



Irish melodies

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When Thro' Life Unblest We Rove.

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WHEN THRO' LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE.

HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES.

Slow and with feeling.

When through life un - blest we rove, Los-ing all that made life dear,
 When through life un - blest we rove, Losing all . . . that made life dear,
 Losing all that made life dear, Should
 When through life un - blest we rove, Losing all . . . that made life dear, Should

Should some notes we us'd to love In days of boy - hood, meet our ear,
 Should some notes we us'd . to love In days of boy - hood, meet our ear,
 notes we lov'd In days of boy - hood, meet our ear,
 notes we us'd to love In days of boy - hood, meet our ear,

Oh ! how wel-come breathes the strain, Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept,
 Wak'nings thoughts that long have slept.
 Oh ! how wel-come breathes the strain, Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept, Kindling
 Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept, Kindling

SECOND VERSE.

Is the grate-ful breath of song, That once was heard in hap-pier hours;
 Is the grate-ful breath of song, That once was heard in hap-pier hours;
 breath . . . of song, That once was heard in hap-pier hours;
 grate - - - ful breath of song, That once was heard in hap-pier hour

Fill'd with balm the gale goes on, Tho' the flow'rs have sunk in death,
 Tho' the flow'rs . . . have sunk in death,
 Fill'd with balm the gale goes on, Tho' the flow'rs have sunk in death, So when
 Tho' the flow'rs have sunk in death, So when

So when plea-sure's dream is gone, Its mem' - ry lives in Mu-sic's breath.
plea - sure's dream is gone, . . . Its mem'ry lives in Mu-sic's breath.
plea - - - sure's dream is gone, Its mem - ry lives in mu - sic's breath.

THIRD VERSE.

Mu - sic, oh! how faint, how weak, Language fades be - fore thy spell,
Mu - sic, oh! how faint, how weak, Language fades be - fore thy spell, . . .
Language fades . . . be - fore thy spell, Why should
Mu - sic, oh! how faint, how weak, Language fades be - fore thy spell, Why should



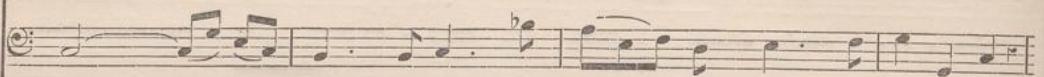
Why should feel-ing e - - ver speak, When thou . . . canst breathe her soul so well.



Why should feel-ing e - ver speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well.



feel - - - - ing speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well.



feel - - - - ing e - ver speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well.

Musical notation for the fifth line of the song, featuring a treble clef and a basso continuo staff with a cello-like line below it, both in common time.



Friendship's bal - my words may feign, Love's are ev'n more false than they,



Love's are ev'n more false than they,



Friendship's bal - my words may feign, Love's are ev'n more false than they, Oh! 'tis



Love's are ev'n more false than they, Oh! 'tis

Musical notation for the tenth line of the song, featuring a treble clef and a basso continuo staff with a cello-like line below it, both in common time.

Oh! 'tis on - ly Mu - sic's strain, Can sweet - ly soothe and not be - tray!

Oh! 'tis on - ly Mu - sic's strain, Can sweet - ly soothe and not be - tray!

on - ly Mu - sic's strain, Can sweetly soothe and not be - tray!

on - - - - ly Mu - sic's strain, Can sweet - ly soothe and not be - tray!

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.

With expression.

It is not the tear at this mo - ment shed, When the cold turf has just been laid