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Music Department



# BEAUTY OF LIMERICK.

AS SUNG BY

Miss Jennie Morgan.

AT

HARRIGAN AND HART'S "THEATRE COMIQUE," NEW YORK.

WORDS BY

EDWARD HARRIGAN.

MUSIC BY

DAVE BRAHAM

AUTHOR OF

"MULLIGAN GUARDS," "SLAVERY DAYS," "BABIES ON OUR BLOCK," ETC., ETC.



NEW YORK:

WM. A. POND & CO.,

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J. M. ARMSTRONG & CO., MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS, PHILADELPHIA.

# The Beauty of Limerick.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by EDWARD HARRIGAN.

Music by DAVID BRAHAM.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in 6/8 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a fermata over the final chord.

The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: 1 I sing of my loved one,— an i - dol to me, Though; 2 I sigh when I think of our fare - well good - by: You; 3 I place 'neath my pil - low at night when I sleep A.

The second system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second verse. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: part - ed we are by the deep roll - ing sea; My thoughts gladly wander to; strived for to keep the sad tear from your eye: Poor Pad - dy, God save you and; sweet lit - tle to - ken she gave me to keep,— A wee bit of rib - bon she.

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E - rin's green shore,      Where dwells my sweet trea - sure, ma-  
 send you safe home,      The heart that is melt - ing for  
 took from her hair:      No king has a jew - el more

vor - neen as - tore.      By the side of the brook - let, a  
 you all a - lone.      Sure don't I re - mem - ber the  
 pre - cious or rare.      In the morn when a - wak - ened I

clear run - ning stream,      I fan - cy I see her, my  
 prom - ise I gave:      I'd go back to old Ire - land when  
 press to my heart,      My Col - leen's last gift with it

cush - la ma - chree. Oh, there's no girl fair - er nor  
 mo - ney I'd save. Oh, there's no girl fair - er nor  
 nev - er I'll part; It comes from the fair - est, the

love - lier than she, } My beau - ty of Lim - er - ick, A  
 love - lier than she, }  
 love - liest to me, }

**CHORUS.**

cush - la ma - cree. Oh, there's no girl fair - er nor

love - lier than she, My beau - ty of Lim - er - ick, A - cush - la ma - cree.

