

TO

The O'Donoghue of the Glens (PRINCE OF LOCH LEIN).

The Outlaw of Loch Lein.

Words by J. J. CALLANAN.

Ὀ'αιρτμῖς—DAN LYNCH.

Music by O'BRIEN BUTLER.

Vivace.

No. 6.

mf

O, ir iom-óda lá aep-eac óim-inn-re lionn ran zleann, ar
 O, ma-ny a day have I made good ale in the glen, That

cres. rit.

cu-ma ná uéan-tar é in ran am ro tá ann, mo leab-a, an réar zlar
 came not of stream or malt—like the brewing of men. My bed was the ground; my

cres. rit.

méit, 'rha cmaínn of mo éionn, ir mo fáil-éirear ran traoḡat, áct
 roof, the greenwood a - bove— And the wealth that I sought, one

áon óearc ceán - air óm' rún. Sé mo éiríon san mé 'n-áic - e lem'
 far kind glance from my love. A - las! on that night when the

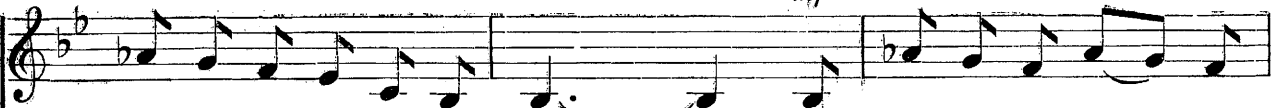
mf

f

áin - geal ran oíó - ce úo nuair A éar - ar na capall, ir
 hor - ses I drove from the field That I was not near from

dim.

mf

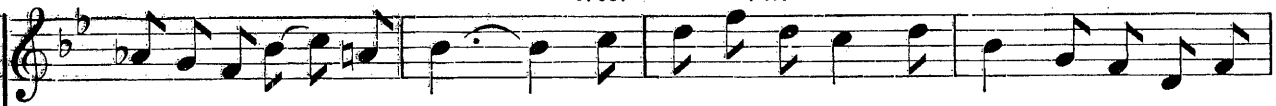


cean - aín - aíl do óion - páinn m'uan. Do éarú sí a fall - aing, 'ríp
 ter - ror my an - gel to shield. She stretched forth her arms— her



mf

cres. *rit.*



cap - aíl do tom cum rúnáin— loc léin cum peap - ran a sí - beap - taig síl - ir
 man - tie she flung to the wind, And swam o'er Loch Lein, her out - lawed lov - er to



rit.



o'páigil, a sí - beap - taig síl - ir o'páigil.
 find, her out - lawed lov - er to find.

Piu mosso.



mf

ba mian choide lion rtoim ir
O would that a freez - ing

cuir - ne oo taact le poim, . . . 'Sur mte-re lem'bhuingil gan ouin - e ar bair na
sleet - wing'd tempest did sweep, . . . And I and my love were a - lone far off on the

cres. rit.

oionn; ní glac-faoinn cabair luinge ná coit - e cum í tabairt rlan— ir níor
deep; I'd ask not a ship, or a bark, or pin-nace to save,— With her

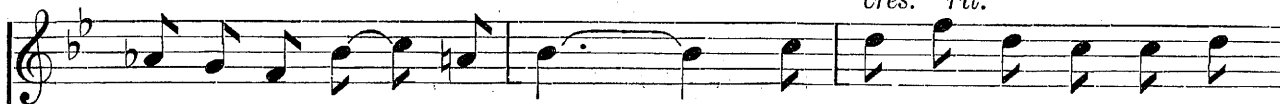
cres. rit.

ὄρασ-λαὸ ἕτοιμ ἰοὶν νά τειν-νε ἴμο εὐμ ἴνα λάιμ. . . . ὀ
 hand round my waist, I'd fear not the wind or the wave. . . . 'Tis

mf
 ῥίον ἀσ, ἀν ἑὸς ἀ-τά ῥιου-ταῖς-τε ἴ παρ-αὲς ἑρῆαν, . . . Σεῦ εὐμ-νηθεῶν μο ἕμῶ ζεῶν ἴρ
 down by the lake where the wild-tree fringes its sides, The maid of my heart, my

ἀίτ-νε οὐ ἠνάιθ ἀν οὐραίν, ἴσε μεῖρ-αμ νυαίη ἐαρ-αν ῥί
 fair one of heaven re-sides:— I think as at eye she

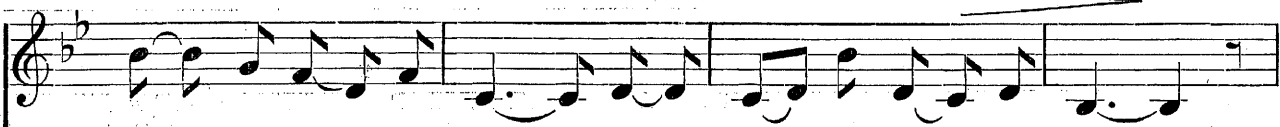
cres. rit.



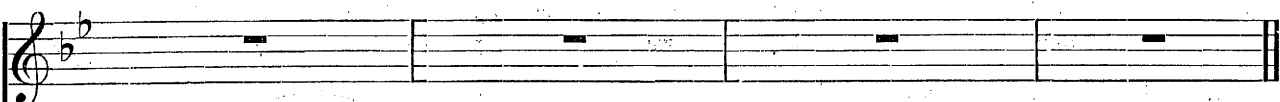
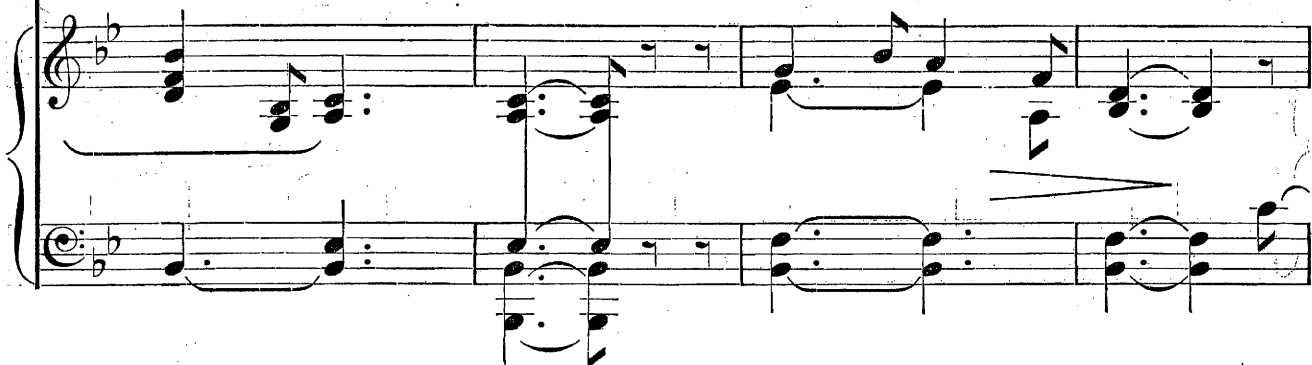
μαν - να σο τινν λέι ρέιν, Σο οτιτ - εανν τρον - έοο - λα αφ
wan - ders its maz - es a - long, The birds go to sleep by the



cres. rit.



έτη - ίν - ιβ ceoιλ αν - δέη, αφ έτη - ίν - ιβ ceoιλ αν - δέη.
sweet, wild twist of her song, by the sweet, wild twist of her song.



Piu mosso.



rall.