We'll Go No More A-Roving

Words
George, Lord Byron
(1788-1824)

Music
James Mulholland

Sustained (\( \frac{3}{4} \) = 72-76)

So, we'll go no

more a-roving so late into the night.

Though the heart be still as loving, and the moon be

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still as bright.

So we'll go

no more a-rov-ing

so late in the night.

Faster (f = 88)

For the sword out-wears its sheath
and the soul wears out the breast

Tempo primo (d = 72 - 76)

and the heart must pause to breathe and love it
Tempo primo (\textit{\textbf{j}} = 72)

Though the night was made for loving and the day returns too soon,
yet we'll go no more a-roving
Rowing by the light of the moon

a few high sopranos