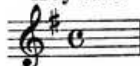


UNEXCELLED EDITION

Key of G



# Killarney

WITH  
UKULELE  
ARRANGEMENT

—BY—

## M. W. BALFE

(LAST SONG)

**M**ORRIS  
USIC CO  
1028 ARCH ST.  
PHILA., PA.

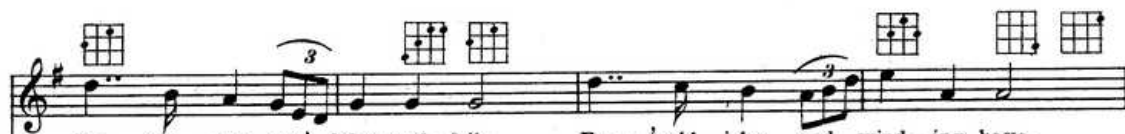
MADE IN U.S.A.

# KILLARNEY.

When playing with Piano tune Ukulele as follows:

M. W. BALFE, (Last song)

Moderato.



By Kil - lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em - 'rald isles and wind - ing bays,  
In - mis - fal - len's ru - ined shrine May sug - gest a pass - ing sigh;  
No place else can charm the eye With such bright and va - ried tints;  
Mu - sic there for Ech - o dwells, Makes each sound a har - mo - ny;



Moun - tain paths and wood - land dells, Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays;  
But man's faith can ne'er de - cline, Such God's won - ders float - ing by,  
Ev - 'ry rock that you pass by, Ver - dure broid - ers or besprints;  
Man - y voiced the cho - rus swells Till it faints in ec - sta - cy;



Boun-teous na-ture loves all land, Beau-ty wan-ders ev-'ry-where, Foot-prints leaves on  
 Cas-tle Lough and Gle-na Bay, Moun-tains Tore and Ea-gles' Nest, Still at Mu-cross  
 Vir-gin there the greengrass grows, Ev-'ry morn springs na-tal day, Bright-hued ber-ries  
 With the charmful tints be-low, Seems the heav-na-bove to vie, All rich col-ors

*pp*

man-y strands, But her home is sure-ly there. An-gels fold their wings and rest  
 you must pray, Tho' the monks are now at rest. An-gels won-der not that man  
 daff the snows, Smil-ing win-ter's frown a-way. An-gels, oft-en paus-ing there,  
 that we know, Tinge the cloud wreaths in that sky. Wings of an-gels so might shine,

*rall.* *3* *dim.* *pp a tempo.*

*colla parte.* *rit.* *pp a tempo.*

In that E-den of the west, Beau-ty's home, Kil-lar-ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.  
 There would fain pro-long life's span, Beau-ty's home, Kil-lar-ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.  
 Doubt if E-den were more fair, Beau-ty's home, Kil-lar-ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.  
 Glanc-ing back soft light di-vine, Beau-ty's home, Kil-lar-ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.

*cresc.* *f*

# I WANT THE TWILIGHT AND YOU

Poem by  
ARTHUR J. LAMB

Music by  
CHARLES H. MASKELL

Voice

Sum-mer and sunshinewill tell me of you, When birds are singing their mel-o-dies true,  
Ros-es in bloom and the air filled with song while fondly for some-one I long.

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## LOVE'S GOLDEN MEMORIES

With simplicity

Meditation

CHAS. H. MASKELL

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"LOVE'S GOLDEN MEMORIES" Is Also Published as a Song  
(Poem by Bartley Costello)

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1926