

**Irish Songs III, WoO 154 (1810–15)**

[1] No. 60. Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill  
[no sung text]

[2] No. 61. Adieu, my lov'd harp

Adieu my lov'd harp, for no more shall the vale,  
Reecho thy notes as they float on the gale;  
No more melting pity shall sigh o'er thy String;  
Or love to thy tremblings so tenderly 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.'

*Traditional*

[3] No. 62. Castle O'Neill  
[no sung text]

[4] No. 63. Since all thy vows

Since all thy vows, false maid, are blown to air,  
And my poor heart betray'd to sad despair,  
Into some wilderness,  
My grief I will express  
And thy hard heartedness,  
O cruel Fair!  
Some gloomy place I'll find, some doleful shade,  
Where neither sun nor wind e'er entrance had:  
Into that hollow cave,  
There will I sigh and rave,  
Because thou dost behave  
So faithlessly.  
And when a ghost I am, I'll visit thee:  
O thou deceitful dame, whose cruelty  
Has kill'd the kindest heart  
That e'er felt Cupid's dart,  
And never can desert  
From loving thee.

*Traditional*

**26 Welsh Songs, WoO 155 (1810–15)**

[5] No. 1. Sion, the Son of Evan

Hear the shuts of Evan's son!  
See the gallant chase begun!  
Lo the deer affrighted run  
Up yon mountain's side.  
Check your speed, ye timorous deer,  
Safely rest and cease you fear,  
Or boldly on your cliffs appear  
And bear your antlers high!  
Deep through yonder tangling wood  
See the felon wolf pursued,  
Straining hard, and streaming blood,  
Sion's hounds are nigh!  
See the woodland savage grim,  
Boney, gaunt, and large of limb,  
Furious plunge, and fearless swim  
O'er the water wide.  
Hear the woods resounding far,  
Hark the distant din of war,  
See th'impatient hunter dare

Conway's swelling tide.  
 Evan's son pursues the foe;  
 See his ardent visage glow!  
 Now he speeds the mortal blow,  
 See the savage die!  
 From dusky den and thorny brake,  
 The chiding hounds the echoes wake,  
 The forest's cowering inmates quake,  
 And triumph rends the air.  
 Was ever youth like Evan's son,  
 Was ever course so nobly run?  
 Was ever prize so glorious won,  
 'Tis Winifred the fair!  
 To hardy deeds and conquering arms,  
 That save the fold from midnight harms,  
 The ancient chief decrees her charms  
 The maid beyond compare!

*Anne Grant, 1755–1838*

[6] No. 2. The Monks of Bangor's March

When the heathen trumpet's clang  
 Round beleaguer'd Chester rang,  
 Veiled nun and friar grey  
 March'd from Bangor's fair abbaye:  
 High their holy anthem sounds,  
 Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,  
 Floating down the sylvan Dee,  
 O miserere Domine!  
 Weltering amid warriors slain,  
 Spurned by steeds with bloody mane,  
 Slaughter'd down by heathen blade,  
 Bangor's peaceful monks are laid:  
 Word of parting rest unspoke,  
 Mass unsung, and bread unbroke;  
 For their souls for charity,  
 Sing, miserere Domine!  
 Bangor! o'er the murder wail,  
 Long thy ruius told the tale,  
 Shatter'd tower and broken arch  
 Long recall'd the woeful march:  
 On thy shrine no tapers burn,  
 Never shall thy priests return;  
 The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee,  
 O miserere Domine!

*Walter Scott, 1771–1832*

[7] No. 3. The Cottage Maid

O Owen, I believe thee kind,  
 And love is surely on thy tongue  
 But would that I could read thy mind,  
 For hope betrays the maiden young.  
 Last night I saw thee loth to part,  
 I watch'd thy looks – so bright the moon  
 And know not but my simple heart  
 Might own too much, or own too soon.  
 Unhappy fate, oh doubtful maid!  
 Her tears may fall, her bosom swell.  
 But even to the desert shade  
 She never must her secret tell.  
 And is it Love, his softer mien?  
 And is it Love, his whisper low?  
 And does he much, or nothing mean?  
 Ah! She that loves, how can she know!  
 With Owen I the dance have led,  
 And then I thought that sure he seem'd  
 To dance with lighter, livelier tread  
 Oh! Was it so, – or have I dream'd?  
 Today he goes with merry glee,  
 And all are going to the fair

O may I by some ribbon see  
He thought of one that was not there.

*William Smyth, 1765–1849*

[8] No. 4. Love Without Hope

Her features speak the warmest heart,  
But not for me its ardour glows;  
In that soft blush I have no part  
That mingles with her bosom's snows.  
In that dear drop I have no share  
That trembles in her melting eye;  
Nor is my love the tender care  
That birds her heave that anxious sigh.  
Not fancy's happiest hours create  
Visions of rapture as divine,  
As the pure bliss which must await  
The man whose soul is knit to thine.  
But ah! Farewell this treacherous theme,  
Which, though 'tis misery to forego,  
Yields yet of joy the soothing dream,  
That grief like mine thou ne'er shalt know.

*John Richardson, 1787–1865*

[9] No. 5. The Golden Robe

HE  
A golden robe my Love shall wear,  
And rubies bind her yellow hair;  
A golden robe those limbs enfold,  
So far above the worth of gold.  
No courtly dame in gaudy pride,  
Shall e'er outshine my lovely bride;  
Then say, my charming maiden say,  
When shall we name the happy day?

SHE  
Can golden robes my fancy bind,  
Or ruby chains enslave the mind?  
Not all the wealth our mountains own,  
Nor orient pearls, nor precious stone,  
Can tempt me by their idle shine,  
Or buy a heart that's form'd like mine!  
My choice it is already made,  
I shun the glare, and court the shade.

HE  
Your scorn, proud girl, I well can bear,  
There's many a maid my robes would wear,  
And thank me too; so take your way,  
But you'll repent another day.

SHE  
Go with your robes and gifts of gold  
To those whose hearts are to be sold;  
For me, I have no other pride  
But Evan's love my choice to guide!

*Anne Hunter, 1742–1821*

[10] No. 6. The Fair Maids of Mona

How, my love, couldst hapless doubts o'er take thee,  
Was my heart so little known?  
Could'st thou think thy Mary wou'd forsake thee?  
Thou wast lov'd, and thou alone!  
Cruel Fortune! Rash! Mistaken Lover!  
May I must I not complain:  
Never, never may'st thou now discover,  
All that now were known in vain.  
Mine the grief, alas! That knows no measure,

Thou wast lov'd, and thou alone:  
Thine the life that now can feel no pleasure,  
Wreck'd my bliss, and lost thine own.  
Sometimes will my lonely sighs accuse thee,  
Think thee hasty, ... call thee blind;  
Hasty, sure, ... and I for ever lose thee,  
But thy heart was not unkind.

*William Smyth*

[11] No. 7. O let the night my blushes hide (4th version)

Oh let the night my blushes hide,  
While thus my sighs reveal,  
What modest love and maiden pride  
Forever would conceal.  
What can he mean, how can he bear,  
Thus falt'ring to delay;  
How can his eyes, his eyes so much declare,  
His tongue so little say, his tongue so little say?  
The times are hard, an odious word,  
I'm wearied with the sound,  
A cuckoo note, for ever heard  
Since first the sun went round,  
Well pleas'd a happier mind I bear,  
A heart for ever gay;  
How can his eyes, his eyes so much declare,  
His tongue so little say, his tongue so little say?  
What reck's it that the times are hard,  
Try fortune, and be blest –  
Set Hope still cheer and Honour guard,  
And Love will do the rest.  
Far better load the heart with care,  
Than waste it with delay;  
How can his eyes, his eyes so much declare,  
His tongue so little say, his tongue so little say?

*William Smyth*

[12] No. 8. Farewell thou noisy town

Farewell, farewell, thou noisy town,  
Thou scene of restless glare;  
Thine hours no real pleasures crown,  
No peace, no love is there.  
How dull thy splendid ev'nings close!  
How sad thy joys to me!  
Thy hollow smiles, thy rival shows,  
And all thy misery.  
But welcome to my longing eyes,  
Dear objects ever new,  
My rural cot, you varying skies,  
Streams, woods, and mountains blue!  
With these my humble spirits finds  
Health, liberty, and rest,  
The silent joys of simple minds,  
And leisure to be blest.

*William Smyth*

[13] No. 9. To the Aeolian Harp

Harp of the winds! In airy measure  
Thy strings when viewless fingers move,  
Unfolding all thy tuneful treasure,  
Thy cadence wild I dearly love.

REFRAIN:

The sounds, all earthly sounds excelling,  
Our wand'ring thoughts to heav'n recall;  
Now softly sighing, loudly swelling,  
Lost in many a dying fall.  
Harp of the winds!

While, pensive musing,  
I mark thy deep impassion'd strain,  
When trees their summer beauty losing,  
With yellow leaves bestrew the plain.

REFRAIN

Harp of the winds!  
While, faintly beaming,  
Yon moon hangs o'er the ruined tower,  
And flitting shadows dimly gleaming,  
Seem subject to thy magic power.

REFRAIN

*Anne Hunter*

[14] No. 10. Ned Pugh's Farewell

To leave my dear girl, my country, and friends,  
And roam o'er the ocean, where toil never ends;  
To mount the high yards, when the whistle shall sound,  
Amidst the wild winds as they bluster around!  
My heart aches to think on't, but still I must go,  
For duty now calls me to face the proud foe:  
And so to my Winny I must bid adieu,  
In hopes when I'm gone she will think of Ned Pugh.  
That still she will think she is near to my heart,  
Tho' far from each other, alas! We must part,  
That next to my duty, my thoughts she will share,  
My love and my glory both centre in her!  
And should I return with some hits from Mountseer,  
I know I shall meet with a smile and a tear;  
Or if I should fall then dear Winny adieu!  
I know when I'm gone you'll remember Ned Pugh.

*Anne Hunter*

[15] No. 11. Peggy's daughter, or Merch Megan

In the white cot where Peggy dwells,  
Her daughter fair the rose excels  
That round her casement sweetly blows,  
And on the gale its fragrance throws.  
O were she mine, the lovely maid!  
She soon would leave the lonely shade.  
I'd bear her where the beams of morn  
Should with their brightest rays adorn  
Each budding charm and op'ning grace,  
That moulds her form and decks her face.  
O were she mine, the lovely maid!  
I'd bear her from the lonely shade.  
But, should the sultry orb of day  
Too fiercely dart his fervid ray,  
The rose upon its stalk might die,  
And zephyr o'er its ruins sigh!  
No – I would keep my lovely maid  
Secure beneath the friendly shade.

*Anne Hunter*

[16] No. 12. Waken lords and ladies gay

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
Upon the mountain dawns the day;  
All the jolly chase is here.  
With hawk and horses and huntingspear!  
The eager hounds in chorus cry,  
The swelling horns salute the sky;  
And merrily, merrily mingle they,  
Then waken, lords and ladies gay!  
Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
The mist has left the mountain gray,

Brakes are deck'd with diamonds bright,  
 And streams rejoice in early light.  
 The foresters have busy been  
 To track the buck in thicket green;  
 Now we are come to chant our lay,  
 Then waken, lords and ladies gay.  
 Louder, louder chant the lay,  
 O waken, lords and ladies gay;  
 Tell them Youth and Mirth and Glee  
 Run swift their course as well as we;  
 Old Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,  
 As staunch as hound and fleet as hawk?  
 O think of this, and rise with day,  
 Ye gentle lords and ladies gay!

*Walter Scott*

[17] No. 13. Helpless Woman

How cruel are the parents  
 Who riches only prize,  
 And to the wealthy booby  
 Poor woman sacrifice:  
 Meanwhile the hapless daughter  
 Has but a choice of strife  
 To shun a tyrant father's hate,  
 Become a wretched wife.  
 The rav'ning hawk pursuing,  
 The trembling dove thus flies;  
 To shun impelling ruin  
 A while her pinions tries;  
 'Till of escape despairing,  
 No shelter or retreat,  
 She trusts the ruthless falconer,  
 And drops beneath his feet.

*Robert Burns, 1759–1796*

[18] No. 14. The Dream (2nd version)

Last night worn with anguish that tortur'd my breast,  
 When my senses benumb'd I at length sank to rest;  
 The passion that waking has ruled o'er my mind  
 Still woke in my dreams where it rov'd unconfin'd.  
 Methought that my fair one, o'ercome by my pain,  
 Assented at length to reward her fond swain;  
 And soon at the altar she stood by my side,  
 To the priest I already 'I will' had replied.  
 Her reply I awaited with transport of soul,  
 When, death to my hopes! did the matin bell toll,  
 I started, awoke, and with horror I found,  
 'Twas a dream that maliciously fled at the sound.

*Roberts of Pentre, dates unknown  
 Based on a text in Welsh by Dafydd ap Gwilym (c. 1340–c. 1400), Y Breuddwyd*

[19] No. 15. When mortals all to rest retire

When mortals all to rest retire,  
 o Moon! Thou hear'st my whisp'ring lyre:  
 to thee I wake the mournful lay;  
 for sure thou lookst as if thy ray  
 would comfort, if it could,  
 convey, and happier songs inspire.  
 And I will happier be;  
 my heart, though late, shall wisdom learn,  
 from love's delusions free:  
 my spirit shall in dignant burn,  
 and I with maiden pride will spurn  
 his strange inconstancy.  
 Roll on ye hours!  
 And back restore  
 the peaceful thoughts I knew before,

when smil'd the arts, when charm'd the muse,  
when morn for me had beauteous hues,  
and evening could her calm diffuse  
my ardent bosom o'er.  
But Love! Thou fiend of pain!  
I feel the tears of anguish start  
how hard my peace to gain!  
O fiend and tyrant as thou art!  
That wring'st from my unwilling heart  
the sighs that I disdain.

*William Smyth*

[20] No. 16. The Damsels of Cardigan

Fair Tivy how sweet are thy waves gently flowing,  
Thy wild saken woods and green eglantine bow'rs,  
Thy banks with the blush rose and amaranth glowing,  
While friendship and mirth claim these labourless hours.

REFRAIN:

Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,  
More sweet than the pleasures which prospects can give:  
Come, smile, sweet damsels of Cardigan!  
Love can alone make it blissful to live.  
How sweet was the strain that enliven'd the spirit,  
And cheer'd us with numbers so frolic and free!  
The poet is absent, be just to his merit!  
Ah may he in love be mor happy than we!

REFRAIN

How sweet was the circle of friend round a table,  
Where stately Kilgarran o'erhangs the brown dale,  
Where none are unwilling, and few are unable,  
To sing a wild song, or repeat a wild tale!

REFRAIN

*William Jones, 1746–1794*

[21] No. 17. The Dairy House

A spreading hawthorn shades the seat  
where I have fix'd my cool retreat;  
and when the spring, with sunny show'rs,  
expands the leaves, and paints the flow'rs,  
a thousands shrubs around it bloom,  
and fill the air with wild perfume;  
the light winds through the branches sigh,  
and limpid rills run tinkling by.  
There, by the twilight dimly seen,  
The fairies dance upon the green,  
And as they glide in airy ring,  
The beetle plies his drowsy wing;  
And watching' till the day retires,  
The glow worm lights her elfin fires;  
While Mab, who guards my milky store,  
Her cream bowl finds before the door.  
The grateful Fay! she is so kind  
No caterpillar there you find,  
No creeping thing, nor wasp, nor fly  
The lattic'd windows dare come nigh;  
No long legg'd Spinner nightly weaves  
Her flimsy web beneath the eaves;  
But clean and neat, as by a charm,  
The fairies keep my dairy farm.

*Anne Hunter*

[22] No. 18. Sweet Richard

Yes, thou art chang'd since first we met,

But think not I shall e'er regret,  
 For never can my heart forget,  
 The charms that once were thine.  
 For Marian, well the cause I know  
 That stole the luster from thine eye,  
 That prov'd thy beauty's secret foe,  
 And paled thy cheek's carnation dye:  
 What made thy health, sweet Marian, fly,  
 Was anxious care of me.  
 Yes, o'er my couch I saw thee bend,  
 The duteous wife, the tender friend,  
 And each capricious wish attend  
 With soft incessant care.  
 Then trust me, Love, that pallid face  
 Can boast a sweeter charm for me,  
 A truer, tenderer, dearer grace  
 Than blooming health bestow'd on thee:  
 For there thy welltried love I see,  
 And read my blessing there.

*Amelia Opie, 1769–1853*

[23] No. 19. The Vale of Clwyd (2nd version)

Think not I'll leave fair Clwyd's vale;  
 To me 'tis fondly dear!  
 For still its scenes those hours recall  
 When I was blest and Henry here.  
 Long, long, to part our willing hands  
 An angry father strove;  
 While sorrow prey'd on Henry's health,  
 A sorrow nurs'd by hopeless love.  
 Nor was the idea in vain:  
 How sad thou art, he cried;  
 But smile again, my darling child;  
 For thou shalt be thy Henry's bride.  
 At that glad sound, on wings of love,  
 To Henry's cot I flew:  
 But, ah! The transient flush of joy  
 From his wan cheek too soon withdrew.  
 Ah! Hopes too false; ah!  
 Fears too true, Nor love nor joy could save:  
 I can no more, a but mark you turf  
 With flow'rs o'erspread, – 'tis Henry's grave!

*Amelia Opie*

[24] No. 20. To the Blackbird (2nd version)

Sweet warbler of a strain divine,  
 What woodland note can equal thine?  
 No hermit's matins hail the day  
 More pure than fine from yonder spray.  
 Thy glossy plumes of sable hue,  
 Retiring from the searching view,  
 Protect the like, the leafy screen  
 Beneath whose shade thou singst unseen.  
 Thou to the poet art allied,  
 Be then thy minstrelsy my pride:  
 Thy poet then, thy song I'll praise,  
 Thy name shall grace my happiest lays;  
 To future lovers shall proclaim  
 Thy worth, thy beauty, and thy fame,  
 And when they hear thee in the grove,  
 Thy'll own thee for the bird of love.

*Roberts of Pentre*

*Based on a text in Welsh by Dafydd ap Gwilym (c. 1340 – c. 1400)*

[25] No. 21. Cupid's Kindness

Dear brother! Yes, the nymph you wed  
 Must be of loveliest feature,



The finest heart, the finest head,  
The sweetest dearest creature.  
This matchless maid go find and woo,  
And heav'n for you preserve her!  
I only ask, where is in you  
Te merit to deserve her?  
We girls, I own, are just the same,  
Talk folly just as blindly;  
And did not Cupid take his aim  
And rule the world more kindly,  
Fair maids to find with ev'ry grace,  
How vain were your endeavour?  
And we might in another place  
Lead apes, alas! for ever.

*William Smyth*

[26] No. 22. Constancy

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part  
As far's the pole and line,  
Her dear idea round my heart  
Would tenderly entwine.  
Tho' mountains frown, and deserts howl,  
And oceans roll between;  
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,  
I still would love my Jean.

*Robert Burns*

[27] No. 23. My Pleasant Home

My pleasant home beside the Dee!  
I often sigh to think of thee,  
dear scenes of love and peace and ease,  
how diff'rent all from scenes like these!  
My soldier brave I've follow'd far  
but sicken at these sights of war.  
The nod at church, the conscious smile,  
The haste to help me at the stile,  
The pleasant walk at summer eve,  
The parting kiss at taking leave:  
O hours! That once with Tom were past,  
Dear happy hours! too sweet to last.  
Yet Love, I know, always cure  
The ills that we from Love endure;  
And Tom can with a single smile  
The weariest of my thoughts beguile,  
Dear pleasant home beside the Dee!  
I must not – will not – think of thee.

*William Smyth*

[28] No. 24. Three Hundred Pounds

In yonder sung cottage, beneath the cliff 's side,  
And close to the pebbles that limit the tide,  
Were five little fellows, a couple's fond care,  
Who'd barely enough, not a morsel to spare.  
They sometimes were hatless when summer was hot  
And shoeless when winter in snow wrapt their cot;  
Yet up grew the boys that no hardship could break,  
And one of the five is my lad of the lake.  
My father, o bless him! Few better, or such,  
Yet loves his dear money a little too much,  
Declar'd, if by fancy alone I was sway'd,  
Nor his wealth, nor his blessing, my Howel should aid!  
I answer'd, my Howel has vigour and health,  
And these to the children of Nature are wealth;  
Tho' my heart were a dozen, they'd all of hem break,  
If still he denied me the lad of the lake.  
Now hear how my troubles and sorrows are past,  
How my father himself grew a convert at last;

'Twas when his foot slip't as he enter'd the boat,  
My Hywel uprais'd him as quick as a thought.  
He ey'd him with kindness, and gave me a kiss,  
And said, Kate, I should like to have grandsons like this;  
Be happy, my girl, and the treasure now take,  
Tho' poor, yet a prize is thy lad of the lake.

*Richard Litwyd, 1752–1835*

[29] No. 25. The Parting Kiss

Laura, thy sighs must now no more  
My faltring step detain,  
Nor dare I hang thy sorrows o'er,  
Nor clasp thee thus in vain:  
Yet while thy bosom heaves that sigh,  
While tears thy cheek bedew,  
Ah! Think tho' doom'd from thee to fly,  
My heart speaks no adieu.  
Thee would I bid to check those sighs,  
If thine were heard alone  
Thee would I bid to dry those eyes,  
But tears are in my own.  
One last, long kiss and then we part,  
Another and adieu!  
I cannot aid thy breaking heart,  
For mine is breaking too.

*William Smyth*

[30] No. 26. Good Night

Ere yet we slumber seek,  
Blest Queen of Song, descend!  
Thy shell can sweetest speak  
Good night to guest and friends.  
'Tis pain, 'tis pain to part  
For e'en one fleeting night;  
But Music's matchless art  
Can turn it to delight.  
How sweet the farewell glass,  
When Music gives it zest!  
How sweet their dreams who pass  
From harmony to rest!  
Dark thoughts that scare repose,  
At Music's voice give place;  
And Fancy lends her rose,  
Sleeps poppy wreath to grace.

*William Robert Spencer, 1769–1834*