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Widow Machree

Samuel Lover

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Lover, Samuel, "Widow Machree" (1847). *Historic Sheet Music Collection*. 685.
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WIDOW MACHREE

Sung with enthusiastic Applause

by

MR. COLLINS

ALSO BY

The Author

in his

IRISH EVENINGS

Written and Composed

BY

SAMUEL LOVER.

Price 25 Cts net

Where are also published, by the same Author.

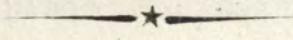
The Fairy boy
The Haunted Spring
The May Dew
The Land of the West
The Star of the Desert
The Bowld roger boy

Secrets were not made for three
Rory O'Moore.
Dear love and native land farewell
Oh native music
The Frosting tree
Widow Machree

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WIDOW MACHREE.



S. LOVER.

Sportively but not too fast.

PIANO.

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The right hand features a melodic line with slurs and grace notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

Continuation of the piano accompaniment, showing the right and left hand parts with various chordal textures and melodic fragments.

Widow Ma_chree 'tis no won_der you frown, Och hone!

Musical notation for the vocal line corresponding to the lyrics above, in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp.

Piano accompaniment for the first vocal line, featuring a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chordal accompaniment in the right hand.

ritard:
Widow Machree! Faith it ru_ _ins your looks that same dir_ty black gown.

Musical notation for the vocal line corresponding to the lyrics above, including a 'ritard:' (ritardando) marking above the first few notes.

Piano accompaniment for the second vocal line, continuing the accompaniment style with eighth notes in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

Och hone! Widow Machree! How alter'd your air, With that close cap you wear, 'Tis de-

-stroying your hair That should be flowing free, Be no longer a churl Of its black silken curl,

rallent.
colla voce.

Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree now the summer is come Och hone! Widow Machree! When

Widow Machree.

ev'ry thing smiles should a beauty look glum. Och hone!

Widow Machree See the birds go in pairs And the rabbits and hares. Why

e-ven the bears now in cou-ples a-gree, And the mute lit-tle fish Tho' they

rallen:
can't spake, they wish Och hone! Widow Machree
colla voce.



3

"Widow Machree, and when winter comes in,

Och hone, widow Machree,

To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,

Och hone! widow Machree.

Why the shovel and tongs

To each other belongs,

And the kettle sings songs

Full of family glee;

While alone with your cup,

Like a hermit you sup,

Och hone! widow Machree.

4

"And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld,

Och hone! widow Machree,

But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowld,

Och hone! widow Machree.

With such sins on your head,

Sure your peace would be fled,

Could you sleep in your bed

Without thinking to see

Some ghost or some sprite,

That would wake you each night,

Crying, 'Och hone! widow Machree!

5

"Then take my advice, darling widow Machree,

Och hone! widow Machree.

And with my advice, faith I wish you'd take me,

Och hone! widow Machree.

You'd have me to desire

Then to stir up the fire;

And sure Hope is no liar

In whispering to me

That the ghosts would depart,

When you'd me near my heart,

Och hone! widow Machree.

