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PADERBORN

Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A.

Dublin, 1859

This Life Is All Chequer'd With Pleasures And Woes.

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

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.

(AIR—THE BUNCH OF GREEN RUSHES THAT GREW AT THE BRIM.)

With feeling and gaiety.

This life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes, That chace one a - no - ther like

waves of the deep,—Each bil-low, as brightly or dark - ly it flows, Re-

flect - ing our eyes, as they sparkle or weep. So close - ly our whims on our

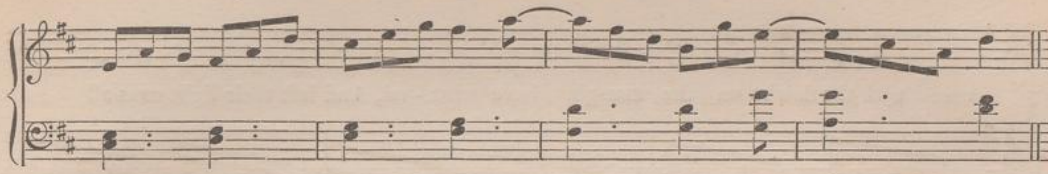
mi - se - ries tread, That the laugh is call'd up ere the tear can be dried; And as

fast as the rain-drop of pi - ty is shed, The goose-plumage of fol - ly can

turn it a - side. But pledge me the cup, if ex - ist - ence would cloy With

hearts e - ver hap - py, and heads e - ver wise, Be ours the light grief that is

sis - ter to joy, And the short brilliant fol - ly, that flash - es and dies!



SECOND VERSE.

When Hy - las was sent with his urn to the fount, Thro' fields full of light, and with

heart full of play, Light rambled the boy, o - ver mea - dow and mount, And

ne-glec-ted his task for the flow'rs on the way.* Thus ma - ny, like me, who in

youth should have tast - ed The foun - tain that runs by phi - lo - so - phy's shrine, Their

* Proposito florem prætulit officio.—PROPERT. lib. i. eleg. 20.

time with the flow'rs on the mar-gin have wast - ed, And left their light urns all as

emp - ty as mine. But pledge me the gob - let—while I - dle-ness weaves These

flow - rets to - ge - ther, should wis - dom but see One bright drop or two, that has

fall'n on the leaves, From her foun-tain di - vine, 'tis suf - fi - cient for me!