



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A.

Dublin, 1859

The Time I've Lost In Wooing.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-62608](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-62608)

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

(AIR—PEASE UPON A TRENCHER.)

The time I've lost in woo - ing, In watch-ing and pur - su - - ing The

light that lies In woman's eyes, Has been my heart's un - do - ing.

Tho' Wis - dom oft has sought me, I scorn'd the lore she brought me, My

on - ly books Were woman's looks, And fol - ly's all they've taught me.

SECOND VERSE.

Her smile when Beau - ty grant - - ed, I hung with gaze en - chant - - - ed, Like

him the Sprite,* Whom maids by night Oft meet in glen, that's haunt - ed.

Like him, too, Beau - ty won me, But while her eyes were on me, If

* This alludes to a kind of Irish Fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields at dusk. As long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power;—but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady Morgau (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, O'Donnell), has given a very different account of that goblin.

once their ray Was turn'd a - way, Oh! winds could not out - run me.

THIRD VERSE.

And are those fol - lies go - - - ing? And is my proud heart grow - - - ing Too

cold or wise For bril - liant eyes A - gain to set it glow - ing.

No, vain, a - las! th'en - dea - - your From bonds so sweet to se - - ver; Poor

Wis-dom's chance A - gainst a glance Is now as weak as e - - ver.

OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

(AIR—SIOS AGUS SIOS LIOM.)

Spirited.

Oh! where's the slave so low - ly, Con - demn'd to chains un - ho - ly, Who,