

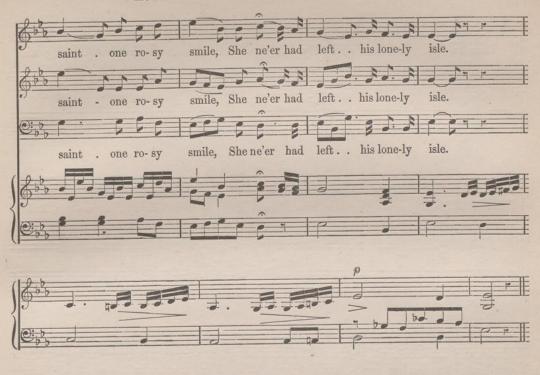
Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A. Dublin, 1859

How Dear To Me The Hour When Daylight Dies.

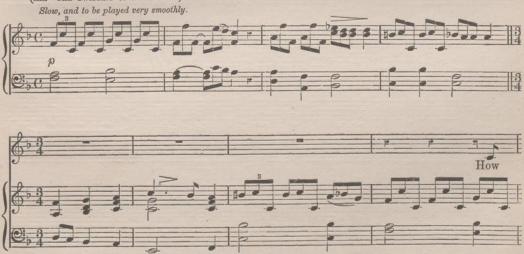
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HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES.

(AIR-THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.*)



• I had not sufficiently considered the structure of this delightful air when I formerly asserted that it was too wild for words of a regular metre.

