

# "My Dark-eyed Acushla"

Paul Furniss

Horace Keats

Moderato (freely)

1 Mist lay soft fin - gers on  
3 In\_ the green val - ley there  
5 One dew - y morn - ing the

Piano

7

hill and deep val - ley, All dew drenched the wild rose and sham rock so green.  
wan - ders my dar - ling. My dark - eyed A - cush - la, the pride of my heart.  
bird notes were sweet - er, The sil - ver voiced lark sang it's love song a - bove.

13

Wild birds were cal - ling o'er blue lake and moor - land o'er the  
Wild birds were cal - ling o'er blue lake and moor - land, your —  
One four - leafed sham - rock I found in my gar - den, o'er the