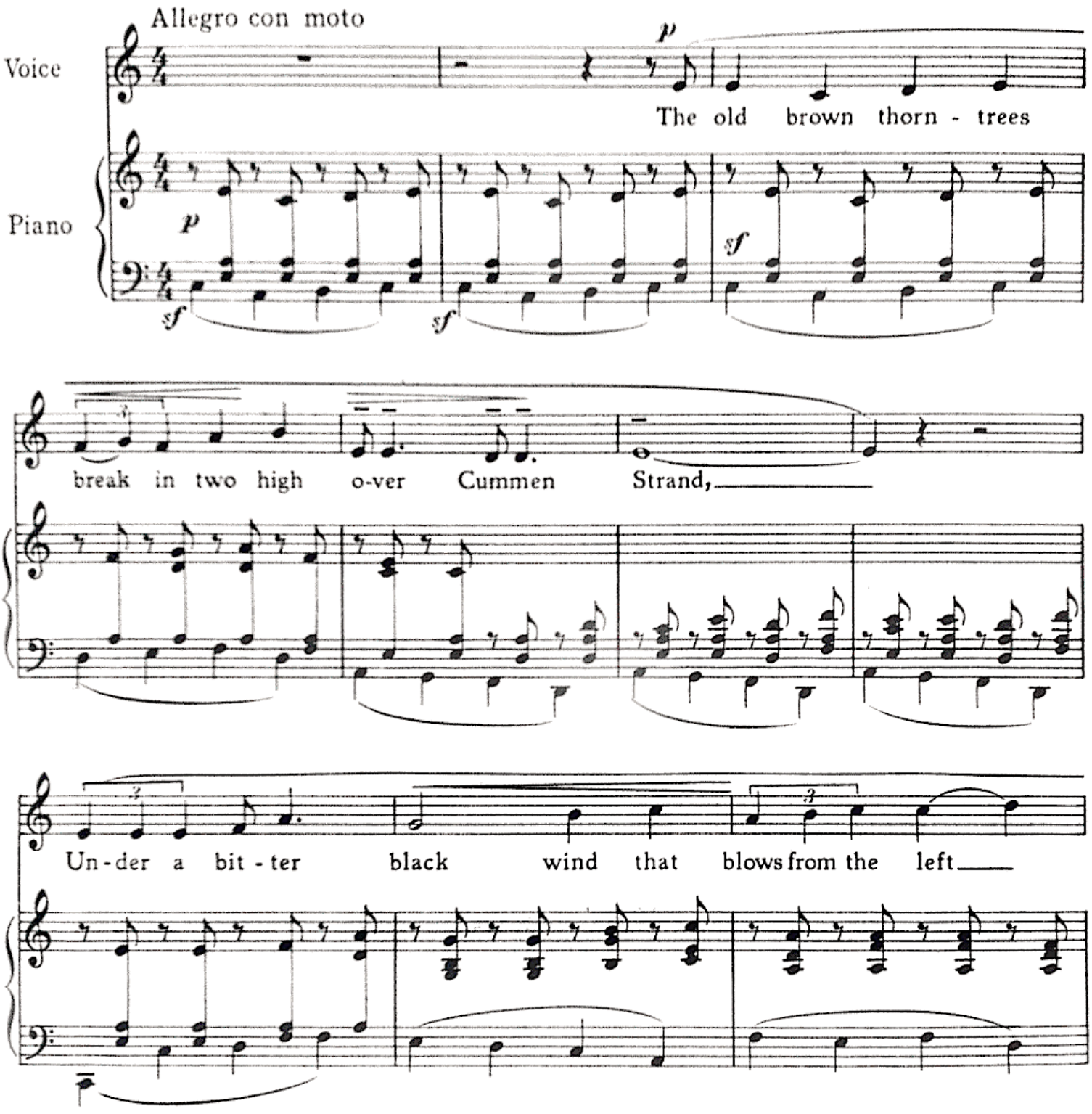
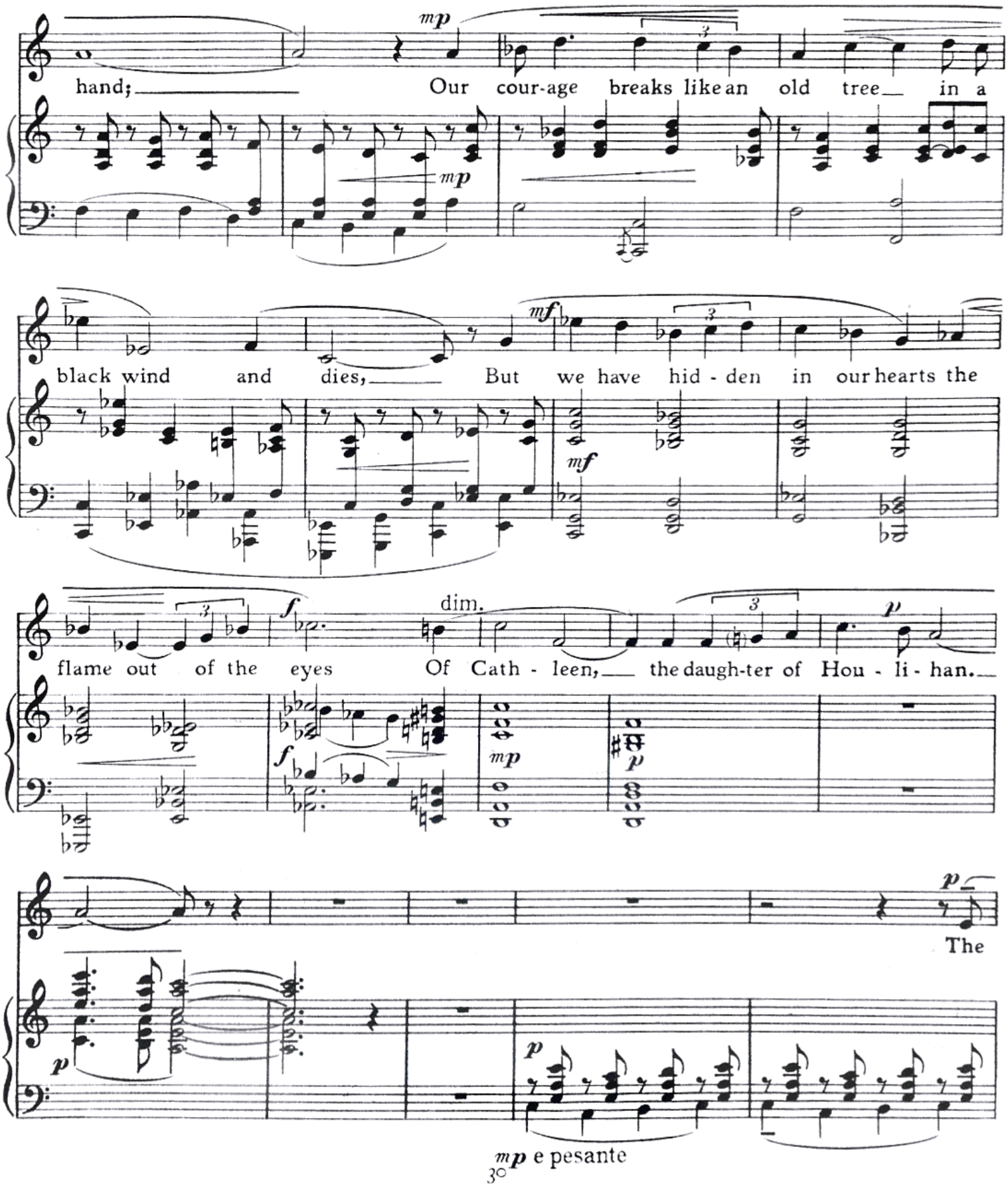
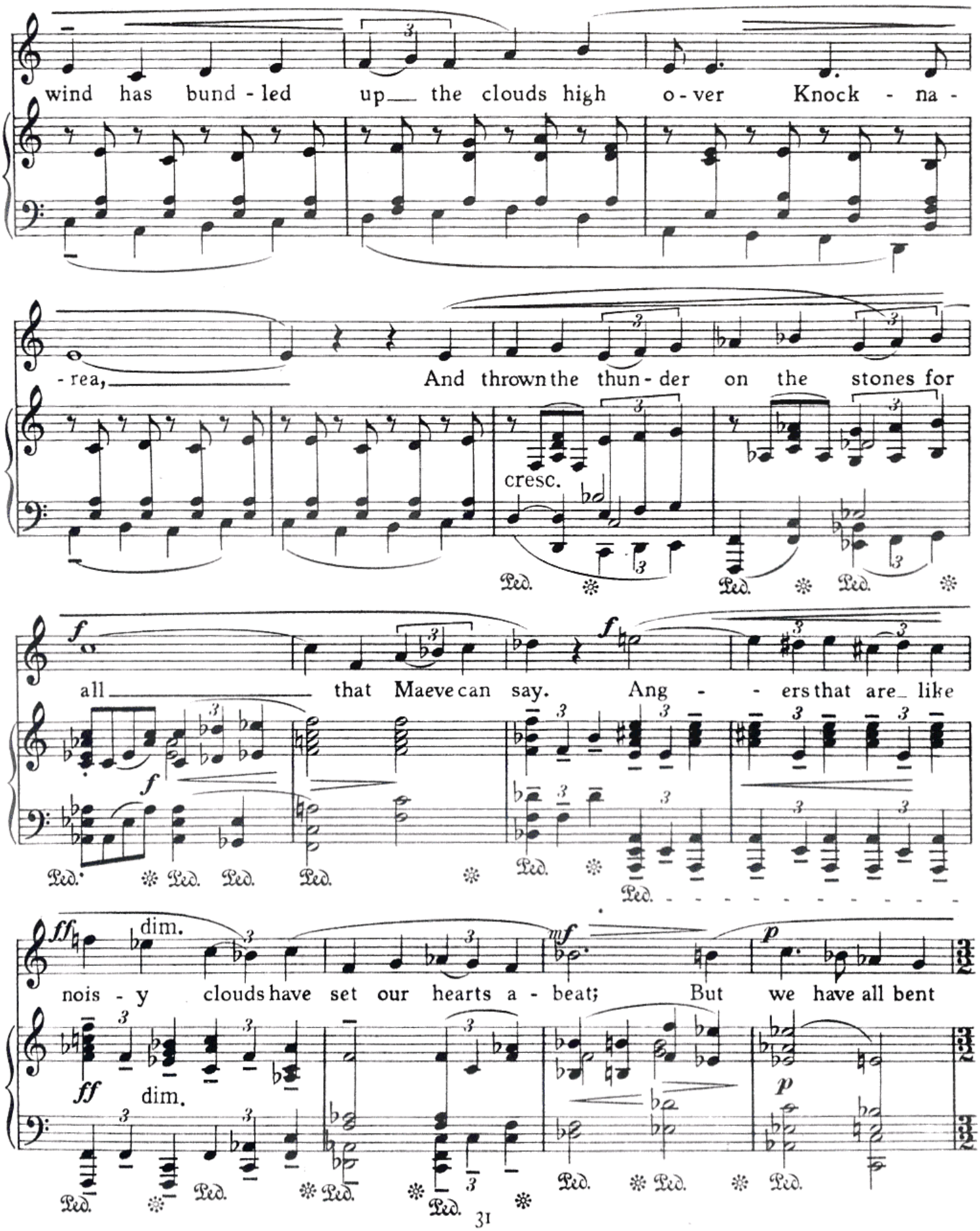
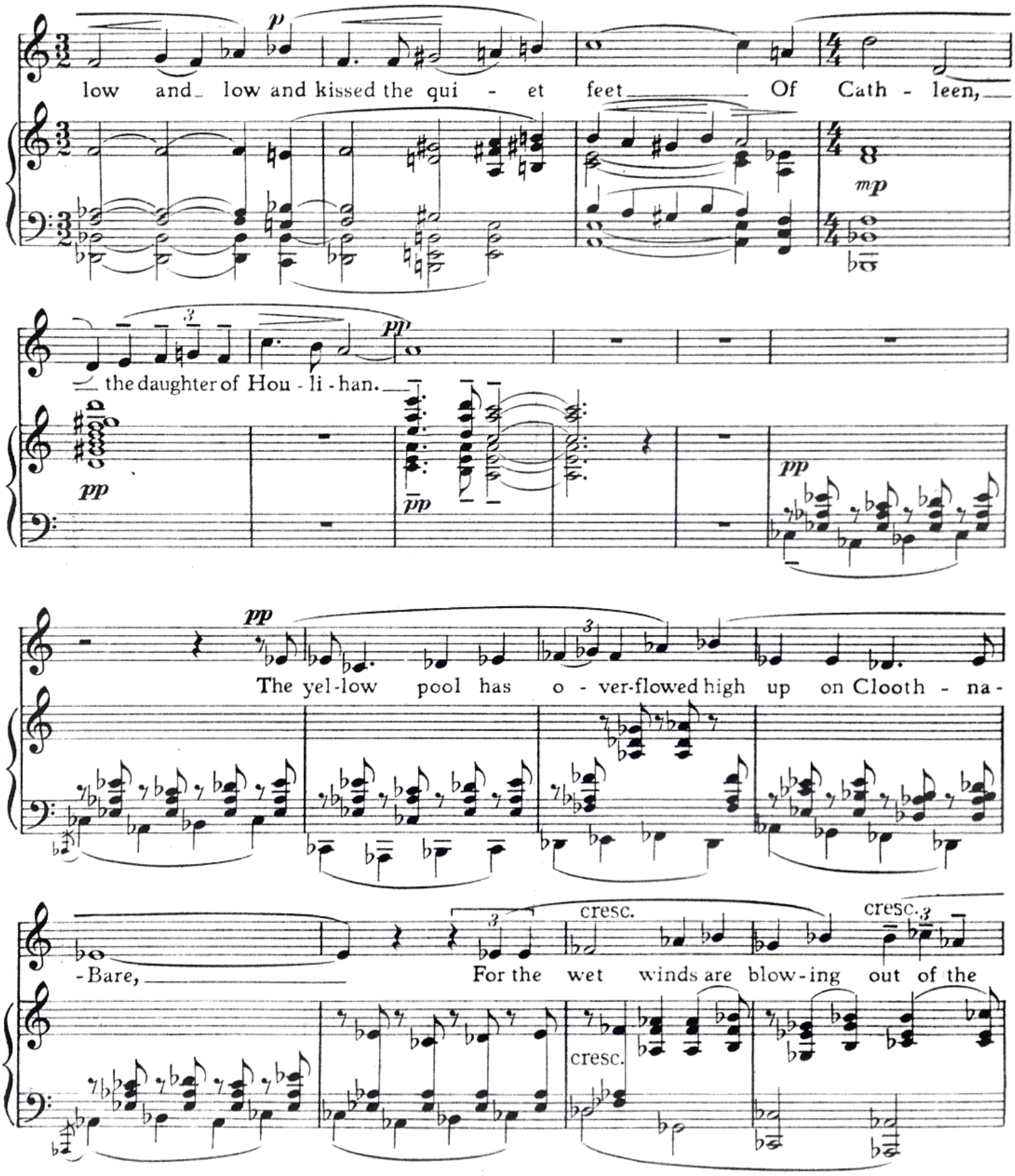
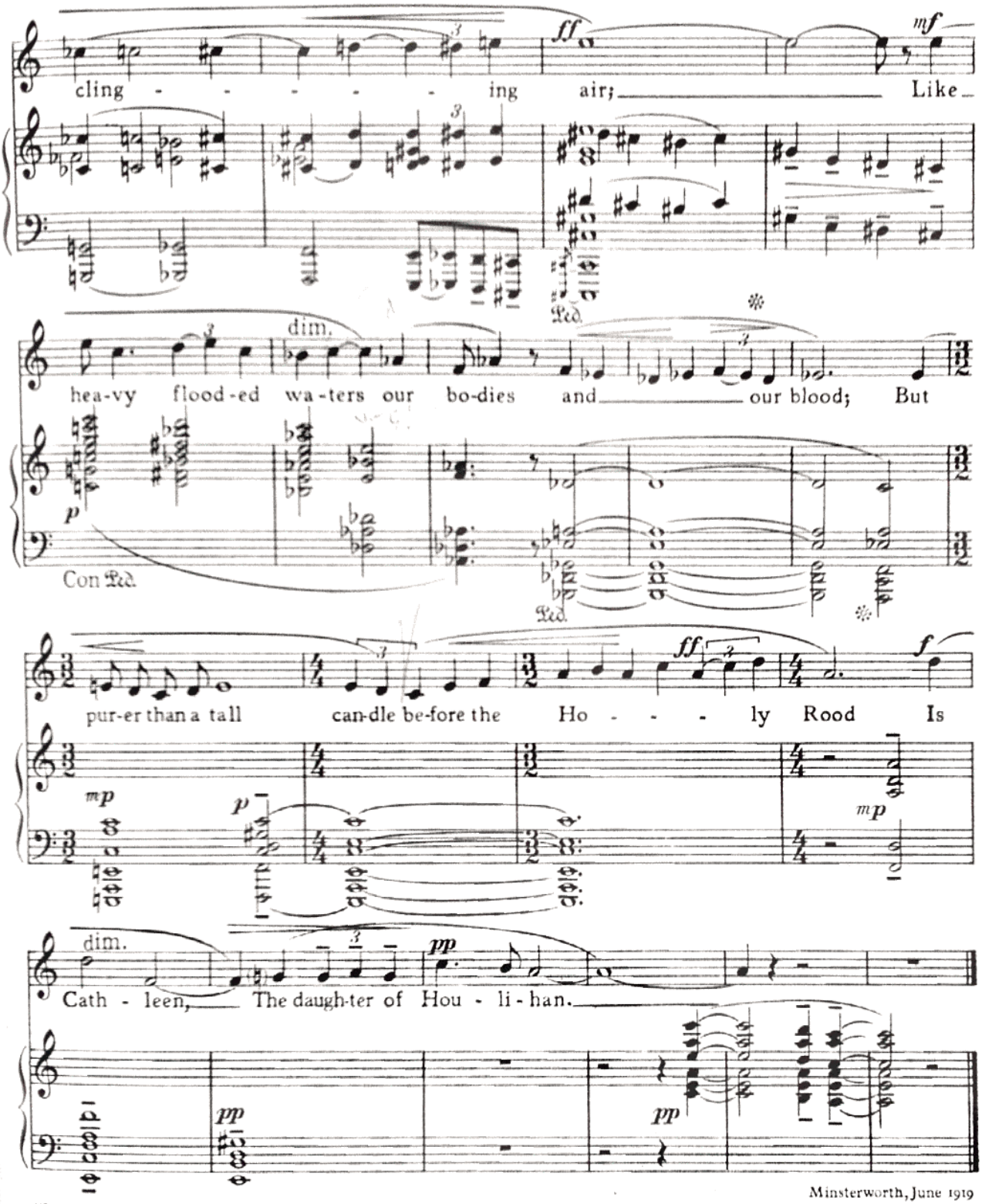
CATHLEEN NI HOULIHAN

W. B. YEATS

IVOR GURNEY

The Ivor Gurney Society: www.ivorgurney.org.uk

mp
hand; Our cour-age breaks like an old tree in a
mp
mf
black wind and dies, But we have hid - den in our hearts the
mf
dim.
f
flame out of the eyes Of Cath - leen, the daugh-ter of Hou - li - han.
p
f
mp
p
p
The
p
mp e pesante

wind has bund - led up the clouds high o - ver Knock - na -
- rea, And thrown the thun - der on the stones for
cresc.
all that Maeve can say. Ang - - ers that are like
dim.
nois - y clouds have set our hearts a - beat; But we have all bent
Ped.

low and low and kissed the qui - et feet Of Cath - leen,
the daughter of Hou - li - han.
The yel-low pool has o - ver-flowed high up on Clooth - na-
-Bare,
For the wet winds are blow-ing out of the
cresc.
cresc.
cresc.

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