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Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A.

Dublin, 1859

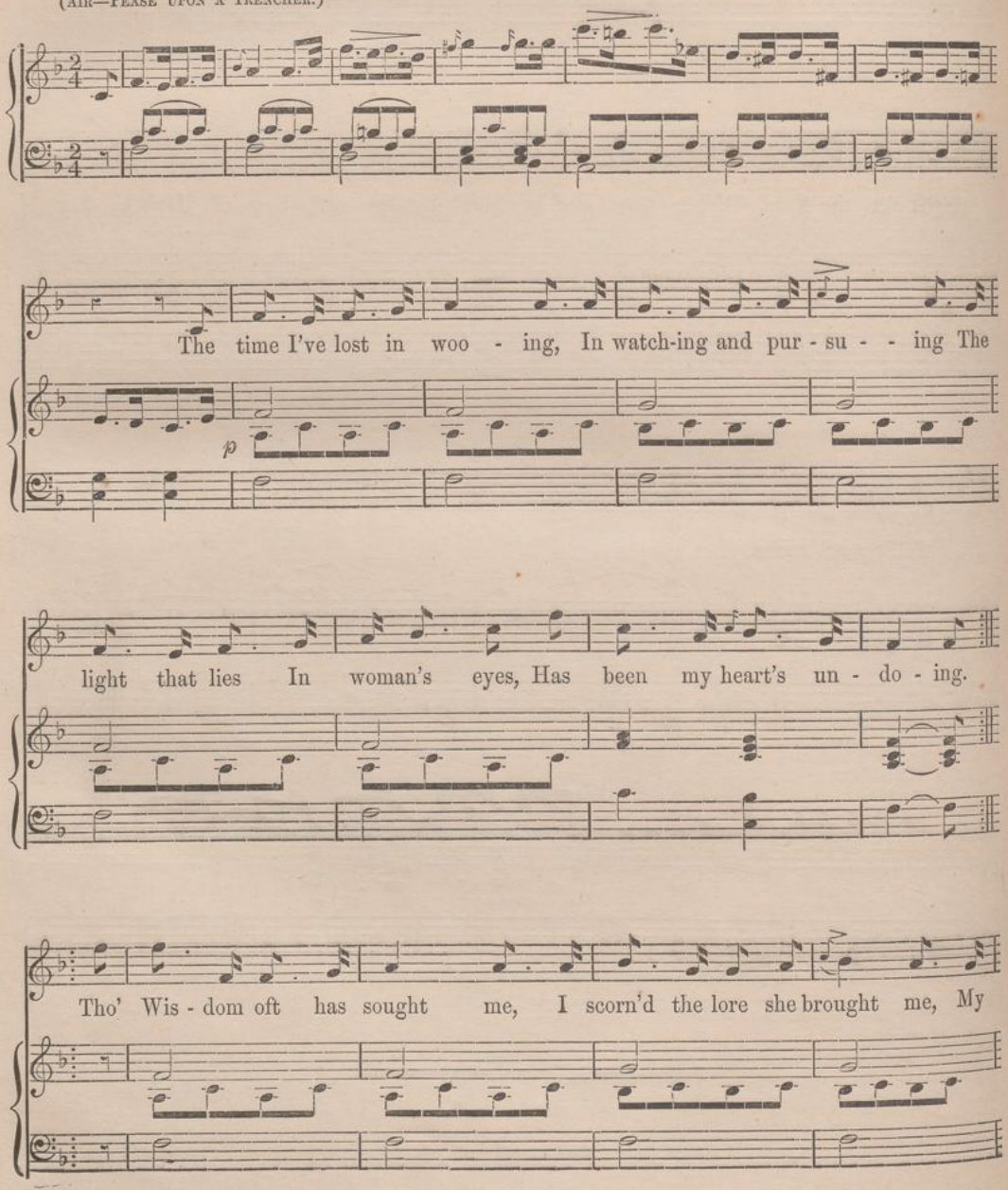
The Time I've Lost In Wooing.

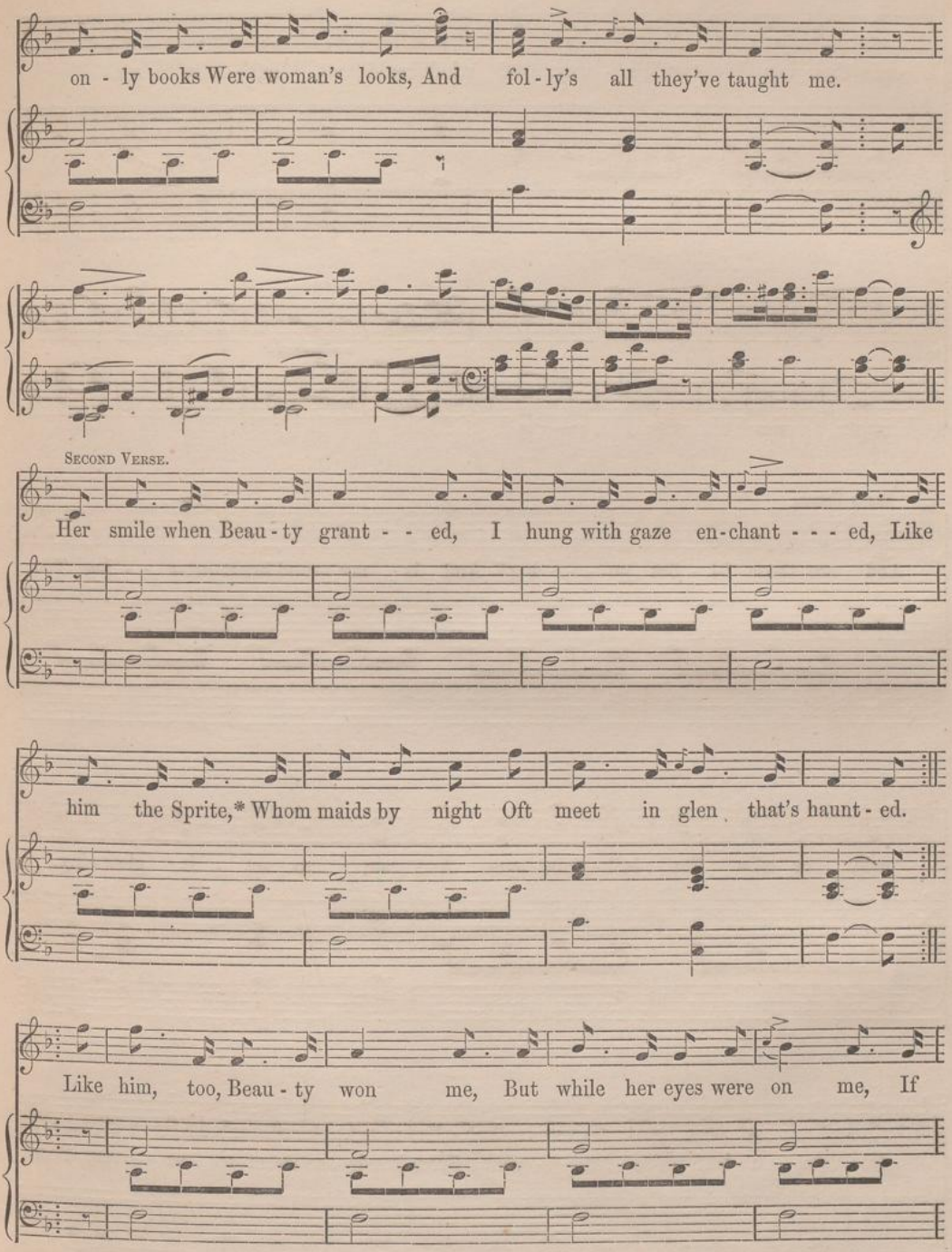
urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-62608

Visual Library

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

(Air—Pease upon a Trencher.)





* 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 Morgan (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, O'Donnel), has given a very different account of that goblin.

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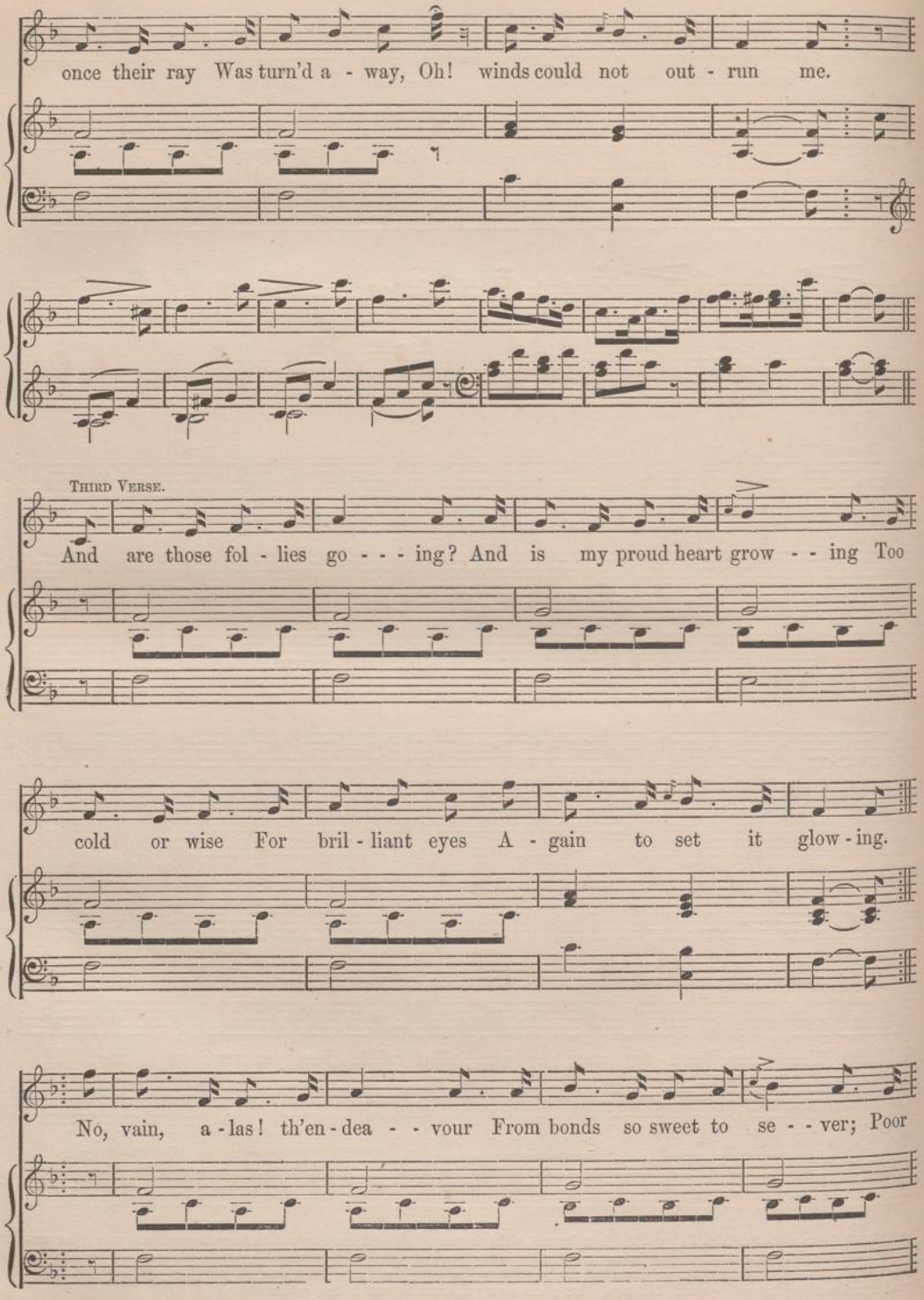
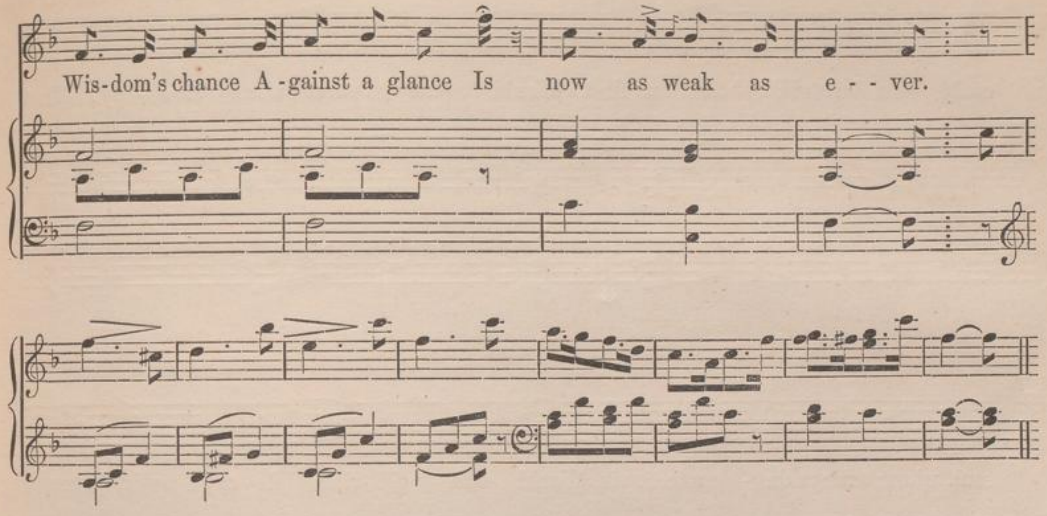
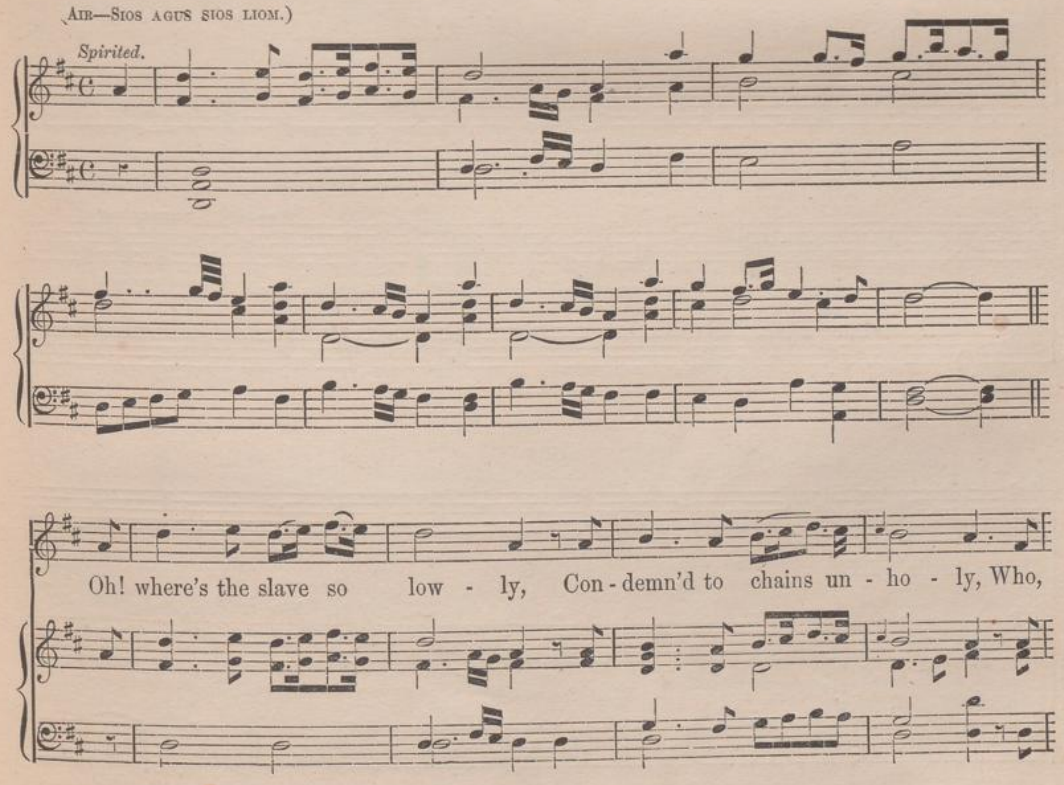

once their ray Was turn'd a - way, Oh! winds could not out - run me.
THIRD VERSE.
And are those fol - lies go - - - ing? And is my proud heart grow - - ing Too
cold or wise For bril - liant eyes A - gain to set it glow - ing.
No, vain, a - las! th'en - dea - - vour From bonds so sweet to se - - ver; Poor



OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

(AIR—SIOS AGUS SIOS LIOM.)