

An Dana Raðar.  
halla Wí Sním

Act II.  
Scene I.

O'Gneeve's Hall.

Moderato.

The first system of music is in 3/4 time and B-flat major. It begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody in the treble clef starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The bass line starts with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes F3, E3, and D3. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present.

The second system continues the piece with a treble clef and a bass clef. The treble clef has a series of chords, while the bass clef has a melodic line with eighth notes. The dynamics are consistent with the first system.

The third system continues the piece with a treble clef and a bass clef. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present. The bass line has a change in the final measure, moving from a bass clef to a treble clef.

The fourth system continues the piece with a treble clef and a bass clef. A mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking is present. The bass line has a change in the final measure, moving from a bass clef to a treble clef.

Più mosso.

The fifth system continues the piece with a treble clef and a bass clef. It features a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking, a fortissimo (*sf*) dynamic marking, a crescendo (*cresc.*) marking, and a ritardando (*rit.*) marking. The treble clef has a melodic line with triplets and accents, while the bass clef has a steady accompaniment.

Musical score for the first system, featuring a piano accompaniment with triplets and a dynamic marking of *sf*.

Musical score for the second system, continuing the piano accompaniment with triplets.

The curtain rises on repetition of 2<sup>nd</sup> part of *Più mosso*.

Musical score for the third system, featuring a piano accompaniment with a dynamic marking of *mf*.

Guests rising from the tables. Muirghéis & Diarmuid in the high seats. Maire sits.  
Sean-éana.

**Primo Tempo.**

An old guest.

Do sláin-te-se a Muirghéis  
A last cup to the bride

Musical score for the vocal solo, including the lyrics "Do sláin-te-se a Muirghéis" and "A last cup to the bride".

on a bench with a green branch on her lap, from which she is stripping the leaves. As the scene proceeds she makes the leaves into a wreath.

sul n-im-éozamíto —  
before we rise —

Do sláin-te 'nois a Muirghéis  
A health to you Muirghéis.

Musical score for the second vocal solo, including the lyrics "sul n-im-éozamíto" and "Do sláin-te 'nois a Muirghéis".

Chorus of wedding guests.

**Fonn. Soprani.** **Più Allegretto.** *rit.*

**Ан-сопо. Altì.** *rit.*

**Собіац. Tenori.** *rit.*

**Допо. Bassi.** *rit.*

Дá мба забавò дуйнòл уис-зе єрòм на нòйзеац До дéан фá-са мíoò милis  
 Though our cups to-night held the tasteless wa.ter, Your name would change it to.

Дá мба забавò дуйнòл уис-зе єрòм на нòйзеац До дéан фáса мíoò милis  
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**Più Allegretto.** *rit.*

*colla voce*

ёаоин ве дуйнн Дá маз-фá ёап пáйне фуйлцыз áйп is бпуыз-не До  
 ho - ney mead. If you but passed ov - er a field of slaugh - ter The

ёаоин ве дуйнн Дá маз-фá ёап пáйне фуйлцыз áйп is бпуыз-не До  
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*colla voce*

cneas ó faoi míl - te de'n bfaoincreibhúit Na bpatarí b'í lár in - áir-de do bíodg-fad An  
 wounds of the vanquished would cease to bleed. The fal - len banners would see you, And hear you And

cneas ó faoi míl - te de'n bfaoincreibhúit Na bpatarí b'í lár in - áir-de do bíodg-fad An  
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 wounds of the vanquished would cease to bleed. The fal - len banners would see you, And hear you And

*colla voce* *f*

trác úo is éi - pí a - nís ar a mbonn bead sgeón ar luic fog - la tréis  
 rise up a - gain from the dust where they lay: The god - less thieves of the

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*colla voce* *p*

*rall.* **Moderato.**

am ca - ta's sgeim-le 'S an bás an uair éifead tú d'fillead cinn siubal  
 dead would re-vere you, And Death would be-hold you and turn a-way.

*rall.*

am ca - ta's sgeim-le 'S an bás an uair éifead tú d'fillead cinn siubal  
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*rall.*

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*rall.*

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 dead would re-vere you, And Death would be-hold you and turn a-way.

*colla voce* *rall.* **Moderato.**

**Muirgéis.**  
**Muirgheis.**

Mo mí - le buíocas lib. Bui slám - te réim  
 I thank you from my heart. A health to you!

*mf*

**Diarmuid.**  
**Diarmuid.**

Seo slánc'a ngrádan le gráó tú, a gráó mo chroíe An tain do ngrádan gráó mo chroíe is a  
 I drink to all that love you, and that health Is to all folk that look you in the

**Máire.**  
**Maire.** *p*

sgeim face. Old

## Più Andante.

se an-a-mna ré bláic bí seal rao' ó Fé gí-lebáin's ré sgáil an dearg -  
haggard women that were long a go As red as roses and as white as

dim. *mf* agitato  
- póis san mas-la táic leo' bláic an mbéir ro' óibís No mionnac táic do ráo trí éas doo'  
snow Will they look on your beauty and refrain. From cursing what they will not be a -

cresc. a tempo  
éiló Cé sgeimeac óibís Is líon-ta gnáomair tá - ear óib - se, óibís  
gain Though once they were, As much beloved as you and all as fair.

Più mosso. *p* *cresc.*  
Tá caiteam slán ar ócraic i mbun a stóir Is  
Their wealth is spent and wast.ed is their store Will

*cresc.*  
óibís nac áil so - láis an tsaozair ro' comair Do céile as ráo gac tríac gur leis gur  
they not grudge to see your life run oer With joy to hear your lover's tongue de.

*dim.*

oí gí san tusa i lácair lá ná bíonn n-a ló Na fuinn i zéoir Na c  
 clare How in your ab-sence there's no day is fair No tune goes right Ex -

(Maire laughs.)

leat-sa b'ail a. otmáct oo péir an céoil.  
 cept you har-ken to it with de-light.

Moderato.

Aoó. M'áire.  
 Hugh. Maire.

'Tuize an zheann? Na bac mo léan nó m'ácus t'áic-nín feoir Sead mé 'zéoir  
 Whence this mirth? Why heed my mirth or sor-row I'm a reed Dalna plays his

Aoó. M'áire.  
 Hugh. Maire.

céoil seo D'ail-áin binn Cao é an zno é seo a'plánaib a-zac? As fill - ead'n  
 idl-est Mu-sic on. What is this work your hands are bu-sy with? I plait green

ouilleabair zhuir-a fleasc a-táim; Na blá - ta so Muir-zéis cun feócta t'éigto  
 leaves in - to a co-ro-nel The flowers that Muirghéis wears are almost dead And

*cresc.*

o'eas - - la tuair naé rógant' a cup bun-scionn Tá bláit - fleasc  
 lest an e - vil o - men grieve the bride I weave a

*And. Hugh.*

úr a - sam dá déanam di Cao é an 'sóm duill - eós - a 'gat dá  
 fresher garland for her hair. What are these leaves you weave in - to her

*Máire.*

briú? Duilleós - a glas - a ó pñéim, ba cuibe le mnaoi  
 crown? Leaves vir - gi - nal - ly green fit for a bride.

Naí cáin - is meac na teasar deac main n - a n - gar Ní sail - eac iad ní mó gur dhaisean ná  
 Blight has not smutched them or a hot sun seared. Besure they are not willow leaves or

*And. Hugh.*

coll Ní cup - mós shio - tar - nac ná iubar na n - eóir Tabair dom an  
 thorn, sal - low, or cy - press, or the bo - ding yew. Give me the



Máire.  
Maire.

please go leas-fad uir-ti lám Do chuas le h-eis - teact, ná bac lá-ma a  
wreath be-tween my hands to feel. Nay, use your ears and not your fin-gers,

Aoid Hugh! Éisc! éisc mar ghlódam an Rí an ban-riogán éoir Cóm  
Hark how the king's love flames a-bout Muir-gheis, As

Diarmuid.  
Diarmuid.

céan is dámbaóchorde Aongus bí ann Ní ní airdian corin  
though the heart of Au-gus beat in him There's not anoth-er

saró-bir lom-sa 'nois Is tu-sa 'gammarriogán, a gí-le échorde Ní hac-muin  
king as rich as I that have you for my Queen my shin-ing one. I need no

*cresc.* *p* *sf*

Máire.  
Maire.

lom-sa cuiríde ra - va fáin Ná riol-air aéir mar éios an ban ná ba Úróc-  
pro-vin ces to make me great with tribute of gray eagles, corn and kine, I

nác an síúomán roict. — A mal-airc faíam nác 'iné'n roict is gnáic ag a lei-  
 si-cken of this tune — Knows he no more? Why ev-ery lo-ver sings to such a

Diarmuid.  
Diarmuid.

-céro bíos geall gur cuim-is éad an déicib fáil A nós na mban in-ou.  
 tune. I throw the Gods are jealous of the rose That I have plucked to day.

Muirgheis.  
Muirgheis.

éisc, a Rí, ní marc lom síú. Níon deas dom féin san bhlaic -  
 Ah! hush my king such praise is ill. I were not fair in hea -

Máire.  
Maire (aside).

Diarmuid.  
Diarmuid.

-eas Com deas le lus na rae i n-an toub - nae. Na  
 ven! Fair as a moonflower when the moon is dark. The

déic - e seo do bhronnan séandam mbeic' Doam noion ché zeacalibquada an báis Níon mór  
 Gods who gave the joy where-by is Death Alone made possi-ble to bear, Will not

Allegretto.

leó d'ám-s'áin níos so 'sám ar fearó mo saothaill.  
 grudge me the rose that stricks in.to my life.

Muirgheis.  
Muirgheis. *p rit.*

A Rí, ná mol mo ghéis, s'ombí n-a plás No is náir liom í 'oim  
 You praise my face too ten.der.ly my king. I were ashamed in

Sám n'ad's Cannaic éuaró Seoic níos pé bláic Ná bac an níos Aic sam - al - tar mo  
 summer or in spring Be .side an opening rose. Let ro .ses be And match with les .ser

Máire.  
Maire.

gheis le nro - ce's luza Mo érao - sa a mí, Náic  
 things my face and me. A - las my lord, 'tis

cuas nac fearóon níos — On uair ná maire ann aic sa Sám n'ad bláic (Sgo  
 pi - ty that a rose — Sees but one summer out, and never knows (Since

mbí glás na rúin seo gheim-míó meóir) 2 cosmaileac̄t don gheim sa gheim-meáð um  
winter keeps all se.crets that are his) How like a rose the win.ter sun.set

Diarmaid.  
Diarmuid. *p*

neoin.  
is! Seáð beó tú ic' méac̄t a -  
Then you shall be a

*mf*

gam; im' óis-eac̄t beáð 1st oíóc̄e's déan - rað coð - laðsuam sa 16 Tait - nimorm-sa a  
star; I'll wake at nights And in the day my sheaves of slumber reap, Shine on me my

Muirgheis.  
Muirgheis. *p*

2  
You

méac̄t gum doim-éac̄t hom 2ac̄ soille'n tsaogail a - sus go dtéigead don éas.  
star un.til all lights Be one with darkness to me and I sleep....

Rí, ná mol mo ghnúis, go mbí n-a plás,  
 praise my face too ten-der-ly my king,  
 Mo éadó-sa a Rí, ná c'ruaig nac'reas don rós — Ón  
 A - las my lord, 'tis pi - ty that a rose — sees

Mois I

Máire.  
 Maire.

Diarmuid.  
 Diarmuid.

Seo b'ead tú r'nealt a - sam; im'óuis - eact beo  
 Then you shall be a star; I'll wake at night

nárlom i' dh' Saimiá's éannac' éruaró Seo c' rós ré bláir Ná bac an rós  
 were ashamed in summer or in spring Be - side an opening rose, Let roses be,  
 uair ná mairéann a'c' sa Saimiá bláir — Sgo mbí g'las na rúin seo g'heimr'ó neóir  
 but one summer out and never knows — Since winter keeps all secrets that are his, —  
 1st oróe's déan-r'ao coo - laosuamsa ló Tar - nim'om - sa a  
 And in the day my sheaves of slumber reap. Shine on me, my

A'c' sam - al - tap mo ghnúis le n'ró - ce's luza  
 And match with lesser things my face and me.  
 A' cosma leact don g'heim sa g'heimr'ead um neóin.  
 How like a rose the winter sun-set is.  
 nealt gur doir - ceact lom Dac' soilse'n tsaogail a - sus go dtéigead' don éas.  
 star, un - til all lights Be one with darkness to me, and I sleep. —

Andantino.

ΔΙΑΡΜΥΙΟ.  
Diarmuid. *p*

Νά τράττ τὰρ καρδίε σου  
The heart that's set up -

Ἔσται ἡ κρίσις τῆς γῆς  
on a rose Must break when summer goes; All flowers must as

ἡ κρίσις τῆς γῆς ἔσται ἡ κρίσις τῆς γῆς  
pilgrims fare When winter's trumpet blows. Sep-tem-ber sees the rose-tree bare And

ἡ κρίσις τῆς γῆς ἔσται ἡ κρίσις τῆς γῆς  
no Oc-to-ber knows— What ro-ses are, what ro-ses were My love is not a

ἡ κρίσις τῆς γῆς ἔσται ἡ κρίσις τῆς γῆς  
rosel— My love shall be a splendid star That shines a-part, a-

*p* *p*

‘séin Mucáó Ní baogáil dá h-áil-neact ghlun Ná áin na saoréa pléide Níí  
far Time cannot dim her love-ly light, Nor winds on it make war, The

*colla voce* *p*

*cresc.* *rit.*

smúro ná smál ist lá n-a shíge. Ná sabaoist oróce a5 céact — a5 oubaó na h-áil - ne  
wide-eyed day, the dreamful night Be - hold no en - vy mar — One rose of light that

*cresc.* *rit.*

*Máire. Maire. mf*

tá 'n-a shaoi Mo sháo-sais í's mo réact — a5c  
turns up blight As fu - el for a star Yet

*colla voce*

*Moderato. Diarmuid. Diarmuid. Máire. Maire.*

tuit - id réal-ta Soó ní tuit-íod seo So períman tá na veite a5 éisteact  
stars have fal-len. This star will not fall. Speak lower, for the old Gods are not

*sf* *sf*

*Muirgéis. Muirgéis.*

fós is cá b'í os tuit nacum-í - óis cum báis An réact so maoríu-se 'Rí Mo  
dead; And they might find it in their hearts to quench This star you boast of, king. Did

Máire.  
Maire.

Rí a5 maoréam Sa d'cubháid mo bean comail aic-is dom' ní  
Diarmuid boast? And shall my waiting-maid rebuke the king? bhuil fear5 a5 - us ea5-al ar mo  
And is the Queen made angry and a.

níozam 1 o-raob go noubairt-samro zan bhí5 zan céill Ó maic  
fraid Be - cause - a waiting-maid speaks id - le words? Find

dam ann an thus so a níoz-an cóir ní éirfinn ort cae-u5aó go bháe a -  
par - don for me in your happiness And I will be as dumb as Hugh is

Diarmuid.  
Diarmuid.

-ní5 Dá d'cúit-fear5 néalc' an aep a - nuas ar tí5 Is bea5 an oíó - ce tuit - im  
blind, Though star dash in .to star and be consumed. The jea - lous darkness mocks the

néalc' a - nuas Cé túiteann féin is néalc' í go deimín Ní bea5 d'apleat mo néil - tín féin an -  
fal - ling star That is not less a star while it falls. My star is ris.ing now in your grey



Muirgheis.  
Muirgheis.

-oic eyes. Éist, éist a-nóis a Diarmuid báin ní maic  
Hush! of your praises I am half afraid,

Diarmuid dom' molaó féin no mór a-nóis is  
Diar-muid, Be-lov-ed, love-me not too well. I

Diarmuid.  
Diarmuid.

baozal-achom gur ró-ghn-éad-ach 'táim. Ní féadparóe eagla gur orm-sa a-  
am so happy that I fear all things. I am so happy that I cannot

Máire.  
Maire.

-nois fear Fú a-máin dá mbeadó an domain go léir ní chit. feet.  
Though the world quaked be-neath my dancing

labair maí sin a tigeanna is mór deas-ní So mbeadó a ghlóir maí deataig leis an ngeoil  
las, my lord, speak lower, Kings have seen Their glory pass like smoke up on the wind,

Is m'ó banníogán do cáil a scéim is a cneid ná raib éanáilneact uir-tí féin - is m'ain  
 Queens have outlived their beauty, and have felt It was a fa.ble when they heard it sung;

Diarmuid.  
 Diarmuid.

Sé nuair a-máin rug buad ar ac-ar-uíad Ná bíse as tráct ar uairib a - nois lom féin Aet  
 On - ly the dead are conquerors of change. You talk of Death to one whose thoughts are full of

labair ar áil-neact A - bair uíinn ain-rán marc rogan-ta ar ainm binn Muirgéis Is é  
 love and beauty. Sing in - stead some song that shall be lightened with-her name, As a

Muirgéis.  
 Muirgheis.

ruit tríd mar bead an t-óir as ruit A-nuas trébrac ban níogha i ácair slua. ní  
 grey web is shuttled through with gold, When woven for the mantle of a Queen. I

Diarmuid.  
 Diarmuid.

bpairid a h-ain-rán síod éan-óir uaim féin Cao cúige 'nois an traeson? Comu-sain  
 fear her song will take no gold from me. Why, this is almost treason. Sadness

Moderato.

ḡnád Seadó bhóo is bhón aic tú      beic láic-neaic leó  
seems Nearer to happiness      when you are near.

*Diarmuid.*  
*Diarmuid. p*  
O spírio an cás-ainn trác da bfeic-neaic tú      Ní beo ain scáic ná ḡn-á  
The ve - ry spirit of all sadness seems      To look with brighter eyes be -

ḡuil ná cumaró O aois ḡo bás ní trác-neaic coróelúic; Is d'aois níon náime'n trác do  
holding you, E'en age forgets its weariness of limb, And those long years it has out.

*mf*  
eas an cúbar Sa cein-tí láio- ne cáite i n-ḡníos-aiḡ ólúic Is tu-sabfeann cum spás a -  
lived its dreams And watched its bea-con fires grow faint and dim. It sees its fairest dream take

- nís      dó éabairc      An bhón 'san náim'a mb'áil leac  
shape      a new.      Sorrow and shame trodden

τρίο - τα σιυβαλ Δο ζεοβαροίς bás τὰ βαρρηνο μαλ-αη-τυζαδ Αν τ-οιc cε dάνα is  
 'neath your feet Are sweet as thyme, and e. vil dies a. way Con - front - ing you, a

ζεαρη το σεαοζαδ λιυτ Δεαζ-δδc-εαs ζηάc κυμ-ρά - sa πέμ a μύμ ι ζ-μοιδ - τιβ cάc an  
 lamp put out by day. None may be hopeless that have seen you, sweet, For all thoughts must be

*mf*

*cresc.*

τηάc το cί - φαδ cύ Τά'ηματζο ηυάc ιο' λά - ταιμ πέμ ι ζελύρο.  
 pure, all dreams come true. And all men must grow good that neighbour you.

*mf*

Seadhnois a Máire - e cá'í do ζυε - sa uainn is bíod do ceann - sa'zainnζο mil - is fíor  
 Now, Maire, bring your voice to crown my song With words more sweet but not more true than mine.

*Máire.*  
*Maire. p* **Moderato.**

*rall.*

Δο cυα - λα ceβl clozann διμ ι οcύμ Μαη d'εas lus μδμ sealnoim  
 I heard white bells in a belfry ring Where a foxglove flowered in the

meadhon an lúit Do bí gile a cló mar beath flos an cubair Cé gur ois is doib tu-  
 end of spring; She was white as foam on the las.hing sea, Though a weedy ditch for her

lón ois lúe Míodóg buide gus neanntóg n-a comair bí olúe Ac amair n-a nóo leis an  
 home had she. Nightshade and nettle be. side her grew, But the snowy grace of her

slóg n-oir b'iu Is cé seavead céol Fé gac le bré-nín úr ba oireoil a mb'íú  
 no one knew. Her bells would ring if the wind but stirred And no one heard

An míodóg do cáil - ad a gnáic - am dúbac Is gan éan díog báil ac a g  
 The nightshade ceased not to di.stil Poison from the dew, but

fás le oúic Na neanntóg a d'fás ad o'pé b'áis - t'is olúe Is an iad - lus d'fás ge ad cum báis m'oir c'ubá  
 would not kill The net.tle braving frosts and showers, The bindweed strangling frai.ler flowers.

*mf* *rit.*

Níon tuḡ féndearrín-a háil-neact uíḡ ls ba beaḡ a cás an a lán díob síú Do  
 None saw her beauty in ful - lest light, Or dreamed and pined for it through the night. She

*mf* *colla*

*rall. - tr*

muḡ - ad o'fás. ls an bás do sḡuipio dan ḡabao'óob síú.  
 flowered, she died, her name grew strange, They did not change.

*voce* *rall. - p* *f*

Diarmuid.  
Diarmuid.

*mf*

ls veas an t-am-rán é zo deimn ní fearr Do éan-rao  
 I am too near the flower I love to praise Her or her

smóilín uas-al an an n-ḡeíḡ ls mol-am síb an-don zo móḡ da bárr  
 singer, though the song rang sweet As white-throat calling whitethroat through the dusk.

*sf*

Máire. Hugh. Máire.

*mf*

Do bí níos mó'nán lusmóḡ an a Rí Níon éall neanncoḡ na díḡe a cealḡ miam Sé  
 I sang not only of the foxglove, King. The nettle keeps her sting, I'll swear to that The

com-cum bíonn ar lus na h-oidce zháit, Aibígeann na hubla báis uir-ti san  
 nightshade wears the purple of a Queen, And ripens without fear her grapes of

Alò.  
Hugh.

scáe Aic bláe éan-lae a-máin is ead'n lus-mór. Cuir uair is éist Má  
 death. The foxglove is the blossom of a day. In God's name, peace! That

éirgeann le rud-aí Tá bheán is amla'smó ba ceart d'áinn fuat Do glac-aó dóib is gheime de  
 foul things prosper well Were reason but to hate them with a hate too fierce for song, a hate to

bheit ortá Sa srac-aó glan ó bheanáib as an úir Is mácair dóib 's go dtuag-aio  
 nerve the hand to pluck them root and flower from the earth, Whose mother-hood di-vine their

Máire.  
Maire.

Cruacán. Alò.  
Croghan. Hugh.

náir-pe ói Trém' zháó do déicib síora an aep Fairé! Ní  
 lives dis-grace. My tongue had prov'd your God im-po-tent. Shame, Shame! You

déinfeadh Dia oir cloic do cáit-eam suas Dá mbeadh zac ainn - ro burde i n - Éir - inn Finn 25  
 cannot tempt my God to throw one stone, Though all the fools in Ire-land missed the sky With

**Andante.**

maideadh cloic le saoir; Aic Dia seadh Dia Is éir go ciúin do déi - te - se cum  
 stones aimed heavenwards; but God is God, And in His si - lence all your Gods have

Máire.  
Maire.

báis is iad gan cannt gan neart as i amharó báis. —  
 passed wordless and mi - se - ra - ble, will - ing to die. —

Na  
The

**Più mosso.**

Déi - te síona i o - Tír na nÓg Ní éas - aro coróce's doibinn doib' Aic —  
 Gods are safe in Tír na n'Óg Though the world's winds blow — hot and cold; But —

saozal - taig cuim i n - aois do geobair Aic beid na déite as sgléip go deóró N - ainneoin a moeannaró  
 we who stand out - side grow old. The Gods are sha - ken from their mirth By nothing that is





Moderato.

O Gním.  
O'Gneeve.

*mf*

Ná bac iad súd Is cuma dúinne 'noiu pé maib dóib nó beó. An lá so's  
 Let the Gods be. To-day it matters not whether they live or die, to-day is

linn leó súd i m-báir-eac sead san lá i - noé. Do goro a n -  
 ours, They have to-mor-row ay, and yes-ter-day.— The bit-ter

óig-eact ua-ta dá n-in-veoin Is seo'nso sinne— An fear éan-lae a -  
 yes-ter-day that stole their Youth. Up-on the grave— of that which they have

- máin An bhuac na huaige n-ann-cuir-ead iad go léir.  
 lost We stand, the em-per-ors of one fair day:

Ná loit-i-óis an lá so or-ainn féin A cladaí mínn-cro.  
 Let us not spoil it with the thought of them. A dance, You laggards!

*cresc.*

Ἄοδ, Μυρτζής, Διάρμυρο ἰρλ.  
Hugh, Muirghéis, Diarmuid. All.

Сриваџан.  
Croghan.

*f* *mf*

Éist! O mui - ci - mis mui - ci - mis  
Fool! A dance, a dance! A dance!

Rinnceó tu - sa lom a Máire  
Mai - re, will you dance with me to.

*f*

Μάρε.  
Maire.

'noct? Anocht ní rinncead Rinncead féin i mbáireac.  
night? To-night I cannot. I shall dance to-morrow.

Rit. | Reel or Cor.

*mf* *sf* *sf* *sf*

*f* Fine.

D. C. al Fine.



*mf* *cresc.*

Μάρτα ἀμαρὴ ἂν βλάττα ἀέτ βασ ἡ-α ἡμβυαίε ———— ὄϊοῦ ἐφαίνι ἀγ σζέριε ὄο  
 ro. ses grow By touching with her hand ———— The na. ked branches

ἡ-έας ζαρὸ ἀιτ ἰς ἡλε ἀγ τεαέτ τῆ ῥέαρ ἡα ζελας ἴαν σαοζαί ῥά ῥέαρ-ταίνν ἐφῆαιθ  
 of the tree, she brought the li - lies to the lea, When snow was on the land

*dim.* *mf*

*rit.*

*mf*

Τῆς αἰλ-νε ἀ ζῆυις-ε ἀν Κύ ζο ἰαγ Νῦαιρ-ῥέαρνε ἡ' αἰς-ἡνγ  
 A - lit - tle tress of her long hair Was brighter than the

*p* *f* *sf* *p* *cresc.* *p*

ἰ  
 sun Her beauty was as free as air That breathes for every

*p*

*Agitato.* *f* *cresc.*

ἡ-οἰςγ ———— Τῥάε ὀφᾶγ ἀν οὔν ἐὺμ σῖυβαλ-ῖο σεαί βα ζῆατ ἀν ὀφῆετ ζαν  
 one ———— The dew of Au - tumn evenings sweet Blazed up in fire a -

*f* *colla voce* *cresc.*

*rall.* *p*

smúro n-a gair Do lonn-naé maid-in Fozmair.  
 boucher feet When she came from the Dun.

*rit.* *colla voce* *p* *f* *sf*

Cuprá. | Chorus.

Soprani. *mf* **Vivace.**

Alti. *mf*

Tenori. *mf*

Bassi. *mf*

An eas-al leat an ain-im úo? An bean gair sa-mail  
 And has that name put fear on you? The la-dy of the

An eas-al leat an  
 And has that name put

An eas-al leat an ain-im úo? An bean gair  
 And has that name put fear on you? The la-dy

An eas-al leat an ain-im úo? An  
 And has that name put fear on you? The

*sf* *sf*

*rit.* *cresc.* *rit.* *p*

í le dhruict Do phead a bhead fad ó cunsiubal' Sís bláic beag tú tá indiu go h-áin An  
 flaming dew, Is long a-go and far a-way, You are a blossom of to-day. And

*rit.* *rit.*

ain-im úo? An bean gair saim-aíl í le dhruict í le dhruict  
 fear on you? The la-dy of the flam-ing dew, the flam-ing dew.

*rit.* *cresc.* *rit.*

saim-aíl í le dhruict Do phead a bhead fad ó cun siubal a bhead fad ó  
 of the flaming dew Is long a-go and far a-way, and far a-way.

*rit.* *cresc.* *rit.*

bean gair saim-aíl í le dhruict Do phead a bhead fad ó cunsiubal a bhead fad ó  
 la-dy of the flaming dew Is long a-go and far a-way, and far a-way.

*cresc.*  
 eas - al leac an ain - m úo An bean súp samail í le tpuet Do  
 has that name put fear on you? The la - dy of the flaming dew Is  
*cresc.* *p*  
 Do ppeab a bpad fad ó cun siubail 'Sis blác beas cú cá  
 Is long a - go and far a - way. You are a blos - som  
*p* *cresc.* *p*  
 Do ppeab a bpad fad ó fad ó cun siubail 'Sis blác beas  
 Is long a - go and far a - way, a - way. You are a  
*cresc.* *p*  
 'Sis blác beas cú cá inou go h-úr 'Sis blác beas cú cá  
 You are a blossom of to - day. You are a blos - som

ppeab abpad fad ó, fad ó cun siubail Is beannurimíó duit a Riozail modmáil Ó na zaibeas - la  
 long a - go and far, and far a - way. With love we greet thee Beauty's queen, Ah! do not fear for  
 inou go h-úr, 'Sis blác beas cú go h-úr Is beannurimíó duit a Riozail modmáil Ó na zaibeas - la  
 of to - day, a blos - som of to - day. With love we greet thee Beauty's queen, Ah! do not fear for  
 cú cá inou go h-úr, go h-úr Is beannurimíó duit a Riozail modmáil Ó na zaibeas - la  
 blos - som of to - day, to - day. With love we greet thee Beauty's queen, Ah! do not fear for  
 inou go h-úr, 'Sis blác beas cú go h-úr Is beannurimíó duit a Riozail modmáil Ó na zaibeas - la  
 of to - day a blos - som of to - day. With love we greet thee Beauty's queen, Ah! do not fear for

*mf*  
 nuó an doiman An shuarzce leac ó éporde nac zann A Muirgheis oil náir zi - le Fann.  
 things unseen. You have us heart and soul and hand Oh! Muirgheis fai - rer far than Fand.  
*mf*  
 nuó an doiman An shuarzce leac ó éporde nac zann A Muirgheis oil náir zi - le Fann.  
 things unseen. You have us heart and soul and hand Oh! Muirgheis fai - rer far than Fand.  
*mf*  
 nuó an doiman An shuarzce leac ó éporde nac zann A Muirgheis oil náir zi - le Fann.  
 things unseen. You have us heart and soul and hand Oh! Muirgheis fai - rer far than Fand.  
*mf*

Máire.  
Maire.

Seo Aod bia sámuíad ceoil na cloinne ar fad Má tá de dán-act ion-nac  
Sing, Hugh, and better what the clans have sung If you are bold enough to

Moderato.

Aod.  
Hugh.

síro do góbaíl. dare so much. Is gí-le cū'ná'n nós ní  
The rose to you gives place, What

rac-tas mainéan-nós  
ros-es ev-er were,

ba gí-le'ná do snóo  
But born to make your face

Fíir-beó Muirgéis.  
More fair, Muirgheis?

An cap-tann d'féac ro' snóo  
The quíeken looked on you,

Súir déiríis air an neóo  
And red with berries grew;

Is  
Your

rás-ann Samuá ro' deóro  
breath sent summer through

so nóo  
the air,

Muir-géis.  
Muirgheis....



Più Andante.

Ólóp Seiseap.

| Sestett.

Muirgheis.  
Muirgheis.

*con tenerezza*

Máire.  
Maire.

Is mo-iníon lib mé féin  
rate me ov. er high

An bean go dtéigean san éag Ní  
No woman till she die Is

Diarmuid.  
Diarmuid.

Ní fí - le tú ná'n mós ná'n mós 'S do connac mós nó ód nó ód ba  
rose, no roses shall flower for you But rue ah! rue and night shade too And

Croghan.  
Croghan.

Is fí - le tú ná'n mós ná'n mós Ní faca féin éan mós éan mós ba  
rose, the rose to you gives place O flower, — o flower of grace And

Hugh.  
Hugh.

Is The fí - le tú ná'n mós ná'n mós Tá gileact ar do cíob, do cíob Tá  
rose, the rose to you gives place Your lips your lips are full of grace And

O'Gneeve.  
O'Gneeve.

Is The fí - le tú ná'n mós Ní fac - tas naméan - mós ba  
rose to you gives place what ros - es ev - er were, But

Più Andante.

Is The fí - le tú ná'n mós ba tú mo híl mo mós Dob' ev - er were, But

mós-maíl í; is feac Dúir mé Muir - gheis.  
like a rose and I am but Muir - gheis.

fí - le ná do snóo ná do snóo fí - le beo Muir - gheis.  
drops of bit - ter dew, bit - ter dew, on each flower's face

fí - le ná do snóo do snóo fí - le beo Muir - gheis.  
like a rose your face is fair Muir - gheis.

gileact ar do snóo fí - le beo Muir - gheis.  
like a rose your face is fair Muir - gheis.

fí - le ná do snóo fí - le beo Muir - gheis.  
born to make your face More fair Muir - gheis.

ann - sact hom do snóo fí - le beo Muir - gheis.  
born to make your face More fair Muir - gheis.

*p*  
 bean cónnta póst' ón zeléin      Is ghló míóg óig dá scéim      Is  
 A woman crowned and wed      Up - on whose happy head,      A  
 Is lus na mead - an - ós      Má féac-faró an do cíob ní fás-faró  
 The garland I will tear      And from your fore head fair Pluck off that  
 bí'n cloz a5 déan - am ceóil      An lá úo ins an bpozmán ba  
 When bells rang out for you,      Their mer-ry mer-ry wedding chime Thy  
 bíonn mil-seact a5 - us bpo'zus bpo' Zac áic i mbím san ló      Is  
 The wild swans for your sake, your sake, Came back to Currane lake,      And  
 An cántann d'féac ró' snóo      Dus d'éir - ís an an meóo Is fás - ann  
 Thou woman kind and fair      love crowns your sha-dowy hair, The touch of  
 An cántann d'féac ró' cíob      'S bí blác' aig lá 'le Póil bíoo Sam-uo  
 The quicken looked on you,      And red with ber-ries grew The woodruff

siúo an bean as céad      A laog 'Muirgéis      Ná tráct ear  
 king his love has shed,      his love      Muirgéis!      Why should you  
 sé ic' deóiró ní fás-faró sé ic' deóiró      'Muirgéis  
 crown you wear, Pluck off that crown you wear      Muirgéis!  
 bin-ne hom go móir      Do snóo 'Muirgéis.  
 breath sent summer through      The air      Muirgéis!  
 fás-aig Sam-uo ic' deóiró      So nóo 'Muirgéis  
 buds to blos-som break      For you      Muirgéis!  
 sam-uo ic' deóiró ic' deóiró      So nóo, go nóo 'Muirgéis  
 time will spare The crown      you wear, you wear Muirgéis!  
 uam ic' deóiró'      So nóo 'Muirgéis  
 whiter grew      For you      Muirgéis!

Λοῦ.  
Hugh.

Moderato.

ros-aib opeoizte hom-sa mou sing of roses that are dead? To-day my world is in full flower for me. Out of my

την' daille noman a - mac - ls conn- aic mise an fogmar as omuim dream with prophe-tie eyes I looked a head and saw the -autumn

Diarmuid.  
Diarmuid.

οητ 'Sni fa - ca tusa acc oiz - e's Eap-mac ηηδαι 'Ca smuro an azaro mo ηηδαι come, while you saw on-ly youth, and love, and spring. Your eyes are clouded love.

Muirghéis.  
Muirghéis.

agitato

Caó euz' é sin? Ma bí som oim a ηηδαι ní ηαιβ ann acc beag-scamall o'fáz What ails my wife? If I was clouded, dearest, it was - but By a light cloud

Diarmuid.  
Diarmuid.

mo caib-ηeam oim ó ηηειν ls goill - ηηδαι coidee οητ ma grown out of last night's dream. The fear unspoken is the

*rall.*

cei - lín é aic innis d'áin é's maíaró a buaró-geam oig  
coldest fear, tell us your dream, Muirgheis, and be at peace. Oo  
I

*Andante moderato.*

cu - la éan a5 caoi - 5oi 'Dob' faoileann i ón  
heard a wild bird cry - ing, A sea-gull of the

ocharís sea;... Is do 5oi sí síúo mo énoide uaim san súil 5o brill - fió  
And the heart from out my bos - som Was wiled a - way from

slán ní luac mo inéar' an sníom - ad 'nis Mo  
me. My fin - gers tired of rock and reel, My

*cresc.*

cosa ó'n oíin is clác An Fozmar do cúir-eas oíum leis San  
feet tired of the plain,... I turned my back on har - vest And

*rall.*

τσαρ-μας λινη οοβ' αιι 'San τσαρ-μας λινη οοβ' αιι  
 prayed for spring a gain... And prayed for spring a gain

*tr*

*colla voce*

*p* *cresc.*

Τεροιμ suas πο βαρμαν ηερο-εννικ Νο σιος κοις ταοβ να τραζα 'S ηι  
 I go up to the mountain, I go down to the sea, I

ηυαιζ-νεαχ οομ να αερ-εαχ Τηε ηερο να πενε ιμ' λαμ Ο  
 am not sad, I am not glad, For there's no heart in me. I

*stringendo*

βιμ - σε ας ιαηη - αρο'η ειη - ιη υο ιμ' ζειτ βοετ βαοε αν  
 go for ev - er seek ing A wand' ring voice, and

*colla voce* *cresc.*

φαηι 'S ζαν ζιοη ας τιοεαετ ιμ' εις τεαετ Δε παβαη-τα τηεαν να  
 all... I hear is the sea lap ping a gainst the grey sea

*tr* *sf*

*rall. rit. pp*

τραῖα ———— ἄε μαβαη-ἄαρεαν na τραῖα.  
 wall ———— a ———— gainst the grey sea ———— wall.

*colla voce pp*

Moderato.

Ὁ Γνήμ.

O'Gneeve.

Μυρῆεις.

Muirghéis.

*mf*

Νί ῥεic - im ῥέin - ἰς ἔαν - ὄσαη ann a 'nῖgean. Do bí mo ḡmuad - na  
 Well, daughter, there is no mischief in this dream. My cheeks were wet when

Διαμυρο.  
 Diarmuid.

ῥιucnuan do dūisῖgeas ἄεc bí binn-ḗeól m' ḗluasaib. Tá binn-ḗeól ἰς-coimurde ἄς taic-neam  
 I awoke, and yet My dream was full of music. Like your life, you move and breathe to

as do saozala ḡmáō Maη ḗazann bolarō ἄluinn as an ῥós  
 music, O my sweet, As unto perfume moves and breathes a rose.

Più Allegro.

Sead a lucna pibe' ḡléasaiz lib is seinurō dūinn-ne porc. Ποητ.  
 Come my merry pipers tune your drones, and play your liveliest jig. Jig.

Moderato.

Máire. Maire. *mf*

Tá'n pleasc so ull-ain.  
The wreath is ready.

Ádó. (holding out Hugh. his hand.) Máire. Maire. *mf*

Tá bair dom féin é ar ucúis Mac óa-na meas- fá lám leat  
Give it first to me, What will a blind man's fingers

Ádó. Hugh.

air do cup is iad moláma is sú - ile óam is tá Ruog gheannínar éig - in timceall oim a-  
make of leaves? My fingers are my eyes, and all of me Feel something strange and evil in the

noct *Na do mhaca tá an t-í 's na t-ípsí* úo Is geall le h-aeir na ma - ra aeir an  
 air — Is not the hall grown dark, the torches dim? The air tastes salt and cold upon my

*Máire.*  
*Maire.*  
 tige. *Ná bí a' cnáimseáil mar beo seáncailleac* *Tioc - fao ó gileann na síze 'sa*  
 lips. You are as full of bodings as a crone Bred in the haun - ted glen of

*Ao.* (feeling the wreath.) *Muirgheis.*  
*Hugh.* *Muirgheis.*  
 baile breac. *Ní cántann glas é seo Tabair cuzam an*  
 Ballybrack. These are not rowan leaves - Bring me the

*Ao.*  
*Hugh.*  
 please wreath. *Cair uair an lár é Tá conntabairt duit ann Ná cuir an coróin glas timiceall ar do*  
 Here is some mis-chief. Throw the garland down, My Queen, lest there be set upon your

*Muirgheis.* (As Maire puts the wreath on her head.) *Ao.*  
*Muirgheis.* *Hugh.*  
 cionn *No fás - fao bhón is caoi gultuic dá bharr 'San gearrfinn bláca a n-orozaó Fóm - íom a*  
 head A crown of sorrow, not a bridal crown. Should I wear withered flowers? Alas! my



Ríogán Táim deim - in i-teeac gur fígead tré fuait duit é Tá maoréacé gan truaé an  
 queen! Trust it from you for fate has woven it, And sor - ce - ry is

báir na nouilleóg uglas tá scamall rúb an uile go meap ag tídéacé os cionn an  
 in each living leaf. I - tell you Something ev - il darkens down Up - on this

(to Diarmuid)

dúin seo a - noct a - veim leac Cú - éad do fheim ná sgar - ad íf - neann  
 Dun with sha - dow - dropping wings. Hold fast to her, though Death and hell come

Diarmuid.  
 Diarmuid (angrily).

rén in ó céi - le sib a Dé dá bfaíannseal mo maóac Sead  
 To sun - der you. O God! had I but mine eyes. What,

(Pushing Hugh)

sead ná beir an lám na píog - na i' lám Saib siar no geobad oícbíod gur dall a -  
 would you touch the queen's hand - with your hand? Stand back, lest I for - get that you are

Cuprã.

## Faery Chorus

(for female voices; to be sung behind the stage).

- caoi.  
blind.

Soprani I.

Téan - am linn san moill go Tír na mbeo  
Come - to that greenland where ev-er - more

Soprani II.

Téan - am linn san moill go Tír na mbeo, So Tír na  
Come - to that greenland where ev-er - more where ev - er -

Alti.

Téan - am linn san moill go Tír na mbeo Ó's ceól san éiríoc do bíonn ann oíche's  
Come - to that greenland where ev-er - more One listens to sweet music night and

Ó's ceól san éiríoc do bíonn ann oíche's Ló Dá  
One lis-tens to sweet mu-sic night and day O

mbeo Ó's ceól san éiríoc do bíonn ann oíche's Ló Dá  
more, One lis-tens to sweet mu-sic night and day O

ló Ó's ceól san éiríoc do bíonn ann oíche's Ló Dá áil-neact Éi-ri ne Dá  
day One lis-tens to sweet mu-sic night and day O fair is E-ri O

áil-neact Éi-ri ne zéill do Tír na nÓg; Sa bé na zcéibíonn téanam linn go deóir From  
fair is E-ri but more fair this shore O! Beau-ty of all Beauty, Come a-way. mf

áil-neact Éi-ri ne zéill do Tír na nÓg; Sa bé na zcéibíonn téanam linn go deóir From  
fair is E-ri but more fair this shore O! Beau-ty of all Beauty, Come a-way. mf

áil-neact Éi-ri ne zéill do Tír na nÓg; Sa bé na zcéibíonn téanam linn go deóir From  
fair is E-ri but more fair this shore O! Beau-ty of all Beauty, Come a-way. From

sáil go rinn is aoi-da bíonn ár gcloí An ngruaó-na bío go síor ar  
 head to foot our bodies are like snow, Our cheeks are red as fox-glove  
 sáil go rinn is aoi-da bíonn ár gcloí An ngruaó-na bío go síor ar dáic an  
 head to foot our bodies are like snow, Our cheeks are red as foxglove blossoms  
 sáil go rinn is aoi-da bíonn ár gcloí An ngruaó-na bío go síor ar dáic an  
 head to foot our bodies are like snow, Our cheeks are red as foxglove blossoms

dáic an róis go síor ar dáic an róis  
 blossoms there, as fox-glove blossoms there;  
 róis Ná ngruaí 45 físe na mínsóc bíonn do nós ————— Ná n  
 there; We weave the flowers of April in our hair ————— We  
 róis Ná ngruaí 45 físe na mínsóc bíonn do nós ————— Ná ngruaí 45 físe na mínsóc  
 there; We weave the flowers of April in our hair ————— We weave the flowers of April

Ná ngruaí 45 físe na mínsóc bíonn do nós bíonn do  
 We weave the flowers of April in our hair, in our  
 ngruaí 45 físe na mínsóc bíonn do  
 weave the flowers of April in our  
 bíonn do nós do nós is cuil-te fín is fíor-mil ann le  
 in our hair, our hair; And streams of wine and mead with warm flood

nós is cuil-te fín is fíor-mil ann le  
 hair; And streams of wine and mead with warm flood  
 nós is cuil-te fín is fíor-mil ann le n-ól bío ann le  
 hair; And streams of wine and mead with warm flood flow, with warm flood  
 n-ól flow, bío with ann warm le flood

*p* *cresc.*  
 n-ól, Dá áilneact Éi - ne is tréit seoc Tír na mbeó An máš žeal tséim n-a tceirdeann go síon an  
 flow. O fair is E - ri, but yet not so fair As this Moy-mell where youth grows nev.er  
*p* *cresc.*  
 n-ól, Dá áilneact Éi - ne is tréit seoc Tír na mbeó An máš \_\_\_\_\_ žeal  
 flow. O fair is E - ri, but yet not so fair As this \_\_\_\_\_ Moy -  
*p* *cresc.*  
 n-ól, Dá áilneact Éi - ne is tréit seoc Tír na mbeó An máš \_\_\_\_\_ žeal  
 flow. O fair is E - ri, but yet not so fair As this \_\_\_\_\_ Moy -

tóg An Máš žeal tséim n-a tceirdeann go síon an tóg \_\_\_\_\_ A  
 old; As this Moy-mell where youth grows nev.er old; \_\_\_\_\_ O!  
 tséim \_\_\_\_\_ n-a tceirdeann go síon an tóg \_\_\_\_\_ A  
 mell \_\_\_\_\_ where youth grows nev.er old; \_\_\_\_\_ O!  
 tséim \_\_\_\_\_ n-a tceirdeann go síon an tóg, A báb na sžeí - me  
 mell \_\_\_\_\_ where youth grows nev.er old; O! Beau - ty of all

báb na sžeí - me žlé žan smuro žan smól In áirde ar rinn do cinn bérò muonn - žeal  
 Beauty of all Beauty, you shall wear Up - on your head a crown of fai - - ry  
 báb na sžeí - me žlé žan smuro žan smól In áirde ar rinn do cinn bérò muonn žeal  
 Beauty of all Beau - ty, you shall wear Up - on your head a crown of fai - ry  
 žlé žan smuro žan smól In áirde ar rinn do cinn bérò muonn žeal óim \_\_\_\_\_ bérò muonn žeal  
 Beauty, you shall wear up - on your head a crown of fai - ry gold \_\_\_\_\_ of fai - ry

(the fairies are seen here)

*mf*  
 óim Is téan - am linn žan moill go Tír na mbeó \_\_\_\_\_  
 gold. Then come to that green land where ever - more, \_\_\_\_\_  
*mf*  
 óim Is téan - am linn žan moill go Tír na mbeó \_\_\_\_\_ go Tír na  
 gold. Then come to that green land where ever - more, where ev - er -  
*mf*  
 óim Is téan - am linn žan moill go Tír na mbeó Os ceól žan črioc do bíonn ann oróce is  
 gold. Then come to that green land where ever - more, One listens to sweet music night and

Ó's céol gan éirí do bíonn ann oráice is ló. Sná The  
 One lis-tens to sweet mu-sic night and day.

mbeó Ó's céol gan éirí do bíonn ann oráice is ló. Sná The  
 more One lis-tens to sweet mu-sic night and day.

ló Ó's céol gan éirí do bíonn ann oráice is ló Sná buail-teap cluig san  
 day One lis-tens to sweet mu-sic night and day. The bell-branch is not

buail-teap cluig san tír úd d'inn-sinc szeól ná szeól  
 bell-branch is not sha-ken on that shore that shore

buail-teap cluig san tír úd d'inn-sinc szeól Sná buail-teap cluig san tír úd d'inn-sinc  
 bell-branch is not sha-ken on that shore, The bell-branch is not sha-ken on that

tír úd d'inn-sinc szeól Sná buail-teap cluig san tír úd d'inn-sinc  
 sha-ken on that shore, The bell-branch is not sha-ken on that

*meno mosso*

Ó! báb an tsuaninis gluais-se linn go deóró.  
 O! Beau-ty of all Beau-ty, come a-way.

szeól Ó! báb an tsuaninis gluais-se linn go deóró.  
 shore O! Beau-ty of all Beau-ty, come a-way.

szeól Ó! báb an tsuaninis gluais-se linn go deóró.  
 shore O! Beau-ty of all Beau-ty, come a-way.

*Moderato.* *Diarmuid.*

Cao cuirge'n púic-ín seo n'ón tuil-lead g'inn?  
 Is this a masqué to make our feast more gay?

*p*

Cúis an sluaí cleasúide fáire'n dorais cíos O táim aís éir-íe corra'n  
 Why do the mummers tar-ry at the door? I am grown weary of this

*cresc.*

gheann go léir Do deim-eaó bheis fáir-íde ba maic liom ceól beaó  
 re-vel-ling, Our guests have laughed too loud. I would have rest And

*p*

Diarmuid.  
 Diarmuid.  
 socair ciúin maí tá an ceól so'nno beinn ar mo toil is luíghinnis ar cum suain Raíam ar-  
 music like this music that is faint With its own sweetness like a rose full-blown. Soon you shall

*mf.*

-aon cum suain gan moill a éirí Is-teac leó síú is cúis-aid - is duinn ceól Is  
 rest, hearts heart, and in my arms. Call in the players to play out their play And

*rall.*

cúis-tar díol dóib is aís m-teac bío Do dál-ta táim-se féin cuir-seac de'n gíeod.  
 take their guerdon and so get them gone. Like you, I am half tired of laugh and song.

*rall.*

Donn. (Donn of the Sandhills appears at the end of the Hall surrounded by sea-faeries)

*Più moderato.*

O ghuais liom fèin ó  
I call thee from the

éaon na gcúic fèinmhuir is dí - líis cáiré Seo buameáct glé uaim d'éan-toil oib  
changing land To the unchanging sea; I bring a bride-gift in my hand

*cresc.*

Ean-bhunnheal mín mo gháó Is uasal sgéim glan fèin na gcúic Ác gèill don ní - mhuir  
Of immorta - li - ty. The land is fair, but fair - er far The pastures of the

*rit.*

bárr Níó cúl-ainz píealt sa spéir do súrdeam Sin céad-tam' éil' óit' trác  
sea. Canst thou reach down the low - est star? My sea-fires gleam for thee

*rit.*

Mí abainn dá méirnac léin a cúic Ás teact ins a mín-muir  
All ri-vers run un - to one end And per-ish in the

*mf*

*cresc.*

áipé Do fáman do fáol-ta tréig san mhill do éan-cumann éoróe dam dáil ba Thy  
 sea; Turn thou from lov-er and from friend, And give thine heart to me. Thy

*cresc.*

lom tú fáol-ta tréig-ri-vís ba léan an oic leo' ghráo ní  
 love shall suf-fer change and dearth, Thy friend the years e-strange; There

*rit.*

heann-raicéine'n tsaozal ar tír An tréan-imur fíor go bráe.  
 is no faith-ful-ness on earth The sea will ne-ver change.

*rit.*

Diarmuid. Aos. Hugh.

Is geall le suan - traige trom an ceól so 'ca <sup>struggling</sup> <sup>against</sup> Cá  
 This music weighs like sleep upon my lids. the sleep This  
 spell.

*pp*

draoidéac mbuic an ceóil so's mo mall - ac't lmbuic an té do ceap é Cia hé  
 mu-sic is enchanted, and I cur-se the ma-kers of this mu-sic. Name the



síúo fò milleam a ainm oíoraíocht an t-ainm còir Tá m'anam caite in-oiúbeasáin  
 name That un.does sor.ce-ry the sacr-ed name, What is this darkness that en-

éis - me dub is fheim fò dain-sean aize an mo meabair'San t-ainm  
 shrouds my soul And keeps my lips from ut.trance of that name? It holds me

*cresc.*

úo ní féadam cum-neam aig; Cá bfuil an t-ainm? lab - maó duine a -  
 fast as in a throbbing web; One word would break it. Will not some one

-faib A Máire labair Is tú fé ndearr na scamall oíoraíochta seo An  
 speak Mai.re e-ven you? You at the thres.hold of this dread.ful night The

(Maire laughs.)

t-ainm an t-ainm labair é A Máir-e, fill 'feall-tóir  
 Name, the Name. Speak it. Who laughed? Ah, witch! ah, witch!

Μυρσέις.  
Muirgheis. *p*

Mo cneac mo luic dá súgao pé mian an céoil Maḡ  
The mu - sic draws me as a drop of dew - Is

ḡraon de'n dhúic pé cumact na zḡine is ló An é seo'n bás a - tá zo  
drawn up by the sun and seen no more Can this be death, this power that

*rit.* *mf* *rit.*

dhúic m' éomair pas - ses o'er  
Aḡs macaó snác 's dom fáḡaint fann zan tpeoir.  
Bo.dy and soul, and breaks all bonds I knew?

Tá col-aó suam dom' sḡuabaó - sa pé deóir As láma zan luadail ba  
Slowly and sure - ly sleep is wresting me From thin dim hands that have no

*p* *mf* *mf*

suairc lom seal o - cón. Dom' éabair ba luac le  
power, no power to hold; Hands that I know were dear, were

*f* *fp*

*p*

fuas - gailt ré mo tneó. ———— Aic shige na sluag dom' fuasgailt  
 dear to me of old, ———— That fain would help but can not

*mf*

2

dóib nac eóil. ———— O  
 set me free. ———— I

*pp*

fluais - in liom ar spúillib' dóilb' - ceóil ———— Com binn le gaoicib' mí - ne ionn-  
 float a - way a - long a ma - gie stream ———— Of mu - sic swee - ter than the

*mf*

*colla voce*

*mf*

- fuais an fógáir ———— Mo slán 'sa láma líb cáim cum ghuaiseact nóiam. ———  
 sum - mer winds ———— Fare - well to you, kind hands that sleep un - binds. ———

*colla voce*

*rall.*

Slán líb a bláic - nuisg slán líb uaim go deóir. ———  
 Fare - well, you lid - ded eyes make me your dream. ———

*colla voce*

*pp*

For female voices.

Allegretto.

Sopr. I. *p* *cresc.*  
 O Ražarò tú lu-ne féin Muirgheis. — Tá nead pé gléas, fé'n aís-éan.  
 Ah! — Wilt thou go with us Muir - gheis, — Down to the sea? Here's they home.

Sopr. II. *p* *cresc.*  
 Ražarò tú lu-ne féin Muirgheis. — Tá nead pé gléas, fé'n aís-éan.  
 Wilt thou go with us Muir - gheis, — Down to the sea? Here's they home.

Alti I. *p* *cresc.*  
 Ražarò tú lu-ne féin Muirgheis. — Tá nead pé gléas, fé'n aís-éan.  
 Wilt thou go with us Muir - gheis, — Down to the sea? Here's they home.

Alti II. *p* *cresc.*  
 Ražarò tú lu-ne féin Muirgheis. — Tá nead pé gléas, fé'n aís-éan.  
 Wilt thou go with us Muir - gheis, — Down to the sea? Here's they home.

Allegretto.

Duit ann is séan, — Duit ann is séan — Na  
 White flowers of foam, — White flowers of foam — Thy

Duit ann is séan, Duit ann is séan Na  
 White flowers of foam, White flowers of foam Thy

Duit ann is séan, Duit ann is séan Na  
 White flowers of foam, White flowers of foam Thy

Duit ann is séan, Duit ann is séan Na  
 White flowers of foam, White flowers of foam Thy

mbláca nglé. — Tá Donn na daibce a5 teact Ullain  
 flowers shall be. — Donn of the sandhills waits For thy

mbláca nglé. —  
 flowers shall be. —

mbláca nglé. —  
 flowers shall be. —

mbláca nglé. —  
 flowers shall be. —

*p*

*cresc.*  
 pomac-sa féin ic' comair-se féin Tá fáil - te pomac is céad — Tíos fé'n uisce a  
 com-ing feet, thy com-ing feet; The sea has set its gates — Open for thee, ah

*cresc.*  
 Tá fáil - te pomac is céad Tíos fé'n uisce a  
 The sea has set its gates Open for thee, ah

*cresc.*  
 Tá fáil - te pomac is céad Tíos fé'n uisce a  
 The sea has set its gates Open for thee, ah

*cresc.*  
 Tá fáil - te pomac is céad Tíos fé'n uisce a  
 The sea has set its gates Open for thee, ah

*cresc.*

1aoḡ ————— C'ios pé'n uisce a 1aoḡ ————— O ————— οτιος-ραιη λιην πέ'η μιηη, Μιηη-  
 sweet. ————— Open for thee ah sweet. ————— Ah! ————— Wilt thou go with us Muir.

1aoḡ ————— C'ios pé'n uisce a 1aoḡ ————— O ————— οτιος-ραιη λιην πέ'η μιηη, Μιηη-  
 sweet. ————— Open for thee ah sweet. ————— Ah! ————— Wilt thou go with us Muir.

1aoḡ ————— C'ios pé'n uisce a 1aoḡ ————— O ————— οτιος-ραιη λιην πέ'η μιηη, Μιηη-  
 sweet. ————— Open for thee ah sweet. ————— Ah! ————— Wilt thou go with us Muir.

1aoḡ ————— C'ios pé'n uisce a 1aoḡ ————— O ————— οτιος-ραιη λιην πέ'η μιηη, Μιηη-  
 sweet. ————— Open for thee ah sweet. ————— Ah! ————— Wilt thou go with us Muir.

**Più mosso.**  
*cresc.*

- ḡéis. ————— As μαδαηε αν τσαοḡαι? Na τονη- τα ḡλαοḡαηο Δοḡ'βαḡαηηε πέ'ηη  
 - gheis, ————— Down to the sea? The waves are cal- ling, Beekoning thee.

- ḡéis. ————— As μαδαηε αν τσαοḡαι? Na τονη- τα ḡλαοḡαηο Δοḡ'βαḡαηηε πέ'ηη  
 - gheis, ————— Down to the sea? The waves are cal- ling, Beekoning thee.

- ḡéis. ————— As μαδαηε αν τσαοḡαι? Na τονη- τα ḡλαοḡαηο Δοḡ'βαḡαηηε πέ'ηη  
 - gheis, ————— Down to the sea? The waves are cal- ling, Beekoning thee.

- ḡéis. ————— As μαδαηε αν τσαοḡαι? Na τονη- τα ḡλαοḡαηο Δοḡ'βαḡαηηε πέ'ηη  
 - gheis, ————— Down to the sea? The waves are cal- ling, Beekoning thee.

**Più mosso.**  
*cresc.*

le c ei - le t eirdo       an stad seo' d ein      Cum inn-sinc sc al      Duit f ein a laog   
Wave on wave gleams      A long the strand;      Heavy with dreams      They seek the land,

le c ei - le t eirdo       an stad seo' d ein      Cum inn-sinc sc al      Duit f ein a laog   
Wave on wave gleams      A long the strand;      Heavy with dreams      They seek the land,

le c ei - le t eirdo       an stad seo' d ein      Cum inn-sinc sc al      Duit f ein a laog   
Wave on wave gleams      A long the strand;      Heavy with dreams      They seek the land,

le c ei - le t eirdo       an stad seo' d ein      Cum inn-sinc sc al      Duit f ein a laog   
Wave on wave gleams      A long the strand;      Heavy with dreams      They seek the land,

*meno mosso*      Muirg eis.  
Muirg eis.      *rall.*

Muir - g eis.      F ic - i - m io leat f ic - i - m io leat seo cu -aib - m e -  
Muir - g eis!      We are waiting, we are waiting. I am com - ing -

Muir - g eis.      F ic - i - m io      leat.      *pp*

Muir - g eis!      We are wait - ing -

Muir - g eis.      F ic - i - m io      leat.      *pp*

Muir - g eis!      We are wait - ing -

Muir - g eis.      F ic - i - m io      leat.      *pp*      Diarmuid.      *pp*

Muir - g eis!      We are wait - ing -      Muirg eis  
Muirg eis!

*meno mosso*      *colla voce*      *ppp*