



## Savourna deelish shighan, oh!.

London, UK: Birchall & Co., 140 New Bond Street, 1829

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*Savurna deelish, shighan, ch!*  
*or*  
*"Oh! the moment was sad?"*

*Irish Melody,*  
*Sung by*

*MISS STEPHENS,*

*Arranged by D<sup>r</sup> John Clarke.*

*NB. This Air may also be had arranged by D<sup>r</sup> Clarke in the Key of D, set to M<sup>r</sup> Campbell's Poetry;*

*"There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin."*

*Ent<sup>d</sup> at Sta. Hall.*

*Price 1<sup>s</sup>*

*London, Printed & Sold by Birchall & C<sup>o</sup> 140 New Bond Street.*

**LARGO ANDANTE.**

VOICE .

PIANO  
FORTE.

*mf Legato.*

*p dol.*

*s.*

*Oh! the moment was sad when my love and I part-ed, Sa-*

*tr*

*s.*

*p*

*pp*



-vour-na dee - - lish, shigh-an Oh! As I kiss'd off her tears, I was

nigh broken heart-ed, Sa - vour-na dee - - lish, shigh-an Oh!

*mf* Wan was her cheek, which hung on my shoul-der; Damp was her hand, no *p* *pp*

*caldo* mar-ble was cold - - er; I *mf* felt that I ne - - ver a - *caldo* *mf*



-gain should be - - hold her, Sa - - vour - - na dee - - - lish,

*p dol:*

*pp dol:*

*caldo* *tr*

shigh - an Oh!

*caldo* *for*

*8.*

## 2

When the word of command put our men into motion,  
Savourna &c.

I buckled my knapsack to cross the wide ocean:  
Savourna &c.

Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder!  
Pleas'd with the voyage, impatient for plunder,  
My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder,  
Savourna &c.

## 3

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true love,  
Savourna &c.

All my pay, and my booty I hoarded for you, love,  
Savourna &c.

Peace was proclaim'd: escap'd from the slaughter;  
Landed at home, my sweet girl! I sought her;  
But sorrow, alas! to her cold grave had brought her,  
Savourna &c.