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PADERBORN

Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A.

Dublin, 1859

It Is Not The Tear At This Moment Shed.

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

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.

HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.

With expression.

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

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

o'er him, That can tell how be-lov'd was the soul that's fled, Or how

o'er . . . him That can tell how be-lov'd was the soul that's fled, Or how

deep in our hearts we de - plore him, 'Tis the tear thro' ma - ny a
 deep in our hearts we de - - plore . . him, 'Tis the tear thro' ma - ny a

long day wept, Thro' a life by his loss all sha - - - - ded, 'Tis the
 long day wept, Thro' a life by his loss all sha - - - - ded, 'Tis the

sad remembrance fond - ly kept, When all o - ther griefs have fa - - - - ded.
 sad remembrance fond - ly kept, When all o - ther griefs have fa - - - - ded.

SECOND VERSE.

Oh! thus shall we mourn, And his mem'-ry's light, While it shines thro' our hearts, will im -

Oh! thus shall we mourn, And his mem' - ry's light, While it shines thro' our hearts, will im -

prove them, For worth shall look fair - er, and truth more bright, When we

prove them, For worth shall look fair - er, and truth more bright, When we

think how he liv'd but to love them! And as bu - ried saints the

think how he liv'd but to love them! And as bu - ried saints the

grave per - fume, Where fade - less they've long been ly - - - - ing, So our

grave per - fume, Where fade - less they've long been ly - - - - ing, So our

hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom From the i-mage he left therein dy - - ing!

hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom From the i-mage he left therein dy - - ing!

'TIS BELIEV'D THAT THIS HARP WHICH I WAKE NOW FOR THEE.

HARMONIZED FOR THREE VOICES.

'Tis be - liev'd that this Harp which I wake now for thee, Was a Sy - ren of

'Tis be - liev'd that this Harp which I wake now for thee, of

'Tis be - liev'd this Harp which I wake for thee, Was a Sy - ren of