



Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

Bliss, J. Worthington, Mrs.; Lindsay, M., Miss; Tennyson, Alfred
Tennyson, Baron, 1809-1892

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"LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE,"
SONG.

Written by
ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L.
POET LAUREATE.

DEDICATED TO
Mrs. A. Kingscote Cornwall.

Composed by
MRS J. WORTHINGTON BLISS.
(MISS M. LINDSAY.)

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by special Appointment
MUSIC PUBLISHERS TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA.
and to His Imperial Majesty, The Emperor Napoleon. III.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

BALLAD.

POETRY BY
ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L.
POET LAUREATE.

MUSIC BY
Mrs. J. WORTHINGTON BLISS.
(MISS M. LINDSAY.)

CON SPIRITO.

La...dy Cla...ra Vere de Vere, Of

me you shall not win..... re-nown: You thought to break a

coun...try heart For pastime, ere you went to Town.

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At me you smil'd, but un-beguil'd I saw your snare and

I re...tir'd: The daugh-ter of a hun...dred Earls,

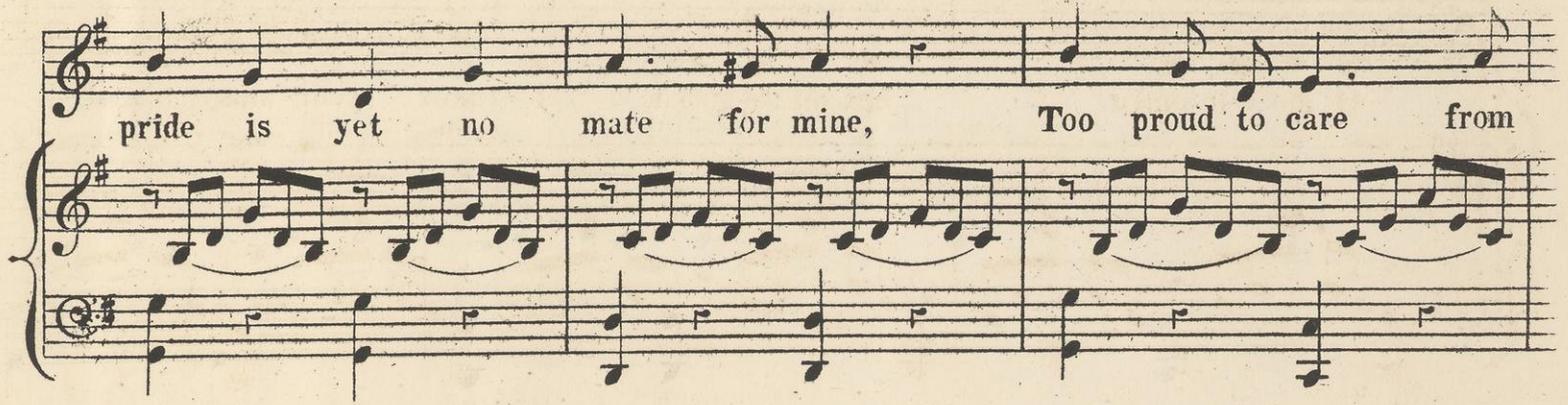
You are not one to be de...sir'd.

mf

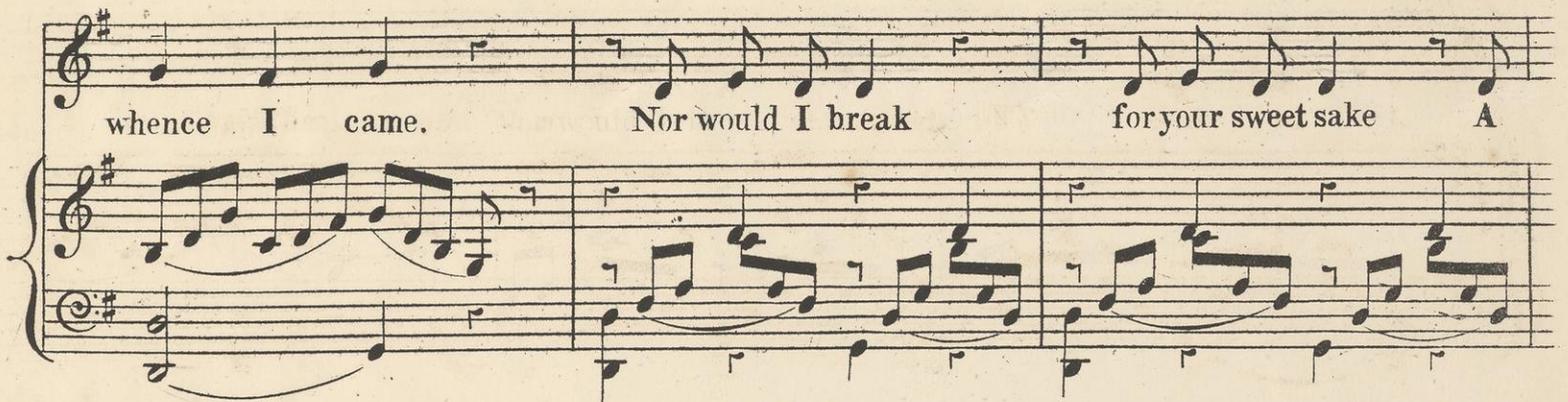
La...dy Cla...ra

Vere de Vere, I know you proud to bear your name, Your

pride is yet no mate for mine, Too proud to care from



whence I came. Nor would I break for your sweet sake A



heart that doats on true er charms. A sim ple mai den



in her flower Is worth a hun dred coats of arms.



mf



4

Trust me, Cla - ra Vere de Vere: From yon blue heav'ns a...bove us bent The

gard'ner Adam and his wife Smile at the claims of long de-scent.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me, 'Tis on...ly no...ble to be good.

Kind hearts are more than co...ronets, And simple faith than Norman blood.

mf

Cla - ra, Cla - ra Vere de Vere, If Time be hea - - - - - vy on..... your hands,

Are there no beggars at your gate, Nor a - ny poor a - -

bout..... your lands? Oh! teach the orphan boy to read, Or

teach the or - - - phan girl to sew, Pray Heaven for a

hu - - - - - man heart, And let the fool - - - - - ish yeo - - - - - man go. **FINE.**

13,156.

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SACRED.

Andante. Rest. 3/-
It was Thy will, my Fa-ther, That

Andante. A Morning Prayer. 3/-
Cause me to hear Thy lov-ing-kind-ness.

Andante. An Evening Prayer. 3/-
In-to Thy hands, I com-mend my spi-rit.
Thou wert the first of all I knew. 3/-

Thou wert the first of all I knew, To
Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now. 4/-

And. Larg. Late, late, so late, and dark the night and chill!

Larghetto. Resignation. 4/-
Who can tell, Who can tell, whether

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My Fa-ther! my Fa-ther! be-hold

And. con espress. The Border Lands. 3/-
Fa-ther, in-to Thy lov-ing hands My

Illus. 3/-
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These are they, these are they which

Andante. Christian Submission. 3/-
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And. Larg. Jacob. 3/-
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Andno. con esp. The Pilgrim's Rest. 3/-
Oh, whi-ther is the old man gone, With

Andante. A Psalm of Life. 3/-
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Andante. Thou, O Lord God. 3/-
Thou, O Lord God, art the thing that I long for

f Peace, be Still. *Illus.* 3/-
Lord, save us! Lord, save us! we per-ish.

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O my son, O my son, Ab-salom.

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Andante. Give us Thy rest. 3/-
The day's long toil is o-ver now, And night drops down her pall;

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Come to me, Lord, when first I wake.

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I have so slight-ed Thee, yet for Thy grace,

SECULAR.

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The old house by the lin-dens Stood

Andante. The Bridge. *Illus.* 4/-
I stood on the bridge at mid-night, As the

Andante. Home they brought her Warrior dead. 4/-
Home they brought her war-rior dead.

Andante. Excelsior. *Illus.* 3/-
The shades of night were fall-ing fast.

Allto. graz. Speak gently. 3/-
Speak gen-tly, it is bet-ter far to rule by love than

Allto. Maud. A Serenade. *Illus.* 3/-
Come in-to the gar-den, Maud, For the

Con Spirito. Lady Clara Vere de Vere. 3/-
La-dy Cla-ra Vere de Vere, Of me

Allto. Scherz. Airy Fairy Lilian. *Illus.* 3/-
Ai-ry, fai-ry Li-li-an, Flit-tings fai-ry

And. Esp. The day its last Good Night hath said. *Illus.* 3/-
The day its last good-night hath said.

All, all around is still. 3/-
All, all a-round is still, Na-ture seems sleeping.

Andante. O love my Willie! 3/-
Like me, love me, girl o' gowd! Sang he to

Andno. quasi allto. con spirito. Thalassa. (A Yachting Song.) 3/-
Who cares on the land to stay.

Andante. The Mariner's Song. *Illus.* 3/-
Star of morn-ing, beam-ing bright,

Andante. Echoes. 3/-
Still the an-gel stars are shin-ing.

Andante. The Arrow and the Song. 3/-
I shot an ar-row in-to the air.

Andante. There's no dearth of Kindness. *Illus.* 3/-
There's no dearth of kind-ness.

Andante. Stars of the Summer Night. (Serenade.) *Illus.* 3/-
Stars of the summernight, Far in yon a-zure deeps.

Andante. Daybreak. 3/-
A wind came up out of the sea.

Andante. The Old Clock on the Stairs. 3/-
Some-what back from the vil-lage street.

Andante. I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair. *Illus.* 3/-
I do con-fess thou'rt smooth and fair, And I

Andante. The Brook. 3/-
With ma-ny a curve, my banks I fret,

Andante. The Song of Love and Death. 3/-
Sweet is true love, though giv'n in vain, In vain.

Andante. England and England's Queen. 3/-
Eng-land, Eng-land and Eng-land's Queen.

Andante. La Toilette du Constance. 3/-
Et je vais au bal ce soir.

Moderato. Why sitt'st thou by that Ruined Hall? 3/-
Why sitt'st thou by that ru-in'd hall?

Moderato. "A Danish Maid for me." *Illus.* 3/-
She may be fair (he sang).

Andante. Alice. (A Lament.) 3/-
I weep be-side the well, A-lice.

Moderato. Far Away. Solo and Duet. 4/-
Where is now the mer-ry par-ty, I re-mem-ber long a-go.

Allegretto. The Snow lies white. (An old Wife's Song). 3/-
The snow lies white and the moon gives light.

Andantino. When Sparrows build. 3/-
When spar-rows build, and the leaves break forth.

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