

Connecticut College

Digital Commons @ Connecticut College

Historic Sheet Music Collection

Greer Music Library

1848

Give Me Three Grains of Corn, Mother

O. R. Gross

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/sheetmusic>

Recommended Citation

Gross, O. R., "Give Me Three Grains of Corn, Mother" (1848). *Historic Sheet Music Collection*. 705.
<https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/sheetmusic/705>

This Score is brought to you for free and open access by the Greer Music Library at Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. It has been accepted for inclusion in Historic Sheet Music Collection by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. For more information, please contact bpancier@conncoll.edu.

The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN, MOTHER

(BALLAD)

Words by

Mrs. A. M. Edmond

MUSIC BY

O. R. GROSS.

The above words were the last request of an Irish Lad to his mother; as he was dying from starvation. She found three grains in the corner of his ragged jacket, and gave them to him. It was all she had, the whole family were perishing from starvation.

BOSTON Published by OLIVER DITSON 115 Washington St.

VIVACE.

Give me three grains of corn, mother, On - - ly three

grains of corn; It will keep the little life I have Till the

com - ing of the morn. I am dy - ing of hun - ger and cold, . . .

mother, I am dy - ing of hun - ger and cold, And half the

ag - o - ny of such a death My lips have nev - er told.

It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart, mother, Like a wolf that is

fierce for blood, And the live - long day, and the night be - - side,

Dolente:
Gnaw - ing for lack of food. I dreamed of bread in my sleep, . . .

Rall: mother, And the sight was heaven to see; I woke with an *fz*

ea - - ger, famish - ing lip, But you had no bread for me.

3

How could I look to you, mother,
 How could I look to you,
 For bread to give to your starving boy,
 When you were starving too?
 For I read the famine in your cheek,
 And in your eye so wild,
 And felt it in your bony hand,
 As you laid it on your child.

4

The Queen has lands and gold, mother,
 The Queen has lands and gold ;
 While you are forced to your empty breast
 A skeleton babe to hold ;
 A babe that is dying of want, mother,
 As I am dying now,
 With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,
 And famine upon its brow.

5

What has poor Ireland done, mother,
 What has poor Ireland done,
 That the world looks on and sees us starve,
 Perishing one by one ?
 Do the men of England care not, mother,
 The great men and the high,
 For the suffering sons of Erin's Isle,
 Whether they live or die ?

6

There is many a brave heart here, mother,
 Dying of want and cold,
 While only across the channel, mother,
 Are many that roll in gold.
 There are rich and proud men there, mother,
 With wondrous wealth to view,
 And the bread they fling to the dogs to-night
 Would give me life and you.

P Flebile:

Come near - - er to my side, mother, Come near - - er to my

side, And hold me fond - - ly as you held My fath - - er

when he died. Quick, for I can-not see you, mother, My breath is

Agitato: *p*

al - - - most gone; Mother! dear mother! Ere I die,

pp *Lento:*

Give me three grains of corn!

AD
STATE OF MICHIGAN

1850

John H. ...