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# Irish melodies

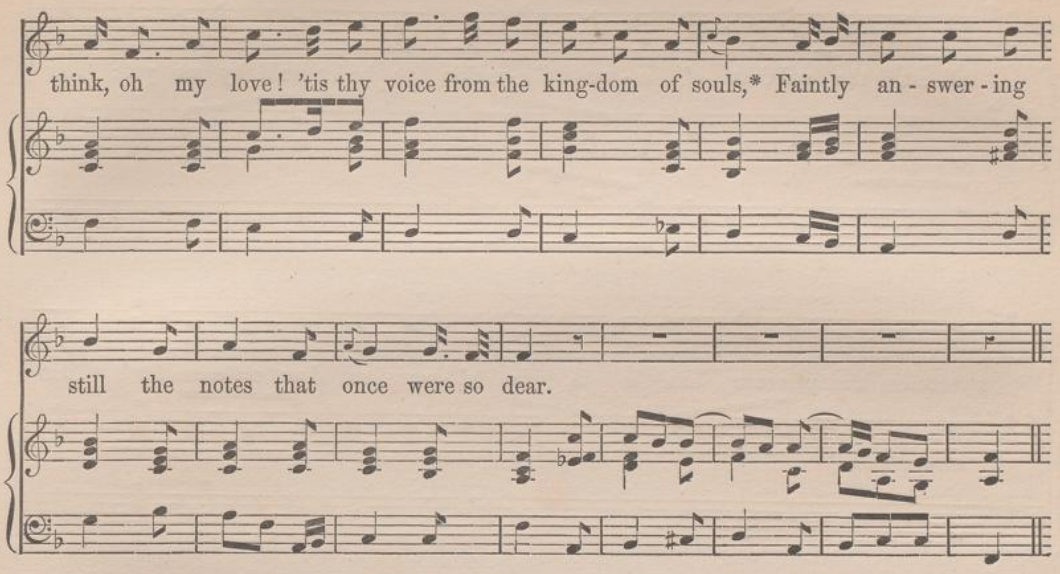
**Stevenson, John A.**

**Dublin, 1859**

On Bumper At Parting.

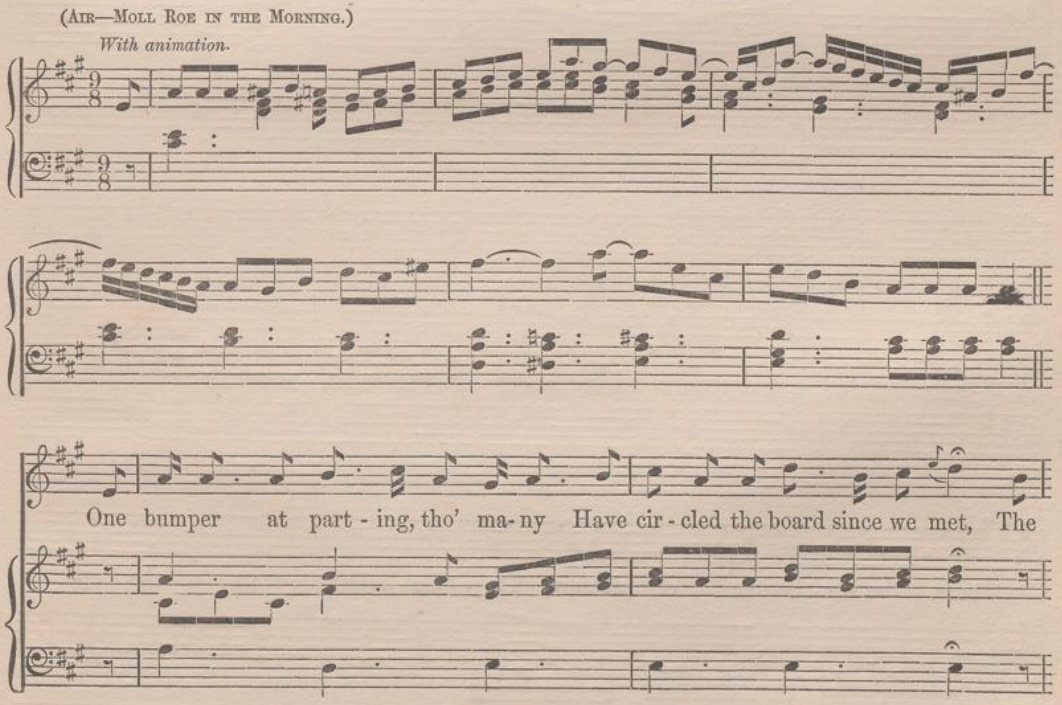
urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-62608

Visual Library




## ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

(AIR—MOLL ROE IN THE MORNING.)




* "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."

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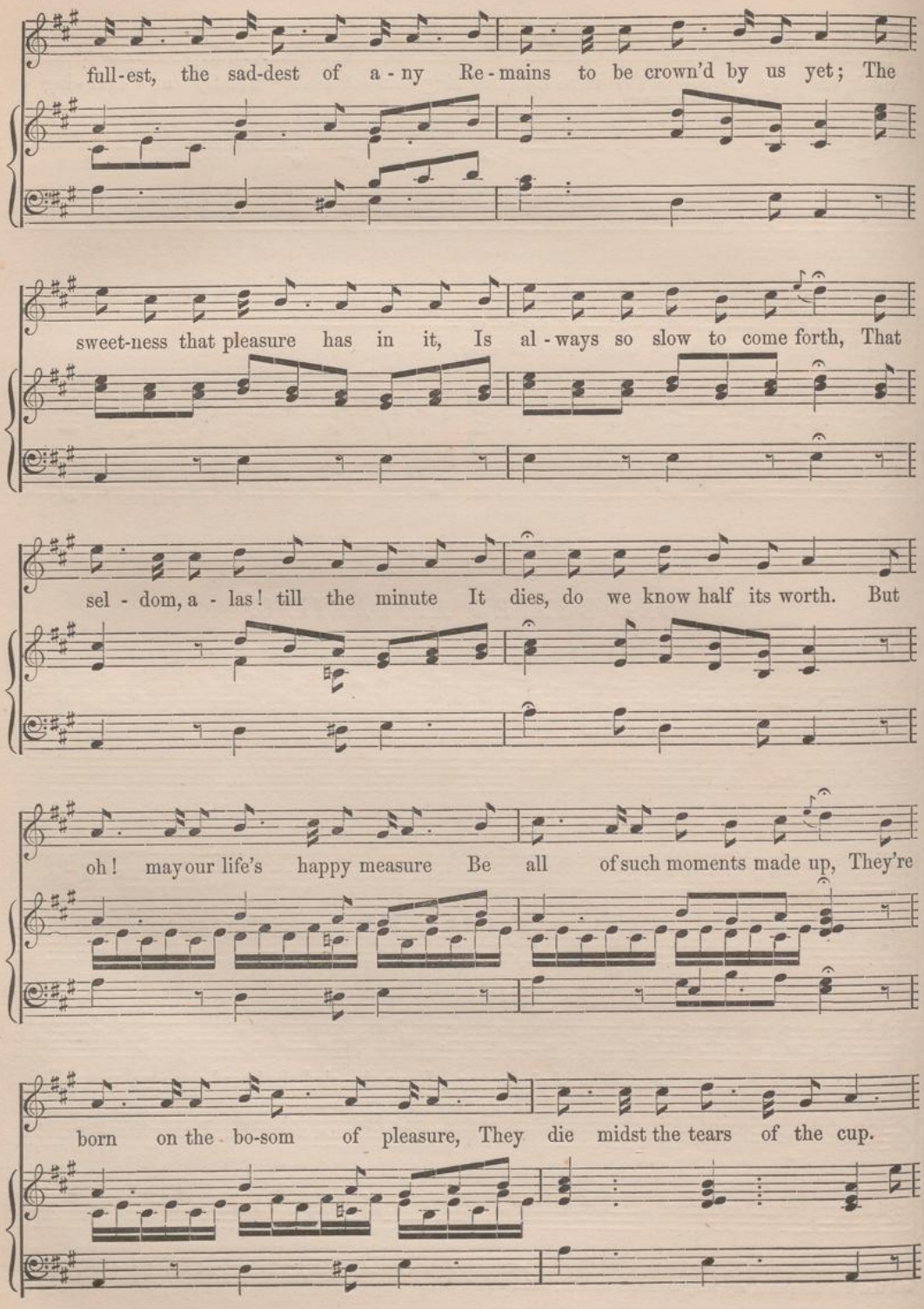
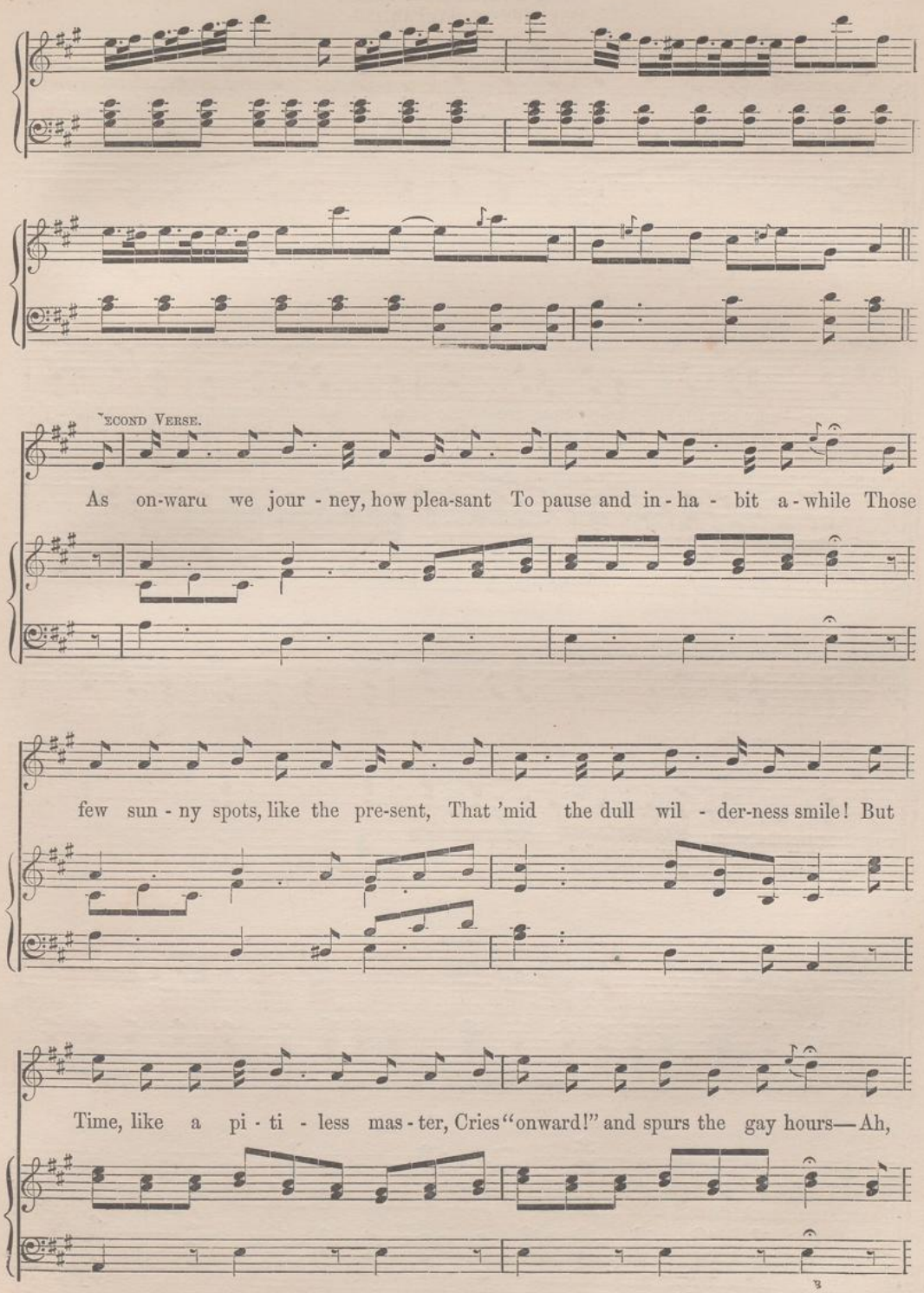
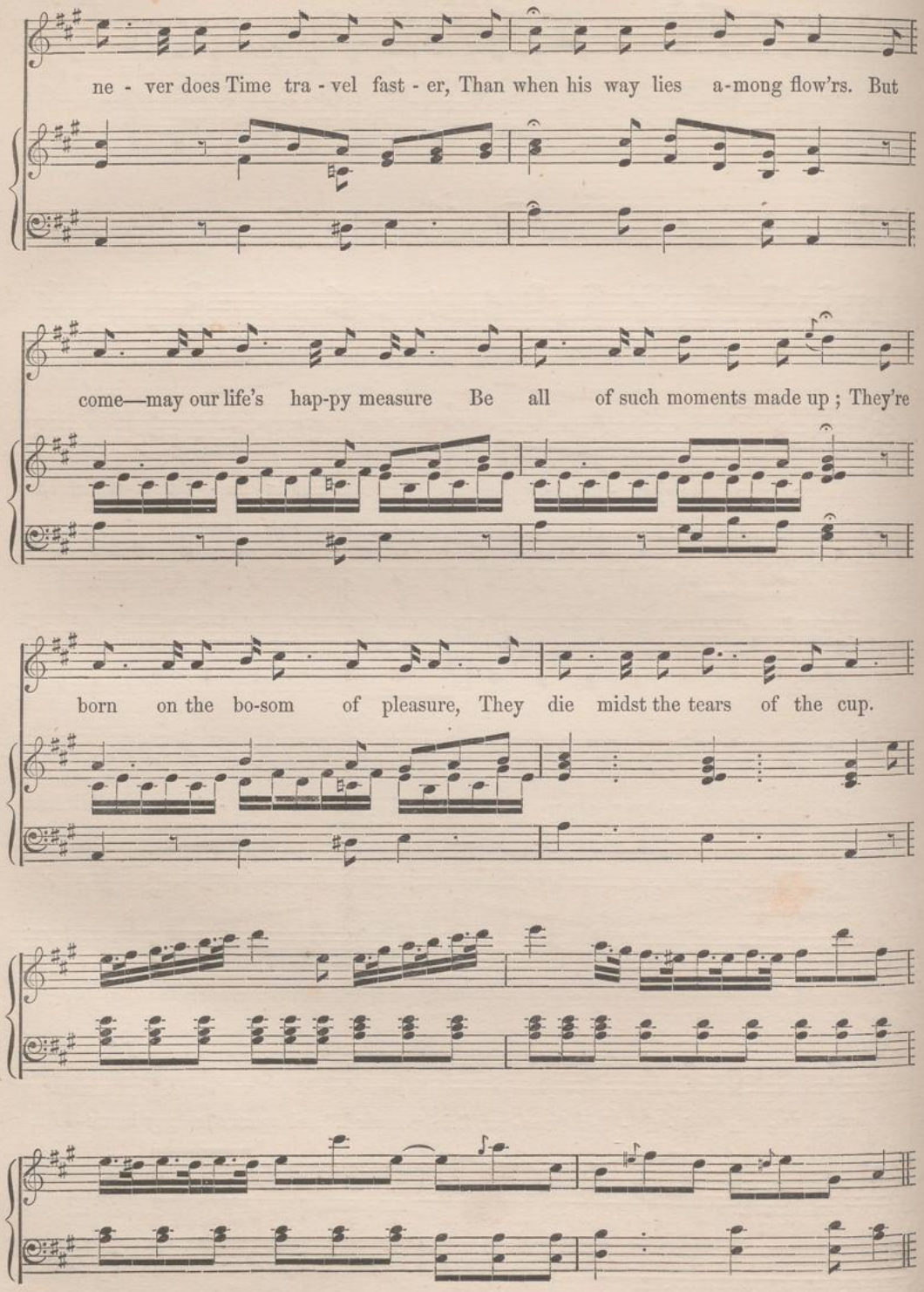
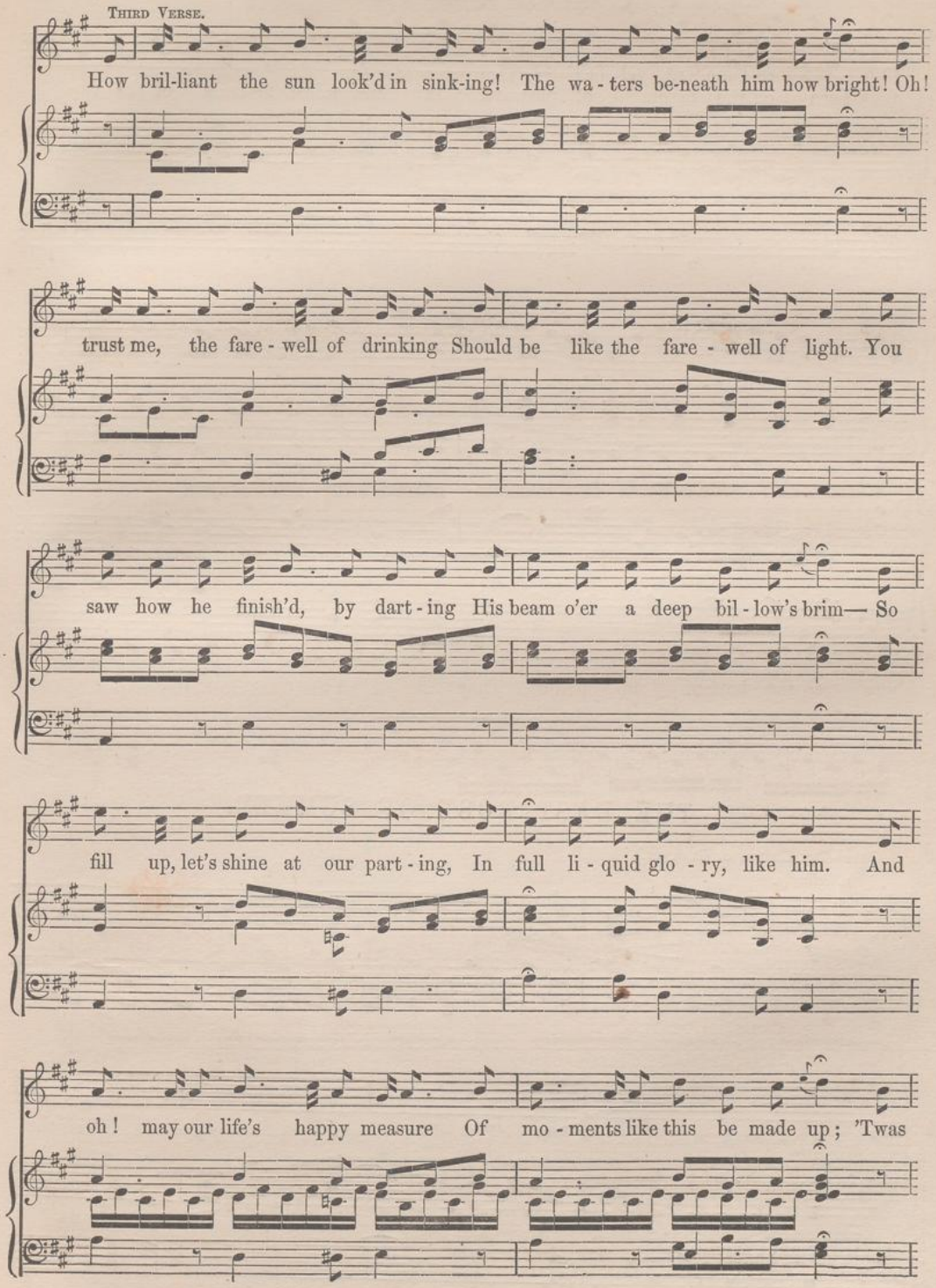
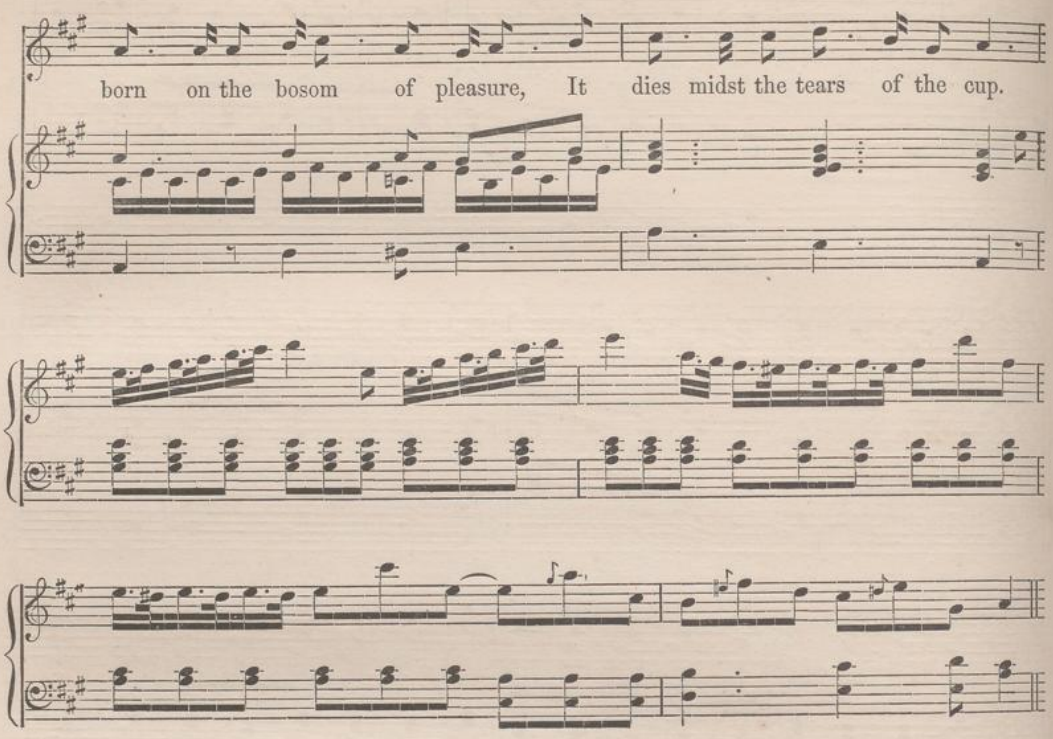

full-est, the sad-dest of a-ny Re-mains to be crown'd by us yet; The
sweet-ness that pleasure has in it, Is al-ways so slow to come forth, That
sel-dom, a-las! till the minute It dies, do we know half its worth. But
oh! may our life's happy measure Be all of such moments made up, They're
born on the bo-som of pleasure, They die midst the tears of the cup.

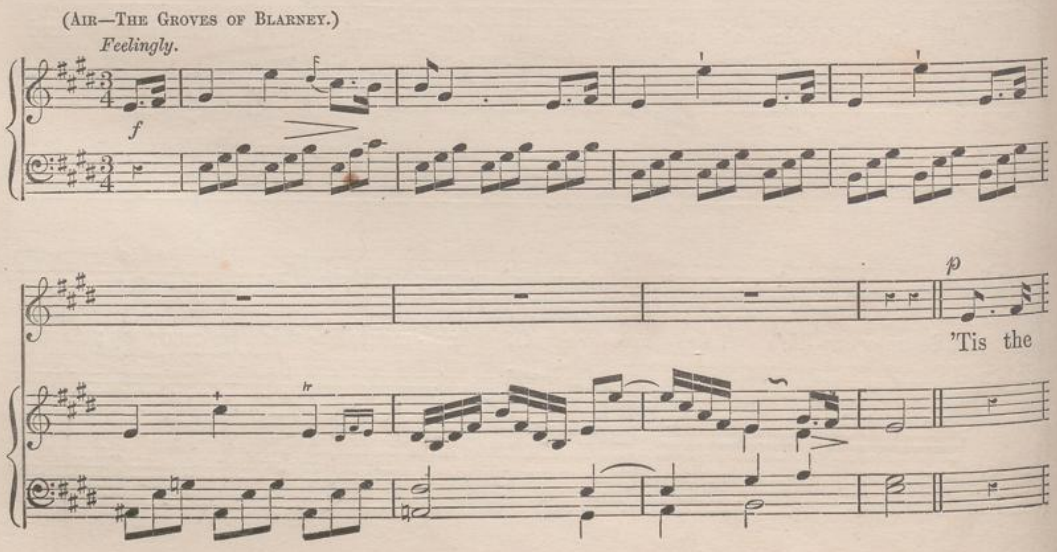

SECOND VERSE.
As on-ward we jour - ney, how plea-sant To pause and in - ha - bit a - while Those
few sun - ny spots, like the pre-sent, That 'mid the dull wil - der-ness smile! But
Time, like a pi - ti - less mas - ter, Cries "onward!" and spurs the gay hours—Ah,


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 bril-liant 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 LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

(AIR—THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.)