Irish melodies

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Night Closed Around. After The Battle.

NIGHT CLOSED AROUND.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

(AIR—THY FAIR BOSOM.)
With solemnity.

Night clos'd a-round . . . the conqu'ror's way . . . And lightning shew'd the

dis - tant hill, Where those, who lost . . . . . that dread - ful day, . . . Stood

few and faint, . . . but fear - less still ! The soldier's hope, the pa - triot's

zeal, ... For e - ver dimm'd, . for e - ver crost— . Oh!

who shall say . . . . . what he - roes feel, . . . When all but life . . . . and

honour's lost !

SECOND VERSE.

The last sad hour . . . of free-dom's dream, . . . And va-lour's task, . . mov'd
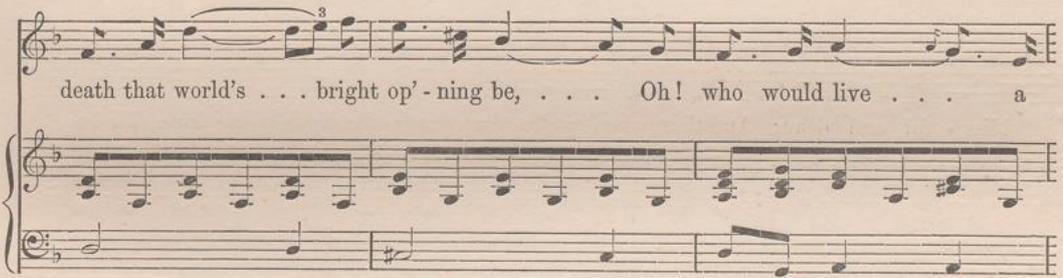
slow - ly by,   While   mute they watch'd, . . . till morn-ing's beam . . . Should
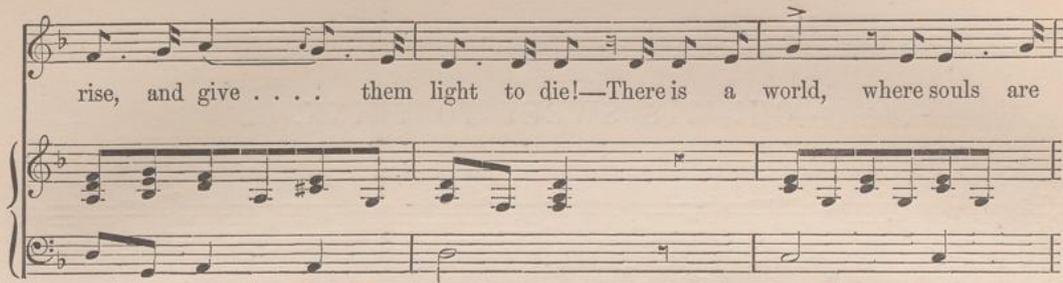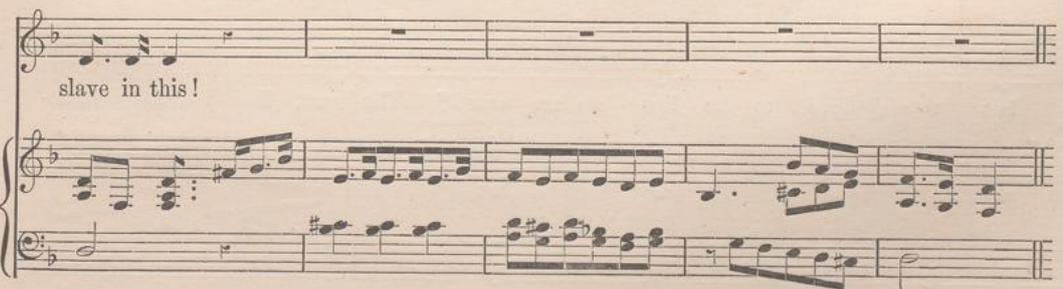
rise, and give . . . . them light to die!—There is a world, where souls are

free, ... Where ty - rants taint . . . not na-ture's bliss; . . If

death that world's . . . bright op'- ning be, . . . Oh! who would live . . . a

slave in this!