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PADERBORN

Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A.

Dublin, 1859

Tho' Dark Are Our Sorrows.

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shine a-gain On life's dull stream, Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine a-gain On
 life's dull stream.

This musical score is for the song 'Tho' Dark Are Our Sorrows'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: 'shine a-gain On life's dull stream, Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine a-gain On life's dull stream.'

THO' DARK ARE OUR SORROWS.

(AIR—ST. PATRICK'S DAY.)

(THE PRINCE'S DAY.)*

With spirit and feeling.

Though dark are our sorrows, to - day we'll for - get them, And smile through our tears, like a

This musical score is for the song 'Tho' Dark Are Our Sorrows'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (Bb), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: 'Though dark are our sorrows, to - day we'll for - get them, And smile through our tears, like a'.

* This song was written for a *fête* in honour of the Prince of Wales' Birth-day, given by my friend Major Bryan, at his seat in the County of Kilkenny.

sun - beam in show'rs; There nev-er were hearts, if our ru - lers would let them, More

form'd to be grate-ful and blest than ours. But just when the chain Has

ceas'd to pain, And Hope has enwreath'd it round with flow'rs, There

comes a new link Our spir - its to sink— Oh! the joy that we taste, like the

light of the poles, Is a flash a - mid darkness, too bril - liant to stay; But,

tho' 'twere the last lit - tle spark in our souls, We must light it up now, on our

Prince's Day.

SECOND VERSE.

Contempt on the minion who calls you dis - loy - al! Tho' fierce to your foe, to your

friends you are true; And the tri - bute most high to a head that is roy - al, Is

love from a heart that loves li - ber - ty too. While cow - ards, who blight Your

fame, your right, Would shrink from the blaze of bat-tle ar-ray, The

Stan-dard of Green In front would be seen,—Oh—my life on your faith! were you

sum-mon'd this mi-nute, You'd cast ev'-ry bit-ter re-mem-brance a-way, And

show what the arm of Old E-rin has in it, When rous'd by the foe on her

Prince's Day.

THIRD VERSE.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is re - cord - ed In hearts which have suf - fer'd too

much to for - get; And hope shall be crown'd, and at - tach - ment re - ward - ed, And

E - rin's gay ju - bi - lee shine out yet. The gem may be broke By

ma - ny a stroke, But nothing can cloud its na - tive ray; Each

fragment will cast A light to the last— And thus Er - in, my coun - try, tho'

br - ken thou art, There's a lus - tre with - in thee, that ne'er will de - cay; A

spi - rit, which beamst thro' each suf - fer - ing part, And now smiles at all pain on her

Prince's Day.