A SHEAF OF SONGS FROM LEINSTER

1. GRANDEUR.
2. THIEF OF THE WORLD.
3. A SOFT DAY.
4. LITTLE PETER MORRISSEY.
5. THE BOLD UNBIDDABLE CHILD.
6. IRISH SKIES.

Words by

W. M. LETTS

Music by

CHARLES V. STANFORD

OP. 140.

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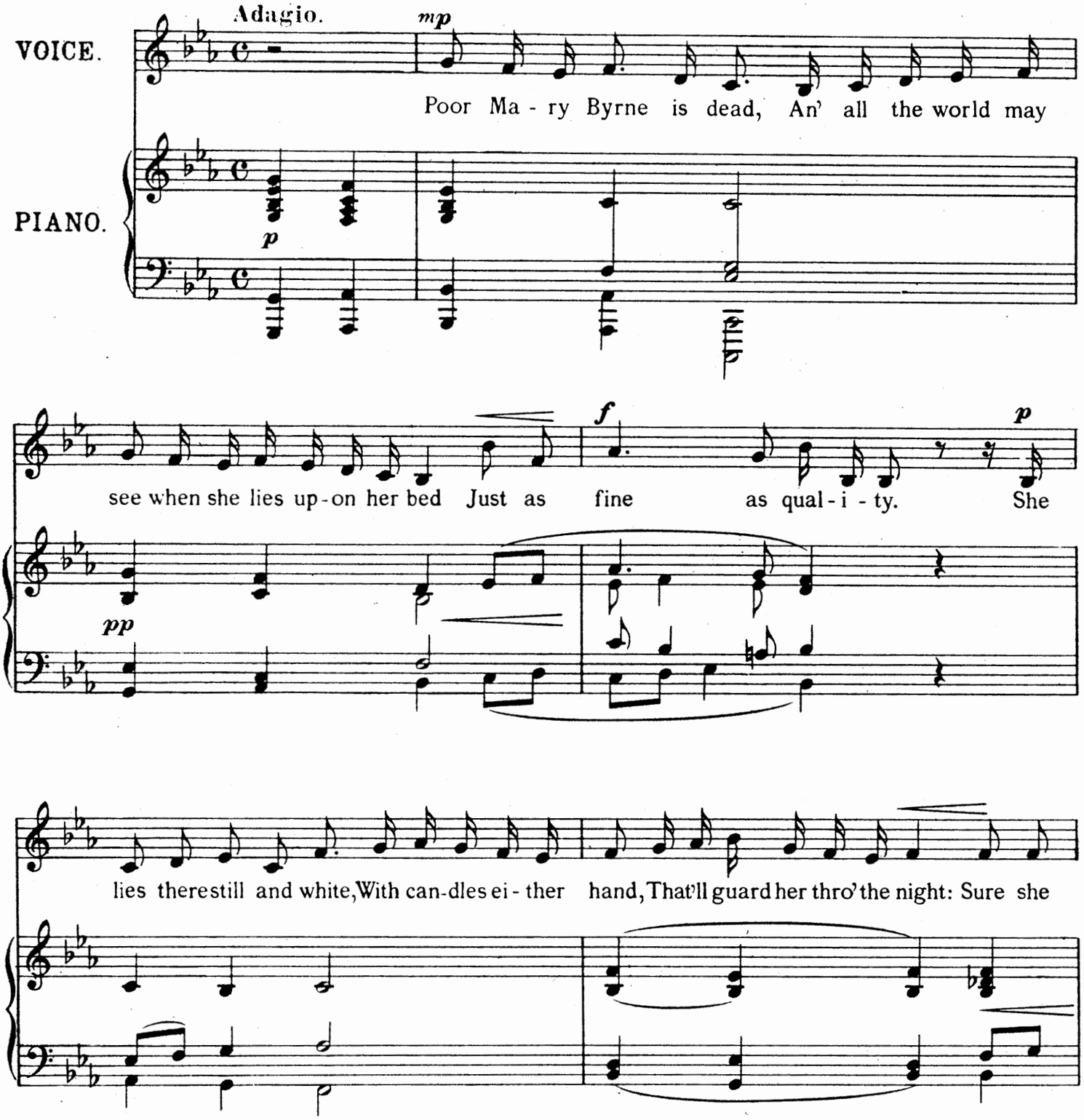
MADE IN ENGLAND

GRANDEUR.

*Poem by
W. M. LETTS.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD, Op. 140. No 1.



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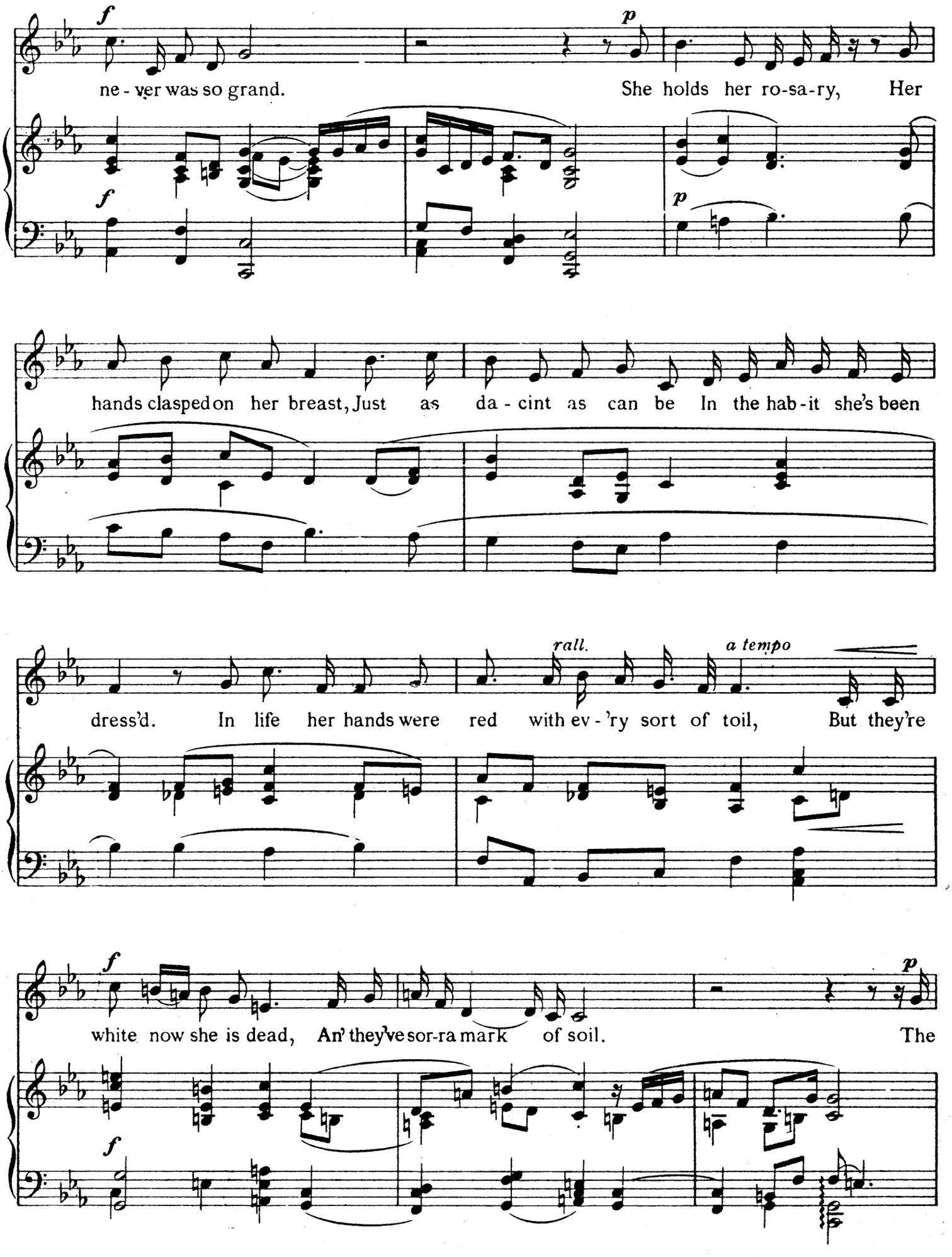
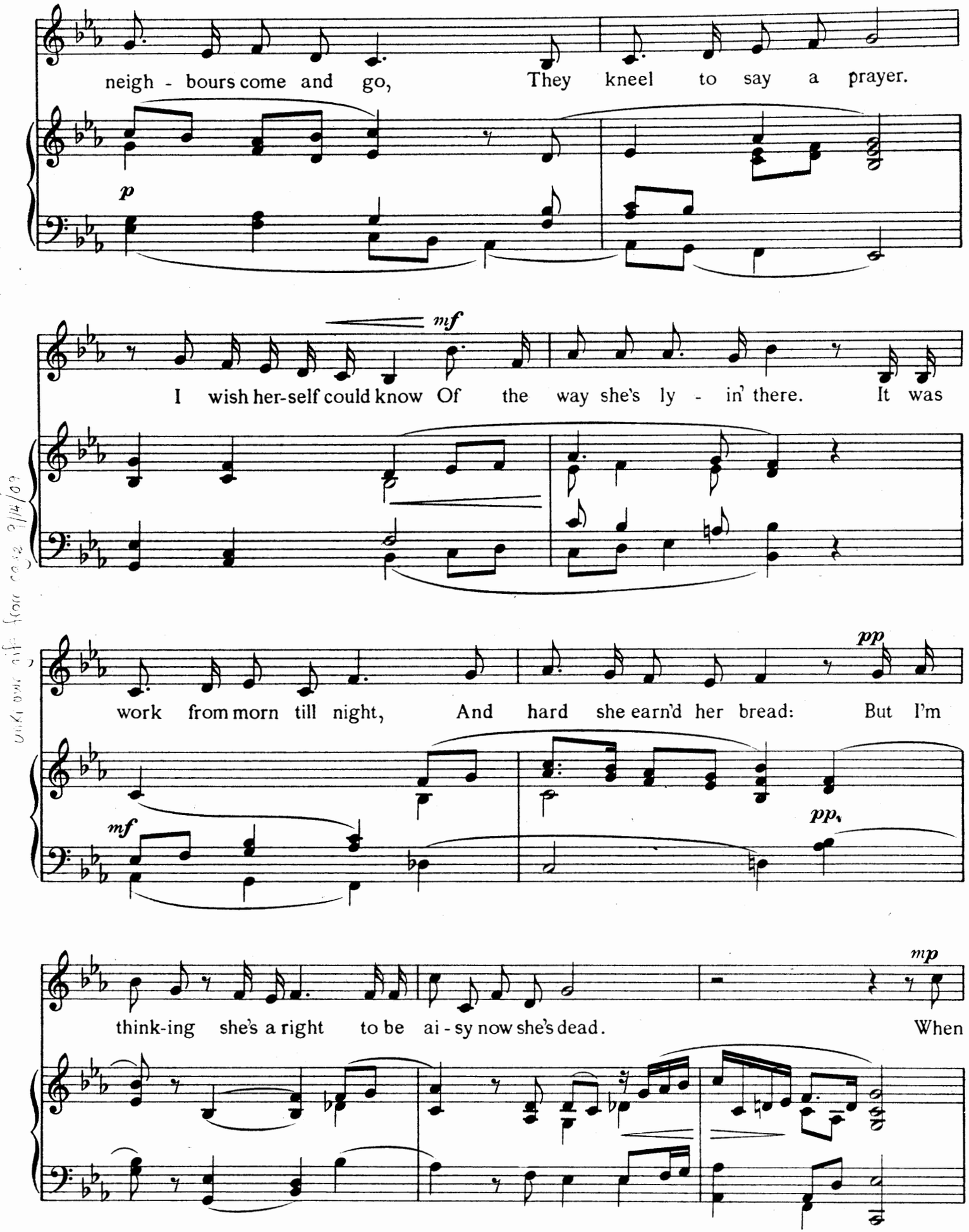
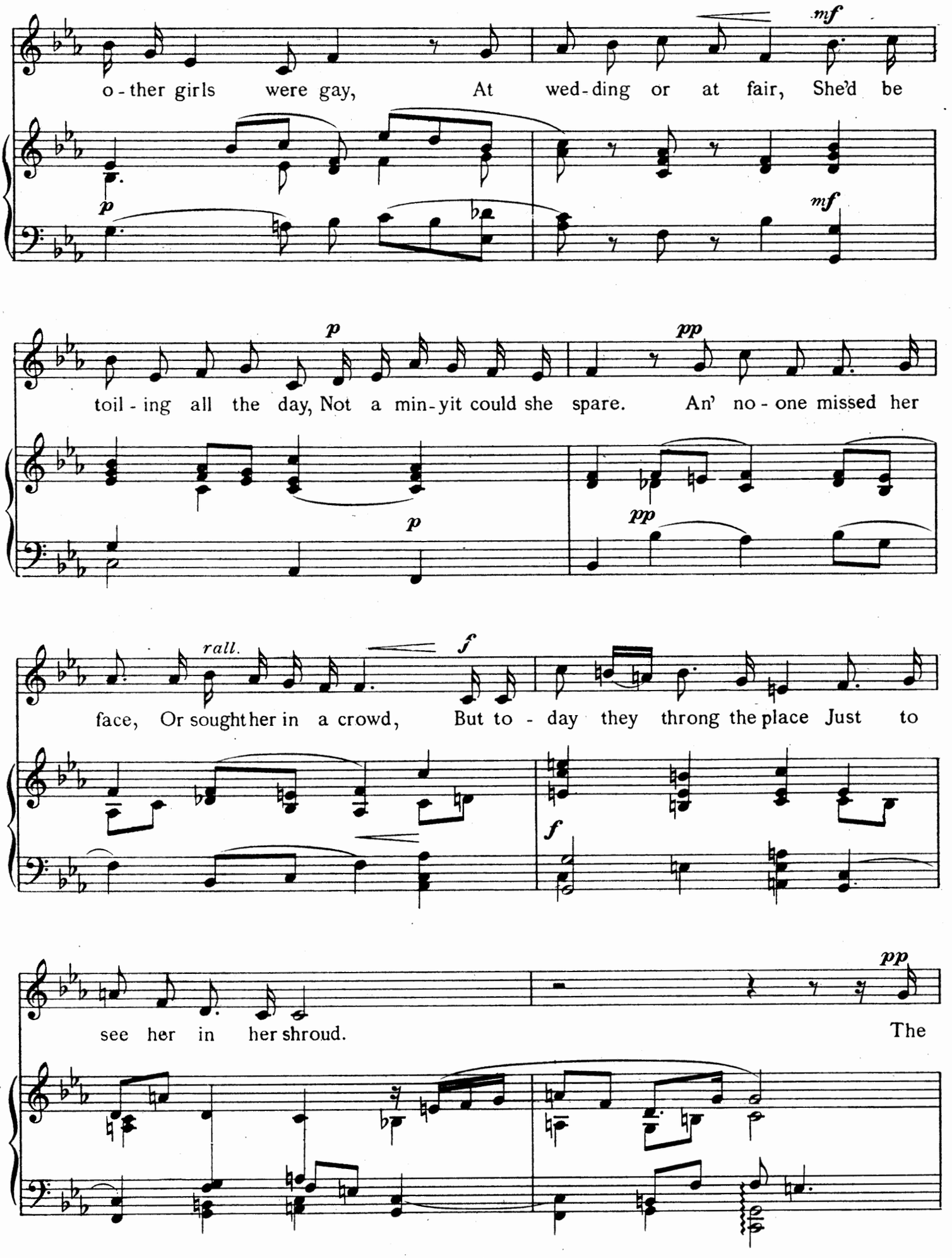
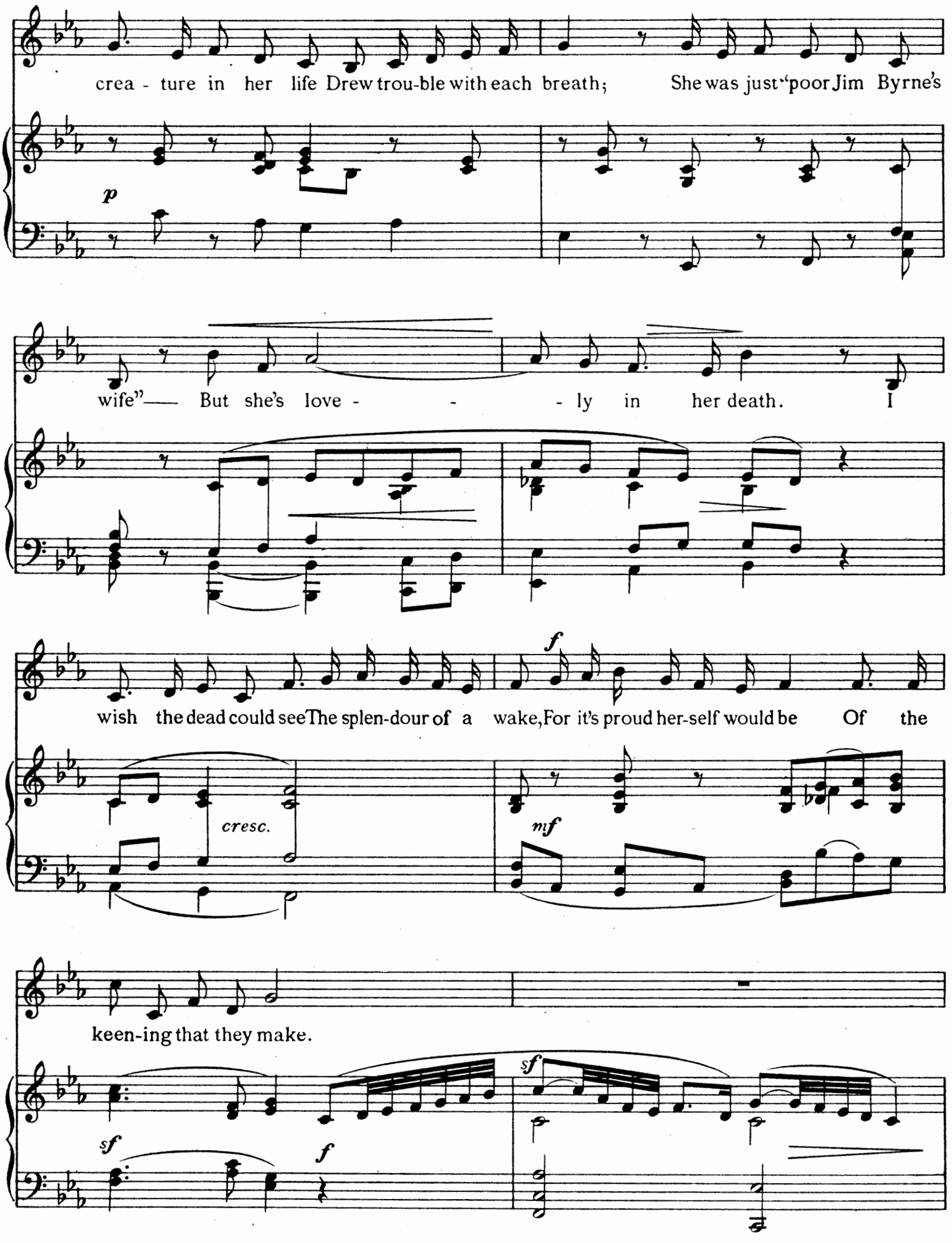
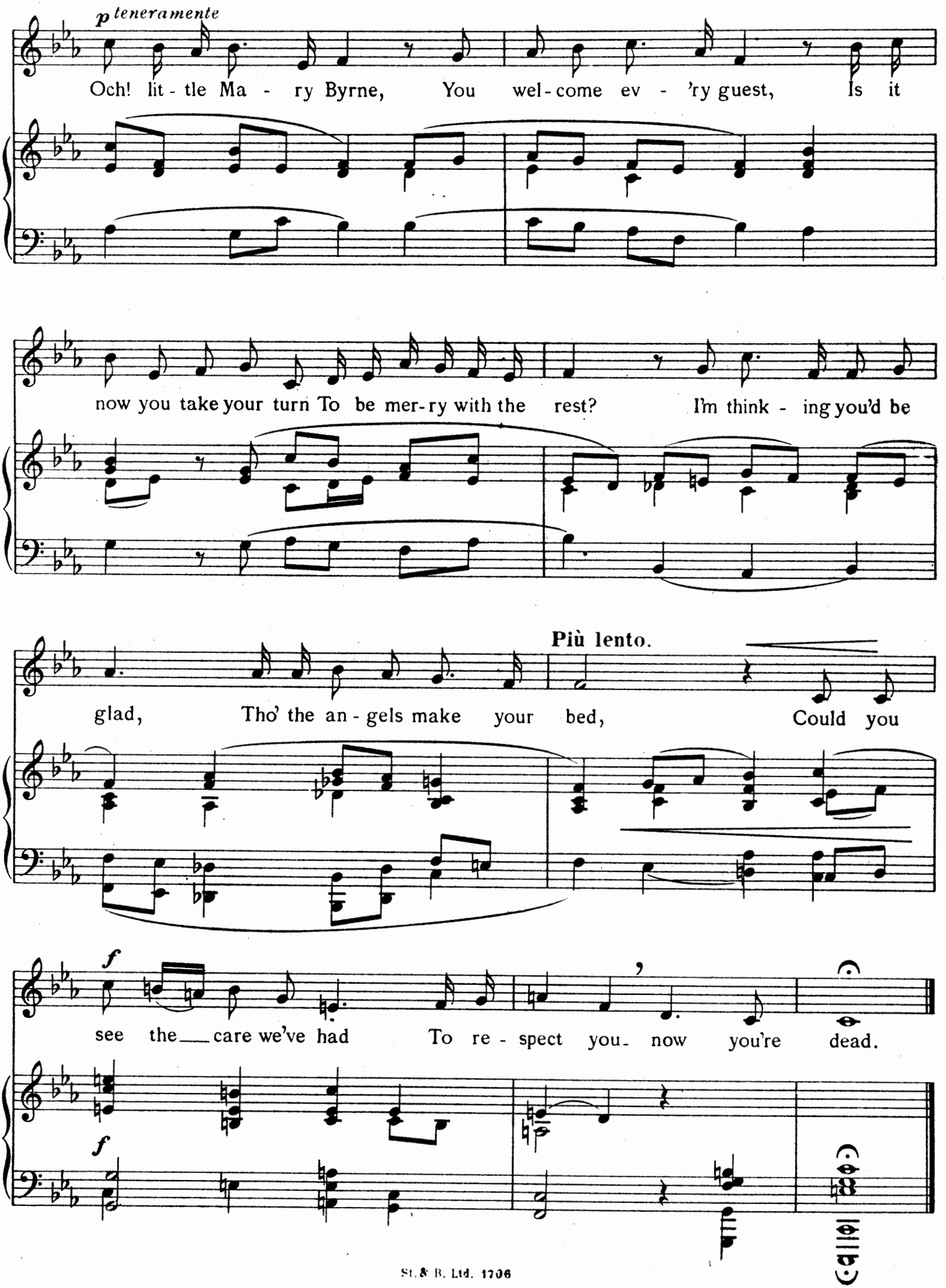

ne - ver was so grand.
She holds her ro-sa-ry, Her
hands clasped on her breast, Just as da - cint as can be In the hab - it she's been
dress'd. In life her hands were red with ev - 'ry sort of toil, But they're
rall.
a tempo
white now she is dead, An' they've sor-ra mark of soil. The


neigh - bours come and go, They kneel to say a prayer.
p
mf
I wish her-self could know Of the way she's ly - in' there. It was
work from morn till night, And hard she earn'd her bread: But I'm
pp
mf
pp
think-ing she's a right to be ai - sy now she's dead. When
mp


o - ther girls were gay, At wed - ding or at fair, She'd be
toil - ing all the day, Not a min - yit could she spare. An' no - one missed her
face, Or sought her in a crowd, But to - day they throng the place Just to
see her in her shroud. The
mf
p
mf
p
pp
p
pp
rall.
f
f
pp

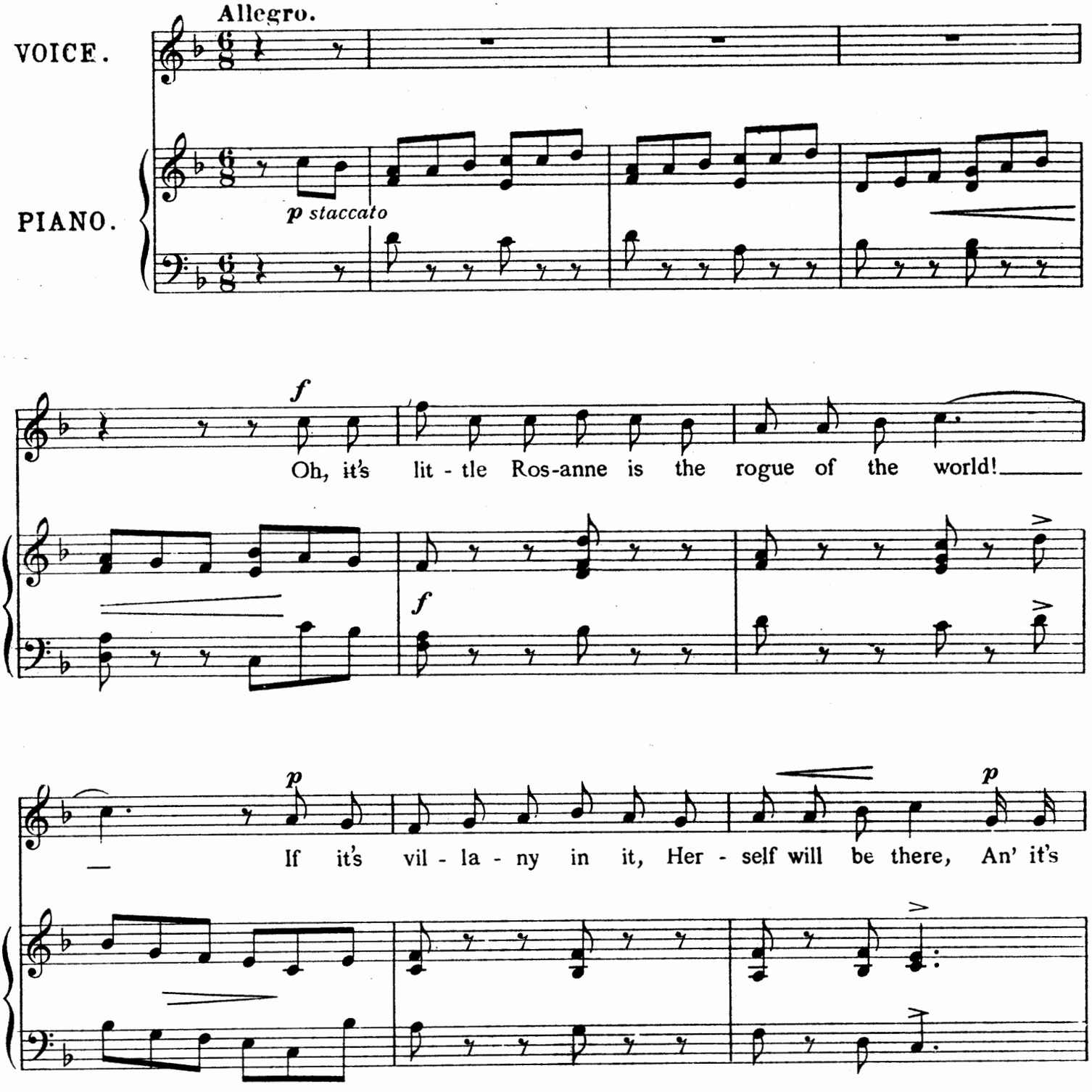

crea - ture in her life Drew trou-ble with each breath; She was just "poor Jim Byrne's
p
wife"— But she's love - - - ly in her death. I
wish the dead could see The splen-dour of a wake, For it's proud her-self would be Of the
f
cresc.
mf
keen-ing that they make.
sf
f
sf


p teneramente
Och! lit - tle Ma - ry Byrne, You wel - come ev - 'ry guest, Is it
now you take your turn To be mer - ry with the rest? I'm think - ing you'd be
Più lento.
glad, Tho' the an - gels make your bed, Could you
f
see the care we've had To re - spect you now you're dead.
f

THIEF OF THE WORLD.

W. M. LETTS.

C. V. STANFORD.
Op. 140. No 2.



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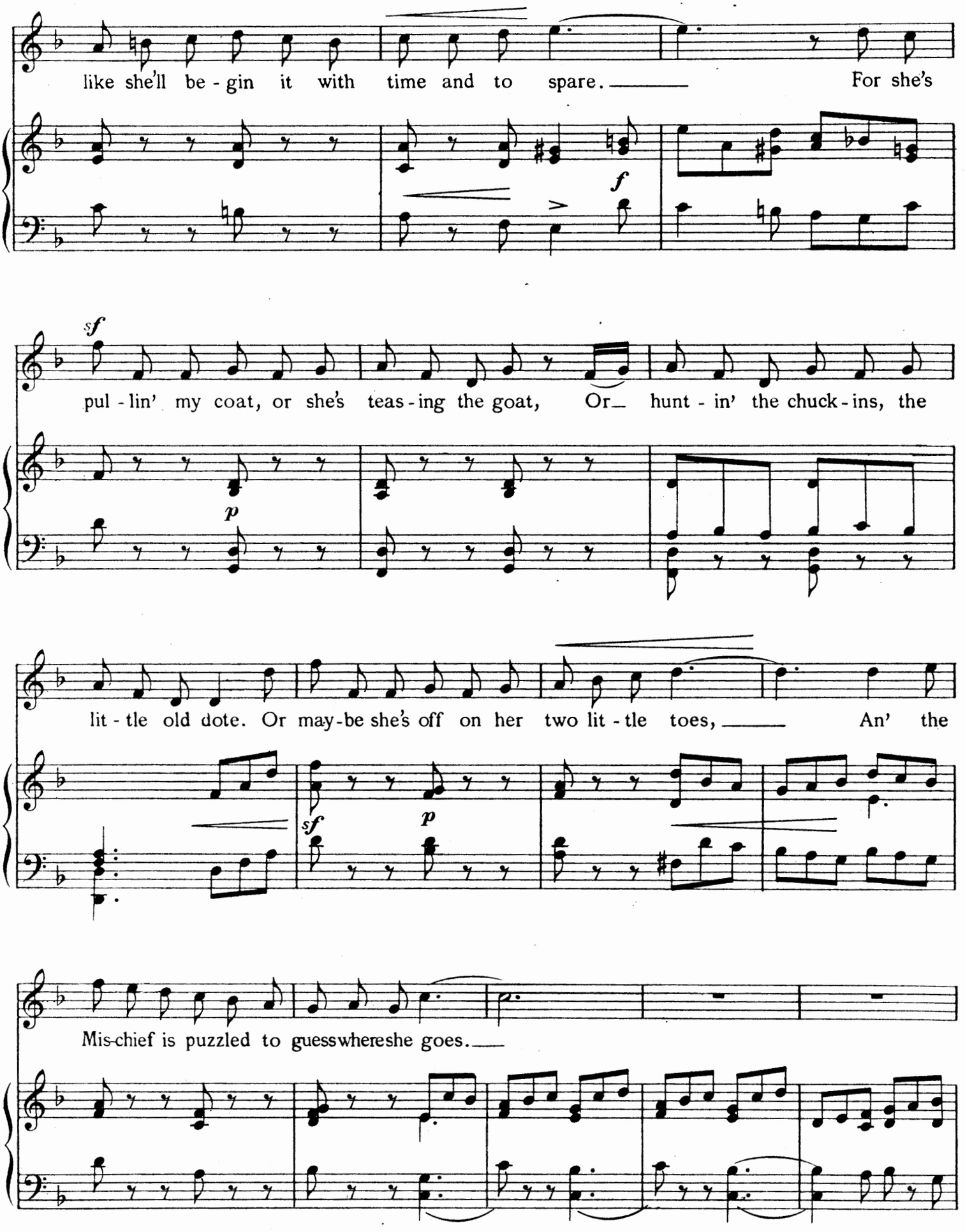
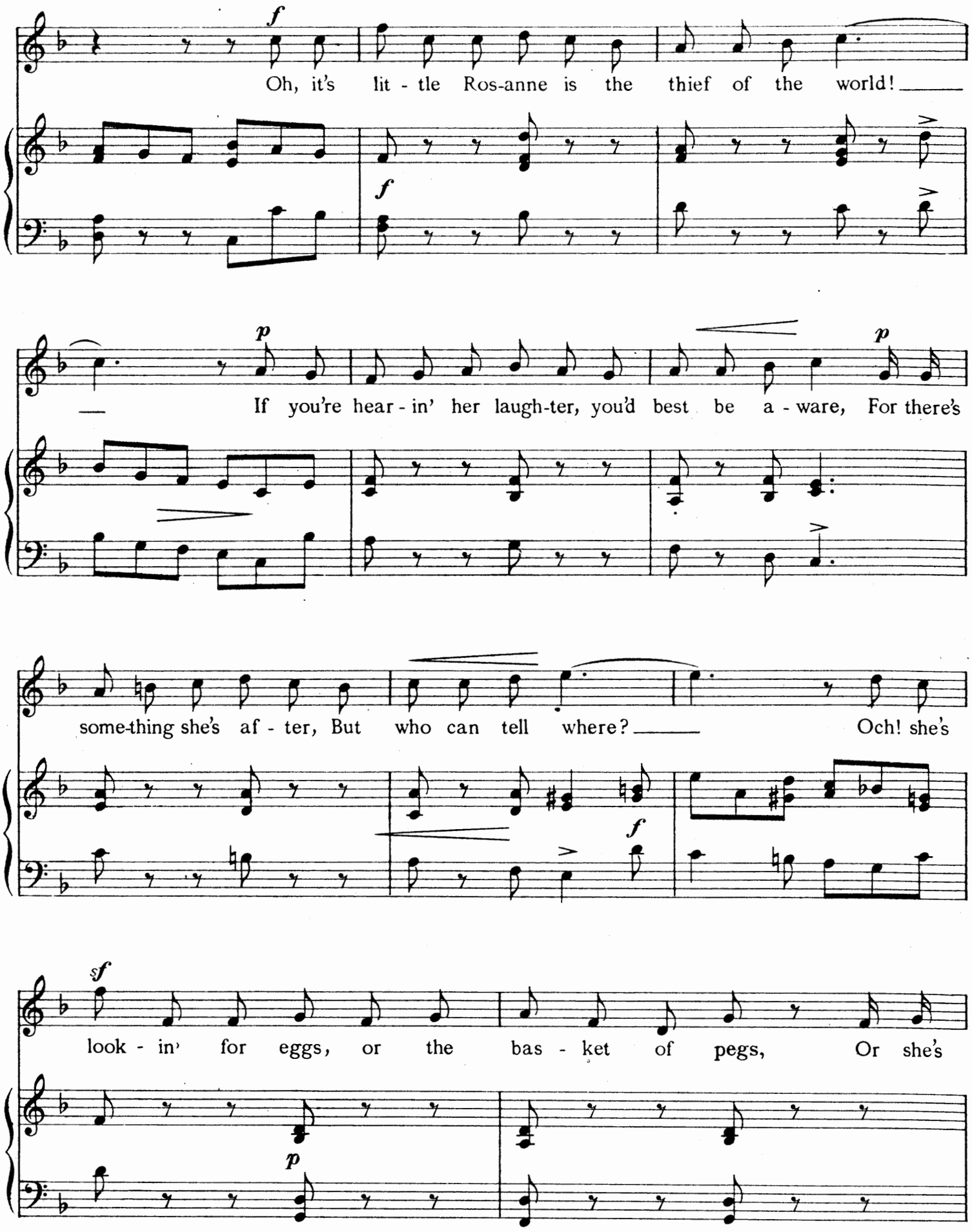
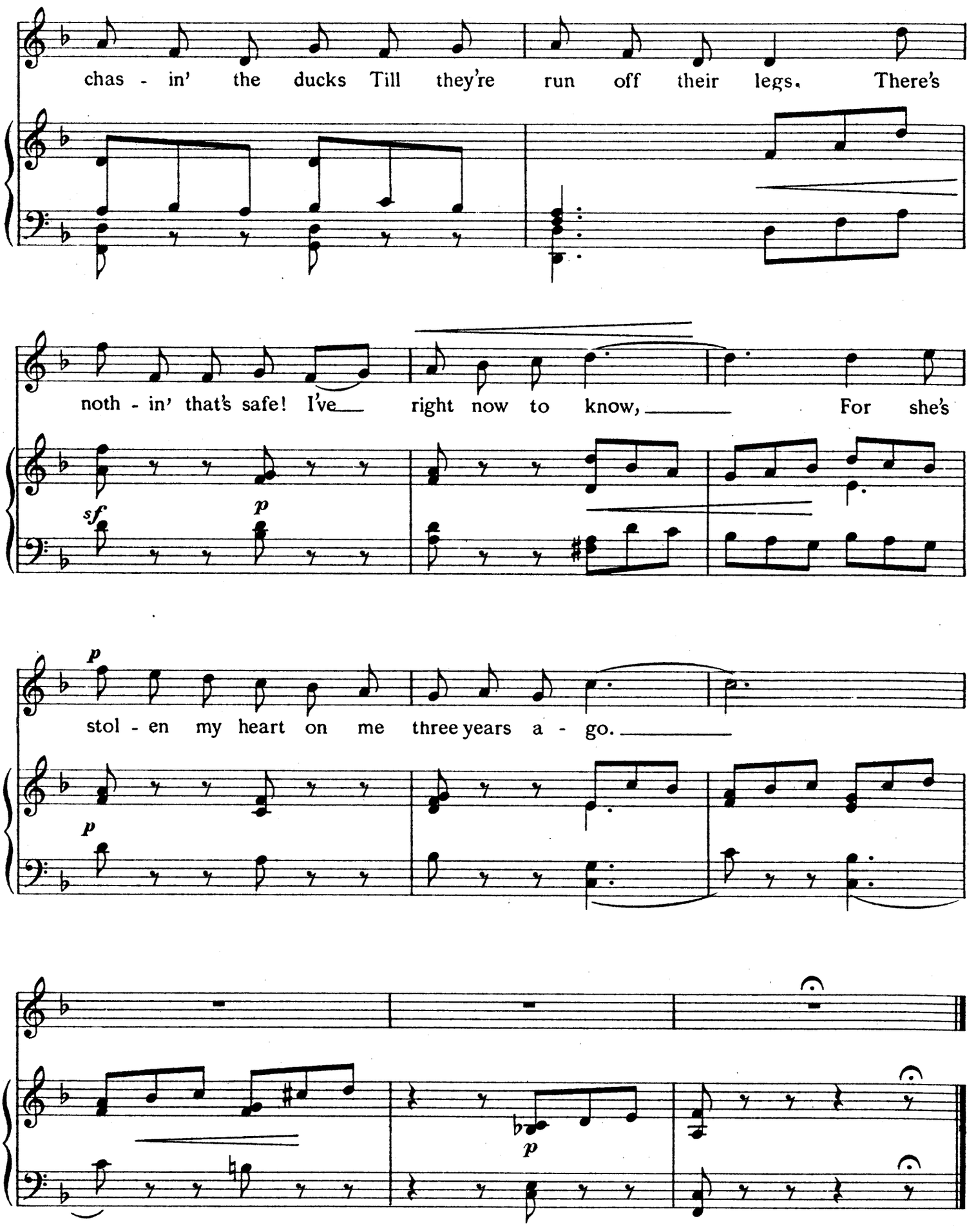

like she'll be - gin it with time and to spare. For she's
pul - lin' my coat, or she's teas - ing the goat, Or hunt - in' the chuck - ins, the
lit - tle old dote. Or may - be she's off on her two lit - tle toes, An' the
Mis-chief is puzzled to guesswhereshe goes.

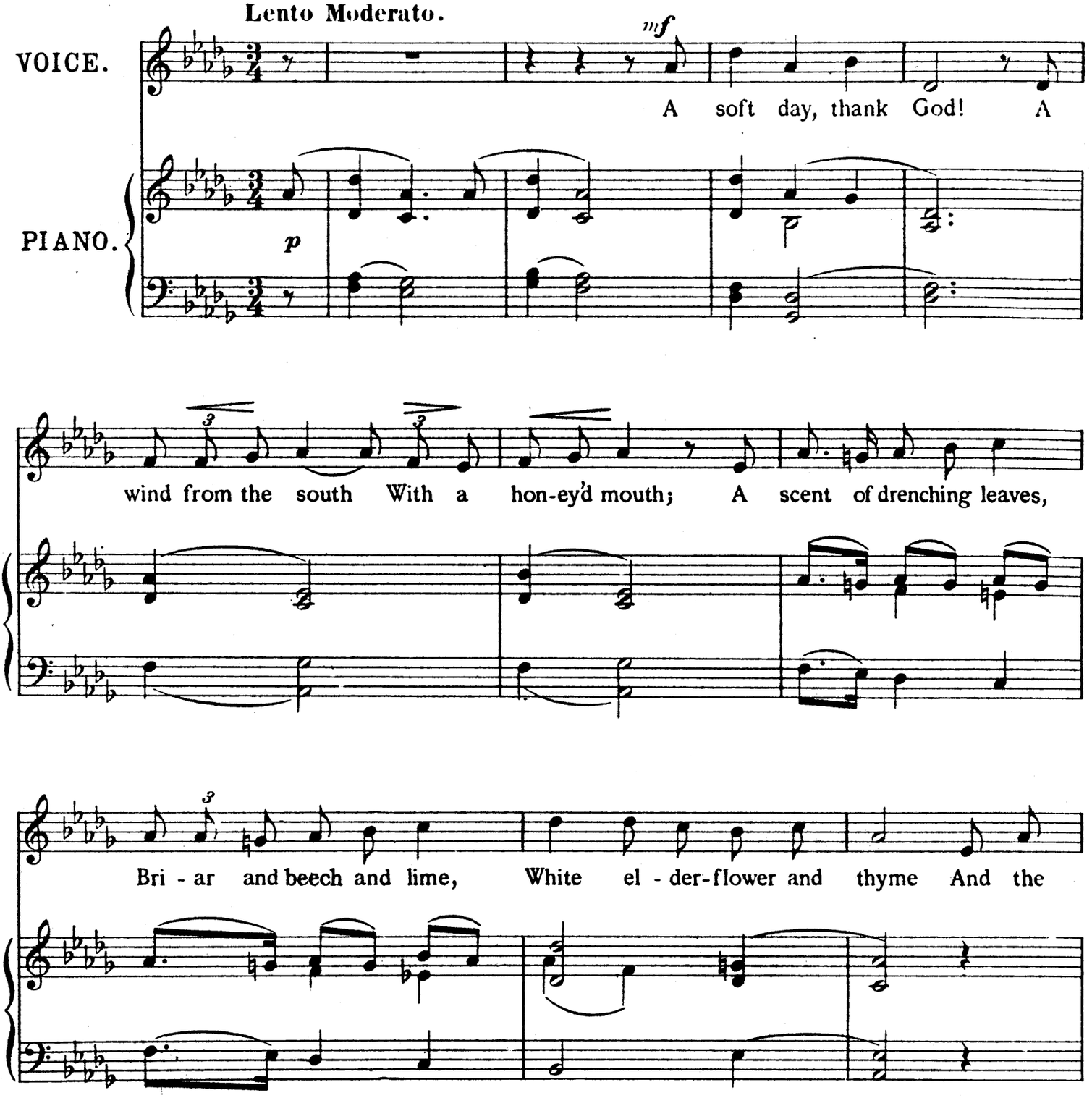

Oh, it's lit - tle Ros-anne is the thief of the world!
If you're hear - in' her laugh-ter, you'd best be a - ware, For there's
some-thing she's af - ter, But who can tell where?
Och! she's
look - in' for eggs, or the bas - ket of pegs, Or she's


chas - in' the ducks Till they're run off their legs. There's
noth - in' that's safe! I've right now to know, For she's
stol - en my heart on me three years a - go.
sf
p
p
p
p

A SOFT DAY.

W. M. LETTS.

C. V. STANFORD.
Op. 140. No 3.



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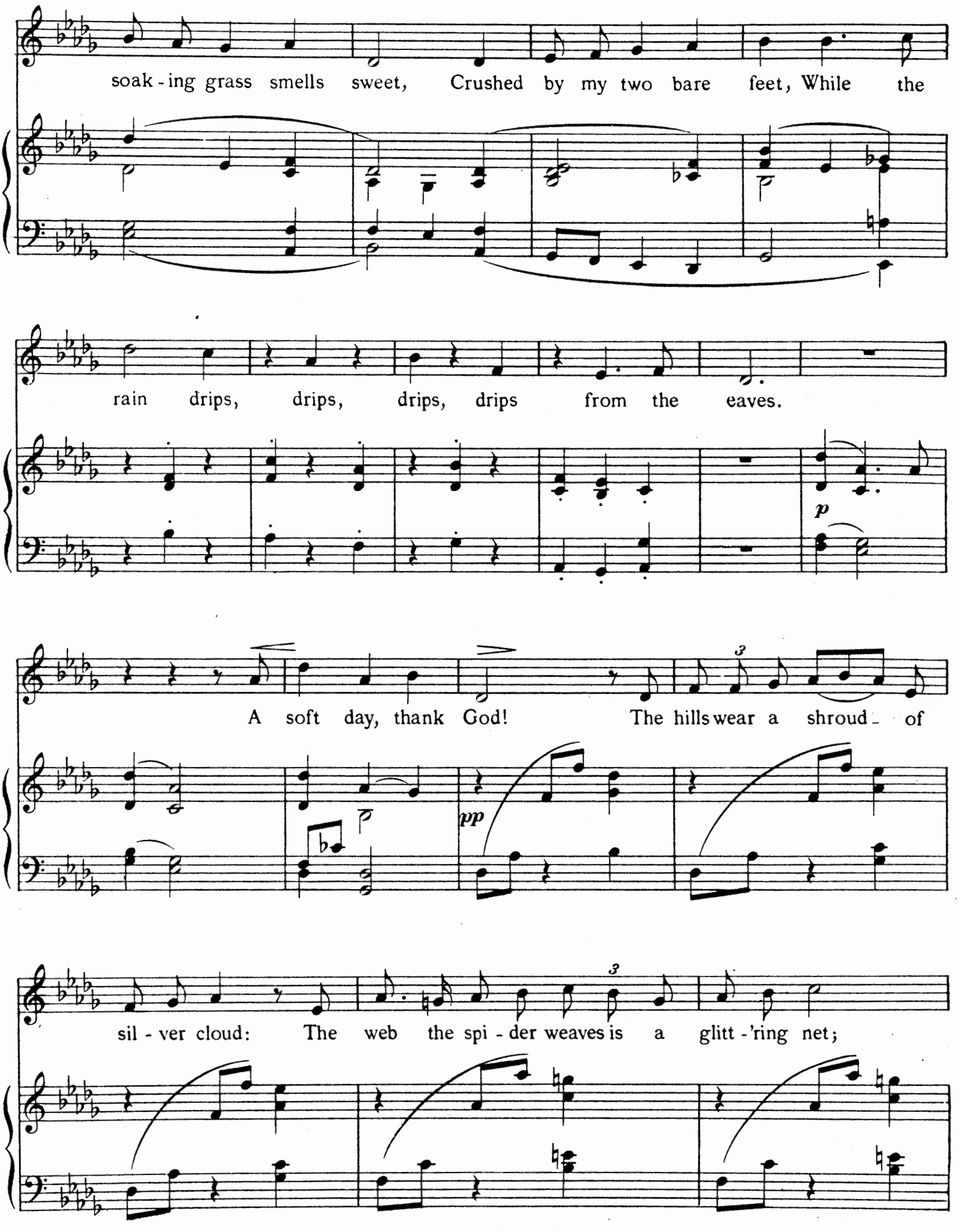
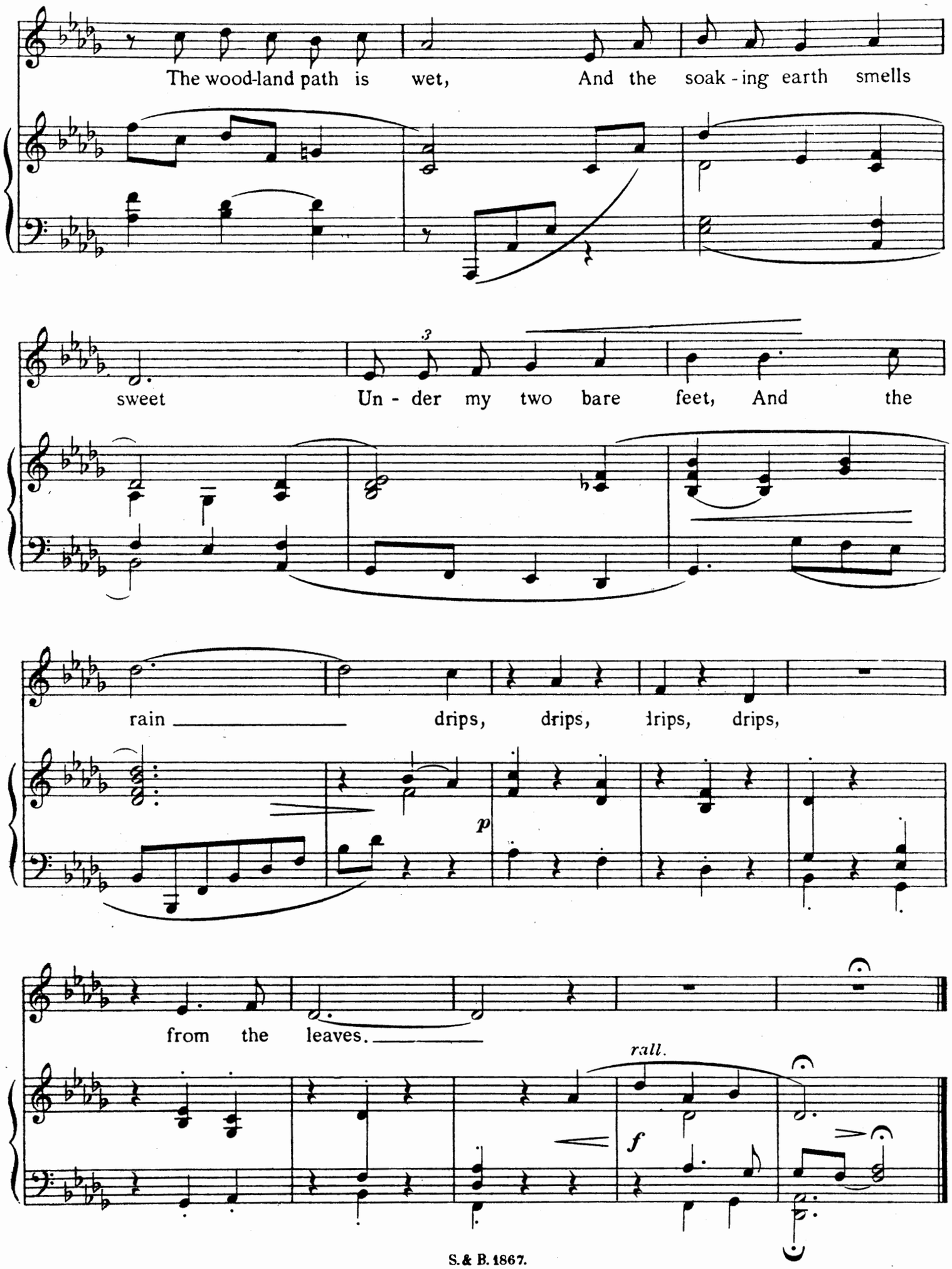

soak - ing grass smells sweet, Crushed by my two bare feet, While the
rain drips, drips, drips, drips from the eaves.
p
A soft day, thank God! The hills wear a shroud - of
pp
sil - ver cloud: The web the spi - der weaves is a glitt - 'ring net;


The wood-land path is wet, And the soak - ing earth smells
sweet Un - der my two bare feet, And the
rain drips, drips, drips, drips,
p
from the leaves.
rall.
f

LITTLE PETER MORRISSEY.

W. M. LETTS.

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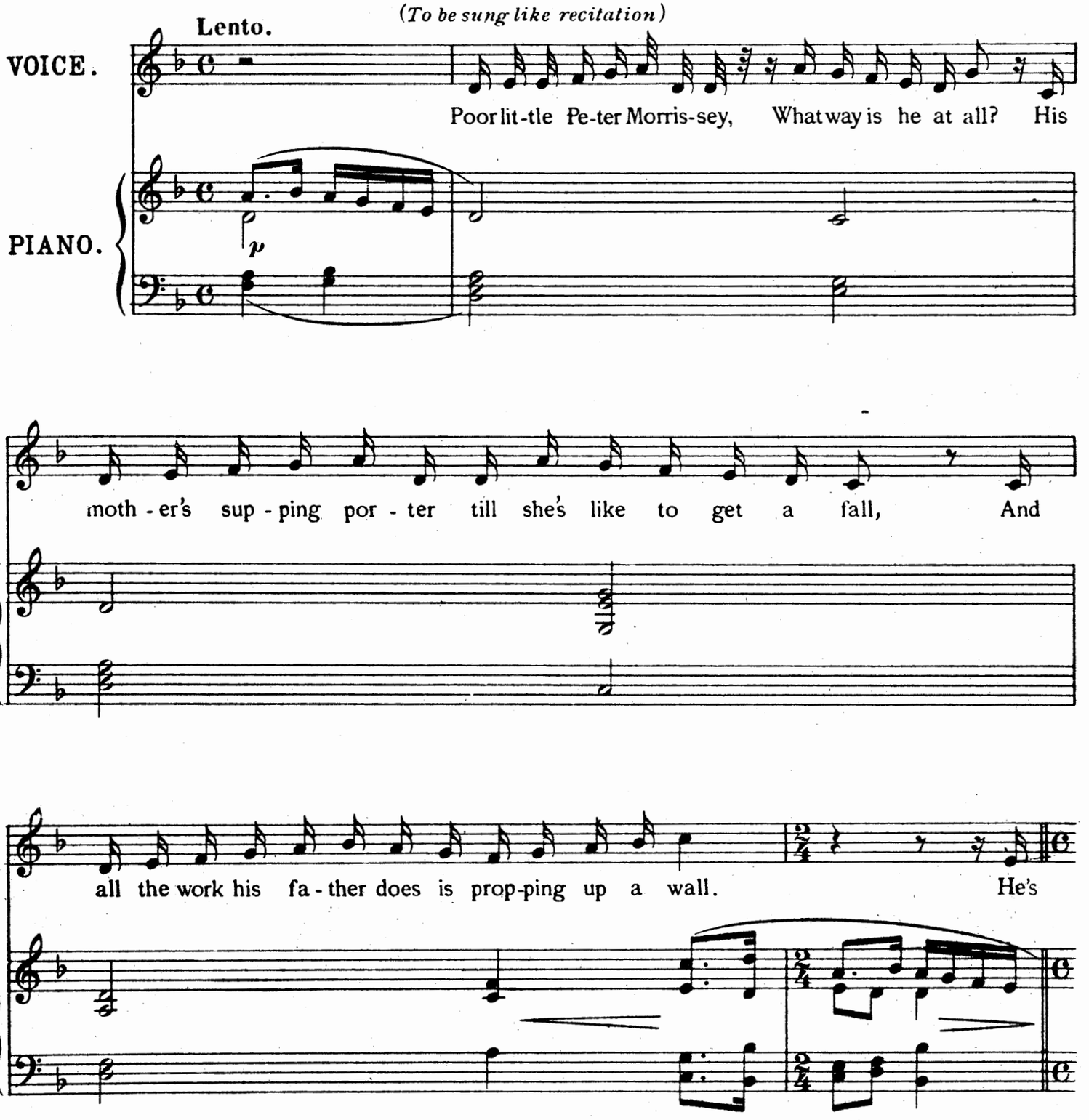

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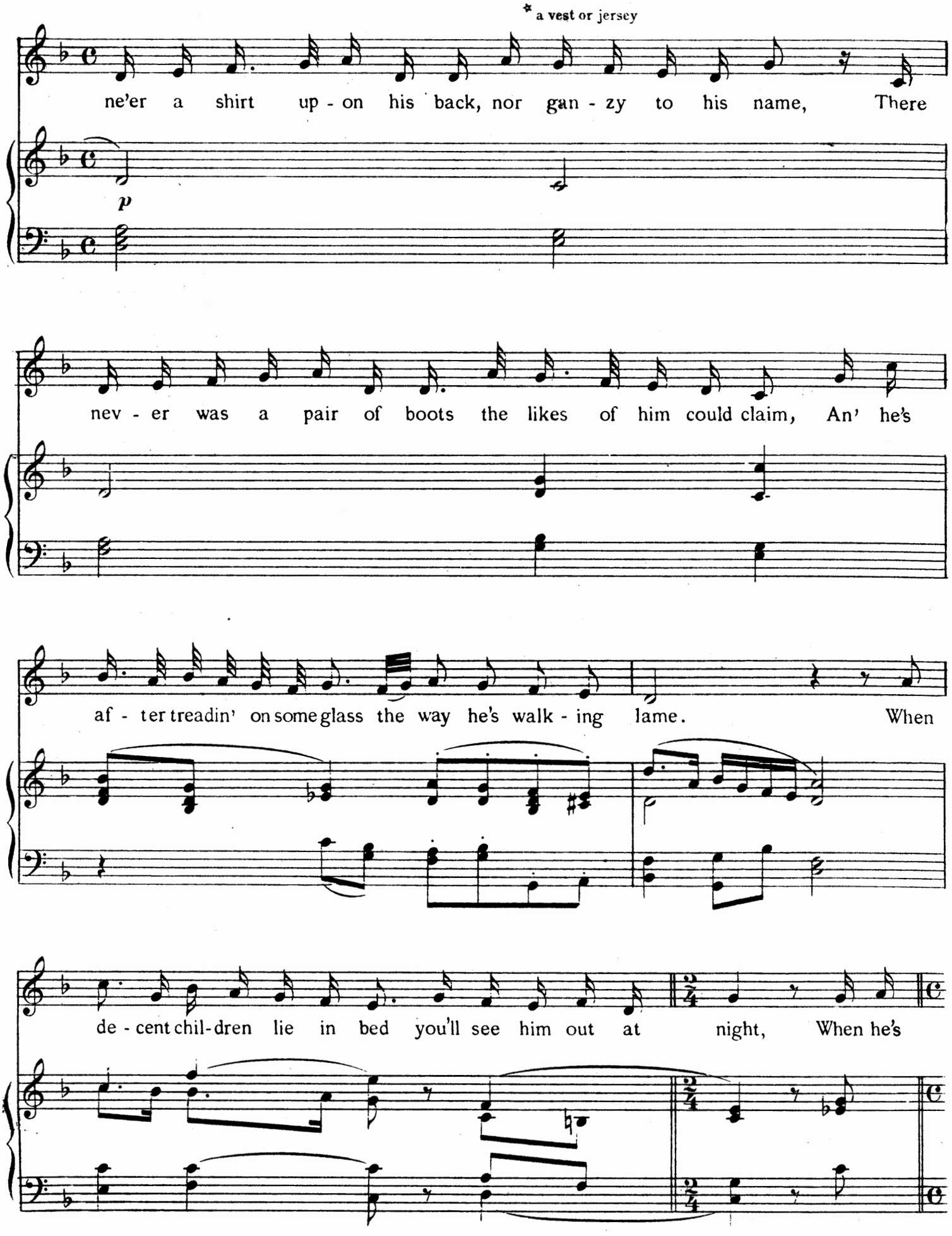
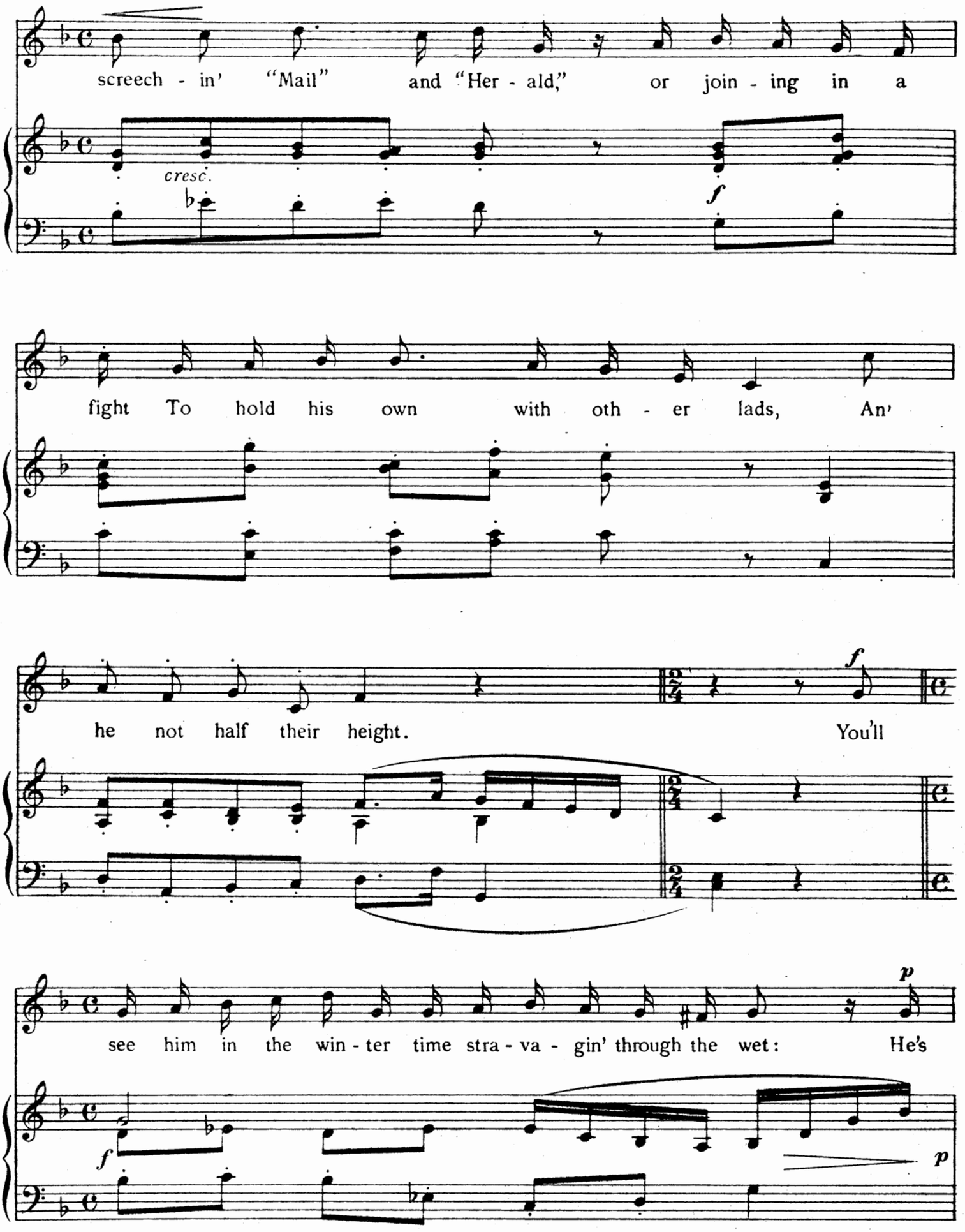
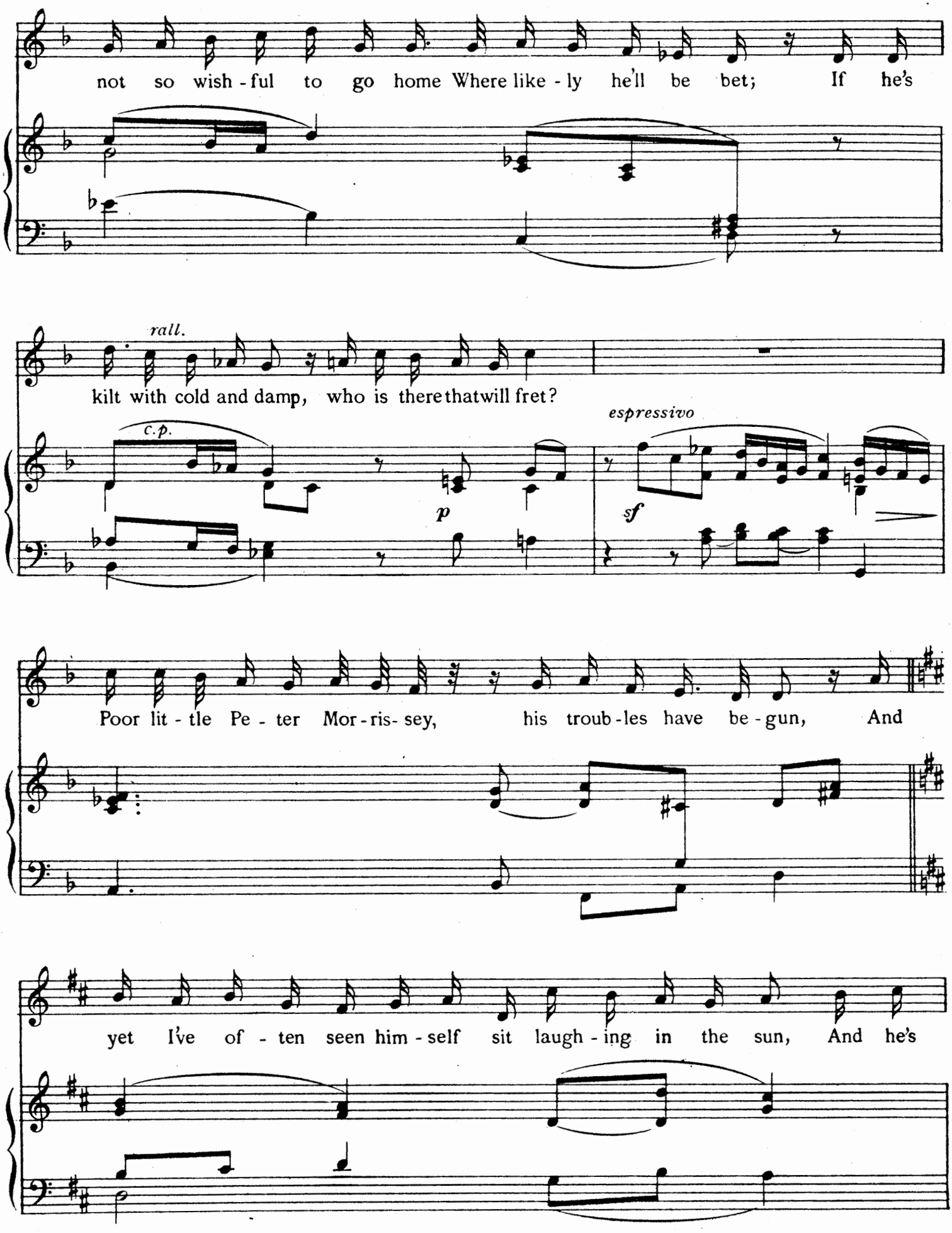
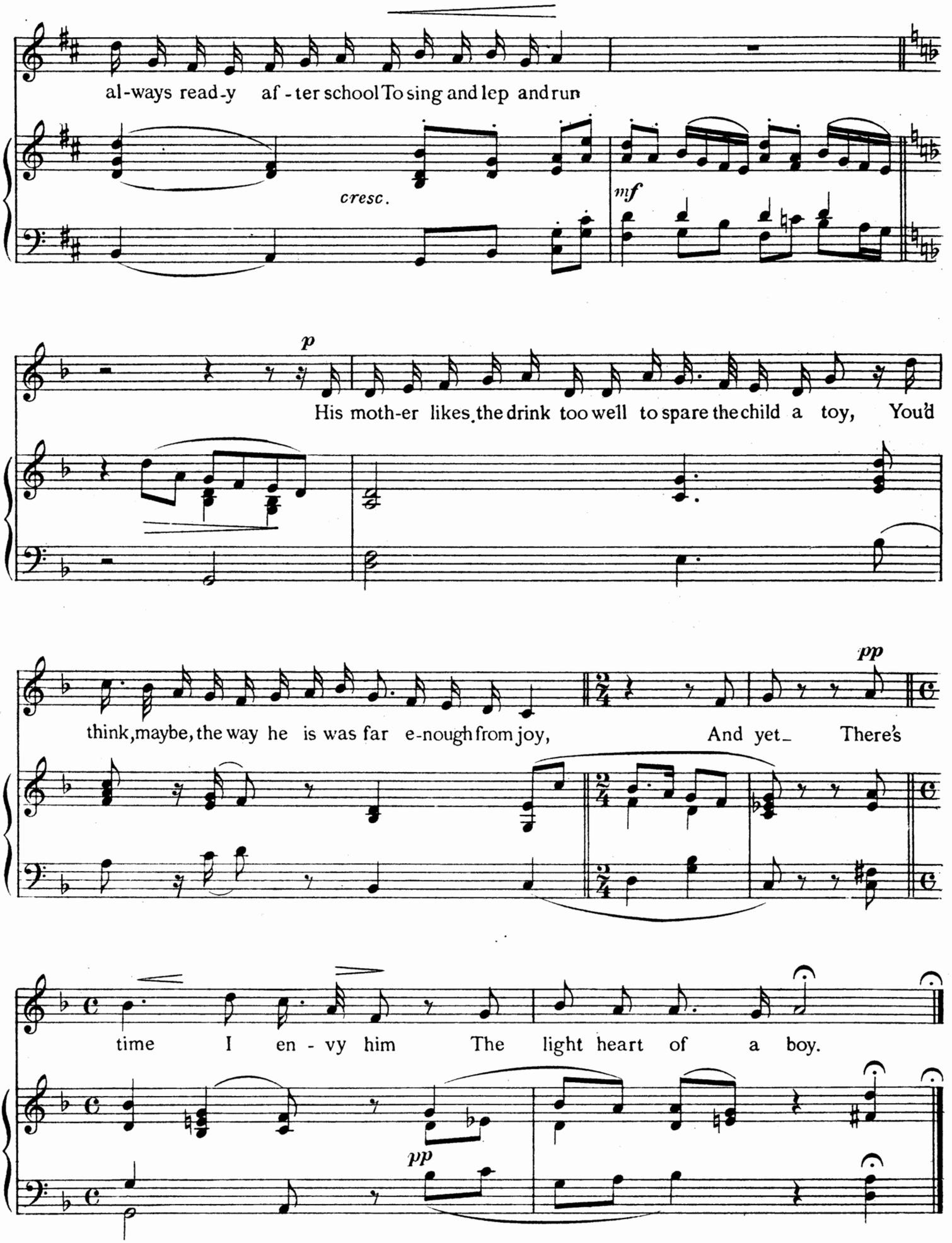

* a vest or jersey
ne'er a shirt up - on his back, nor gan - zy to his name, There
p
nev - er was a pair of boots the likes of him could claim, An' he's
af - ter treadin' on some glass the way he's walk - ing lame. When
de - cent chil-dren lie in bed you'll see him out at night, When he's


screech - in' "Mail" and "Her - ald," or join - ing in a
cresc.
f
fight To hold his own with oth - er lads, An'
f
he not half their height. You'll
p
see him in the win - ter time stra - va - gin' through the wet: He's
f
p


not so wish - ful to go home Where like - ly he'll be bet; If he's
rall.
kilt with cold and damp, who is there that will fret?
espressivo
c.p.
p
sf
Poor lit - tle Pe - ter Mor - ris - sey, his troub - les have be - gun, And
yet I've of - ten seen him - self sit laugh - ing in the sun, And he's


al-ways read-y af-ter school To sing and lep and run
cresc.
mf
p
His moth-er likes the drink too well to spare the child a toy, You'd
think, maybe, the way he is was far e-nough from joy, And yet There's
pp
time I en-vy him The light heart of a boy.
pp

THE BOLD UNBIDDABLE CHILD.

W. M. LETTS.

C. V. STANFORD.
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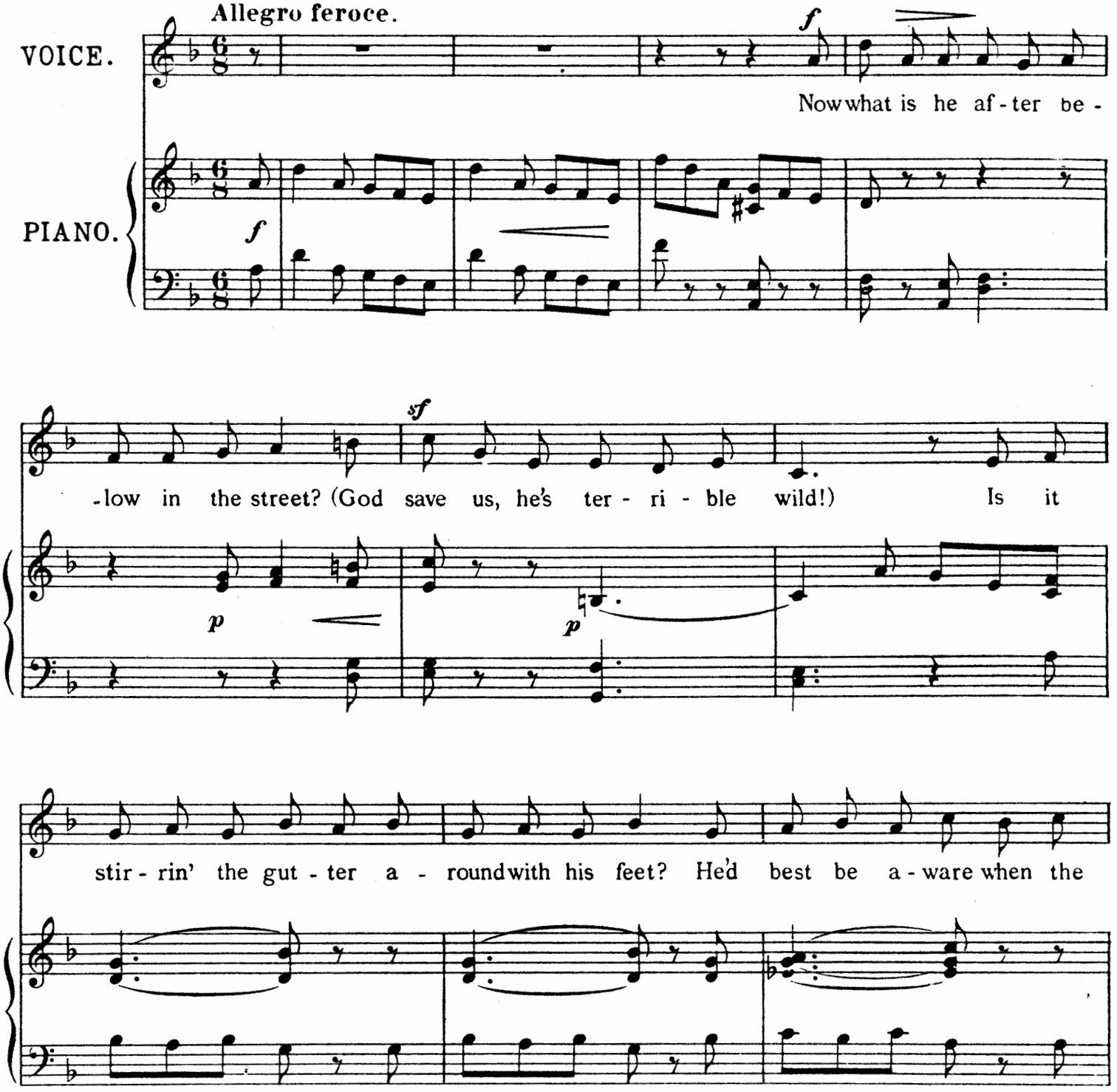

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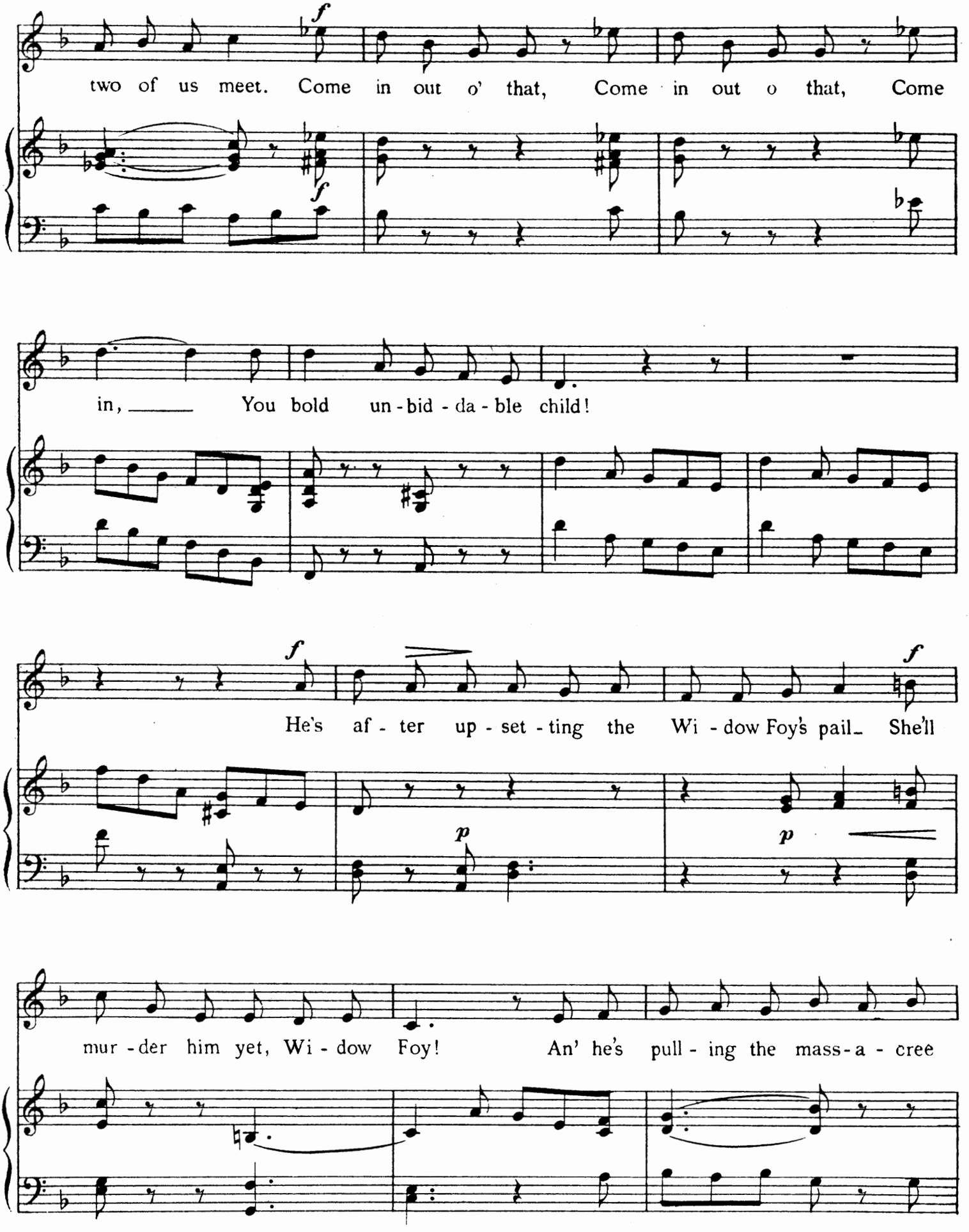
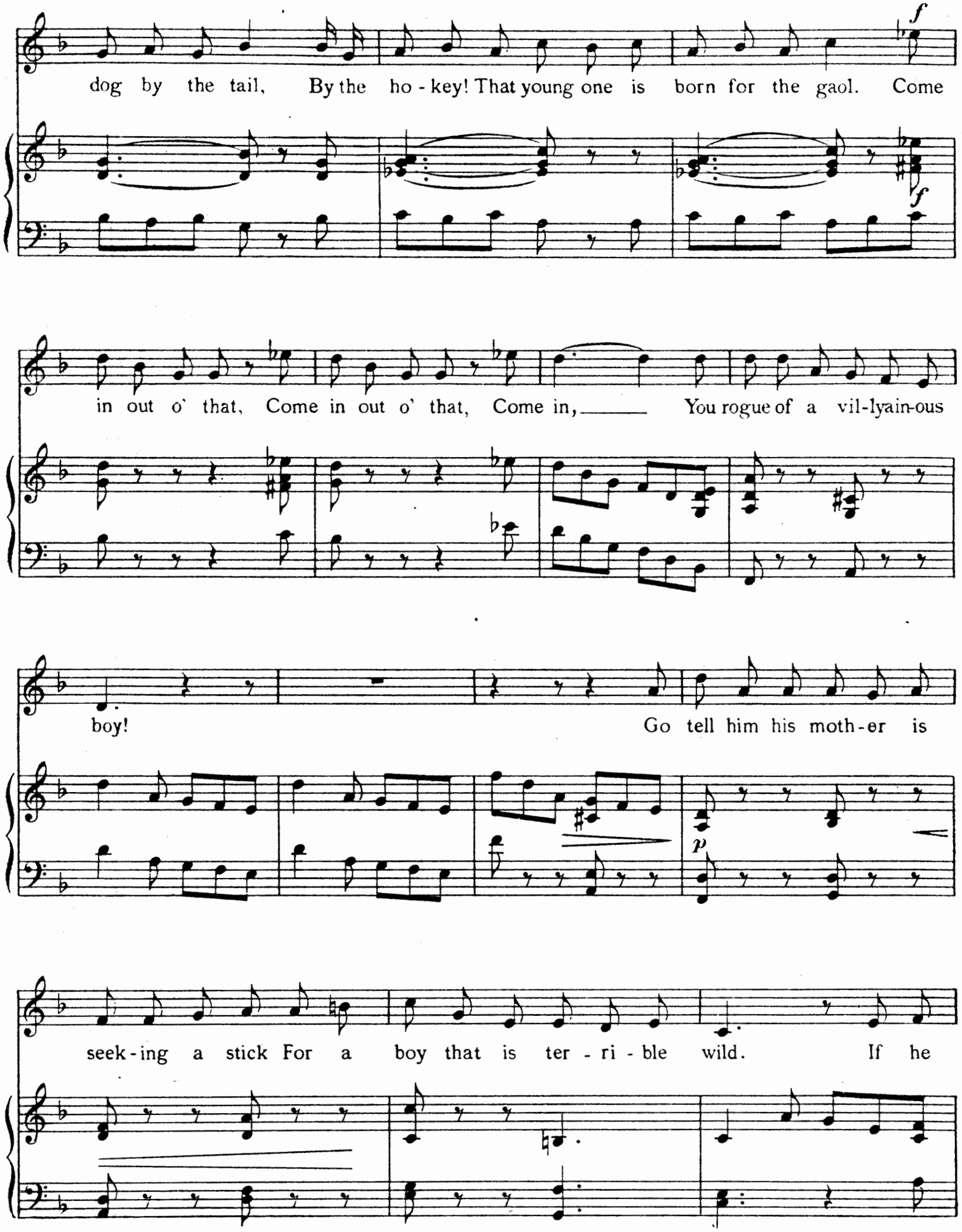
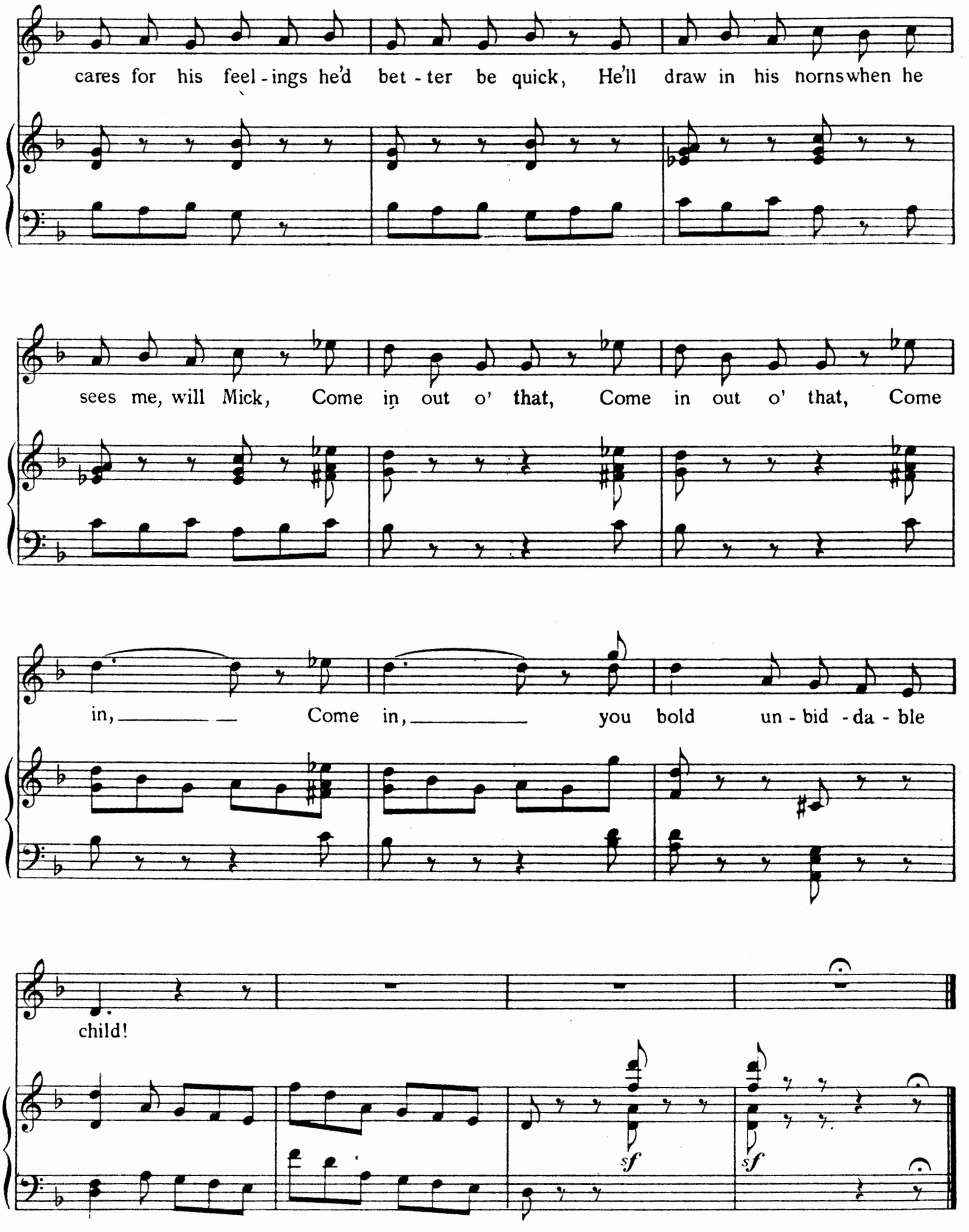

two of us meet. Come in out o' that, Come in out o that, Come
in, ____ You bold un-bid-da-ble child!
He's af-ter up-set-ting the Wi-dow Foy's pail_ She'll
mur-der him yet, Wi-dow Foy! An' he's pull-ing the mass-a-cree

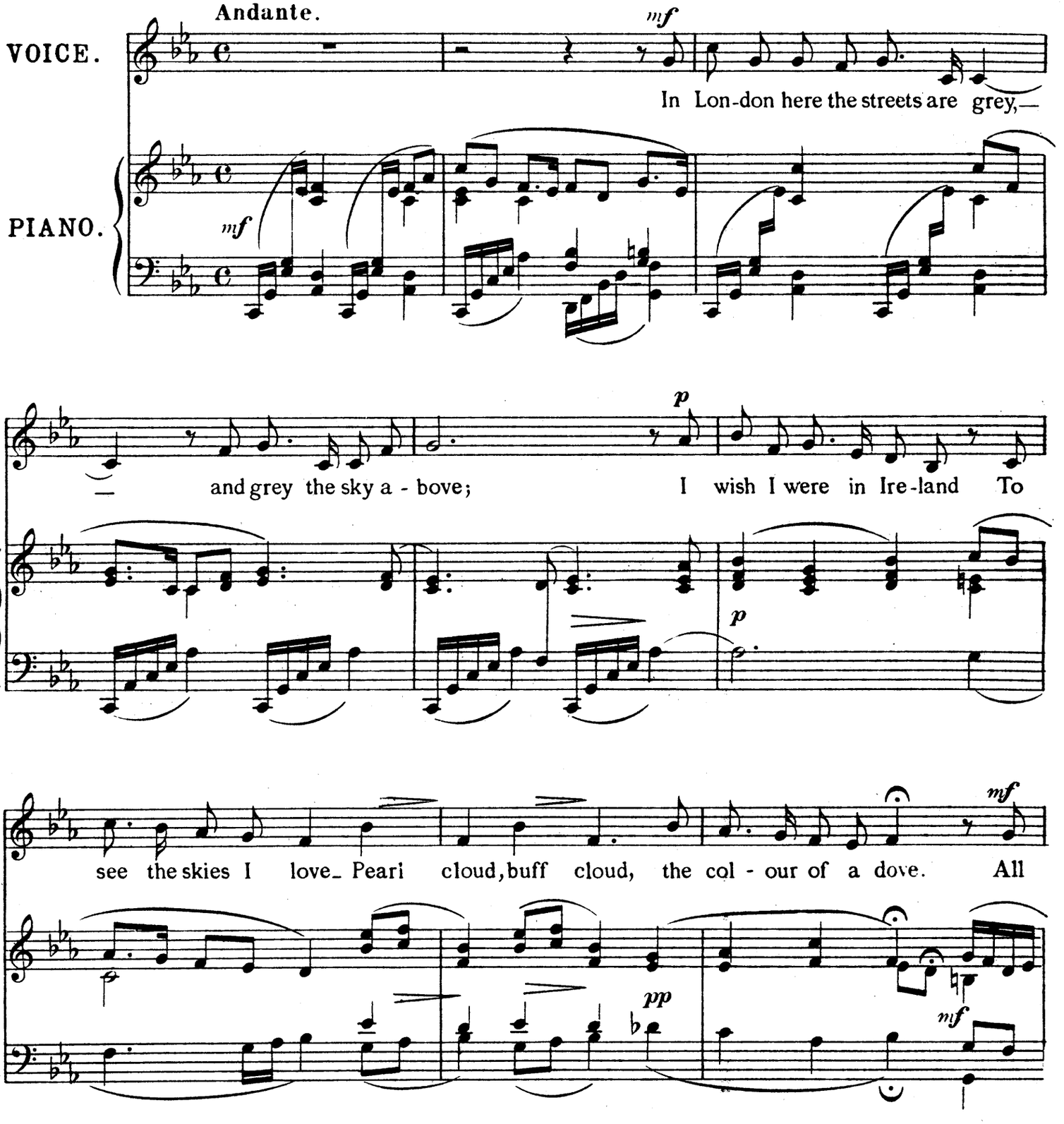

dog by the tail, By the ho - key! That young one is born for the gaol. Come
in out o' that, Come in out o' that, Come in, ____ You rogue of a vil-lyain-ous
boy! Go tell him his moth-er is
seek-ing a stick For a boy that is ter - ri - ble wild. If he


cares for his feel - ings he'd bet - ter be quick, He'll draw in his horns when he
sees me, will Mick, Come in out o' that, Come in out o' that, Come
in, Come in, you bold un - bid - da - ble
child!
sf
sf

IRISH SKIES.

W. M. LETTS.

C.V. STANFORD.
Op. 140. Nº 6.



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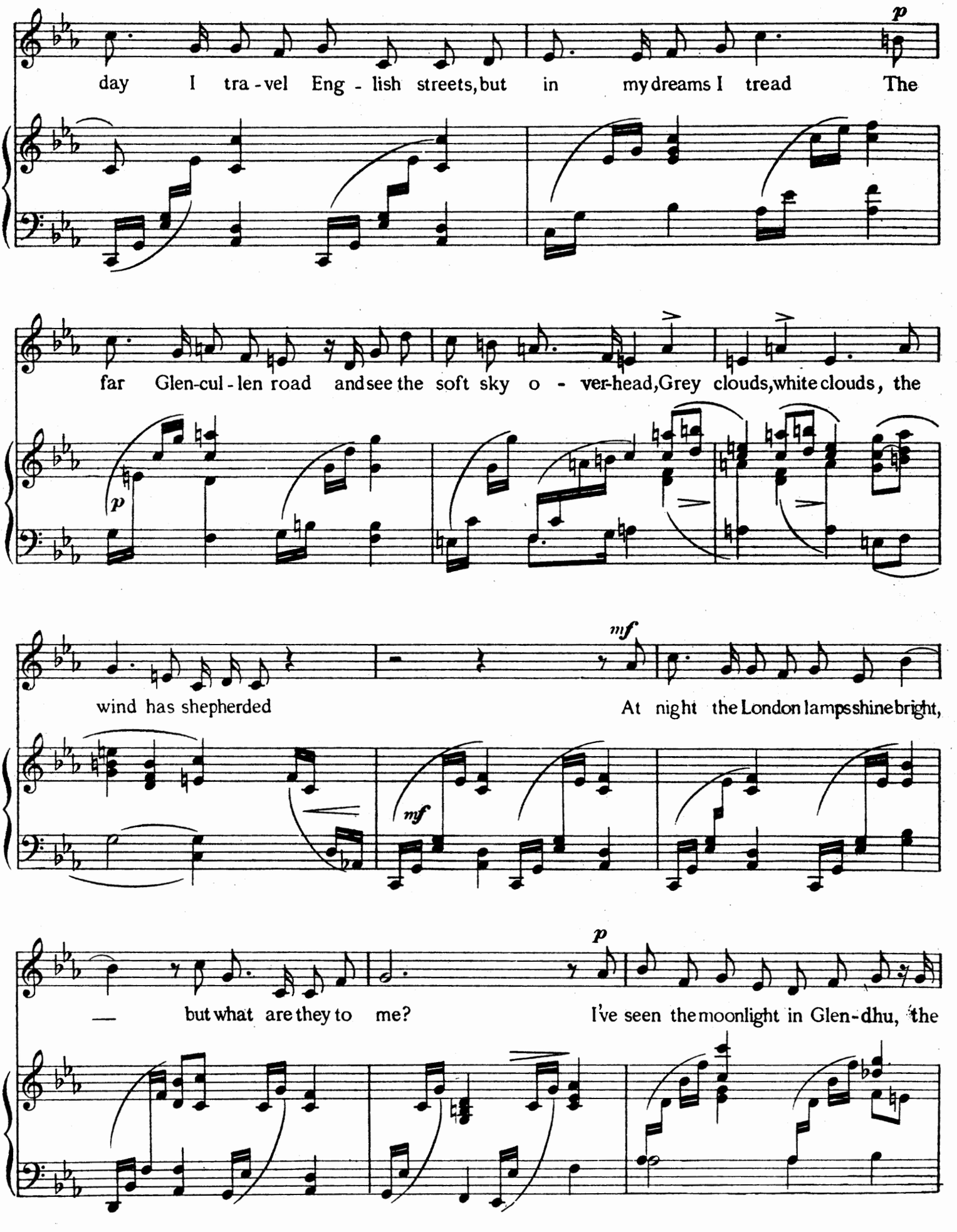
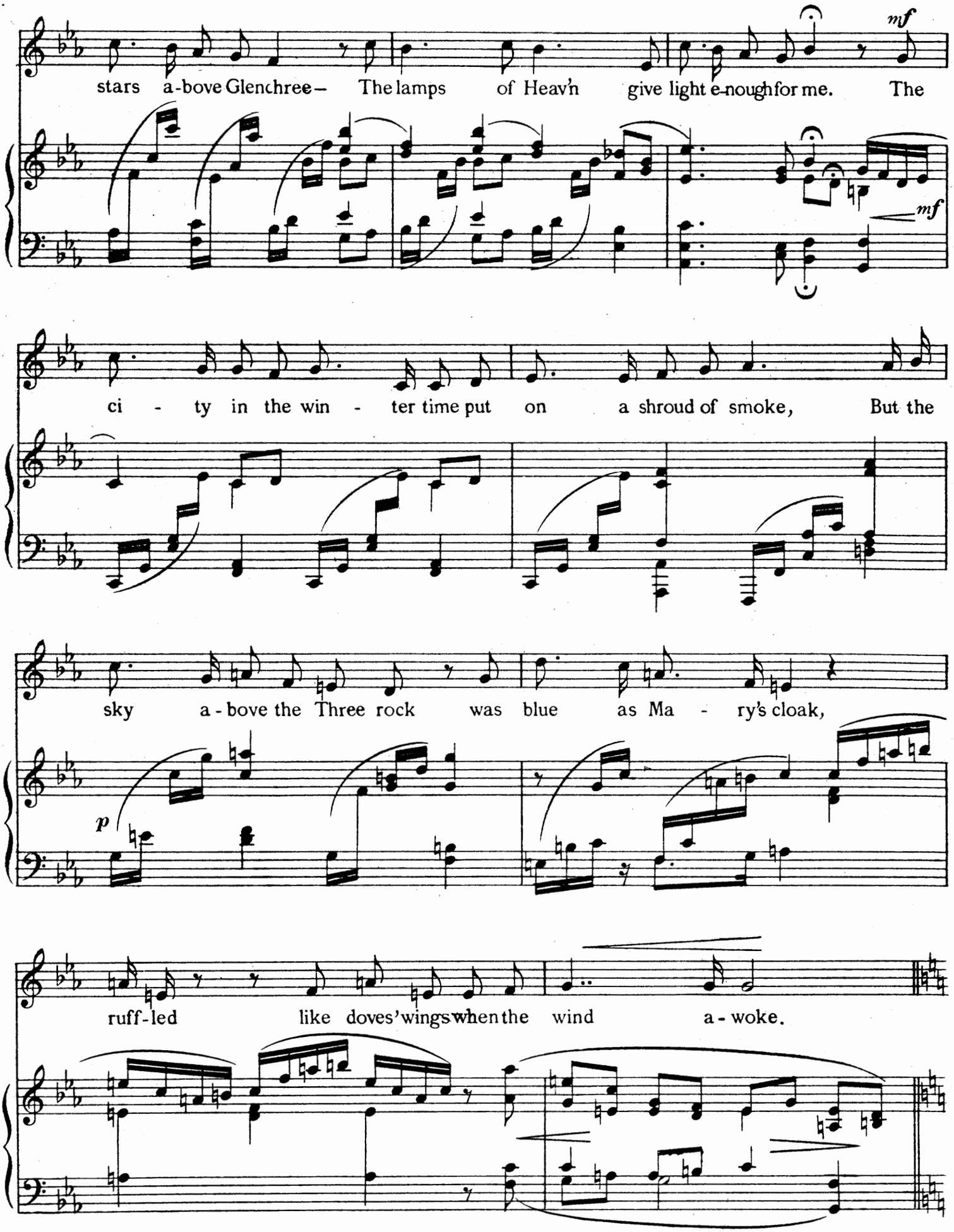
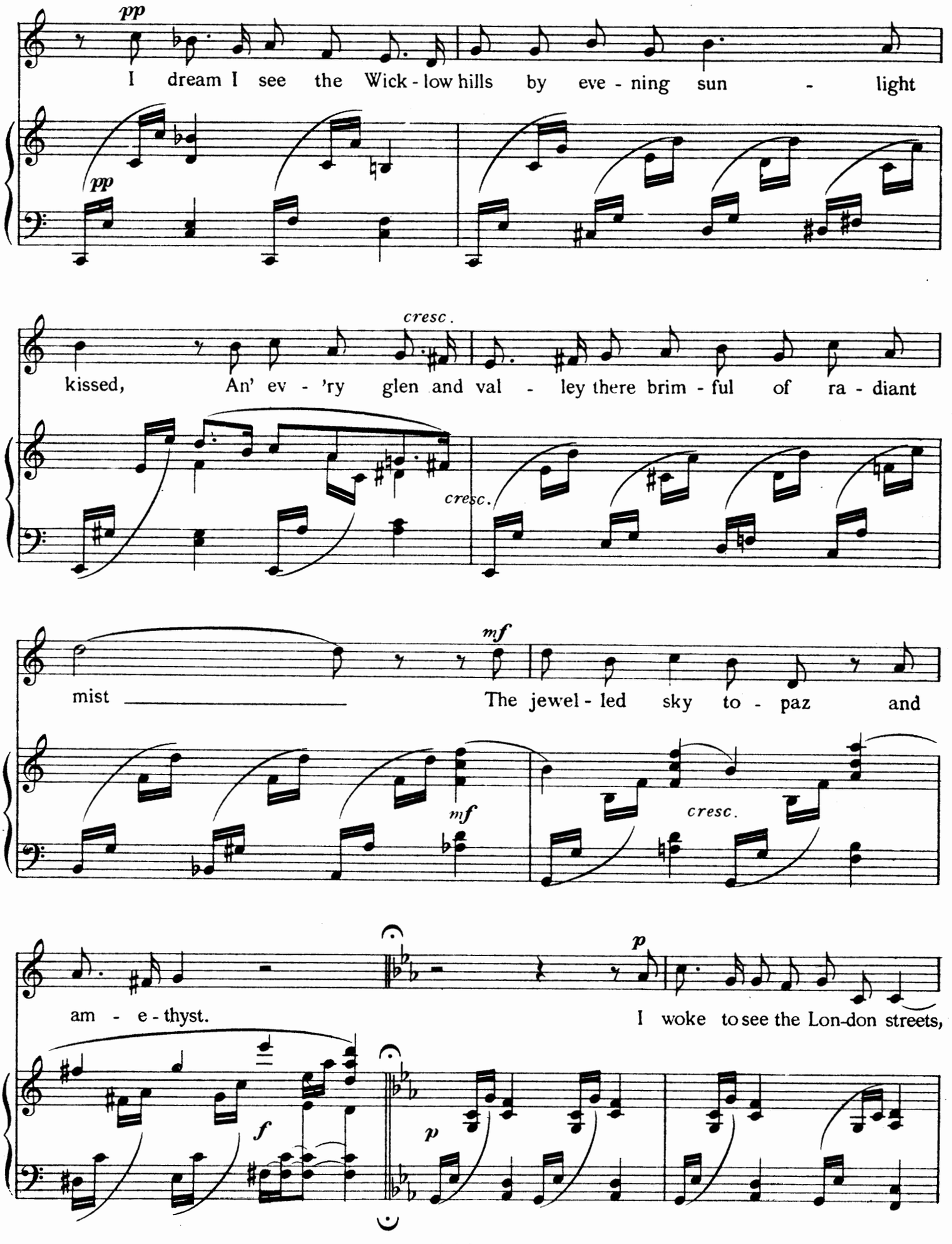
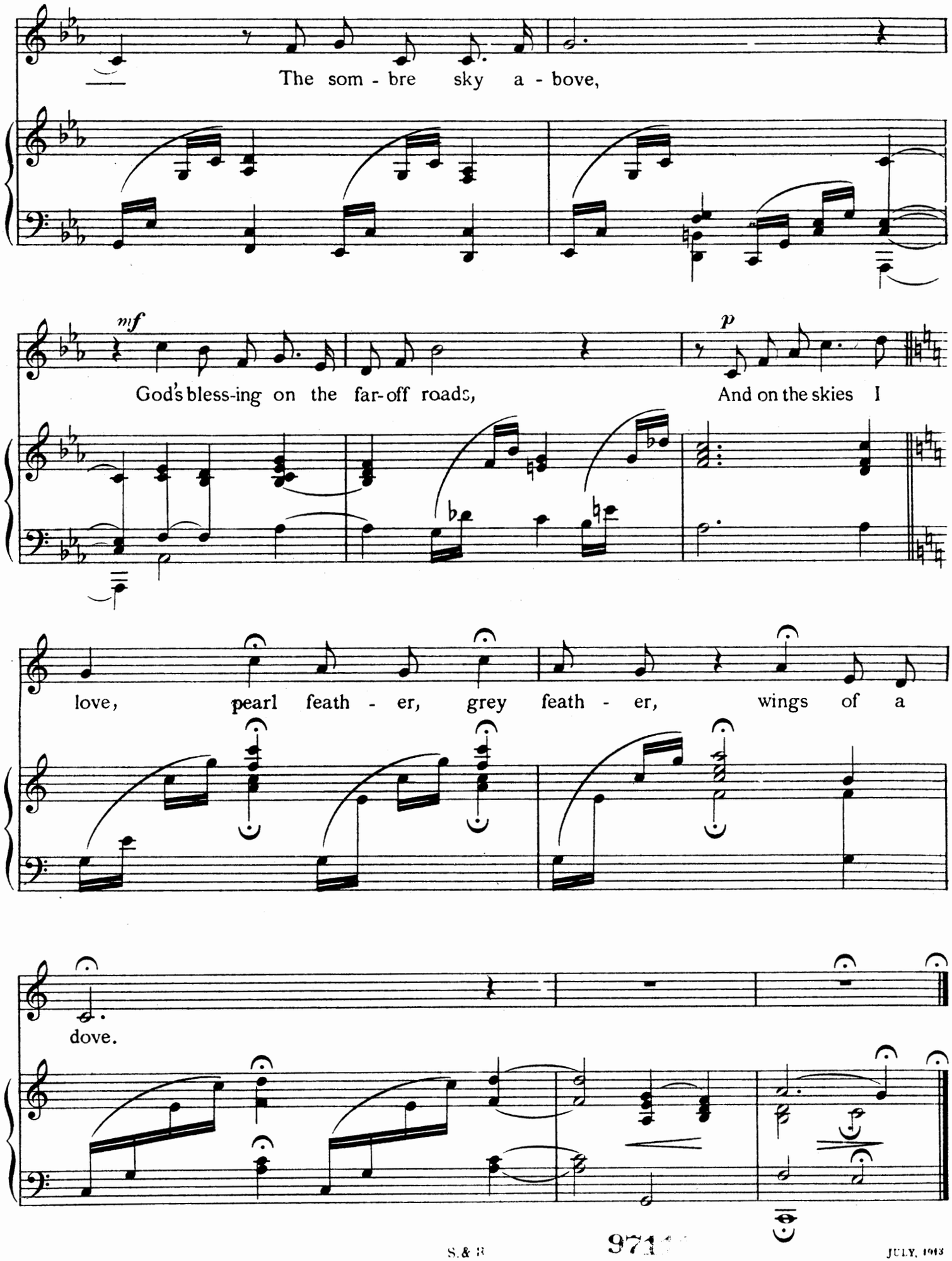

p
day I tra - vel Eng - lish streets, but in my dreams I tread The
far Glen-cul - len road and see the soft sky o - ver-head, Grey clouds, white clouds, the
p
mf
wind has shepherded
At night the London lamps shine bright,
mf
p
— but what are they to me?
I've seen the moonlight in Glen-dhu, the


mf
stars a-bove Glenchree— The lamps of Heav'n give light e-nough for me. The
mf
ci - ty in the win - ter time put on a shroud of smoke, But the
sky a-bove the Three rock was blue as Ma - ry's cloak,
p
ruff-led like doves' wings when the wind a-woke.


pp
I dream I see the Wick - low hills by eve - ning sun - light
pp
cresc.
kissed, An' ev - 'ry glen and val - ley there brim - ful of ra - diant
cresc.
mf
mist The jewel - led sky to - paz and
mf
cresc.
p
am - e - thyst. I woke to see the Lon-don streets,
f
p


The som - bre sky a - bove,
mf
God's bless-ing on the far-off roads,
p
And on the skies I
love, pearl feath - er, grey feath - er, wings of a
dove.

CUSHENDALL

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