

To Sweet Suckow's,
A Ballad,
Dedicated & Addressed
TO
MISS STEPHENS,
On her leaving Ireland;
The Words by
William Smith Junr. Esq.
THE MUSIC BY
Sir John Steverson. Mus. Doc.

Sold at Sta. Hall.

Price 2 -

DUBLIN.

Published by W. Power, & Westmoreland Street.



Go Sweet Enchantress,

Words by Will^m Smith Jun^r Esq^r. Music by Sir John Stevenson Mus. Doc.

VOCE

LARGO ESPRESSO:

Go.

PIANO

FORTE

sweet Enchantress! fare - thee - well! Be - lieve me, tho' we now must

Pia

part - - - , Thy strains thy I - - - mage here shall dwell

And live within each feel - ing heart, And live with - in each feel - ing

heart . . . Then, still re - mem - ber E - - - rin's Isle, Ah!

think of those tho' far a - - way Who live to greet thee

with a smile, And melt in rap - - - ture

Cres

at thy lay

2^d VERSE.

There is not in life's va - - ried throng, A heart so cold, a soul so

dead - - - - Can e'er for - get thy ma - - gic song, Till

Cres

memory and life are fled. Till memo - ry and life are fled - - - - Oh.

Dim

Piu

then re - turn sweet Charm - er come, In all thy

love - li - ness ar - ray'd, Thy voice, thy smile, will

cheer the gloom Thy part - ing sigh *res* *Dim*, thy

tear hath made!

Songs addressed
TO
MISS STEPHENS,
on her leaving Ireland.

Go, sweet Enchantress! fare thee well!

Believe me, tho' we now must part,
Thy strains, thy image, here shall dwell,
And live within each feeling heart.

Then, still remember Erin's Isle,

An! think of those, tho' far away,
Who live to greet thee with a smile,
And melt in rapture at thy lay.

Forget not, then, the hearts that love thee,

Forget not all thy friendships here,
Oh, no! — could we desire to prove thee,
The test was in thy parting tear!

Oh! come, once more — that beaming eye

Will chase each fond regret away;
Thy smile could light to ecstasy,
The fading embers of decay!

Thy timid blush thy speaking glance,

With mild, yet bright expression glowing;
Thy look can every heart entrance,
Tho' sorrow's tide around were flowing.

And oh! that voice! — were mine the spell,

To wake the Muses' trembling lyre,
Its notes of harmony to tell,
'Twould thrill beyond poetic fire!

There is not in life's varied throng,

A heart so cold, a soul so dead,
Can e'er forget thy magic song,
Till memory and life are fled.

'Tis like some soft celestial strain,

That float upon Elysian gales,
When souls released from mortal pain,
Are borne to Heaven's blissful vales.

'Tis like the notes of peace and love,

When aerial Seraphim rejoice,
In dulcet raptures from above,
To hear a mortal Angel's voice!

Oh! then return — sweet Charming come,

In all thy loveliness array'd,
Thy voice, thy smile will cheer the gloom,
Thy parting sigh, thy tear hath made!
