

LOUIS BRADY'S

POPULAR SONGS

As Sung
with
IMMENSE
SUCCESS
IN HIS GREAT
5 ACT
IRISH
DRAMA

MAID ARRAN

TO BE PERFORMED AT

POSITIVELY THE ONLY APPEARANCE OF
THIS RENOWNED COMPANY IN THIS
CITY THIS SEASON



Music from *The Maid of Arran*, Part II

L. Frank Baum's original melodrama *The Maid of Arran* (1882) proved to be one of his few theatrical successes. Baum wrote, composed, managed, and starred in the play under the pseudonym Louis F. Baum. Three of his songs from the production—"Waiting for the Tide to Turn," "Oona's Gift," and "When O'Mara is King Once Again"—appeared in the Winter 2002 Bugle. The remaining three songs from the play are reproduced here as Number 83 in the ongoing series of *Little-Known Writings of L. Frank Baum*. Copies of the songs from the *Maid of Arran* songbook were supplied by Ruth Berman, who was alerted to their presence in the Minneapolis Public Library by Scott Hutchins.

"The Gem of Modern Ballads."

N. Y. Herald.

THE LEGEND OF CASTLE ARRAN

Written for Miss. Agnes Hallock,
in "The Maid of Arran."

By LOUIS F. BAUM.

VOICE

PIANO

1. In the days when our Isle was a Kingdom... And O'-Ma-ra was lord of it,
2. But the day came when he had to leave her... And sail to far Af-ri-cas
3. Then she sat her-self down at her win-dow... To watch for his coming a

all... Then the fairest of Ar-ran's fair daughters... Reignd a prin-cess in this Cas-tle shore... And he vow'd that hed nev-er de-ceive her... But tho' ab-sent would love her the gain... With her eyes gazing far o'er the wa-ters... On her sweet face a look as of

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Hall, Oh, her eyes were the brightest, her hand was the whitest, and heart of the tightest had more, With a kiss on her lips, then he row'd to his ship, she ca-ble did slip and a-pain, Tho' her fond heart was burning, she stifled its yearning, her eyes were turning a-

she, ... And she had a lo-ver, and he was a ro-ver, and sailed the blue seas o'er did way, ... And she utter'd no moan of the grief he had sown when he left her a-lone, on that stray, . . . But he came back no more from far Af-ri-ca's shore un-til Death came and bore her a-

CHORUS. rit. Shien

he Sail'd the seas o'er, Sail'd the seas o'er, Sail'd the seas over did he And day Left her a-lone, Left her a-lone, Left her a-lone on that day She way Bore her a-way, Bore her a-way, Death came and bore her a-way He

Chor: rit.

she had a lo-ver, and he was a rover, and Sail'd the seas over did he utter'd no moan of the grief he had sown when he Left her alone on that day came back no more from far Africa's shore Until Death came and bore her a-way

The Legend of Castle Arran.