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PADERBORN

Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A.

Dublin, 1859

Lesbia Hath A Beaming Eye.

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

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!

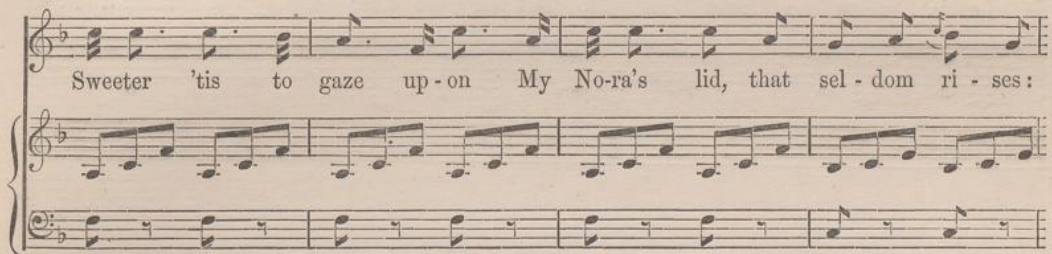
LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

*With lightness and expression.**espress.*

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



Right and left its arrows fly, But what they aim at no one dreameth.



Sweeter 'tis to gaze up-on My No-ra's lid, that sel-dom ri-ses:



Few her looks, but ev'-ry one, Like un-ex-pec-ted light, sur-pri-zes!



Oh my No-ra Cree-na dear! My gen-tle, bash-ful, No-ra Cree-na!



Beau-ty lies in ma-ny eyes, But love in yours, my No-ra Cree-na!

espress.

SECOND VERSE.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold, But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it,

Not a charm of beauty's mould, Pre-sumes to stay where na-ture plac'd it!

Oh! my No - ra's gown for me, That floats, as wild as moun - tain breez - es

Leav - ing ev' - ry beauty free, To sink or swell, as heaven pleas - es!

Yes, my No - ra Cree - na dear! My sim - ple, grace - ful No - ra Cree - na!

Na - ture's dress, Is love - li - ness, The dress you wear, my No - ra Cree - na!

espress.

THIRD VERSE.

Les-bia hath a wit re-fin'd, But, when its points are gleam - ing round us,

Who can tell if they're design'd, To daz-zle mere - ly, or to wound us;

Pil-low'd on my No - ra's heart, In sa-fer slum - ber love re - po - ses;

Bed of peace! whose roughest part, Is but the crump-ling of the ro - ses!

Oh my No - ra Cree - na dear! My wild, my art - less No - ra Cree - na!

Wit tho' bright, Hath not the light, That warms your eyes, my No - ra Cree - na!

espress.