



MOLLY BRANNIGAN



Old Irish Melody

(FROM MISS HONORIA GALWEY'S COLLECTION OF OLD IRISH MELODIES)

THE WORDS TRADITIONAL

The Music Arranged

BY

C. VILLIERS STANFORD



Price 2/6 net.

(1952)

BOOSEY & HAWKES

MOLLY BRANNIGAN.

Old Irish Melody

Arranged by C. V. STANFORD.

Words traditional.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mp

mf

Ma'am dear, did ye ne-ver hear of pret-ty Mol-ly Bran-ni-gan? In

troth, then, she's left me and I'll ne-ver be a man a-gain;

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Not a spot on my hide will a sum-mer's sun e'er tan a - gain, Since

Mol - ly's gone and left me here a - lone for to die. The

place where my heart was you'd ai - sy rowl a turn - ip in, 'Tis as

large as all Dub - lin, and from Dub - lin to the Div - il's glen. If she

wish'd to take an - oth - er, Sure she might have left mine back a - gain, And

p

rall
not have left me here..... all a - lone for to die.

colla voce

mp

mf
Ma'am dear, I re - mem - ber when the milk - ing time was past and gone, We

walk'd thro' the meadow, when she swore I was the only one That

rall. ev - er she could love, but oh! the base and cru - el one, For
fa tempo

colla voce *mf*

all that she's left me here a - lone for to die.

Ma'am dear, I re - mem - ber when com - ing home the rain be - gan, I

pp

wrapt my frieze-coat round her an' ne'er a waist-coat had I on; My

poco rall. > *a tempo*

shirt was ra-ther fine-drawn; but oh! the false and cru-el one, For

pp colla voce *mf*

all..... that she's left me here a-lone for to die,

pp

The

p

left side of my car - case is as weak as wa - ter gru - el, ma'am, There's

pp

not a pick up - on my bones, since Mol - ly proved so cru - el, ma'am. Oh!

f

if I had a blun - der - gun, I'd go an' fight a du - el, ma'am, For

sure I'd bet - ter shoot my - self than live here to die. I'm

p

f cool an' de - ter - mined as an - y Sa - la - man - der, ma'am. Won't you *dim.*

poco rall. come to my wake when I go the long me - an - der, ma'am? I'll *f a tempo*

think my-self as va - liant as the fa - mous Al - ex - an - der, ma'am, When I

rall. hear ye cry - ing o'er me "Ar - rah, why did ye die?" *colla voce*