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## **Irish melodies**

**Stevenson, John A.**

**Dublin, 1859**

Drink To Her.

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

## DRINK TO HER.

(AIR—HEIGH-HO! MY JACKY.)

*In Sea*

*Playful.*

Drink to her, who long Hath wak'd the po - et's sigh; The

*loco.*

*p*

girl, who gave to song What gold could ne - ver buy. Oh! woman's heart was made For

minstrel hands a-lone; By o-ther fingers play'd, It yields not half the tone. Then,

here's to her, who long Hath wak'd the po - et's sigh, The girl, who gave to song What

gold could ne - ver buy!

## SECOND VERSE.

At Beau - ty's door of glass, Where Wealth and Wit once stood, They

*loco.*

*p*

ask'd her, "which might pass?" She an - swered "he who could." With

gold - en key, Wealth thought To pass— but 'twould not do; While

Wit a diamond brought, Which cut his bright way thro'! Then here's to her, who long Hath

wak'd the po - et's sigh, The girl, who gave to song What gold could ne - ver buy!

THIRD VERSE.

The love that seeks a home Where wealth or gran - deur shines, Is

*loco.*

like the gloo - my gnome, That dwells in dark gold mines. But

oh! the po - et's love Can boast a bright - er sphere; Its

na - tive home's a - bove, Though wo - man keeps it here! Then drink to her, who long Hath

wak'd the po - et's sigh, The girl, who gave to song What gold could ne - ver buy!