

"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 *mf*

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.

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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