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PADERBORN

Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A.

Dublin, 1859

On Bumper At Parting.

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

think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the king-dom of souls,* Faintly an-swer-ing
still the notes that once were so dear.

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

(AIR—MOLL ROE IN THE MORNING.)

With animation.

One bumper at part-ing, tho' ma-ny Have cir-cled the board since we met, The

* "There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fiel' and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."

full-est, the sad-dest of a - ny Re-mains to be crown'd by us yet; The

sweet-ness that pleasure has in it, Is al-ways so slow to come forth, That

sel - dom, a - las! till the minute It dies, do we know half its worth. But

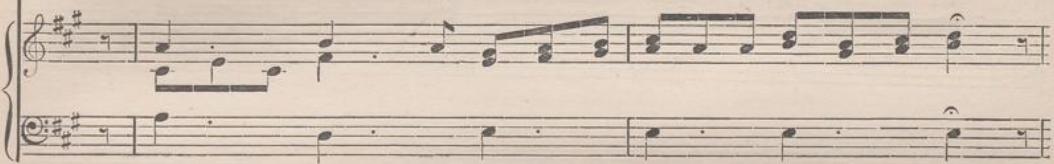
oh! may our life's happy measure Be all of such moments made up, They're

born on the bo-som of pleasure, They die midst the tears of the cup.



SECOND VERSE.

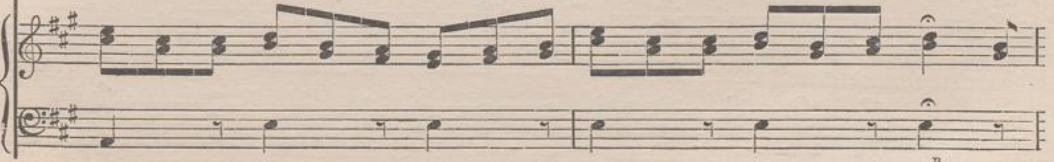
As on-waru we jour - ney, how plea-sant To pause and in - ha - bit a - while Those



few sun - ny spots, like the pre-sent, That 'mid the dull wil - der-ness smile! But



Time, like a pi - ti - less mas - ter, Cries "onward!" and spurs the gay hours—Ah,



ne - ver does Time tra - vel fast - er, Than when his way lies a-mong flow'rs. But

come—may our life's hap-py measure Be all of such moments made up ; They're

born on the bo-som of pleasure, They die midst the tears of the cup.

THIRD VERSE.

How brilliant the sun look'd in sink-ing! The wa - ters be-neath him how bright! Oh!

trust me, the fare - well of drinking Should be like the fare - well of light. You

saw how he finish'd, by dart - ing His beam o'er a deep bil - low's brim— So

fill up, let's shine at our part - ing, In full li - quid glo - ry, like him. And

oh ! may our life's happy measure Of mo - ments like this be made up ; 'Twas

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a tempo marking of common time. The lyrics "born on the bosom of pleasure, It dies midst the tears of the cup." are written below the notes. The middle staff is for the piano's right hand, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is for the piano's left hand, also in a treble clef and one sharp. The music continues with a series of eighth-note patterns.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

(AIR—THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.)

Feelingly.

The musical score consists of two staves for the piano. The top staff begins with a dynamic of *f* and a treble clef, with a key signature of two sharps. The bottom staff follows with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music features a series of eighth-note chords and patterns, with a dynamic of *p* at the end. The lyrics "'Tis the" are written near the end of the piece.