

THE SNOWY BREASTED PEARL.

There's a colleen fair as May,
For a year and for a day
I have sought by every way, her heart to gain ;
There's no art of tongue or eye,
Fond youths with maidens try,
But I've tried with ceaseless sigh—Yet tried in vain.
If to France or far off Spain,
She'd cross the wat'ry main,
To see her face again,—The seas I'd brave.
And if 'tis heaven's decree,
That mine she may not be,
May the Son of Mary, me —In mercy save.

Oh, thou blooming milk-white dove,
To whom I've given true love,
Do not even thus reprove—My constancy.
There are maidens would be mine,
With wealth in hand and kine,
If my heart would but incline—To turn from thee.
But a kiss with welcome bland,
And touch of thy fair hand,
Are all that I'd demand,—Wouldst thou not spurn ;
For if not mine, dear girl,
Oh ! snowy-breasted Pearl !
May I never from the Fair—With life return !

DR. PETRIE.

PEARLA AN BHROLLAIGH BHÁIN.

Atá cailín deas am chrádh,
Le bliadhain agus le lá,
Is ní fhéadhaím a fágháil le bréagadh
Ní l' aisde chlis le radh,
Dá g-canaid fir le mná.
Nár chaitheamair gan tábhacht léi-si :
Do'n Frainc nó do'n Spain,
Dá d-téigheadh mo ghradh,
Go raghainn-si gach lá dá féachain,
Is mar an bh-fuil sé a n-dán,
Duinn an ainmfhir chluin seo d'fhághail,
Uch ! Mac Muire na n-grás d'ár saoradh

'Sa chailín chailce bhláth,
Dá d-tugas searc is grádh,
Ná tabhair-si gach tráth dham éradh ;
'Sa liacht ainmfhir mhín am dheáigh
Re buaibh is maoin 'na lámh,
Da n-gabhamais a d'áit céile :
Póg is míle fáilte,
'S barraidhe geal do lámh,
Asé 'n-iarrfuinn-si go bráth mar spreidh leat :
'S mar an damhsa ta tu a n-dán,
A Phearla an Bhrollaigh bháin,
Nár thig mise slan ó'n n-aonac.

TRADITIONAL.

THE SNOWY BREASTED PEARL.

No. 42.

Irish words traditional.
English translation by DR. PETRIE.

Old Irish Air.
Arranged by ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

Andante.

VOICE. There's a Colleen fair as May, For a
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PIANO.

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Oh! thou

1st. 3 2nd.