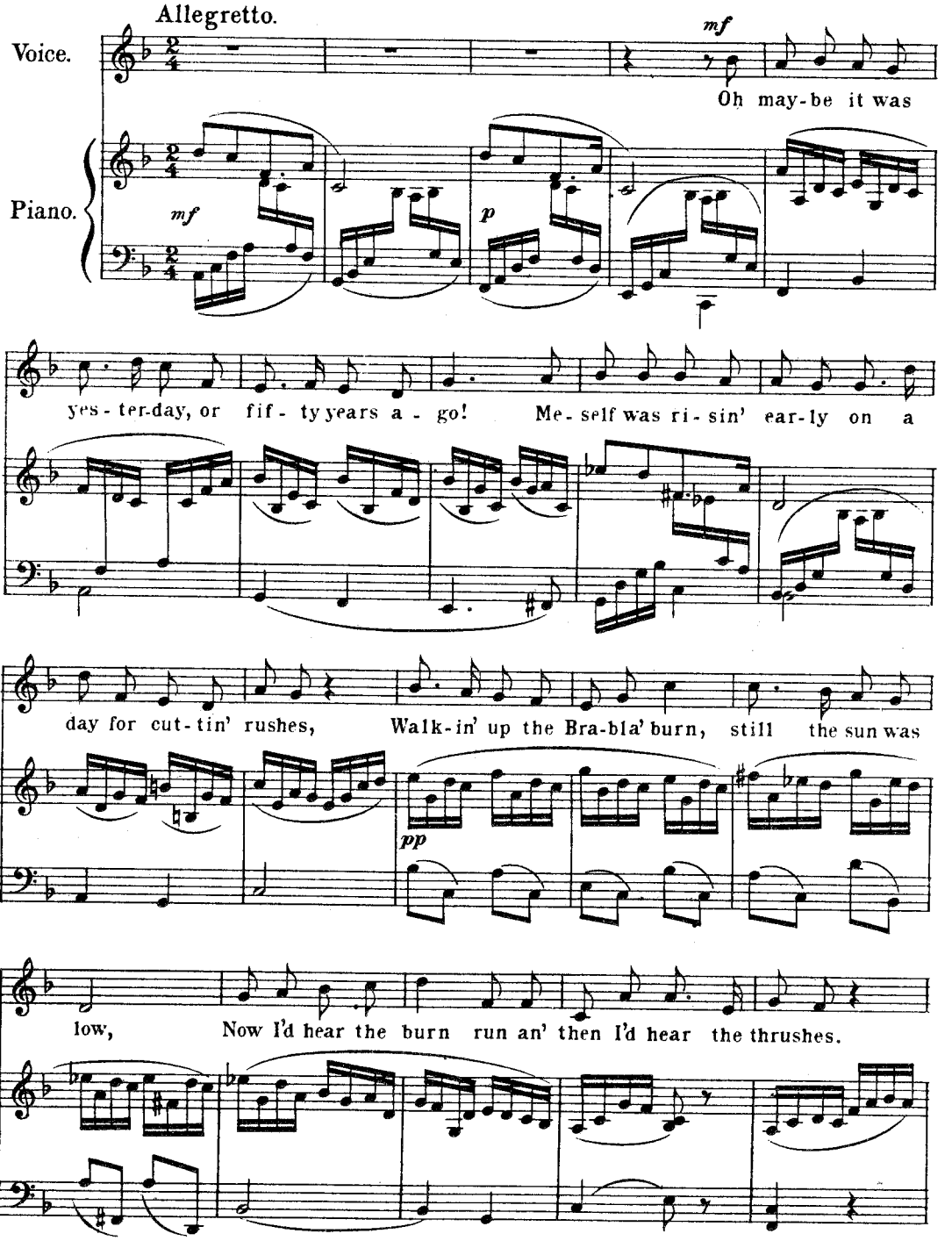
# CUTTIN' RUSHES

(from "An Irish Idyll")

Words by
MOIRA O'NEILL.
from "Songs of the Glens of Antrim"
*(by permission of Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons)*

Music by
C. V. STANFORD.
Op. 77.

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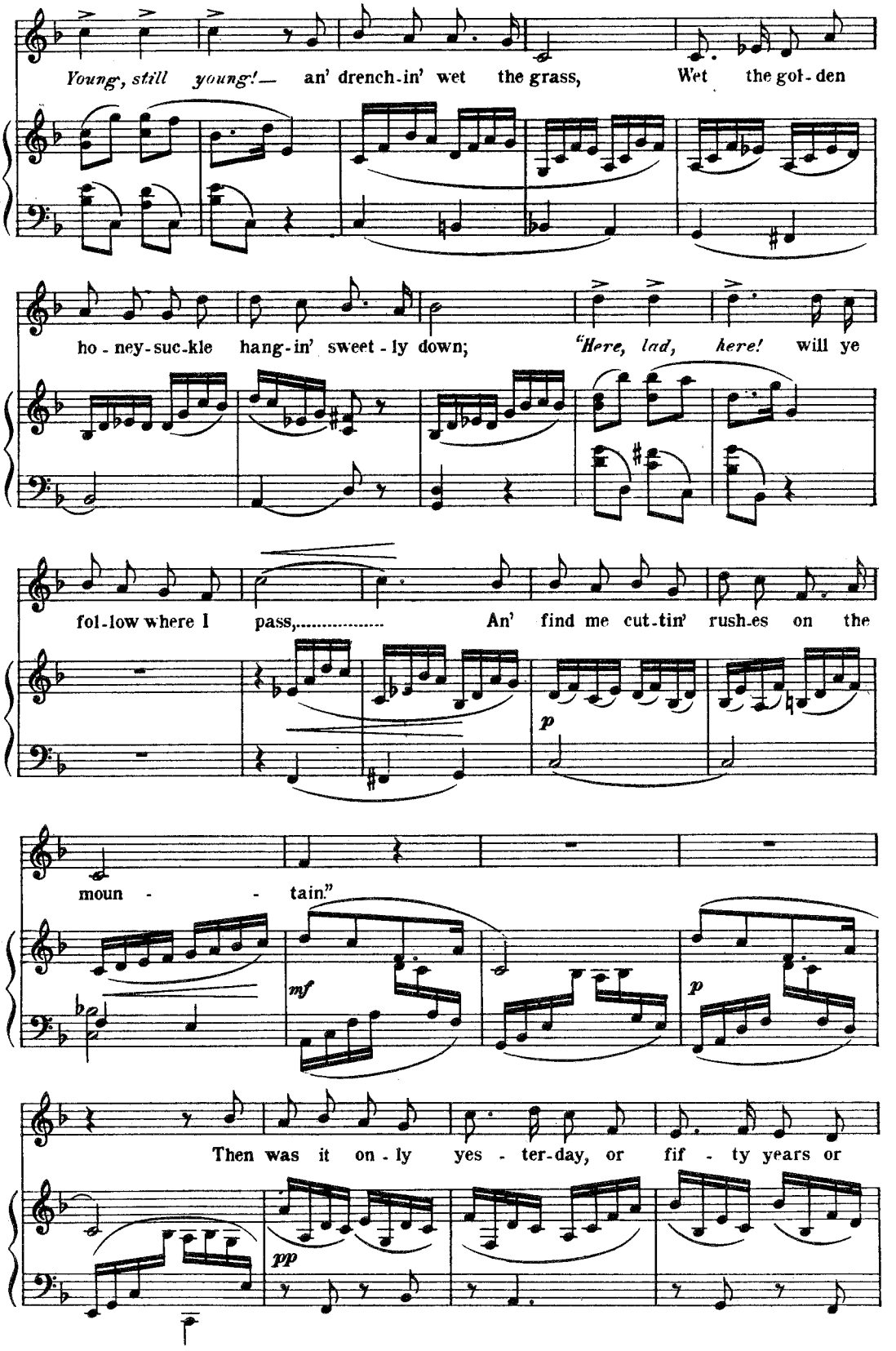
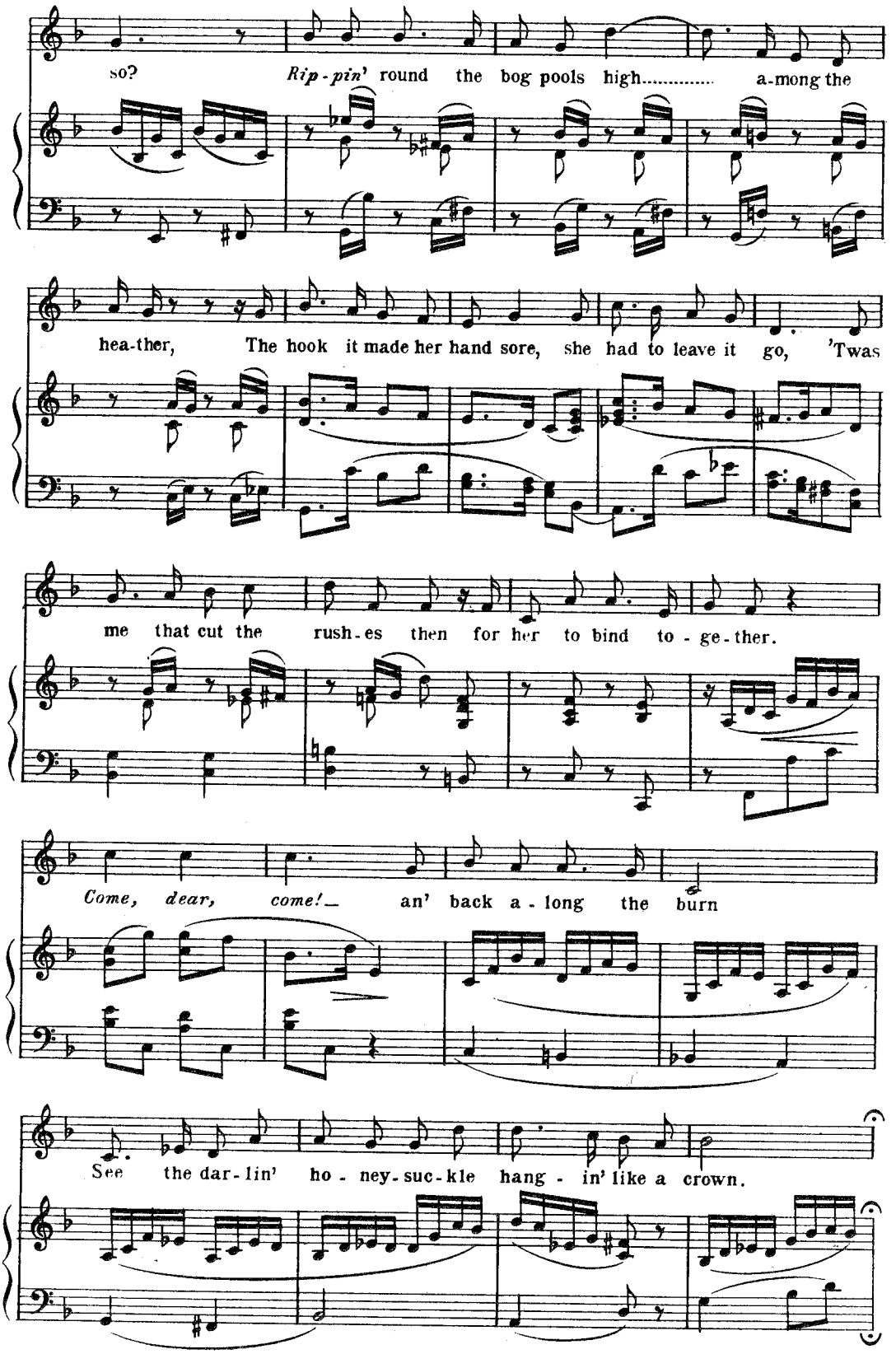
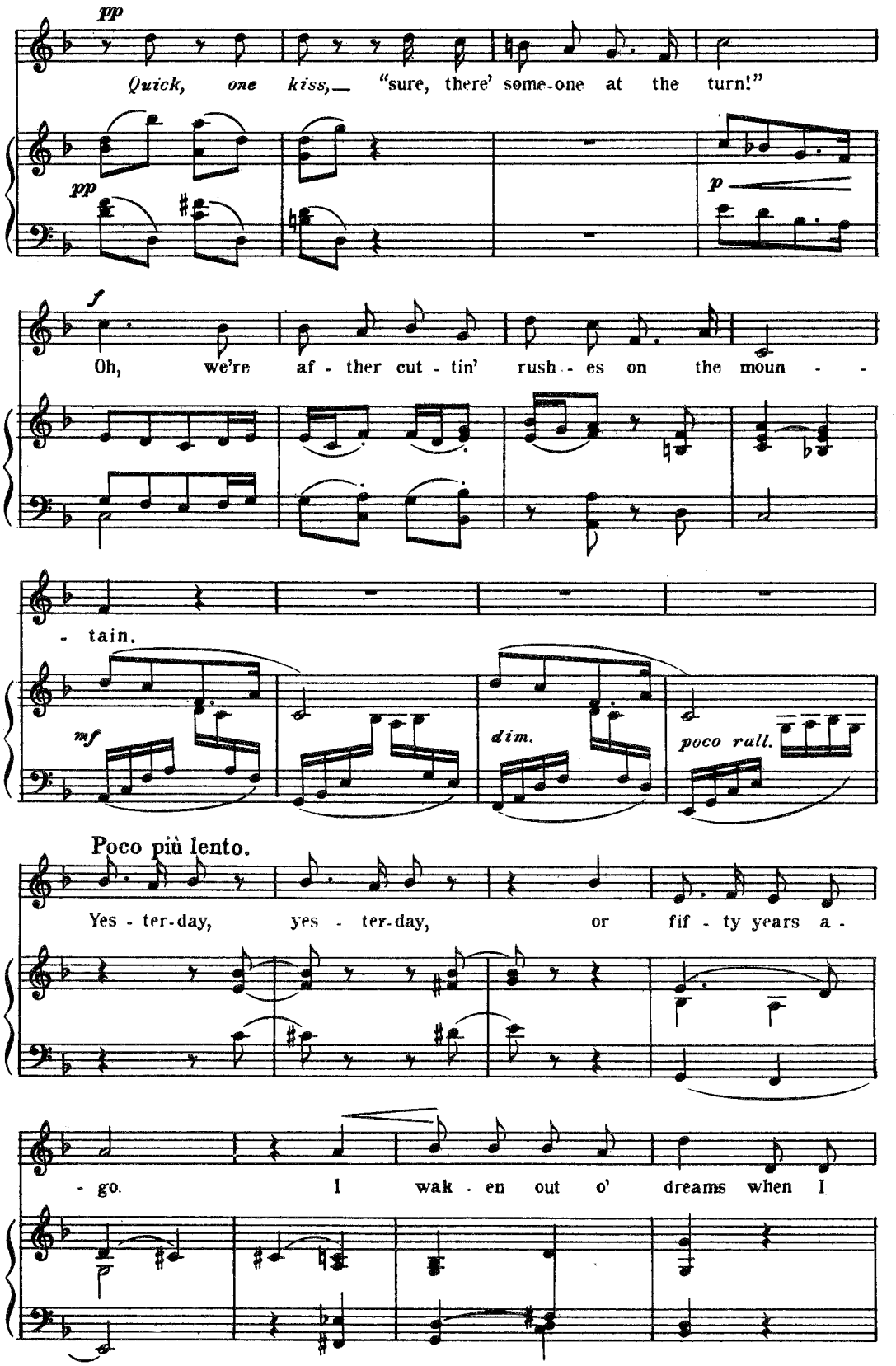
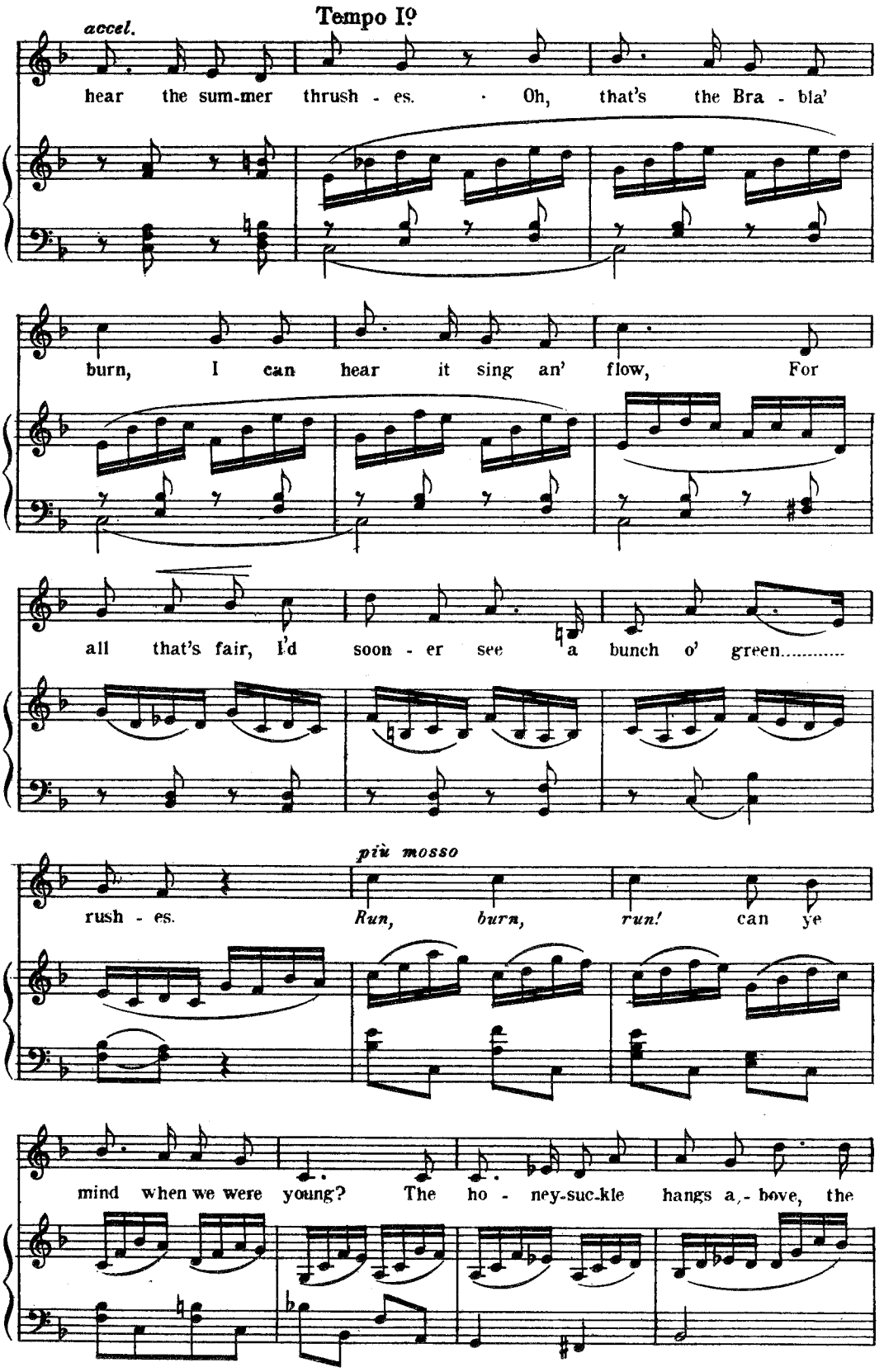
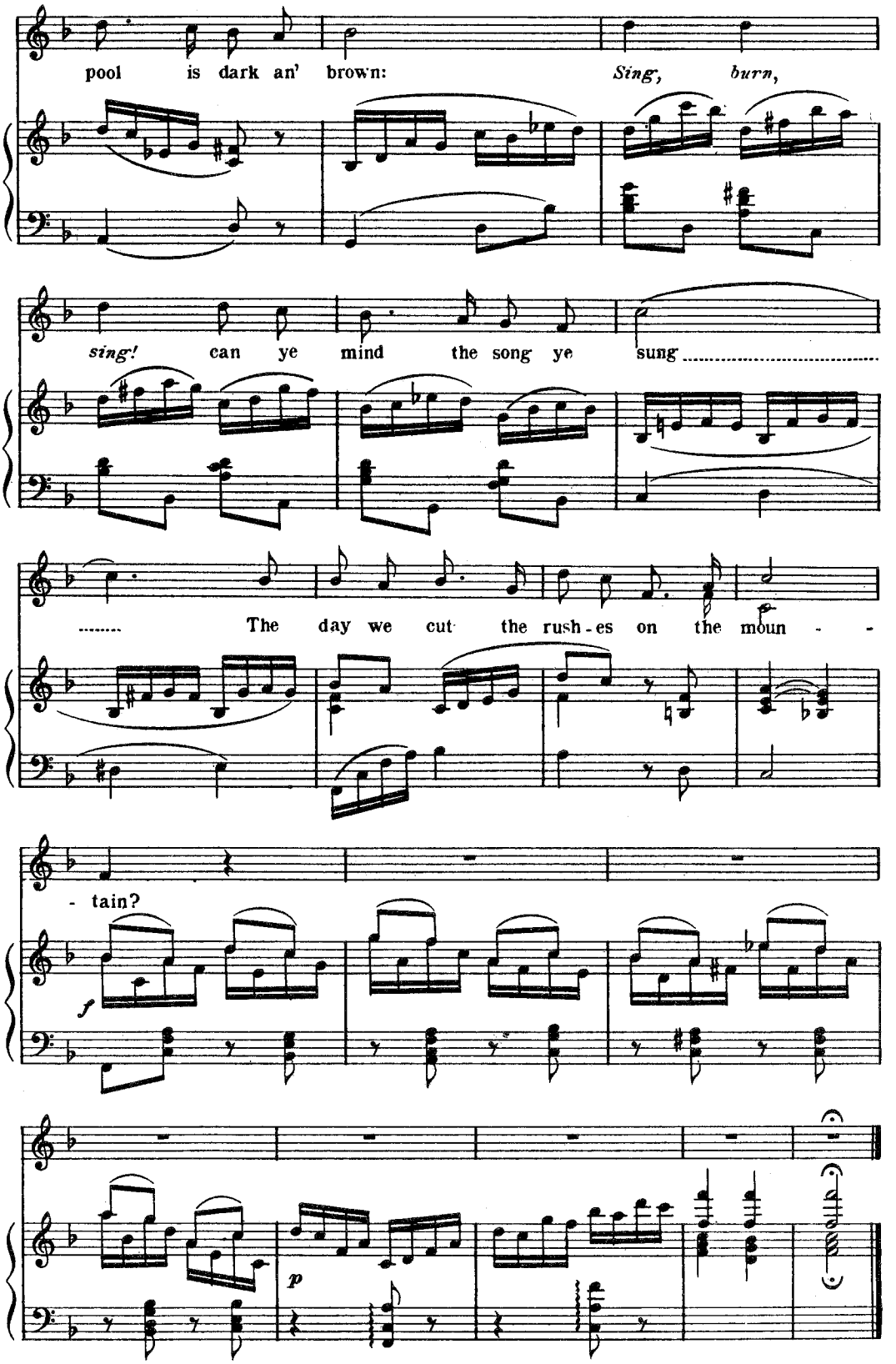

Young, still young!— an' drench-in' wet the grass, Wet the gol-den
ho-ney-suc-kle hang-in' sweet-ly down; "Here, lad, here! will ye
fol-low where I pass,..... An' find me cut-tin' rush-es on the
p
moun - - tain"
mf
p
Then was it on-ly yes-ter-day, or fif-ty years or
pp


so? *Rip-pin'* round the bog pools high..... a-mong the
hea-ther, The hook it made her hand sore, she had to leave it go, 'Twas
me that cut the rush-es then for her to bind to-ge-ther.
*Come, dear, come!* an' back a-long the burn
See the dar-lin' ho-ney-suc-kle hang-in' like a crown.


pp
Quick, one kiss,— "sure, there' some-one at the turn!"
pp
p
f
Oh, we're af - ther cut - tin' rush - es on the moun - -
- tain.
mf
dim.
poco rall.
Poco più lento.
Yes - ter-day, yes - ter-day, or fif - ty years a -
- go. I wak - en out o' dreams when I


Tempo Iº
accel.
hear the sum-mer thrush - es. · Oh, that's the Bra - bla'
burn, I can hear it sing an' flow, For
all that's fair, I'd soon - er see a bunch o' green.....
più mosso
rush - es. Run, burn, run! can ye
mind when we were young? The ho - ney-suc-kle hangs a,- bove, the


pool is dark an' brown:
Sing, burn,
sing! can ye mind the song ye sung
The day we cut the rush-es on the moun - -
- tain?
f
p