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BIBLIOTHEK  
PADERBORN

## **Irish melodies**

**Stevenson, John A.**

**Dublin, 1859**

Weep On, Weep On.

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[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-62608](#)

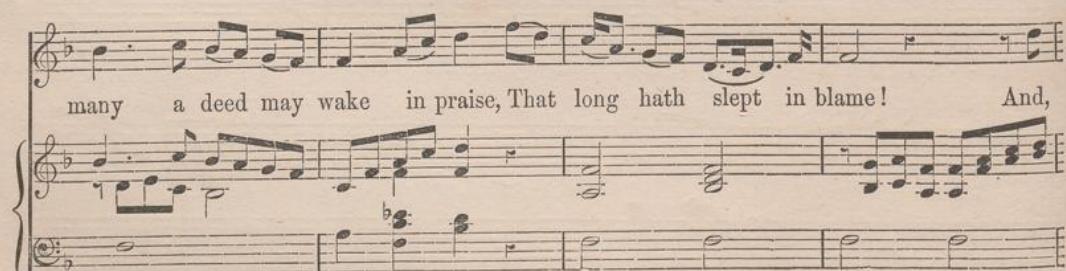
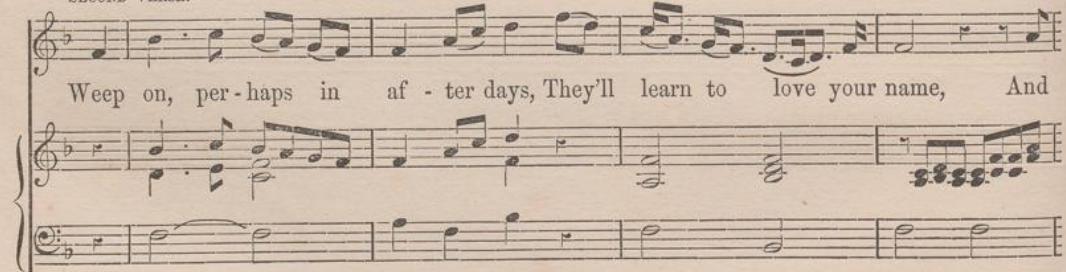
## WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

*Mournfully.*

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past, Your dreams of pride are o'er; The  
 fa - - tal chain is round you cast, And you are men no more! In



## SECOND VERSE.



when they tread the ru - in'd Isle, Where rest, at length, the  
 lord and slave, They'll wond'ring ask, how hands so vile, Could con - quer hearts so  
 brave.

## THIRD VERSE.

"Twas fate," they'll say, "a way - ward fate Your web of dis - cord wove; And  
 while your ty - rants join'd in hate, You ne - ver join'd in love, But

hearts fell off that ought to twine, And Man pro - fan'd what  
 God had giv'n, 'Till some were heard to curse the shrine, Where o - thers knelt to  
 Heav'n!

## LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

*With lightness and expression.*

*espress.*

Les - bia hath a beam - ing eye, But no one knows for whom it beam - eth,