51 Platten. Vorlage für die Noten.
B. 258.

Original

Irish Songs

(Words by Thomas Moore)

with Accompaniment

of Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello

by

Louis van Beethoven.

FIRST ORIGINAL EDITION

Dedicated

to

Mr. Henry Vieuxtemps,

etc. etc.

by

Artaria & Co. Vienna.

Publishers and Proprietors of Beethoven's Original Manuscript.

N° 3169
3170

Price 1 ß 2 ₰
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(London, G. Scheurmann, 86 Newgate Street.)

Entered into the archives of the union at Leipzig, August 1855.

3196 Beethoven-Archiv BONN 3196
L600, 154/2

Fly not yet.

(Air: Plenty Kelly.)

L. v. Beethoven. 12 Irish Songs. P^t 1.

№ 1.

Violino.

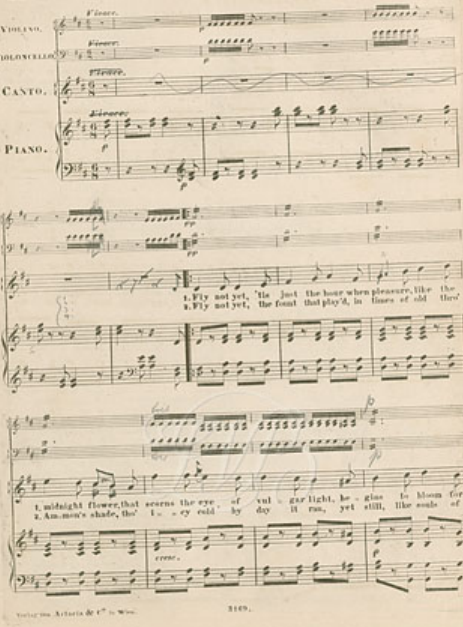
Violoncello.

Canto.

Piano.

Vivace.

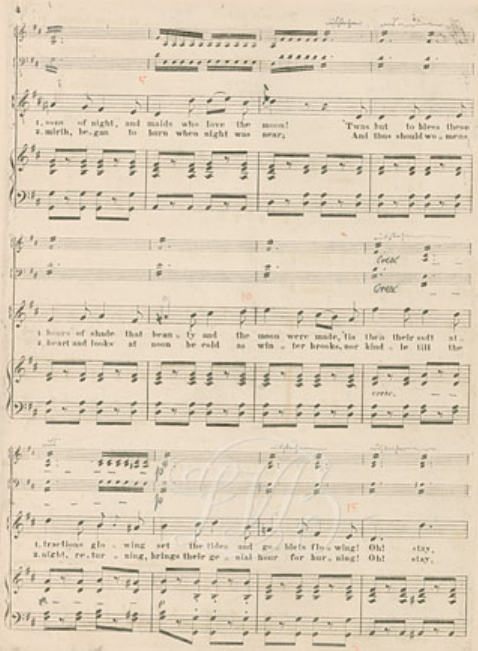
1. Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour when pleasure, like the
2. Fly not yet, the fount that play'd, in times of old thro'

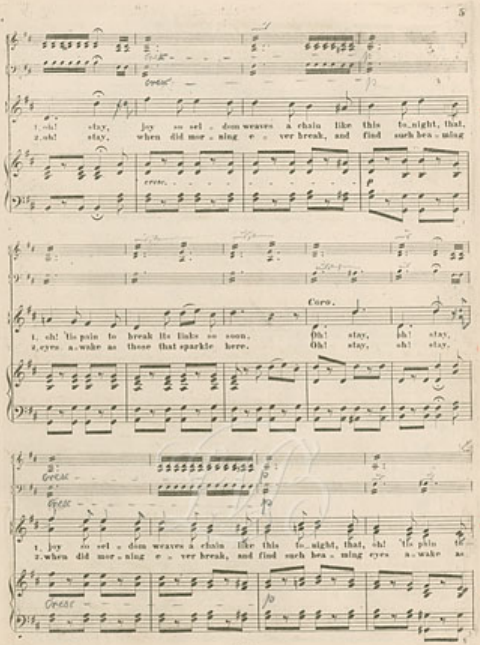


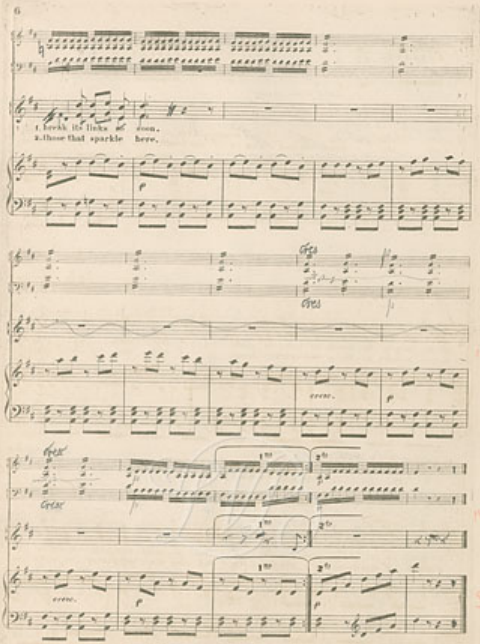
1. midnight flower, that scorns the eye of vul - gar light, be - gins to bloom for
2. Am - mon's shade, tho' i - cy cold by day it ran, yet still, like souls of

cresc.

Verlag von Artaria & Co in Wien.


1. sons of night, and maids who love the moon! 'Twas but to bless these
2. mirth, be_gan to burn when night was near; And thus should wo_mens
1. hours of shade that bean_ty and the moon were made, tis then their soft at_
2. heart and looks at noon be cold as win_ter brooks, nor kind_le till the
1. tractions glo_wing set the tides and go_blets flo_wing! Oh! stay,
2. night, re_tur_ning, brings their ge_nial hour for bur_ning! Oh! stay,

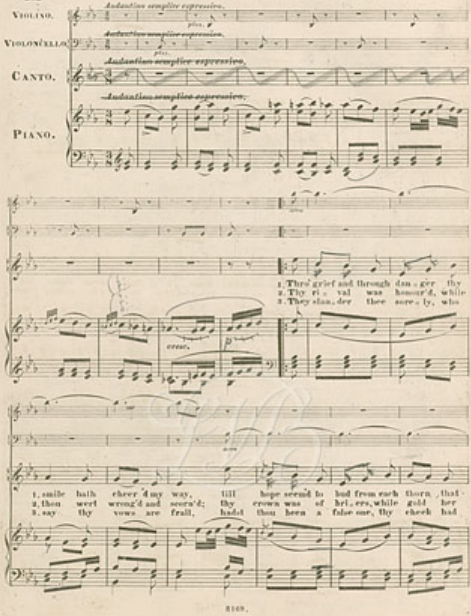

1. oh! stay, joy so sel - dom weaves a chain like this to-night, that,
2. oh! stay, when did mor - ning e - ver break, and find such hea - ving
Cres.
Coro.
1. oh! 'tis pain to break its links so soon, Oh! stay, oh! stay,
2. eyes a-wake as those that sparkle here. Oh! stay, oh! stay,
Cres.
1. joy so sel - dom weaves a chain like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain to
2. when did mor - ning e - ver break, and find such hea - ving eyes a-wake as
Cres.

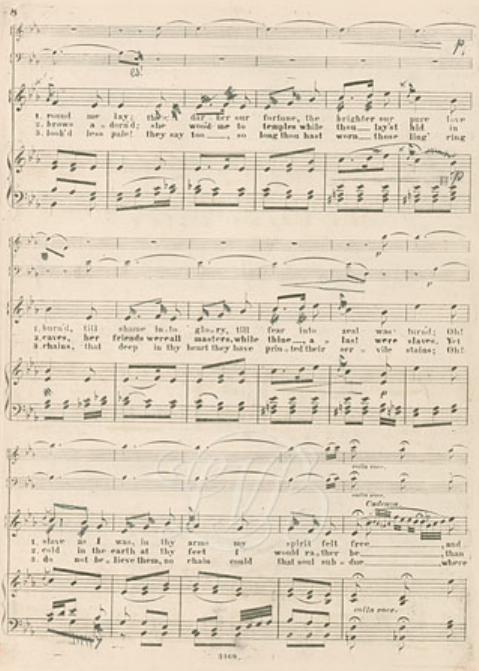

1. break its links so soon.
2. those that sparkle here.

The Irish peasant to his mistress.

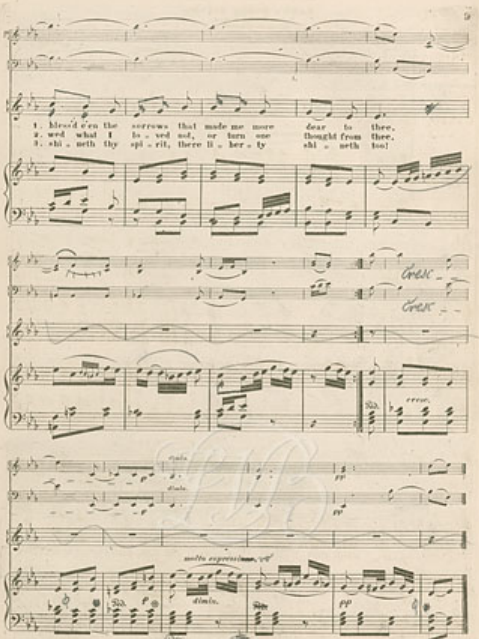
(Air: I once had a true love.)

№ 2.




1. round me lay; the dar - ker our fortune, the brighter our pure love
2. brows a - dorn'd; she wood me to temples while thou lay'st hid in
3. look'd less pale! they say too, so long thou hast worn those ling' ring
1. burn'd, till shame in - to glo - ry, till fear into zeal was turn'd; Oh!
2. caves, her friends were all masters, while thine, a - las! were slaves. Yet
3. chains, that deep in thy heart they have prin - ted their ser - vile stains; Oh!

1. slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free, and
2. cold in the earth at thy feet I would ra - ther be, than
3. do not be - lieve them, no chain could that soul sub - due, where



1. bless'd e'en the sorrows that made me more dear to thee,
2. wed what I lo - ved not, or turn one thought from thee,
3. shi - neth thy spi - rit, there li - ber - ty shi - neth too!

Cresc.

Cresc.

cresc.

dimin.

dimin.

molto espressivo

dimin.

Love's young dream.

(Air: The old woman.)

№ 3.

VIOLINO.

VIOLONCELLO.

CANTO.

PIANO.

Andantino con espressione.

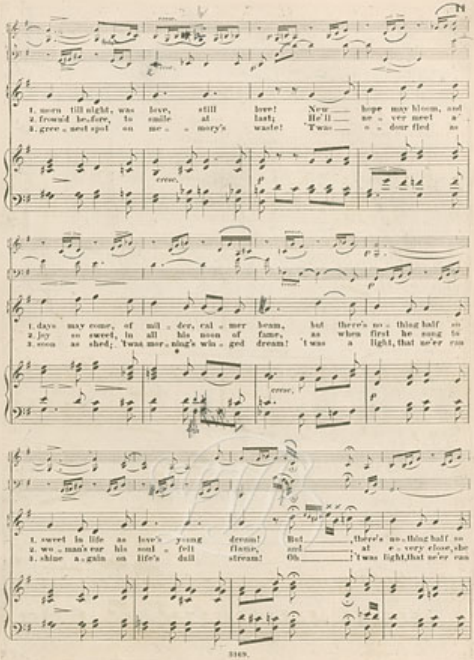
Andantino con espressione.

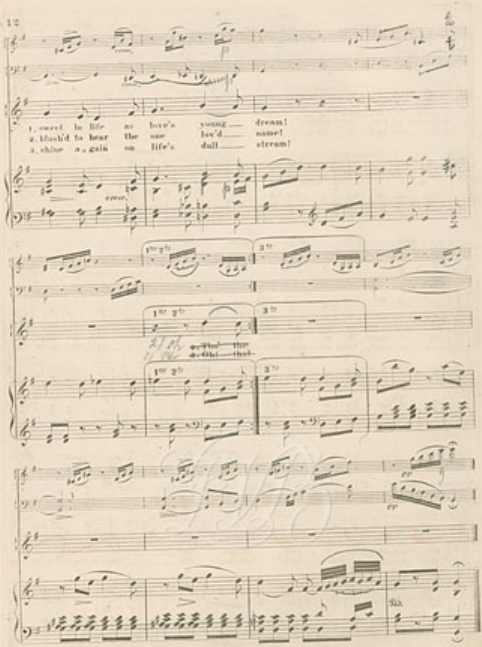
Andantino con espressione.

Andantino con espressione.

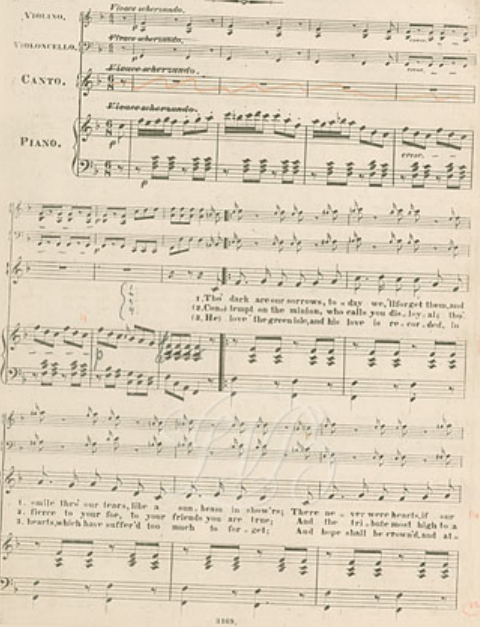
1. Oh! the days are gone, when
2. Tho' the hard to pa - rer
3. Oh! that hal - low'd form is

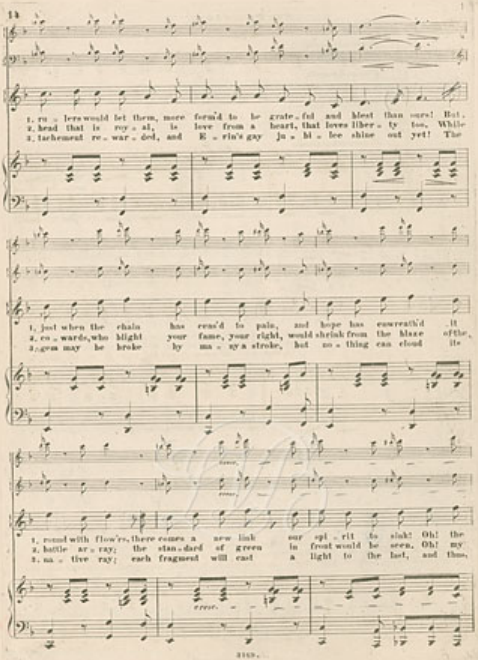
1. beau - ty bright my heart's chain wove; when my dream of life, from
2. fame may soar, when wild youth's past; tho' he win the wise, who
3. ne'er for - got, which first love trac'd; still it linge - ring haunts the

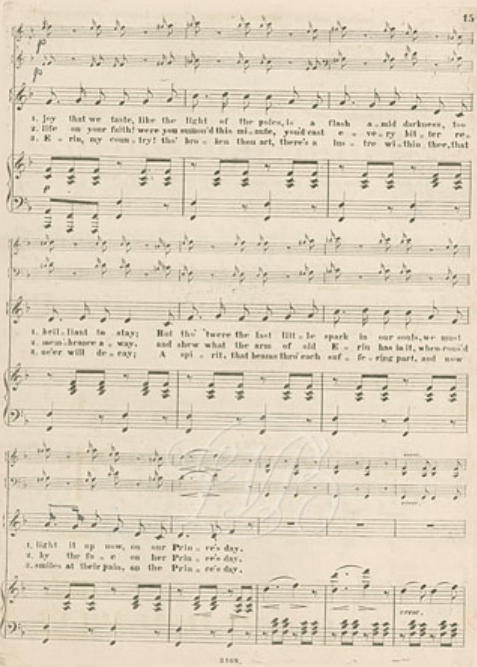

1. morn till night, was love, still love! Now hope may bloom, and
2. froward be_fore, to smile at last; He'll ne_ver meet a
3. gree_a_ment spot on me_mory's waste! Twas o_dour fled as
cresc.
1. days may come, of mil_der, cal_mer beam, but there's no_thing half so
2. joy so sweet, in all his noon of fame, as when first he sang to
3. soon as shed; Twas mor_ning's wis_ged dream! 'twas a light, that ne'er can
cresc.
1. sweet in life as love's young dream! But there's no_thing half so
2. wo_man's ear his soul_felt flame, and at e_very close, she
3. shine a_gain on life's dull stream! Oh 'twas light, that ne'er can

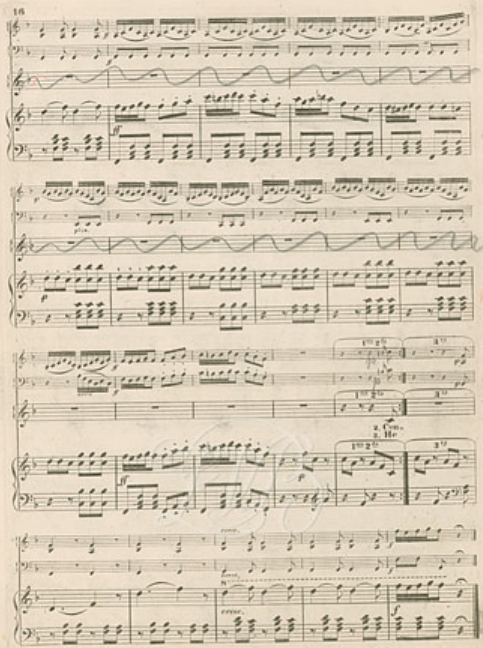

1. sweet in life as love's young dream!
2. blush'd to hear the one lov'd name!
3. shine a gain on life's dull stream!

(Air: St Patrick's day.)




1. ru - lers would let them, more fore'd to be grate - ful and blest than ours! But,
2. head that is roy - al, is love from a heart, that loves liber - ty too. While
3. tachement re - war - ded, and E - rin's gay ju - bi - lee shine out yet! The
1, just when the chain has ceas'd to pain, and hope has enwreath'd it
2. ca - wards, who blight your fame, your right, would shrink from the blaze of the
3. gem may be broke by ma - ny a stroke, but no - thing can cloud its
1. round with flow'rs, there comes a new link our spi - rit to sink! Oh! the
2. battle ar - ray; the stan - dard of green in front would be seen. Oh! my
3. na - tive ray; each fragment will cast a light to the last, and thus,


1. Joy that we taste, like the light of the poles, is a flash a-mid darkness, too
2. life on your faith! were you sumon'd this mi-nute, you'd cast e-ve-ry bit-ter re-
3. E-rin, my coun-try! tho' bro-ken thou art, there's a lus-tre wi-thin thee, that
1. bril-liant to stay; But tho' 'twere the last lit-le spark in our souls, we must
2. mem-brance a-way, and shew what the arm of old E-rin has in it, when cous'd
3. ne'er will de-cay; A spi-rit, that beams thro' each suf-fe-ring part, and now
1. light it up now, on our Prin-ce's day.
2. by the fo-e on her Prin-ce's day.
3. smiles at their pain, on the Prin-ce's day.


2. Cen.
3. He

№ 5.

Avenging and bright.

(Air: Croughan a Veuve.)

VIOLINO. *Andante con espressione.*

VIOLONCELLO. *Andante con espressione.*

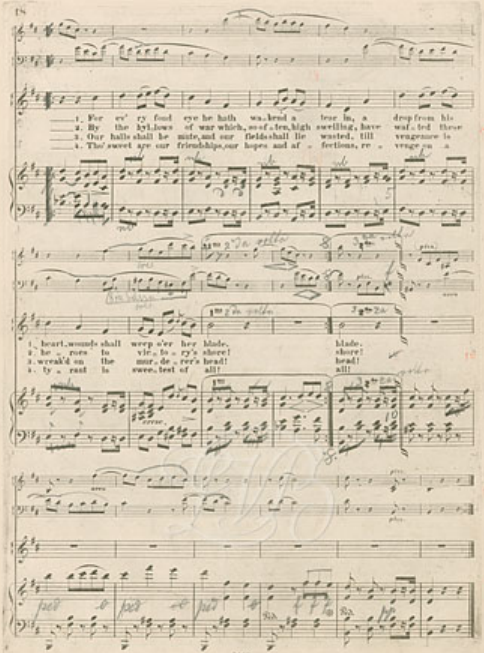
CANTO. *Andante con espressione.*

PIANO. *Andante con espressione.*

1. A - ven - ging and bright fall the swift sword of E - rin, on
2. By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling, when
3. We swear to re - venge them! no joy shall be tasted, the
4. Yes mo - narch! tho' sweet are our home re - col - lections, tho'

1. him, who the brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd, tray'd.
2. U - lad's three champions lay sleeping in gore, gore.
3. harp shall be si - lent the maiden un - wed, wed.
4. sweet are the tears that from ten - der - ness fall, fall.

1. For ev' ry fond eye he hath wa-kend a tear in, a drop from his
2. By the hyl-lows of war which, so of-ten, high swelling, have waf-ted these
3. Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted, till vengeance is
4. Tho' sweet are our friendships, our hopes and af - fections, re - venge on a



1. heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade. blade.
2. he - roes to vic-to-ry's shore! shore!
3. wreak'd on the mur-de-rer's head! head!
4. ty - rant is swee-test of all! all!

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own.

(Fleet Schooner on Alpine.)

№ 6.

VIOLINO. *Allegretto quasi vivace.*

VIOLONCELLO. *Allegretto quasi vivace.*

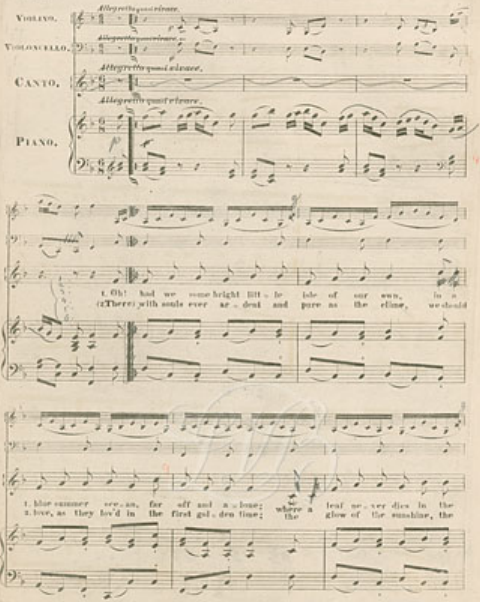
CANTO. *Allegretto quasi vivace.*

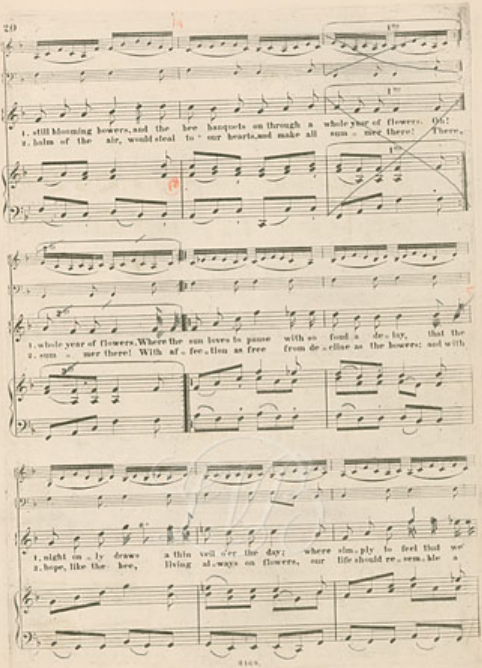
PIANO. *Allegretto quasi vivace.*

p

1. Oh! had we some bright litt - le isle of our own, in a
(2. There) with souls ever ar - dent and pure as the clime, we should

1. blue summer sea - an, far off and a - lone; where a leaf ne - ver dies in the
2. love, as they lov'd in the first gol - den time; the glow of the sunshine, the

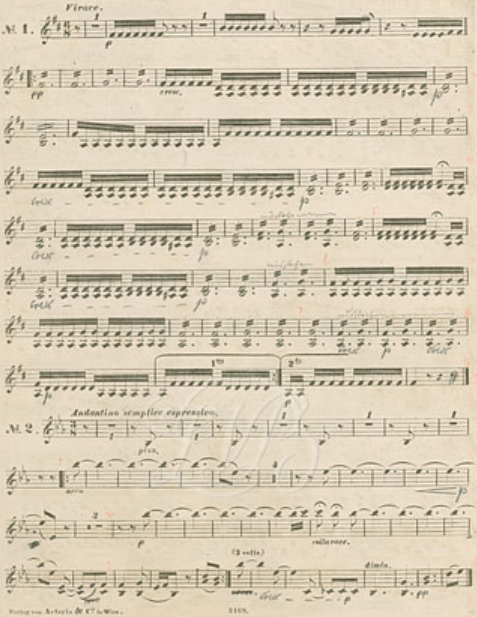



1. still blooming bowers, and the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers. Oh!
2. balm of the air, would steal to our hearts, and make all sum - mer there! There,
1. whole year of flowers. Where the sun loves to pause with so fond a de - lay, that the
2. sum - mer there! With af - fec - tion as free from de - cline as the bowers; and with
1. night on - ly draws a thin veil o'er the day; where sim - ply to feel that we
2. hope, like the bee, living al - ways on flowers, our life should re - sem - ble a

1. breathe, that we live, that we breathe, that we live___, Is worth the best joys that life
2. long day of light, a long day of light and___ our death come on ho - ly and

VIOLINO.

Le Beethoven, 12 Irish Songs, p.t 1.



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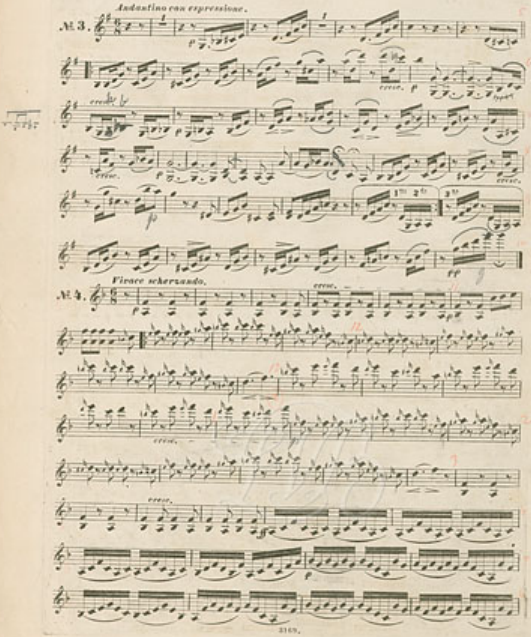
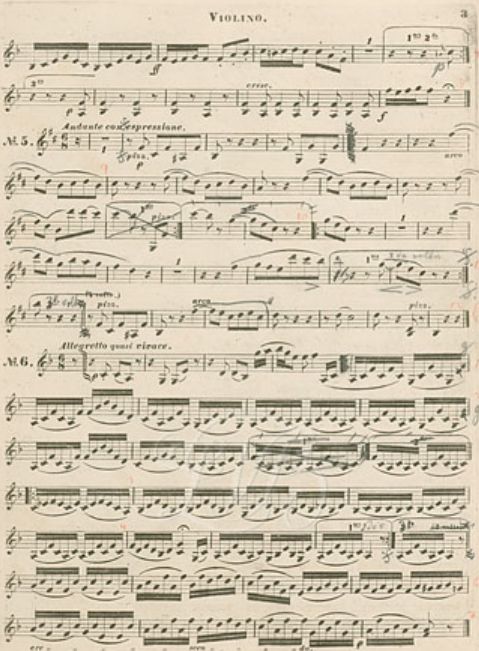
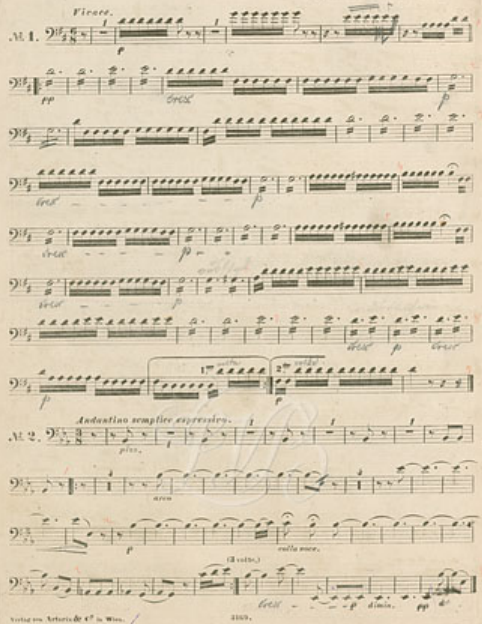
VIOLINO.


Andantino con espressione.
№ 3.
cresc.
cresc.
cresc.
1mo 2do
3to
Vivace scherzando.
№ 4.
cresc.
cresc.
cresc.


1mo 2do
2do
cresc.
Andante con espressione.
№ 5.
pizz.
arco
pizz.
1mo
pizz.
arco
pizz.
Allegretto quasi vivace.
№ 6.
1mo
3do
cre - - - - - scen - - - do.



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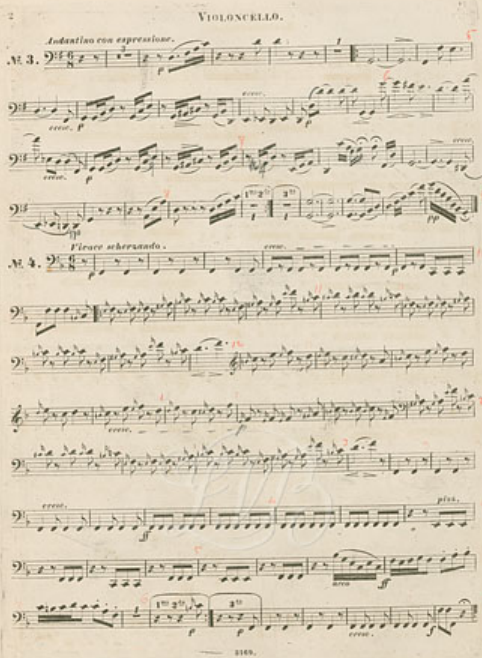
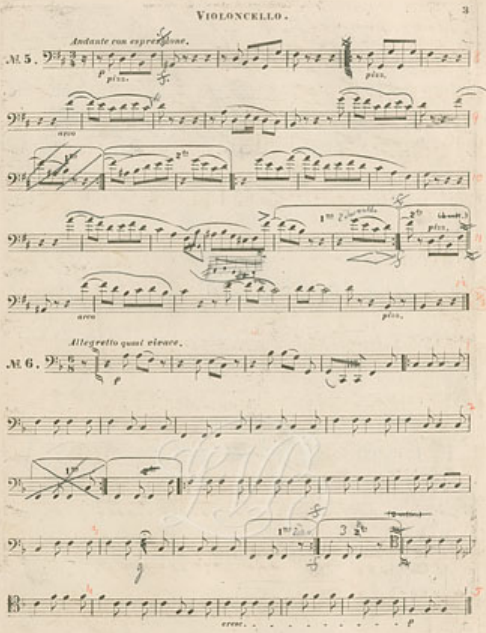

Andantino con espressione.
№ 3.
cresc.
Vivace scherzando.
№ 4.
cresc.
pizz.
arco


Andante con espressione.
M 5.
arco
pizz.
Allegretto quasi vivace.
M 6.
arco

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Part I. f. 3 –
" II. " 3 –

(London, 6 Schoenmann, 86 Newgate Street)

Entered into the archives of the union at Leipzig, August 1855.

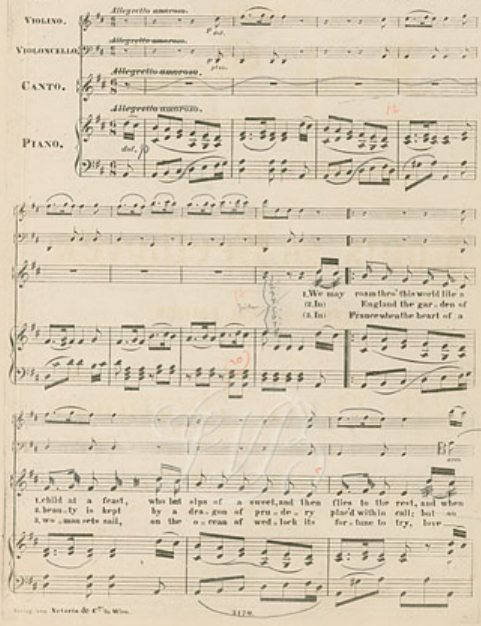
3196 Beethoven-Archiv BONN C 196/1 WoD 154/1

We may roam thro' this world.

(Air: ~~Garry Gwen~~ Gargent.)

№ 7.

L. v. Beethoven. 12 IRISH SONGS. P. 2.



VIOLINO. *Allegretto amoroso.* p dol.

VIOLONCELLO. *Allegretto amoroso.* p pizz.

CANTO. *Allegretto amoroso.*

PIANO. *Allegretto amoroso.* dol. p

1. We may roam thro' this world like a
(2. In) England the gar_den of
(3. In) France when the heart of a

1. child at a feast, who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest, and when
2. beau_ty is kept by a dra_gon of pru_de_ry plac'd within call; but so
3. wo_man sets sail, on the o_cean of wed_lock its for_tune to try, love

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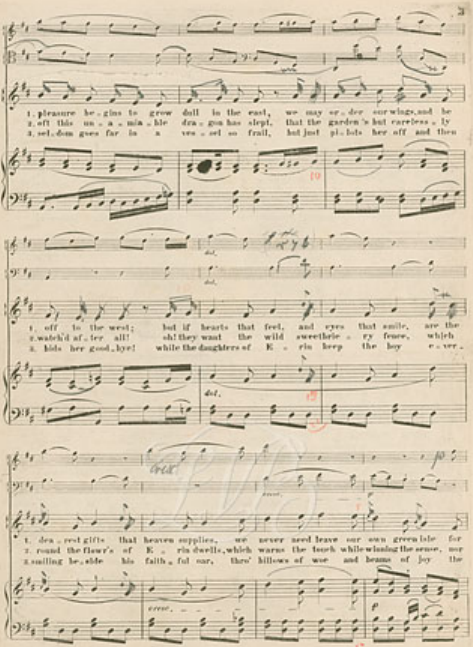
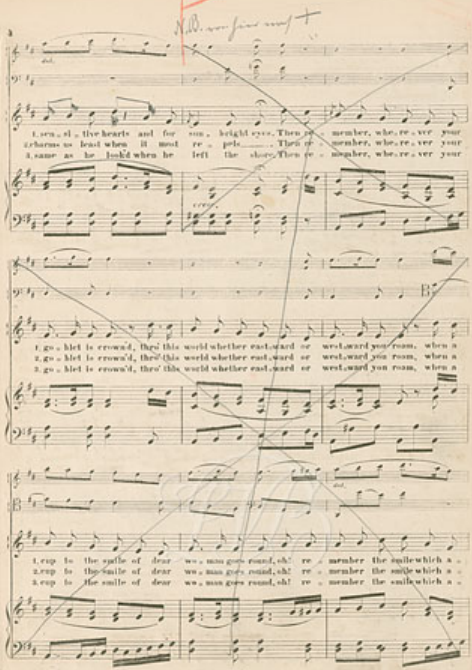
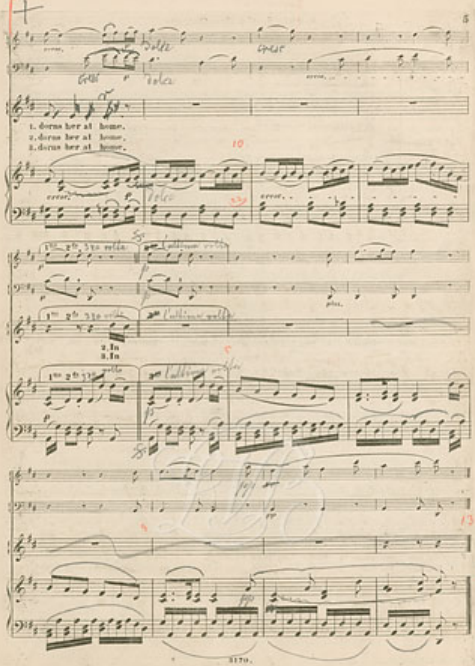

1. pleasure be - gins to grow dull in the east, we may or - der our wings, and be
2. oft this un - a - mia - ble dea - gon has slept, that the garden's but careless - ly
3. sel - dom goes far in a ves - sel so frail, but just pi - lots her off and then
1. off to the west; but if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile, are the
2. watch'd af - fec - all! oh! they want the wild sweetbrie - ry fence, which
3. bids her good - bye! while the daughters of E - rin keep the boy e - ver -
1. dea - rest gifts that heaven supplies, we never need leave our own green Isle for
2. round the flow'rs of E - rin dwells, which warms the touch while wluning the sense, nor
3. smiling be - side his faith - ful oar, thro' billows of woe and beams of joy the


1. sen. si. tive hearts and for son. bright eyes. Then re. member, whe. re. ver your
2. charms as least when ill most re. pels. Then re. member, whe. re. ver your
3. same as he look'd when he left the shore, Then re. member, whe. re. ver your
1. go. blet is crown'd, thro' this world whether east, ward or west, ward you roam, when a
2. go. blet is crown'd, thro' this world whether east, ward or west, ward you roam, when a
3. go. blet is crown'd, thro' this world whether east, ward or west, ward you roam, when a
1. cup to the smile of dear wo. man goes round, oh! re. member the smile which a
2. cup to the smile of dear wo. man goes round, oh! re. member the smile which a
3. cup to the smile of dear wo. man goes round, oh! re. member the smile which a


1. dorus her at home.
2. dorus her at home.
3. dorus her at home.
2. In
3. In

Lesbia has a beaming eye.

(Air: Nora Creina.)

№ 8.

Violino.

Violoncello.

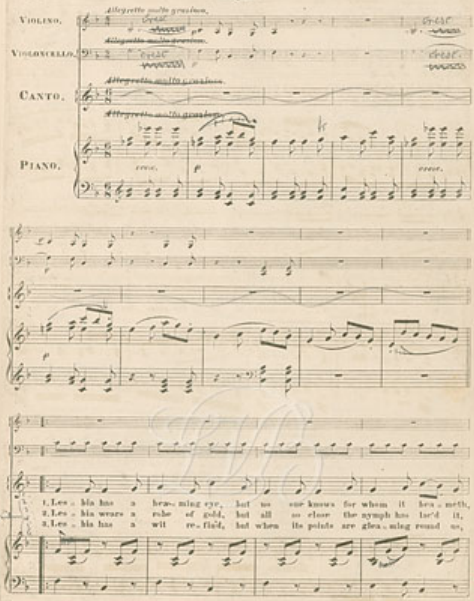
Canto.

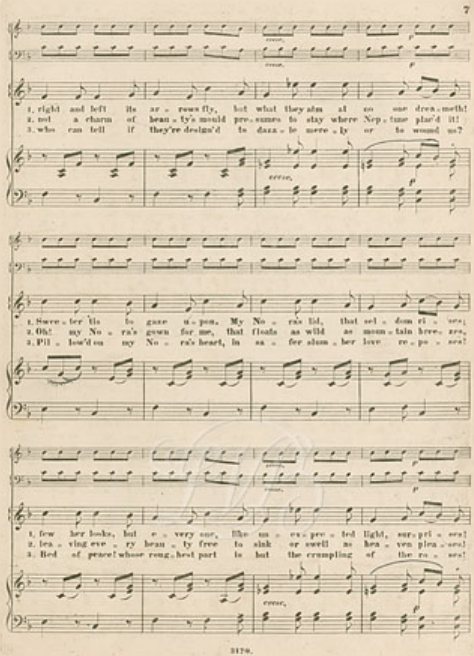
Piano.

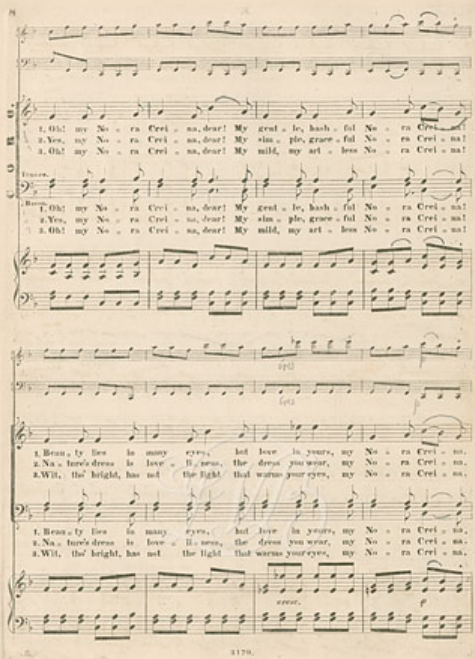
Allegretto molto grazioso.

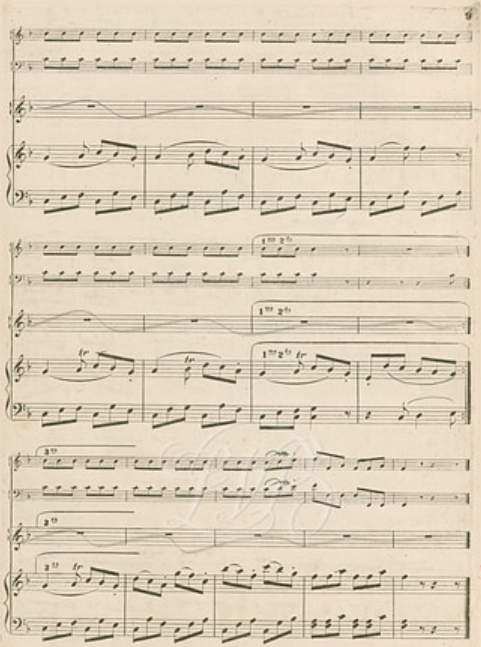
cresc. *p* *cresc.*

1. Les - bia has a bea - ming eye, but no one knows for whom it bea - meth,
2. Les - bia wears a robe of gold, but all so close the nymph has lac'd it,
3. Les - bia has a wit re - fin'd, but when its points are glea - ming round us,




1. right and left its ar - rows fly, but what they slay at no one dreameth!
2. not a charm of beau - ty's world pre - sumes to stay where Nep - tune plac'd it!
3. who can tell if they're design'd to daz - zle mere - ly or to wound us?
1. Swee - ter tis to gaze u - pon My No - ra's lid, that sel - dom ri - ses;
2. Oh! my No - ra's gown for me, that floats as wild as moun - tain breezes,
3. I'll bow'd on my No - ra's heart, in sa - fer slum - ber love re - po - ses!
1. few her looks, but ev - very one, like sun - pre - ted light, sur - pri - ses!
2. lea - ving eve - ry beau - ty free to sink or swell as hea - ven plea - ses!
3. Bed of peace! whose rough - est part is but the crumpling of the ro - ses!

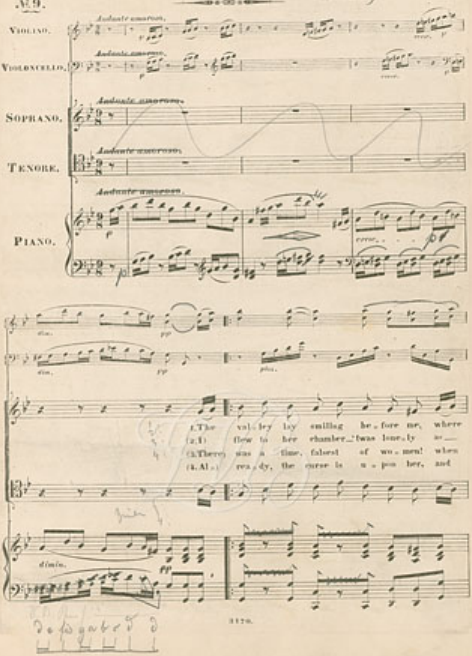

CHORUS.
1. Oh! my No - ra Creí - na, dear! My gen - tle, bash - ful No - ra Creí - na!
2. Yes, my No - ra Creí - na, dear! My sim - ple, grace - ful No - ra Creí - na!
3. Oh! my No - ra Creí - na, dear! My mild, my art - less No - ra Creí - na!
Tenors.
Bass.
1. Oh! my No - ra Creí - na, dear! My gen - tle, bash - ful No - ra Creí - na!
2. Yes, my No - ra Creí - na, dear! My sim - ple, grace - ful No - ra Creí - na!
3. Oh! my No - ra Creí - na, dear! My mild, my art - less No - ra Creí - na!
1. Beau - ty lies in many eyes, but love in yours, my No - ra Creí - na.
2. Na - ture's dress is love - li - ness, the dress you wear, my No - ra Creí - na.
3. Wit, tho' bright, has not the light that warms your eyes, my No - ra Creí - na.
1. Beau - ty lies in many eyes, but love in yours, my No - ra Creí - na.
2. Na - ture's dress is love - li - ness, the dress you wear, my No - ra Creí - na.
3. Wit, tho' bright, has not the light that warms your eyes, my No - ra Creí - na.
cresc.
f

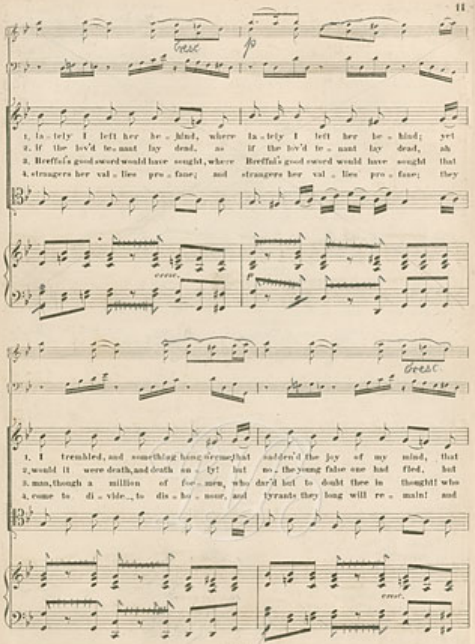


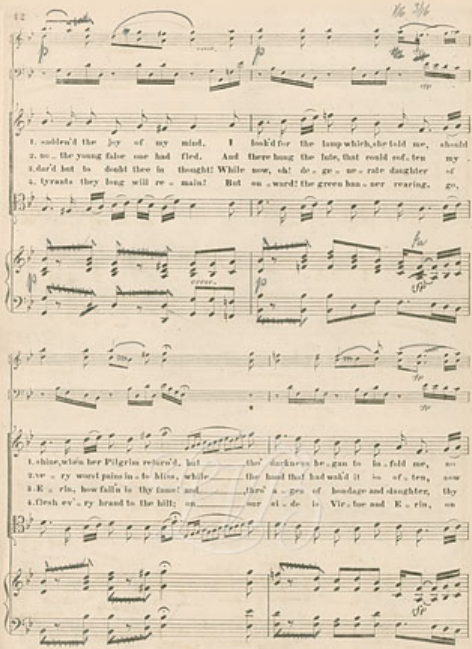
~~The song of O Ruark, Prince of Breffni.~~

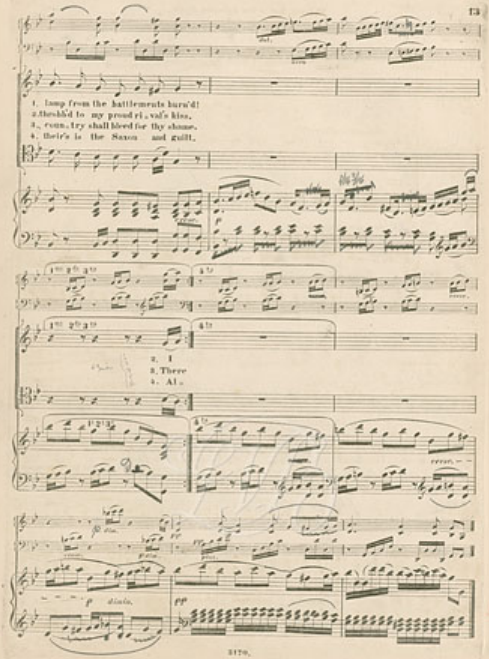
(Air: The pretty girl milking ~~her cow~~ the cows.)

№ 9.




cresc
p
1. la - tely I left her be - hind, where la - tely I left her be - hind; yet
2. if the lov'd te - nant lay dead, as if the lov'd te - nant lay dead, ah
3. Breffni's good sword would have sought, where Breffni's good sword would have sought that
4. strangers her val - lies pro - fane; and strangers her val - lies pro - fane; they
cresc.
p
cresc
1. I trembled, and something hung o'erme, that sadden'd the joy of my mind, that
2. would it were death, and death on - ly! but no, the young false one had fled, but
3. man, though a million of foe - men, who dar'd but to doubt thee in thought! who
4. come to di - vide, to dis - bo - nour, and tyrants they long will re - main! and
cresc.


1. sudden'd the joy of my mind, I look'd for the lamp which she told me, should
2. me the young false one had fled, And there hung the lute, that could soften my
3. dar'd but to doubt thee in thought! While now, oh! de-gra-ded daughter of
4. tyrants they long will re-main! But on-ward! the green banner rearing, go,
1. shine, when her Pilgrim return'd, but the darkness began to enfold me, so
2. ry word pain-ful to bliss, while the hand that had wak'd it in sor-row, now
3. Er-rin, how fall'n is thy fame! and there's a-gen of bondage and slaughter, thy
4. flesh ev'-ry brand to the hill; on our al-tar to Vir-tue and E-rin, on


1. lamp from the battlements burn'd!
2. throbb'd to my proud ri - val's kiss.
3. coun - try shall bleed for thy shame.
4. their's is the Saxon and guilt.
2. I
3. There
4. Al -

When he who adores thee.

(Air: The fox's sleep.)

№ 10.

Violino. *Andante con moto.*

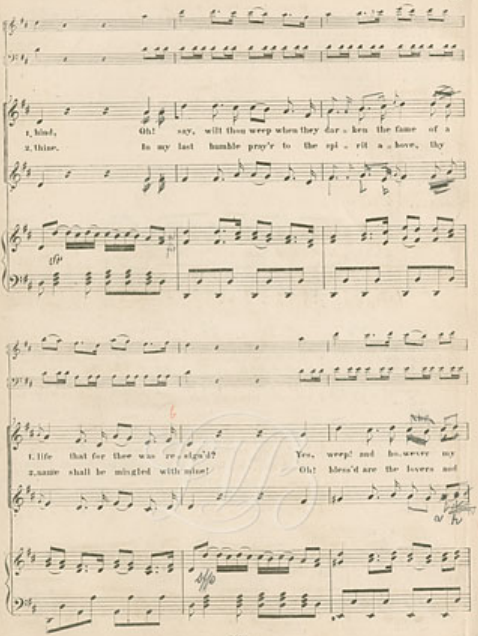
Violoncello. *Andante con moto.*

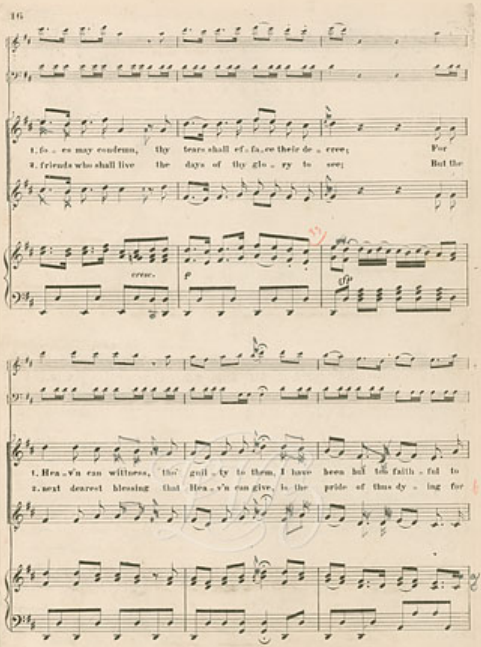
Voce Soprano 1. *Andante con moto.*

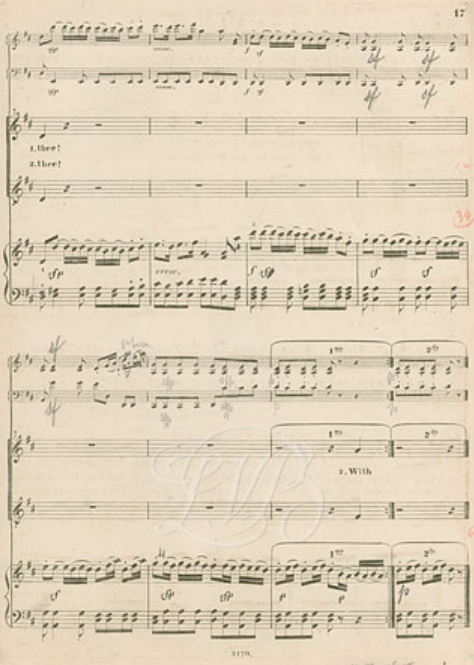
Voce 4 Soprano 2. *Andante con moto.*

Piano. *Andante con moto.*

1. When he, who adores thee has left but the name of his fault and his sorrows be.
2. With) thee were the dreams of my ear...liest love, ev'ry thought of my reason was


1. kind, Oh! say, will thou weep when they dar - ken the fame of a
2. thine. In my last humble pray'r to the spi - rit a - bove, thy
1. life that for thee was re - sign'd? Yes, weep! and be - ware my
2. name shall be mingled with mine! Oh! bless'd are the lovers and

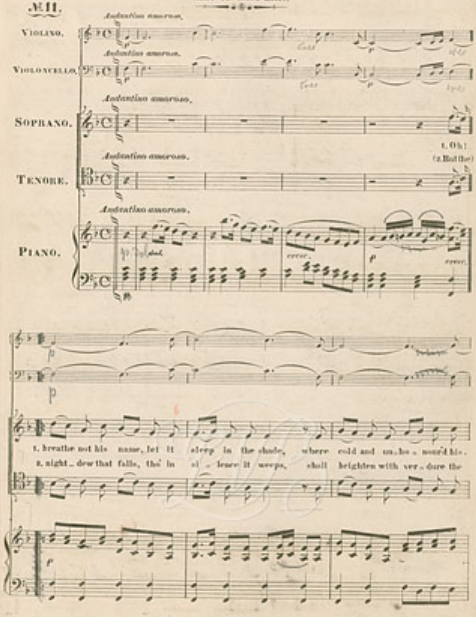

1. fo - es may condemn, thy tears shall ef - fa - ce their de - cree; For
2. friends who shall live the days of thy glo - ry to see; But the
cresc.
p
ffp
1. Hea - v'n can witness, tho' guil - ty to them, I have been but too faith - ful to
2. next dearest blessing that Hea - v'n can give, is the pride of thus dy - ing for


1. three!
2. three!
cresc.
1st
2d
2. With

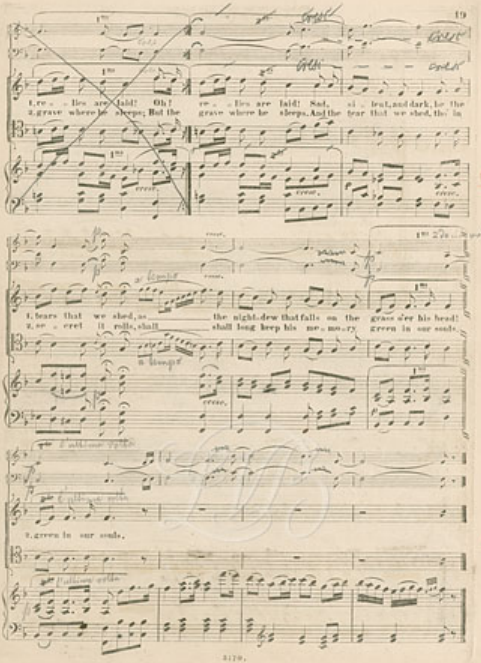
Oh! breathe not his name.

(Air: The brown maid.)

№ II.



1. re - - lies are laid! Oh! re - - lies are laid! Sad, si - lent, and dark, be the
2. grave where he sleeps; But the grave where he sleeps. And the tear that we shed, tho' in

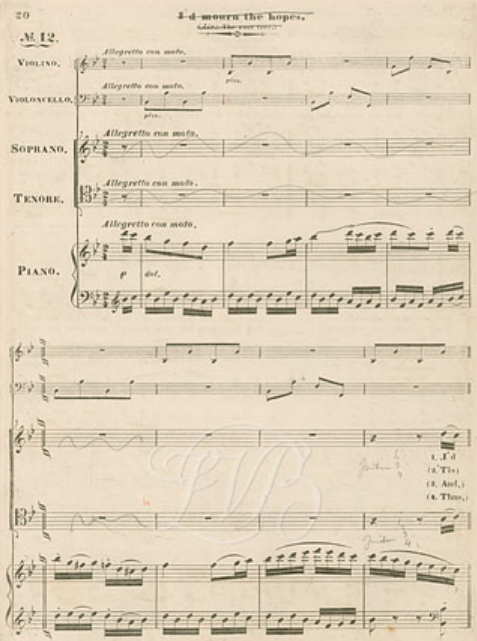


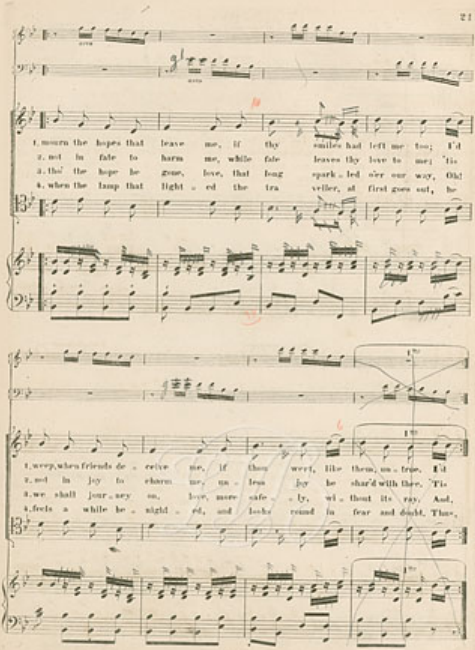
1. tears that we shed, as the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!
2. se - cret it rolls, shall shall long keep his me - mo - ry green in our souls.

2. green in our souls.

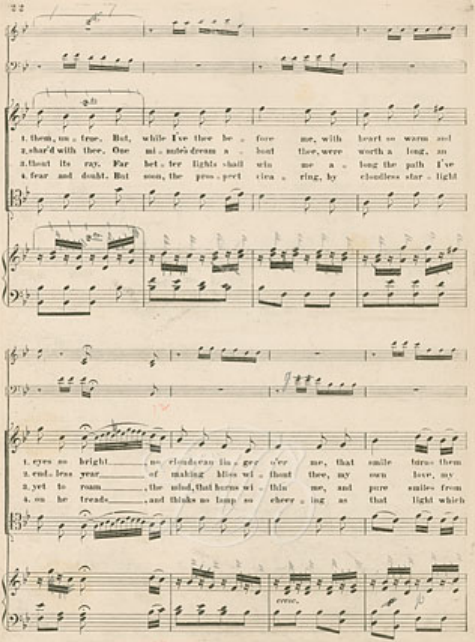
~~I d mourn the hopes.~~

N. 12.



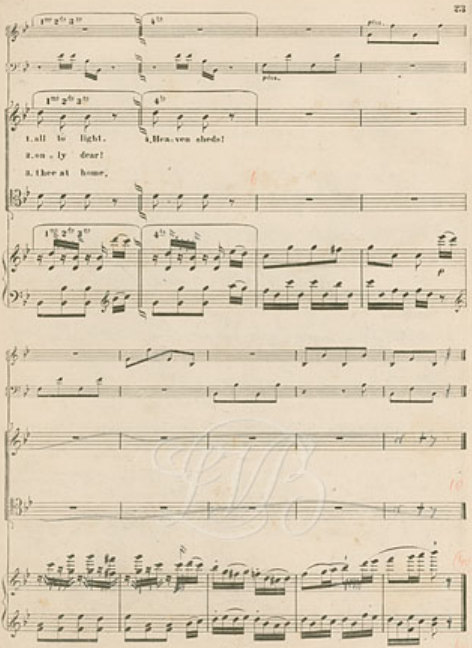

1. mourn the hopes that leave me, if thy smiles had left me too; I'd
2. not in fate to harm me, while fate leaves thy love to me; 'tis
3. tho' the hope be gone, love, that long sparkled o'er our way, Oh!
4. when the lamp that lighted the traveller, at first goes out, he
1. weep, when friends de ceive me, if thou wert, like them, untrue, I'd
2. not in joy to charm me, unless joy he shar'd with thee. 'Tis
3. we shall journey on, love, more safely, without its ray, And,
4. feels a while benighted, and looks round in fear and doubt, Thus,

1. them, un - true. But, while I've thee be - fore me, with heart so warm and
2. shar'd with thee. One mi - nute's dream a - bout thee, were worth a long, so
3. thout its ray. Far bet - ter lights shall win me a - long the path I've
4. fear and doubt. But soon, the pros - pect clea - ring, by cloudless star - light



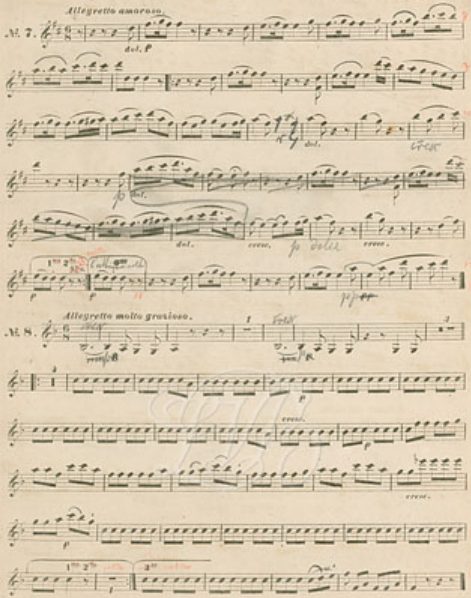
1. eyes so bright, no cloud can lin - ger o'er me, that smile turns them
2. end - less year, of making bliss wi - thout thee, my own love, my
3. yet to roam, the mind, that burns wi - thin me, and pure smiles from
4. on he treads, and thinks no lamp so cheer - ing as that light which

cresc.


1. all is light.
2. on . ly dear!
3. thee at home.
4. Hea . ven sheds!

VIOLINO.

Lv. Beethoven. 12 Irish Songs. P. 2.



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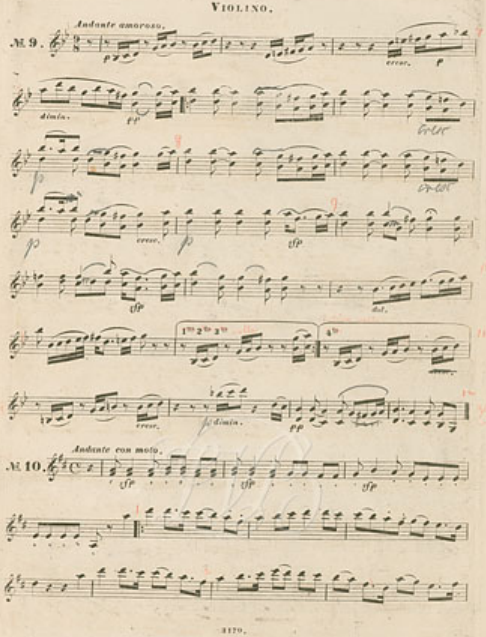
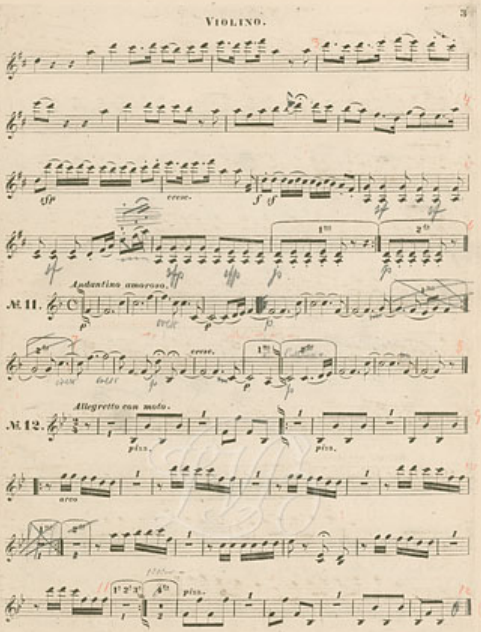
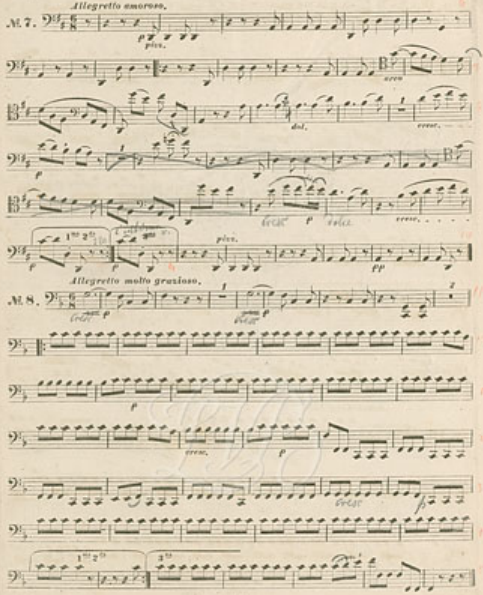
VIOLINO.


Andante amoroso.
№ 9.
p
cresc.
p
dimin.
pp
cresc
p
cresc
p
cresc.
p
sfp
sfp
dol.
1mo 2do 3to
4to
cresc.
p dimin.
pp
Andante con moto.
№ 10.
sfp
sfp
sfp



1.2.3 volta. Ultima volta.



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VIOLONCELLO.

Andante amoroso.

№ 9.

p *cresc.* *p* *dimin.* *pp*

pizz.

cresc.

sfp *sfp*

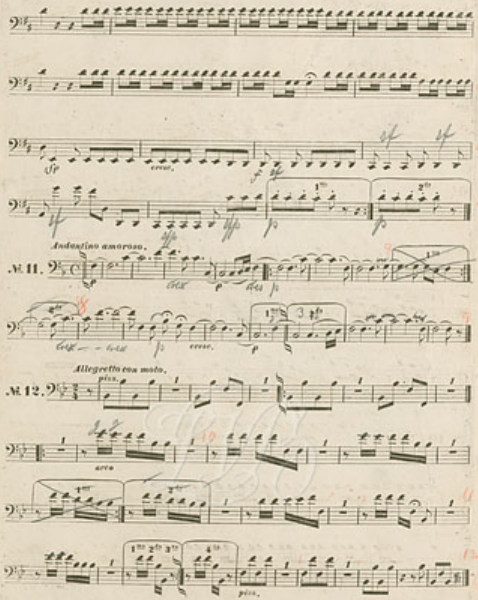
arco

cresc. *p dimin.* *pp pizz.*

Andante con moto.

№ 10.

sfp *sfp* *sfp*


Andantino amoroso.
№ 11.
Allegretto con moto.
№ 12.
arco
pizz.