

soft - ly the moonbeams are fall - ing now, O'er slum - ber - ing blos - soms of May..... } Soft
cuck - oo's call is so sad and still, It comes in the twi - light's lone hours.....

lil - ies and the rose..... Wave in the val - leys green, Sad

spir - its yearn for their lost love, While beau - ti - ful sham-rock grows:..... Oh,

sad - ly the cuck - oo is call - ing now, I hear him far up in the ru - ins so gray! And