

The Fair Maid of Derry.

Words by MATTHIAS BARR.

Music by F. G. COLE, L. Mus.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

Moderato. ♩ = 100.

mf

dim.

p

Ped. * Ped. *


1. When the
2. Oh!

moon is on high, and the stars are a-wake, And the breez - es have died on the
not to the gaze are her gra - ces con-fined, Each vir - tue that's dear - est en-



Ped. * Ped. * *Simile.*

breast of the lake, When the flow'rs are a-sleep, and the birds are at rest, Oh! it's
no - bles her mind; The words of en - chant - ment that fall from her tongue, And



p

cres.

p

cres.

then that I meet with the maid I love best— It's then that I meet with the
nev - er by mor - tal, I ween, may be sung— And nev - er by mor - tal, I



dim.

p *animato. mf*

maid ween, I love best. She's pure as the dew that first
Then haste, ye dull mo - ments, and

wel - comes the day, She's sweet as a song that is ca - roll'd in May, She's
bring in your train The hour when I meet with my Flo - ra a - gain. Ah!

slentando. *a tempo.* *cres.*

dear to my heart as the light to my eye, And the fair maid of Der - ry I'll
friends may for-sake me, and for - tune may fly, But the fair maid of Der - ry I'll

f *rall.* *f* *last verse.*

love till I die— the fair maid of Der - ry I'll love, I'll love till I

1st verse. *2nd verse.*

die. die..... *rall.*

tempo. *f* *p* *pp*