Sweet Eileen Asthore.

Words and Music
By JAMES I. RUSSELL.

Andante moderato.

With feeling.

Where flowers are fair, And all beauty sur-
I'm sailing away, To old Erin's green

rounds it, There dwells a sweet Colleen, The pride of them all, Her
shore, I'll leave the old home-stead, Acushla, no more, I'll

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sweet tempting smile, And her blue eyes above it, The heart of a
take you, sweet Colleen, Where birds sing so gay, I'll not leave that

king, on his throne would enthrall; When first I beheld her My
spot dear, 'Till you've named the day; You've called me a Rover, Yes

heart went a flying, Faith! ever since then it's been beyond con-
o- ver, and o-ver, My heart has been long-ing for one sight of

trol, I'm waiting the day When my arms they'll en-

you, The Lasses and ladies, Ros-sies and Pad-

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fold her, My sweet I - rish Lass, My_ Ei - leen As - thore.
dies, Come sing to A - cush - la, Sweet_ Ei - leen As - thore.

CHORUS. With much expression.
For it's Ei - leen Al - lan - ah, It's Ei - leen As - thore, Sure the

gift of the Blarn - ey, Is yours ev - er - more; May good fair - ies guard

o'er you And shield you from harm, Is my pray'r for Sweet Ei - leen As - thore.