy still was wanting;
 And now she plays her pipes again,
 The pipes of her dear Teddy,
 And makes them tune his favourite strain,
 Arrah, be easy Paddy!

Ah ! 'twill not do, you loodle loo ;

Arrah, now be easy !

Ted was born with grief to make
Kathelin run crazy.

Teddy from behind a bush,

Where he'd long been list'ning,

Now like lightning forth did rush,

His eyes with pleasure glist'ning.

Snatching up the pipes, he play'd,

Pouring out his pleasure,

Whilst half delighted, half afraid,

Kate the time did measure.

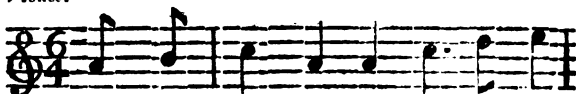
Ah ! that will do, my loodle loo ;

Arrah, now I'm easy !

Ted was born with joy to make
Kathelin run crazy.

ORIGIN OF IRISH SURNAMES.

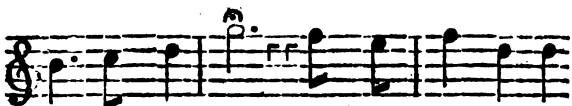
Vivace.



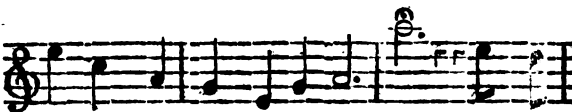
THERE was Cor - mac O' - Con, Of the



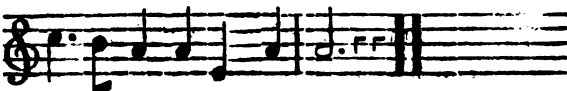
great Con grand-son, With the son of Cum-



hal, the great Fin, Whose name sounded a-



far, As great Ossian's pa - pa; Oh! 'twas with



him the O'Connells came in.

M

There comes Dathy the Last,
 Who to Italy pass'd,
 And was kill'd by a flash from the skies ;
 Patrick then did succeed,
 Taught the people to read ;
 And from him the O'Flaghertys rise.

Then Melachlin of 'Meath
 Put old Turges to death ;
 Brian Boromy mounted the throne,
 Who set Dublin in blaze,
 With the tribe of Dalcais ;
 And from him are the Flannegans grown.

Oh then Donchad his son
 Scarce to reign had begun,
 When Turlogh got hold of the crown :
 Then the great southern lion,
 Comes Murrogh O'Brian ;
 And from him the O'Brians came down.

Thus the Fitz's, Mac's, and O's,
 Our long ancestry close ;
 O, their dignity never shall fall !

For our honours are link'd,
 And though some are extinct,
 Yet I am the heir of them all.



KATE KEARNEY.

Sung by MR INCLEDON.



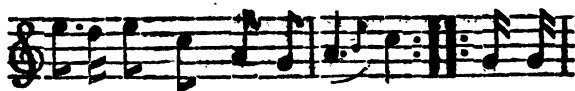
OH, did you not hear of Kate Kearney? She



lives on the banks of Kil-lar-ney; From the



glance of her eye, shun dan-ger and fly, For



fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney. For that



eye is so mo - dest - ly beam - ing, You'd



ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming; Yet



oh! I can tell how fa - tal the spell That



lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
 Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
 Beware of her smile, for many a wile
 Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney..
 Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
 There's mischief in every dimple ;
 And who dares inhale her sigh's spicy gale,
 Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.



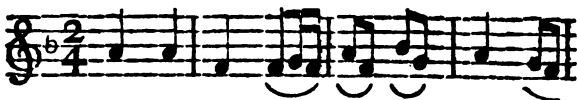
ANSWER TO KATE KEARNEY.

TO THE SAME AIR.

OH yes, I have seen this Kate Kearney,
 Who lives near the Lake of Killarney ;
 From her love-beaming eye what mortal can fly,
 Unsubdued by the glance of Kate Kearney ?
 For that eye, so seducingly meaning,
 Assures me of mischief she's dreaming ;

And I feel 'tis in vain to fly from the chain
That binds me to lovely Kate Kearney.

At eve when I've met this Kate Kearney
On the flow'r-mantled banks of Killarney,
Her smile would impart thrilling joy to my heart,
As I gaz'd on the charming Kate Kearney.
On the banks of Killarney reclining,
My bosom to rapture resigning,
I've felt the keen smart of love's fatal dart,
And inhal'd the warm sigh of Kate Kearney.

WHERE'S THE ROSY SMILE.*AIR—Myra of the Vale.*

WHERE's the ro - - sy smile you gave me,



When I thought we ne'er should se - ver?



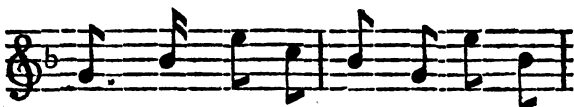
Oh ! it beam'd but to en - slave me ; Now 'tis



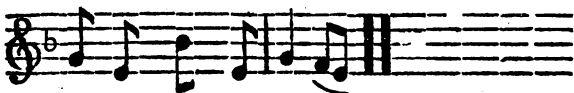
gone, and gone for ever ! Where's the glance that



sweetly glisten'd Thro' the dewy tear of pleasure?



Where's the song to which I lis-ten'd,



When you were my treasure?

Where's the blushing crown you wreath'd me,

Lost in passion's gentle dreaming?

Where's the melting vow you breath'd me

From that lip with rapture teeming?

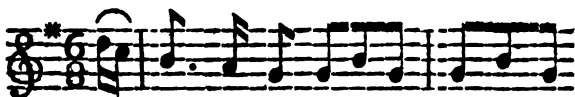
Like your love the rose hath faded,

All its fragrant pow'r is over;

Sorrow's blight the leaf invaded,

Emblem of your lover.

DENNIS DELANY.



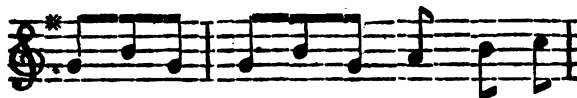
IN sweet Tip-pe-ra-ry, the pride of the



throng, I have danc'd a good jig, and have



sung a good song; On the green where I



ca-per'd I scarce bent the grass, To my



bot-tle a friend, and no foe to a lass. At



hurling my fellow could never be found, For who-



ever I jostled soon came to the ground, And the



girls all swore that they never met a-ny Could



tickle their fancy like Dennis Delany. With my



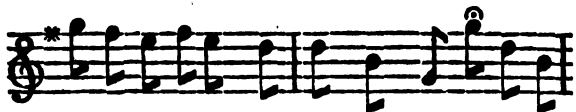
whack about, see it out, Dennis my jewel, Ah



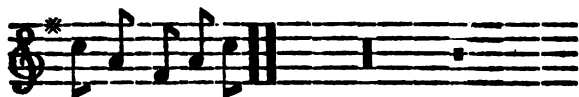
why will you leave us? how can you be



cruel? Paddy Whack may go trudge it, with



Murtagh O'Blany, We'll part with them all for you,



Dennis Delany.

Young Sheelah O'Shannon was so fond of me,
That whenever we met we could never agree;
Says I, My dear Sheelah, we'll soon end the fray,
For no longer in sweet Tipperary I'll stay.

When the girls all found I was going to leave them,
They swore that from death Father John could not
save them:

They would part with relations, tho' ever so many,
If I'd let them go with me, sweet Dennis Delany.

With my whack about, &c.

To the road then I went, and I trudg'd it along,
 And, by way of being silent, I lilted a song:
 Hey for Dublin, says I, where I'll see some fine
 lasses,

Get married and drunk, nor e'er mind how time
 passes.

But when I arrived, and found ev'ry lady
 Short waisted, thinks I, they are married al-
 ready ;

By my soul now, says I, marriage here is the fa-
 shion,

To get young recruits for the good of the nation.
 With my whack about, &c.

To the Grand Panorama, that ev'ry one talks of,
 Away then I goes, and immediately walks off ;
 But I were astonish'd as much as e'er man was,
 To see a sea-fight on an ocean of canvas.
 But some were a-weeping, and some were a-wail-
 ing,

Where London once stood, to see ships now a-
 sailing ;

But what in my mind made it still seem the stranger,
 ger,

Though I stood in the midst, I was still out of
 danger.

With my whack about, &c.

As I came back again then, quite sober and steady,
 I met three or four buckeens attacking a lady ;

With my slip of shillelah I made them forbear,
 For an Irishman always will fight for the fair.

But the police they call'd, who came great and
 small ;

Devil burn me, says I, but I'll leather you all ;
 And though I was fighting them, this I will say,
 They were tight active fellows at—running away.

With my whack about, &c.

Then to see a fine play, which I ne'er saw before,
 To Crow Street I went, with three or four more,
 And up stairs I walk'd, to see things the better,
 The play-bill I bought, though I knew not a letter.

N

But the crowd was so great, and the players so
funny,

I laugh'd more, I'm sure, than the worth of my
money,

Although with their noise they set me quite mad,
When the boys above stairs call'd for Moll in the
Wad.

With my whack about, &c.

AWAKE THE HARP'S SLUMBER.

Air—Save me from Death.

Ad lib. con Espressione.



AWAKE the harp's slumber to Pleasure's soft



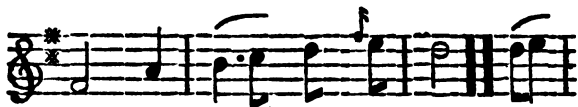
lay, The taper shall dart its beams thro' the



hall; From the tem-pest of war, and the



bat - - tle's loud bray, We'll dear - ly o-



bey Mirth's heart - thril-ling call. Ah!



change the light strain! bid the sor-row a-



rise, To the ghost of each war-rior, as



pen - sive it flies; To tri-umph or



death, They strode o'er the heath, And



sweet is the sleep that encircles their eyes.

On the breast of the brave melting Beauty shall
cling,

And nobly for him the goblet be crown'd ;
The feast shall be spread, and the harp's throbbing
string

Shall stream to his praise its magic around.
Oh ! blest is the effort, and light is the toil,
When we raise the bright spear for our dear native
soil !

To triumph or death
We stride o'er the heath,
To fight for our country, or die with a smile.

THE WANDERING HARPER.*Air—The Unfortunate Rake.**Siciliano.*

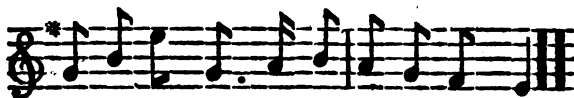
Oh! many a mountain I wearily measure, And



far have I wander'd on Erin's green shore, This



harp is my on-ly companion and treasure, When



welcom'd at sweet hos - pi - ta - li - ty's door.



Then list, gentle youths, whilst I sing you a



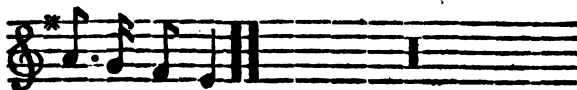
dit-ty I learnt in dear Connaught, the



soil of my birth; Ye maidens attend, whilst the



tear drop of pi-ty Shall fall like a crystalline

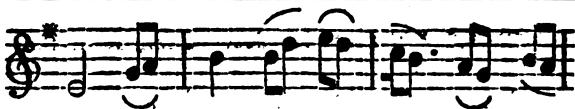


gem to the earth.

Volti.

*Air—Old Truagh.**Slow.*

The sun in the wave dipt his lin-ger-ing



ray, And dew-dropping skies wept the



ab-sence of day, When sunk on the



ear were the sounds of the fray.

'Twas then o'er the heath flew the white-bosom'd
fair,

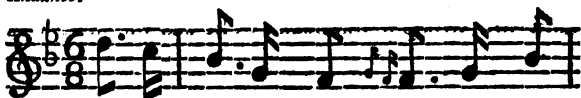
All loose on the swelling breeze floated her hair,
And her dark-rolling gaze spoke the soul of despair.

No tear left her eye, nor no sigh 'scap'd her breast,
While round her lay many a hero at rest,
And the blood-glutt'd raven retir'd from his feast.

How weak was his groan, as it pass'd by her ear !
How low droop'd his head ! The sad moment was
near,
As 'neath an old oak lay the warrior so dear.

She shriek'd his lov'd name, as she sprung o'er the
heath,
All cold on her lip she receiv'd his last breath,
And clasp'd her soul's idol, but clasp'd him in
death.

CAPTAIN MEGAN.

Andante.

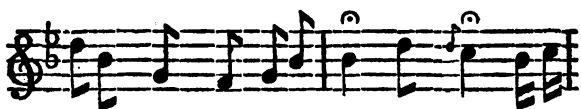
O THE face of brave Cap - tain Me-



gan Was as broad as a big frying-pan; Just



o - ver his snout One eye was snuff'd out, But the



other burnt bright upon Nan, sweet Nan! Oh, it



bother'd the heart of poor Nan.

I'm no beauty, sigh'd Captain Megan,
 But 'tis manners alone make the man,
 And though my long nose
 Should hang over my toes,
 Would you like me the worse for it, Nan—sweet
 Nan?

Would you like me the worse for it, Nan?

Nan leer'd upon Captain Megan;
 Her skin was the colour of tan;
 But the Captain, she saw,
 Had a *je ne sais quoi*:
 So the Captain he conquer'd sweet Nan—sweet Nan!
 Oh, long life to brave Captain Megan!

OH! WHEN I BREATH'D A LAST ADIEU.*AIR—Within this Village dwells a Maid.**Ad libitum.*

OH! when I breath'd a last a-dieu To



E-rin's vales and mountains blue, Where



nurs'd by hope my mo-ments flew, In



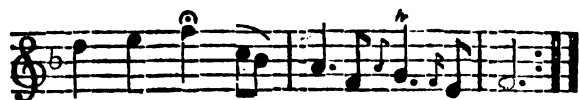
life's unclouded spring; Though on the



bree-zy deck re-clin'd, I lis-ten'd to the



ri-sing wind, What fet-ters could re-



strain the mind That rov'd on Fan-cy's wing?

She bore me to the woodbine bow'r,
 Where oft I pass'd the twilight hour,
 When first I felt love's thrilling pow'r,
 From Kathleen's beaming eye :
 Again I watch'd her flushing breast ;
 Her honey'd lip again was prest ;
 Again, by sweet confessions blest,
 I drank each melting sigh.

O

Dost thou, Kathleen, my loss deplore,
And lone on Erin's emerald shore,
In memory trace the love I bore,
On all our transports dwell?
Can I forget the fatal day
That call'd me from thy arms away,
When nought was left me but to say
"Farewel, my love—farewel!"

ADIEU MY LOV'D HARP.

AIR—Lough Sheeling.

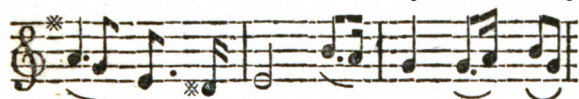
Slow.



A - DIEU my lov'd harp, for no



more shall the vale Re - e - cho thy notes, as they



float on the gale; No more melt - ing



pi - ty shall sigh o'er thy string, Or love to thy

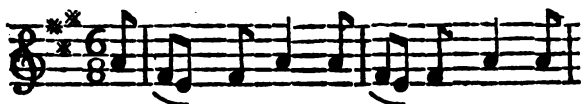


tremblings so ten - der - ly sing.

When battle's fell strife launch'd its thunders
afar,

And valour's dark brow wore the honours of war,
'Twas thou breath'd the fame of the hero around,
And young emulation was wak'd by the sound.

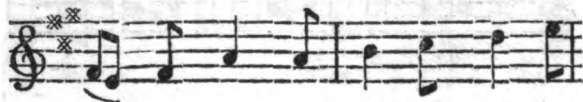
Ye daughters of Erin, soon comes the sad day,
When over the turf where I sleep ye shall say—
“ Oh ! still is the song we repaid with a tear,
“ And silent the string that delighted the ear !”

THE IRISH WEDDING.

SURE won't you hear what roaring cheer Was



spread at Paddy's wedding O, And how so gay they



spent the day, From churching to the



bed-ding O? First, book in hand, came



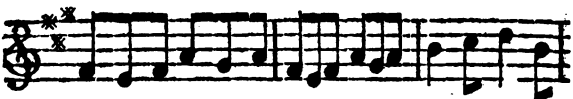
Father Quipes, With the bride's dad-da, the



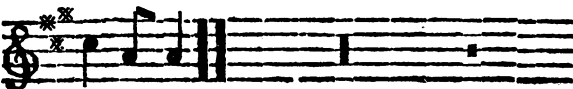
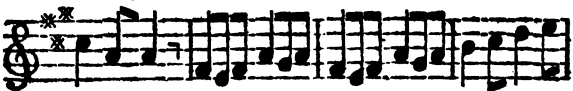
Bai - lie O, While the chaunter with the



merry pipes Struck up a lilt so gai-ly O.



Tiddery teddery, &c. - - - - -



Now there was Mat, and sturdy Pat,
And merry Morgan Murphy O,
And Murdock Mags, and Tirlogh Skaggs,
M'Loughlin, and Dick Durfey O;

And then the girls, rigg'd out in white,
 Led on by Ted O'Reilly O,
 While the chaunter, &c.

When Pat was ask'd if his love would last,
 The chapel echo'd with laughter O,
 By my soul, says Pat, you may say that,
 To the end of the world and after O:
 Then tenderly her hand he gripes,
 And kisses her genteelly O,
 While the chaunter, &c.

Then a roaring set at dinner were met,
 So frolicsome and so frisky O,
 Potatoes galore, a skirrag or more,
 With a flowing madder of whisky O;
 Then round to be sure didn't go the wipes,
 At the bride's expence so gaily O,
 While the chaunter, &c.

And then at night, O what delight
 To see them capering and prancing O!

An opera or ball were nothing at all,
 Compar'd to the stile of their dancing O ;
 And then to see old Father Quipes
 Beating time with his shillelah O,
 While the chaunter, &c.

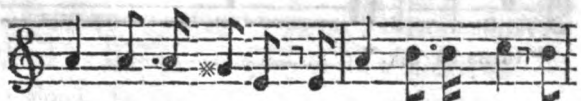
And now the knot so sucky are got,
 They'll go to sleep without rocking O,
 While the bridesmaids fair so gravely prepare
 For throwing of the stocking O :
 Dacadorus we'll have, says Father Quipes,
 Then the bride was kiss'd round genteelly O ;
 While to wish them good fun, the merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gaily O.

**ON A GREEN BANK GENTLE MARY WAS
SEATED.**

AIR—Tell me, dear Eveleen.



ON a green bank gentle Ma-ry was seated,



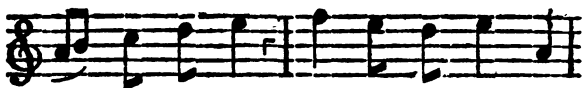
Night's gloomy mantle was curtain'd around, And



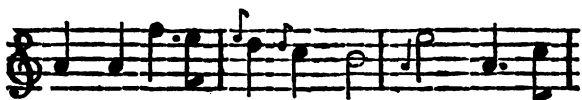
softly each note list'ning E-cho re-peat-ed,



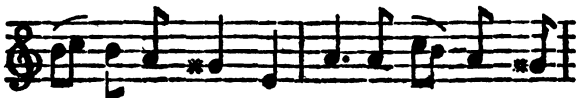
As she breath'd the melt-ing sound.



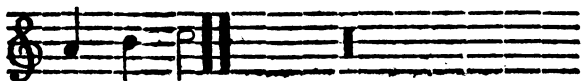
" Oh, sweetest hope, thou art my treasure !



" With a tear I look to thee ; Heigh ho ! a

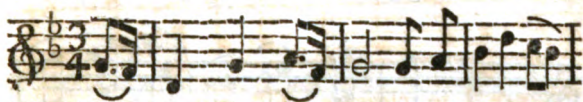


" fare-wel to pleasure, Till my lo - ver re-



" turns to me."

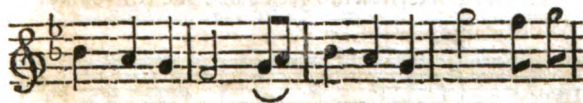
Chill fell the dews, and the night it was dreary,
 Wildly the wind from the mountain now rov'd ;
 The dews and the wind were unheeded by Mary,
 She thought but of him she lov'd.
 Again she sung, " Thou art my treasure,
 " Oh, sweet hope, I look to thee !
 " Heigh ho ! a farewel to pleasure,
 " Till my Edmund returns to me."

THE MOON DIMM'D HER BEAMS.*Air—Young Terence M'Donough.*

THE moon dimm'd her beams in a fea-thery



cloud, As she sail'd thro' the star-stud-ded



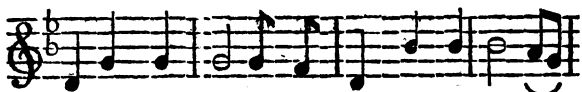
vault of the sky, And slowly the moss-cover'd



branch-es all bow'd To the bree-zes of



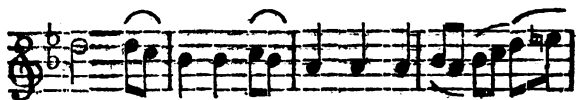
night moaning dis-mal-ly by: When



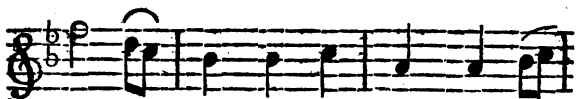
o'er the long grass of her love's narrow bed, The



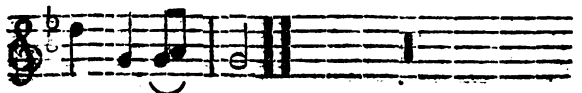
dew-sprinkled daugh-ter of Dar-go re-



clin'd; Forlorn on the grey stone she rest-ed her



head, And sad--ly she sigh'd to each



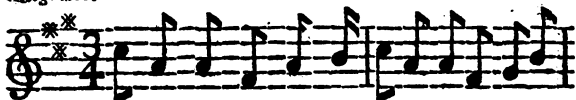
gust of the wind.

- “ Oh ! where is the warrior that awfully rose
 “ In his might like the wide-spreading oak on
 “ the heath ?
 “ Alas ! the bright eye that flash’d fire on his
 “ foes
 “ For ever is clos’d in the slumber of death !
 “ In his hall not a string of the harp is now stirr’d,
 “ The bards sit around, wrapt in silence and
 “ grief,
 “ And only the sobs of his father are heard :—
 “ Who shall comfort the sorrowing soul of the
 “ chief ?
 “ Oh ! where are the blood-crust’d spear and the
 “ shield ?
 “ In indolent rest ’neath the wall they recline ;
 “ And where are his dogs that were fierce in the
 “ field ?
 “ Round his grass-tufted hillock they lingering
 “ whine.
 “ O hear me ! thou spirit of Crothal, attend !
 “ In pity look down on the house of thy rest ;

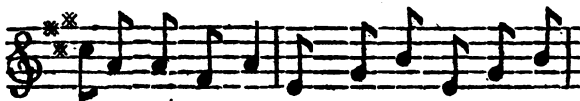
“ For thee doth the fast-falling tear-drop descend,
 “ And thine the last sigh that escapes from my
 “ breast.”

LOVE AND WHISKY.

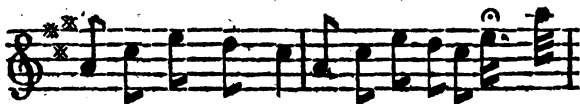
Allegretto.



Love and whisky both rejoice an honest fellow;



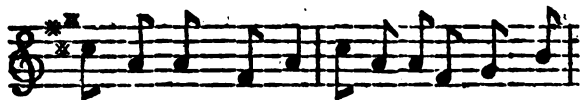
Unripe joys of life love and whisky mellow;



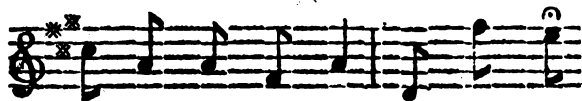
Both the head and heart set in palpitation; From



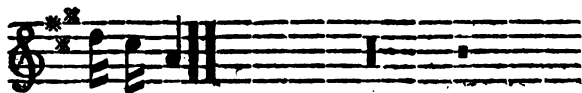
both I've often found a mighty sweet sensation.



Love and whisky's joys, let us gaily twist 'em



In the thread of life: faith we can't



re-sist 'em.

But love's jealous pang, in heartache oft we find it;

Whisky in its turn, a headache leaves behind it.

Thus of love or drink we curse th' enchanted cup,

Sir,

All its charms forswear, then take another sup,

Sir.

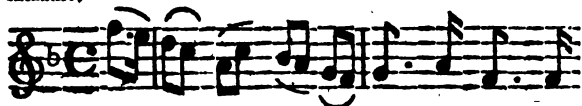
Love and whisky's joys, &c.

Love and whisky can to any thing persuade us ;
No other power we fear, that ever can invade us.
Should others dare intrude, they'll find our lads so
frisky,
By none can be subdued, excepting love and
whisky.
May the smiles of love cheer our lads so olever,
And with whisky, boys, we'll drink King George
for ever !

OH TOUCH, DEAR MAID, THE TREMBLING
STRING.

Air—The Brown Maid.

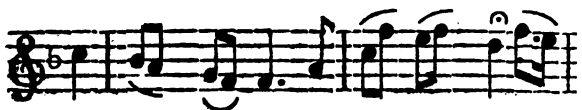
Andante.



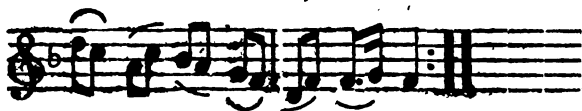
Oh touch, dear maid, the trembling trembling



string, Bid ma-gic strains of sweetness rise,



And whilst of love you soft-ly sing, I



read it in those beaming eyes.

Hush, gentle breeze, that round her blows,
Nor through those floating ringlets sigh :
Hush, gentle stream, that babbling flows,
Oh ! let the melting accents die !

The song your lip so softly breath'd,
Hath lull'd each throbbing pang of mine ;
The roses that your hand hath wreath'd,
Have hid their blushes in my wine.

This rose imbib'd your lip's rich dew ;
How fondly then the gift I greet !
The draught, dear maid, will taste of you,
And oh, it will be doubly sweet !

WHEN WAR WAS HEARD,

AIR—The Hermit of Kiltarney.



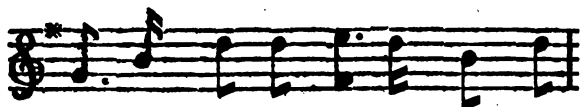
WHEN war was heard, and E - rin's call A-



rous'd me from thy side, No danger could my



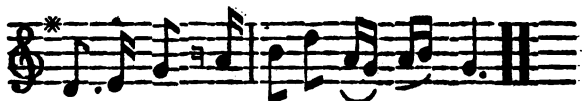
heart appal, For thee I would have died. But



when our moments sweet-ly flew, Be-



neath the spreading tree, The secret charm of



life I knew, To live for love and thee.

When gloomy Care disturb'd thy rest,

Or Sorrow dimm'd thine eye,

Oh, did not then this tender breast

Return thee sigh for sigh?

But did delight thy bosom know,

And love thine hours employ,

We shar'd the sympathetic glow,

And mingled tears of joy.

**GO, EDMUND, JOIN THE MARTIAL
THRONG.**

AIR—The Little Harvest Rose.

Amoroso.



Go, Edmund, join the martial throng, And



no - bly seek an ho - nour'd name, Go



pour the tide of war a - long, And



climb the rug - ged steep of fame. Yet,



yet for-give a mai-den's fear, Whilst



va-lour's toil-some paths you prove, Oh!



sometimes wipe the pen-sive tear, And



sweetly think of me and love.

On Erin's sod you drew your breath,
 From her you caught the patriot glow,
 Whose children spurn the thoughts of death,
 And foremost meet the daring foe:
 Yet whilst with pride you scorn to fly,
 Or from the brow of battle move,

Oh ! sometimes breathe the tender sigh,
And dearly think of me and love.

Should Fate your early fall decree,
Far, far from Erin's parent shore,
Where ne'er my doating eyes might see
Those looks of manly beauty more ;
To heav'n should rise the fervent prayer,
To meet in lasting bliss above,
Within my breast the wound I'd bear,
And meekly die for you and love.

WHERE THE GRASSY TURF, &c.

Allegro.

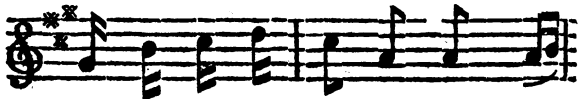
WHERE the gras-sy turf o'erhung with



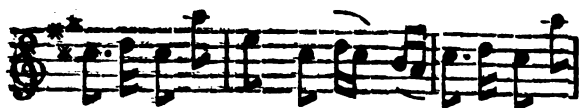
willow, Where reeds and ozers fringe the lake, At



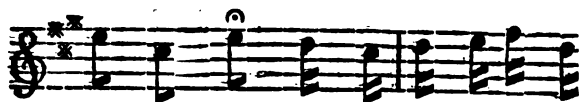
ear-ly dawn I left my pillow, One among the



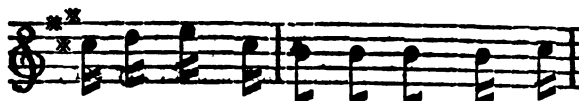
mer-ry mer-ry maids to make: The



first of May so blythe and gay, The first of May so



blythe and gay, Where the mer-ry mer-ry



mer-ry maids a-may-ing go, Where the



merry merry merry maids a-maying go; The



first of May so blythe and gay, The



first of May so blythe and gay, Where the

Q



merry merry maids a-maying go, Where the



merry merry maids a-maying go.

One drooping willow form'd a bow'r,
 Where Patrick's voice soon caught my ear;
 The morn was fair, and soft the hour,
 But sweeter far his song to hear.
 Of me he sung,
 My praises rung,
 Where the merry merry maids a-maying go.

Where troops of village lads and lasses
 Hail'd and crown'd me queen May,
 Thy charms, he cried, all charms surpasses,
 So shall my love feel no decay.
 Then vows of truth
 I gave the youth,
 Where the merry merry maids a-maying go.

OPE THY CASEMENT, LADY BRIGHT.

AIR—The Snowy-breasted Pearl.

Slow.



OPe thy casement, la - - dy bright, 'Tis thy



lo - - ver calls ; Pearly dews of night Now



hang on the moss-co-ver'd walls. Though



dark is the night, and the dews they are



chill, Yet I brave the rough blast from the



hill; O la-dy, 'tis for thee.

Breathe one soft word, lady bright,

To my raptur'd ear;

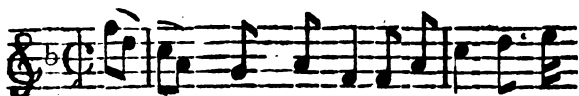
I will bless the night,

Though cold 'tis around me, and drear.

Oh, sweetly forgive me for chasing thy rest;

And the sigh of delight from my breast,

O lady, flies to thee.

AH! WHERE IS THE VOW.*Air—If the Sea were Ink.*

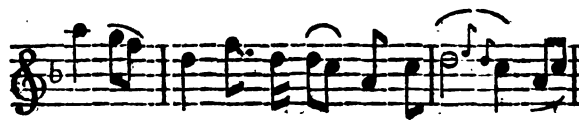
THE moon throws her shadowy light on the



hill, And silvers the grey-coated trees;



Thro' the silence of night the soft sounds of the



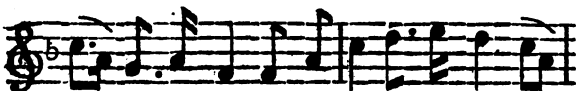
rill Are borne on the wing of the breeze. O



daughter of Cluthar, thy lo-ver is here, He



sits at the thorn on the heath; Ah!



where is the vow that enchanted his ear, That



thou would'st be constant till death?

Sweet, sweet are the notes of the harp as they roll,
 From the hall of Nithona they rise,
 They come to speak peace to my sorrowing soul,
 And wipe the big drops from mine eyes:
 But despair to the dark brow of Connal is dear;
 He lists not to music's mild breath:

Ah ! where is the vow that enchanted his ear,
That thou would'st be constant till death ?

Whence, whence is that shadow that sails o'er the
plain,

'Neath the quivering beam of the moon ?

'Tis the white-bosom'd maid—I shall view her
again,

And love all our moments shall crown.

O daughter of Cluthar, thy footstep is near !

Lo ! here is the thorn on the heath :

Ah ! blest was the vow that enchanted mine ear,
That thou would'st be constant till death !

OH! PLEASANT WAS THE MOON.

AIR—The Bench of Rushes.

Andante.



OH! pleasant was the moon, And sweet the



smile of the lovely maid, And beauteous was the



rose on her cheek, Glow-ing with her



blushes, When in love's charming bonds we



soft - ly sigh'd 'neath the woodbine shade, And



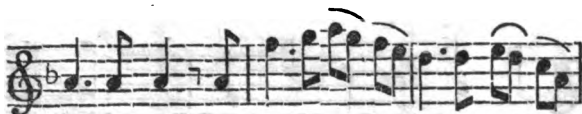
love's first ti - mid kiss prest her lip on the



bench of rushes. How ra - pid was each



moments flight ! What vows we breath'd in

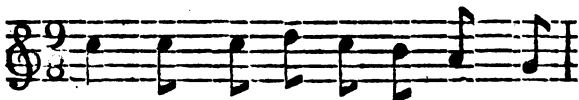


fond delight ! Oh ! can I e'er forget that happy

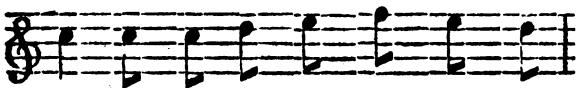


night at the bench of rushes !

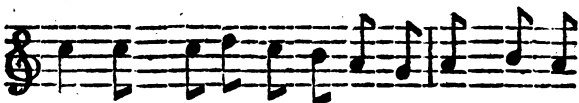
IRISH MERRY-MAKING.



THERE with fun we the stock-ing throw,



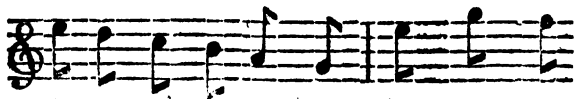
Boys all drest in their Sun-day's clothes,



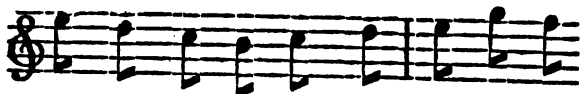
Girls trimm'd neatly from top to toe, Red looks the



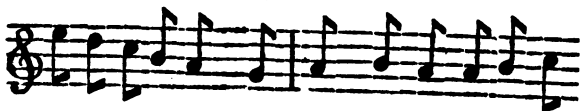
priest with his come-ly nose. Round goes the



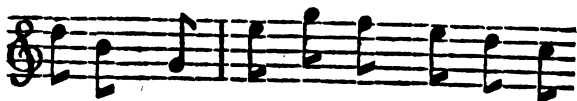
jo-rum till bed-ding-time, Whack 'gainst the



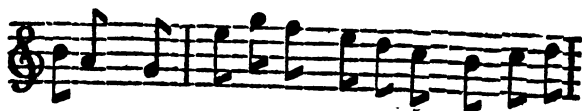
floor goes each leather brogue, Bang go the



bells in a merry chime, Smack go the lips of each



pret-ty rogue. Lilt up the pipes, let the



chaunter sound, Dearly we doat on the noise of it,



Sport at each wedding goes brisk-ly round,



Laugh, love, and whisky give joy to it.

Sweet are the smiles from the lovely bride,

Men at her all their goggles throw,

Bridegroom looks by her comely side,

A goose that's nick'd in the noddle thro'.

Girls chaunt out from their merry throats,

Boys for the whisky are riper now ;

Toasting the souls that wear petticoats,

All get as drunk as old David's sow.

Lilt up the pipes, &c.

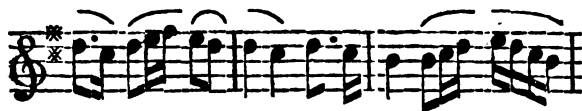
OH! HUSH THE SOFT SIGH.

AIR—Coolia.

Slow.



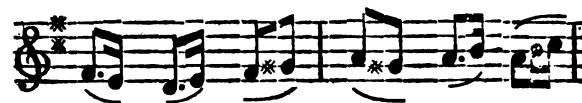
OH! hush the soft sigh, maid, and



dry the sweet tear, In this bo - som thy



i-mage shall e - - ver be dear: Of

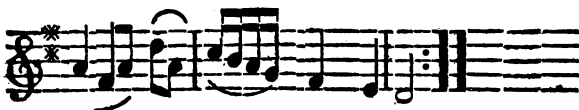


Hope's pic - - tur'd scenes how the

R



co - lours de - cay, And Love's fai - - ry



sea-son as soon melts away.

When its balm-breathing dew I delighted to sip,
 Did I think a farewell would escape from that lip?
 By honour commanded, though far I should roam,
 The loadstone of Love will attract me to home.

At noon, when the rose's warm blush thou shalt see,
 Oh, think of the wreaths thou hast woven for me!
 At night, when the moon in mild splendour shall
 move,
 Oh, view that fair planet, and think how I love!

THE NIGHT IS CALM.

*AIR—The Jointure.**Very Slow.*

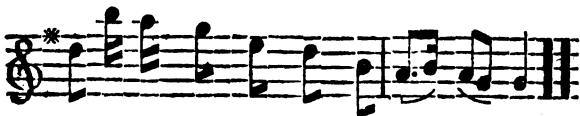
THE night is calm, and the air is still,



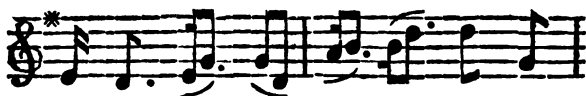
Not a breeze now stirs the grove,



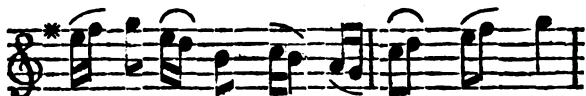
Bright the moon, be - hind yon hill,



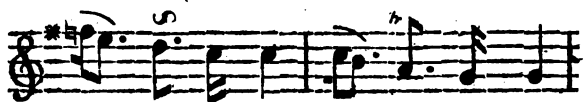
Ri-ses to light this scene of joy and love.



Dropping skies now weep the day, Whilst



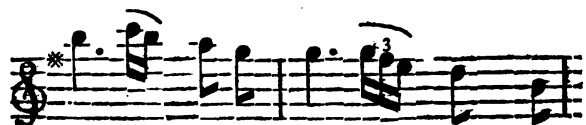
in our goblets blush the vine's sweet tears;



Then stay a while, to plea-sure stay;



See, Beauty's smile the soft request endears. In-



hale the balmy breath of night, And

Sprightly.



pass its tranquil hour in mild delight. Oh!



come let's take hands, and we'll dance on the



green, And with pas-time and fro-lic we'll



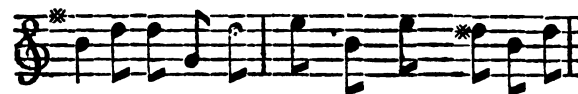
va - ry the scene; We'll trip it so pleasantly



'neath the pale moon, For to banish Pleasure 'tis



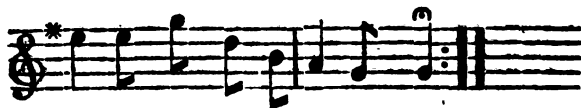
far too soon. Come then dance a-round,



all so mer-ri-ly Link'd in Mirth's ma-gi-cal.



ring: As thro' life we jour-ney wea-ri-ly,



Seize the moment that joy can bring.

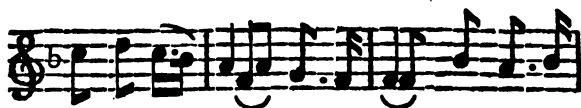
WHY DO YON LOVELY VIRGINS MOURN.

Air—The Brown Thorn.

With Expression.



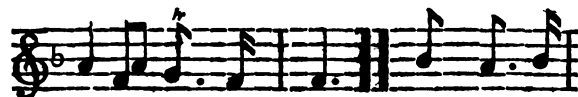
WHY do yon love-ly vir-gins mourn,



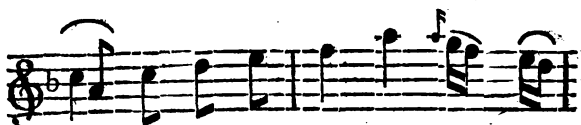
Like drooping lilies wet, with dew? And why a-



round yon mar-ble urn, Spring's choicest



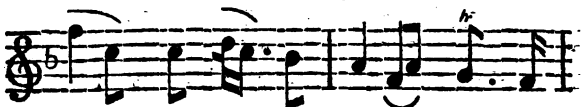
ro-ses do they strew? A-las! the



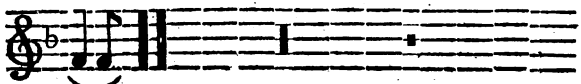
sweet-est rose is gone! By Shan-non's



stream it fell; The brightest star that e-ver



shone, Hath bid the sick-ly earth fare-



wel.

Of Roderick's noble race was she,
 The gentle maid we lov'd so much,
 And fair she was as eye could see,
 She boasted Nature's finest touch;
 And mild and comely was the youth.
 For whom she fondly sigh'd:

Oh ! timid love and heavenly truth
Seem'd in this glowing pair allied.

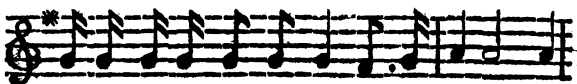
But sad and fatal was the morn
That e'er he join'd the martial throng ;
Alas ! from thence was no return,
And loud was heard the funeral song.
Her eye was fix'd in silent grief,
Nor long was sorrow's dream ;
For death soon brought the wish'd relief,
And pluck'd the rose by Shannon's stream.

THE IRISHMAN'S THEATRICAL DESCRIPTION,

OR, AN APOLOGY FOR A SONG.



With-out the help of ga-mut, note,



demi - semi - quaver, crotchet, or mi-nim, Or



a-ny other sort of sounds that have no meaning



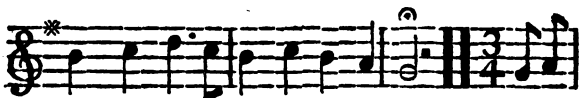
in 'em ; Without go-ing round the bush and



round the bush, playing at hide and go seek,



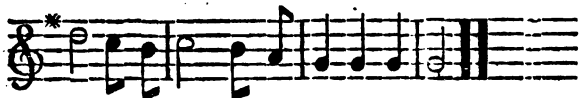
A man, without a - ny tune at all at all,



may sing just as well as he can speak. Tiddy



dol lol lol lay, tid-dy dol lol lol lay, phille-



lu, subbaboo, drimandu, mushagrah.

When singing and speaking was such a sort of undertaking as was executed according to nature, He or she who attempted to execute either, was something like a rationable creature;

And your stage-players of old, to be sure we are
 told, they would strut like a turkey or bustard,
 But they knew no more about grinning and grunt-
 ing, and making faces at one another, than they
 did about making of mustard.

Tiddy dol, &c.

The great Turk, in a pet, I mean Bajazet, when
 by Tamerlane he was taken in battle,
 Like a bear with head sore, blood and turf! how he'd
 roar, while his chains did melodiously rattle;
 And old Shylock the Jew, his long knife he drew,
 to be sticking in the poor merchant's beef,
 But devil a Christian soul but what said to him in
 their hearts, bad luck to you, you butchering
 old thief!

Tiddy dol, &c.

Then thick-lipp'd Othello, that sooty-fac'd fellow,
 that choak'd his poor wife in her bed, Sir,
 Would have made all the blood in your body run
 cold, and the hair almost stand on end on your
 head, Sir;

And when crooked King Dick bid his kingdom for
 a horse, it's true, upon my life, it's no fable,
 The devil a one in the whole place would lend him a
 jack-ass, tho' they'd half a score in the stable.

Tiddy dol, &c.

Then Macbeth stuck the poor King in his sleep,
 with a pair of d—n'd French-looking daggers,
 Struck the folk with his guilt, and the blood that
 he spilt, like a horse, when he's struck with
 the staggers ;

And Macheath sung, when he was going to be
 hung, a man can die bolder by brandy,
 And the ladies in the boxes, from the duchess to
 the doxies, would be saying, to be sure he's
 quite the tippy and the dandy.

Tiddy dol, &c.

Now, to make an end of my song, to be sure it's
 rather long; but then, as to the words and the
 tune,

You're not only welcome as the flowers in May,
 but welcome as the roses in June.

S

Now, don't take it in your noddle to say it is the twaddle, nor let any of it put you in a passion,

Because, upon my conscience, a little bit of nonsense, now-a-days, is the very tippy and pink of the fashion.

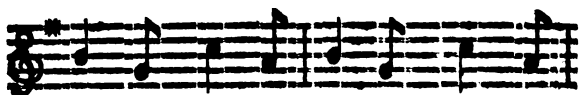
Tiddy dol, &c.

WEAR WITH ME THE ROSY WREATH.

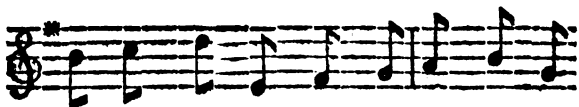
Air—Planxty Connor.



WEAR with me the ro-sy wreath, Whilst



melt-ing strains a-round thee breathe, Oh!



life we'll but mea-sure by mo-ments of



pleasure, And banish the features of sorrow.

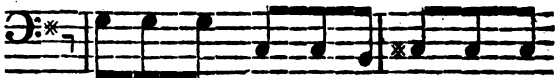
CHORUS.



Life we'll but mea-sure by mo-ments of



Life we'll but mea-sure by mo-ments of



Life we'll but mea-sure by mo-ments of



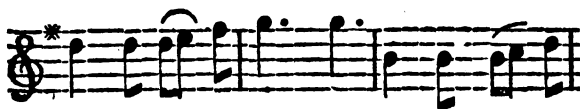
pleasure, And banish the features of sorrow.



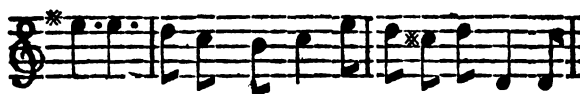
pleasure, And banish the features of sorrow.



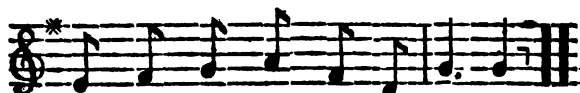
pleasure, And banish the features of sorrow.



See the gob-let streaming, Rapture's sun is



beaming, Softly we'll stay the joys of to-day, Nor



nou-rish a thought of the morrow.

CHORUS.



Soft-ly we'll stay the joys of to-day, Nor



Soft-ly we'll stay the joys of to-day, Nor



Soft-ly we'll stay the joys of to-day, Nor



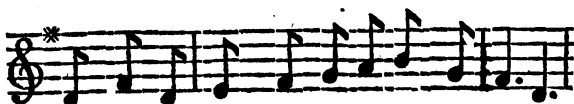
nou-rish a thought of the morrow.

nou-rish a thought of the morrow.

nou-rish a thought of the morrow.



Fill then your cups around, Mirth shall with



wine abound, Love shall enlighten each hour ;



Chasing dull Care away, Bee-like we'll bear away



Ho - ney from life's blooming flower.

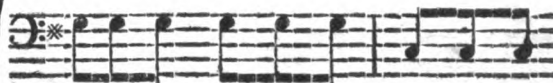
CHORUS.



Chasing dull Care a - way, Bee-like we'll



Chasing dull Care a - way, Bee-like we'll



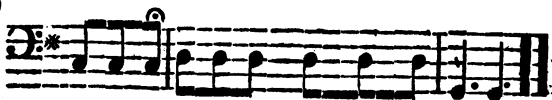
Chasing dull Care a - way, Bee-like we'll



bear away Honey from life's blooming flower.



bear away Honey from life's blooming flower.



bear away Honey from life's blooming flower.

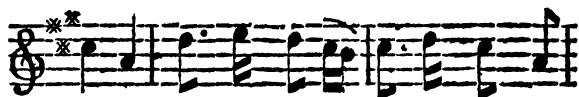
QUIT NOT YET THE SHADY BOW'R.

AIR—Mary, do you fancy me.

FIRST VOICE.

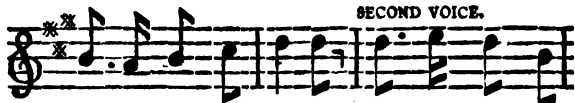


QUIT not yet the shady bow'r, Night is chill and



dreary, 'Twill be long ere dawning hour, And

SECOND VOICE.



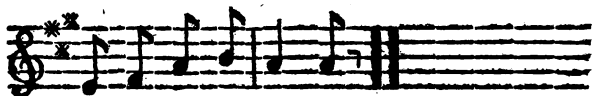
I, a-las! am weary. La-dy, tho' the



night be chill, And weeping skies bedew thee,



Climb, oh, climb this roc - ky hill,



Lest thy foes pursue thee.

FIRST VOICE.

Cease, oh, cease, thou gentle youth!

Can my spirits fail me?

Shielded thus by love and truth,

How should fears assail me?

SECOND VOICE.

Lady, since the fall of night,

Far have we been roaming;

Lady, ere the morning beam,

Many a mile is coming.

FIRST VOICE.

Then the shady bow'r farewell;—

Now the hill we're climbing:

May we reach the friar's cell,
Ere the matin's chiming !

SECOND VOICE.

Then the shady bow'r farewel :—
Angels hover o'er us !
Soon we'll hear the convent bell ;
Here's the path before us.

WHERE LIFFEY ROLLS ITS SILVER
STREAM.

Andantino Cantabile.



WHERE Liffey rolls its sil-ver stream Thro'



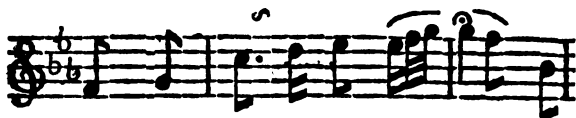
Leinster's pleasant vales, 'Twas there I sung, and



love my theme, And Kathleen heard my



tales. The vows approv'd by you, fair



maid, Sprung from a heart most true, For



tho' my eyes and tongue have stray'd, My



thoughts are still with you, - - Kathleen.

A sparkling eye or rosy cheek

Reminds me of your charms,

When love the theme I hear you speak,

And wish you in my arms.

The vows approv'd, &c.

T

MINE BE THE COTTAGE WITHIN THE VALE.

Air—The Beardless Boy.

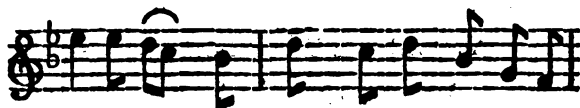
Moderato.



Oh! mine be the cot-tage within the vale,



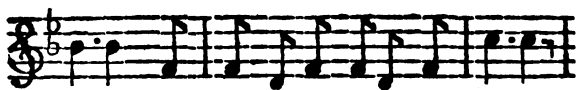
Where a clear streamlet is flowing, Whilst around the



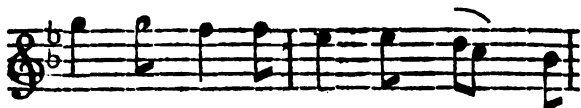
fragrant gale Sweet health from its wing is be-



stowing. When mild-ly the heavens are



beaming, And eve's purple tinges are gleaming,



Oft I'll list the pil-grim's tale, And



strew him a couch for his dreaming.

Oh ! sweetly the woodbine shall wind along,

Blossoms each lattice adorning,

Whilst the lark's melodious song

Salutes the bright beam of the morning.

Now tell me, ye minions of pleasure,

As night's lagging moments ye measure,

Can ye, 'midst the city throng,

Bestow on your hearts such a treasure ?

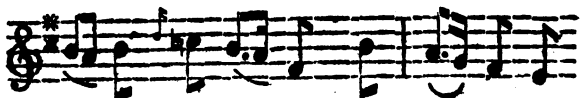
THE SONG OF THE LAST HARPER.

Air—Savourneen Deelish.

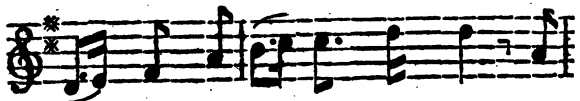
Very Slow.



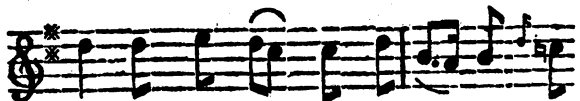
Ah! dark are the halls where your



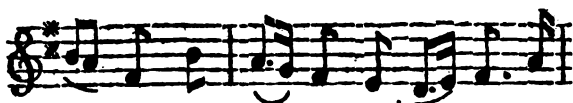
an - ces - tors re - vell'd, And mute is the



harp that en - li - ven'd the day; The



tow'rs that they dwelt in are aw - ful - ly



le-vell'd, The signs of their greatness are



sunk in decay. Where is the chief that strode



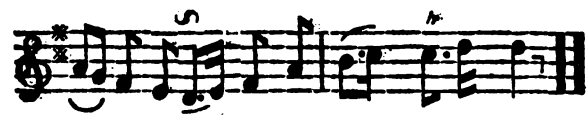
for-ward to glo-ry? Where is the bard that told



va-lour's dread sto-ry? A-las! they are



gone, and the years now be-fore ye Are



faintly il-lu-min'd by Fame's setting ray.

O Erin ! whilst life in this bosom is swelling,
Shall I neglect thee, the land of my birth ?
On thy mountains I'll hold with sweet Friendship
my dwelling,

And hymn forth thy praises, thou favourite earth.
Beauty shall weave rosy garlands beside me,
Peace round thy shores shall with plenty provide
me :

In thy prosperous hour, O my country, I'll pride
me,

And the trials that point to the nations thy worth.

6

THE EXILED IRISHMAN'S LAMENTATION.**TO THE SAME AIR.**

GREEN were the fields where my forefathers dwelt,
oh !

Erin ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh* !
Though our farm it was small, yet comforts we
felt, oh !

Erin ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh !
At length came the day when our lease did expire,
And fain would I live where before liv'd my sire ;
But ah, well-a-day ! I was forc'd to retire :

Erin ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh.

Tho' all taxes I paid, yet no vote could I pass, oh !
Erin ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh !

* Ireland my darling, for ever adieu.

Aggrandiz'd no great man, and I feel it alas, oh !

Erin ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh !

Forc'd from my home, yea, from where I was born,
To range the wide world, poor, helpless, forlorn,
I look back with regret, and my heart-strings are
torn :

Erin ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh.

With principles pure, patriotic, and firm,

Erin ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh !

Attach'd to my country, a friend to reform,

Erin ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh !

I supported old Ireland, was ready to die for't,
If her foes e'er prevail'd, I was well known to
sigh for't ;

But my faith I preserv'd, and am now forc'd to fly
for't :

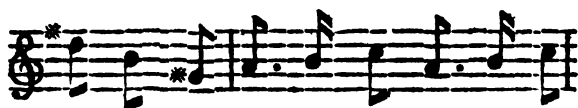
Erin ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh !



IRELAND FOR EVER.

Andante.

ATTEND to me, landsmen and sailors, and



o - thers, My dit - - ty ap - peals to your



courage and sense, Come round me, my lads, let's



shake hands like brothers, And join one and



all in old Ire-land's de-fence. Tho'



Frenchmen by tricks to seduce us endeavour, We'll



stand by our King and old Ireland for ever, By our



King, our King, and old Ireland for e-ver; We'll



stand by our King and old Ireland for ever.

Our forefathers fully consider'd the cause

Of justice, of wisdom, of honour, and fame,

Then wisely and bravely establish'd such laws
As rais'd above others Hibernia's great name :
Then shall we lose sight of them? Never, boys,
never !
Huzza ! for our King, and old Ireland for ever.

Ye sons of Hibernia, come join hand in hand,
We'll drive all invaders quite out of the land,
And when o'er the grog, the first toast that is given
Shall be, Plenty and peace to the land that we
live in.

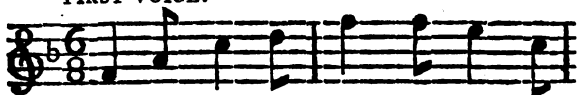
'Tho' Frenchmen by tricks to seduce us endeavour,
We'll stand by our King and old Ireland for ever.

TURN THY WAND'RING STEPS, FAIR MAID.

Air—The Fair Woman.

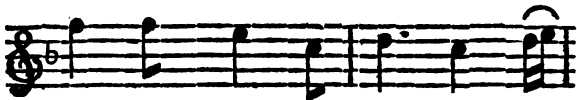
Moderato.

FIRST VOICE.

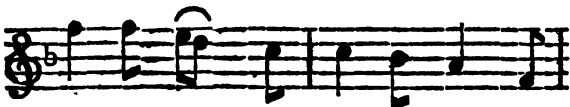


TURN thy wand'ring steps, fair maid, To

2d VOICE.

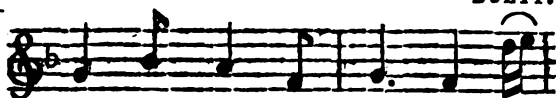


where sweet plea-sure's glow-ing; Oh!

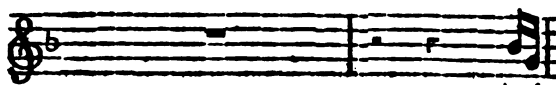


swift-ly comes night's drea-ry shade, And

DUETT.



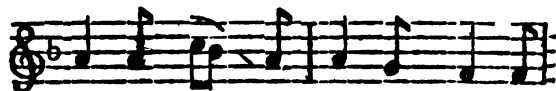
bleak's the path you're go - ing; Then



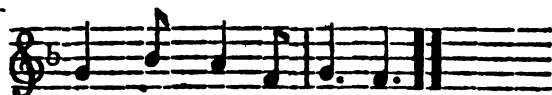
Then



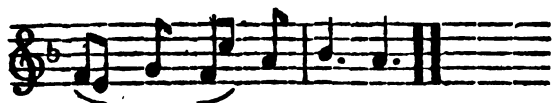
turn thy wand'ring steps, fair maid, To



turn thy wand'ring steps, fair maid, To



where sweet pleasure's glowing.



where sweet pleasure's glowing.

U

FIRST. In this shelter'd bow'r recline,
Beneath the bending willow,

SECOND. And balmy slumbers shall be thine,
With roses for thy pillow.

DUETT. Then in this, &c.

FIRST. Haste thee, maid, across the lawn ;
Oh ! sweetly we'll obey thee ;

SECOND. And thou shalt roam with early dawn,
Unless soft love should stay thee.

DUETT. Then haste thee, &c.



O WILL YOU SIT IN THE BOW'R WITH ME.

Air—Planxty Drury.

Moderato.



O WILL you sit in the bow'r with me? The



grape's rich juice is flow-ing; 'Tis sweet to



sit in the bow'r with me, We pass our time in



festive glee, Oh! merri-ly, merrily, and we sing



cheerily, As the rough weather is blowing; Oh!

CHORUS.



mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, and we sing



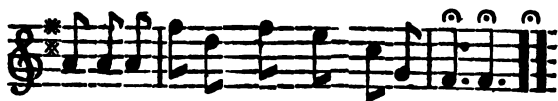
mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, and we sing



mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, and we sing



cheerily, As the rough weather is blowing.



cheerily, As the rough weather is blowing.



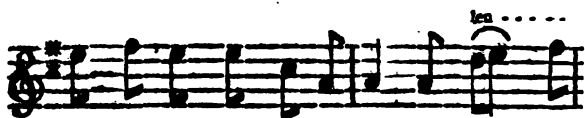
cheerily, As the rough weather is blowing:



There Beau-ty breathes the melt-ing sigh, And



courts the soft enjoyment of de-light; Then



haste hap-py pleasure to try, Ere youth shall



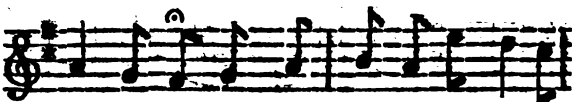
wing its ra-pid flight, And smoothly the



cur-rent of life will flow, As wine shall in-



spire us mer - ri - ly; Joy shall gild our



days be-low, And we'll look to the future

CHORUS.

chee-ri-ly. Joy shall gild our days be-

Joy shall gild our days be-

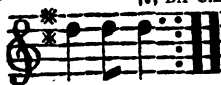
Joy shall gild our days be-

low, And we'll look to the fu-ture

low And we'll look to the fu-ture

low, And we'll look to the fu-ture

DA CAPO.



cheerily.



cheerily.



cheerily.

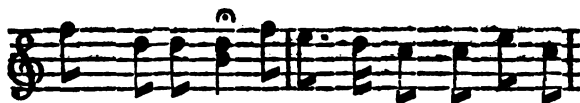
SWEET KATHLANE MACREE.

Allegretto.

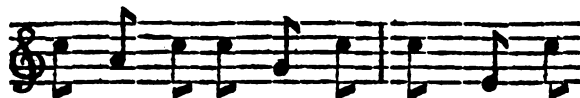
YE winds and ye waves, bear my



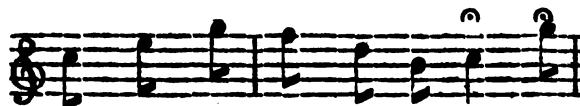
sorrows a-way, And ye echoes go babble, for



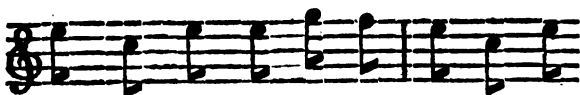
nought can I say; O bear to the ear of sweet



Kathlane Macree, That my thoughts are on



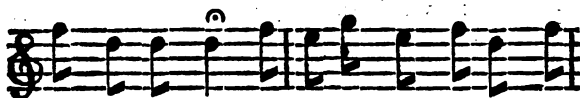
her, tho' she thinks not of me. Och



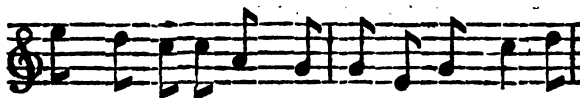
why will you wan-der like goose leaving



gan - der, Sweet Kath - lane Ma - cree, sweet



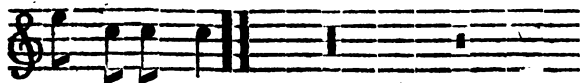
Kathlane Macree? Fly all the world over, you'll



ne'er find a lo-ver So constant as me, so



constant as me, Sweet Kathlane Macree, sweet



Kathlane Macree.

My true little heart is your own, my dear creature,
 I'm tender by habit, and constant by nature ;
 A lover so constant and true you'll ne'er find,
 For I love the whole sex that are pretty and kind.

Then why will you wander, &c.

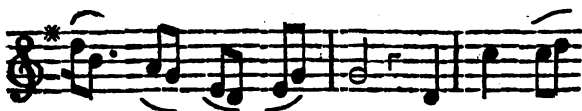
Now union's the word, it is not keeping order
 To leave your poor Dermot in grief and disorder :
 United to thee ev'ry hardship I'll brave,
 And when dead, I will own myself still your fond
 slave.

Then why will you wander, &c.

SLEEP ON, MY KATHLEEN DEAR.

Affettuoso.

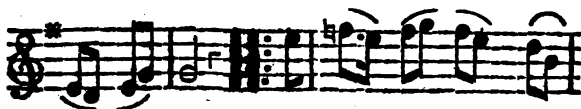
SLEEP on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear, May



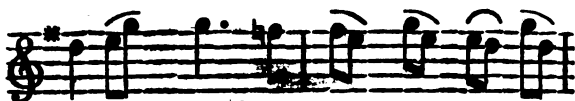
peace pos - sess thy breast; Yet dost thou



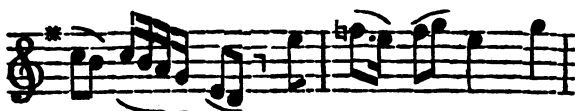
dream thy true love's here, Depriv'd of



peace and rest? The birds sing sweet, the



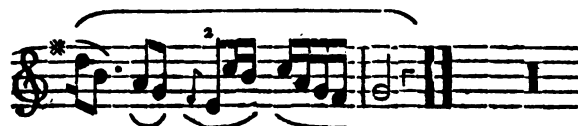
morning breaks, Those joys, those joys are



none to me: Tho' sleep is fled, poor



Dermot wakes To none but love and thee.



none but love and thee.

THE FAIRIES' SONG.

AIR—Dennis don't be threatening.

FOR THREE VOICES.

Playful.

WITHIN this shelter'd mossy dell, From

WITHIN this shelter'd mossy dell, From

WITHIN this shelter'd mossy dell, From

mortal ken, we fai-ries dwell, When the

mortal ken, we fai-ries dwell, When the

mor-tal ken, we fai-ries dwell, When the

ga-rish eye of day Beams abroad its

ga-rish eye of day Beams abroad its

ga-rish eye of day Beams abroad its



Light dancing on the daisied ground,
 Our wanton rings we trace around,
 When the moon, with paly light,
 Gems the modest brow of night.

Around the mushroom's tawny breast,
 'Tis there we hold our elfin feast;
 Honey'd stores of saffron hue,
 Acorn cups of nectar'd dew.

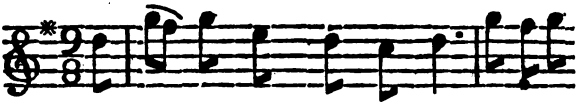
O sweetly thus our moments fly,
 Till soon the rosy dawn we spy;

Then to taste the balmy sleep,
In purple bells we softly creep.



THE GRINDERS.

Allegro.



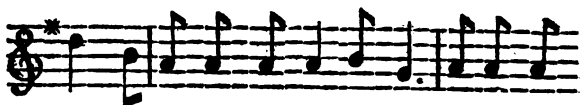
SEARCH all the world, high and low, Many a



freak you'll be find - ing; What do you



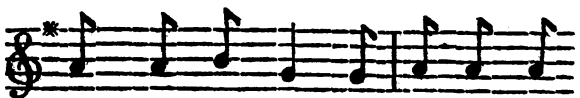
think's all the go? By the hokey, it's nothing but



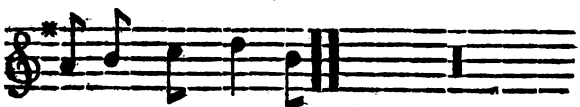
grinding. Ter-ry I - o, I - o, Scandal, the



de - vil can't bind her; The world is all



"how came you so?" And ev' - ry pro-



fession's turn'd grinder.

Law's a state mill, and those elves,

The lawyers, like terrible giants,

Grind all the grist for themselves,

And leave all the chaff for their clients.

Terry Io, &c.

Doctors grind you for fees so pell-mell,
 That they kill you for mere preservation ;
 For they know, if they let you grow well,
 You'd die soon enough of starvation.

Terry Io, &c.

The gamester he grinds by the card,
 O, sure he's the devil's own cousin !
 The tailor he grinds by the yard,
 And the baker he grinds by the dozen.

Terry Io, &c.

The miser grinds north, east, west, south ;
 The barber at grinding's a crammer ;
 The churchwarden's got a wide mouth,
 And his grinders are like a sledge hammer.

Terry Io, &c.

Like coblers, to make both ends meet,
 Thus at grinding all stick to their tether ;
 But Old Nick, who all grinders can beat,
 Will grind the whole boiling together.

Terry Io, &c.

Britain's grinders are sound wooden walls ;
The Cambrian and Scot an't behind her ;
And for aid when Hibernia calls,
Sure Paddy's the devil's own grinder.
Terry Io, &c.

If ever eras'd from this breast
Are your generous favours so binding,
May the devil grind me with the rest,
Just to properly finish his grinding.
Terry Io, &c.

MARGERY GRINDER.**TO THE SAME AIR.**

WHEN I was a mighty small boy,
Young Margery came to our town, Sir;
How I was bother'd with joy!
Like a kitten I frisk'd up and down, Sir,
Calling her my sweet pearl, following always behind her,
For her black eyes no girl could match my sweet
Margery Grinder.

My mother in vain bade me work;
Nor work nor eat could poor Barney;
So she went to old Father O'Rourke,
Told her story, and after some blarney,
Give me advice, says she, no friend than you can
be kinder:
Father O'Rourke a sheep's eye had himself cast on
Margery Grinder.

What devil has got in the place ?

The folks are all mad, cries my mother ;
There's Captain Dermot Macsheatan,
And that deaf lawyer Patrick, his brother,
Thedy the purblind beau, and old O'Donavan
blinder,
They're dancing and hobbling all after pert little
Margery Grinder.

This Father O'Rourke gravely heard,
For grave was the Father, though frisky ;
Mrs Liffey, says he, take my word,
(But he first took a noggin of whisky),
Barney will have the girl, catch her where'er he
can find her :
So by his advice I was married next day to sweet
Margery Grinder.

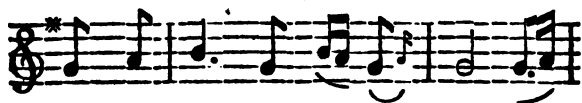
OH! WHEN THAT MILD EYE IS BEAMING.

AIR—The Young Man's Dream.

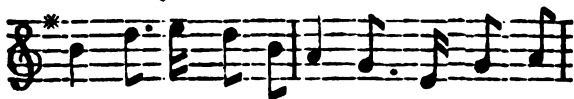
Slow, and with Expression.



OH! when that mild eye is beaming, La-



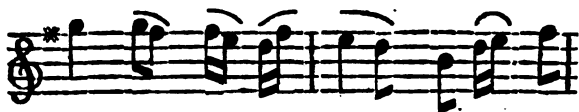
dy, my cheek with rap-ture glows; Oh!



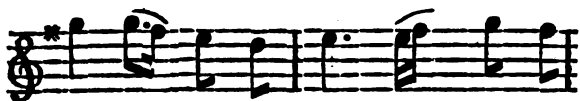
when that soft sigh is streaming, My blood with



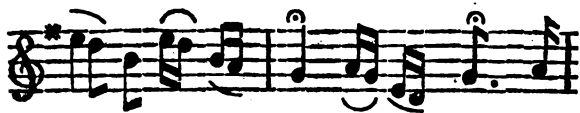
swifter cur-rent flows. The hand of



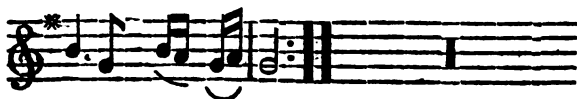
love hath sweet-ly wreath'd Around our



hearts his ro - sy chain; The lip of



love hath o'er us breath'd, o'er us breath'd, Rich



incense from his fane.

Oh! when that sweet song is floating,

Lady, I drop the pensive tear ;

Oh! on thee my soul is doating,

I live but when thy smile is near.,

Then fly not thus, ere holy rite
 Hath closely link'd our fates on earth;
 Lo! Hope is beaming on my sight,
 To hail dear Pleasure's birth.

DUBLIN SIGHTS.

Allegro Moderato.



WHEN at home with dad, I never had no fun, Sir,



Which made me so mad, I swore a-way I'd

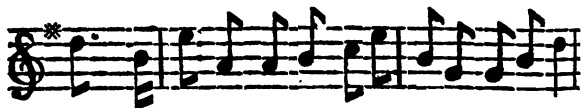


run, Sir. I pack'd up clothes so smart, Ribb'd

Y



stockings, vest so pretty; With money and light



heart, Triptoff for Dublin ci-ty. Ta ra la ra la,



ta ra la ra la di.

Soon as I got there,

About the streets I ran, Sir;

At all the shows to stare,

My rambles I began, Sir.

O, such charming sights!

Music-grinding showmen,

Water lifting lights,

Crocodiles and yeomen.

Ta ra la ra la, &c.

The next sight I did see,
 Was wonderful, good lack, Sir!
 A coach drawn by a flea,
 And live men made of wax, Sir.
 There were Kings and Queens,
 And lawyers without lungs, Sir,
 Circassians, guillotines,
 And women without tongues, Sir.
 Ta ra la ra la, &c.

But the greatest sight
 I saw from the beginning,
 Was a real sham fight
 Upon a field of linen.
 I next saw fighting cocks ;
 But what I thought most rare, Sir,
 Was, shut up in a box,
 The Curragh of Kildare, Sir.
 Ta ra la ra la, &c.

At last I got a fright
 That made me quake, by gum, Sir,

For I heard that night
 That Bonaparte was come, Sir.
 'Twas all a hum, I found,
 It prov'd a painted fixture,
 For, on Irish ground,
 We'll only see his picture.
 Ta ra la ra la, &c.

I to the Mall was led,
 Where I my eyes did feast, Sir,
 To see a man in red
 Exhibit the wild beasts, Sir.
 Says he, Pay and go in,
 I've apes and monkeys plenty :
 Says I, For one within,
 Without I'll show you twenty.
 Ta ra la ra la, &c.

To playhouse then I goes,
 Where I saw merry faces,

And in the lower rows
Were servants keeping places.
'Mongst actors I found soon
They manage things quite funny,
For there they'd "Honey-moon,"
Before they'd "Matrimony."
Ta ra la ra la, &c.

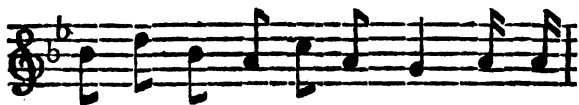
THE BEAM ON THE STREAMLET WAS
PLAYING.

AIR—Caleendhas Crootheenamge.

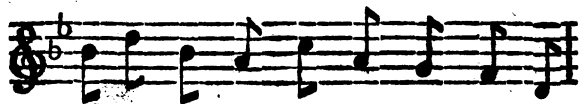
Slow.



THE beam on the streamlet was playing, The



dew-drop still hung on the thorn, When a



blooming young cou-ple were stray-ing, To



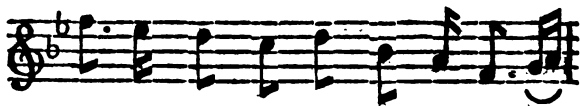
taste the mild fragrance of morn. He



sigh'd as he breath'd forth his dit-ty, And she



felt her breast sweet-ly glow: "Oh!



"look on your lo-ver with pi-ty, Ma



" Calcendhas Crootheenamoe.

" Whilst green is yon bank's mossy pillow,

" Or ev'ning shall weep the soft tear,

" Or the streamlet shall steal 'neath the willow,

" So long shall thy image be dear.

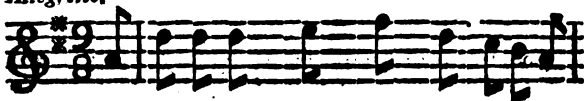
" O fly to these arms for protection,

" If pierc'd by the arrow of woe,

**“ Then smile on my tender affection,
“ Ma Caleendhas Crootheenamoe.”**

**She sigh'd, as his ditty was ended;
Her heart was too full for reply;
Oh! joy and compassion were blended,
To light the mild beam of her eye.
He kiss'd her soft hand: “ What above thee
“ Could Heav'n in its kindness bestow?”
He kiss'd her sweet cheek: “ Oh! I love thee,
“ Ma Caleendhas Crootheenamoe!”**

THO' LATE I WAS PLUMP.

Allegretto.

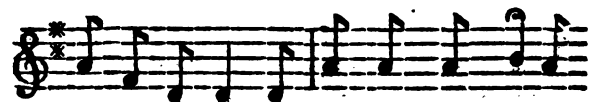
THO' late I was plump, round, and jolly, I



now am as thin as a rod; Oh, love is the



cause of my fol-ly, And soon I'll lie



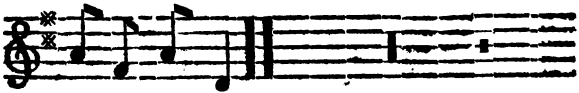
un-der a sod. Sing di-the-rum doo-dle



na-ge-ty na-ge-ty tra-ge-ty rum, And



goosethe-rum foo-dle fid-ge-ty fid-ge-ty



ni-ge-ty mum.

Dear Kathleen, then why do you flout me,
 A lad that's so cosey and warm,
 With ev'ry thing handsome about me,
 My cabin and snug little farm?
 Sing ditherum doodle, &c.

What though I have scrap'd up no money?
 No duns at my chamber attend:

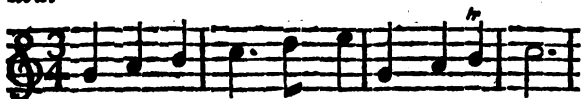
On Sunday I ride on my poney,
And still have a bit for a friend.
Sing ditherum doodle, &c.

The cock courts his hens all around me,
The sparrow, the pigeon, and dove :
Oh ! how all this courting confounds me,
When I look and I think on my love.
Sing ditherum doodle, &c.

**NOW IS THE SPELL-WORKING HOUR OF
THE NIGHT.**

Air—Aileen Aroon.

Slow.



Now is the spell-working hour of the night,



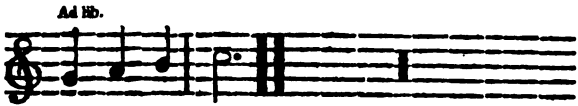
When roams abroad ev'-ry 'rap-tu-ring sprite:



Cease then, O la - dy dear! Your ma - gic



charm I fear, Steal - ing in -- to the ear

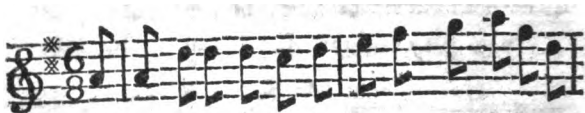


Of one who lov'd.

Music would ever my senses enthrall,
 But when that lip breathes the soul-melting call,
 O lady, could I fly?
 No—at your feet I'd die,
 And, with my latest sigh,
 Bless her I lov'd.

Z

PADDY THE PIPER.



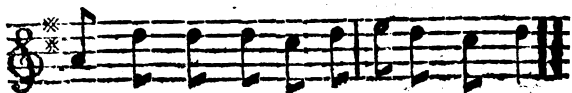
WHEN I was a boy in my father's mud edifice,



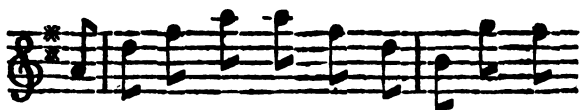
Ten-der and bare as a pig in a sty,



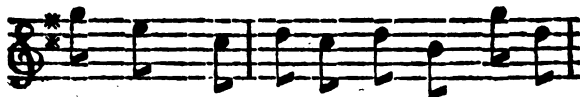
Out at the door as I look'd with a steady phiz,



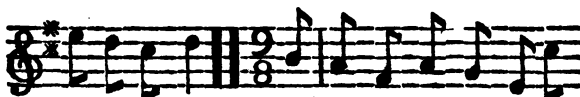
Who but Pat Murphy the piper came by?



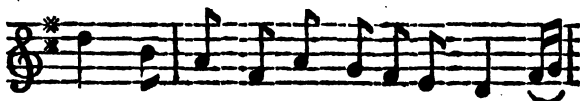
Says Paddy, But few play this music; can



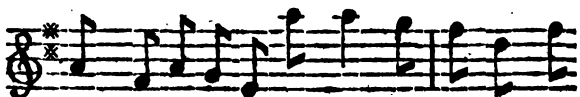
you play? Says I, I can't tell, for I



never did try. He told me that he had a



charm, To make the pipes prettily speak, Then

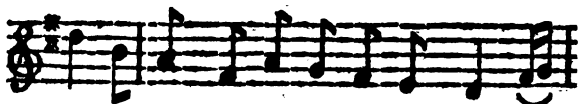


squeez'd a bag under his arm, And sweetly they

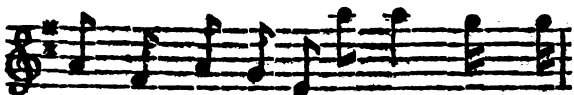
CHORUS.



set up a squeak. With a fa-ral-la la-ral-la



loo, och hone, how he handled the drone ! And



then such sweet mu-sic he blew, 'twould have



melted the heart of a stone.

Your pipe, says I, Paddy, so neatly comes over me,

Naked I'll wander wherever it blows,

And if my father should try to recover me,

Sure it won't be by describing my clothes :

The music I hear now, takes hold of my ear now,

And leads me all over the world by the nose.

So I follow'd his bagpipe so sweet,

And sung, as I leapt like a frog,

Adieu to my family seat,

So pleasantly plac'd in a bog.

With my faralla, &c.

Full five years I follow'd him, nothing could sunder
us,

Till he one morning had taken a sup,
And slipp'd from a bridge in a river just under us,
Souse to the bottom, just like a blind pup.

I roar'd out, and bawl'd out, and hastily call'd out,
O Paddy, my friend, don't you mean to come up?

He was dead as a nail in a door;

Poor Paddy was laid on the shelf;

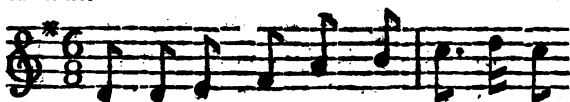
So I took up his pipes on the shore,

And now I've set up for myself—

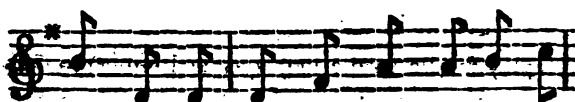
With my faralla laralla loo, to be sure I have not
got the knack.

To play faralla laralla loo, aye, and bubberoo did-
deroo whack.

SWIFT FLY THE HOURS.

*AIR—Open the Door softly.**Moderate.*

SWIFT fly the hours, when in youth's happy



day, Love and wine wreath the garland of



plea-sure; Mirth on our brow sheds its

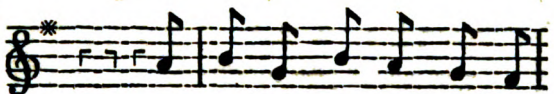


fos-ter-ing ray, And life is a bounti-ful

CHORUS.



treasure. Oh! swift fly the hours, when in



Oh! swift fly the hours, when in



Oh! swift fly the hours, when in



youth's happy day, Love and wine wreathe the



youth's happy day, Love and wine wreathe the



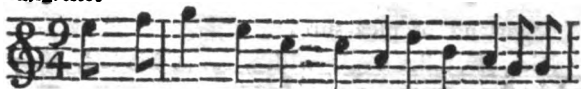
youth's happy day, Love and wine wreathe the



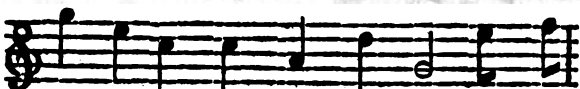
Dear to our hearts is the magical chord
 That vibrates to Sympathy's finger ;
 Fondly we hang on a sigh or a word,
 And, 'raptur'd, by beauty we linger.
 Oh ! dear to our hearts, &c.

Sweet is the time when in union of soul
 Each cheek with a smile is enlighten'd :
 Care flies abash'd from the vine-blushing bowl,
 Each eye by good humour is brighten'd.
 Oh ! sweet is the time, &c.

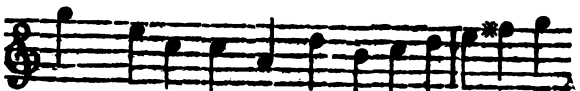
PADDY'S BALLOON.

Allegretto.

SOME have travers'd the fathomless ocean, Others



A - fri - ca's coast have explor'd ; By the



pow'rs, but I think the best notion Is riding the



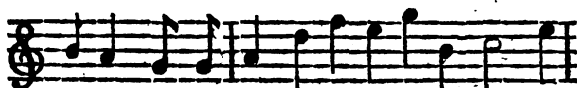
sky on a board. While tied to a bladder of



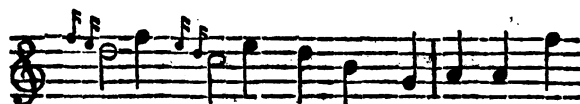
smoke, Sir, The he-mi-sphere round you may



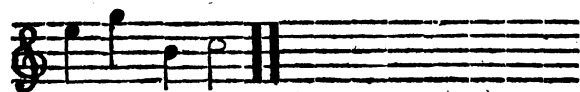
sail; You'll look, by my soul it's no



joke, Sir, Like a pig with a rat at his tail. Sing



doo-der roo do doo-der roo dooder roo



doo-der roo do.

Upon land a thirteener a mile, Sir,
 For every furlong you ride ;
 By water no turnpike or stile, Sir,
 But then you must wait for the tide.
 Now this a very snug way, Sir,
 And the travelling charges so small,

If your neck should get broke, I dare say, Sir,
The expence would be nothing at all.

Sing dooder roo, &c.

Then with changing of horses such bother,

You'll be rid of all that very soon ;

Sure as I am the son of my mother,

You may breakfast to-night in the moon ;

While the stars will be blinking about, Sir,

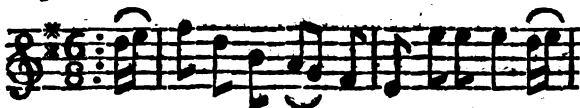
To judge what this wonder may be,

And some would suppose, without doubt, Sir,

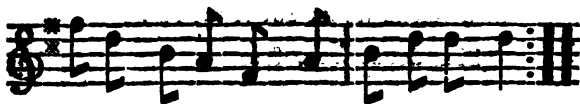
'Twas Ireland jump't out of the sea.

Sing dooder roo, &c.

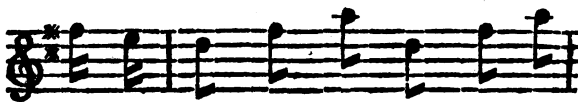
SINCE LOVE IS THE PLAN.

Allegretto.

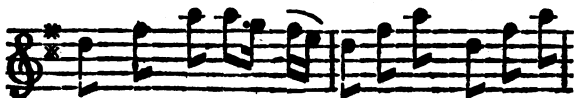
SINCE love is the plan, I'll love if I can, But



first let me tell you what sort of a man:



In ad - dress how com - plete, And in



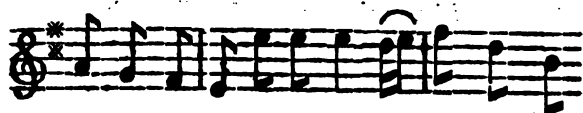
dress spruce and neat; No matter how tall, so he's



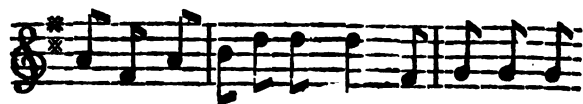
o-ver five feet; Not dull nor too wit-ty, His



eyes I'll think pret-ty, If sparkling with



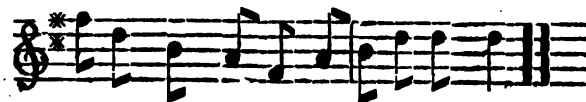
pleasure when-e-ver we meet, If sparkling with



pleasure whenever we meet. Not dull nor too



wit - ty, His eyes I'll think pret-ty, If



sparkling with pleasure whenever we meet.

A a

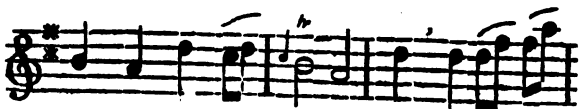
Though gentle he be,
His man he shall see,
Yet never be conquer'd by any but me ;
In a song bear a bob,
In a glass hob or nob,
Yet drink of his reason his noddle ne'er rob.
This is a fancy,
If such a man can see,
I'm his, if he's mine ; until then I am free.

SHEPHERDS, I HAVE LOST MY LOVE.

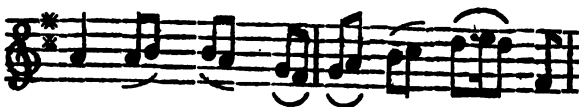
Air—The Banks of Banna.



SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love,



Have you seen my An - na, Pride of ev' - ry



sha - dy grove, Up - on the banks of



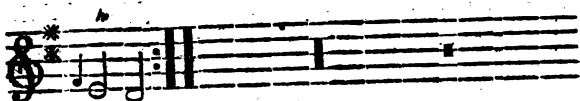
Ban - na? I for her my home forsook,



Near yon mis-ty mountain, Left my flock, my



pipe, my crook, Greenwood shade, and



fountain.

Never shall I see them more,

Until her returning ;

All the joys of life are o'er,

From gladness chang'd to mourning.

Whither is my charmer flown ?

Shepherds, tell me whither :

Ah, woe for me ! perhaps she's gone

For ever, and for ever.

FINIS.