

named Kavanagh, a lovely and amiable young lady, who returned his affection, but her friends disapproved of the connexion. O'Daly was obliged to leave the country for some time, and they availed themselves of the opportunity which his absence afforded of impressing on the mind of Ellen a belief of his falsehood, and of his having gone to be married to another. After some time they prevailed on her to consent to marry a rival of O'Daly; the day was fixed for the nuptials, but O'Daly returned the evening before. Under the first impression of his feelings, he sought a wild and sequestered spot on the sea-shore, and, inspired by love, composed the song of Eileen a Roon, which remains to this time an exquisite memorial of his skill and sensibility. Disguised as a harper, he gained access among the crowd that thronged to the wedding. It happened that he was called upon by Ellen herself to play. It was then—touching his harp with all the pathetic sensibility which the interesting occasion inspired—he infused his own feelings into the song he had composed, and breathed into his “softened strain” the very soul of pensive melody.

In the first stanza he intimates, according to the Irish idiom, that he would walk with her, that is that he would be her partner, her only love for life. In the second that he would entertain her and afford her every delight. After this he tenderly asks, will she depart with him, or, in the pensive manner of the original, “Wilt thou stay, or wilt thou come with me, Eileen a Roon?” She soon felt the force of his tender appeal, and replied in the affirmative; on which, in an ecstasy of delight, he bursts forth into his “hundred thousand welcomes.” To reward his fidelity and affection, his fair one contrived to “go with him” that very night.

The other version was composed by a Munster bard of the seventeenth century, who endeavoured to excel, by a profusion of poetic embellishments,

the original and sweetly simple song of Eileen a Roon. The following is a specimen of the translation of it by John Anster, Esq.:—

Blind to all else but thee,
Eileen a Roon!
My eyes only ache to see
Eileen a Roon!
My ears banquet on thy praise,
Pride and pleasure of my days!
Source of all my happiness!
Eileen a Roon!

Handel is said to have declared that he would rather be the author of Eileen a Roon than of the most exquisite of his musical compositions. Yet it has been palmed upon the public, under the name of *Robin Adair*, as a Scotch melody. Burns asserted that it and *Molly Astore*, which he termed *Gramachree*, were both Scotch. He was in error; but the circumstance is a proof of their merit and his taste. Robin Adair himself was an Irishman: he was an ancestor of Viscount Molesworth, lived at Holly Park, in the county Wicklow, and early in the last century was a member of the Irish Parliament.—*Dublin Penny Journal*.

UNFADING BEAUTY.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind;
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

Thomas Carew died 1639.

A D I E U Y E S T R E A M S.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

This Glee gained a prize medal in 1778.

Andante sempre piano.

Luffman Atterbury.

ALTO.

1st TENOR.

2d TENOR.

BASS.

A - dieu ye streams, ye streams that smoothly flow, ye

Adieu ye streams, ye streams that smoothly flow,

Adieu ye streams, ye streams that smoothly flow,

ver - nal airs that soft - ly blow, ye trees by

ye ver - nal airs that soft - ly blow, ye trees by

ye vernal airs that soft - ly blow ye

ver - nal airs that soft - ly blow, ye

bloom - ing spring ar - ray'd, by blooming spring ar - ray'd, ye

bloom - ing spring ar - ray'd, by blooming spring ar - ray'd, ye

trees by bloom - ing spring, by blooming spring ar - ray'd, ye

trees by bloom - ing spring, by blooming spring ar - ray'd, ye

birds that war - ble through the shade. Un - hurt from you, my

birds that war - ble through the shade. Un - hurt from you my

birds that war - ble through the shade. Un - hurt from you my

birds that war - ble through the shade. Un - hurt from you my

soul could fly, nor drop one tear, nor heave one sigh, But fore'd from

But fore'd from

soul could fly, nor drop one tear, nor heave one sigh,

But fore'd from

Ce - lia's charms to part, All joy de - serts my droop - ing

Ce - lia's charms to part,

But fore'd from Celia's charms to part. All joy de - serts my drooping

Ce - lia's charms to part.

heart, my drooping heart, All joy de - serts my droop - ing heart.

heart, my drooping heart, All joy de - serts my droop - ing heart.