



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

Irish mother's lament.

New York: William Hall and Son (339 Broadway), [s.d.]

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/7SL3HJL5ZALMN8H>

<http://rightsstatements.org/vocab/NKC/1.0/>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

2nd Edition.

THE IRISH MOTHER'S LAMENT



SONG

introducing the IRISH CRY for the DEAD

AS SUNG BY

MRS SEGUIN.

COMPOSED BY

JOHN BARTON

NEW-YORK

Published by WILLIAM WALLER SON 339. BROADWAY
Corner of Park Place.

Price 50cts.

THE IRISH MOTHER'S LAMENT.

"She cursed her Sons for disobeying her orders: and they were drowned that night on the Lake. She prepared supper for them, but when she saw the ghosts of her children at the table, she died mad, singing the following Irish Keen."

VOICE. *Ad lib:* *A tempo*

* Oh Hone..... *pp* They

PIANO *Dimi-nu-en-do* *ppp*

FORTE.

Slowly

mf say my sons are sleeping Be-neath the treach'rous waves And I their mother

keep-ing The wild watch o'er their graves— But are they dead nay

sleeping Deep in the waves they lie There whisp'-ring love or

* Och hone— ⁶⁷³ Alas!

dreaming And will not hear my cry Oh Hone oh Hone oh

Philla lilla leu..... Oh Hone..... Oh Hone.....

Ad lib:
Rallentando...
pp

Rallentando...
ppp

A tempo.
..... Flow on flow on glad waters The young the lov'd the brave Are

gone to court thy Daugh-ters The blithe ones of the wave Shine

on thou lake of Pleasure When last thy breast was spread Each

sunk to seek his treasure As in a rosy bed! Oh

Hone oh Hone oh Philla lilla leu..... Oh Hone..... Oh

Rallentando *pp* *f*

Rallentando *pp*

Ad lib: Hone..... *A Tempo.* Rise dear ones from the waters And

Piu animato. *Piu animato.*

ppp

glad me with your smile The Lake's enamour'd Daughters Will spare ye for a

while Quit quit their loves too tender Their music and their wine Leave

leave their homes of splendour One hour to brighten mine. Oh

Hone oh Hone oh Phillalilla leu..... Oh Hone.....

Rallentando. *pp*

Rallentando. *pp*

673