

# The Leprehaun

M 1744  
H 893 I 68  
v. 3

PATRICK WESTON JOYCE (1827-1914)  
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Air taken down by P. W. Joyce from a  
ballad singer in Limerick in 1853

*Allegro giocoso*

VOICE

PIANO

*pp*

*3 sva...*

*3 sva...*

*p*

In a

sha - dy nook one moonlight night, A lep - re - haun I spied;.... With scar - let cap and

*p*

The Leprehaun

*Editor's Note.* When Dr. Joyce published his collection of old Irish airs in 1872 he was unable to remember more than one line of the ballad to which this air had been sung both in Dublin and Limerick, and wrote the words here given. In his "Ancient Irish Music" (1901 Edition) he made the following remarks about the leprehaun: "It may be necessary to state, for the information of those who are not acquainted with Irish fairies, that the leprehaun is a very tricky little fellow, usually dressed in a green coat, red cap and knee breeches, and silver shoe buckles, whom you may sometimes see in the shades of evening, or by moonlight under a bush, and he is generally making or mending a shoe... If you catch him and hold him, he will, after a little threatening, shew you where treasure is hid, or give you a purse in which you will always find money. But if you once take your eyes off him, he is gone in an instant; and he is very ingenious in devising tricks to induce you to look round... Every Irishman understands well the terms *cruiskeen* and *mountain dew*... but for the benefit of the rest of the world I think it better to state that *cruiskeen* is a small jar and that *mountain dew* is potteen or illicit whiskey." H. H.

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coat of green, A cruiskeen by his side.....'Twas tick tack tick, his ham-mer went, Up-

*cresc.*

-on a wee - ny shoe; And..... I laughed to think of a purse of gold; But the

*ritard. a tempo*  
*soa*  
*f*  
*ritard. a tempo*

fai-ry was laughing too!.....

*ff*  
*dim.*  
*pp*

With..... tip-toe step and beat-ing heart, Quite soft-ly I drew

nigh:.....There was mischief in his mer-ry face; A twink-le in his eye..... He

*p*  
*f* *p*

hammer'd and sang with ti - ny voice, And drank his mountain dew... And..... I

*p* *f* *soa*

*ritard. a tempo*  
laughed to think he was caught at last... But the fai-ry was laugh-ing too!.....

*p* *ritard. a tempo f*

As ..... quick as thought I seized the elf; "Your fai - ry purse" I

*dim.* *mf*

*meno mosso*

cried,..... "The purse," he said, "'tis in her hand.... That la - dy at your

*poco più mosso*

side"..... I turned to look: the elf was off! Then what was I to

**Tempo I**

do?..... O,..... I laughed to think what a fool I'd been;

And the fai-ry was laughing too!.....