85701

SIX
SONGS OF IRELAND

The Poems by

MOIRA O'NEILL,

LIZZIE TWIGG,

CAHIR HEALY AND CAHAL O'BYRNE,

The Music by

HAMILTON HARTY.

(OP. 18.)

PRICE 4/- NET
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Six Songs of Ireland.

Lookin' Back.

Wathers o' Moyle an' the white gulls flyin',
Since I was near ye what have I seen?
Deep great seas, an' a sthrong wind sighin'
Night an' day where the waves are green.
Struth na moile, the wind goes sighin'
Over a waste o' wathers green.

Slemish an' Trostan, dark wi' heather,
High are the Rockies, airy blue;
Sure ye have snows in the winter weather,
Here they're lyin' the long year through.
Snows are fair in the summer weather,
Och, an' the shadows between are blue.

Lone Glen Dun an' the wild glen flowers,
Little ye know if the prairie is sweet,
Roses for miles, an' redder than ours,
Spring here undher the horses' feet:
Ay, an' the black-eyed gold sun flowers,
Not as the glen flowers, small an' sweet.

Wathers o' Moyle, I hear ye callin'
Clearer for half o' the world between,
Antrim hills an' the wet rain fallin',
While ye are nearer than snow-tops keen:
Dreams o' the night an' a night wind callin',
What is the half o' the world between?

Moira O'Neill.

(By permission, from "Songs of the Glens of Antrim.")

Dreaming.

What are you watching, man in the meadows,
What are you seeing that I cannot see?
"Wisps o' white dreams, ghosts o' grey shadows,
Floating, floating, thro' the heart o' me."

What are you hearing, man by the river,
Wild-eyed and lone in the grey of the dawn?
"Wee weans a-crying, and wailing for ever,
Lovers and dreamers and joys all agone."

What are you hoping, man o' the mowing,
What are you waiting that I must not wait?
"A white light a-coming, white feet a-going,
Soft arms a-folding, and a Great White Gate."

Cahir Healy.

(From "Lane o' the Thrushes" and other poems, by Cahir Healy and Cahal O'Byrne.)

A Lullaby.

I'll set you aswing in a purple bell
Of the lady finger,
Where brown bees linger
And loiter long.
I'll set you aswing in a fairy dell,
To the silv'ry ring
Of a fairy song.

I'll put you afloat in a boat of pearl
On a moonlit sea,
Where your path shall be
Of silver and blue,
To fairyland childeen, sweet girl,
To its rose-strewn strand
Bath'd in glist'ning dew.

I'll make you a nest, a soft, warm nest
In my heart's core,
Alanniv asthore,
When day is gone.
Where cosily curl'd on mother's breast,
My share o' the world,
You'll rest till dawn.

Cahal O'Byrne.

(From "Lane o' the Thrushes" and other poems, by Cahir Healy and Cahal O'Byrne.)

GRACE FOR LIGHT.

WHEN we were little childer we had a quare wee house,
Away up in the heather by the head o' Brabla' burn;
The hares we'd see them scootin', an' we'd hear the crowin' grouse,
An' when we'd all be in at night ye'd not get room to turn.

The youngest two she'd put to bed, their faces to the wall,
An' the lave of us could sit aroun', just anywhere we might;
Herself 'ud take the rush-dip an' light it for us all,
And "*God be thankèd*" she would say "*now we have a light.*"

Then we be to quet the laughin' an' pushin' on the floor,
An' think on One who call'd us to come an' be forgiven;
Himself 'ud put his pipe down, an' say the good word more,
"May the Lamb o' God lead us all to the Light o' Heav'n!"

There' a wheen things that used to be an' now has had their day,
The nine Glens of Antrim can show ye many a sight;
But not the quare wee house where we liv'd up Brabla' way,
Nor a child in all the nine Glens that knows the grace for light.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

(By permission, from "Songs of the Glens of Antrim.")

FLAME IN THE SKIES OF SUNSET.

FLAME in the skies of sunset,
Brighter than dazzle of dawn,
Silver veil of the daisies
Spread on an emerald lawn;
Deep'ning day of the twilight
Falling on byre and bawn,
And mists, like a ghostly garment,
Round the quiet mountains drawn.

Here thro' the dusky branches
Gleameth the rosy flush,
Onward the river runneth,
Lapping through reed and rush;
Out on the stillness ringeth
The song of a hidden thrush,
With finger on lip stands silence,
And hush! says the whole world, hush!

LIZZIE TWIGG.

(By permission of the Publishers, Messrs. Sealy, Bryers & Walker, Dublin.)

AT SEA.

'TIS the long blue head o' Garron,
From the sea,
Och, we're sailin' past the Garron
On the sea.
Now Glen Ariff lies behind,
Where the waters fall and wind
By the willows o' Glen Ariff to the sea.

Ould Luirgedan rises green
By the sea,
Ay, he stands between the Glens
An' the sea.
Now we're past the darklin' caves,
Where the breakin' summer waves
Wandher in wi' their trouble from the sea.

But Cushendun lies nearer
To the sea,
An' *thon's* a shore is dearer
Still to me,
For the land that I am leavin'
Sure the heart I have is grievin',
But the ship has set her sails for the sea.

Och, what's this is deeper
Than the sea?
An' what's this is stronger
Nor the sea?
When the call is "all or none,"
An' the answer "all for one,"
Then we be to sail away across the sea.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

(By permission, from "Songs of the Glen of Antrim.")

SIX
SONGS OF IRELAND.

LOOKIN' BACK.

Words by
MOIRA O' NEILL.

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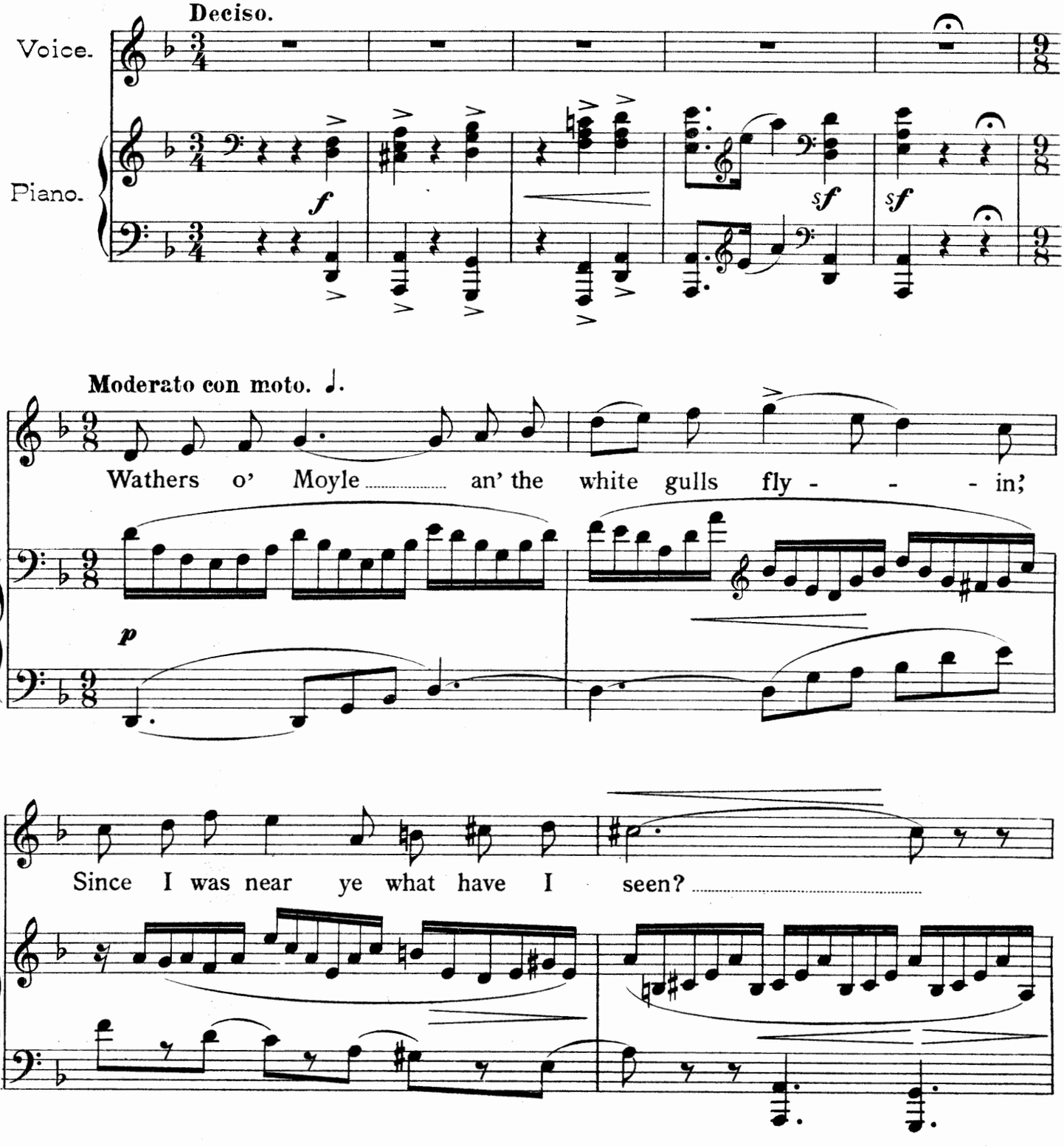
from "Songs of the Glens of Antrim."

Music by
HAMILTON HARTY.



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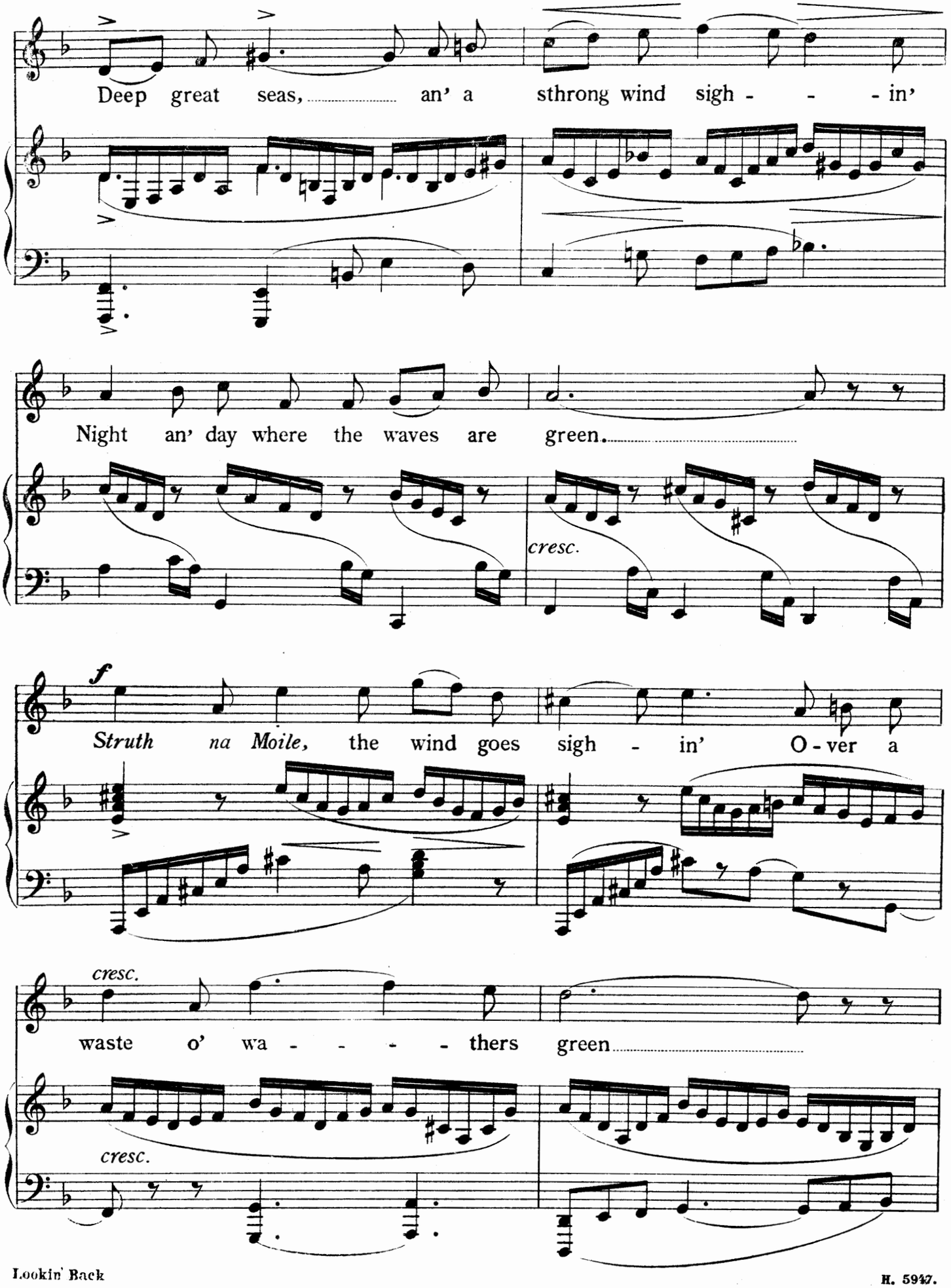
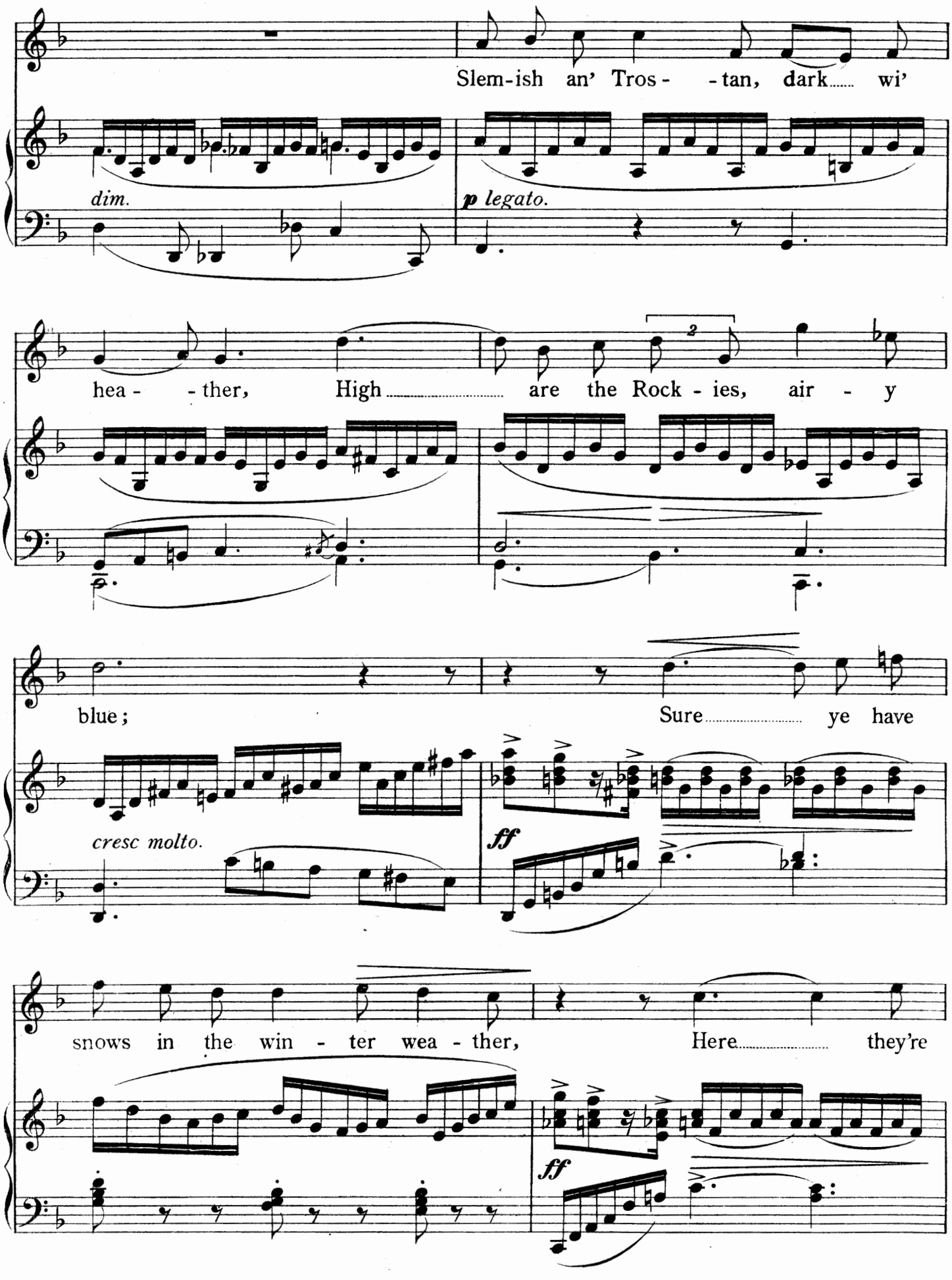
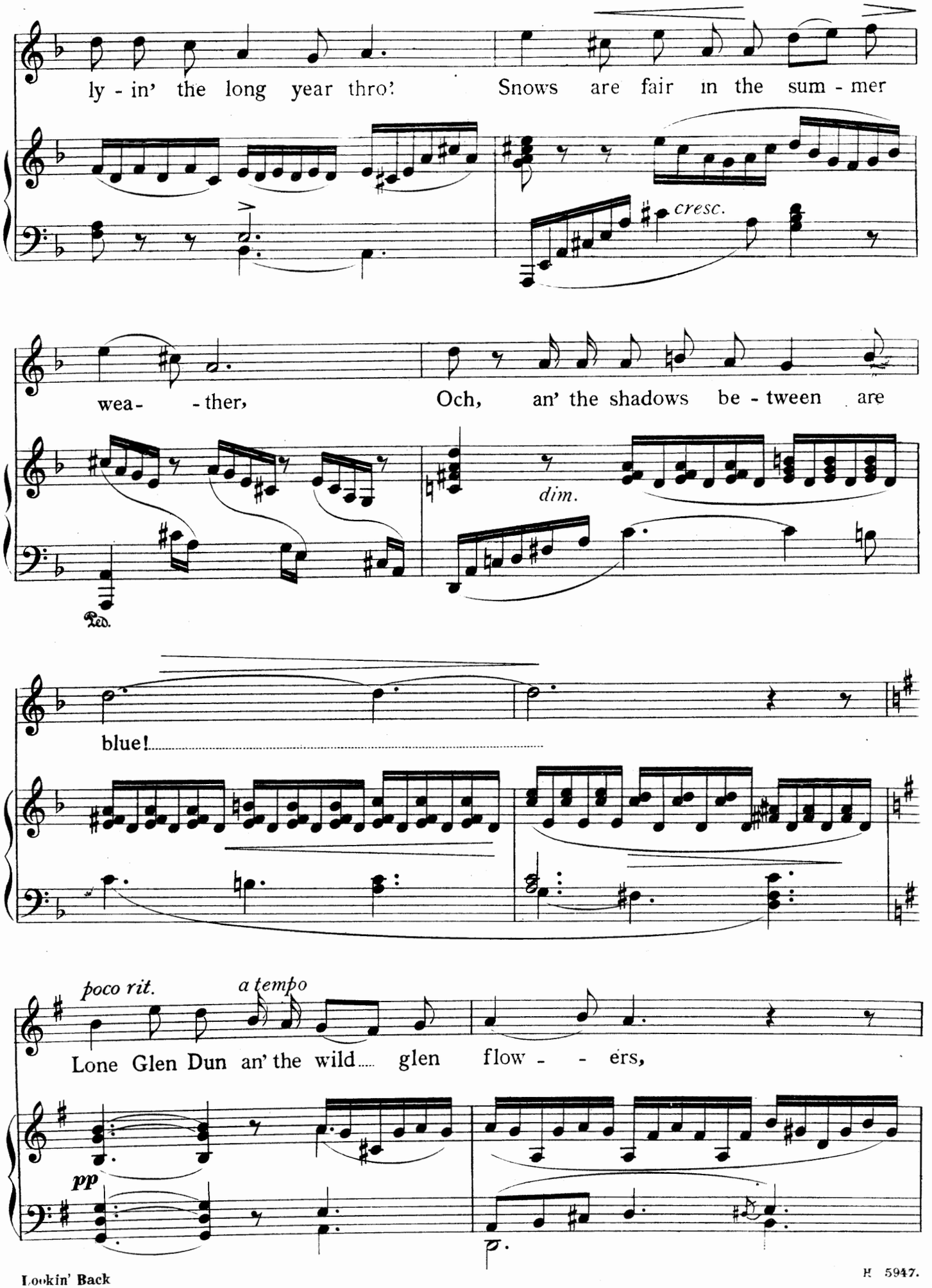
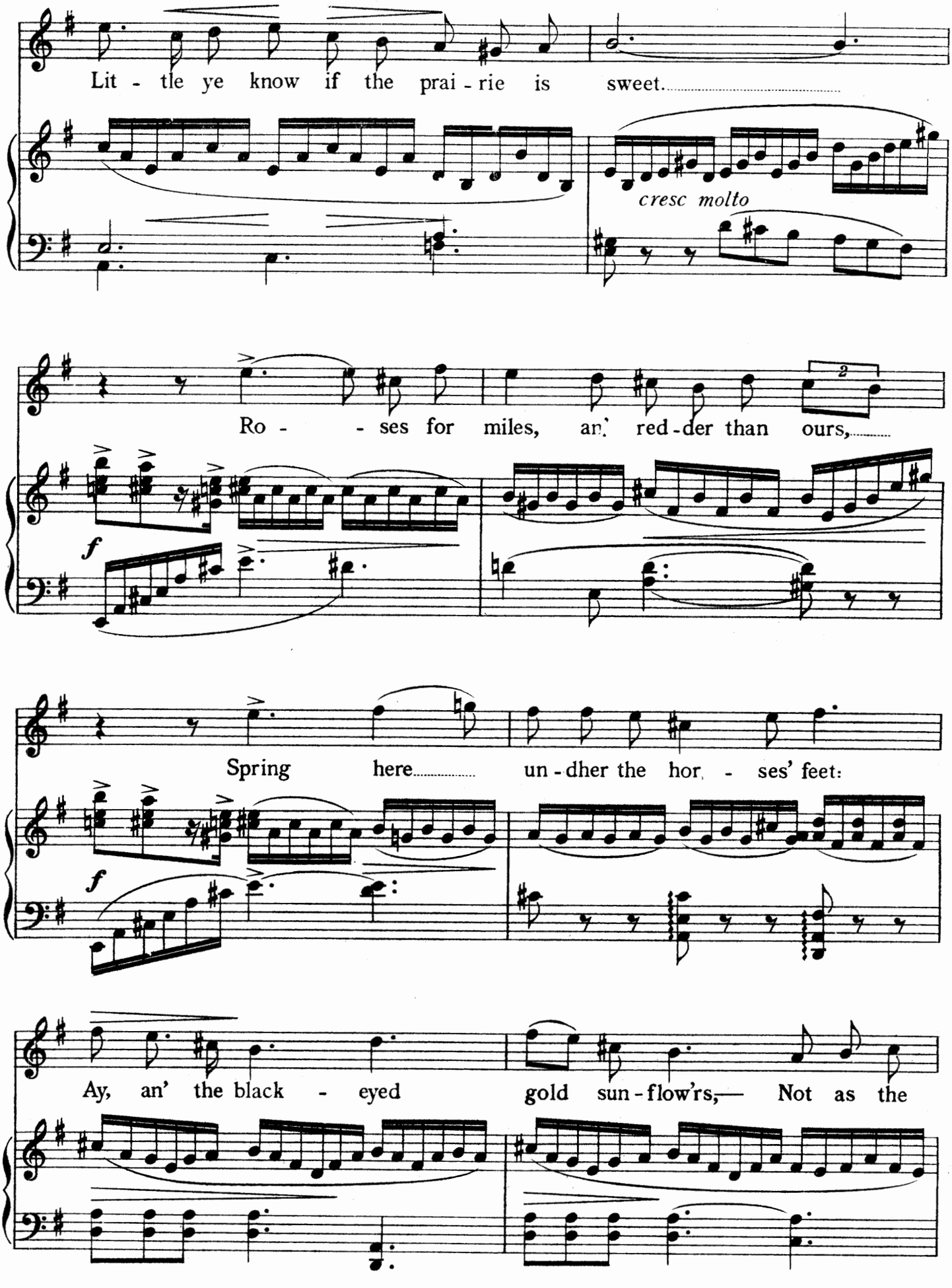
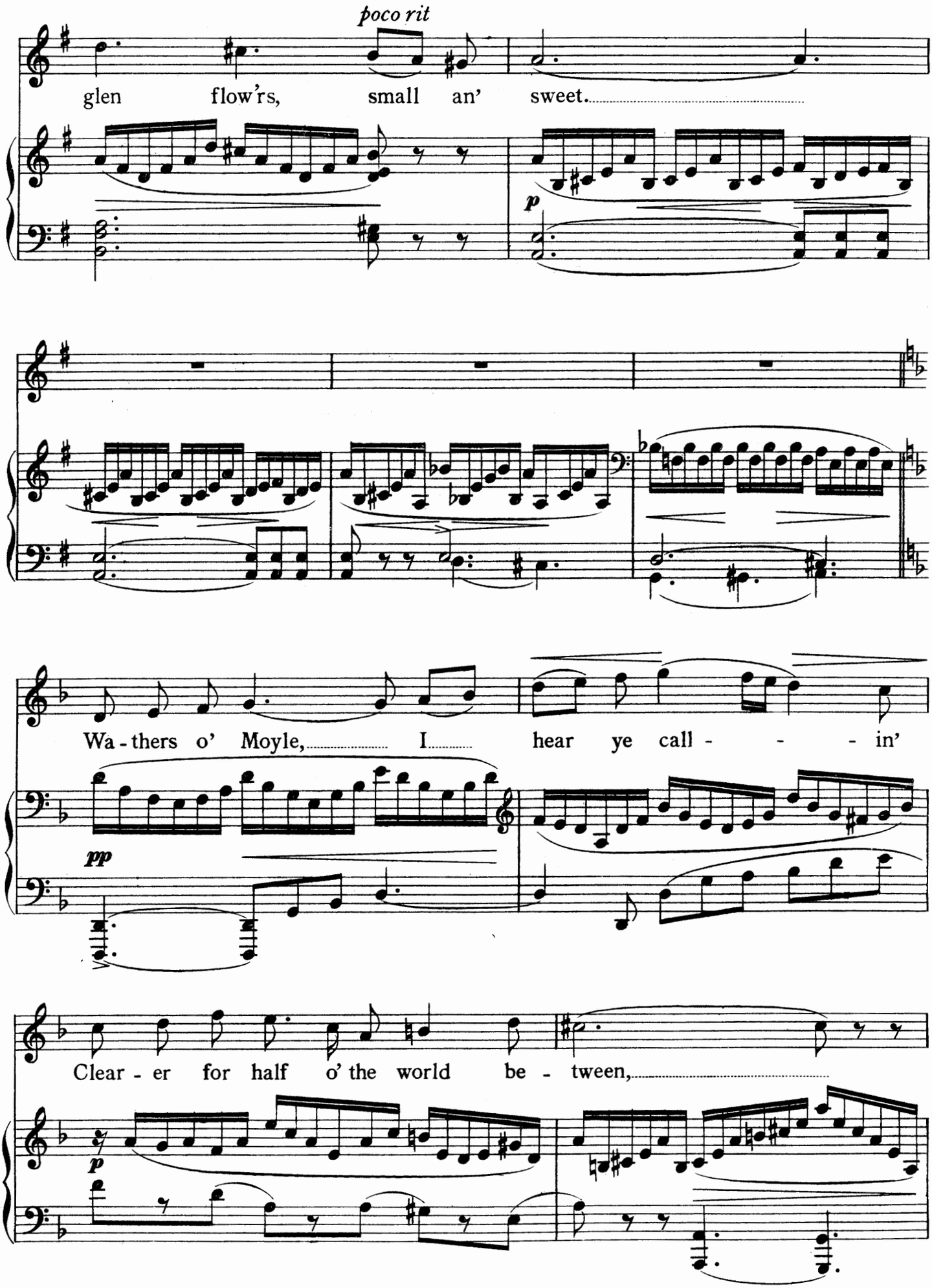
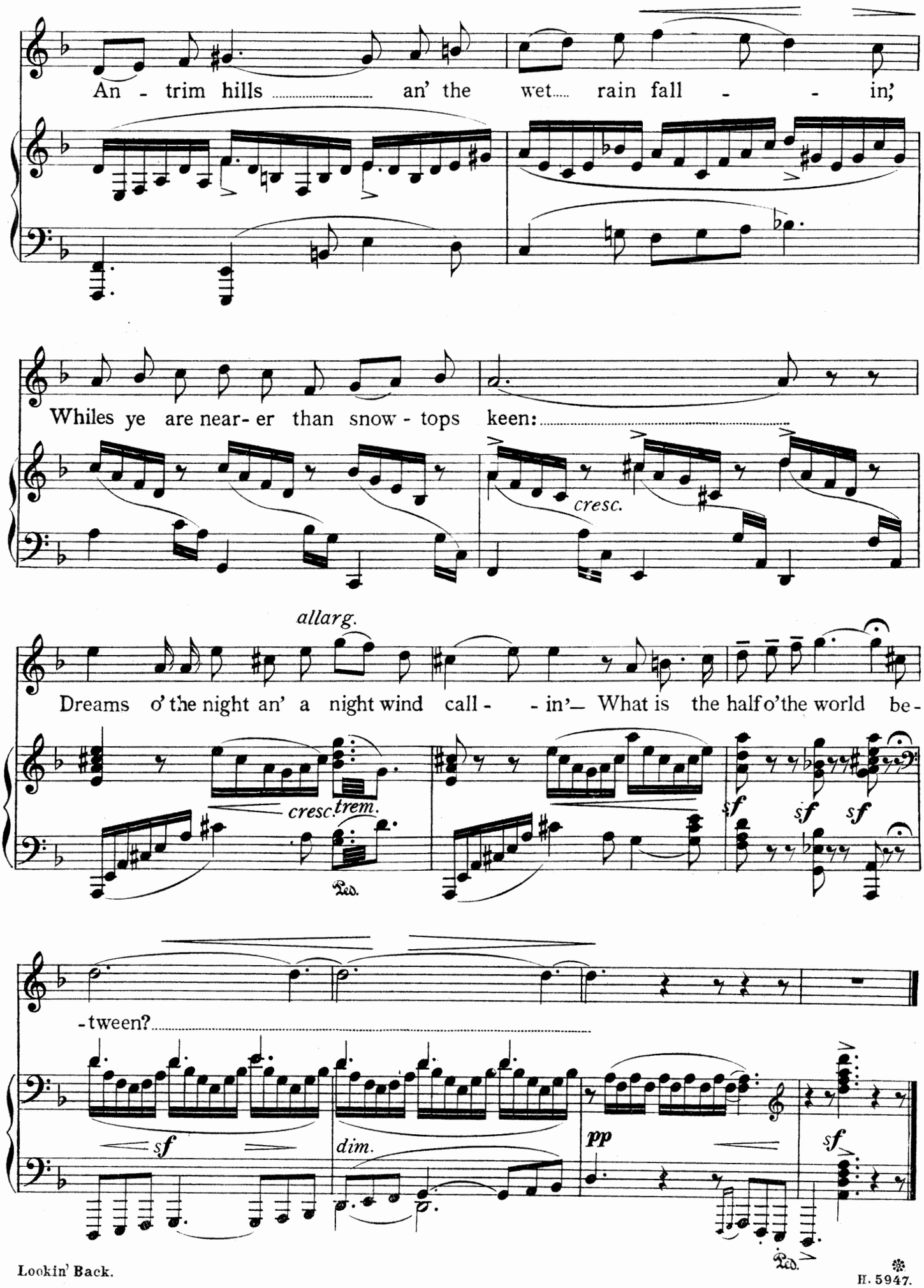

Deep great seas, an' a sthrong wind sigh - - - in'
Night an' day where the waves are green.
cresc.
f
Struth na Moile, the wind goes sigh - in' O - ver a
cresc.
waste o' wa - - - - thers green
cresc.


Slem-ish an' Tros- -tan, dark..... wi'
dim.
p legato.
hea- -ther, High..... are the Rock - ies, air - y
2
blue; Sure..... ye have
cresc molto.
ff
snows in the win - ter wea - ther, Here..... they're
ff


ly - in' the long year thro'. Snows are fair in the sum - mer
cresc.
wea- - ther, Och, an' the shadows be - tween are
dim.
Ped.
blue!
poco rit.
a tempo
Lone Glen Dun an' the wild.... glen flow - - ers,
pp


Lit - tle ye know if the prai - rie is sweet.
cresc molto
Ro - - ses for miles, an' red - der than ours,
f
Spring here un - dher the hor - ses' feet:
f
Ay, an' the black - eyed gold sun - flow'rs,— Not as the

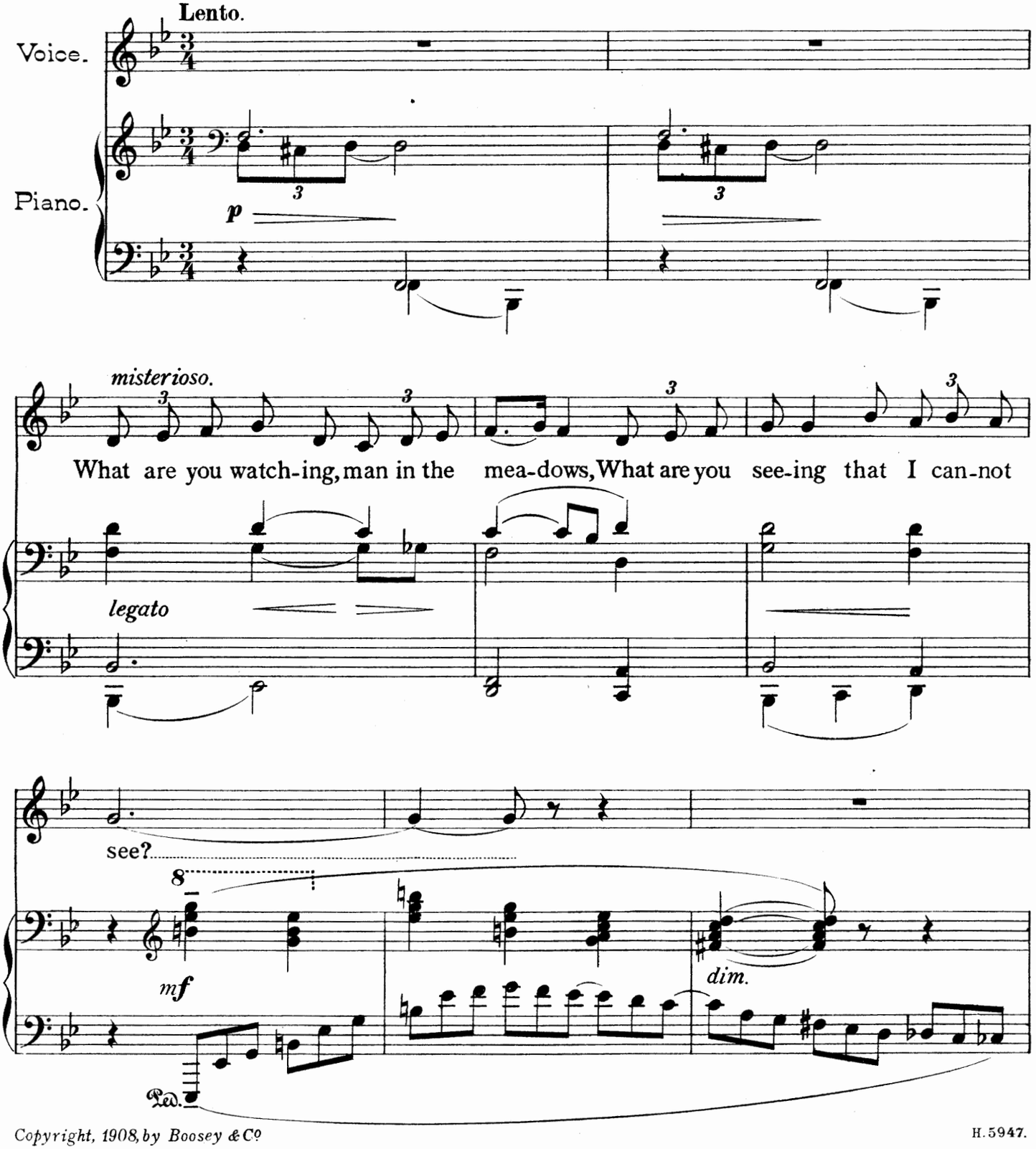

poco rit
glen flow'rs, small an' sweet.
p
Wa - thers o' Moyle, I hear ye call - - - in'
pp
Clear - er for half o' the world be - tween,
p


An - trim hills ..... an' the wet..... rain fall - - in,
Whiles ye are near- er than snow - tops keen:.....
cresc.
allarg.
Dreams o' the night an' a night wind call - - in'— What is the half o' the world be -
cresc. trem.
Ped.
sf
sf
sf
- tween?.....
sf
dim.
pp
sf
Ped.

DREAMING.

Words by
CAHIR HEALY,
from "Lane o' the Thrushes" and other poems
by Cahir Healy & Cahal O'Byrne.

Music by
HAMILTON HARTY.



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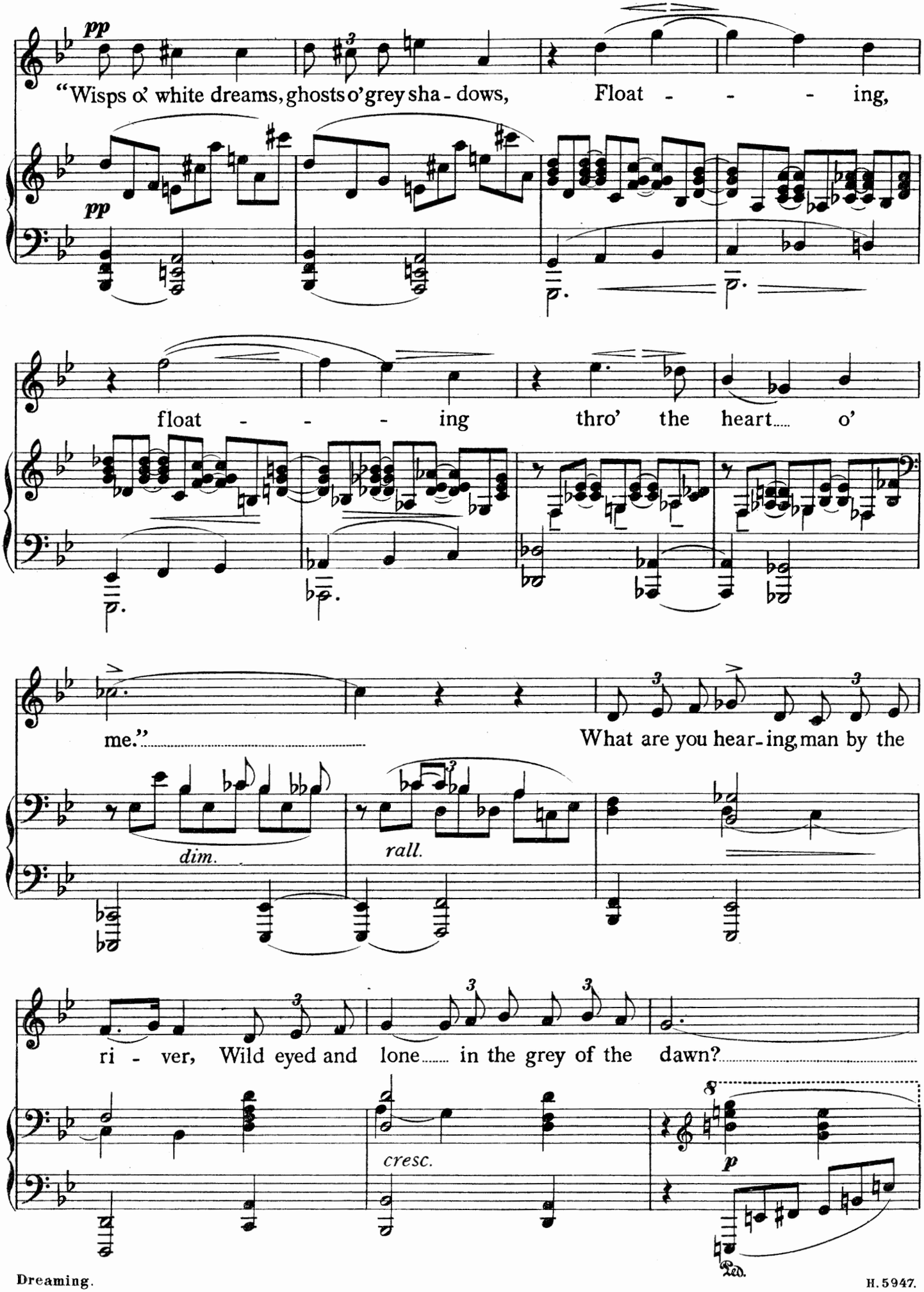
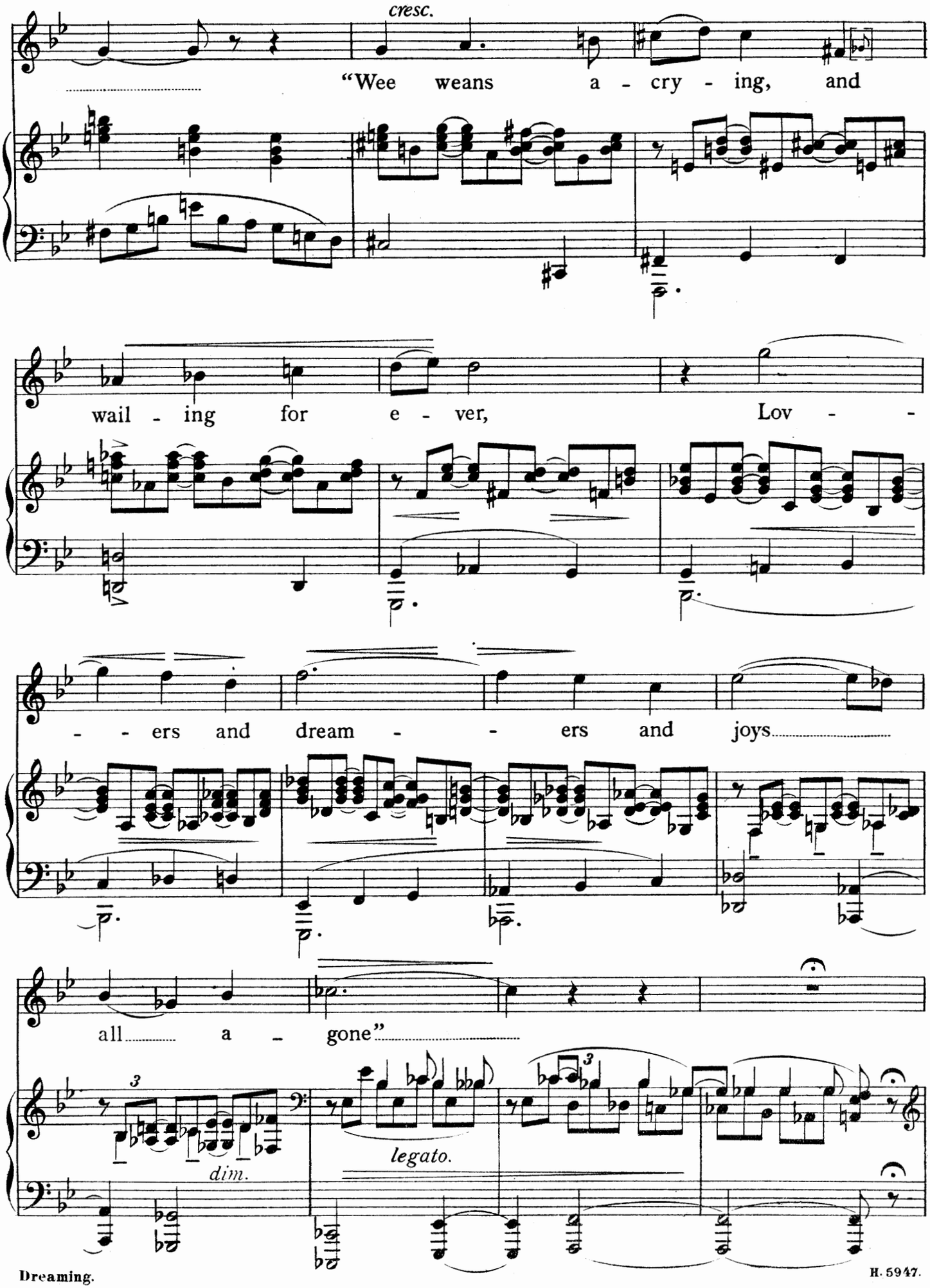
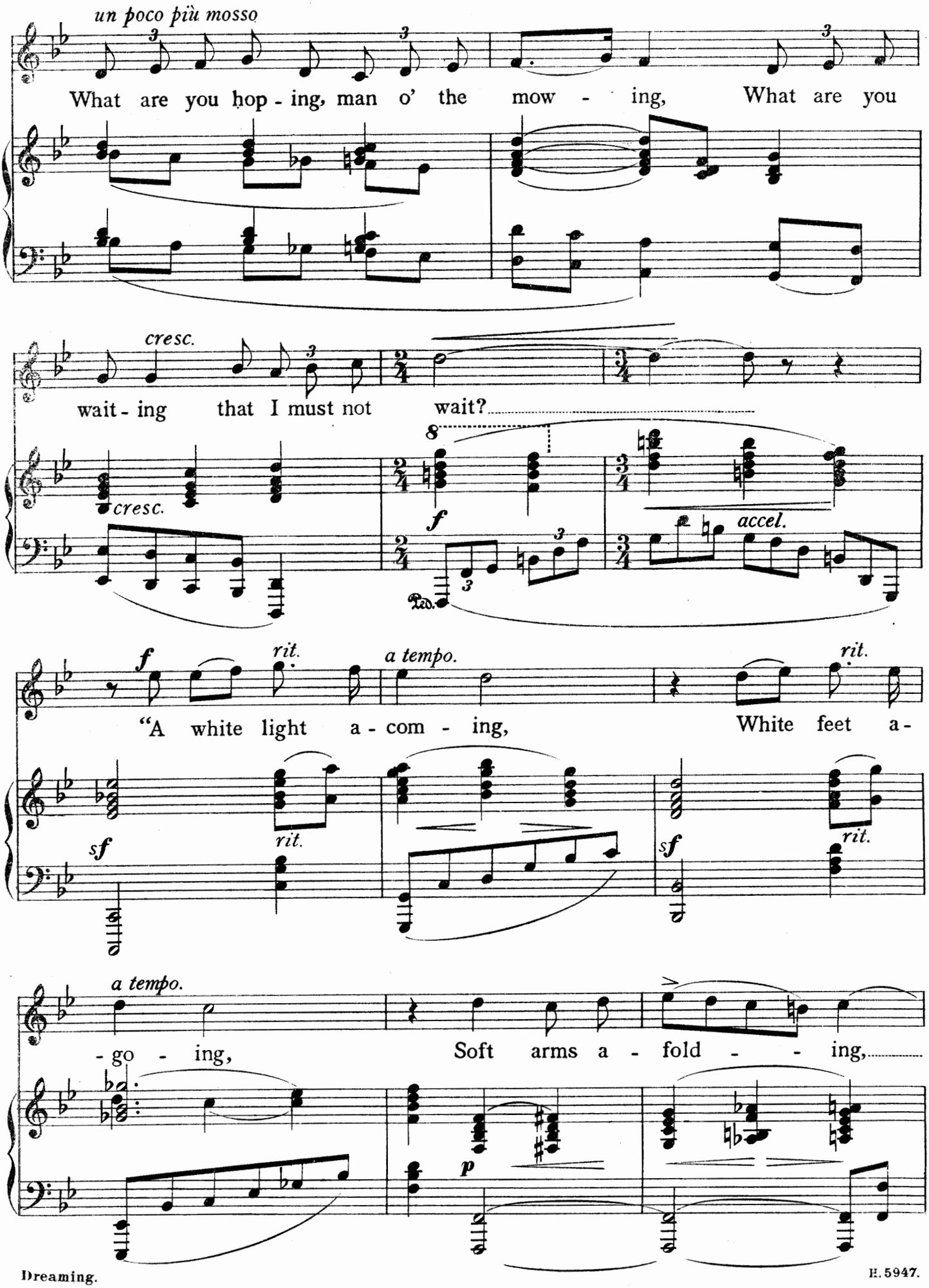
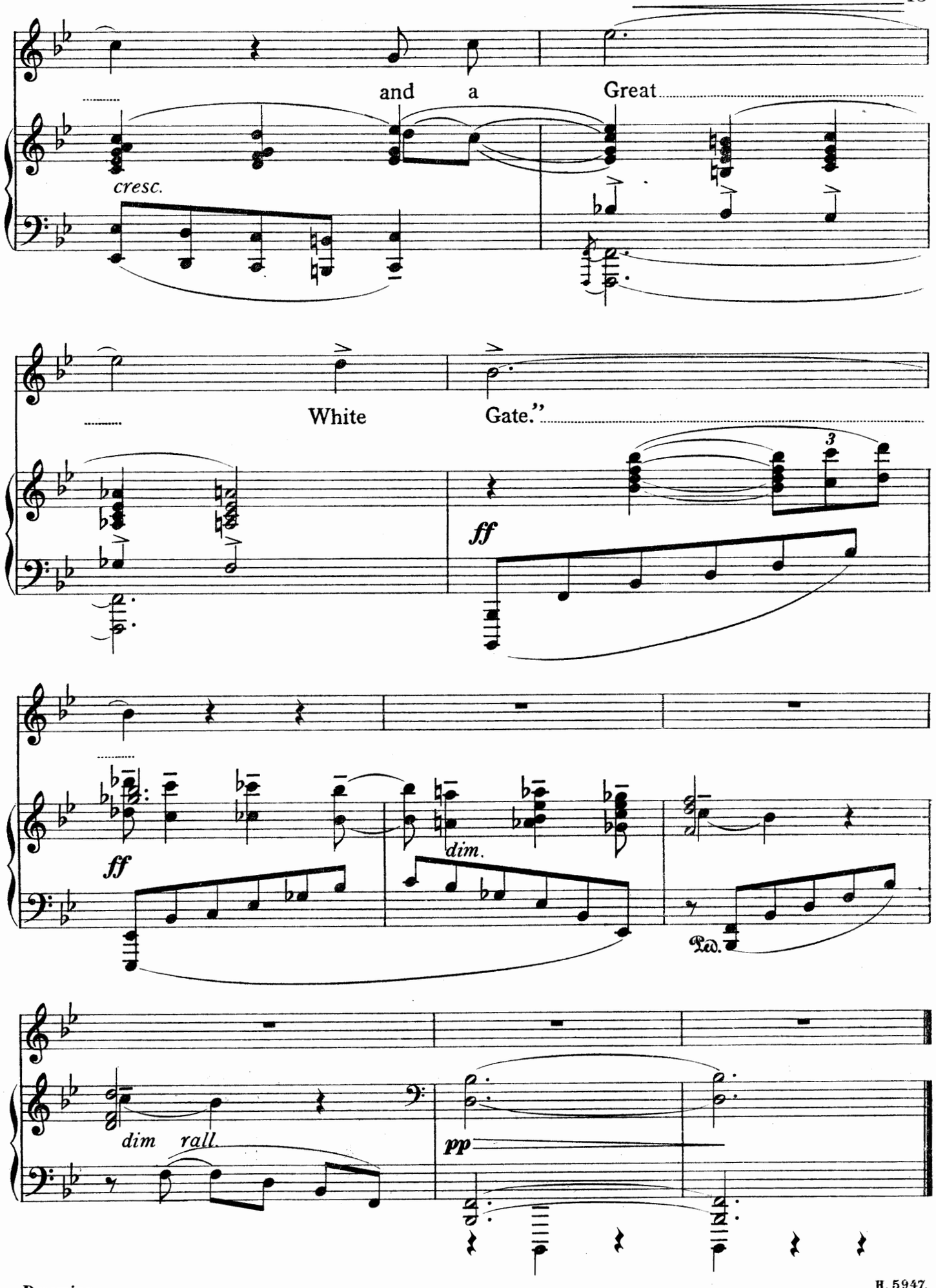

pp
"Wisps o' white dreams, ghosts o' grey sha - dows, Float - - - ing,
pp
float - - - ing thro' the heart..... o'
me."
What are you hear - ing, man by the
dim.
rall.
ri - ver, Wild eyed and lone..... in the grey of the dawn?
cresc.
p
Ped.


cresc.
"Wee weans a - cry - ing, and
wail - ing for e - ver, Lov - -
- - ers and dream - - ers and joys
all a - gone"
dim.
legato.


un poco più mosso
What are you hop - ing, man o' the mow - ing, What are you
cresc.
wait - ing that I must not wait?
cresc.
8
f
accel.
Ped.
f
rit.
a tempo.
rit.
"A white light a - com - ing, White feet a -
sf
rit.
sf
rit.
a tempo.
- go - ing, Soft arms a - fold - - ing,
p


and a Great
cresc.
White Gate."
ff
3
ff
dim.
Ped.
dim rall.
pp

A LULLABY.

Words by
CAHAL O' BYRNE,
from "Lane o' the Thrushes" and other poems
by Cahir Healy & Cahal O' Byrne.

Music by
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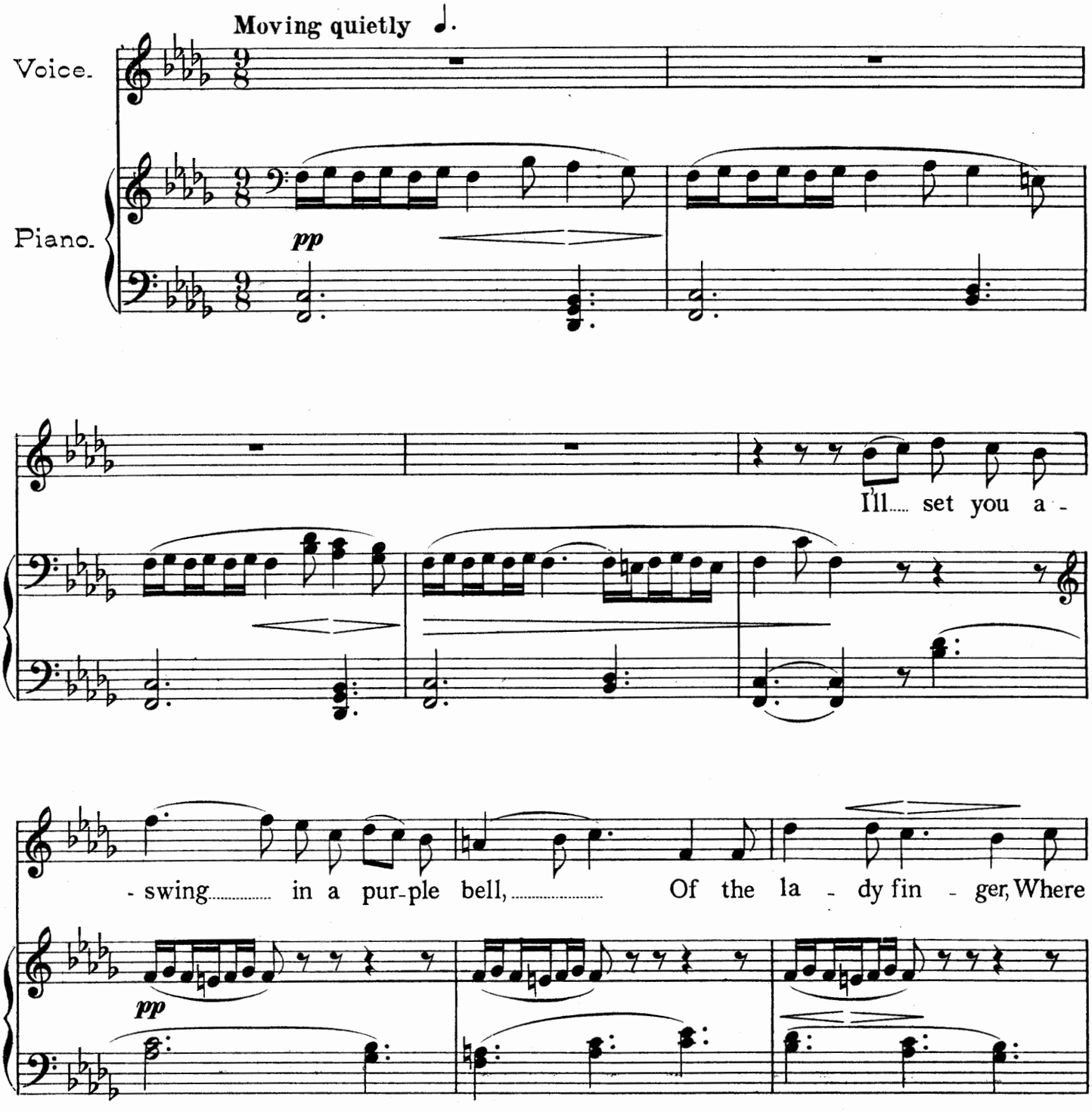

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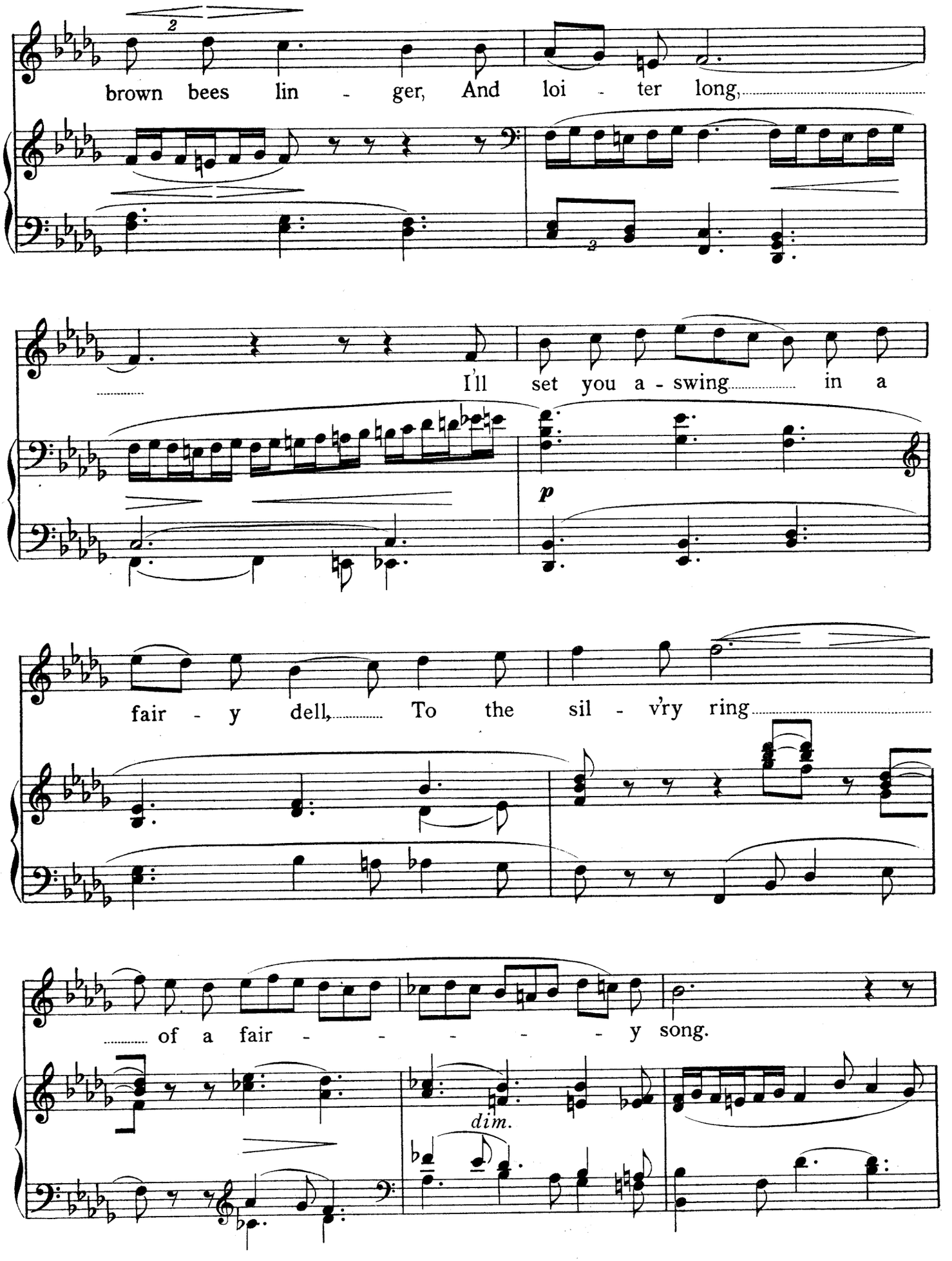
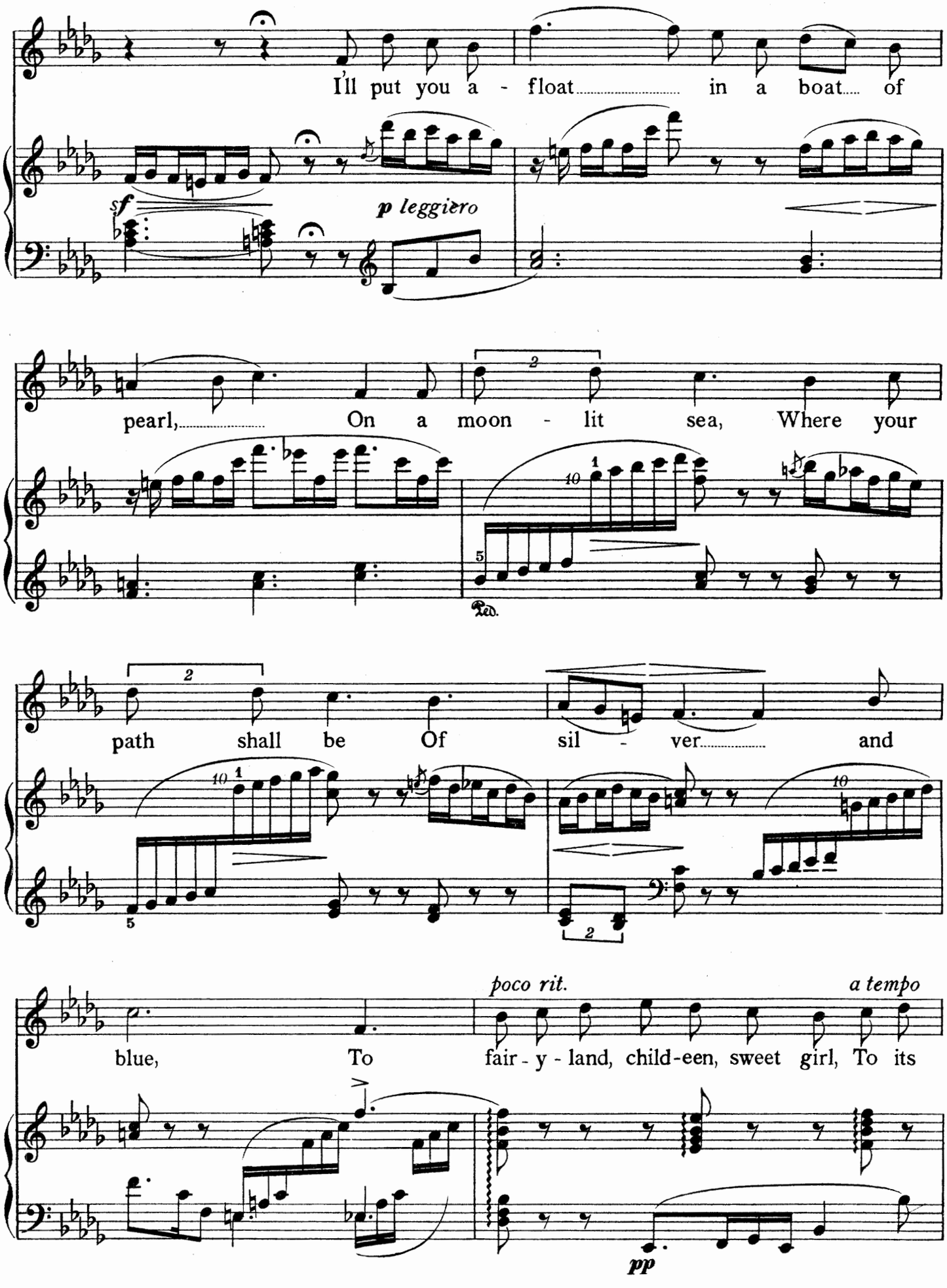
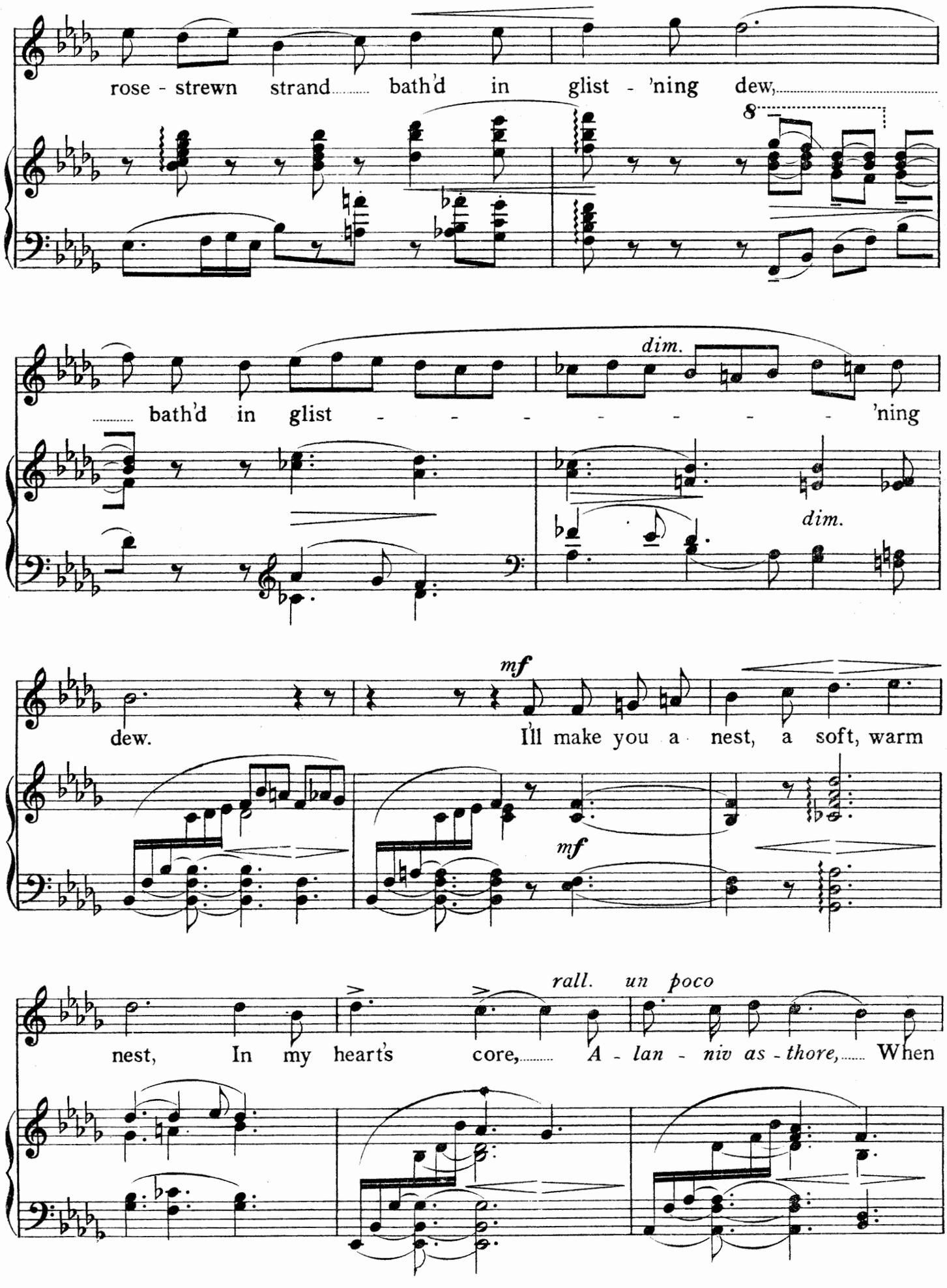
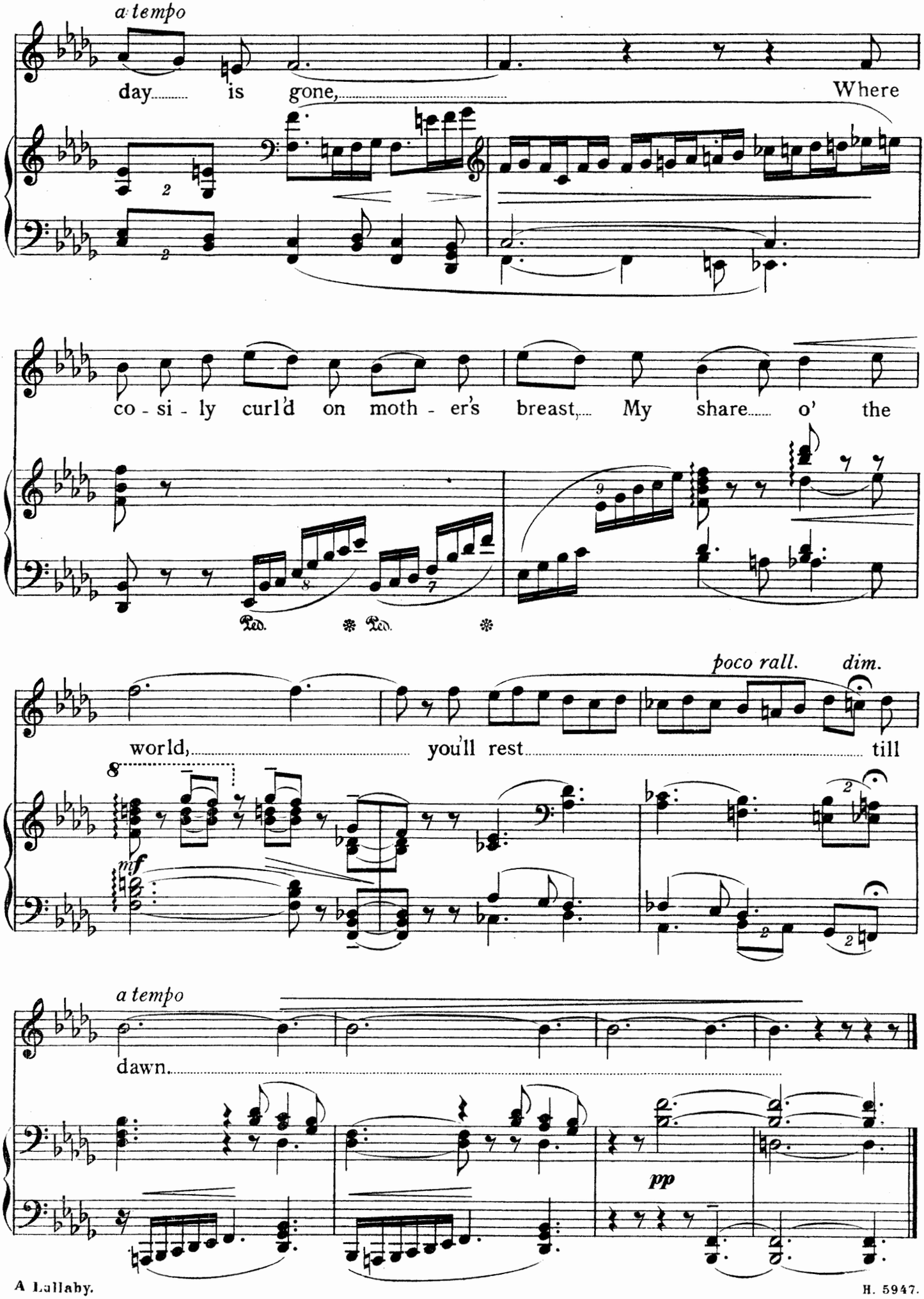

brown bees lin - ger, And loi - ter long,
I'll set you a - swing in a
p
fair - y dell, To the sil - v'ry ring
of a fair - - - - - y song.
dim.


I'll put you a - float in a boat of
sf
p leggiero
pearl, On a moon - lit sea, Where your
Ped.
path shall be Of sil - ver and
poco rit.
a tempo
blue, To fair - y - land, child-een, sweet girl, To its
pp


rose - strewn strand..... bath'd in glist - 'ning dew,.....
8
dim.
..... bath'd in glist - - - - - - - - 'ning
dim.
mf
dew. I'll make you a nest, a soft, warm
mf
rall. un poco
nest, In my heart's core,..... A - lan - niv as - thore,..... When

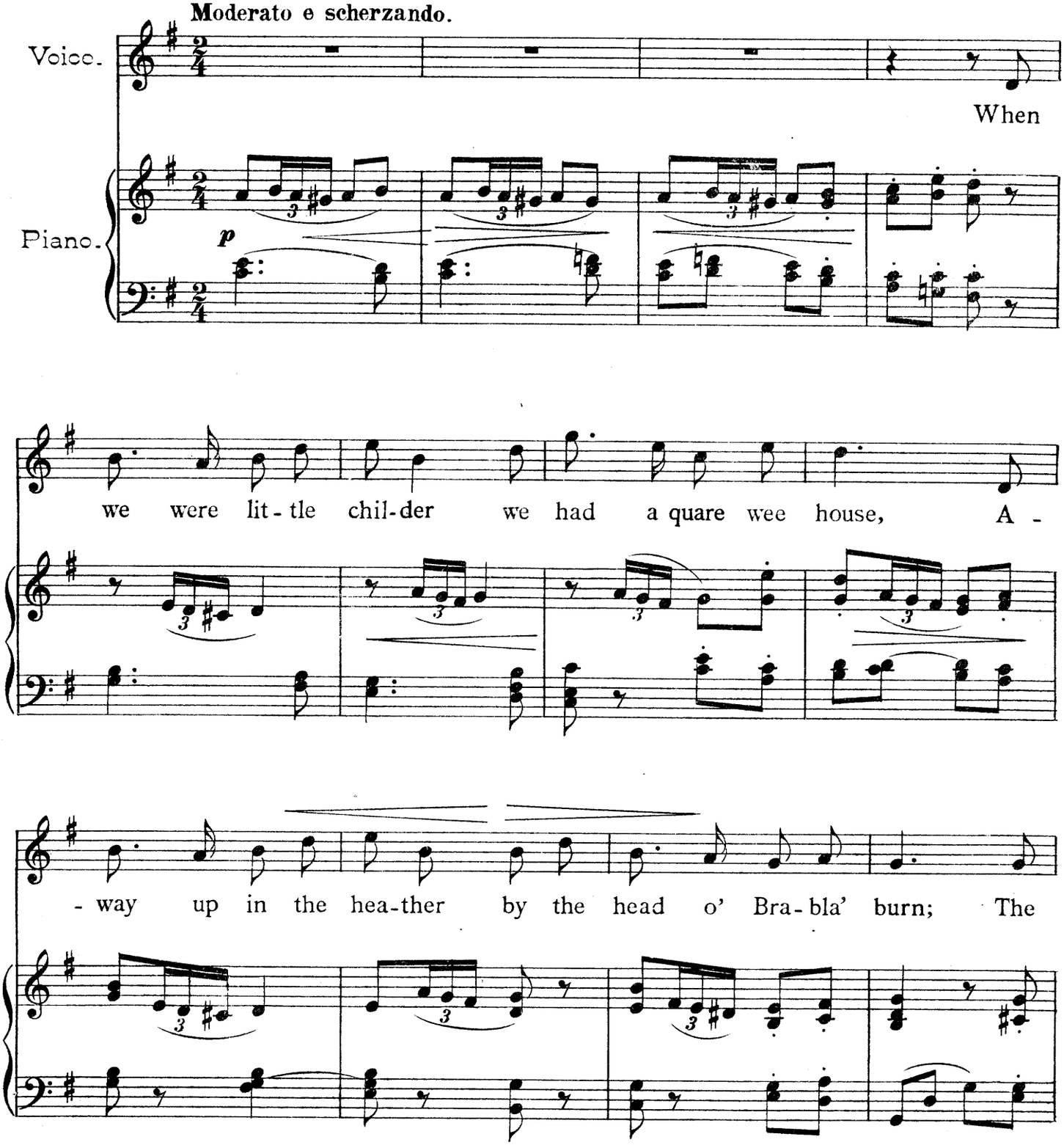

a tempo
day is gone, Where
co - si - ly curl'd on moth - er's breast, My share o' the
poco rall. dim.
world, you'll rest till
mf
a tempo
dawn.
pp

GRACE FOR LIGHT.

Words by
MOIRA O'NEILL.
By permission,
from "Songs of the Glens of Antrim."

Music by
HAMILTON HARTY.

Moderato e scherzando.



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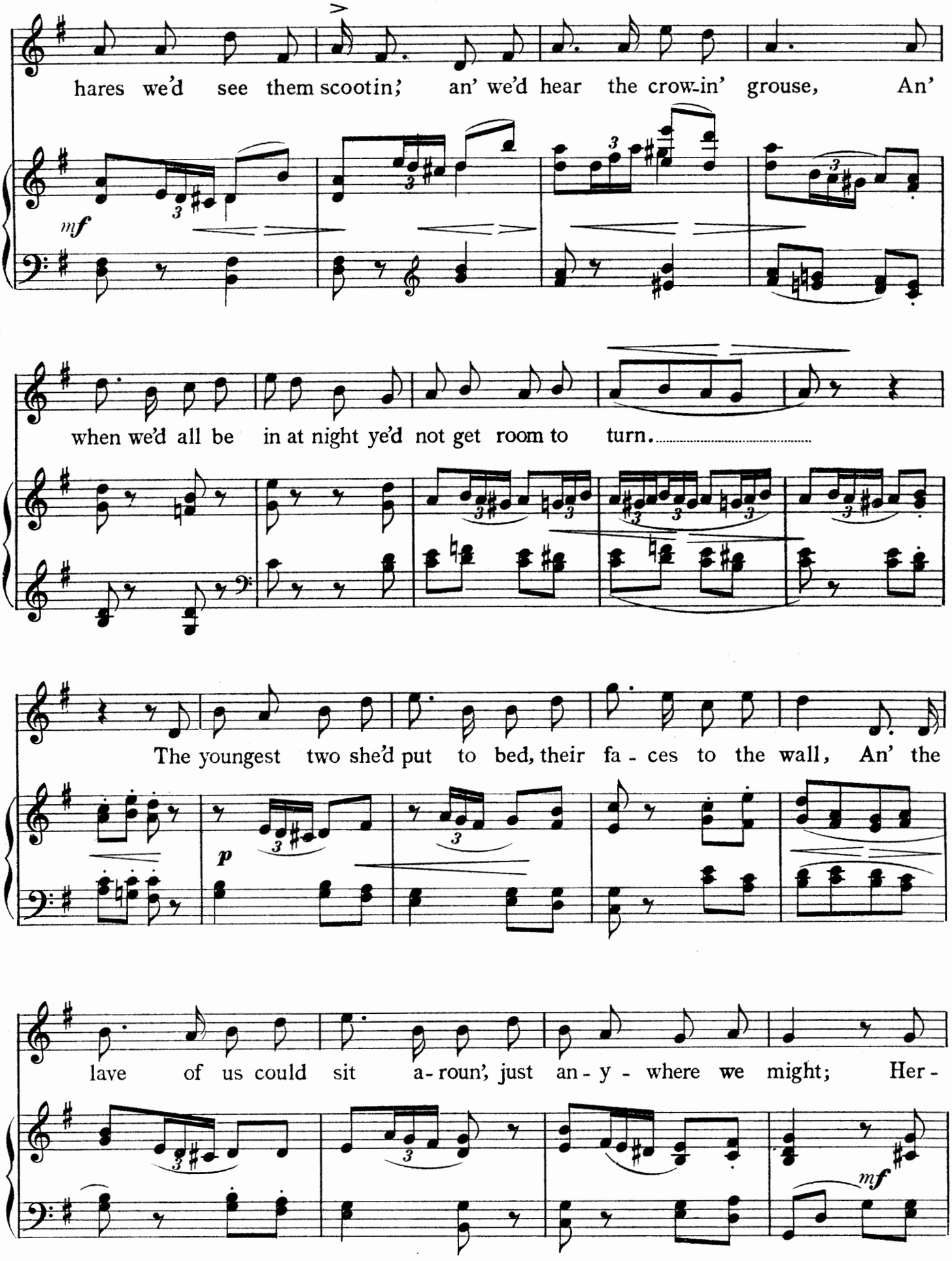
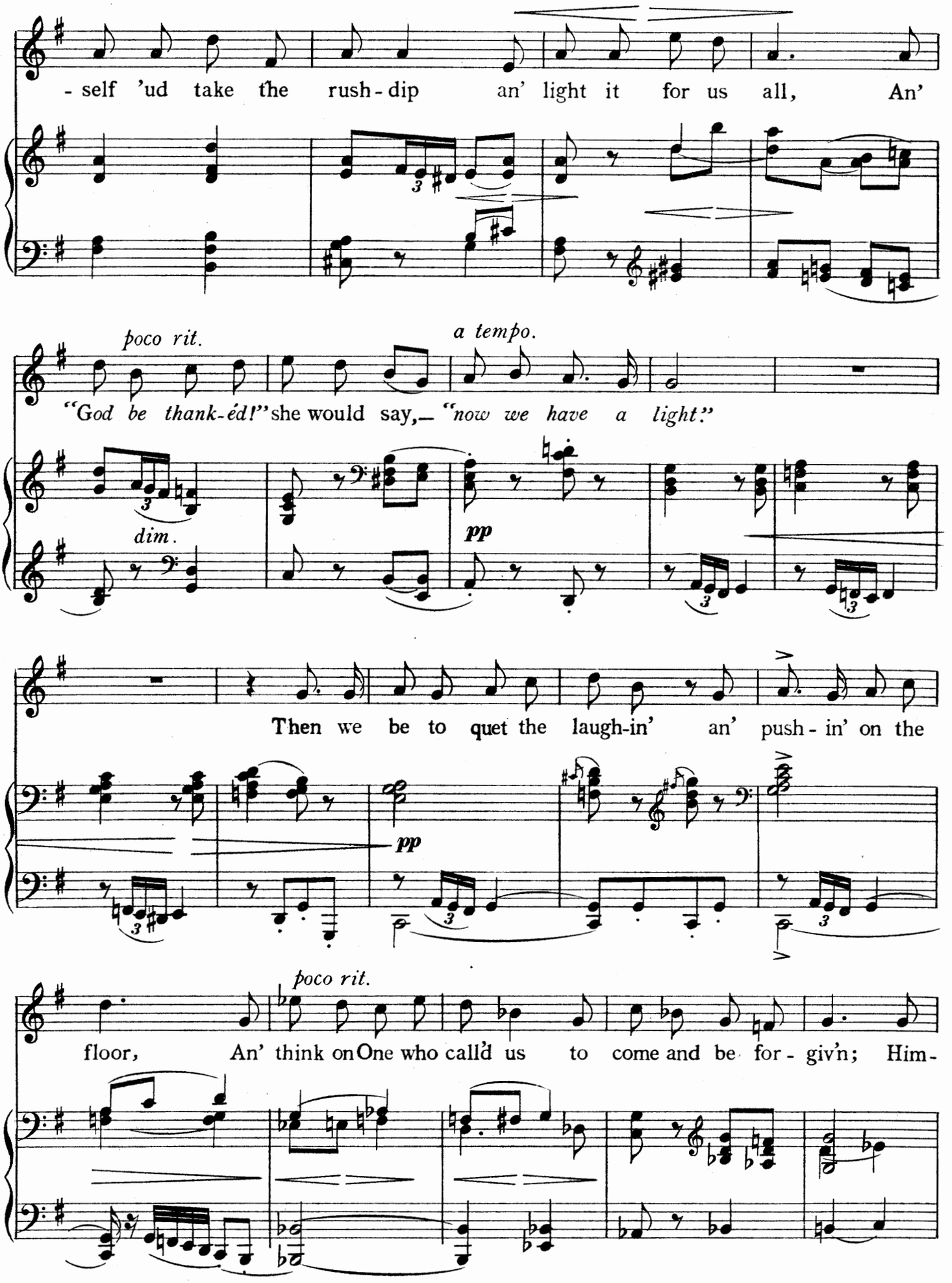
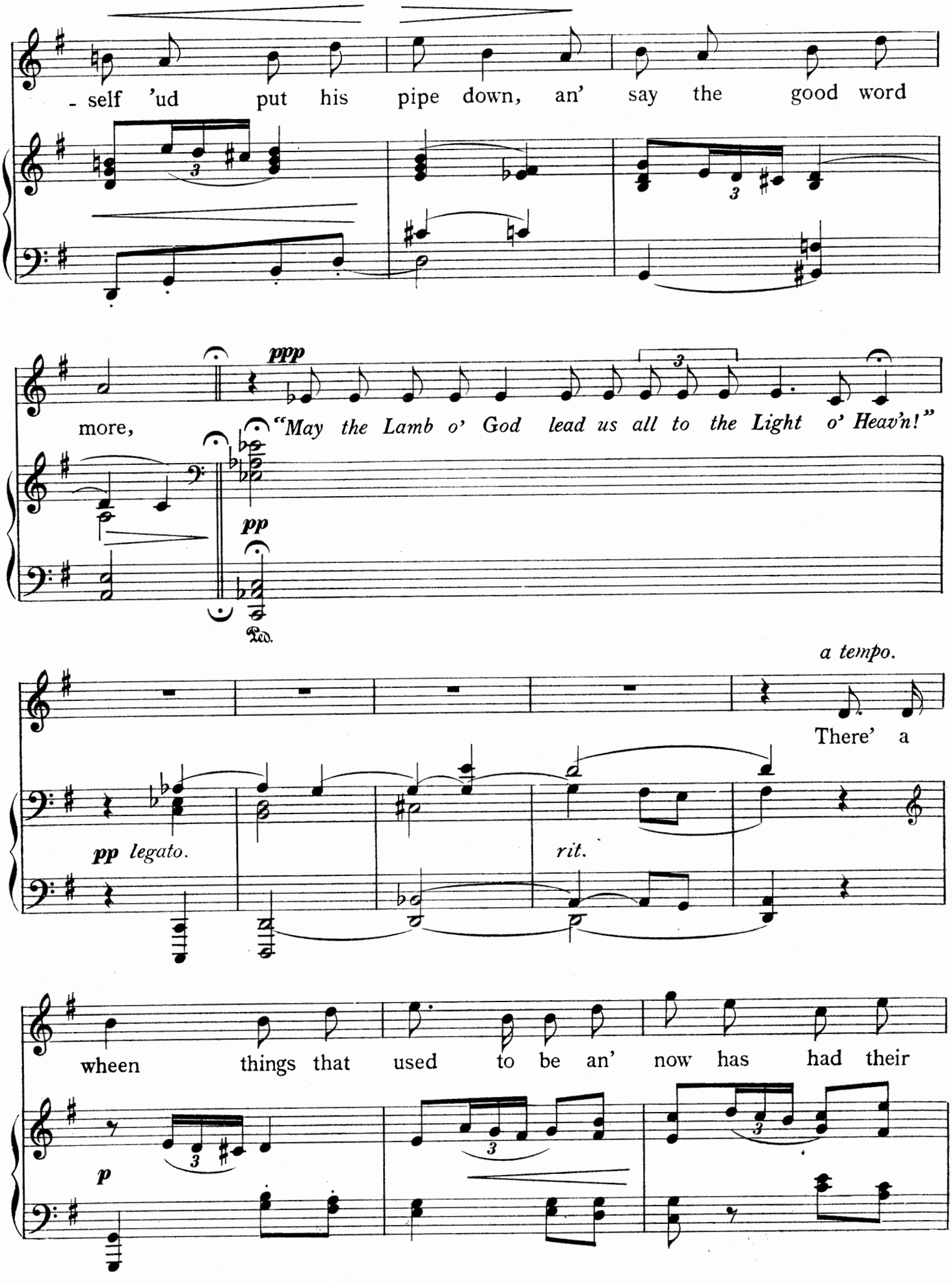
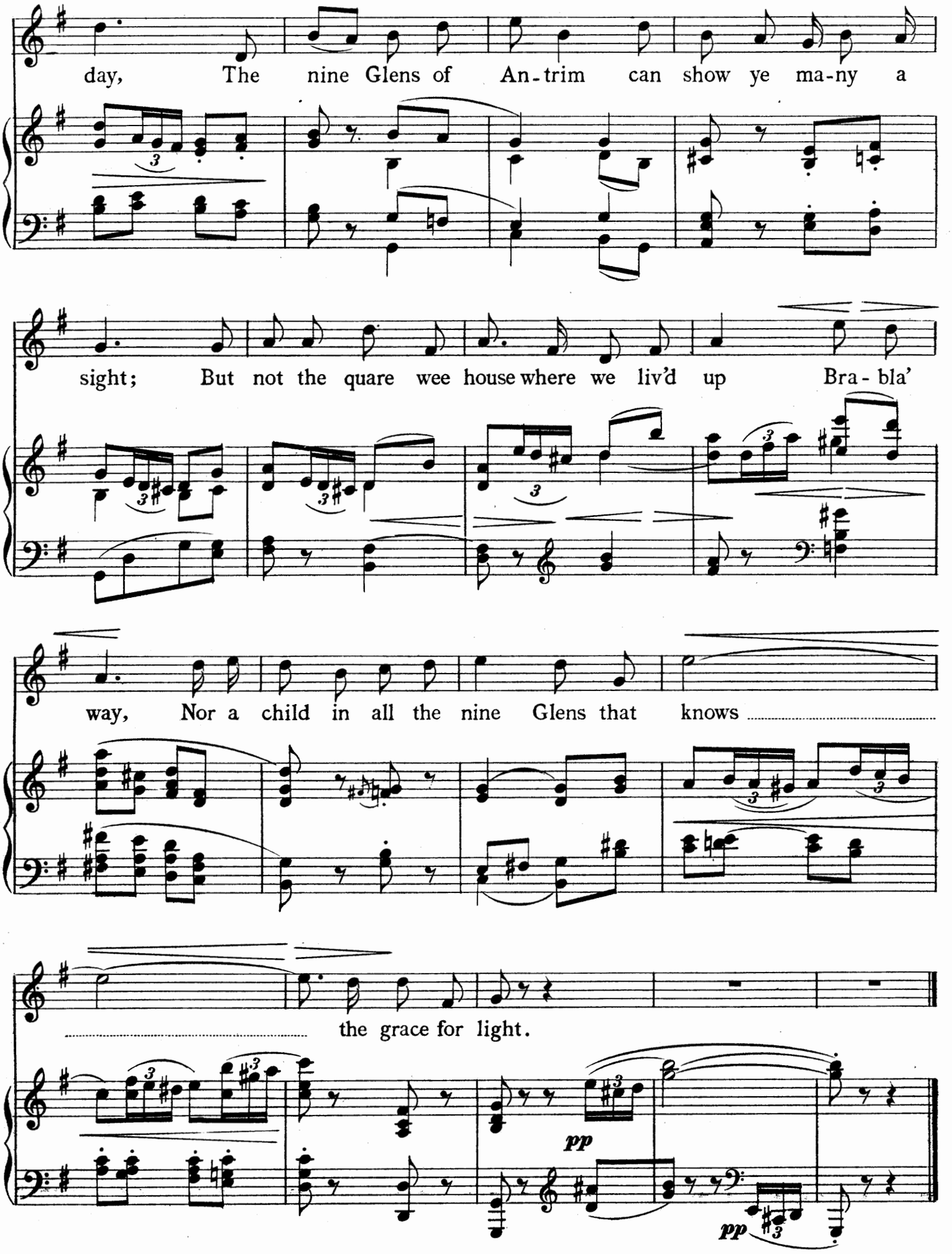

hares we'd see them scootin; an' we'd hear the crow-in' grouse, An'
mf
when we'd all be in at night ye'd not get room to turn.
The youngest two she'd put to bed, their fa - ces to the wall, An' the
p
lave of us could sit a-roun', just an - y - where we might; Her -
mf


- self 'ud take the rush - dip an' light it for us all, An'
poco rit.
a tempo.
"God be thank-éd!" she would say,— "now we have a light."
dim.
pp
Then we be to quet the laugh-in' an' push - in' on the
pp
poco rit.
floor, An' think on One who call'd us to come and be for - giv'n; Him -

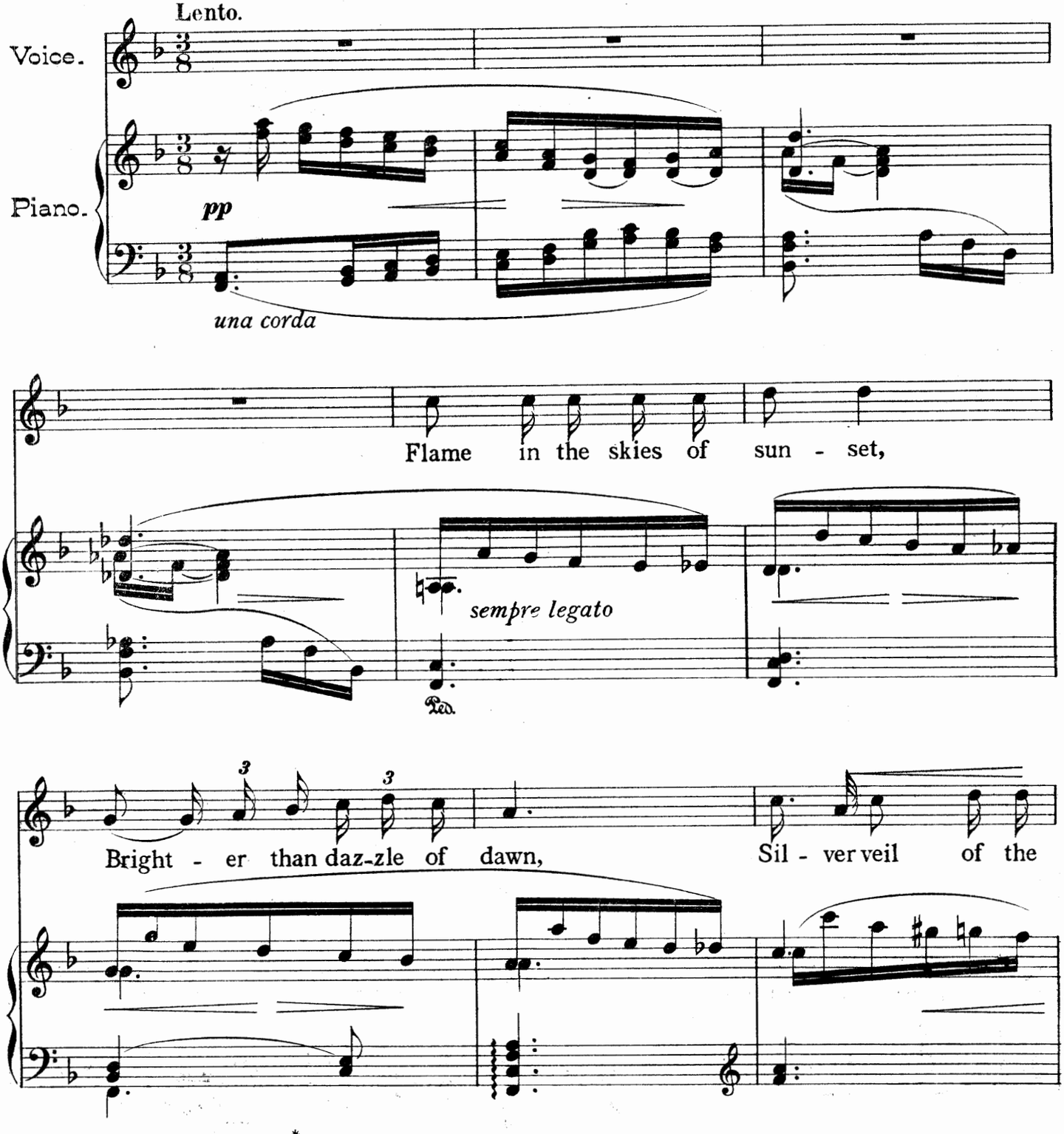

- self 'ud put his pipe down, an' say the good word
ppp
more,
"May the Lamb o' God lead us all to the Light o' Heav'n!"
pp
Ped.
a tempo.
There' a
pp legato.
rit.
wheen things that used to be an' now has had their
p


day, The nine Glens of An-trim can show ye ma-ny a
sight; But not the quare wee house where we liv'd up Bra-bla'
way, Nor a child in all the nine Glens that knows
the grace for light.
pp
pp

FLAME IN THE SKIES OF SUNSET.

Words by
LIZZIE TWIGG.
By permission,
from "Songs and Poems."*

Music by
HAMILTON HARTY.



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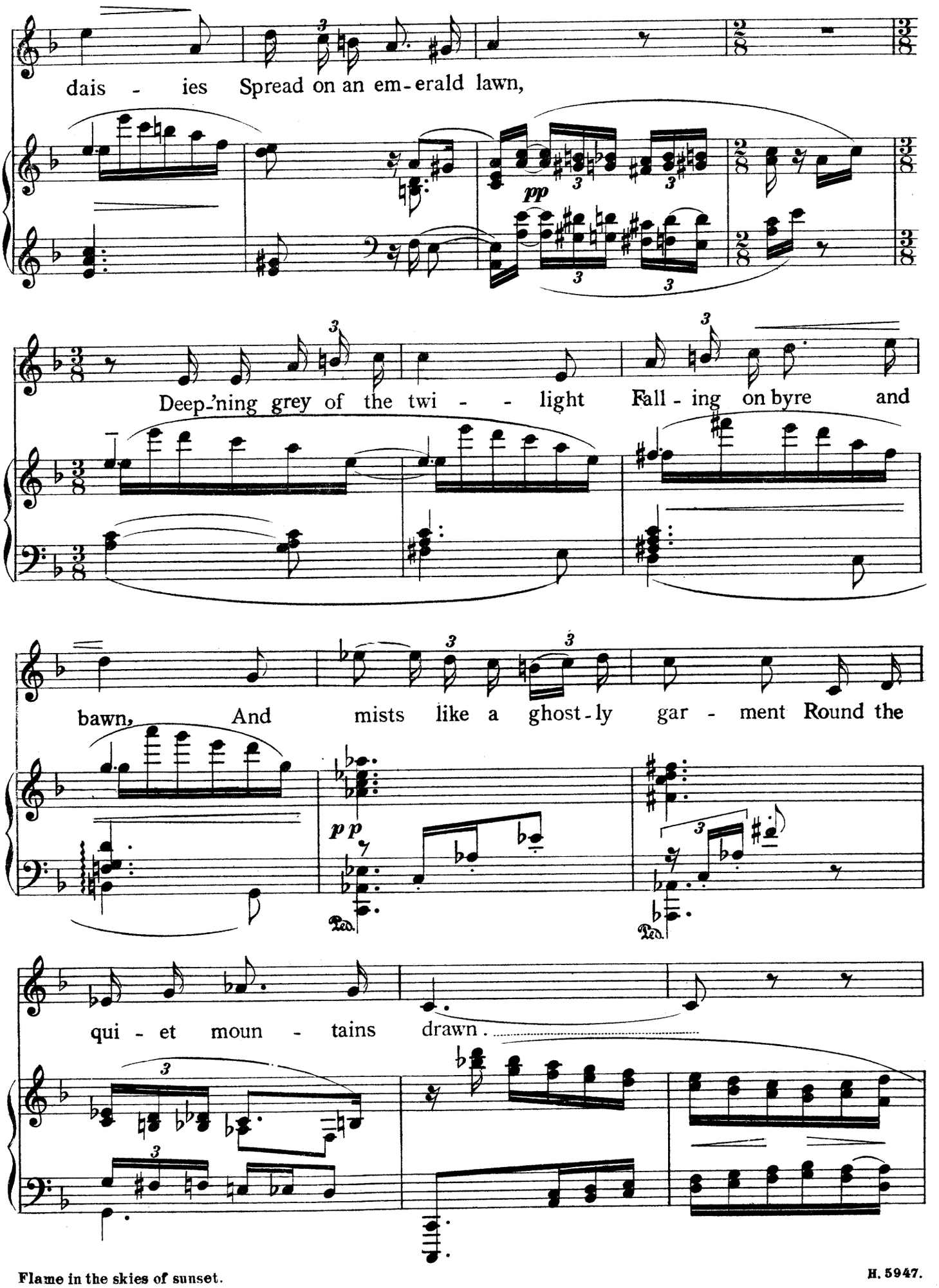
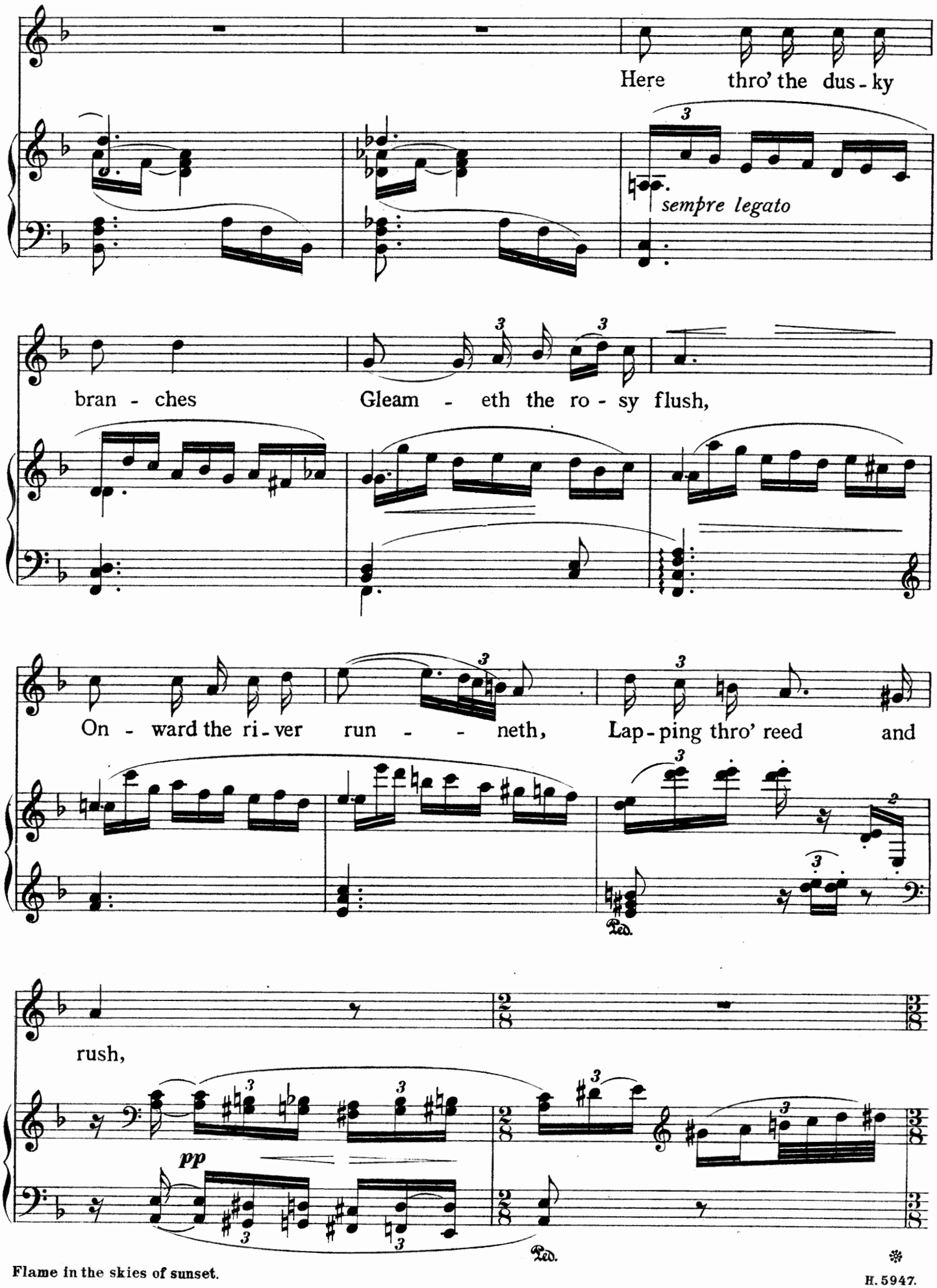
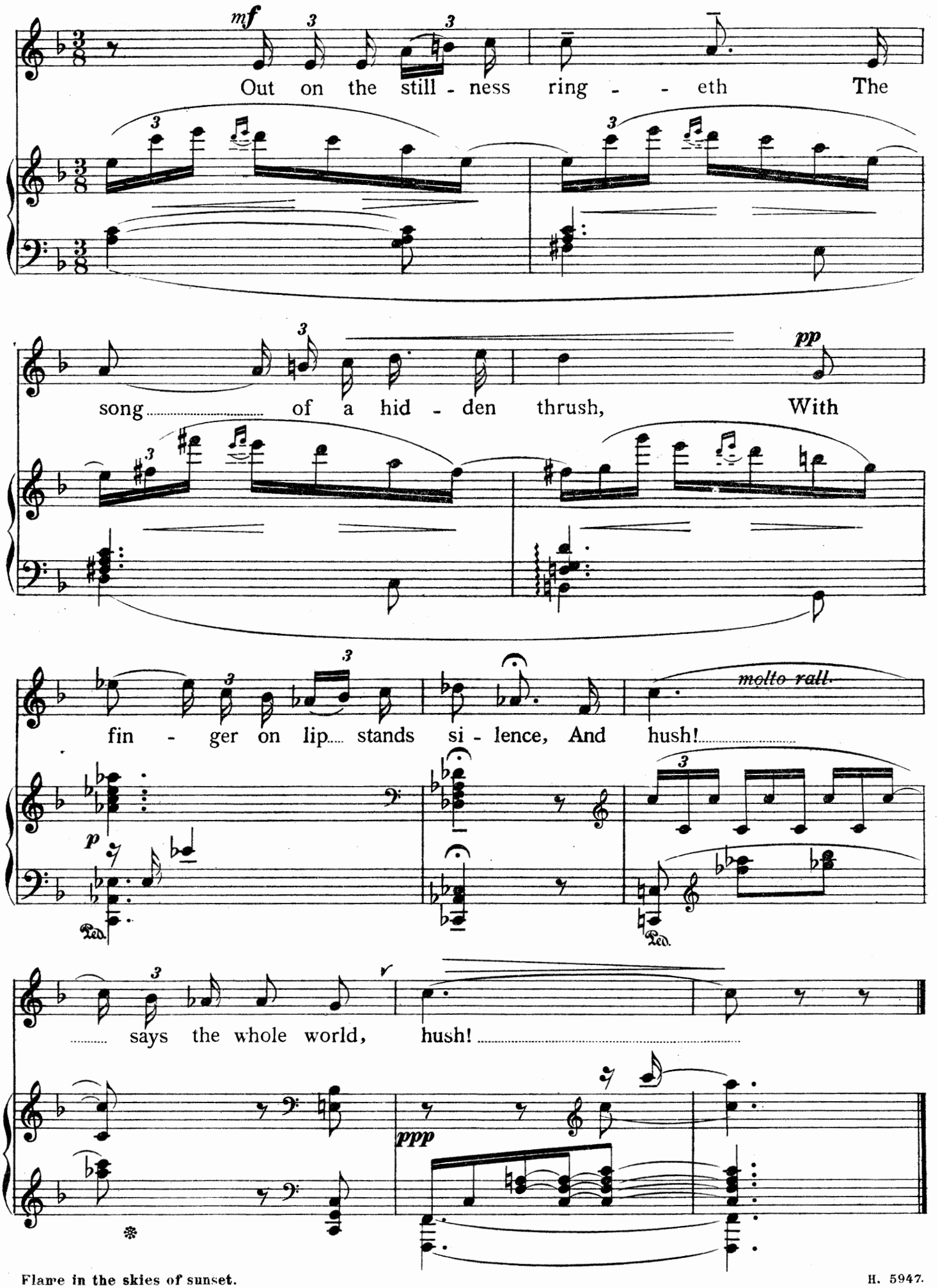

dais - ies Spread on an em-erald lawn,
pp
Deep-'ning grey of the twi - - light Fall - ing on byre and
bawn, And mists like a ghost-ly gar - ment Round the
pp
Ped.
Ped.
qui - et moun - tains drawn.



Flame in the skies of sunset.


mf
Out on the still - ness ring - - eth The
song of a hid - den thrush, With
pp
fin - ger on lip stands si - lence, And
molto rall.
hush!
p
says the whole world,
hush!
ppp

AT SEA.

Words by
MOIRA O' NEILL.
By permission,
from "Songs of the Glens of Antrim."

Music by
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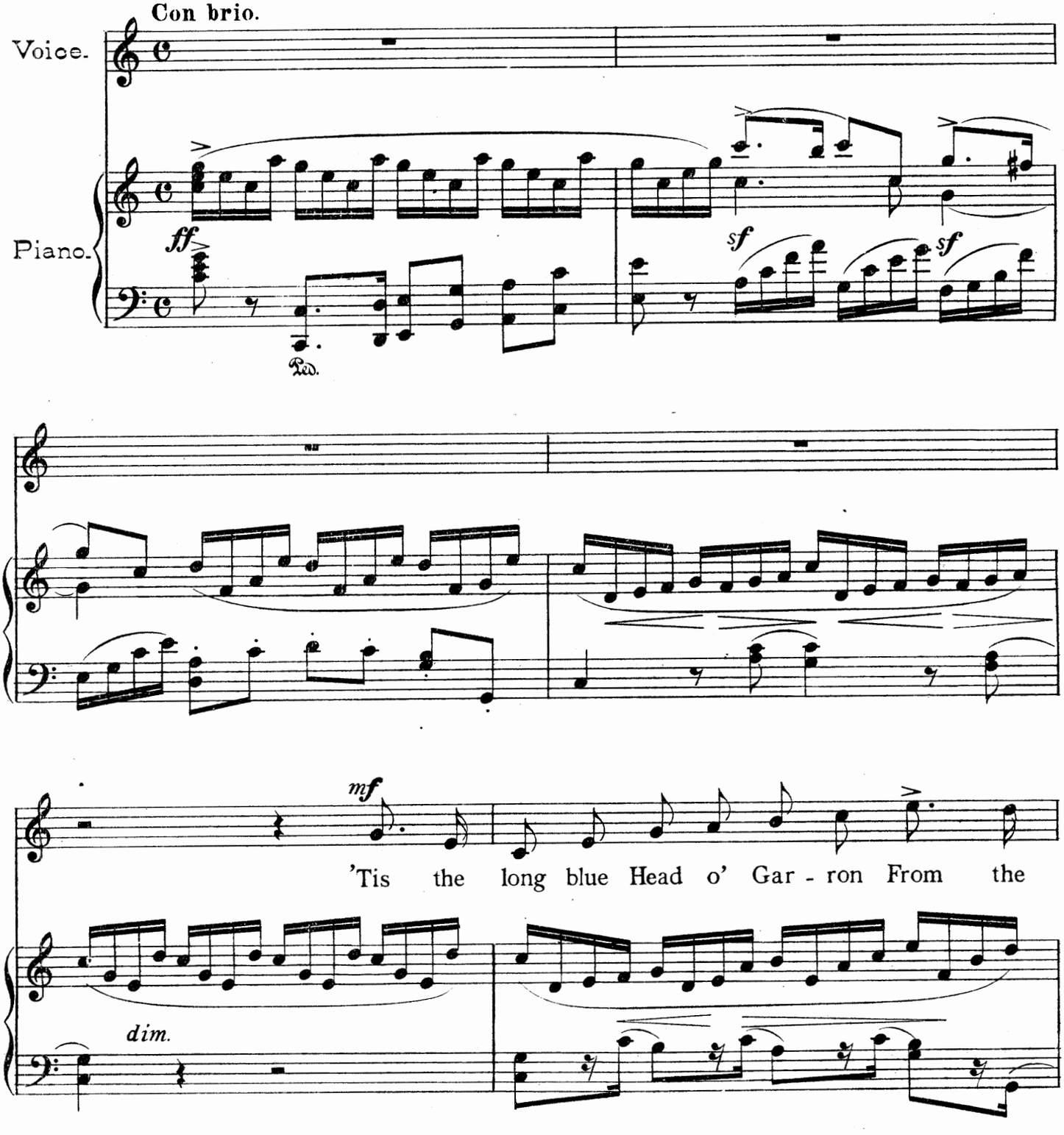

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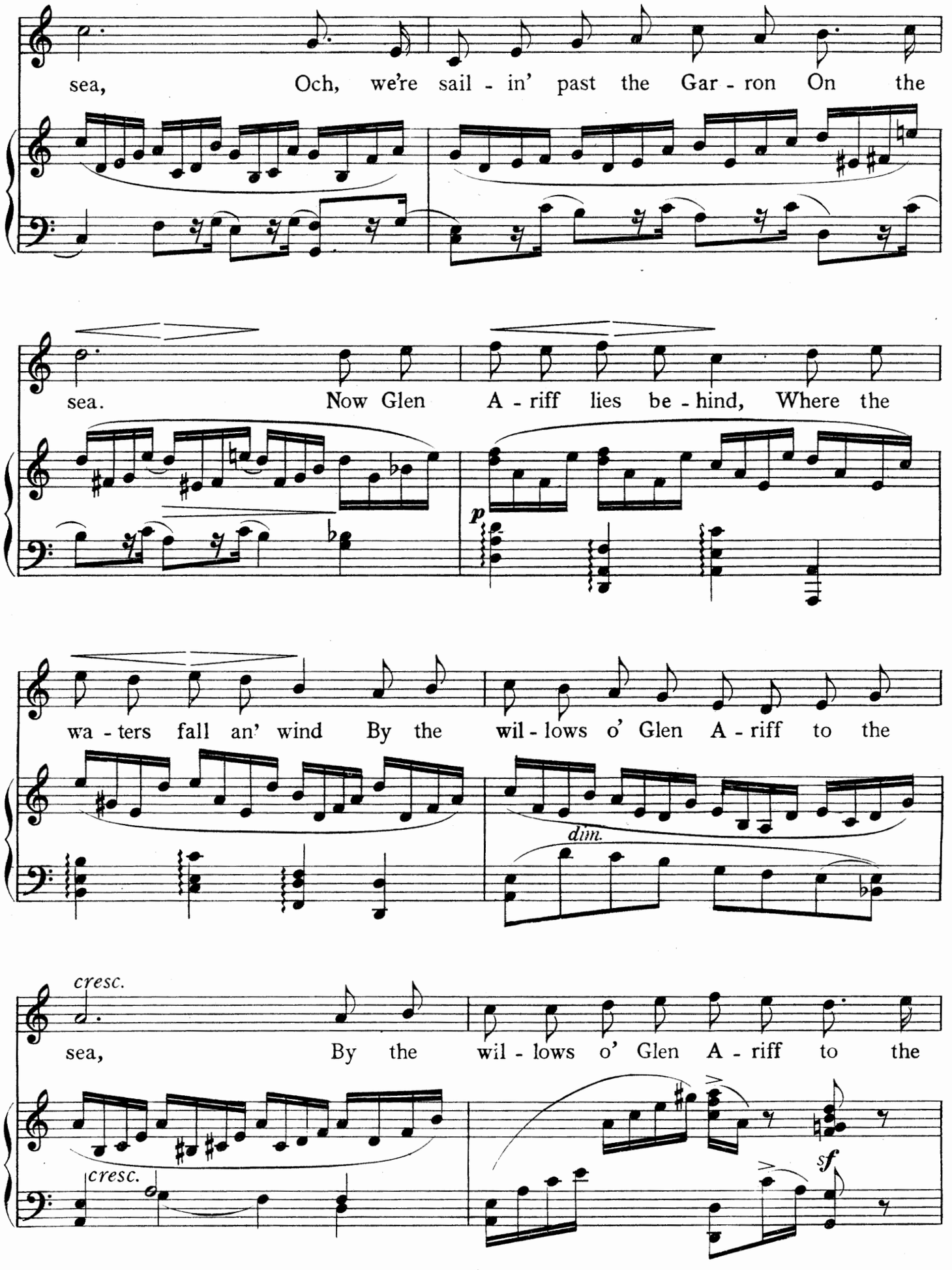
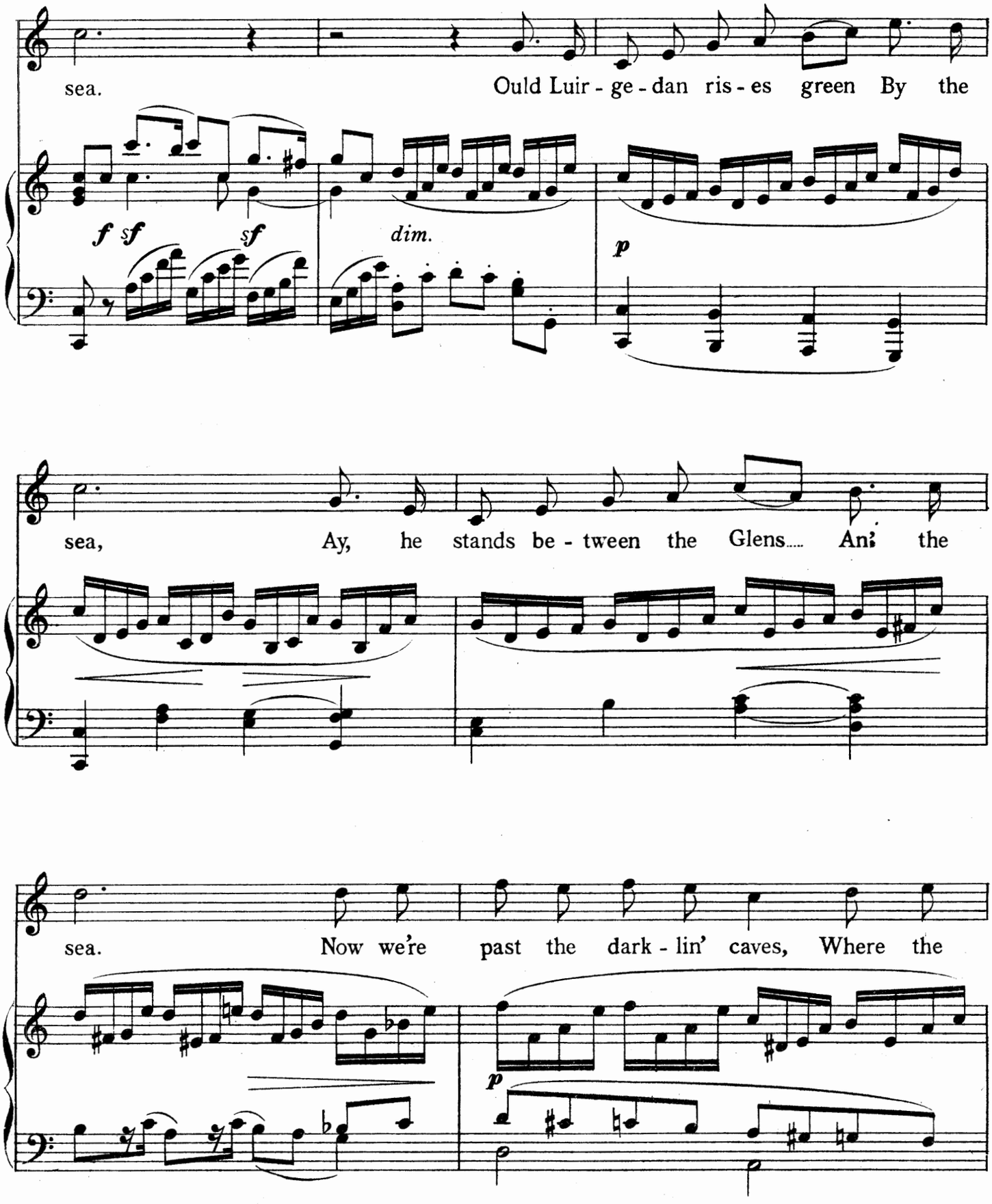
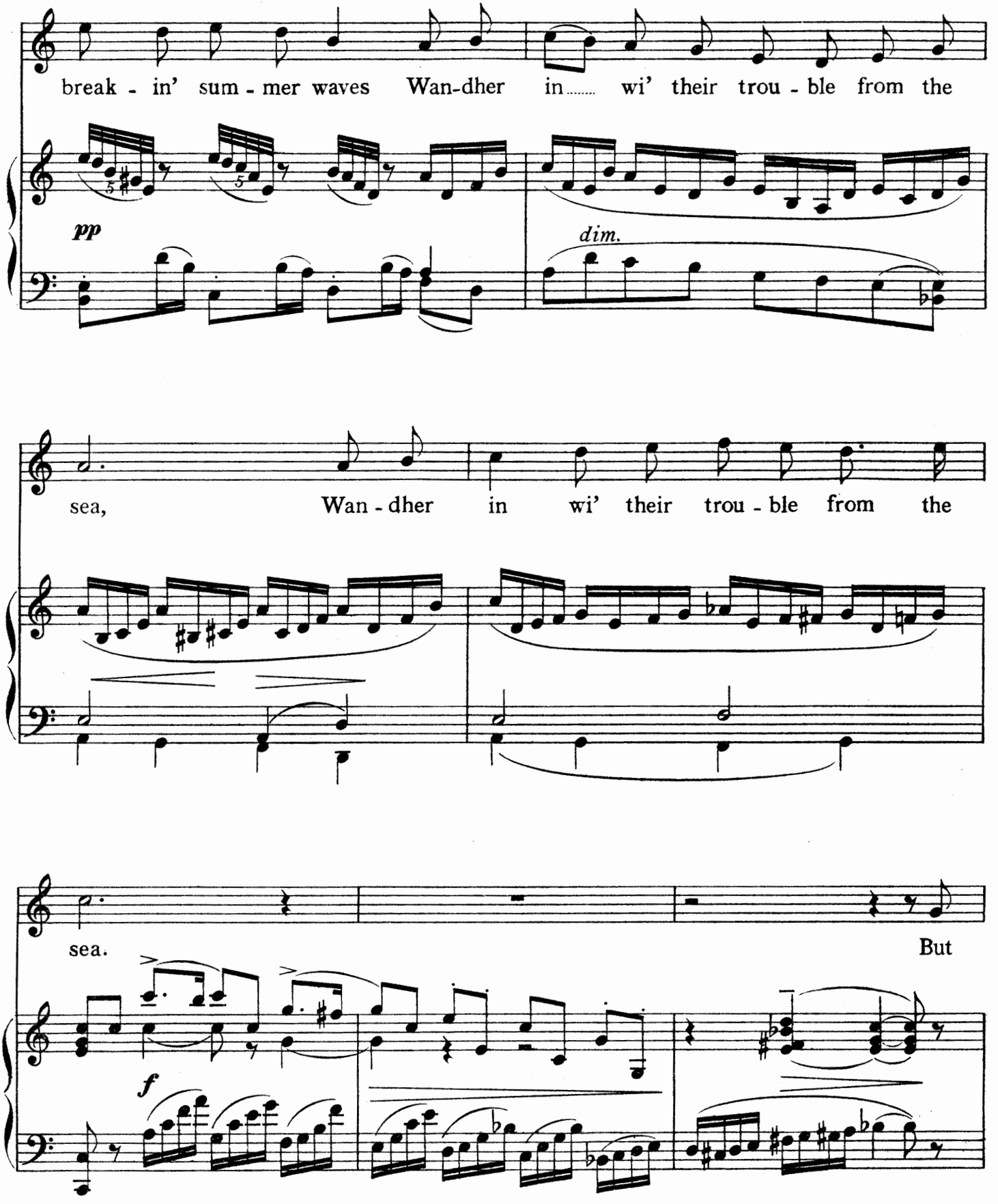
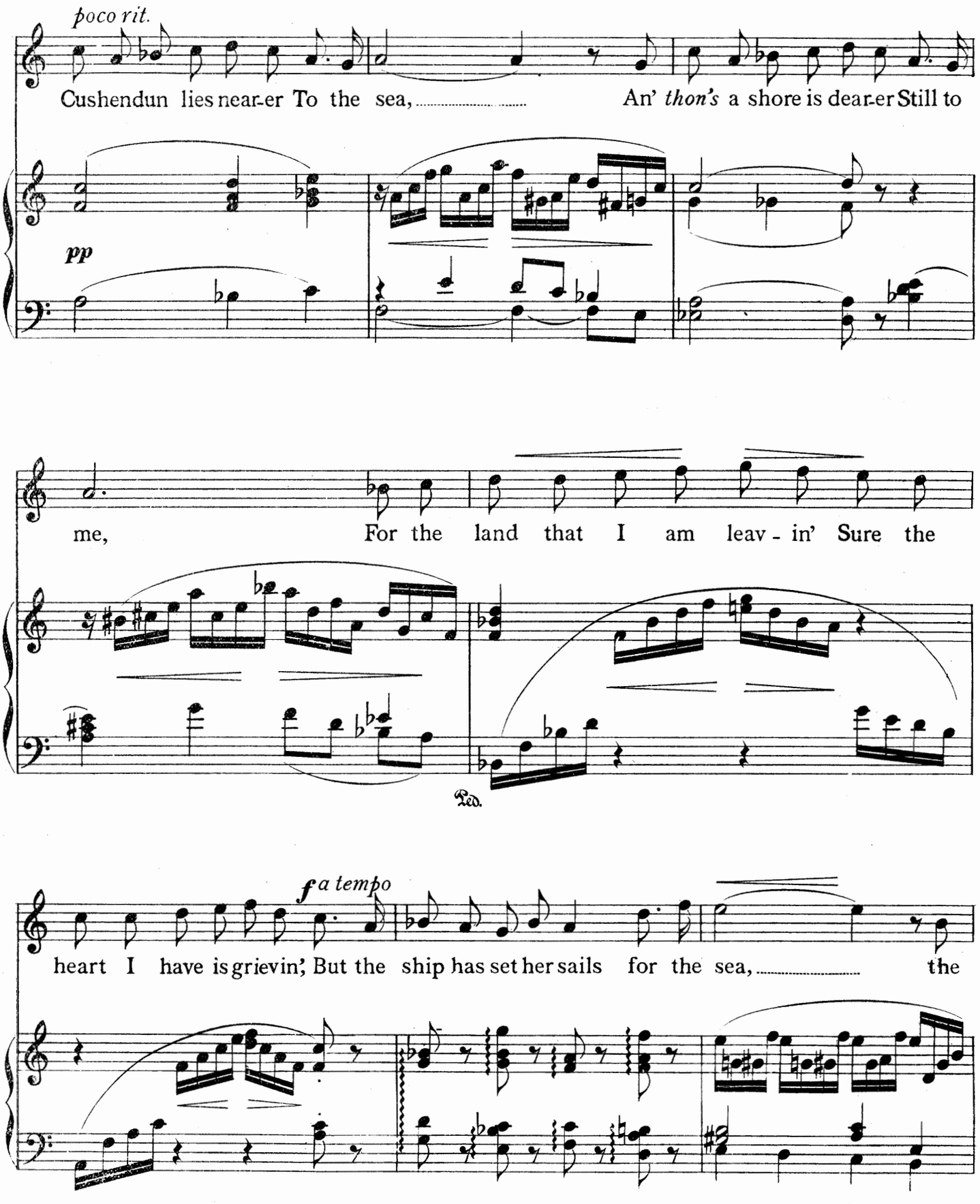
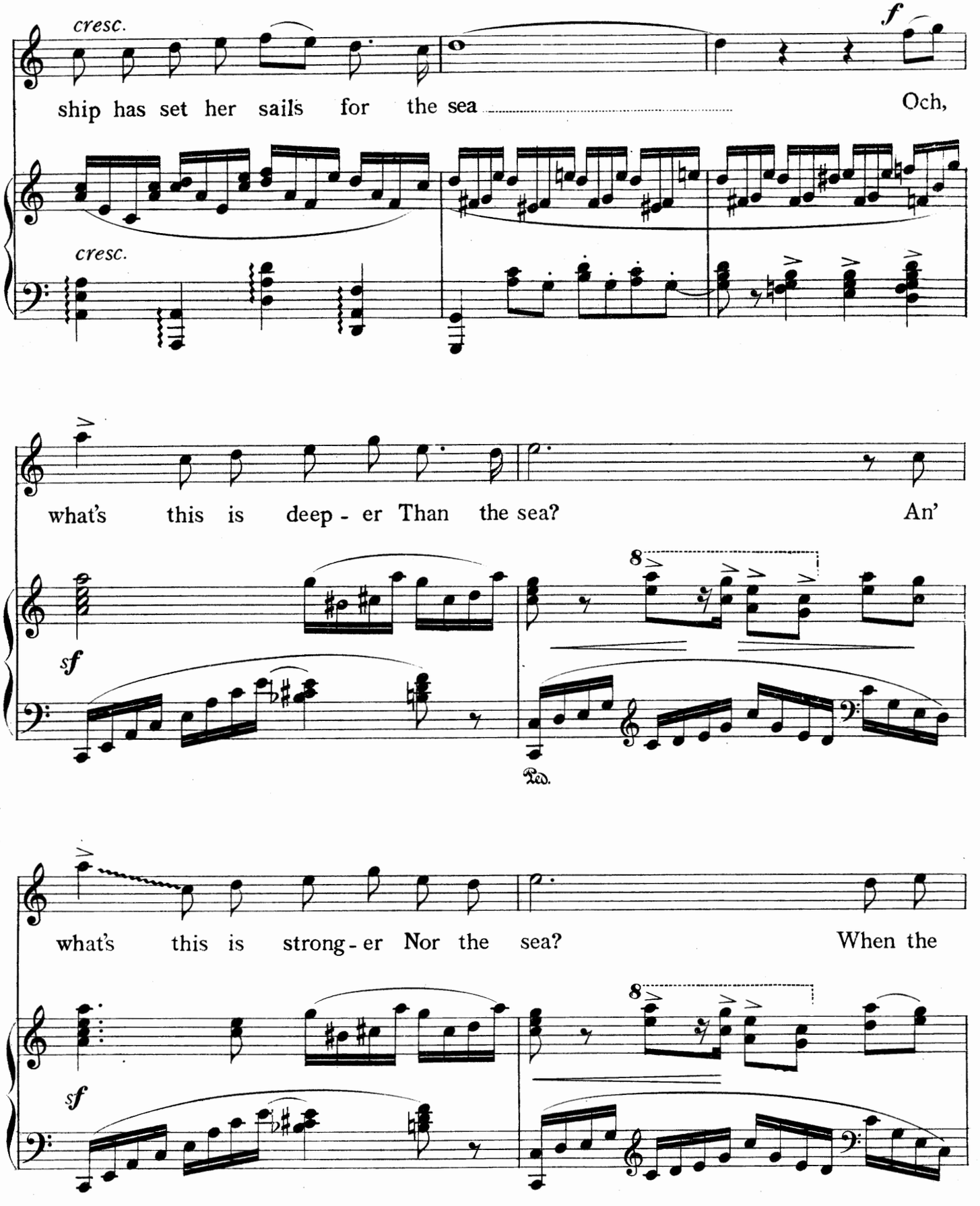

sea, Och, we're sail - in' past the Gar - ron On the
sea. Now Glen A - riff lies be - hind, Where the
p
wa - ters fall an' wind By the wil - lows o' Glen A - riff to the
dim.
cresc.
sea, By the wil - lows o' Glen A - riff to the
cresc.
sf

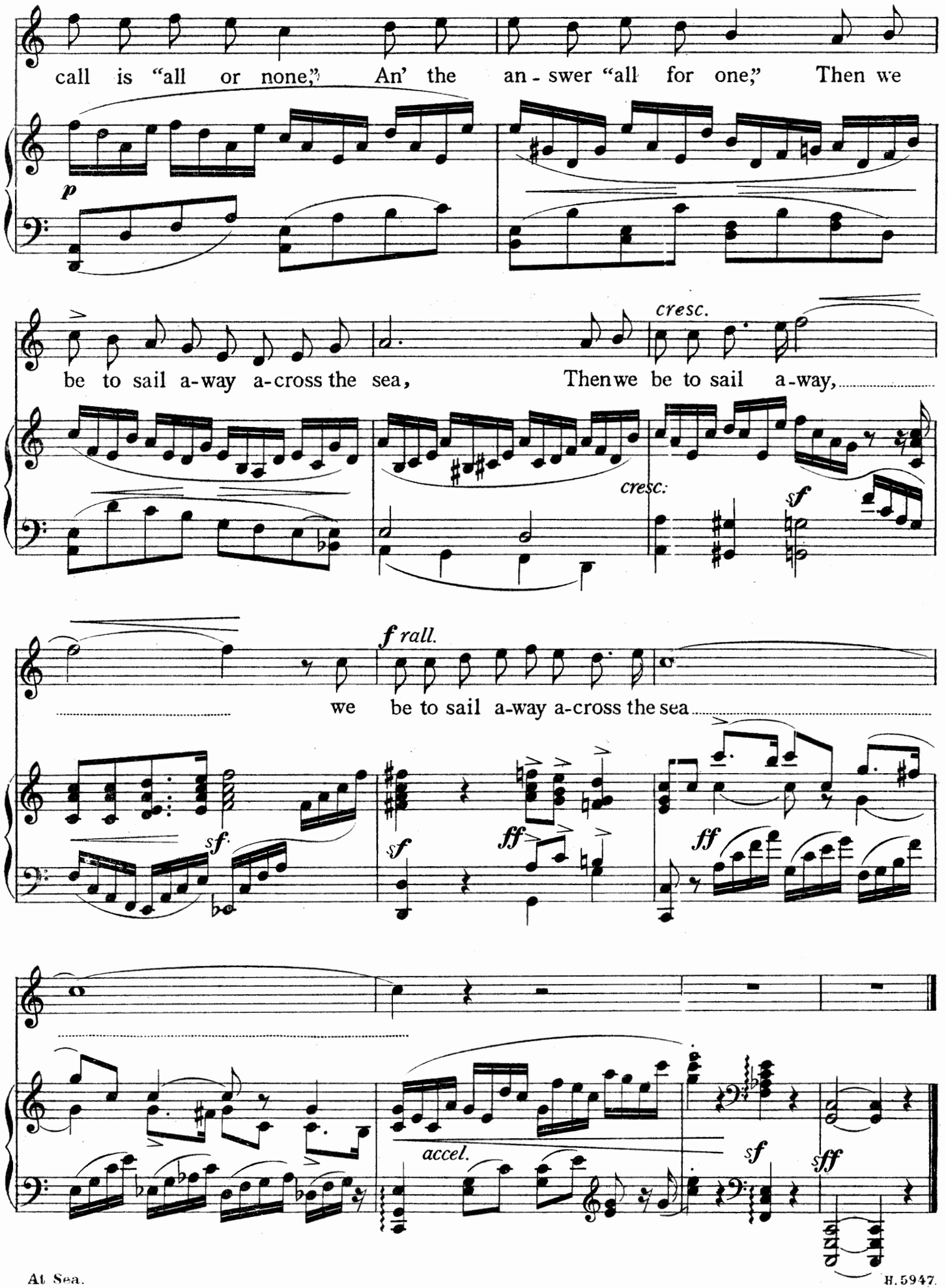

sea.
Ould Luir - ge - dan ris - es green By the
f sf
sf
dim.
p
sea,
Ay, he stands be - tween the Glens.... An' the
sea.
Now we're past the dark - lin' caves, Where the
p


break - in' sum - mer waves Wan-dher in..... wi' their trou - ble from the
pp
dim.
sea, Wan - dher in wi' their trou - ble from the
sea. But
f

85701


poco rit.
Cushendun lies near-er To the sea, ... An' thon's a shore is dear-er Still to
pp
me, For the land that I am leav - in' Sure the
Ped.
f a tempo
heart I have is grievin', But the ship has set her sails for the sea, ... the


cresc.
f
ship has set her sails for the sea
Och,
cresc.
what's this is deep - er Than the sea?
An'
sf
8
Ped.
what's this is strong - er Nor the sea?
When the
sf
8


call is "all or none," An' the an - swer "all for one," Then we
p
be to sail a-way a-cross the sea, Then we be to sail a-way,
cresc.
cresc.
sf
f rall.
we be to sail a-way a-cross the sea
sf
sf
ff
ff
accel.
sf
sff