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BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A.

Dublin, 1859

No, Not More Welcome.

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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.

f *p* > > *lentando.*

No, not more
a tempo.

wel - come the fai - ry num - bers Of mu - sic fall on the sleep - er's

ear, When half-a - wak - ing from fear - ful slum - bers, He thinks the

full choir of heav'n is near,— Than came that voice, when, all for -

sa - - ken, This heart long had sleep - ing lain, Nor thought its

lentando.

cold pulse would e - ver wak - en To such be - nign bless - ed sounds a

gain.

SECOND VERSE.

Sweet voice of com-fort! 'twas like the steal-ing Of summer wind thro'some wreathed

shell; Each se-cret wind - ing, each in - most feel - ing Of all my

soul e - cho'd to its spell. 'Twas whis - per'd balm—'Twas sun - shine

spo - - ken! I'd live years of grief and pain To have my

lentando.

lentando.

long sleep of sor-row brok-en By such be-nign bless-ed sounds a-
gain.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

(AIR—OH, PATRICK! FLY FROM ME.*)
In moderate time.

HARMONIZED FOR TWO VOICES.

When first I met thee, warm and young, There shone such truth a-
When first I met thee, warm and young, There shone such truth a-

* This very beautiful Irish Air was sent to me by a gentleman of Oxford. There is much pathos in the original words, and both words and music have all the features of authenticity.