



"COME BACK TO ERIN."

Words and Music by CLARIBEL.

Moderato. *Sva.*

Piano. *mf* *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

rit.

1. Come back to E - rin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen; Come back, Aroon, to the land of my birth;
2. O ver the green sea, Mavourneen, Mavourneen, Long shone the white sail that bore thee away;
3. O may the an - gels, O wa kin' and sleep-in', Watch o'er my bird in the land far a - way;

colla voce.

Come with the shamrocks and Spring-time, Mavourneen, And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth.
Riding the white waves that fair Summer morn-in', Just like a May-flow'r a - float on the bay.
And it's my pray'rs will consign to their keepin' Care o' my jew - el by night and by day.

Sure, when we lent ye to beau - ti - ful England,
O, but my heart sank when clouds came between us,
When by the fire - side I watch the bright embers,

Lit - tle we thought of the lone winter days, Lit - tle we thought of the hush of the star shine
Like a grey cur - tain the rain falling down, Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the o - cean,
Then all my heart flies to England and thee, Cra - vin' to know if my dar - lin' re-mem-bers,

animato.

O - ver the mountain, the bluffs and the brays! Then come back to E - rin, Ma-
Far, far a - way where my Col - leen had flown. Then come back to E - rin, Ma-
Or if her thoughts may be cross-in' to me. Then come back to E - rin, Ma-

- your - neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back a-gain to the land of thy birth. . . .
- your - neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back a-gain to the land of thy birth. . . .
- your - neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back a-gain to the land of thy birth. . . .

cres. *molto cres.*

Come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen, And its Killarney shall ring with our
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Come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen, And its Killarney shall ring with our

Sva.

mirth.
mirth.
mirth.

Sva.

mf *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

THE SONGS OF IRELAND

AS March is the month of St. Patrick, we have chosen for our music page, "Come Back To Erin," a song whose plaintive sweetness, we are sure, will appeal to our readers. The influence of song is universal, but perhaps it is felt nowhere more strongly than among a people whose history has held much of tragedy. It is traditional to regard the Irish as a light-hearted race, but such an estimate is superficial. The smile is very near the tear in the eyes of the sons and the daughters of Erin, and the very readiness of the Irishman to indulge in a witty sally or to respond to a flash of humor has prevented the ordinary observer from seeing how profound is the Irish melancholy. An English poet tells us that "our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought," and, truly, it seems as if humanity remembers most tenderly the songs of sorrow. The "comic" song may receive the rapturous applause of an evening, but "She Is Far From the Land" or "Auld Robin Gray" will be sung in the twilight when all the "comic" songs have been lost and forgotten.

Thomas Moore's "Irish Melodies" have a lasting hold on the imagination and the affection of his people. Such songs as "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Oft In the Stilly Night," however, have more than a national significance, and appeal to the heart of the world. The love of country, however recklessly displayed, has always been strong in the Irish heart, and this song by Moore, supposed to be the last address of a rash young patriot, shows this passionate affection.

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For, Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.