

As on the Wave

Text: Lady Morgan

Musik: Morgain

As on the wave the Sunbeam slept,
And silence round her soft spell flung,
Beneath a mountain shade I crept;
And thus my heart fond sorrows sung.

When down the mountains butling brow,
A fairy form appeared to spring;
So fair I felt my bosom glow,
And all inspired I thus did sing:
Idely doo...

But when I view'd her kindling blush,
Her glance shun mine her red lip move;
And natures pulse her bosom flush,
I struck my harp, and sung of love:
Idely doo...

And still entranced the fair one hung,
Then nearer drew her hand of snow;
O'er the hill breathing chords she flung,
While her sweet accents thus did flow.

Then bolder grown my strain I tried,
In harmony with her sweet lay;
But all my voice in murmurs died,
And every note would fade away.
Idely doo...

Dangerous Desire

Text: Lady Morgan

Musik: Morgain

Go, mind-created phantom, go,
Hence, flatt'rer, wander,
Lest of thee, my bosom's foe,
I still grow fonder.

Thou viewless soother, hence away,
I'll ne'er believe thee;
For, deck'd in fancy's glowing ray,
Thou'dst still deceive me.

Yet should I free thee much I fear
Thou'dst idly rove,
And thy course, arch betrayer, steer
To him you love.

And if by him, incautious rover,
As mine thou'rt known,
Each bosom secret thou'dst discover:
I'd guard my own.

Let go! and shouldst thou near his breast
Still haply view
Thy mistress still its idol guest,
There rest thee too.

For then each doubting, hoping thrill
Awak'd by thee,
The sweetest certainty shall still
To rest for me.

He moved through the Fair

Text und Musik: trad., arr. Morgain

My own love said to me:
"My mother won't mind
And my daughters won't slight you
For your lack of kind."
He went away from me
And this he did say:
"It will not be long, Love,
Till our wedding day."

He went away from me
And he moved through the fair
And slowly I watched him
Move here and move there.
He went his way homeward
With one star awake
As this swan in the evening
Moves over the lake.

I dreamed last night
That my own love came in
He came in so sweetly,
His feet made no din.
He came close beside me
And this he did say:
"It will not be long, Love,
Till our wedding day."

Open the Door

Text: Lady Morgan

Musik: trad., arr. Morgain

Open the door to your true love that sues,
Oh open the door to me love;
For many a long weary mile have I walk'd,
To catch but a glance of thee love.

The Suns dawning beam had not blush'd o'er the field,
Still bathed in the nights chilly dew love;
Nor the pale twilight star withdrawn its faint ray,
When I rose to journey towards you love.

But the Sun is now sunk and the night blasts blew sharp,
Then open the door to me love;
For many a long weary mile have I walked,
To catch but one glance of thee love.

Long was my absence and far have I strayed,
Still parted from Erin and thee love,
And long has my heart throb'd to see thee again,
Then open the door to me love.

When I fought for my Country its freedom and laws,
My soul was still fired by thee love.
I thought on my love and I conquered my foe,
Then open the door to me love.

The door it was open'd but not by his love,
Of grief for his absence she died oh!
He saw her pale corse and he kiss'd her cold cheek
And his spirit resigned at her side oh!

Bedlam Boys

Text: trad.

Musik: Morgain

The moon's my constant mistress,
And the lonely owl my marrow;
The flaming drake,
And the night-crow, make
Me music to my sorrow.

And it's I sing the Bedlam Boys. Bonny mad boys.
The Bedlam boys are bonny.
For they all go bare and they live on the air,
And they want no drink nor money.

I know more than Apollo;
For oft, when he lies sleeping,
I behold the stars
At mortal wars,
And the wounded welkin weeping.

The moon embraces her shepherd,
And the Queen of Love her warrior
While the first does horn
The stars of the morn,
And the next the heavenly farrier.

And it's I sing...

With a host of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander,
With a burning spear,
And a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander.

By a Knight of ghosts and shadows.
I summoned am to Tourney:
Ten leagues beyond
The wide world's end;
Methinks it is no journey.

And it's I sing...

Give me a Jig!

Text: Lady Morgan

Musik: Morgain

Old Scotia's jocund Highland Reel
Might make an hermit play the deel!
So full of gig!
Famed for its Cotillions gay France is;
But e'en give me the dance of dances,
An Irish jig.

When once the frolic jig's begun,
Then hey! for spirit, life, and fun!
And with some gig,
Trust me, I too can play my part,
And dance with all my little heart
The Irish jig.

Now through the mazy figure flying,
With some (less active) partner vying,
And full of gig;
Now warm with exercise and pleasure,
Each pulse beats wildly to the measure
Of the gay jig!

When once the frolic jig's begun...

New honours to the saint be given
Who taught us first to dance to heaven!
I'm sure of gig,
And laugh and fun, his soul was made,
And that he often danced and play'd
An Irish jig.

I think 'tis somewhere clearly proved
That some great royal prophet loved
A little gig;
And though with warrior fire he glow'd,
The prowess of his heel he shew'd
In many a jig!

When once the frolic jig's begun...

Twilight

Text: Lady Morgan

Musik: Morgain

There is a mild, a solemn hour,
And oh! how soothing is its pow'r
To smile away Care's sombre low'r!
This hour I love!
It follows last the feath'ry train
That hovers round Time's rapid wain.
'Tis then I rove.

'Tis when the west clouds faintly blush,
And his last vesper sings the thrush,
And soft mists veil gay nature's flush,
And not a ray
From the morn's cloud-embosom'd crest
Silters the green wave's swelling breast;
'Tis then I stray.

Day cannot claim this charming hour,
Nor night subdue it to its power,
Nor sunny smiles, nor gloomy low'r,
Does it betray:
But blandly soothing, sweetly wild,
Soft, silent, stilly, fragrant, mild,
It steals away.