

# Songs of the day

ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR . . . . .	Handel . . . . .	3½
KILLARNEY . . . . .	Balfe . . . . .	3
CALL ME NO MOORE MOTHER . . . . .	Will S Hays . . . . .	3½
MEET ME IN THE LANE . . . . .	Blamphin . . . . .	3
LAST GREETING . . . . .	Schubert . . . . .	3
NIGHTINGALES TRILL . . . . .	Ganz . . . . .	3½
MABEL SONG . . . . .	Godfrey . . . . .	5
VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI . . . . .	Glover . . . . .	3
TYROLESE AND HIS CHILD . . . . .	German . . . . .	3
CASTLES IN THE AIR . . . . .	Scotch . . . . .	3
THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR . . . . .	Reichardt . . . . .	4
COME INTO THE GARDEN MAUD . . . . .	Balfe . . . . .	5
THE BROOK . . . . .	Dolores . . . . .	3
O, YE TEARS . . . . .	Abt . . . . .	3
COME HOLY SPIRIT . . . . . <i>[Sacred]</i>	Warren . . . . .	5
TAKE BACK THE HEART . . . . .	Claribel . . . . .	8
LOST STEAMER . . . . .	BROUGH . . . . .	5
THE BRIDGE . . . . .	Miss Lindsay . . . . .	3
KATIE'S SECRET . . . . .	Ward . . . . .	3½
WE MAY NEVER MEET AGAIN . . . . .	Will S. Hays . . . . .	3½
BEATING OF MY OWN HEART . . . . .	Macfarren . . . . .	4

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“KILLARNEY.”

THE LAST SONG

by M. W. BALFE.

Moderato.

1. By Killar - ney's lakes and fells,*	Em' - rald isles and winding bays,
2. In - nisfal - len's ru - in'd shrine,	May suggest a passing sigh,
3. No place else can charm the eye	With such bright and va - ried tints,
4. Mu - sic there for E - cho dwells,	Makes each sound a har - mo - ny,

Moun - tain paths and woodland dells,	Mem' - ry ev' - er fond - ly strays,
But man's faith can ne'er de - cline,	Such God's won - ders float - ing by,
Ev' - ry rock that you pass by,	Ver - dure broi - ders or besprints,
Ma - ny voic'd the chor - us swells,	Till it faints in es - sta - cy

\* "To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell."

Bounteous na - ture loves all land; Beau - ty wan - ders  
 Cas - tle Lough and Gle - na bay, Moun - tains Tore and  
 Vir - gin there the green grass grows, Ev' - ry morn Springs  
 With the charming tints be - low, Seems the Heav'n a -

*cres* *rf* *pp*

ev' - ry where, Footprints leaves on ma - ny strands, But her home is  
 Ea - gles nest, Still at Mu - cross you must pray, Though the monks are  
 na - tal day, Bright hued ber - ries daff the snows, Smil - ing win - ter's  
 hove to vie, All rich col - ors that we know, Tinge the cloud wreaths

*rall*  
*colla parte.*

sure - ly there! An - gels fold their wings and rest, In that E - den  
 now at rest. An - gels won - der not that man, There would fain pro -  
 frown a - way. An - gels of - ten paus - ing there, Doubt if E - den  
 in that sky. Wings of An - gels so might shine, Glanc - ing back soft

*dim.* *pp a tempo.*  
*riten.* *pp a tempo.*

*cres.*

of the west, Beau - - ty's home Kil - - lar - - - ney,  
 long life's span, Beau - - ty's home Kil - - lar - - - ney,  
 were more fair, Beau - - ty's home Kil - - lar - - - ney,  
 light di - vine, Beau - - ty's home Kil - - lar - - - ney,

*f*

Ev - - er fair Kil - lar - ney.  
 Ev - - er fair Kil - lar - ney.  
 Ev - - er fair Kil - lar - ney.  
 Ev - - er fair Kil - lar - ney.

*mf*

*cres.*

*mf*