

Oh Should I Fly from the World love to Thee!

In Answer to Moore's Celebrated Song

of

FLY FROM THE WORLD OBESSY TOME

With an Accompaniment for the

Piano Forte or Pedal Harp

The Music & Words by *M. Home*
COL. GREEN

MISS OWENSON,

Dedicated to the Right Honourable

LADY CHARLOTTE HOMAN.

Ent.^d at Stat.^s Hall.

DUBLIN,

Price 1 Brd.

Published by S. Holden 26 Parliament St.

Voice.

Largo Espressivo.

Oh!

Accomp.^t

should I fly from the World Love to thee, Would So-litude render me dearer? Would our

flight from the world draw thee closer to me, Or render thy Passion sin-cerer.

Would the Heart thou hast touch'd more tu-multuously beat, Than when it's wild pulse fear'd de-

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tection, Wou'd the Bliss un-restrain'd be more Poignantly sweet, Than the

Bliss snatch'd by ti-mid af-fection.

Sy: *f* *p*

(2)

Tho' Silence and Solitude breath'd all around,
And each cold law of prudence was banish'd,
Tho' each wish of the heart & the fancy was crown'd,
We shou'd sigh for those hours that are vanish'd.
When in secret we suffer'd in secret were blest,
Lest the many shou'd censure our union,
And an age of restraint when oppos'd & oppress'd,
Was repaid by a moment's Communion.

(4)

Then fly oh my Love to the world back with me,
Since the Bliss it denies, it enhances,
Since dearest the transient delight shar'd with thee,
Which is snatch'd from the world's prying glances.
Nor talk thus of death till the warm thrill of Love,
From each languid breast is retreating,
Then may the life pulse of each heart cease to move,
When Love's vital throb has ceas'd beating.

(3)

When virtue's pure tear dew'd each love kindled beam,
It hallow'd the Bliss it repented,
When a penitent sigh breath'd o'er passion's wild dream,
It absolv'd half the fault it lamented;
And so thrillingly sweet was each pleasure we stole,
In spite of each prudent restriction,
When the Soul unrestrain'd sought its warm kindred Soul,
And we laugh'd at the world's interdiction.