

SONGS OF

AL. H. WILSON



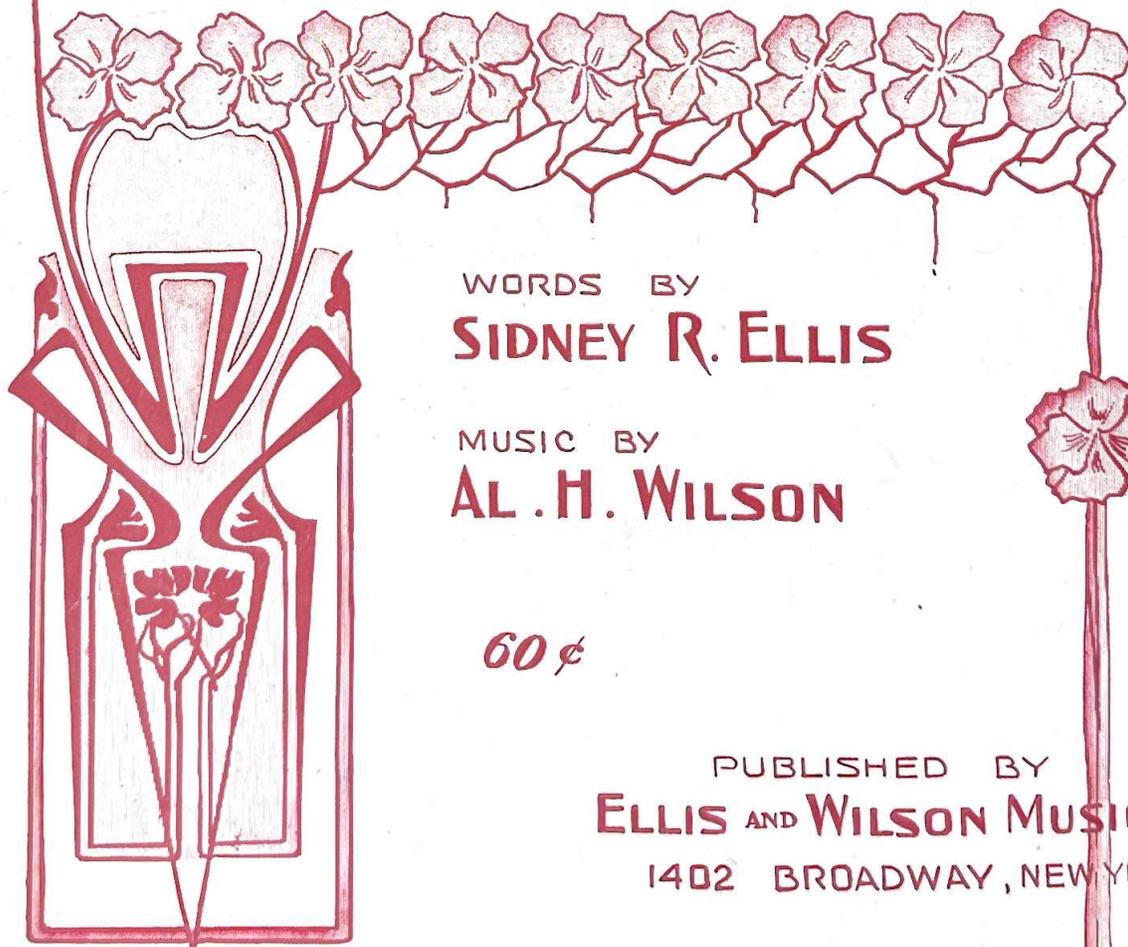
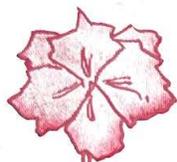
The BANSHEE

WORDS BY
SIDNEY R. ELLIS

MUSIC BY
AL. H. WILSON

60¢

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The Banshee.

Words by SIDNEY R. ELLIS.

Music by AL. H. WILSON.

Pesante.

Introduction for piano. The score is in 6/8 time and B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *sfz* (sforzando), *molto rit.* (molto ritardando), and *sfz*. The piece concludes with a *sva* (sotto voce) marking.

VOICE.
Allegretto

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The vocal melody is in 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment is in 6/8 time. Dynamics include *p* (piano).

There was not in all Er - in a Ban - shee so great, As the
But the lad soon went off, to A - mer - i - ca fair, And this

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second verse. The vocal melody is in 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment is in 6/8 time.

one who watched ov - er the house of Mc Tate, And her wierd fright - ful wail - ing would
same haugh - ty Ban - shee straight fol - lowed him there. When at last he lay strick - en, the

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third verse. The vocal melody is in 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment is in 6/8 time.

al - ways fore - tell, A sure death to the ail - ing when sick - ness be - fell. So this
Ban - shee with joy, Gave a wail of great pow - er to cheer the poor boy. Up he

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wraith, who for ag - es, had made white the cheeks, Of Mc Tate's, had a re - cord for
 sat, all a trem - ble, and turned dead - ly pale, And in glee, then she gave him an -

mf misterioso.

time hon - ored shrieks. And she killed off the house - hold, Save a
 oth - er great wail. Then the lad, to those 'round him, cried

rit.

p. rit.

young lad, and he, Was too wild, strong, and heart - y to fear the Ban - shee.
 out, "hear ye that? Tare - a - nouns, get a shot - gun, and kill that sick cat."

rit.

rit.

CHORUS.
 Moderato.

Oh! that old Ban - shee, that bold Ban - shee, Soon made her vic - tims
 Then that proud Ban - shee, that loud Ban - shee, Was hum - bled at his

mf

learn, scorn, That a wise Ban-shee, a prize Ban-shee, On death would call the
And that mad Ban-shee, that sad Ban-shee, Went straight back home to

turn. mourn. So she lived un-can-ni-ly, in Mc Tate's fam-i-ly,
There to live e-ter-nal-ly, and shriek in-fer-nal-ly,

Since the days of Brian Bo-ru. And if an-y heard her cry, they
From ould Cork to Bal-lar-at. And to ev-er af-ter shake, the

simp-ly had to die, To make her wail come true. D.C.
coun-try that would take, Her wail for a sick cat. D.C.