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PADERBORN

Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A.

Dublin, 1859

St. Senanus And The Lady.

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ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.*

(AIR—THE BROWN THORN.)

(OH! HASTE AND LEAVE THIS SACRED ISLE.)

Moderato, staccato.

cres. *pp*

Oh! haste, and

cres. *f*

leave this sa-cred isle, Un-ho-ly bark, ere morning smile; For on thy

p

* In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hibernia*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to receive even a sister saint, St. Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographers:—

“Cui Præsul, quid feminis
Commune est cum monachis,
Nec te nec ullam aliam
Admittemus in insulam.”

See the ACTA SANCT. HIB., page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the River Shannon; but O'Connor and other antiquaries deny this metamorphosis indignantly.

deck, tho' dark it be, A fe-male form I see! And I have

p *cres.* *f* *r* *lento.*

sworn this sainted sod . . Shall ne'er by wo - - - man's feet be

trod!

p

THE LADY.

Oh! Fa - ther, send not hence my bark, Thro' win - try

winds and o'er bil - lows dark; I come, with hum - - ble heart, to

share Thy morn and ev' - - - ning pray'r: Nor mine the

pia.

feet, Oh! ho - ly saint, . . . The bright-ness of . . . thy sod to

taint.

TRIO.

The La - dy's pray'r Se - na - nus spurn'd, The wind blew

The La - dy's pray'r Se - na - nus spurn'd, The wind blew

The La - dy's pray'r Se - na - nus spurn'd, The wind blew

fresh, and the bark re - turn'd: But legends hint that had the

fresh, and the bark re - turn'd: But legends hint that had the

fresh, and the bark re - turn'd: But legends hint that had the

cres. *f* *lento.* *p*
 maid 'Till morning's light . . . de - lay'd, And giv'n the Saint one ro - sy

maid 'Till morning's light . . . de - lay'd, And giv'n the Saint one ro - sy

maid 'Till morning's light de - lay'd, And giv'n the Saint one ro - sy

lento.

smile, She ne'er had left his lone - ly isle, . And giv'n the

smile, She ne'er had left his lone - ly isle, . And giv'n the

smile, She ne'er had left his lone - ly isle, . And giv'n the

saint . one ro-sy smile, She ne'er had left . . his lone-ly isle.
 saint - one ro-sy smile, She ne'er had left . . his lone-ly isle.
 saint . one ro-sy smile, She ne'er had left . . his lone-ly isle.

p

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES.

(AIR—THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.)*

Slow, and to be played very smoothly.

p

How

* I had not sufficiently considered the structure of this delightful air when I formerly asserted that it was too wild for words of a regular metre.