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Irish melodies

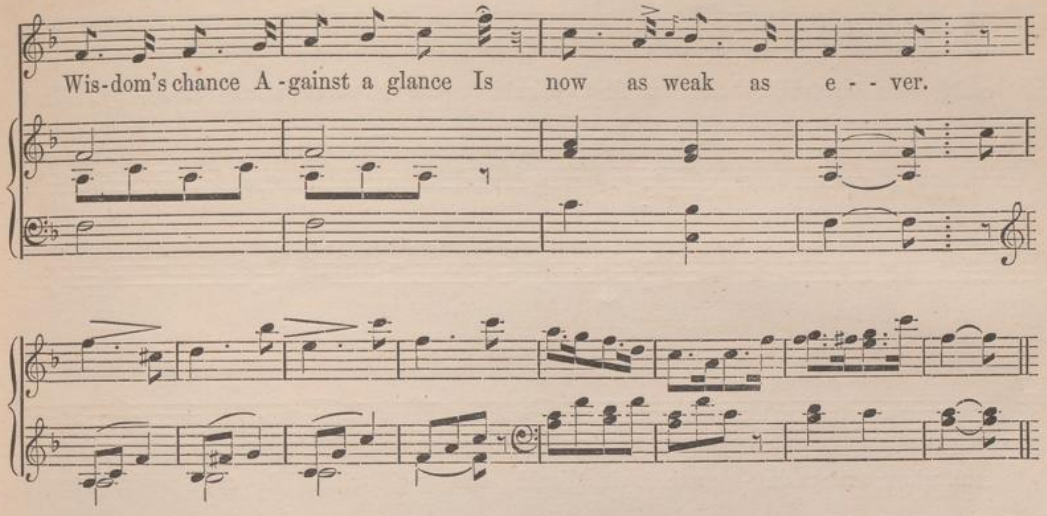
Stevenson, John A.

Dublin, 1859

Oh! Where's The Slave.

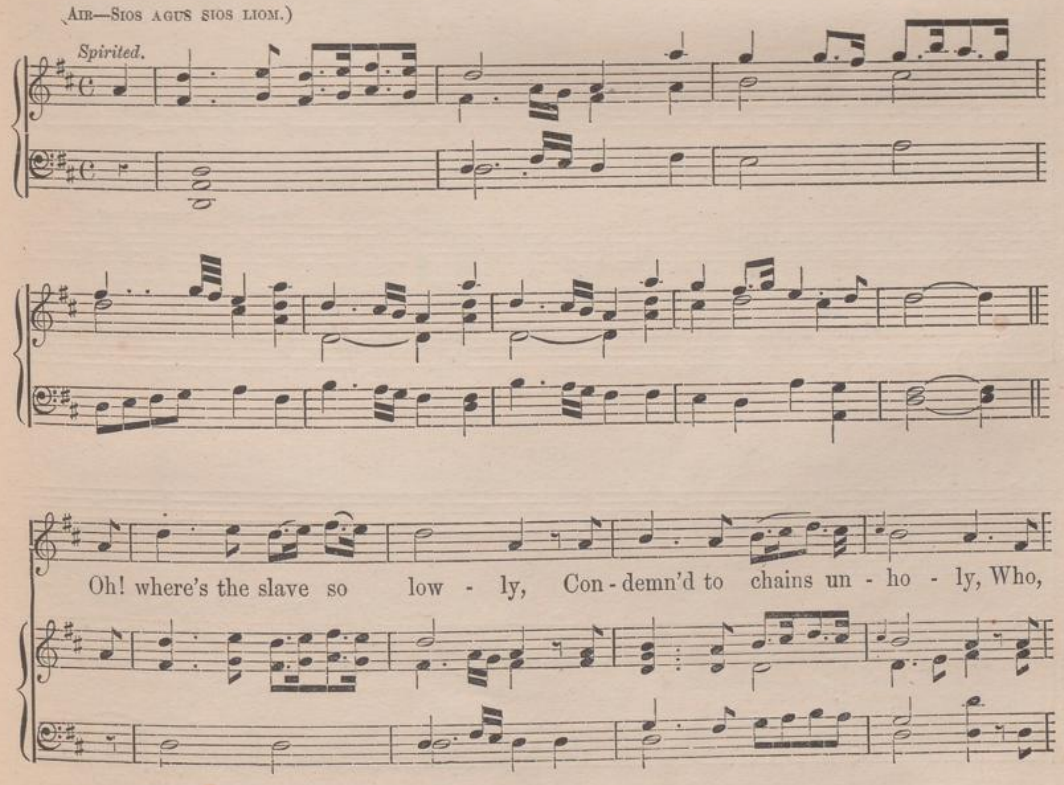
urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-62608

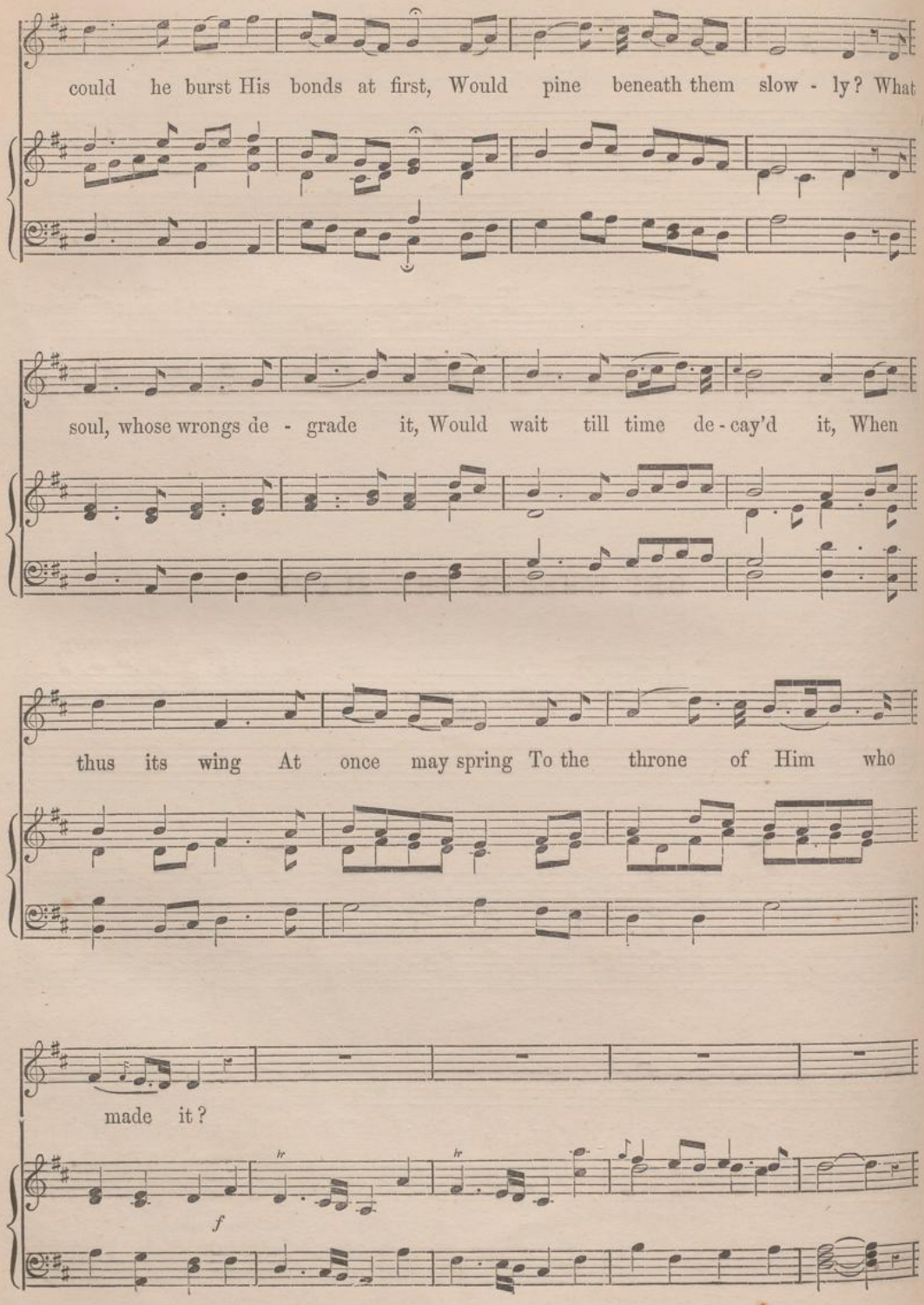
Visual Library

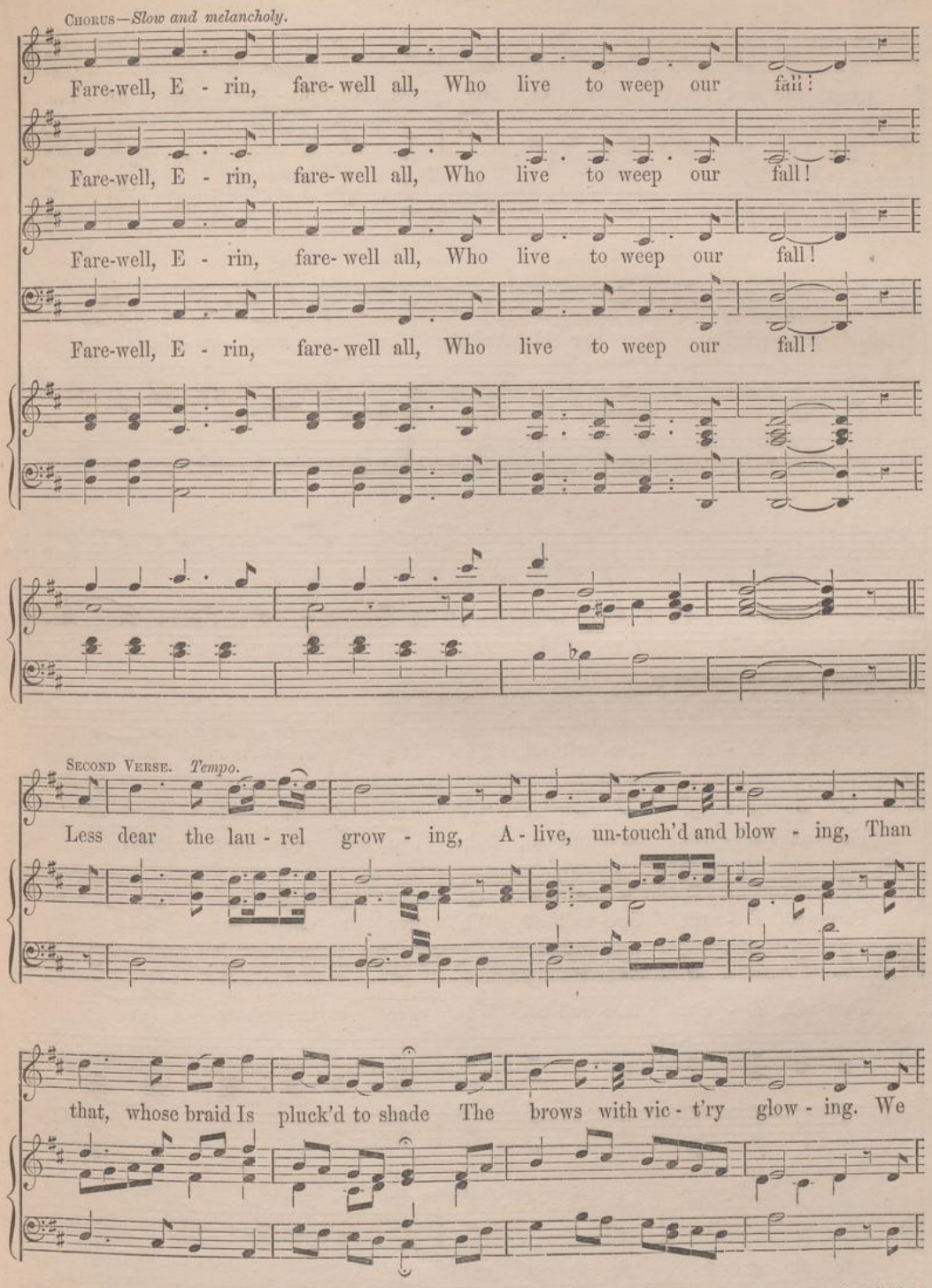


OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

(AIR—SIOS AGUS SIOS LIOM.)




could he burst His bonds at first, Would pine beneath them slow - ly? What
soul, whose wrongs de - grade it, Would wait till time de - cay'd it, When
thus its wing At once may spring To the throne of Him who
made it?
f



* The dirge, as above harmonized, having been sung by upwards of 200 voices on the occasion of the Moore Commemorations held at Dublin, March 1852, I have presumed to introduce it here.—ED.

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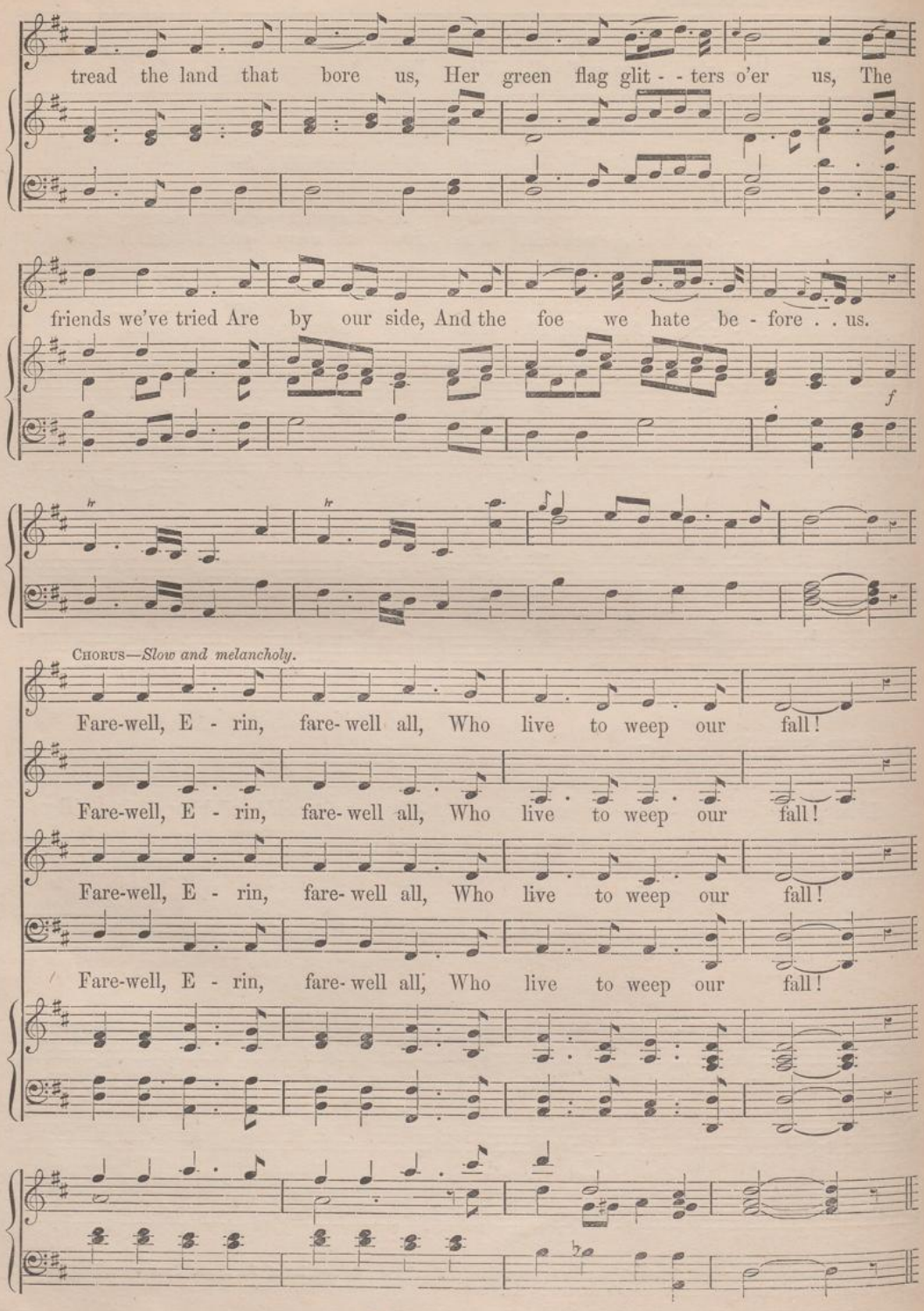
tread the land that bore us, Her green flag glit - - ters o'er us, The
friends we've tried Are by our side, And the foe we hate be - fore . . us.
f
CHORUS—*Slow and melancholy.*
Fare-well, E - rin, fare- well all, Who live to weep our fall!
Fare-well, E - rin, fare- well all, Who live to weep our fall!
Fare-well, E - rin, fare- well all, Who live to weep our fall!
Fare-well, E - rin, fare- well all, Who live to weep our fall!