

## As on the Wave

Text: Lady Morgan

Musik: Morgain

As on the wave the Sunbeam slept,  
And silence round her soft spell flung,  
Beneath a mountain shade I crept;  
And thus my heart fond sorrows sung.

When down the mountains butling brow,  
A fairy form appeared to spring;  
So fair I felt my bosom glow,  
And all inspired I thus did sing:  
Idely doo...

But when I view'd her kindling blush,  
Her glance shun mine her red lip move;  
And natures pulse her bosom flush,  
I struck my harp, and sung of love:  
Idely doo...

And still entranced the fair one hung,  
Then nearer drew her hand of snow;  
O'er the hill breathing chords she flung,  
While her sweet accents thus did flow.

Then bolder grown my strain I tried,  
In harmony with her sweet lay;  
But all my voice in murmurs died,  
And every note would fade away.  
Idely doo...