

An Céad Sníom
 An céad Radart: Tairg na Mara Riabaice,
 Loé an Coipeáin An i meallaib Ciarrurde.
 Таган помит даоие истае, sean duine, seanbean,
 cailín ós 7 Aod Dall. Cnutaíne caoc.

Act I.
 Scene I.

Muireagh strand Waterville, Co: Kerry.
 Enter some peasants, an old man, an old woman, a girl,
 and Hugh Dall, a blind Harper.

Moderato.

Sean bean.
 Old woman.

O sead surd-pead ann-so zus leis-pead
 Let me rest here a lit-tle, and take

scit Mar tá mo cosa cnáite ósuidal na cnáza Dob' éapomuan do muicfmi cníci
 breath, My feet are weary of the silver sands, That once I frolicked over like a wave.

Cailín.
 Girl.

O maéan, rabais se muic'saozal-sa ós?
 Gran-ny were you ever young at all?

Sean Duine.
 Old man.

Cailín.
 Girl.

bí, bí sí, ós' ba bheáig-ta i ná cú Ní oéap-rá
 Ah! she wastwice as fair andyoung as you. You would not

Sean Duine.
Old man.

síú dá mbeitea féiniú ós Áit inn-sro éir-eac
 say so if your eyes were young. Young lips can lie, though.

Sean bean.
Old woman.

O seadó tán ceart a- ci táimíó cionta 'naois do lag ar maóair do
 Ah!Shaun, but she is right we are grown old, indeed Our eyes are dim Our

cuir sinn cúl le gréin, is terdeam ar scáil a-mac uainn noimain is tá ar g-cnocáin óinn
 backs are to the sun, our shadows go, A head of us, and all our hills are climbed.

Sean Duine.
Old man.

Síú óige an nro is cnuairde dá bfuil san t-saogal
 Youth is the hardest thing in all the world.

Sean bean.
Old woman.

Duilleóga glas - a is spunc is dáil - ta óuinn is bíonn an óige ag feuc - aint noim-pi
 What have green leaves in common with dead spunk? The young folk look a head in to the

cresc.

ḡnáiḡ Ní tuḡ sunn fém-íḡ ḡéill-eaḡ tḡáḡ uḡn hac uḡ ḡáin - im - ís uḡ
 spring. May be — we flouted the grey heads our - selves; And laughed because the

bḡíḡ náin b'ei - uḡn' leḡ soléin uḡ uḡap - eaḡ tḡap — an peihḡ uḡ
 old - eyes could not see. More than the graves out — on church Island there.

Is cuarḡ 1 - ḡcom - nurde bíonn an óige a mic
 Young hearts are hard hearts ever - y where a - vick!

Cailín.
Girl.

Uḡ Dall.
Hugh Dall.

Las - maḡaic ná tḡáḡḡ an 'ḡus dall ann - so Uḡt éíonn an
 Who talks of dim eyes with a blind man here? This blind man

Cailín.
Girl.

Uḡ.
Hugh.

dall so saḡal nac léin uḡit fém Aḡ bḡiú uḡínn feiscint? bḡiú fero beasa beḡ Ní leḡ - feaḡ
 sees a world shut out from you. A world worth seeing? Ah! so fair a world, That no one

o'inne t'uaig do glac - ad o'iom
 who has eyes shall pi - ty me.

Piu andante.
 Noö.
 Hugh.

blac'heim an tsaozail mé péim do' cös Seo' loct na súl bí go' olúic n-a coimáin is
 Rose of the world she has chosen me, Out of the world full of men that see, She

s'gaoileann soil - se im' t'inceall's poimam ma'is is do'ig le' daoinib' go' mbim pé' ceo'
 fills my dark with a core of light, When the neighbours think I am steeped in night.

'blac'heim 'sa' z'párd' neac' b'iomn' cannt' go' le'om' A'z' curd' aca' meisteac't' cois' t'ise' mo' me'om' A'cc
 Rose of the world they have words ga - lore (For wide's the swing of my mother's door), But their

sum ní' éur-im' n-a' n'glus-an' z'loip' Ma'is ní' ha'oilb'-im' séan' ac't' tar' éis' an' b'hoim
 voice blows by me like blowing rain, For they know not joy if they know not pain.

mf

blāc žem na n-ān - am is
Rose of the world, the

řearm im ōdic cporōe bmis - eao ro' dēro - se 'na sēan beas sožail Nān
grief you give Is worth all prayers a man may outlive, Is

up - nio a dēar - ai - ois bēice ap noōm lns an orōce cap ēis an
worth all prayers that the col - leens say On the night that darkens the

mf

lae n-ān řōs. blāc - žem an ōm - am uc labm' - ois leo Nēt
wedding day. Rose of the world, they may talk their fill, But

cap - bmin řo bīac is cām beō řōs Cūm-ro ōaol - ne sīos ap a
dreams are good and my life stands still, While their lives' red ash - es the

p cresc. *colla voce* *rit.*

n-ghíomairca úo póim an Is mo éaró - breann an ghaoi glan mo éraibín éno
 gos - sips blow, And I dream of your beauty, "Mo creevin cno!"

Cailín.
Girl. Moderato.

Cao é an ghaoi seo cín ché' óail-le Aoó?
 What is this Beauty that your darkness sees?

Aoó.
Hugh.

Ní feadaim innsint duit. Cán chit a' ghaó mo chroíde 's mo éiríte an - doim, cán spéir a'
 I cannot tell you now I'm out of tune Heart strings and harp strings both, and all the

Cailín.
Girl.

dubaí air Ní fada an báisteacuaim anois d'air hom Ní comairca flice in - éan - cor ins an
 Is changed to me as if a storm was nigh There is no look of storm in all the

Aoó.
Hugh.

spéir sky. I zchoró-éib daoine cá 'zus comairca duit Do - cím - se'núis a - nois is
 The storm is in mens hearts then and 'tis near, I see a face now and I

clois - in céim d'ainéig - int cúigainne a5 tráct mar beadh a5 siúbal ar sneactaó N'feicim
hear a step, As soft as Hat-red, go- ing on its way snow footed. Here is

Aoib.
Hugh.

doimne a'c' s'inn féin Tá Fuat a5 teact is stóin is seo cúigain í.
no one but our selves. I tell you Hatred comes and she is here.

Máire.
Maire.

Maire enters here.

An raibé ar-an lánamain tá uaib-se'm-so
Do you wait here to see the bride pass by?

tá sé ró lu- ac Tá sí'g uimurde fós l séip-eal lóe-pa tall ar
You are too early, she is still at prayer Yon-der in Loh-er chapel

Sean bean.
Old woman.

Máire.
Maire.

báinn an énuic An maic 'oí? Tá n-a gnús gealspéin -
on the hill. How looks she? With the April face of

Cailín.
Girl.

Allegro moderato.

- páin brides. Ó beáó Oh, I Sam-uaó sam subac in June is in chorde Oá bfuizinn beir pósc' ó'n I could give my hand to

Óro le RíMaí cá Muirghéis sup' ómeaó oi bain-riózan An ní gus níos na bancaicé such a mate As Muirghéis weds to day, a king of men, Meet for a rose of women.

Moderato.

Sean bean.
Old woman.

Tá ai - ci féin She has fate cinneamam fé maí — is lommuirgeann sean maí seó i mbéal a — b'rázaó i un-der her feet, and wears up-on her breast Fortune for wed-ding

Cailín.
Girl.

Máire.
Maire.

5-com-nuróe fa - vour. 'Soó leó' ceao chorde Óiam-ma - da seao bíonn maí féin-in ann. Cabrios d'uirse Nay not so, 'Tis Diarmuid's heart she wears for favour there. What do you

agitato

Cailín.
Girl.

uaob a chorde know of hearts? Is mó is eól dam féin ná d'uir - s'a bean an Much more than you, whose heart is col - der than the

ciorde dall-áin, Sur ruaine ort na cloic fé'n n-ghaort a - mar An bail - e
 Dru - id stones When the west wind blows o - ver Bal - ly - brack, And brings the

Máire. Maire. Cailín. Girl.

bneac lá báis-cige. Éist do béal cuir uair do lean-a-bardeact Feann sóin ná
 rain up with it. Hold your peace! you talk with a child's tongue. You with a snakes.

Máire. Maire. Cailín. Girl.

Níon bé do leanas fé n-earrú tú éar-cuis-muzaó Níon maré leat éinn-e is
 I have not stung you for your foo - lish - ness? You would have no one

Máire. Maire.

feann fíos ná tú féin So denim ní feann fíos out-se ná dom féin
 wi - ser than yourself. I do not see a wi - ser seeing you

Cailín. Girl.

Sead, tá d'ghaordecáir - in ar do súil - ib rós Nó eir - i - óis an lonn - maó seirce ar
 Ah! there is some bewitchment on your eyes, Or else they would have seen the light a -

gnuis shine,
 On Diarmuids face when Muirgheis looks at him,
 Ní maic leat You have no

Sean Duine.
Old man.

iad - san. love looks!
 Dia go bfeac - aib oir Then - God mend your sight.
 Is geall le You wo - men

scean - aib zeun' baircean - ca mna talk with tongues as sharp as knives.
 Cais - in ba oib - is le sui - ne oiaib What is this wed - ding that you speak of

gur cog - ad moir ta ann bail - is - mis linn ac, cao ta oir
 it As though it were a war? Let us go hence, what ails you man?

Do. Hugh.

Na smaoin - te 'ca dom' ead? Nay but what - ails my dreams?
 Na leor mar cas leat mise im' sean - oir Is it not ill enough that I am

(Feels his way to Marie, and lays his hand on her arm.)

Maire. Máire.

rall.
 cé comac uair lem súil - íb soil - se lae? bóis díom is leig dom féin
 blind, Háving once seen the day, how fair it is? Loose me and let me go

Aoó. Hugh.

rall.

O leig dom' smaoin - - - cib
 Let go my dreams, my dreams.

colla voce

Ainmín beirce.
Aoó agus Máire.

Duet.
Hugh and Maire.

Moderato. *p* Hugh.

Is dubac' do bío na smaoince agam' snac' leór' h'íb' dole' m' comair' d'ur' cáill-eas' maóaire na
 My dreams are dark, Is it not ill enough that I am blind. And know not Love, and

m'gin - nos' so's nac' léir' dam'ruo' níos mó' nac' léir' dam'ruac' seoc' uas-aill-cion' go
 know not Love from Hatred till she speaks, My dreams are dark I can not see the

cresc.

tráct' do' gúib - se' nóim' ná' bíac' an' móis' lá' pós - tá'z' teact' ar' leac - ain' b'ruinneal
 rose on bri - dal cheeks, Nor how the brown sail fills be - fore the wind, be - fore the

óg An t-éine a's uil trémarcinn ná an saol a's marcaó seóí
 wind. Nor how the hill-fern bla-zes, bla-zes at a spark?

Máire. Maire. *p*
 Do smaoin-te an t-ubac? Do smaoin-te an t-ubac? San ghl-eact bí dá
 Are your dreams dark? Are your dreams dark? 'Tis not 'tis not my

Hugh.
 O cáro mo smaoin-te ninn-eac t-ub-don t-saogal bíod' rios mo léoin is
 My dreams are dark Your sha-dow o-ver all their lights are thrown, they

geoinneact-san nion n-ú-cas-sa léim'sgáil Dón m-úcaó n-ím cá mar-teas oib' gear-
 sha-dow on their brightness thrown. I do but dar-ken dreams that are my
 éim do scáil-se is m-úcaó an r-ao n-a geoinn is m-úcaó an r-ao n-a geoinn. An's scía c-án
 wear a twilight that is not their own, that is not their own. I hear the

-an Do smaoin-te an t-ubac? *agitato*
 own: Are your dreams dark? 'Tis

leacáin cum a-tán fuis-eó' An's sglac-án leacáin cum a-tán fuis-eó' mo smaoin-te's t-ubac
 bat cry si-lent is the lark, I hear the bat cry si-lent is the lark. My dreams are dark...

mf

féin do múcaó a éu-ro, 's do'n tsaógal tá soim i n-dán — Tú féin do múcaó a
 your own hand that steers your dreamer's barque In - to the dark — 'Tis your own hand that

mf

Is cím do sgáil-se's múc - ad ar fáo n-a zcomair. O
 Your sha-dow o - ver all their lights, their lights is thrown. My

cresc.

éuro, 's do'n tsaógal tá soim i n-dán — Do'n tsaógal tá soim i n-dán
 steers your dreamer's barque In - to the dark, — your dreams, your dreams are dark.

cresc.

tá mo smaomte dub do'n tsaógal bíod fíos mo leóin O tá mo smaom-te dubac.
 dreams are dark your sha - dow o - ver all their lights is thrown My dreams are dark.

cresc. *rit.*

Più mosso. *And.*
 Hugh.

Cloisim fás na feifis' is - cijs ro' éhorde — A
 I can hear an-ger grow-ing in your heart — A

Cailín.
 Girl.

blác zan top-ao's fíe - ama fo - la faoi báo A
 bar - ren bloss-om with a blood - red root. A

And.
Hugh.

cóir sup luib má fásann am-lair meap O vein a sca-éad's gaib de éos - aib
flower that grows so fast must be a weed. Pluck it and tram-ple on it, flower or

ann no loic-frò sé pollámeact blác is crann is scaip-frò nua a - nuas ar barr a
weed, Lest it should o-ver-top all wholesome growths, And drop its blighting dew's u-pon their

Maire.
mf Maire.

g-ceann heads. Marbúigead a nua mé féin ar dtuais, ann - soin Do mórta m'ao
Let but its ve-nom kill me first, and then Do what you

dim. *Più andantino.* *Maire.* *p*

vein - se leis - leis féin is liom Do lean mo má-éair
will with it - with it and me. My Mother heard a —

glaod éaoiphúim The páir-cib crú - ne an Éleannán is seal n-a díaró fé n-éall-caibrouba Do
curlew cry, And followed it - ac - ross Glenmore, And un-derneath a - moonless sky A

più accel. cresc.

cuḡ - aḡ cūḡ - tī mise ḡn mōin Scaḡ - aḡ m'fuisce as tḡeanfuisce Ní héact an aoro-e im'
 changling child my mother bore Born of the fae ry blood am I, A bit - ter doom I

colla voce

p a tempo rall.

cōin Do bḡuigḡ mē bás Ní hom an saḡal Ní hom - sa é ná Tīn na nḡḡ
 dree: Earth is not mine un - til I die, And Tir - na 'nog is - not for me.

colla voce

mf a tempo cresc.

An caomhán úo 'ob' aoin de glaoḡ Fé roeanḡ dom pēin beic
 My mother heard a - cur - lew cry, And heard it to her

mf cresc.

cuil - ce bḡon Cé scaḡ - aḡ m'fuisce i tḡeanfuisce ls ra - va mé ó Tīn na nḡḡ. Aḡc
 daughter's woe; Ah! born of fae ry blood am I, Yet far a way from Tir - na 'nog. I

nuain do bḡonn an saḡal pē suam Tīḡ uan - ta síde le ceól Aḡc gurde ná ḡol ní
 hear winds sigh a fae ry song, When half the world's a - sleep; In two worlds I - have

p *rall.*

caibair dom uair A - bus is tall beid buairtinn' eoir
 suf - fered wrong, I - can not pray, I - can not weep.

Moderato.

colla voce

Do.
Hugh.

Tá cair-deoil-se agat i-meas na síde cé tá agat cean-za zéar
 You do not lack for friends a - mong the Shee for all your bit - ter tongue.

Máire.
Maire.

Ca briosuit sin? Is fíor nac cair-a tusa dom Do Duill
 How do you know? For you at least Hugh Dall, are not my friend.

Cailín.
Girl.

Ní feadaim Máire cad is cair-deas ann Níon tús sí zráo do Muir-geis
 Mai - re does not know what friendship means. She gave no love to Muir-geis,

cé sup ól Sí lact éan-mác - an léi. N-a haon-an bíod Am sáma an bán; Ní
 though she drank One mother's milk with her. She stood a - part From all our games she

óean-fad sú-gha linn Nái uchoir na bráis tí-páirt aī- cī ní bíod
 knew not how to play, She could not ev-en quarrel like a child.

Máire. **Maire.** **Cailín.** **Girl.**
 Níon síl-eas miam gur loct ar uinne stuaim Taoi lán de loct - taib, taoi com stuamra
 I had not thought that widows was a fault. You are all faults because you are so

Máire. **mf Maire.** **agitato**
 soim Dab 'mac is fás - - tar mis' im' aon - ar seal 'smo loct - ta liom. Ní
 wise. Pass out and leave me to the com - pa - ny of mine own faults. I

háil liom loct - ta lib Tá m'an - am uimh go leór mair 'tá sé 'nois Cu - ma
 have no need of yours To make my soul more humble than it is. Fool - ish

liom - sa soim Tá eas - la oráib - berdeasla a - zam dom 'dion Ar buairear ta troim a fa - da cráidte'n
 folk are wise, and fear me then and fear shall be my crown And cloak against the sorrows of the

Cailín.
Girl.

p

τ-saogail world. Ní h-éinbean daonna í. Sluais-i - mis linn féin Is And

She is not human. Let us go our way

Aoð.
Hugh.

féigai - mis í féin 's a heas-la 'nso lompuigíó m'as-aíó uatí'í eas - la buailfínn

leave her to her king-dom made of fear. Turn my face from her lest I take her

p cresc. *sf* *p cresc.*

Máire.
Maire.

léi Ró-óip-cá dain-sa'n pón n-a d'ghiallam sí Tá a leanas as im - ceact leó - cá,

path, The road she goes is ov-er dark for me Their fool - ish ness goes with them,

sf *p cresc.*

Exeunt Peasants.

buíde le Cnom praise the gods!

Muirgheis enters with Diarmuid

sf *sf* *p* *mf* *f*

dim.

Muirgheis.
Muirgheis.

mf ³

Cao cúig éir fan - ais siar and ní do ráo Thuair
Why did you stand a-loof and say no word When

Máire.
Maire.

mf ³

bí mo cáir-de saoil ag beann-uíad dam. Ní bean saoil
all my other kins.folk greeted me? I am no

³

duit na déin-ne'a Muir-gheis mé Oá bpóg - fann cú
kins - woman of yours, Muir - gheis, And did I kiss.

p

ní póg fann aéc do lámh. Com - dal - cá má ba cus' is
I did but kiss your hand. If you and I were comrades

cresc.

mis' in - dé Tá fáin-ne moiu ag déan-am ban - niozan díot Duíom éomai
yes-ter day, You wear a ring to-day that makes you queen, And me the

Muirgheis
Muirgheis.

measc do ban-*tracht* feas-ta mé. Naic bliúite i b*rao* ná som an ceangal
chief among your waiting-*maids*. Do I not hold you by a dea-*rer*

Máire.
Maire.

g*há*o *Tá* ead-*rainn'* a-*raon* b*ris-eann* p*ós* - a*o* i*ao* N*ós* b*ao*g*al* g*o*
bond, O fos-*ter* sis-*ter?* Marriage must un-*tie* All oth-*er*

Muirgheis.
Muirgheis.

mb*ris* - p*róe* a*n* a cean-*gail* f*éin* N*ic* cao *tá* u*air* a-*nois?* Ú-
bonds to make its own knots fast. What would you have of me? Fresh

-b*lá*ta a-*ris* C*um* p*leas*-*ca* i g*co*ir*mo* c*inn* D*o* éa*g* sé seo
flowers to make A new wreath for my hair. This glar-*lands* dead

Máire.
Maire.

f ag*itato* D*o* lea*g* i-*stí*g f*é* coir*n* - *lib* S*ea*o dá mb*áil* lea*t* p*éar*-*lá*
The chapel torches killed it. Had you worn pearls for your

cup n-a n-áit ní féob'rao síad, Fé teas ná fuact a Ríogán Páan -
gar land it had never bleached For heat or cold, Muirgheis. But

cresc. *f* *p*

Máire. Moderato.
Maire. *p*

-laí na ndéan Cúis deán páan - laí Cúis deán an
pearls mean tears. If pearls mean tears so do the

p

4015 blionn teact na mblianta síon Is mian 'n-a roiar' sead blionn Má's
years The seasons come and go And change us as they pass. And

mf *cresc.*

buannt dúinn nó cup síol Dhoé-páan nó an-ban burde A mna beró sib'se ag caoi Man
if we sow or reap Good corn or weedy grass. Ah! women must often weep O'er

dim.

caill - fró sib bunghaoí, oc-ón leas-muirg' ve Tír na nÓg.
what they cannot keep except A - las! in Tir - na 'Nog.

rall. *colla voce*

Αἰμῶν βεῖρε.
Μυῖρῆῖς ἄγυς Μᾶιρε.

Duet.
Muirgheis and Maire.

Muirgheis. *mf* a tempo

Maire. *mf* a tempo

Cúis deór péar - laí Cúis deór an 40is bíonn
If — pearls mean tears so do the years The

Ἄν ἡγ - τᾶ ἰς ὀρίῃ ἕο
If you would go — To

τέσσερ να μιλιάδαντα σίον ἰς ἡμῶν ἡμερῶν ἕσθ' ὀρίον Μᾶ'ς βυαντ' ὀρίον ἢ ἔσθ' ὀρίον
seasons come and go And change us as they pass. And — if we sew or reap Good

Τίρ-να ἠὸς — βεᾶρ φῖν - νε ἑὸρθε ἰὸ' εἰθὸ ἰς ὀρίῃ - ε'ς μερὸν ἰὸ' εἰθὸν. Ἄν
Tir-na 'Nog — You would be al - ways fair And young and mer - ry there. If

-ρέαρ ἠὸ ἄμ - βαρ βυῖθε Ἄ ἡμῶν βεῖρε σῖβ-σε ἄγυς καὸι Μᾶρ
corn or wee - dy grass Ah! women must of - ten weep O'er

ἡγ - τᾶ ἰς ὀρίῃ — ἕο — Τίρ - - - να ἠὸς βεᾶρ φῖν - νε
you — would go — To — Tir - - - na 'Nog You would be

éall - ríò sib buirgnaoi, óc - ón leat-smuirg de Tír na nÓg. Ah! Éiríó Ah! Éiríó ní beinn - se
 what they can-not keep A-las not e'en in Tir-na'Nog Ah! love, ah love I would not
 coróce ro' éidó is óig' is meóir ro' éóir
 al-ways fair And young and mer-ry there.

colla voce

síor San mian is mian ro' gnaoi ní beinn, a gnaó - ní beinn, ní beinn a gnaó
 be unchanged if Time changed thee Ah! no, no, no Ah! no, no, no, no, no.

Diarmuid.
 Diarmuid.

Ah!

Amháin tríúir.

Trio.

Muirgéis.
 Muirgheis.

Māire.
 Maire.

Diarmuid.
 Diarmuid.

Ah! Éiríó Ah! Éiríó ní beo-se síor san
 Ah! love love Ah Her love it would not be un-

Éiríó a Éiríó ní beir-eá síor san mian is mian ro' gnaoi, a gnaó, a gnaó, - ní beir-eá
 love, ah love you would not be unchanged if Time changed thee Ah! no, no, no Ah! no, no,

cresc.

ζῆλό _____ Νί βεινν-σε σίον *p* ζαν μιαν *p* is
 I would not be Unchanged if
 μιαν is μιαν ιο' ζῆνοι ζαν μιαν is μιαν ιο' ζῆνοι, α ζῆλό *p*
 changed if Time changed thee Her love it would not be unchanged
 σίον no νί Ah! βει-τεά σίον — ζαν μιαν ζαν μιαν ιο'
 no Ah! love ah love, you would not be un

μιαν ιο' ζῆνοι _____ Νί βεινν, α ζῆλό Νί βεινν
 Time changed thee, _____ Ah! no, no, no, no, no.
 ζαν μιαν is μιαν ιο' ζῆνοι
 if Time changed thee, no, no.
 ζῆνοι Νί βει-τεά σίον ζαν μιαν ιο' ζῆνοι
 changed if Time changed thee, Ah! no, no, no.

Μάιη.
Maire.

Più mosso.

Αν πᾶς-ρά ι ναοις, ο σῆλε ας ειη-ζε ναι Do co - sa βιό σο
 Would you grow old and feel your eyes grow dim, Your feet walk slower

cresc.

héad-ghom fút go mall; Do cárú - póit dub a' dul i léi - te siar; An caor óo'
 that were once so light, Your hair's black cloud be changed to locks of gray The rose fade

Muirghéis.
 Muirghéis.

mf *Andante.* *p*

ghuairis a' ghiall Do m'ádhann go deimhin O m'ádhao i n-aois is fill-fíod suan m'
 on your cheek? Ah! ev - en so I shall grow old and sleep beside the

dáil fire, Is béid mo éiríde gan bíod' gan dá - ile g'haic Dá
 fire, And feel my old heart empty of de - sire Though

Agitato. *rit.* *rit.*

mí - ne líom - ta éiríom an fíul n-a pás Mar tá dhann gaoi - te soilse ar cíot Aib -
 now the blood is dancing through my veins As April sunbeams dance through A - pril

mf *rit.*

- peáin rains. Nuair péacáim no - man b'ro nó énuic f'ghaois ar fásháil 'N-a
 I that now look a head and see blue hills shall

p

mball-aib crio-na reo'c'parosaog'han spás in' uis-ge cí - fear fionn mo saogail ag
 seebrownwallsandallmylife de - stils of wineshallchangeto water andgrow

p

crá'c' cold, nuair ma'gao I 1 - n - aois grow old. Sin Hope

Più mosso.

mf

sga' - ta dó'c'as mór - da liom go bhá'c Nuair buail-tear dó'ise geobas sa geit im'
 shall not be my comrade an - y more I shall start up at knocking on the

rit. *cresc.*

lár door, Le h-éinne'ar uainain gur cu'ram é ón mbás 1
 Thinking Death comes for some be'loved of mine I

rit. *mf*

n'gair - be ma'gao i b'p'et'om cum sníom - aó sná'c 1s
 shall spin coarser thread while yet more fine My

rit.

snáct mo saoiḡil-se i mi-ne dul de ḡnáct Aict maḡaid i ndil-seaict coró-ce leat-sa a
 lifethread grows, yet dearer I shall be. for every day love I grow old with

mf *rit.*

ḡnád Maḡ olú-éaid cporóce mí - le uap níos fearr Nuair maḡaid i
 thee For hearts grow deeper and hands closer fold, When they grow

f *p*

mf *p*

Diarmuid. *mf* **Allegretto.**

n-aois | n-aois má maḡaid is veinn naé dom is eól Mo
 old. | If you grow old I shall not know it sweet. My

mf

ḡnád-sa beró n-a sol - us duit ió' éneó In fall-umḡ dín sa ḡeimeadó duit go
 love shall be a torch to light your feet, A cloak to keep you from the winter's

f

veó N-a ta - ca duit 'sn-a cloic ro-buadairḡ ió' éndinn Tá
 cold, A crown to crown you and a hand to hold. Up -

f

gnáis is deall-*rain* Sain-*rad* moim ro' beól
 on your lips and in your eyes to day
 S i b'fiozán do mall-*posg* leabair gan cáim gan
 You have the very breath and look of

cresc.

gō May, Tá *chroíde* geal Sain-*rad* teann-*ta* i láir do éibé beat S i-n If
 And in your breast the heart of May will beat

aois má *razaí* is deimín naé dom is eól
 you grow old I shall not know it sweet.

Muirgéis.
Muirgheis.

Amhrán tríúir.

Trio.

Máire. In - aois má *razaó* is deimín gur duit-se is eól Do
 Maire. If I grow old you will not know it sweet Thy

Diarmuid. If n - - aois do *razaí* is deimín gur dam-sa is
 Diarmuid. If n - -

mf

ḡḡḗḗ ní béiré 'n-a sol - us ḡam im' épreḡ
love shall be a torch to light my feet. In' A

eól ḡur ḡam - - sa's eól
sweet not know it sweet His

ḗois má ḡḗḡḗḡ is ḡeimín náḡ ḡam is eól In - ḗois má ḡḗḡḗḡ is ḡeimín náḡ
you grow old I shall not know it sweet, I shall not know it know it

ḡall-ung óin sa ḡeim-ḡeḗḗ ḡam ḡo ḡeḡ
cloak to keep me from the win - ter's cold N-a A

ḡḡḗḗ san mbic 'n-a sol - us ḡeí ne 'ḡeḡ In' ḡall-ung óin sa ḡeim-ḡeḗḗ
love shall be a torch to light your feet If you grow old he shall not

ḡam is eól náḡ ḡam is
sweet, I shall not know it

éa - ca ná 'n-a éloic ḡó-buaḗḗḡ im' éḡóinn
crown to crown me and a hand to hold. In' If

ḡó ḡo ḡeḡ
know it know it sweet N-a His

eól náḡ ḡam is eól
sweet, not know it sweet Mo My

ζῆνις ἢ γεῖν-ῆμιν Σαμ-παρὸ ἄνοιῖν ἡμ' ἔσθι Νί ριοζαρ μο μἄλ-ποζ λεβαρη ζαν
 I grow old you will not know it sweet Your love shall be a torch to
 ἔα-α ἢ ἡ-α εἰοῖς ῥό-βυαδῆζ ἰο' εἰομῆρ, ἡν - αοῖς μἄ ραζαρη ἰς
 love shall be a torch to light your feet- If you grow old he
 ζῆρὸ-σα βερὸ ἡ-α ἰοῖ-αζ οὐτ ἰο' εἰοῖ, ἡν - αοῖς μἄ
 love shall be a torch to light your feet- If you grow

εἰμ ζαν ζὸ Νί ερῶδε ζεα Σαμπαρὸ τεανν - - τα ἰ ἡμ μο εἰὸ ἴ ἡ-αοῖς μἄ ραζαο ἰς
 light my feet- If I grow old you will not know it sweet, You will not know it
 οἰμῆν ἡα εἰὸ ἰς εἰὸ ἰς οἰμῆν ἡα εἰὸ ἰς
 shall not know it sweet he shall not know it
 ραζαρη ἰς οἰμῆν ἡα εἰὸ ἰς εἰὸ ἡν - αοῖς μἄ
 old I shall not know it sweet, If you grow

οἰμῆν ζαρ οὐτ-σε'ε εἰὸ.
 sweet, not know it sweet.
 εἰὸ ἡα εἰὸ ἰς εἰὸ.
 sweet, not know it sweet.
 ραζαρη ἰς οἰμῆν ἡα εἰὸ ἰς εἰὸ, ἡα εἰὸ ἰς εἰὸ.
 old, I shall not know it sweet not know it sweet.

Moderato.

Máire.
Maire.

Is buan bíonn an Sainnao i dTír na nÓg
 May is immortal but in Tir na Nog

Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.

Is buan do bíonn an Sainnao i dTír na nÓg
 May is immortal in my lady's heart. Dáim - What

Muirgheis.
Muirgheis.

-deómna-briac a5 gnásalas an aois
 ev - er raven croaks of change and age. Cía cuim éinniu a5 smaomead' i Tír na nÓg
 Who turned your thoughts to day to fairyland?

Máire.
Maire.

Ná fuil mo ní tréis riac do gheim oíom
 Was I not called a raven by my king? San té do pós is fuair an
 And sure - ly he who chose a

Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.

clúid do féin cá gnó'ge síúo de gná-sall - aís
 dove for mate knows that the loyal - ist ra - ven can na briac ní
 but croak. Your

rios do náro n-a ocaobact suro a-mám 'bful píop an smóil ag fiac beas áir - i - te
king knows now of ravens naught save this That one is throated like the nigh - tin-gale.

A - nois a Mair-geis is a Mair-ne binu ba maic lom ruam buu
Sing Muirgheis and Mai - re that I may hear The sunbeams threading

Più moderato.

ngot - a ceoil do élos
through the liquid rain.

Máire.
Maire. *p*

Oraġann gan moill go Tir - na nÓg Fé
Oh I would go to Tir - na 'Nog And

éio - e meò na Síde — lu' láim béar fann-ne'n den-ġ òr Is mionn im' òr - foit
wear the fae - ry red; — And wear a gold ring on my hand, A gold crown on my

Muirgéis.
Muirgheis.

burde O - ró 'Susmionn m' dh-foit burde. — An mbéi - ceá coróc' i tCí na nÓg San
head o - ro! A gold crown on my head — Would you be al - ways glad and gay And

buaróirte gan bhóin san oíe — San dúil a - zat sannuill - ea - bar A g teac t hí meádh an
nev - er sigh to see — The old green spring, the A - pril day, The new leaves on the

éirinn O - ró A g teac t hí meádh an éirinn —
tree o - ro! The new leaves on the tree? —

Máire.
Maire. p
Níor beas orm an uillea - bar níos Dá sgeroe chí meádh an
I would not miss the fick - le spring And sad I would not

éirinn Ná fuigeallac páis ar blác - aib níos Fé ceas nár cón - urí sinn O - ró Fé
be — To see new ro - ses bloss - oming 'Neath light that warmed not me, o - ro! 'Neath

cresc.

Muirgheis.
Muirgheis. *p*

Ní raḡaimn - se féin go Tír na nÓg Maḡ
I would not go to Tir na nog I

ḡeas náḡ cōḡ - uirḡ sin I ḡcḡíoc - aib meadóin Ní beinn go deó Óa
light that warmed not me I would not live on mid - dle earth If

raḡaimn leim' stóḡ i n - aois beinn páir - teac leis i n - uil - e sóḡ Sin
would grow old with you — And share all joys that you may know, And
dim.

bḡuirḡinn beirḡ beó 'sin sírde Óo féirḡ mo meóin cum meóirḡ is ceóil
I could ev - er be — One bub - ble of the fae - ry mirth, A
dim.

cresc.

uil - e óó - lás cḡorde, oc - ón Sin uil - e óó - lás cḡorde. —
all the sor - rows too; Ochone! And all the sor - rows too. —

measḡ na slóirḡ - te sírde oc - ón I measḡ na slóirḡ - te sírde. —
wave up - on the sea; Ochone! A wave up - on the sea. —

dim.

Máire.
Maire. *p*

Ní siubloḡaimn féin - is féar ciamurde Óa - bḡuirḡinnse lí - bḡuirḡ óirḡ — Ní
I would not walk on Ker - ry grass If gold floors I could tread — I

cresc.

fan-fann fain san t-saogal ó cinn tuis searic gan díc a dót oc - ón tuis searic gan díc a
 would not dwell where all things pass And love on loss is fed; O chone! And love on loss is

Muirgéis.
Muirgheis.

Trio.

Ní raḡaim-se fain go tTir na nÓg Mar raḡaim le m scór i n - aois — beinn
 I would not go to Tir na nog I would grow old with you — And

Máire.
Maire.

dót — I t - c - ríoc - aib meadóim Ní beinn go deó Da t - f - uirgim beic beó 's im suide — Ó
 fed — I would not live on mid - dle earth If I would ev - er be — A

Diarmuid.
Diarmuid.

ḡac cion — ḡac cion ḡac séan ḡac séan dá mbeadó ort fain — Is
 I'd share, — I'd share all joys, all joys that you may know — And

cresc.

páir - teac leis i n' uil - e sóḡ S in
 share all joys that you may know And

fain mo meóin cum meróir is ceóil I measḡ na slóḡ - te sróe oc - ón I
 bub - ble of the fae - ry mirth A wave up - on the sea; O chone! A

páirt — ic' léan baó hóm. Is
 all — the sor - rows too. And

(Exeunt)

uill-e óó-las cno-í-óe oc-ón.
all the sor-rows too, the sor-rows too.

measg na slóig-te síde.
wave up-on the sea.

(Exeunt)

páirt ic' leán gan lúim.
all the sor-rows too.

Moderato.

Máire.
Maire. (Invocation)

Éin-íir bí 'zus cá l-bráirt le gán-taib éan-lairt Leig dom sás - am
Thou who wast and art A part of each birds cry-ing. Give me com - fort

ófáíl i n-árá an ceó m' éilí A Rí na sCair na b'fíod San cúban sír-séir - ce O
 for the sor-row of my heart, Thou who art rocks and weeds and foam-bells fly-ing, Give

éist, Lem' gurde Mo éirde-se an bun-éairí cios M'an-ál - sa ní sám a t'breac Do
 ear, give heed! My heart is the ne-ther rock My soul has no room for breath; Thy

béal-sa fos-gail san éan-moill San aorde tá cuíam Liom-sa
 si-lence I pray thee un-lock, Pro-nounce the word that is

Più mosso.
 sgaol. death. 'Dann iní na Daib-é, cois na taol - de
 Donn of the sea-vats, of the sand - hills!

colla voce

'Dann, Donn, rap cuíam. ap - pear.

rall.

pp

Moderato.

Donn.
Donn.

Cad cuirge glaoðam tú oim a bean gan tim-e
Why do you call on me O bitter woman?

Máire.
Maire.

Più mosso.

Ós Rí na dtom tú's neart do lám in'
Be-cause you rule the sea, and have the

óic Snac tnuag leat éin-ne, sé tob' eag-al linn
strength I need with-out the good-ness that I fear.

Più Allegro.

Donn.
Donn.

Ní bhonnaim eanna ar daoin-e an tsaogal Acc
I give no gifts to earth. I sell sea-

sgoic - a maia is fliod-na is eisg A bun na n-eas, sead'oiolaim fém San
flowers and all strange lives that dwell, In ooze, and weed, and fluted shell, What

Máire. Donn. a tempo
Maire. Donn.
gceannogáin ceann? Cao é ceannogáin? San gceannogáin ceann? An nglac-fáin blá-éa cubáin a
will you buy? What will I buy? What will you buy? Will you have fragile flowers of

rit.
colla voce

laog beas tam-all gáin san dul i n-éas Nó'n las-aín gnáic an úir aoi-
spray A moment white, then blown a - way, Or sea fires gleaming in the

-béis Is cea - éa ná - na duba san spéin? Fear'oiol - ta a lán'oiob síro mé
bay When storm is brooding in the sky; A mer-chant of sea-ware am

Máire. *meno mosso*
Maire. *3*
fém San gceann-ógáin ceann? Ní iáin-aim seó, ceannógáin-se suan Com
I What will you buy? I ask no gift. I would buy sleep As

p *colla voce*

dominn dar nó le bōc-na buan Ó d'fás mo scór u-a deóró mé i mbuaigíre 'Sba
 dreamless as the sea is deep; Loves' eyes have seen and passed me by, And

Donn. *rall.* Máire. a tempo
 Donn. Maire.
 suan lom bás An mian leat bás? buó mian lom bás Cúg bean dam gráó dá wáil-im
 I would die. And you would die? Yes I would die. The wo.man loves me whom I

rall.
colla voce

fuac Éus fear mo gráó do lán-óro uaim Is mise m'craó gac lá go
 hate, The man that I would take for mate Loves her, al-as, and loves not

duairc Is mise m'craó gac lá go duairc Mar éirinn do cápla an lán go
 me, Loves her al-as, and loves not me, My life is bro-ken as a

luac An splanc dá bean-naó deiríó go buaic Ó sgaoil lom bás.
 tree Where on the light.ing fell of late.Sell death to me.

cresc.

Máire.
Maire.

Ó sgaoil liom bás Ó sgaoil liom bás Ó
Donn. Sell death to me, Sell death to me, Sell
Donn.

Ó sgaoil leat bás
Sell death to thee.

sgaoil liom bás — *Moderato.*
death to me. — *mf*

Seo, sgaoil leat bás — *A* Máire Ruad, ní dual an t-éag do'cló Ná còir duit
Ah! death to thee. — Red Mai-re You are far too fair to die, Why not buy

Máire.
Maire. *mf*

Díogal-tas vengeance? Díogal-tas sgaoil - se mí'cneó An bean úd ra'gamse
Sell me vengeance then, Give me the woman

Threim uirthi fé' deóiró So' tsaét - rad í, 's mo bairdeanaic coróice mí'comair
here into my hands To slay, give me the man to be my love.

Donn.
Donn.

mf

Máire.
Maire.

agitato

An bean so, grádaíonn do grá - sa
This woman lo.ves your lover?

Grádaíonn go deimhin Ác
E.ven so, But

Musical notation for the first system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a sustained bass line in the left hand.

ní maí gíoll ar síú is fuat lom í
not for this I hate her not for this.

Ác oi - se a - níam a grá do deus mo burdean An
I hate her for the love he gives to her, That

Musical notation for the second system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style, featuring a triplet in the right hand.

grá ba bea - tá seál - aó daí - sa is díon Ní cíg óm béal ác miounaí Cá díog -
were to me as bread to one who starves. My mouth is full of cur - ses. Yet she

Musical notation for the third system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more active accompaniment with chords in the right hand.

- báil
thrives!

Spoisríó miounaí dí - ob cúig - tí
Curses like these of mine will

Musical notation for the fourth system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

zeall - aim fós Is fuat maí í níon cuill ác bean bheáig óg
find her yet. She must he ve - ry fair to earn such hate.

Musical notation for the fifth system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more active accompaniment with chords in the right hand.

Is tuite 'n-a folc'ná dor - ca - das na néall N-a gnaoi tá gí - le
The night is in the black cloud of her hair, And near her face a

rit. *p*

lil - le sí - soíl - éir A súil is ghriosa bin - ne - gob mar éad N-a gnaoi bío
lil - ly is less fair; Her eyes as grey as dawn her mouth as red As dam - ask

cresc. *dim.*

gile's deir - i - se fé éad Is ó Duinn, min - ic tug - ais cion do
rose leaves up on ivory laid. You have loved ma - ny women, Donn and

mf

béic S mar bláic a tuir - im dím - tiú síúo in - éas An té dá tug - tá
all Have died a way like flow'rs a bride lets fall, When o'er loves' threshold

rit. *p*

cum - ann miam ró saogal Fuair bás mar coinnil bíg roim fáinne'n lae
she is soft - ly drawn, Have died a - way like tapers in the dawn.

dim. *p*

mf rit.

Ní cumm leat iad 's is leó naé cumm do
 You have for-got-ten them and they for-

cresc. *colla voce*

gné Dob' aoió - inn tam-all zair-ro - dóib i - noé In-ou bíó hnn in -
 get You loved them; they and Yes - ter - day have met, To-day is ours great

-ou is lá Muir-zéis An plúr i - meas na mban is áil - ne gné Is
 Donn thy magic kiss Will lure this rose flower to your moon hued Liss. To-

dim. *mf*

cúim anóc an sgoí so Diarmuid féin gné N-a píos ní beir a-cuilleadó aca í féo'
 night the princess Diarmuid loves is fair, A flower for your garden and your

cresc. *mf*

noé l mbárac uc beir uir-mi acan-ac gné N-a píos ní beir a-cuilleadó aca í féo'
 care, To-morrow, ah! to-morrow, with the tide She'll be no rose flower, She'll be Diarmuid's

p rit. *colla voce*

nēir' bride. Má beir-im
And if I

ar an mbhuin - nil máin-la óir Sur leóin a rin - ne cá go láir to the
 gather her, this thorny rose That with her sweetness wounds you to the

éorbe heart? Cao é mo ói? an Ni Muirghéis mo ói? Is í do
 You have not paid me, It is Muirghéis pays. She is the

Máire.
Maire. *mf*

tuar - as - tal aic tá ann cumáic is tréim-e i b'rad ná tusa a Duinn dá óion
 pay-ment on-ly; but a power stronger than You are, Donn, de-fends her now!

cresc. *sf* *p*

Os cionn an dorais míoir i veis Uí Súin Tá craoib' vein cáiriam as
 A-bove the lin-tel in her fa - thers' hall A branch of row-an

cresc. *sf* *p*

3
 oíon an tige 'Sisreanné sin na ghuís 'ná ian - ann cnuairé
 guards the house Better than locks and bolts and bars of steel.

mf
 Níl aic éan dóm-e máin de líon an tige Tá láic - peac ann do
 There is one hand a lone of all the throng of guests and servants

leis - pró tu - sa isceac Cum pós na fín - ne scac - ad anuas de'n éraoib *f* Mé
 Which can let you in To pluck this rose from off the pa - rent stem; The

féin a - máin do leonítaró cnuab na ndruad Do scrac - ad a-nuas sa éur San
 hand that dares to take the sacred bough And cast it in the flames. This

ceimró *Donn.* *Donn.* *p*
 hand of mine. Is That

fu do lám-sa bheic an éraob na mbuaó is t'heine íbrao 'nán cáin-tann.
 hand is worthy to lift up a bough The rowan can not live with.

mf
 Fás - ann cull An éaob gac páca an éaob gac tob-ain síde.
 Ha - zels grow by eve-ry fae-ry rath and sa-cred well.

Tá cull a g fás gac éaob oem pálas éall
 My palace in the country of the Young Is

o-Tín na nÓg is éraob-éan éoll an - uas An chócáó an
 set a-bout with ha-zels, and its roofs Watted with

fáro mo tíge Seo ceann díob bíod os cionn mo dor-ais. Beir an síúó i' lám
 ha - zel boughs. This that I bear is from my doorway. Take it in your hand.

mf

Má buail - fró Muirgheis touch - it, but with inéar ari síro finger-tips Is And

cresc.

hom-sa i 'sus caré fró sí ceactcúgam Assailib' Diai - ma - da.. she is mine, and she must come to me Out of her bride groom's arms.

mf

Máire. Maire.

beip leat sa í, Daí Duac ac' geobad-sa neam san áit n-a mbíod Is muar doberó gac Take her to you And by all the Gods that have been and shall be, The emptiness she

níod a - sam ar mo coil Whence never I will call ní glao-rad sa leaves shall be my heaven, to God or man.

f

Donn. Donn.

Com - éad do g'eall nó geobaró tú bás dá Take heed and keep your oath lest you should

cresc.

Sídeóga.
Chorus of Fairies. Più Allegro.

p

Ní bhronnam eanna ar daoine'n tsaogal áit sgotha mara's fliod-na is
 We give no gifts to earth. We sell sea-flowers and all strange things that

ciomh die, Mái - re.
 die, Mai - re.

éisg dwell In ooze, and weed, and fluted shell, San gceannozaim ceann? An
 dwell In ooze, and weed, and fluted shell, And you will buy? Ah!

Andante.
Máire.
Maire.

a tempo
Sídeóga.
Chorus of Fairies.

gceannozaim ceann? Seo, ceanno-zao, ceann-o-zao Ní bhronnam eanna ar daoine'n tsaogal áit
 you will buy? Yes I will buy, will buy. We give no gifts to earth. We sell sea-

colla voce *p*

sgo-ta mara's fliodna an tsaogail.
 flowers and all strange things we sell.

pp

End of Act I.