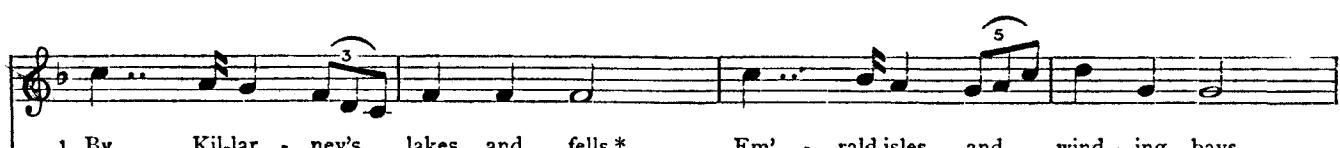


KILLARNEY.

Words by E. FALCONER.

Music by M. W. BALFE.



1 By Kil-lar-neys lakes and fells,*
2. No place else can charm the eye,
Em' rald isles and wind-ing bays,
With such bright and var-ied tints.



* "To sit on rocks to muse o'er flood and fell."—25th stanza, 2nd canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.



Mem' - ry ev - er fond - lystrays.
Ver - dure broi - ders or besprints.

Boun - teous na - ture loves all lands, Beau - ty wan - ders
Vir - gin there the green grass grows, Ev - 'ry morn Spring's

cres. rf pp

ev' - ry - where; Foot - prints leaves on man - y strands But her home is . . .
na - tal day; Bright hued ber - ries daff the snows, Smil - ing Win - ter's .

colla parte.

dim. pp a tempo.

sure - ly there! An - gels fold their wings and rest In that E - den
frown a - way. An - gels oft - en paus - ing there Doubt if E - den

riten. pp a tempo.

cres.

of the west, Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Heaven's re - flex, Kil -
were more fair, Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Heaven's re - flex, Kil -

lar - ney!
lar - ney!

3. Innisfallen's ruin'd shrine
May suggest a passing sigh,
But man's faith can ne'er decline
Such God wonders floating by.
Castle Lough and Glena Bay,
Mountains Tore and Eagles' nest,
Still at Mucross you must pray,
Though the monks are now at rest.
Angels wonder not that man
There would fain prolong life's span,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Heav'n's reflex, Killarney!

4. Music there for Echo dwells,
Makes each sound a Harmony,
Many-voic'd the chorus swells
Till it faints in ecstasy.
With the charmful tints below,
Seems the heaven above to vie,
All rich colours that we know,
Tinge the cloud wreaths in that sky.
Wings of angels so might shine
Glancing back soft light divine,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Heav'n's reflex, Killarney!