



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A.

Dublin, 1859

The Young May Moon.

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

nigh, . . . To re - flect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.
 nigh, To re - flect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.
 nigh, To re - flect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.
 nigh, To re - flect her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

HARMONIZED FOR FOUR VOICES.

Lively.

The young May moon is beam - ing, love, The glow-worm's lamp is gleam-ing, love, How
 The moon . . . is beam - ing, love, The glow-worm's lamp is gleam-ing, love, How
 The moon . . . is beam - ing, love, The glow-worm's lamp is gleam-ing, love, How
 The moon . . . is beam - ing, love, The glow-worm's lamp is gleam-ing, love, How

ad lib.

sweet to rove Thro' Mor - na's grove, While the drow - sy world is
 sweet to rove Thro' Mor - na's grove, While the drow - sy world is
 sweet to rove Thro' Mor - na's grove, While the world . . . is
 sweet to rove Thro' Mor - na's grove, While the drow - sy world is

dream - ing love! Then a - wake! the heav'n's look bright, my dear! 'Tis
 dream - ing love! Then a - wake! . . . look bright, my dear! 'Tis
 dream - ing love! Then a - wake! . . . look bright, my dear! 'Tis
 dream - ing love! Then a - wake! . . . look bright, my dear! 'Tis

lentando.

nev - er too late for de - light, my dear, And the best of all ways To
 nev - er too late for de - light, my dear, And the best of all ways To
 nev - er too late for de - light, my dear, And the best of all ways To
 nev - er too late for de - light, my dear, And the best of all ways To

ad lib. *a tempo.*

length - en our days Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!
 length - en our days Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!
 length - en our days Is to steal from the night, my dear!
 length - en our days Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

ad lib. *a tempo.*

SECOND VERSE.

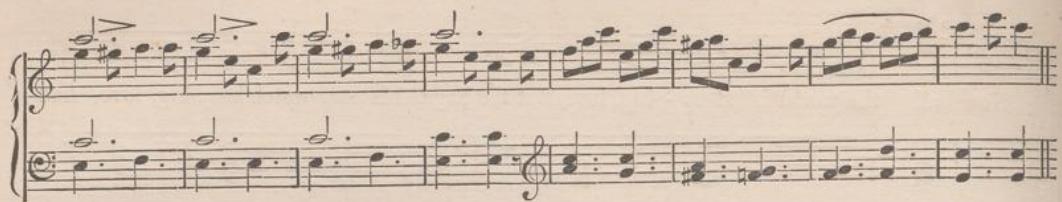
Now all the world is sleep - ing, love, But the Sage, his star-watch keep-ing, love, And

ad lib. I, whose star, More glo - rious far, Is the eye from that case-ment
a tempo.

peep - ing, love. Then a - wake!—till rise of sun, my dear, The

lentando. Sa - - - ge's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or in watch - ing the flight Of

ad lib. bo - dies of light, He might hap - pen to take thee for one, my dear.



THE MINSTREL BOY.

(AIR—THE MOREEN.)

With strength and spirit.

HARMONIZED FOR THREE VOICES.

The min-strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His

The min-strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His

The min-strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His