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Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A.

Dublin, 1859

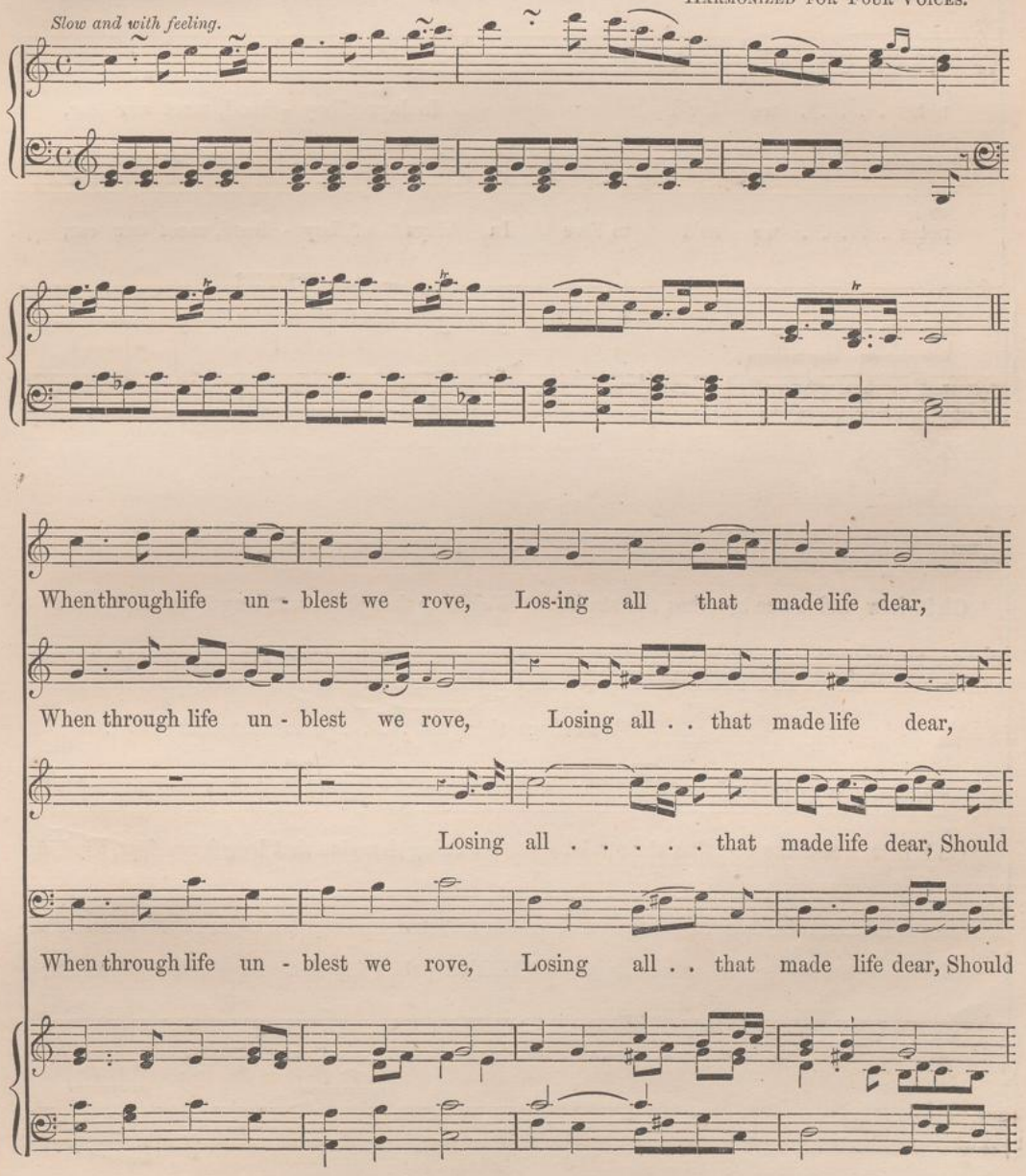
When Thro' Life Unblest We Rove.

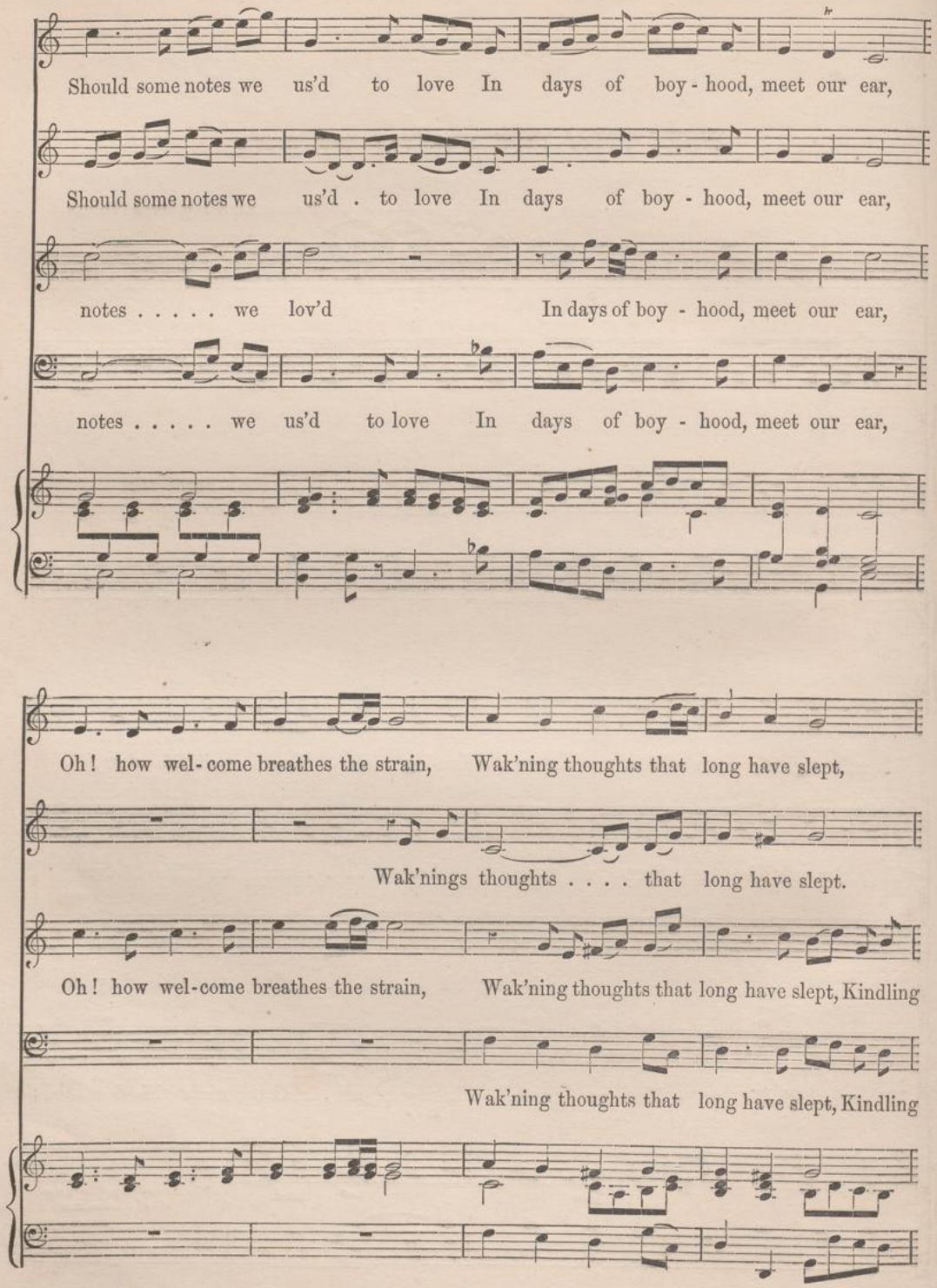
urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-62608

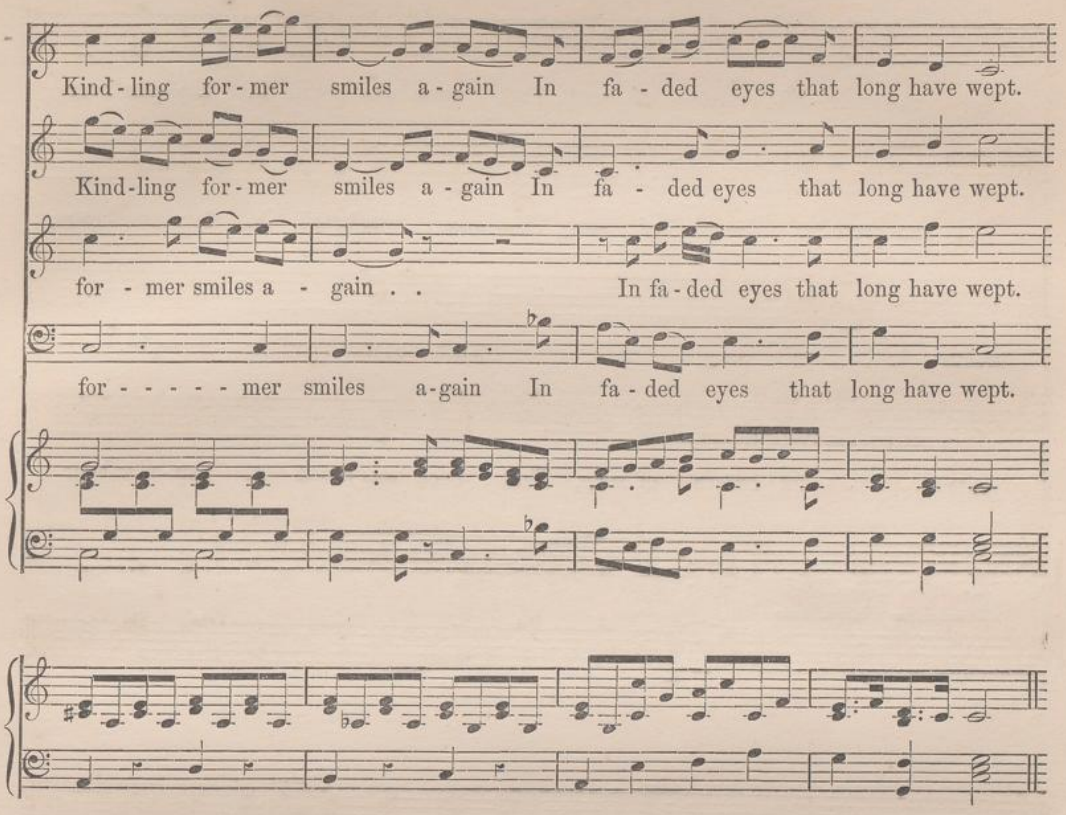
Visual Library

WHEN THRO' LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE.

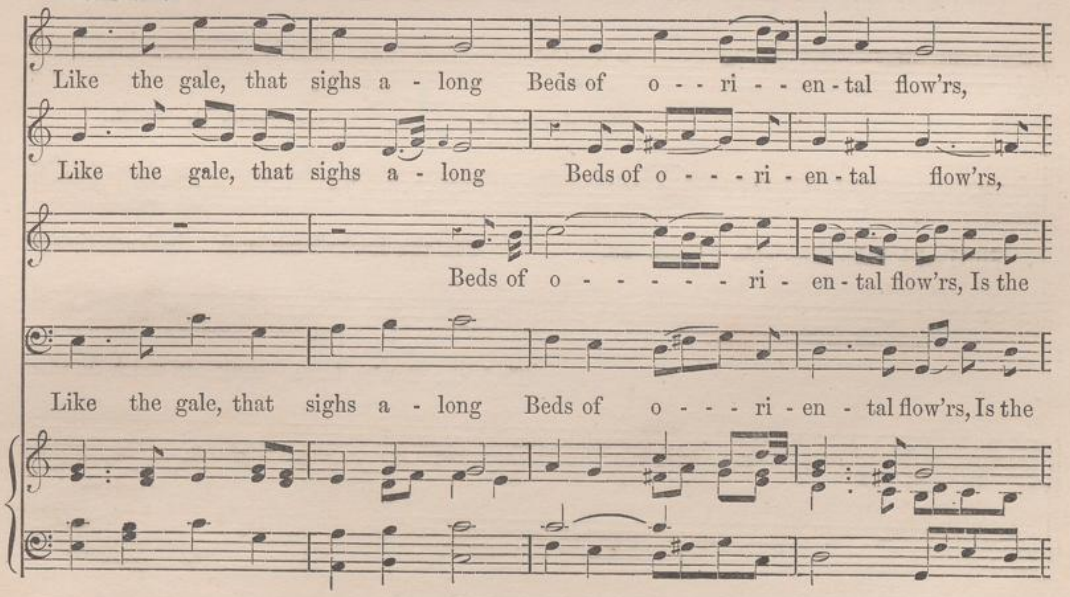
HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES.

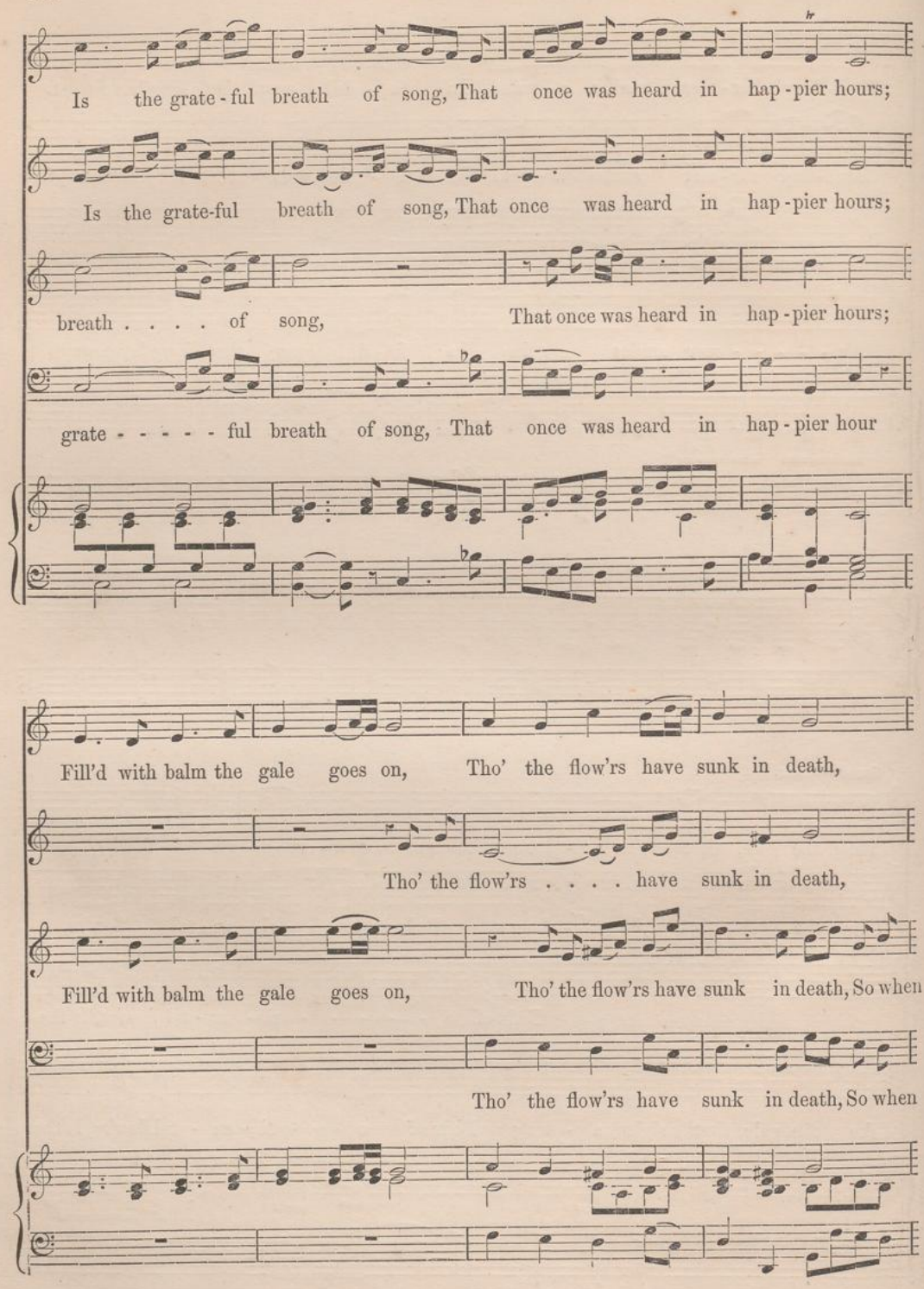


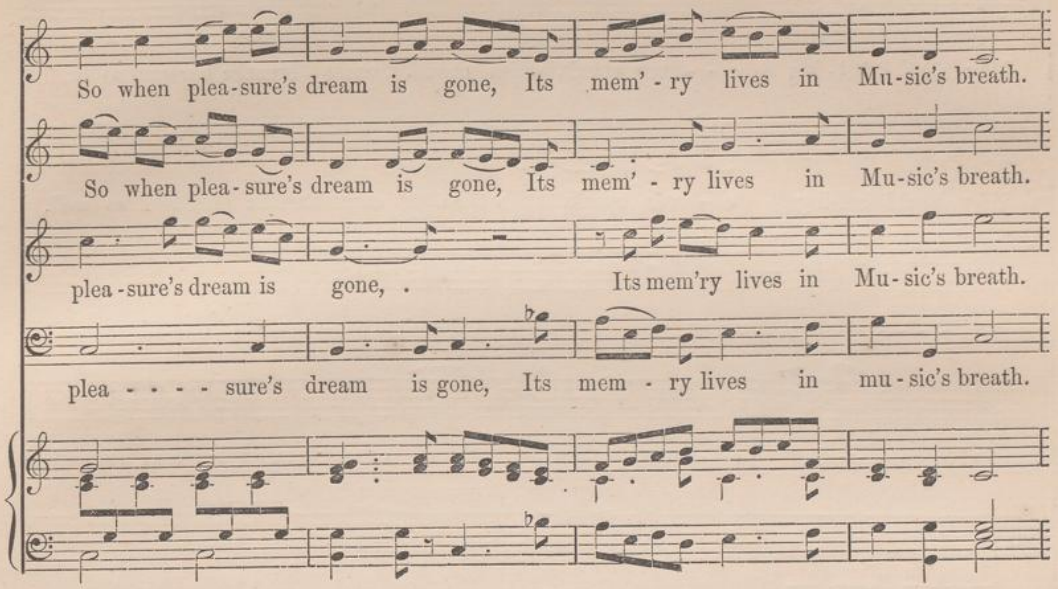

Should some notes we us'd to love In days of boy - hood, meet our ear,
Should some notes we us'd . to love In days of boy - hood, meet our ear,
notes . . . . . we lov'd In days of boy - hood, meet our ear,
notes . . . . . we us'd to love In days of boy - hood, meet our ear,
Oh! how wel-come breathes 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

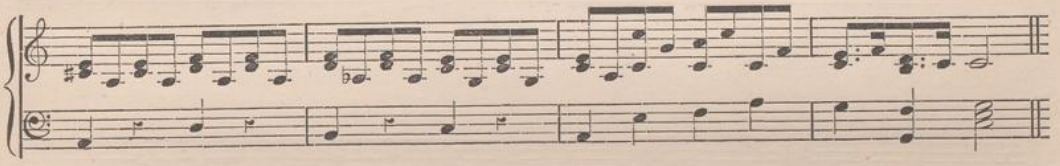


SECOND VERSE.

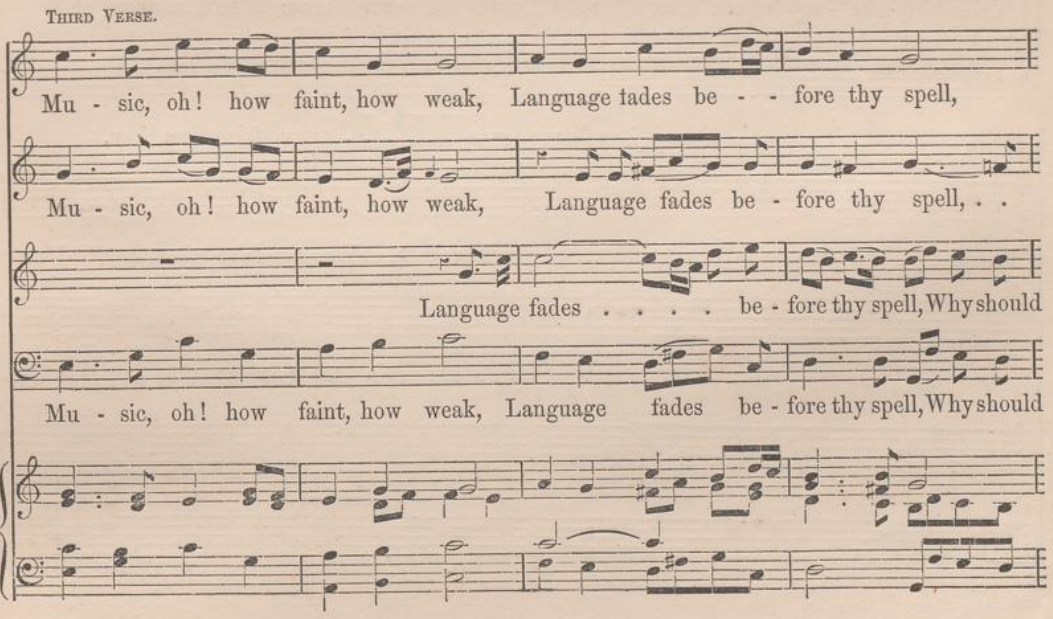



Is the grate-ful breath of song, That once was heard in hap-pier hours;
Is the grate-ful breath of song, That once was heard in hap-pier hours;
breath . . . . of song, That once was heard in hap-pier hours;
grate - - - - - ful breath of song, That once was heard in hap-pier hour
Fill'd with balm the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





THIRD VERSE.



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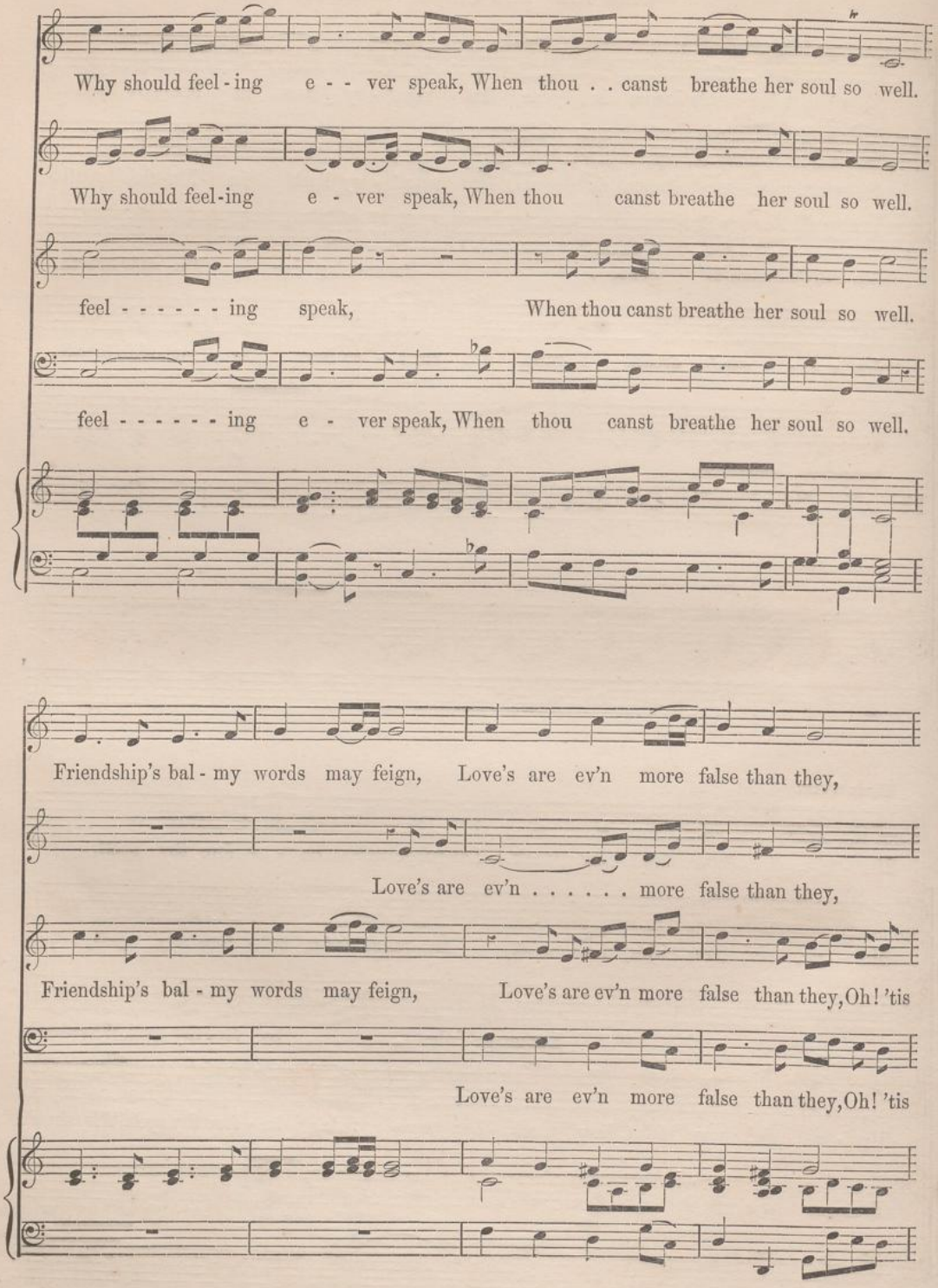
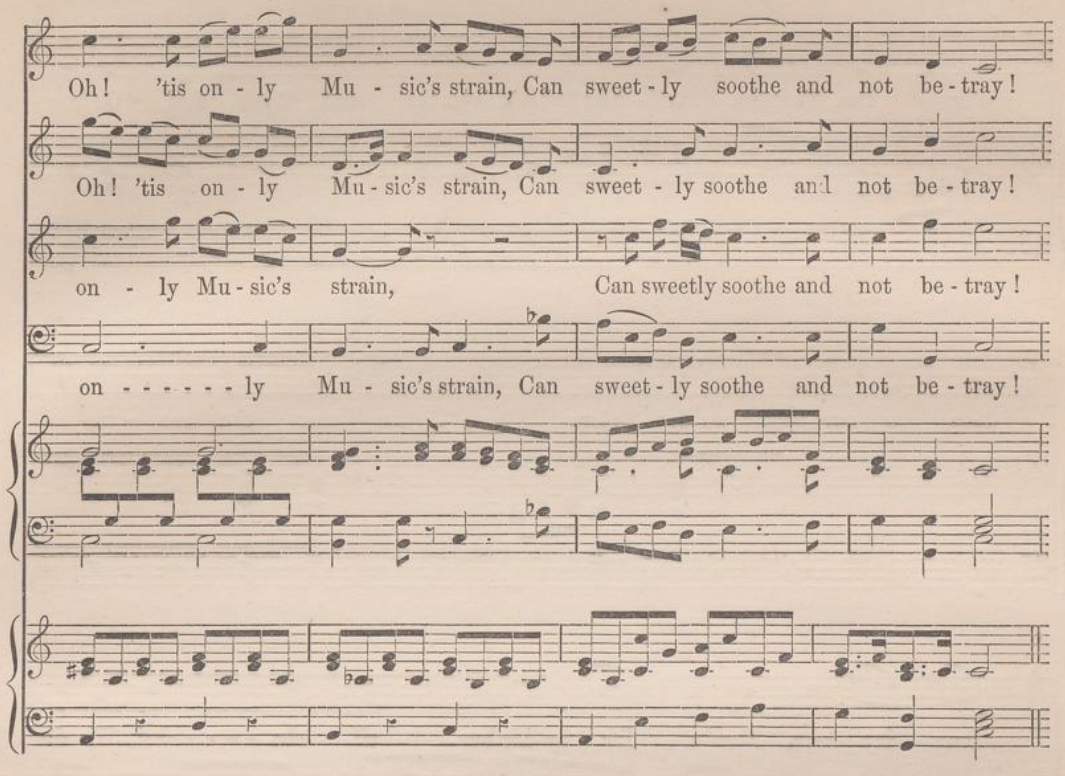
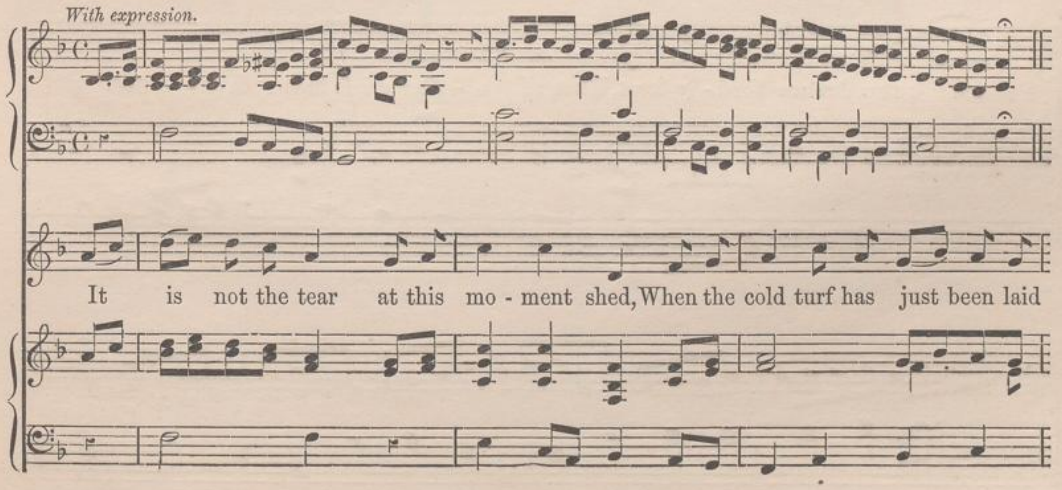

Why should feel - ing e - - ver speak, When thou . . canst breathe her soul so well.
Why should feel-ing e - ver speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well.
feel - - - - - - ing speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well.
feel - - - - - - ing e - ver speak, When thou canst breathe her soul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



IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.