

F Major. Thomas Moore, 1808.

Moore's Irish Melodies, 1808.

1. When in death I shall calm re-cline, O bear my heart to my mis-tress dear,
Tell her it liv'd on smiles and wine Of bright-est hue while it lin-ger'd here. Bid her not shed one tear of

2. When the light of my song is o'er, Then take my harp to your an-cient hall;
Hang it up at the friend-ly door, Where wear-y trav-el-ers love to call. Then if some bard, who roams for-

sor-row To sul-ly a heart so bril-liant and light; But balm-y drops of the red grape bor-row To bathe the rel-ict from morn till night.

sak-en, Re-vive its soft note in pass-ing a-long, Oh! let one thought of its mas-ter wak-en Your warm-est smile for the child of song.