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## **Irish melodies**

**Stevenson, John A.**

**Dublin, 1859**

Love And The Novice. Here We Dwell.

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

sip And kiss them while they may.

sip And kiss them while they may.

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

HERE WE DWELL.

(AIR—CEAN DUBH DELISH.)\*

*Smoothly and in moderate time.*

“Here we dwell in ho - li - est bow - ers, Where an - gels of light o'er our

o - ri - sons bend, Where sighs of de - vo - tion and breath - ings of flow - ers, To

\* See page 228.



heaven in min-gled o-dours as-cend! Do not dis-turb our calm, Oh Love! So

like is thy form to the che-rubs a-bove, It well might de-ceive such

hearts as ours!"

## SECOND VERSE.

Love stood near the No-vice and listen'd, And Love was no no-vice in

tak-ing a hint; His laugh-ing blue eyes soon with pi-e-ty glis-ten'd, His



ro - sy wing turn'd to hea - ven's own tint, "Who would have thought," the urchin cries, "That

Love could so well, so grave - ly dis - guise His wan - der - ing wings and

wound - ing eyes."

THIRD VERSE.

Love now warms thee, wak - ing and sleeping, Young No - vice to him all thy

o - ri - son's rise. He tin - ges the hea - ven - ly fount with his weep - ing, He



brightens the cen - sor's flame with his sighs. Love is the saint enshrin'd in thy breast, And

an - gels themselves would ad - mit such a guest, If he came to them cloth'd in

Pi - e-ty's vest.

We have taken the liberty of omitting a part of this Air, which appeared to us to wander rather unmanageably out of the compass of the voice. It is given, however, in its perfect form below.

*Slow.*

CEAN DUBH DELISH.