



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A.

Dublin, 1859

How Dear To Me The Hour When Daylight Dies.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-62608](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-62608)

saint . one ro-sy smile, She ne'er had left . . his lone-ly isle.
 saint - one ro-sy smile, She ne'er had left . . his lone-ly isle.
 saint . one ro-sy smile, She ne'er had left . . his lone-ly isle.

Musical score for three voices and piano. The vocal parts are in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are: "saint . one ro-sy smile, She ne'er had left . . his lone-ly isle."

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES.

(AIR—THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.*)

Slow, and to be played very smoothly.

Musical score for piano. The piece is in 3/4 time and has a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It features a treble clef and a bass clef. The tempo and performance instruction are "Slow, and to be played very smoothly." The word "How" is written above the final measure of the piece.

* 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.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES,

dear to me the hour when day - light dies, And sunbeams melt a - long the

si - lent sea, For then sweet dreams of o - ther days . . a - rise, And

Mem'-ry breathes her ves - per sigh to thee, For then sweet dreams of o - ther

days . . a - rise, And Mem'-ry breathes her ves - per sigh . . to thee.

p

And, as I watch the line of light that plays A - long the smooth wave tow'rds the

burn - ing west, I long to tread that gold - en path . . . of rays, And

ritando.
think 't would lead to some bright isle of rest, I long to tread that gold - en

path . . of rays, And think 't would lead to some bright isle . . of rest.