The last rose of summer
BEST LOVED SONGS OF IRELAND
ANN MURRAY
GRAHAM JOHNSON
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ANN MURRAY mezzo-soprano
GRAHAM JOHNSON piano
Ann Murray was born in Dublin and studied with Frederick Cox at the Royal Manchester College of Music. She has established close links with both the English National Opera, for whom she has sung the title roles in Handel’s Xerxes and Ariodante and Donizetti’s Maria Stuarda, and with the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, where her roles have included Cherubino, Dorabella, Donna Elvira, Rosina, Octavian, and new productions of L’Enfant et les Sortilèges, Ariadne auf Naxos, Idomeneo, Mitridate, Re di Ponto, Così fan tutte, Mosé in Egitto, Alcina and Giulio Cesare.

Much sought after as a concert singer, she has sung with the Orchestre de Paris under Kubelík, the Philadelphia Orchestra under Sawallisch, the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Muti, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Solti, the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra under Haitink and in the Musikverein, Vienna under Sawallisch and Harnoncourt. She sings in Great Britain with the leading orchestras, at the BBC Promenade Concerts (where she has sung at both the First and Last Nights of the Proms) and at the major festivals.

Ann Murray’s recital appearances have taken her to Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Geneva, Dresden, Zurich, Frankfurt, Madrid, London, Dublin, the Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, Munich and Salzburg Festivals and both the Konzerthaus and Musikverein in Vienna. Her discography reflects not only her broad concert and recital repertoire but also many of her great operatic roles, including Purcell’s Dido under Harnoncourt, Dorabella under Levine, Cherubino under Muti, Hansel under Colin Davis, Sextus under Harnoncourt and Donna Elvira under Solti.

Her operatic engagements have taken her to Hamburg, Dresden, Brussels, Paris, Berlin, Cologne, Zurich, Amsterdam, the Chicago Lyric Opera and the Metropolitan Opera, New York. At La Scala Milan her roles have included Donna Elvira, Sextus, Dorabella and Cherubino under Muti. For the Bavarian State Opera, Munich she has sung Cherubino, Dorabella, Sextus, Elvira, the Composer, Octavian, Xerxes, Ariodante, Giulio Cesare and Rinaldo; at the Vienna State Opera Idamantes, Cherubino, Charlotte, Rosina, Octavian and the Composer; and at the Salzburg Festival Cecilio and Sextus under Cambreling, La Cenerentola under Chailly, Nicklausse and Cherubino under Levine, Dorabella and Donna Elvira under Muti and Octavian under Maazel.

In 1997 Ann Murray was made an Honorary Doctor of Music by the National University of Ireland, in 1998 she was made a Kammersängerin of the Bavarian State Opera and in 1999 an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music. In the 2002 Golden Jubilee Queen’s Birthday Honours she was appointed an honorary Dame Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire. In 2004 she was awarded the Bavarian Order of Merit.

Here Ann Murray sings a selection of songs, some well known, some not so well known, from her native land.
1 The last rose of summer

Words THOMAS MOORE (1779–1852); music Traditional air, 'The groves of Blarney', collected by THOMAS MOORE, arranged by SIR JOHN STEVENSON (1761–1833)
'Tis the last rose of summer left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions are faded and gone;
No flow'r of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle the gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd, and fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

2 The leprechaun

Words PATRICK WESTON JOYCE (1827–1914); music Air taken down from a ballad singer in Limerick in 1853 by DR JOYCE, arranged by HERBERT HUGHES (1882–1937)

In a shady nook one moonlight night,
A leprechaun I spied;
With scarlet cap and coat of green,
A criuskeen1 by his side.
'Twas tick tack tick, his hammer went,
Upon a weeny shoe;
And I laughed to think of a purse of gold,
But the fairy was laughing too!

With tiptoe step and beating heart,
Quite softly I drew nigh;
There was mischief in his merry face;
A twinkle in his eye.
He hammered and sang with tiny voice,
And drank his mountain dew2,
And I laughed to think he was caught at last;
But the fairy was laughing too!

As quick as thought I seized the elf:
'Your fairy purse', I cried.
'The purse,' he said, 'tis in her hand.
That lady at your side.'
I turned to look: the elf was off!
Then what was I to do?
O, I laughed to think what a fool I'd been;
And the fairy was laughing too!

1 small jar; 2 poteen, or illicit whiskey

3 The falling star

Words & music Traditional 'caoine' (lament), arranged by SIR CHARLES STANFORD (1852–1924)

On my heav’n he flash’d as the meteor star
Out of night will flame from afar.
How could I escape his spell?
Deep, alas, into my heart he fell. Ochone!

I believed the stars that burn above
Shone less true than his eyes of love.
All their lamps beam on and on!
But my falling star, thou art gone. Ochone!

And a new love claims my fealty now,
Scant of speech and stern of brow.
Until death I own his claim.
Sorrow sure, is my new lover’s name. Ochone!

4 Ach, I dunno

Words PERCY FRENCH (1854–1920); music M HELEN FRENCH

I'm simply surrounded by lovers
Since Da' made his fortune in land.
They're comin' in flocks like the plovers
To ax for me hand.
There's clerks and policemen and teachers —
Some sandy, some black as a crow.
Ma says you get used to the creatures,
But ach, I dunno.

The fonder they grow
The more I don't want them about me.
But ach, I dunno.

The convent is in a commotion
To think of me taking a spouse,
And wonder I hadn't a notion
Of takin' the vows.
'Tis a beautiful life and a quiet,
And keeps you from going below.
As a girl I thought I might try it,
But ach, I dunno.

The sisters they show,
An example we all ought to folla',
But ach, I dunno.
I've none but myself to look after,  
An' marriage it fills me with fears.  
I think I'd have less of the laughter  
And more of the tears.  
I'll not be a slave like me mother,  
With six of us all in a row.  
Even one little baby's a bother,  
But ach, I dunno,  
When it gives a wee crow  
And holds little hands out to greet you,  
But ach, I dunno.  
There's a boy that has taken me fancy,  
They say he's a bit of a limb.  
Tho' marriage is terrible chancy,  
I'd chance it with him.  
He's coming tonight, oh I tingle  
From the top of me head to me toe.  
I'll tell him I'd rather live single,  
But ach, I dunno.  
Still I think I'll bestow  
Me hand on that moidering spalpeen.  
But ach, I dunno.  

5 I have a bonnet trimmed with blue  
Words & music 'A polka fragment' (traditional), arranged by HERBERT HUGHES (1882–1937)  
I have a bonnet trimmed with blue,  
Do you wear it? Yes I do.  
I will wear it when I can,  
Going to the ball with my young man.  
My young man has gone to sea,  
When he comes back he'll play for me.  
Tip to the heel and tip to the toe,  
And that's the way the polky goes.  

6 The lark in the clear air  
Words SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON (1810–1886);  
music Old Irish air, arranged by PHYLLIS TATE (1911–1987)  
Dear thoughts are in my mind, and my soul soars enchanted  
As I hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.  
For a tender beaming smile to my hope has been granted,  
And tomorrow she shall hear all my fond heart would say.  
I shall tell her all my love, all my soul's adoration,  
And I think she will hear and will not say me nay.  
It is this that gives my soul all its joyous elation,  
As I hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.  

7 Galway Bay  
Words & music ARTHUR COLAHAN (1885–1952)  
If you ever go across the sea to Ireland,  
Then maybe at the closing of your day,  
You will sit and watch the moon rise over Claddagh,  
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.  
Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,  
The women in the meadows making hay,  
And to sit beside a turf fire in the cabin  
And watch the barefoot gossoons\(^1\) at their play.  
For the breezes blowing o'er the seas from Ireland  
Are perfumed by the heather as they blow,  
And the women in the uplands digging praties\(^2\)  
Speak a language that the strangers do not know.  
For the strangers came and tried to teach us their way  
They scorn'd us just for being what we are,  
But they might as well go chasing after moonbeams,  
Or light a penny candle from a star.  
And if there is going to be a life hereafter,  
And somehow I am sure there's going to be,  
I will ask my God to let me make my heaven  
In that dear land across the Irish Sea.  
\(^1\)ragamuffins; \(^2\)potatoes
Phil the Fluter's ball
Words & music PERCY FRENCH (1854–1920)
Have you heard of Phil the Fluter, from the town of Ballymuck?
The times were going hard with him, in fact the man was broke,
So he just sent out a notice to his neighbours, one and all,
As how he’d like their company that ev’ning at a ball.
And when writin’ out he was careful to suggest to them,
That if they found a hat of his convenient to the dure,
The more they put in, whenever he requested them,
‘The better would the music be for batherin’ the flure’.
With the toot on the flute and the twiddle on the fiddle-o,
Hopping in the middle, like a herrin’ on a griddle-o,
Up, down, hands a-rown’ crossin’ to the wall,
Oh! hadn’t we the gaiety at Phil the Fluter’s ball!

There was Mister Denis Dogherty, who kep’ ‘The Running Dog’,
There was little crooked Paddy from the Tiraloughett bog;
There were boys from ev’ry barony, and girls from ev’ry ‘art’;
And the beautiful Miss Bradys, in a private ass an’ cart.
And along with them came bouncing Mrs Cafferty,
Little Micky Mulligan was also to the fore;
Rose, Suzanne, and Margaret O’Rafferty,
The flow’r of Ardmagullion, and the pride of Pethravore.

First little Micky Mulligan got up to show them how,
And then the Widda Cafferty steps out and makes her bow.
‘I could dance you off your legs’, sez she, ‘as sure as you are born,
If ye’ll only make the piper play ‘The hare was in the corn’.

So Phil plays up to the best of his ability,
The lady and the gentleman begin to do their share;
Faith then, Mick, ‘tis you that has agility!
Begorra! Mrs Cafferty, yer leppin’ like a hare!

Then Phil the Fluter tipped a wink to little crooked Pat,
‘I think it’s nearly time’, sez he, ‘for passin’ round the hat.’
So Paddy passed the caubeen round, and looking mighty cute,
Sez, ‘Ye’ve got to pay the piper when he tooters on the flute.’
Then all joined in with the greatest joviality,
Covering the buckle and the shuffle, and the cut;
Jigs were danced, of the very finest quality,
But the Widda bet the company at ‘handeling the fut’.

She moved thro’ the fair
Words & music Old ballad from County Donegal

My young love said to me, ‘My mother won’t mind,
And my father won’t slight you for your lack of kind’,
And she stepp’d away from me and this she did say,
‘It will not be long, love, till our wedding day.’

She stepp’d away from me and she went thro’ the fair,
And fondly I watch’d her move here and move there,
And then she went homeward with one star awake,
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

Last night she came to me, she came softly in;
So softly she came that her feet made no din.
And she laid her hand on me and this she did say,
‘It will not be long, love, till our wedding day.’

Believe me if all those endearing young charms
Words THOMAS MOORE (1779–1852);
music Traditional air, collected by THOMAS MOORE, arranged by SIR JOHN STEVENSON (1761–1833)

Believe me if all those endearing young charms
Which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be ador’d, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart,
Would entwine itself verdantly still.
It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan’d with a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear!
No, the heart that has truly lov’d never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn’d when he rose.

A young maid stood in her father’s garden

Words & music Traditional air,
arranged by HERBERT HUGHES (1882–1937)

A young maid stood in her father’s garden,
Plucking roses all cover’d with dew;
A stranger came and gazed upon her
And said, ‘Fair lady, will you wed with me?’
‘It’s seven years since I had a sweetheart,
And seven more since I did him see,
And seven more I’ll wait upon him,
And, if he’s alive he’ll come home to me.’
‘Seven years it is since you had a sweetheart,
And seven more since you did him see;
And seven more you will wait upon him
And perhaps that young man you ne’er will see.’
‘If he is sick I wish him better;
If he is dead … I wish him rest;
But if he’s alive I will wait for him,
For he’s the young man I love the best.’

He put a hand into his pocket,
His sinewy hands they were slim and small,
And up between them he pulled a gold ring,
And when she saw it she down did fall.

He took her up and gave her sweet kisses
And he embraced her so tenderly,
Saying, ‘I am your true and loving sailor
That came from sea for to wed with you.’

Gortnamona

Words PERCY FRENCH (1854–1920)
music PHILIP GREEN (1911–1982)

Long, long ago in the woods of Gortnamona,
I thought the birds were singing in the blackthorn tree;
But oh! it was my heart that was ringing ringing ringing
With the joy that you were bringing, oh! my love, to me.

Long, long ago in the woods of Gortnamona,
I thought the wind was sighing in the blackthorn tree;
But oh! it was the banshee that was crying crying crying
And I knew my love was dying far away from me.

Now if you go through the woods of Gortnamona
You hear the raindrops creeping through the blackthorn tree;
But oh! it is the tears that I am weeping weeping weeping
For the loved one that is sleeping far away from me.

The next market day

Words & music Ballad from County Tyrone, Ulster,
arranged by HERBERT HUGHES (1882–1937)

A maid goin’ to Comber her markets to larn,
To sell for her mammy three hanks o’ fine yarn.
She met with a young man along the highway
Which caused this young damsel to dally and stray.

‘Sit ye beside me, I mean ye no harm.
Sit ye beside me this new tune to larn.
Here is three guineas your mammy to pay,
So lay by your yarn till the next market day.’

They sat down together, the grass it was green,
And the day was the fairest that ever was seen.
‘Oh, the look in your eyes beats a mornin’ in May.
I could sit by your side till the next market day.’

This young maid went home and the words that he said,
And the air that he played her still rang in her head.
She says, ‘I’ll go find him by land or by sea
Till he larns me that tune called ‘The next market day’.’
**Danny Boy**

*Words* FRED E WEATHERLY (1848–1929);  
*music* Old Irish tune known as ‘The Londonderry Air’

Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling  
From glen to glen and down the mountainside,  
The summer’s gone, and all the roses falling,  
It’s you, it’s you must go, and I must bide.  
But come ye back when summer’s in the meadow,  
Or when the valley’s hush’d and white with snow;  
It’s I’ll be here in sunshine or in shadow,  
Oh, Danny Boy, oh, Danny Boy, I love you so.

But when ye come and all the flow’rs are dying,  
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,  
Ye’ll come and find the place where I am lying,  
And kneel and say an Ave there for me.  
And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,  
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,  
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,  
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.

**The meeting of the waters**

*Words* THOMAS MOORE (1779–1852);  
*music* Traditional air, collected by THOMAS MOORE,  
arranged by SIR JOHN STEVENSON (1761–1833)

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet,  
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o’er the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;  
’Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill;  
Oh! no – it was something more exquisite still.

Sweet vale of Avoca! How calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world would cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

**The beautiful city of Sligo**

*Words & music* Traditional song,  
arranged by SIR CHARLES STANFORD (1852–1924)

We may tramp the earth for all that we’re worth,  
But what odds where you and I go?  
We shall never meet a spot so sweet  
As the beautiful city of Sligo.  
Oh, sure she’s a Queen in purple and green  
As she shimmers and glimmers her gardens between;  
And a way to Lough Lene the like isn’t seen  
Of her river a-quiver with shadow and sheen,  
The beautiful city of Sligo.

Tho’ bustle and noise are some folks’ joys,  
Your London just gives me vertigo,  
You can hear yourself talk when out you walk  
Thro’ the beautiful city of Sligo.

As an artist in stones a genius was Jones,  
Whom so queerly they christened Inigo,  
But he hadn’t the skill to carve a Grass Hill  
For the beautiful city of Sligo.

Then for powder and puff and cosmetical stuff,  
Dear girls, to Dame Fashion ah! why go?  
When Dame Nature supplies for tresses and eyes  
Such superior dyes down in Sligo.

**The Bard of Armagh**

*Words & music* Traditional song from County Tyrone,  
arranged by HERBERT HUGHES (1882–1937)

O list’ to the strains of a poor Irish harper,  
And scorn not the strings from his poor wither’d hand;  
Remember his fingers could once move more sharper  
To raise up the mem’ry of his dear native land.

‘At fair or at wake I could twist my shillelagh,  
Or trip thro’ the jig with my brogues bound with straw,  
And all the pretty maids in the village and valley  
Lov’d their bold Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh.’
'And when Sergeant Death in his cold arms shall embrace me,
Lo' lull me to sleep with sweet 'Eringobragh';
By the side of my Kathleen, my young wife, oh place me,
Then forget Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh.'

### Monday, Tuesday

*Words & music* Traditional air from southern Ireland, arranged by HERBERT HUGHES (1882–1937)

Monday, Tuesday, Monday, Tuesday,
Monday, Tuesday and Wensday …

Da luain da Mairt, da luain da Mairt,
Da luain da Mairt agus da Caideen.

### The stuttering lovers

*Words* Traditional; *music* Old Irish air, arranged by HERBERT HUGHES (1882–1937)

A wee bit over the lea, my lads,
A wee bit over the green
The birds went into the poor man’s corn,
I fear they’ll never be s-s-s-seen, my lads,
I fear they’ll never be seen.

So out comes the bonny wee lass
And she was one so fair
And she went into the poor man’s corn
To see if the birds were th-th-th-there, my lads,
To see if the birds were there.

So out comes the bonny wee lad,
And he was a fisherman’s son,
And he went into the poor man’s corn
To see if the lass was th-th-th-there, my lads,
To see if the lass was there.

He put his arms around her waist,
And kiss’d her cheek and chin.
Out spoke the bonny wee lass,
'I fear it is a s-s-s-sin, my lad,
I fear it is a sin.'

He kissed her once and he kissed her twice,
He kissed her ten times o’er.
Oh it’s nice to be kissing the bonny wee lass
That’s never been kissed bef-f-f-fore, my lads,
That’s never been kissed before.'

Then out comes the poor old man
And he was tattered and torn.
'If that’s the way you’re minding the birds
I’ll mind them myself in the m-m-m-morn, my lads,
I’ll mind them myself in the morn.'

### Mother Machree

*Words* RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG (1869–1926); *music* CHAUNCEY OLCOTT (1858–1932) and ERNEST R BALL (1878–1927)

There’s a spot in me heart which no colleen may own,
There’s a depth in me soul never sounded or known,
There’s a place in my mem’ry, my life that you fill,
No other can take it, no one ever will.

Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your hair,
And the brow that’s all furrowed, and wrinkled with care.
I kiss the dear fingers so toil-worn for me,
Oh, God bless you and keep you, Mother Machree!

Ev’ry sorrow or care in the dear days gone by,
Was made bright by the light of the smile in your eye,
Like a candle that’s set in a window at night,
Your fond love has cheered me, and guided me right.

### I will walk with my love

*Words & music* Song from County Dublin, arranged by HERBERT HUGHES (1882–1937)

I once loved a boy and a bold Irish boy
Who would come and would go at my request.
And this bold Irish boy was my pride and my joy,
And I built him a bower in my breast.

But this girl who has taken my bonny, bonny boy,
Let her make of him all that she can.
And whether he loves me or loves me not.
I will walk with my love now and then …
The stolen heart

Words & music Traditional air, ‘Smah dunna hoc’, arranged by SIR CHARLES STANFORD (1852–1924)

I was a maiden fair and fond,
Smiling, singing all the day,
’Til Maguire with looks of fire
He stole my heart away.
The gard’ner’s son, as he stood by,
Blossoms four he gave to me,
The pink, the rue, the violet blue,
And the red rose tree.
‘Lass, for your lips the sweet clove pink,
For your eyes the violets blue,
The rose to speak your damask cheek,
For memory the rue.’
Oh, but my love at first was fond;
Now, alas, he’s turn’d untrue,
My rose and pink and violet shrink,
But my tears keep fresh the rue.

The Coulin

Words & music Old Irish air

O sawest thou the Coulin, she the fairest of maidens,
The Queen of morning, the bright joy of the day?
The youths of the valley are green, all with envy of me.
And my treasure my bright flow’r of May.
O sawest thou my jewel my heart’s love and pleasure
All lonely by the seashore, a white rose in her hair;
Her voice the sweetest that e’er made music
Her tresses are the fairest none with them can compare.
O sawest thou my Angel, my Heav’n sent blessing
My queen of the roses so radiant and rare
’Twere better than owning all the realm of fair Erin
To own this beauteous maiden so wondrously fair.

The cork leg

Words & music Old song from County Tyrone, arranged by HERBERT HUGHES (1882–1937)

I’ll tell you a story that is no sham,
In Holland lived a merchant man,
And ev’ry morning he says, ‘I am
The richest merchant in Amsterdam.’
Ri-tiddy tillori-lori-ladditi tiddy tillori-lorilee.

One day he sat as full as an egg
When a poor relation came in to beg,
And kicking him out with a brogue and a keg,
And kicking him out he broke his leg.

He told his friends he had got hurt,
‘By a friend I have lost a foot,
And upon crutches, I never will walk
For I’ll have a beautiful leg of cork.’
A doctor came on his vocation
And over it made a long oration,
And over it made a long oration
And finished it off with an amputation.

When the leg was on and finished right,
When the leg was on they screwed it tight,
But still he went with a bit of a hop,
When he found the leg it wouldn’t stop.
O’er hedges and ditches and scaur and plain
To rest his weary limbs he’d fain.
He threw himself down but all in vain,
The leg got up and away again.

He called to them that were in sight,
‘Stop me or I’m wounded quite.’
Although their aid he did invite
In less than a minute he was out of sight.
And he kept running from place to place,
The people thought he was running a race;
He clung to a post for to stop the pace
But the leg it still kept up the chase.
O’er hedges and ditches and plain and scaur
And Europe he has travell’d o’er,
Although he’s dead and is no more
The leg goes on as it did before.

So often you see in broad daylight
A skeleton on a cork leg tight,
Although the artist did not him invite,
He never was paid and it served him right.

26 How sweet the answer
Words THOMAS MOORE (1779–1852);
music Traditional air, ‘The Wren’, collected by THOMAS MOORE,
arranged by BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913–1976)

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night;
When rous’d by the lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o’er lawns and lakes,
Goes answ’ring light.

Yet love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e’er beneath the moonlight’s star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

’Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,
And only then
The sigh, that’s breath’d for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breath’d back again.

27 O the sight entrancing
Words THOMAS MOORE (1779–1852); music Traditional air,
‘Planxty Sudley’, collected by THOMAS MOORE,
arranged by BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913–1976)

O the sight entrancing,
When morning’s beam is glancing
O’er files array’d
With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing.

When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet’s voice repeating
That song whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating.

Then if a cloud comes over
The brow of sire or lover,
Think ’tis the shade
By vict’ry made,
Whose wings right o’er us hover.
Yet 'tis not helm or feather
For ask yon despot whether
His plumèd bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.

Leave pomps to those who need 'em,
Adorn but man with freedom,
And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.

The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time my sever,
'Tis mind alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free for ever!

The last rose of summer

Words THOMAS MOORE (1779–1852); music Traditional air,
'The groves of Blarney', collected by THOMAS MOORE,
arranged by BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913–1976)
'Tis the last rose of summer left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions are faded and gone;
No flow'r of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.
I'll not leave thee, thou, lone one, to pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping, go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden lie senseless and dead.
So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle the gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd, and fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?