

Killarney

M. W. BALFE'S Last Song

Moderato

1. By Kil-lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em'rald isles and wind-ing bays, Mountain paths and
 2. In - nis-fal - len's ru - ined shrine May suggest a pass-ing sigh ; But man's faith can
 3. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and va - ried tints, Ev - 'ry rock that
 4. Mu - sic there for ech - o dwells, Makes each sound a har - mo - ny ; Ma - ny-voic'd the

woodland dells, Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays. Boun-teous na - ture loves all lands,
 ne'er de-cline Such God's won - ders float-ing by ; Cas - tle Lough and Glen - a bay ;
 you pass by, Ver - dure broid - ers or be-sprints. Vir - gin there the green grass grows,
 cho - rus swells, 'Till it faints in ec - sta - sy. With the charming tints be - low,

Beau - ty wan - ders ev - 'ry - where, Foot-prints leaves on ma - ny strands,
 Moun-tains Tore and Ea - gle's Nest ; Still at Mu - cross you must pray
 Ev - 'ry morn springs na - tal day, Bright-hued ber - ries daff the snows,
 Seems the heav'n a - bove to vie, All rich col - ors that we know

But her home is sure - ly there ! An-gels fold their wings and rest, In that E - den
 Tho' the monks are now at rest. An - gels won - der not that man There would fain pro -
 Smil - ing win - ter's frown a - way. An - gels oft - en paus - ing there, Doubt if E - den
 Tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky. Wings of an - gels so might shine, Glanc - ing back soft

cres. *f*

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

Song of the Fowler

From MOZART'S "Magic Flute"

1. A fow - ler bold in me you see, A man of mirth and min-strel - sy; My
 2. I am a fow - ler bold and free, A man of mirth and min-strel - sy; My

name is ev - er in de - mand, With old and young thro'-out the land. I
 name is ev - er in de - mand, With old and young thro'-out the land. A -

set my traps, the birds flock round. I whis - tle and they know the sound, For
 far from men who delve with spades, Ho! mine's the rar - est of all trades! For

wealth my lot I'd not re - sign, For ev - 'ry bird that flies is mine.
 e'en the sweep of moun-tain blast But brings my birds all fly - ing fast.