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BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A.

Dublin, 1859

I Saw Thy Form In Youthful Prime.

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

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

(AIR—DOMINANT.)

HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.

Tenderly.

I saw . thy form in youth - ful prime, Nor thought that pale de -
 I saw . thy form in youth - ful prime, Nor thought that pale de -

cay . . . Would steal . be - fore the steps of time, And
 cay . . . Would steal . be - fore the steps of time, And

waste its bloom a - way, . . . MARY! Yet still thy fea - tures
 waste its bloom a - way, . . . MARY! Yet still thy fea - tures

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME

wore that light . . Which fleets not with . . the breath: . . . And

wore that light . . Which fleets not with . . the breath: . . . And

life ne'er look'd more pure - ly bright Than in thy smile of

life ne'er look'd more pure - ly bright Than in thy smile of

death, . . . MARY!

death, . . . MARY!

SECOND VERSE.

As streams, that run o'er gold - en mines, Yet hum - bly, calm - ly

glide, Nor seem . . to know the wealth that shines With-

in their gen - tle tide, MARY! So, veil'd be - neath a

sim - ple guise, . . Thy ra - - diant ge - - - nius shone, And

that which charm'd all o - - ther eyes, Seem'd worth - less in thy

own, MARY!

THIRD VERSE.

If souls could al - ways dwell a - bove, Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere; Or,
 could we keep the souls we love, We ne'er had lost thee here, . . . MARY!
 Tho' many a gift - ed mind we meet, Tho' fair - est forms we see, . . . To
 live with them is far less sweet Than to re - mem - ber
 thee, . . . MARY! *

* I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, "Hæu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari. quam tui meminisse!"