



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A.

Dublin, 1859

By That Lake Whose Gloomy Shore.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-62608](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-62608)

BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.*

(AIR—THE BROWN IRISH GIRL.)

Moderate time.

The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a continuous sixteenth-note arpeggiated pattern in the treble clef. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes in the bass clef.

The second system continues the piano introduction. The right hand's arpeggiated pattern continues, while the left hand's accompaniment includes some chordal textures. The lyrics "By that Lake, whose gloomy shore Sky-lark never warbles o'er,† Where the" are written below the right-hand staff.

The third system continues the piano introduction. The right hand's arpeggiated pattern continues, while the left hand's accompaniment includes some chordal textures. The lyrics "cliff hangs high and steep, Young Saint Ke - vin stole to sleep. "Here, at" are written below the right-hand staff.

The fourth system concludes the piano introduction. The right hand's arpeggiated pattern continues, while the left hand's accompaniment includes some chordal textures. The lyrics "least," he calm - ly said, "Woman ne'er shall find my bed." Ah! the" are written below the right-hand staff.

* This Ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

† There are many other curious traditions concerning this Lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Coigan, &c.

good Saint lit - tle knew What the wi - ly sex can do, Ah! the

good Saint lit - tle knew, What the wi - ly sex can do.

SECOND VERSE.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew— Eyes of most un - ho - ly blue! She had

lov'd him well and long, Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong. Where - so

e'er the Saint would fly, Still he heard her light foot nigh; East or

west, wher - e'er he turn'd, Still her eyes be - fore him burn'd, East or

west, where'er he turn'd, Still her eyes be - fore him burn'd.

THIRD VERSE.

On the bold cliff's bo - som cast, Tran - quil now he sleeps at last; Dreams of

heav'n, nor thinks that e'er Wo - man's smile can haunt him there. But nor

earth or heav'n is free From her pow'r, if fond she be: E - ven

now, while calm he sleeps, Kath-leen o'er him leans and weeps, E - ven

now, while calm he sleeps, Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

FOURTH VERSE.

Fear - less she had track'd his feet To this rock - y, wild re - treat, And when

morn - ing met his view, Her mild glan - ces met it too. Ah! your

Saints have cru - - el hearts! Stern - ly from his bed he starts, And with

rude re - pul - sive shock, Hurls her from the beet - ling rock, And with

rude re - pul-sive shock, Hurls her from the beet-ling rock.

FIFTH VERSE.

Glen - da-lough, thy gloo-my wave Soon was gen-tle Kathleen's grave! Soon the

Saint (yet, ah! too late) Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate. When he

said, "Heav'n rest her soul!" Round the Lake light mu - sic stole; And her

ghost was seen to glide, Smil-ing o'er the fa - tal tide, And her

ghost was seen to glide, Smil-ing o'er the fa - tal tide.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

(AIR—OPEN THE DOOR.)

HARMONIZED FOR THREE VOICES.

With melancholy expression.

FIRST VOICE.
She is far from the land where her young he - ro sleeps, And

TENOR.
She is far from the land where her young he - ro sleeps, And

BASS.
She is far from the land where her young he - ro sleeps, And