MIDNIGHT RHYMES,
OR
'TIS MERRY WHEN THE STARS ARE BRIGHT

WORDS BY
Barry Cornwall

MUSIC
BY MISS ANNA STORR

COMPOSED BY
FRANCIS H. BROWN.

AND DEDICATED AS A MARK OF FRIENDSHIP AND ESTEEM TO
J. W. FLOYD ESQ.

Published by C. P. Reed at Tremont Hall, Boston.

Price 50 cts. net.
Midnight Rhymes.

Tis merry when the stars are bright.

Written by Barry Cornwall. Composed by Francis H. Brown.
2nd Verse.

At night both the sick and the lame
A...ban...don their world of care,
And the creature that droops with shame,
For long,

Oh'tis merry when the stars are bright,
To sing, as you pace a...

Of the things that are dreamt by night,
To the motion of some old song;
For the fancy of mortals deep,

Laugh... loud that the skies are clear... And the teems,

Whether they wake or sleep... With
murderer turns in sleep. And dreams that a pardon's figures that shine like dreams. Then die in the darkness near.

Oh! &c. a tempo

depth. Oh. merry are the Christmas times. And

merry the belfry chimes, But the merriest thing that a

man ever sings, Are his midnight rhymes...
At night, all wrongs are right,
And all perils of life grow smooth;
Then why cometh the fierce daylight,
When fancy is bright as truth?
All hearts, 'tween the earth and the moon,
Recover their hopes again;
Ah, 'tis pity so sweet a tune,
Should ever be jarred by pain.
Yet merry are Christmas times. &c. &c.