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Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A.

Dublin, 1859

Oh! 'Tis Sweet To Think.

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

OH! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

(AIR—THADY, YOU GANDER.)

Playfully.

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, often with triplets. The vocal line is in a simple, melodic style with lyrics written below the notes.

Oh! 'tis sweet to think, that, wher-e'er we rove, We are sure to find some-thing
 bliss-ful and dear; And that, when we're far from the lips we love, We have
 but to make love to the lips we are near! * The heart, like a ten-dril, ac-

* I believe it is Marmontel, who says "*Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.*" There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such *jeux d'esprit* at this defence of inconstancy to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them, that Democritus was not the worse physiologist, for having playfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise, for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.

cus - tom'd to cling, Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish a - lone, But will

lean to the near - est and love - li - est thing, It can twine with it - self, and make

close - ly its own. Then oh! what plea - sure, wher - e'er we rove, To be

doom'd to find some - thing, still, that is dear, And to know, when far from the

lips we love, We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

SECOND VERSE.

'Twere a shame, when flow - ers a - round us rise, To make light of the rest, if the

rose is not there; And the world's so rich in re - splen - dent eyes, 'Twere a

pi - ty to li - mit one's love to a pair. Love's wing and the pea-cock's are

near - ly a - like; They are both of them bright, but they're change-a-ble too: And, where-

e - ver a new beam of beau - ty can strike, It will tinc - ture love's plume with a

dif - fe - rent hue! Then oh! what plea - sure, where - e'er we rove, To be

doom'd to find some - thing, still, that is dear, And to know, when far from the

lips we love, We have but to make love to the lips we are near.