



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A.

Dublin, 1859

'Tis Believ'd That This Harp Which I Wake Now For Thee.

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

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.

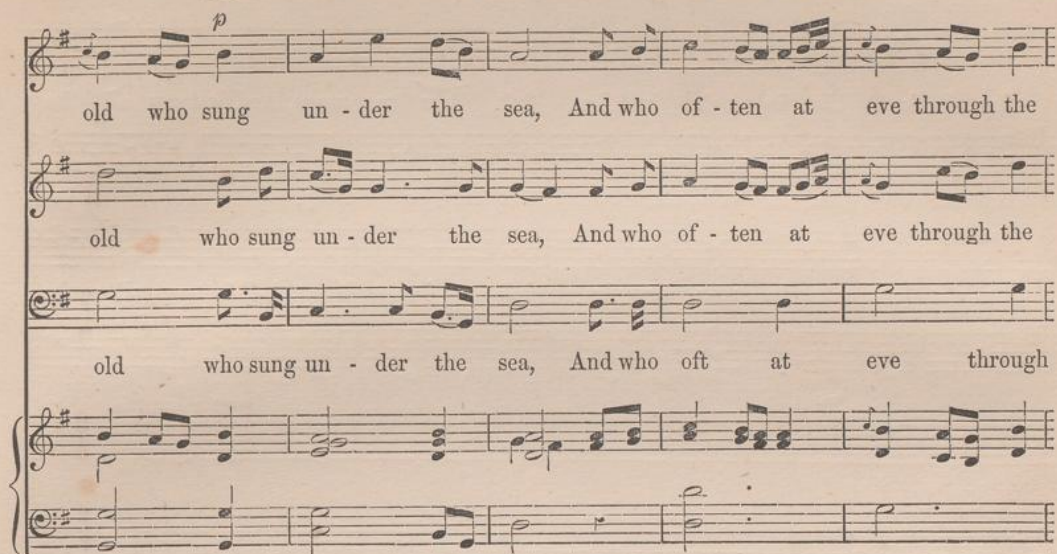
HARMONIZED FOR THREE VOICES.

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

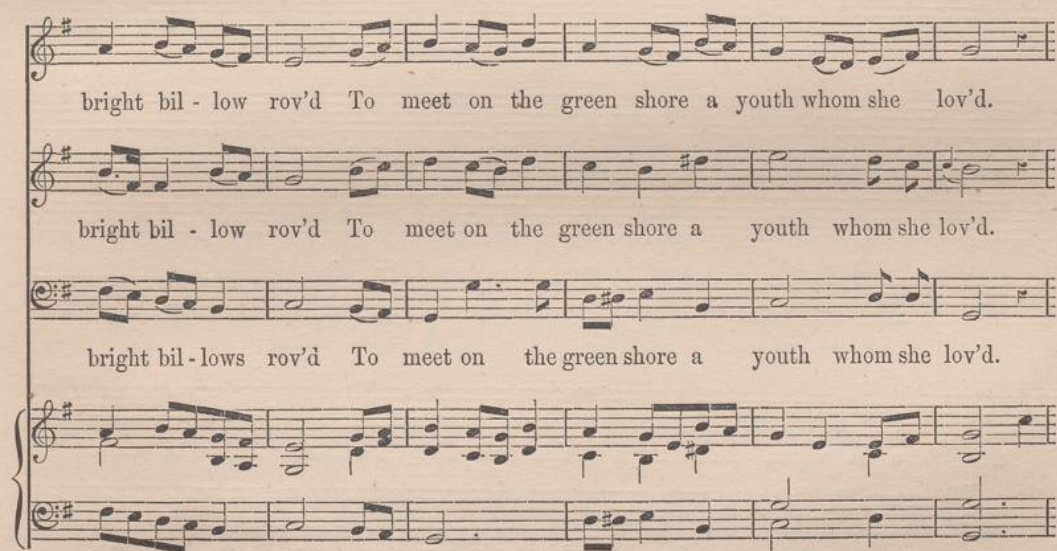
'Tis be - liev'd that this Harp which I wake now for thee, of

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

p
old who sung un - der the sea, And who of - ten at eve through the
old who sung un - der the sea, And who of - ten at eve through the
old who sung un - der the sea, And who oft at eve through



bright bil - low rov'd To meet on the green shore a youth whom she lov'd.
bright bil - low rov'd To meet on the green shore a youth whom she lov'd.
bright bil - lows rov'd To meet on the green shore a youth whom she lov'd.



SECOND VERSE.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep, And in tears all the

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep, in

But she lov'd in vain, for he left her to weep, And in tears all the

p
night her gold ring - lets to steep, 'Till heav'n look'd with mer - cy on

tears her gold ring-lets to steep, 'Till heav'n look'd with mer - cy on

night her gold ring - lets to steep, 'Till heav'n look'd with mer - - cy on

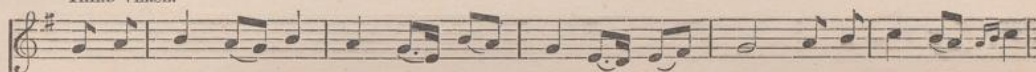
true love so warm, And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea - maid - en's form.

true love so warm, And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea - - maiden's form.

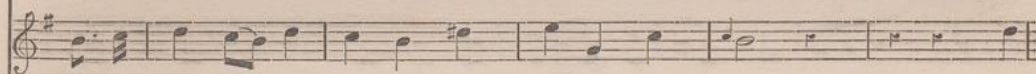
true love so warm, And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea - - maiden's form.



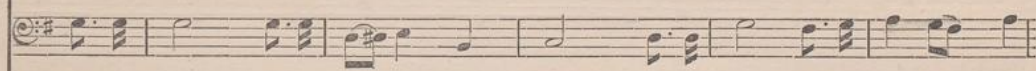
THIRD VERSE.



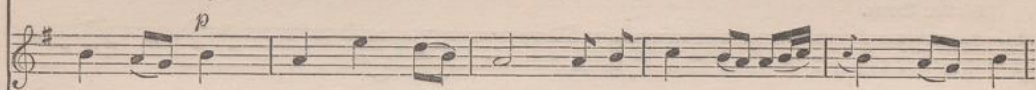
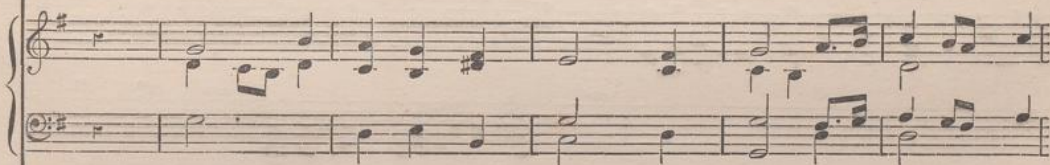
Still her bo - som rose fair, still her cheek smil'd the same, While her sea-beau-ties



Still her bo - som rose fair, still her cheek smil'd the same, her



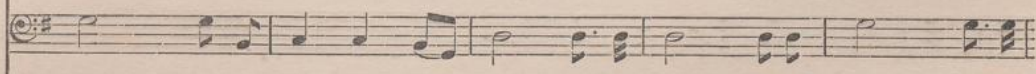
Still her bo - som rose fair, still her cheek smil'd the same, While her sea-beau-ties



grace - ful - ly curl'd round the frame, And her hair shed-ding tear - drops from



sea - - - beauties curl'd round the frame, And her hair shed-ding tear - drops from



grace - - ful - ly curl'd round the frame, And her hair shedding tear - drops from



all its bright rings, Fell o - ver her white arm to make the gold strings!

all its bright rings, Fell o - ver her white arm to make the gold strings!

all its bright rings, Fell o - ver her white arm to make the gold strings!

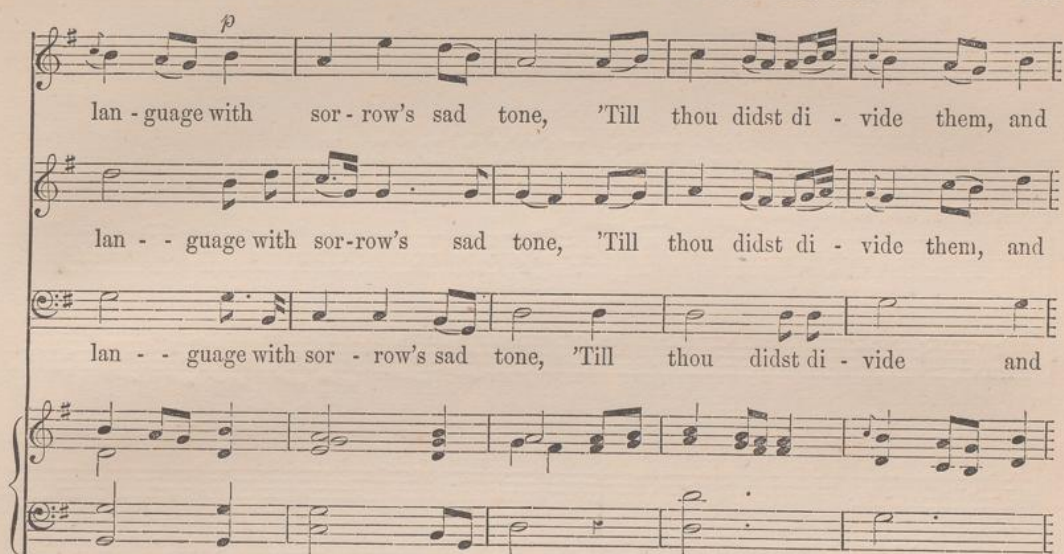
FOURTH VERSE.

Hence it came that this wild Harp so long hath been known, Still to min- gle love's

Hence it came that this wild Harp so long hath been known, love's

Hence it came this wild Harp so long hath been known, Still to min - gle love's

p
lan - guage with sor - row's sad tone, 'Till thou didst di - vide them, and
lan - - guage with sor-row's sad tone, 'Till thou didst di - vide them, and
lan - - guage with sor - row's sad tone, 'Till thou didst di - vide and



teach the fond lay To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when a - way.
teach the fond lay To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when a - way.
teach the fond lay To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when a - way.

