

SUNG BY

**Madme Lemmens Sherrington,**

AT THE LONDON CONCERTS.



# KERRY DANCE

BY

## J. L. MOLLOY.

Soprano or Tenor, in F.



Alto or Baritone, in D.

**BOSTON**

**OLIVER DITSON & Co., 451 WASHINGTON ST.**

New York, C. H. DITSON & CO.

Chicago, LYON & HEALY.

Philadelphia, J. E. DITSON & CO.

Savannah, LUDDEN & BATES.

San Francisco, SHERMAN, HYDE & CO.

Detroit, C. J. WHITNEY & CO.

# THE KERRY DANCE.

For ALTO or BARITONE.

Words and Music by J. L. MOLLOY.

*VIVACE.*

Piano. *f*

1. O the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing, O the ring of the pi - per's tune!  
2. Was there ev - er a sweet - er col - leen in the dance, than Ei - ly More!

O for one of those hours of glad - ness, Gone, a - las! like our youth, too soon:  
Or a proud - er lad than Tha - dy, As he bold - ly took the floor!

When the boys be - gan to gath - er in the glen of a sum - mer night,  
 "Lads and lass - es, to your plac - es, up the mid - dle and down a - gain,"

And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing made us long with wild de - light:  
 Ah! the mer - ry heart - ed laugh - ter, ring - ing through the hap - py glen!

*rit.*

*colla voce.*

O to think of it, O to dream of it, fills my heart with tears!

*rit.*

*colla voce.*

O the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing, O the ring of the pi - per's tune!

*rall.*

O for one of those hours of glad-ness, Gone, a-las! like our youth, too soon:

*colla voce.*

1st.

*zαpiú lento.*

Time goes on, . . . and the

happy years are dead, And, one by one, the mer-ry hearts are fled; Silent

now is the wild and lonely glen, Where the bright, glad laugh will echo ne'er a-gain;

*rall.*

On - ly dream - ing of days gone by, In my heart I hear.

*colla voce.*

*p* *lento sempre.*

Lov - ing voic - es of old com - pan - ions, stealing out of the past once more,

And the sound of the dear old mu - sic, Soft and sweet as in days of yore.

*colla voce*

*poco accel.*

When the boys be - gan to gath - er in the glen of a sum - mer night,

*poco accel.*

*sempre cres.*

And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing made us long with wild de-light:

*colla voce.*

O to think of it, O to dream of it, fills my heart with tears!

O the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing, O the ring of the pi - per's tune!

*più lento al fine.*

O for one of those hours of gladness, Gone, a-las! like our youth, too soon. . . .

*colla voce.*

*Ped.* ✱