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for 830 Newbury ch

THE
Irish Volunteer

WORDS BY

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

Music by

J. P. WEBSTER.

25932



CHICAGO

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M 1640

THE IRISH VOLUNTEER.

3

Words by S. FILLMORE BENNET.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

MODERATO con affetuoso.



5. I go, but re - mem - ber, Sweet Ma - - ry, me dar - ling, In

1. Sweet Ma - - ry, me dar - ling, The war clouds are loom - ing, And
 2. The land that has bless'd us With love and pro - tec - tion, Is
 3. With tear - moistened eye - lids, I look through the gloaming, And
 4. The Em - - e - rald Is - land A - way in the o - cean, With

The first system of the vocal melody is written on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are aligned with the notes of the melody.

camp or a marching, To ye I am true! And if ye should listen In

trai - tors are plotting To fet - ter the land! I go on the morrow, Where
 smit - ten with per - il, Be - lea - guer'd with foes; The brave and true hearted, With
 think of the pleasures That blessed us of old! Its breaking me heart is, Sweet
 white breakers kiss - ing Its mur - mur - ing shore, A - me - ri - ca's armor Will

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment continues the song. The piano accompaniment features a steady, rhythmic pattern in the left hand, while the right hand provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

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vain my re - turn-ing, I fall 'neath our ban-ner— The stars and the blue.

can - non are booming, To join in the bat-tle, With li - ber - ty's band.
 loy - al af - fec - tion, Must march where the banner Of li - ber - ty's goes.
 Ma - ry Ma - lo - ning, With sor - row to leave ye, Dear bride of me soul.
 sore day be needing, That Bri - tish op - pression May curse her no more.

CHORUS.

Air.

Fare - thee - well sweet Ma - ry Ma - vourneen, It grieves me to

Alto.

Fare - thee - well sweet Ma - ry Ma - vourneen, It grieves me to

Tenor.

Fare - thee - well sweet Ma - ry Ma - vourneen, It grieves me to

Bass.

PIANO.

leave thee dear bride of my soul; Fare - - thee - well sweet

leave thee dear bride of my soul, Fare - - thee - well sweet

ad lib.
Ma - ry Mavourneen, It grieves me to leave thee, dear bride of my soul.

ad lib.
Ma - ry Mavourneen, It grieves me to leave thee, dear bride of my soul.

ad lib.
di - - mi - - nu - - en - - do. *pp*

The Irish Volunteer. Pearson.