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Irish melodies

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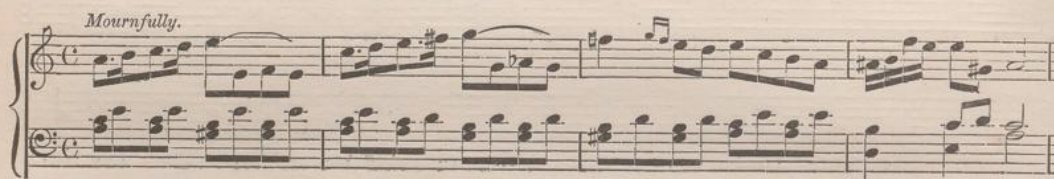
Dublin, 1859

Silent, Oh Moyle! Be The Roar Of Thy Water.

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SILENT, OH MOYLE! BE THE ROAR OF THY WATER.*



* To make this story intelligible in a song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was by some supernatural power transformed into a Swan, and condemned to wander for many hundred years over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the Mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.—I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

Tells to the night-star, her tale of woes, When shall the Swan, her

death-note sing-ing, Sleep with wings in dark-ness furl'd,

When shall heav'n, its sweet bell ring-ing, Call my spi-rit from this

stor-my world.

SECOND VERSE.

Sad-ly, Oh Moyle! to thy win-ter wave weeping, Fate bids me lan-guish long

a - ges a-way; Yet still in her dark - ness doth E - rin lie sleep-ing,

Still doth the pure light its dawn - ing de-lay. When will that day - star,

mild - ly springing, Warm our Isle with peace and love?

When shall heav'n, its sweet bell ring-ing, Call my spi-rit to the

fields a - bove?

p *cres.* *p* *pp*