

(e) "Vergebliches Standchen" - - - - - Brahms

"Guten Abend, mein Schatz ! Guten  
Abend, mein Kind !  
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu Dir,  
Ach, mach' mir auf die Thür !  
Mach' mir auf die Thür !

"Good even, fair mistress ! How goes  
it, sweetheart ?  
I'm here for love of thee,  
Open thy door to me !  
Let me in, sweetheart !"

"Mein Thür'ist verschlossen, ich lass'  
Dich nicht ein !  
Mutter, die rath mir klug,  
Wärst Du herein mit Fug,  
Wär's mit mir vorbei !"

"Fast locked is my chamber, and  
barred for the night ;  
My mother tells me true,  
Should I give heed to you,  
'Twould undo me quite !"

"So kalt ist die Nacht, so eisig der  
Wind,  
Dass mir Herr erfriert,  
Mein' Lieb' erlöschen wird,  
Oeffne mir, mein Kind !

"The night is so raw, the wind blows  
so wild  
My heart will starve with cold,  
My love no longer hold,—  
Let me in, sweet child !"

"Löschet dein' Lieb', lass sie loschen  
nur !  
Löschet sie, immerzu,  
Geb' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh' !  
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'."

"When hearts grow chilly, then lovers  
should part !  
True love's a fire, tis said,  
So get you gone to bed !  
Fare you well, cold heart !"

(f) "The Sands o' Dee" (By request) - - - - - F. Clay

Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home  
Across the sands o' Dee.  
The western gale blew wild and dark  
with foam,  
And all alone went she.  
The western tide crept up along the  
sand,  
And round and round the strand,  
And o'er and o'er the strand,  
As far as eye could see,  
The blinding mist came down and hid  
the land,  
And never home came she.

Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,  
A tress of golden hair,  
A drowned maiden's hair,  
Above the nets at sea ?  
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair  
Among the stakes of Dee.  
They rowed her in across the rolling  
foam,  
The cruel, crawling foam,  
The cruel, hungry foam,  
To her grave beside the sea ;  
But still the boatmen hear her call the  
cattle home  
Across the sands o' Dee.

CHAS. KINGSLEY.

(g) "The Fairy Lough" - - - - - C. V. Stanford  
(Maira O'Neill)

Loughareema ! Loughareema !  
Lies so high among the heather ;  
A little lough, a dark lough,  
The wather's black an' deep.  
Ould herons go a-fishin' there,  
An' sea-gulls all together  
Float roun' the one green island  
On the fairy lough asleep.

Then somethin' rustles all the reeds  
That stand so thick and even ;  
A little wave runs up the shore  
An' flees, as if on feet.

Loughareema ! Loughareema !  
When the sun goes down at seven,  
When the hills are dark an' airy,  
'Tis a curlew whistles sweet !

Loughareema ! Loughareema !  
Stars come out, an' stars are hidin' ;  
The wather whispers on the stones,  
The flittherin' moths are free.  
One'st before the mornin' light  
The Horsemen will come ridin'  
Roun' an' roun' the fairy lough,  
An' no one there to see.