

"OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME."*

AIR—THE BROWN MAID.

FOR ONE OR TWO VOICES.

Pensively.

1. Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade, Where cold and un - hon - or'd his
 2. But the night-dew that falls, tho' in si - lence it weeps, Shall bright - en with ver - dure the

rel - ies are laid; Sad, si - lent and dark be the tears that we shed, As the
 grave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed, though in se - cret it rolls, Shall

night - dew that falls on the grass o'er his head,
 long keep his mem - o - ry green in our souls.

* This Song was suggested by the well known preface, in Robert Emmett's dying speech:—"Let no man write my epitaph.... Let my tomb remain unscrubed, till other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory."