

Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A.

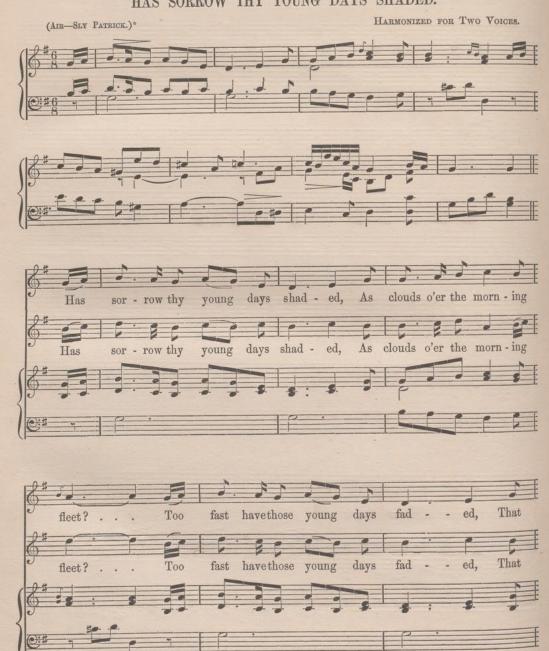
Dublin, 1859

Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded.

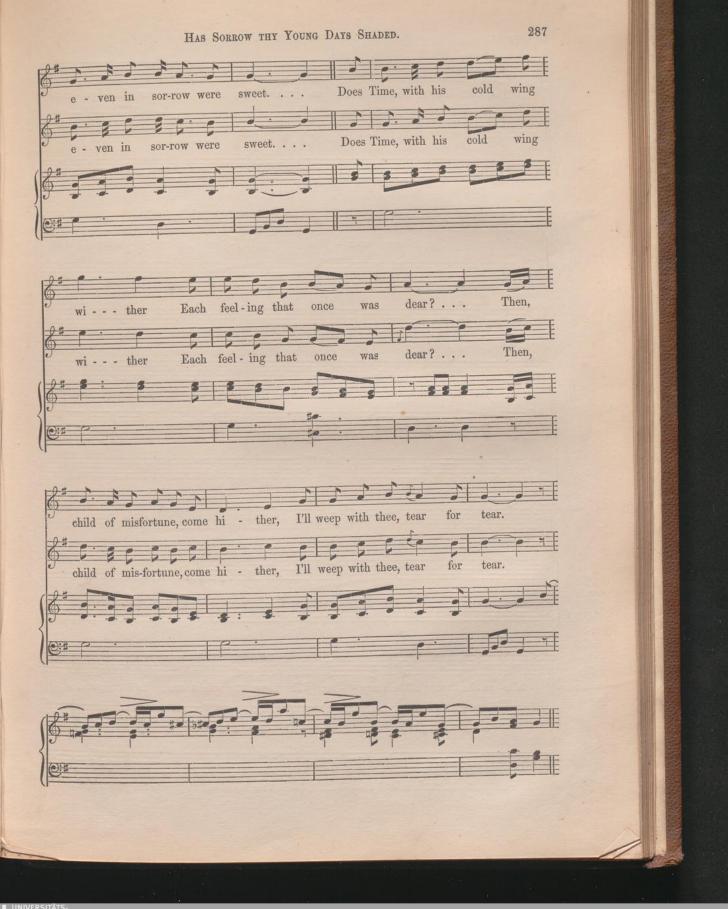
urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-62608

Visual Library

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.



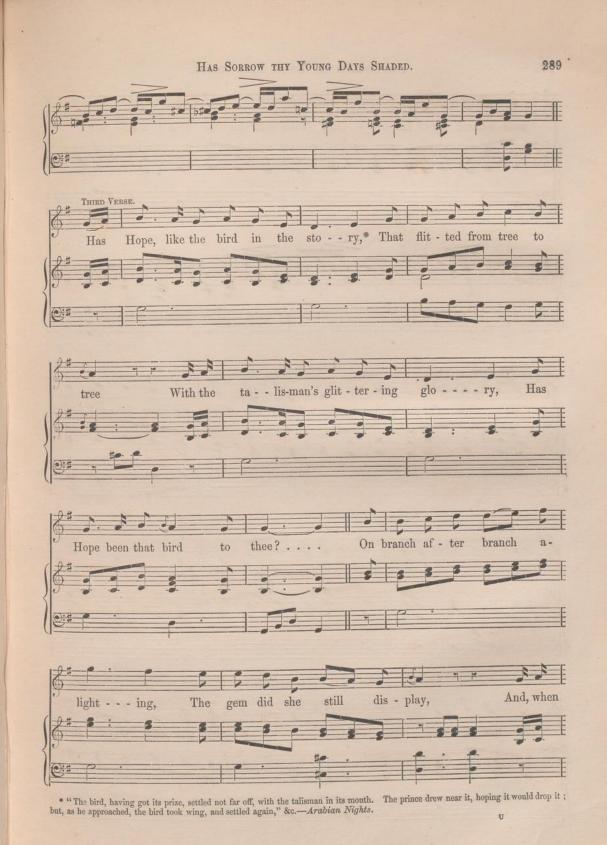
• To the gentleman who favoured me with this air I am indebted for many other old and beantiful melodies, from which, if ever we resume this work, I shall be able to make a very interesting selection.



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HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED. 288 SECOND VERSE. 0 # ten - der, Been like our La love to that soul, SO Has 000 mine,* Where spar - kles of gold - en splen - dour All o - ver the sur - - face shine. . . . But if in pur - suit we go 50 p . deep --- er, Al - lur'd by the gleam that shone, . Ah! 0:# false as the dreams of the sleep - - er, Like Love, the bright ore is gone. J. H • * Our Wicklow Gold Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, but too well the character here given of them.

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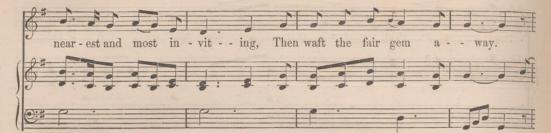
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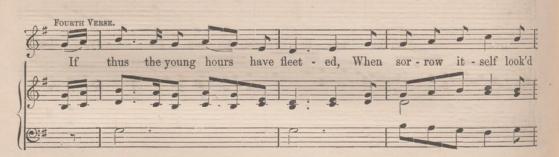
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HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

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