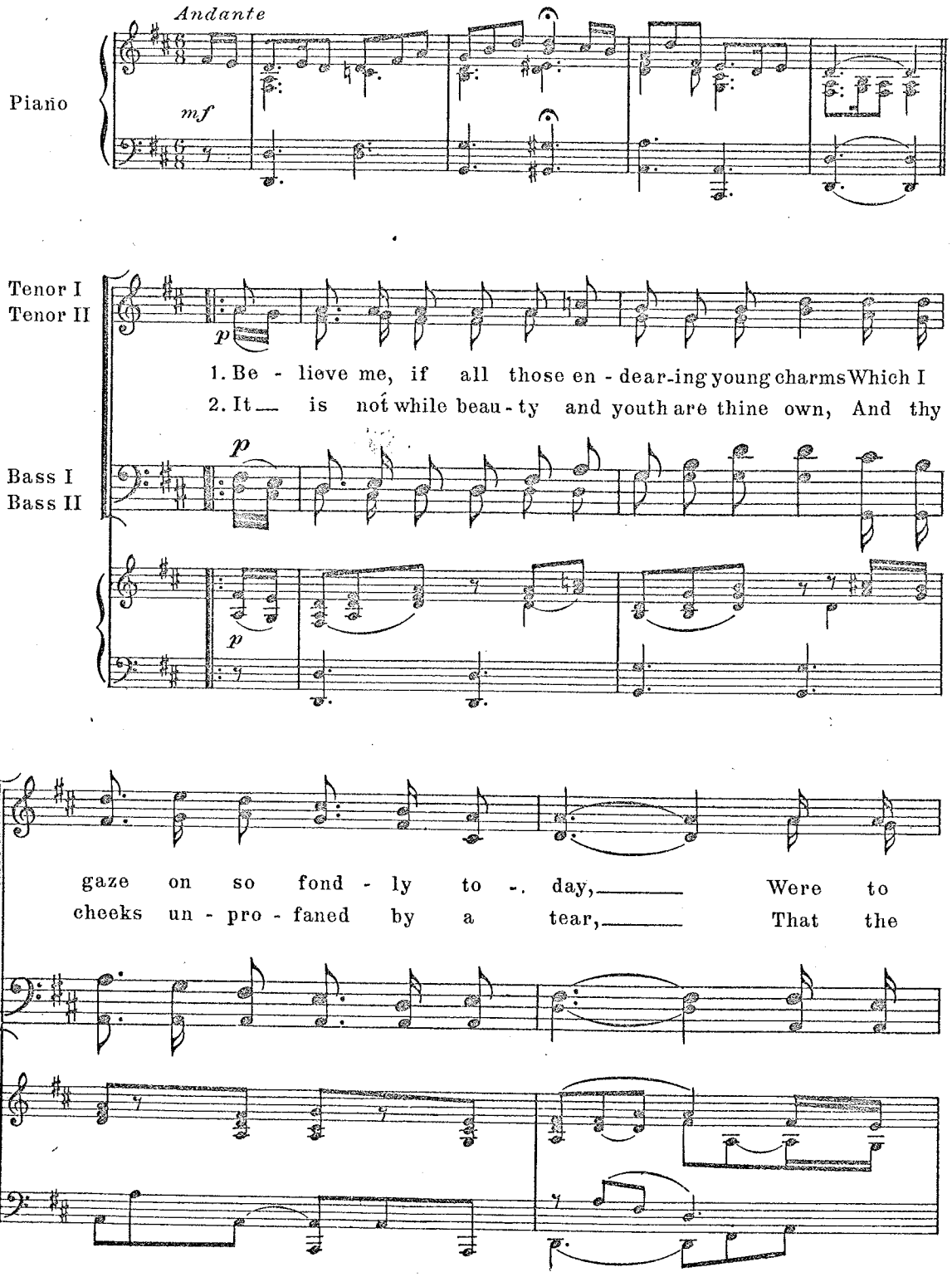
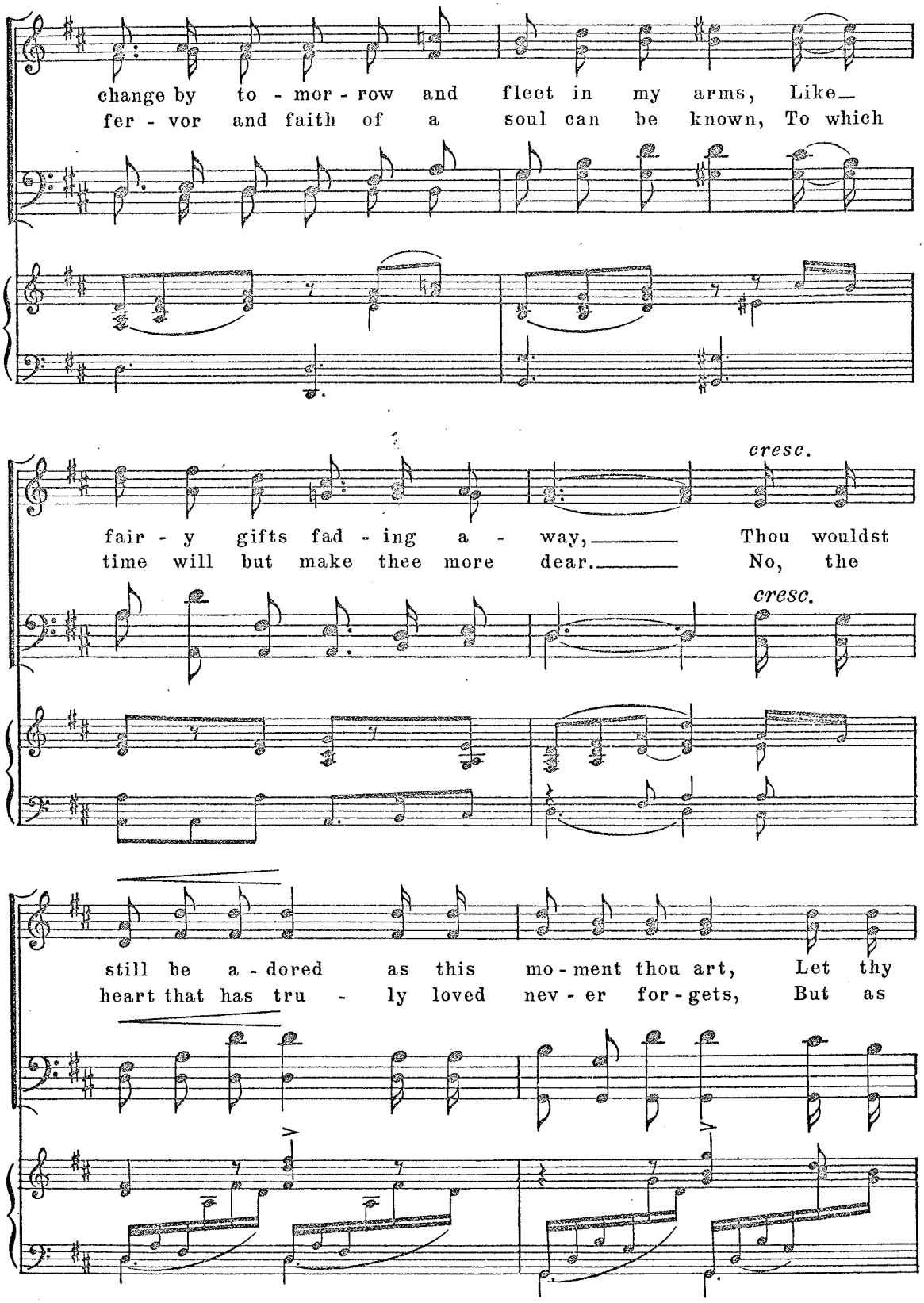
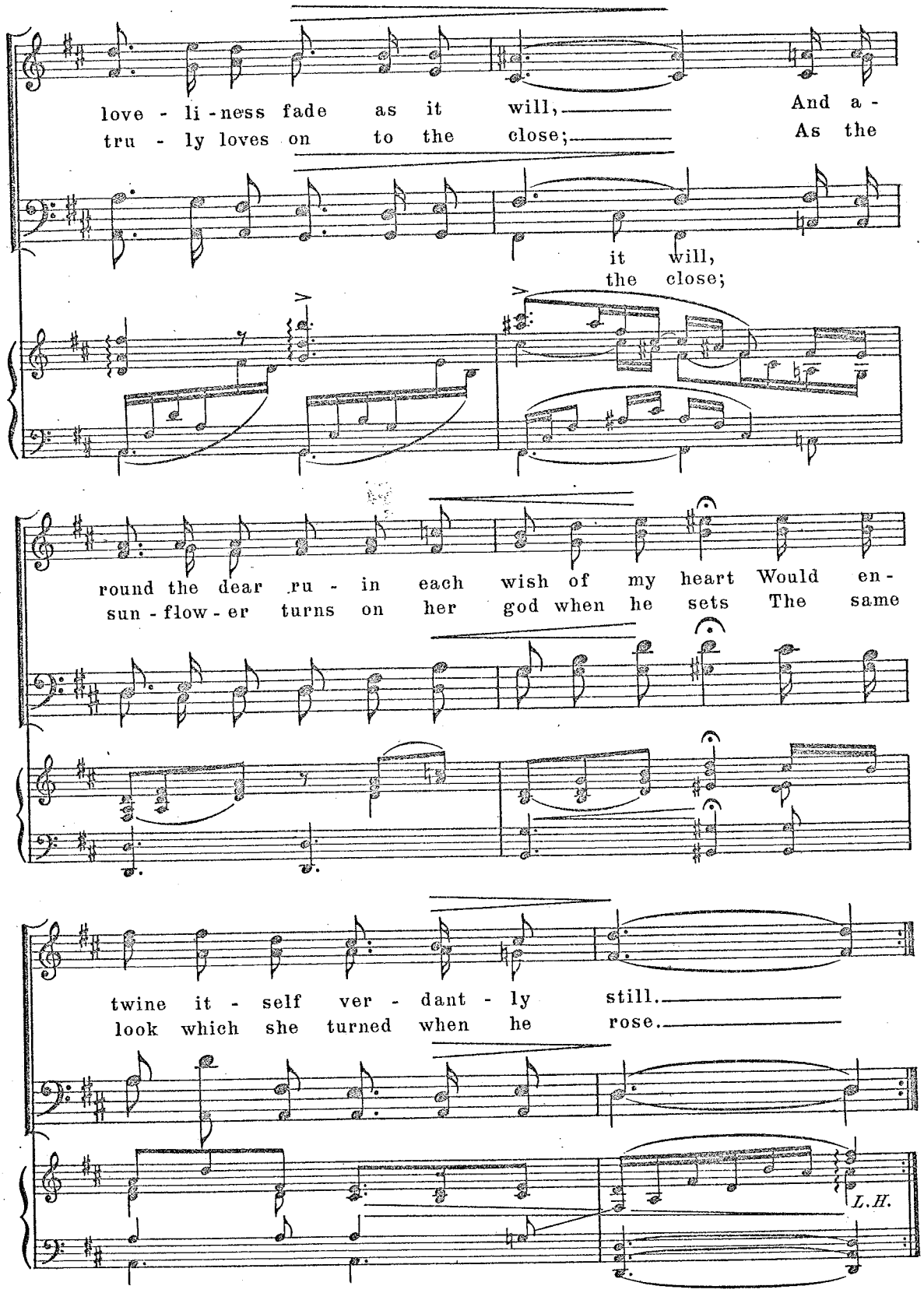
(A Cappella Edition, p. 98)

Thomas Moore — Old Irish Air




change by to - mor - row and fleet in my arms, Like
fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which
cresc.
fair - y gifts fad - ing a - way, Thou wouldst
time will but make thee more dear. No, the
cresc.
still be a - dored as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy
heart that has tru - ly loved nev - er for - gets, But as


love - li - ness fade as it will, And a -
tru - ly loves on to the close; As the
it will,
the close;
round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart Would en -
sun - flow - er turns on her god when he sets The same
twine it - self ver - dant - ly still.
look which she turned when he rose.
L.H.