

THE BANSHEE.

Words by
WINTHROP PACKARD,
From the MUNSEY, by per.



Andante, un poco rubato.

p

rit.

pp

To - night the moon is eer - - ie, The

wind is sob - bing low, — And by the fire - side, wea - - ry, I

watch the em - bers glow, — Till gob - lin voic - es, sigh - ing, From

out the night, draw nigh, — And in the dark re - ply - ing, I

hear a Ban - shee cry. — 'Tis not be - side the riv - er, 'Tis

not beneath the tree, — The moon-light's eer - ie quiv - er Shows no white ghost to

me; — A stealth-y foot-step fall - ing, Fills me with vague a - larms, — And

lo, a Ban - shee call - - ing, Flies right in - to my arms. — Oh,

Ban - shee of — the stair - - - way, White ghost — from out — the

hall, — Dost think it is a fair - - - way To

fright me with your call? — To Pop - - py - land you

rit. *a tempo*

wan - - - dered, The Sand - man closed your eyes; — Have

rit. *a tempo*

all the dreams been squan - - - dered, That now, sweet ghost, you

rit. *a tempo*

rise? — There doubt - ful lit - tle maid - en, With hair of rum - pled

rit.

gold, — And blue eyes slum - ber lad - - en, Don't fret, I will not

scold; — Come where the fire is glow - ing, And all the ghosts have

fled; — I've sto - ries worth the know - ing, Be - fore it's time for bed. —