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PADERBORN

## **Irish melodies**

**Stevenson, John A.**

**Dublin, 1859**

Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded.

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## HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

(AIR—SLY PATRICK.)\*

HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.

The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major, 6/8 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment in the same key and time signature, starting with a bass clef.

The second system of the piano introduction continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, maintaining the 6/8 time signature and G major key signature.

The first system of the vocal entry features two staves. The top staff is the first voice, and the bottom staff is the second voice. Both voices enter with the lyrics: "Has sor - row thy young days shad - ed, As clouds o'er the morn - ing". The piano accompaniment continues below.

The second system of the vocal entry continues the lyrics: "fleet? . . . Too fast havethose young days fad - - ed, That". The piano accompaniment continues below.

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



e - ven in sor-row were sweet. . . . Does Time, with his cold wing  
 e - ven in sor-row were sweet. . . . Does Time, with his cold wing

wi - - - ther Each feel - ing that once was dear? . . . Then,  
 wi - - - ther Each feel - ing that once was dear? . . . Then,

child of misfortune, come hi - - ther, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.  
 child of mis-fortune, come hi - - ther, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.



SECOND VERSE.

Has love to that soul, so ten - der, Been like our La - ge - nian

mine,\* Where spar - kles of gold - en splen - - dour All

o - ver the sur - - face shine. . . . . But if in pur - suit we go

deep - - - er, Al - lur'd by the gleam that shone, Ah!

false as the dreams of the sleep - - er, Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

\* Our Wicklow Gold Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, but too well the character here given of them.



THIRD VERSE.

Has Hope, like the bird in the sto - - ry,\* That flit - ted from tree to

tree With the ta - - lis-man's glit - ter - ing glo - - - ry, Has

Hope been that bird to thee? . . . . On branch af - ter branch a -

light - - - ing, The gem did she still dis - play, And, when

\* "The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in its mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it ; but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," &c.—*Arabian Nights*.



near - est and most in - vit - - ing, Then waft the fair gem a - - way.

FOURTH VERSE.

If thus the young hours have fleet - ed, When sor - row it - self look'd

bright; If thus the fair hope hath cheat - - - ed, That

led thee a - long so light; . . . If thus the cold world now



wi - ther Each feel - ing that once was dear:— Come,

child of mis - fortune, come hi - ther, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

(AIR—LUGGIELAW.)

*With expression.*

No, not more