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Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A.

Dublin, 1859

The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me. The Song Of O' Ruark, Prince Of Breffni.

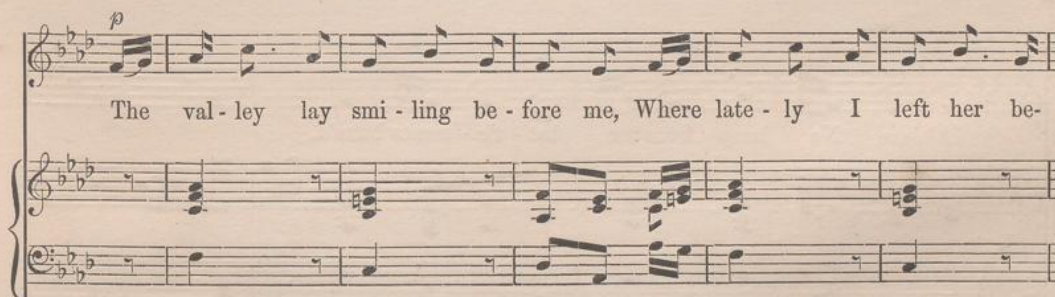
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THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.

THE SONG OF O'RUARK, PRINCE OF BREFFNI.*

(AIR—THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW.)

According to the feeling of each verse.

* These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances as related by O'Halloran:—"The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet could it not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mae Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns."—The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mae Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation), "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antoninus, and by the destruction of Troy."

hind; Yet I trem - bled, and some-thing hung o'er me, That sad - den'd the

joy of my mind. I look'd for the lamp, which she told me Should

shine when her pil - grim re - turn'd, But, tho' dark - ness be - gan to in -

fold me, No lamp from the bat - tle - ments burn'd.

SECOND VERSE.

I flew to her cham-ber—'twas lone-ly As if the lov'd te-nant lay

dead! Ah, would it were death, and death on-ly! But no—the young

false one had fled. And there hung the lute, that could soft-en My

ve-ry worst pains in-to bliss, While the hand, that had wak'd it so

oft-en, Now throbb'd to my proud ri-val's kiss.

THIRD VERSE.

There *was* a time, fals - est of wo - men! When Breff - ni's good sword would have

sought That man, thro' a mil - lion of foe - men, Who dar'd but to

doubt thee *in thought!* While now— oh! de - ge - ne - rate daugh - ter Of

E - - rin, how fall'n is thy fame! And thro' a - ges of bond - age and

slaugh-ter, Thy coun - try shall bleed for thy shame.

FOURTH VERSE.

Al - rea - dy, the curse is up - on her, And stran - gers her val - leys pro-

fane; They come to di - vide—to dis - ho - nour, And ty - rants they

long will re - main! But on - ward! the green ban - ner rear - ing, Go,

flesh ev'-ry sword to the hilt; On *our* side is VIR - TUE and

E - RIN, On *theirs* is the SAX - ON and GUILT.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE.

(AIR—SHEELA NA GUIRA.)

With lightness, and in moderate time.

Oh! had we some bright lit-tle Isle of our own, In a blue summer