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BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A.

Dublin, 1859

While Gazing On The Moon's Light.

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WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

Tenderly.

While gaz - ing on the moon's light, A mo-ment from her smile I turn'd, To
 look at orbs that more bright, In lone and dis - tant glo - ry burn'd! But
 too far each proud star, For me to feel its warming flame, Much
 more dear the mild sphere, That near our planet smil - ing came, Thus

Ma - ry dear, be thou my own, While brighter eyes un - heed - ed play, I'll

love those moon-light looks a - lone, Which bless my home and guide my way.

8va.

SECOND VERSE.

The day had sunk in dim show'rs, But mid-night now, with lus - tre meek, Il-

lum - in'd all the pale flow'r's Like hope that lights a mourn-er's cheek. I

said, (while, the moon's smile play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss) The

moon looks on ma - ny brooks, The brook can see no moon but this!" And

thus, I thought, our for - tunes run, For ma-ny a lo - ver looks to thee, While

oh! I feel there is but one, One Ma - ry in the world for me.

8va.