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Lay of the imprisoned huntsman.

Clarke-Whitfeld, John, 1770-1836; Scott, Walter, 1771-1832
London, UK: Holloway & Co., 40 Hart St., Bloomsbury Square, 1805

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Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman,

from the
LADY OF THE LAKE

Sung by
Mr. Ashe

AT THE
Bath Concerts

Written by
WALTER SCOTT, ESQ^R

COMPOSED BY
D^r J. Clarke, of Cambridge

"Twas from a turret that o'er-hung
Her latticed bower, the strain was sung."

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Lady of the Lake Canto. 6. Page 279.

Price 2/

London. Pub.^d by Holloway & Co. Wholesale Music Sellers & Musical Ins.^t Makers, 40 Hart St. Bloomsbury Squ^e

Where may be had as Perform'd at the London & Bath Concerts. Ave Maria. Sung by M^r Bianchi. at M^r Harrison's Vocal Con.^{ts}
The Connaeh Sung by M^r Ashe. The Lady of the Lake's Song. Written Expressly for M^r Braham. Norman's Song. Blanche. of Devans.
Song. & Allan Banes Song. Sung by M^r Vauxton. & the Whole of the Songs in the Lady of the Lake. & Composed by D^r J. Clarke!

ANDANTE LARGHETTO AFFETTUOSO

VOCE

PIANO

FORTE

My hawk is

mf *dol* *p*

tir'd of perch and hood, My idle grey-hound loathes his food, My horse is

pp *p*

wearry of his stall, And I am sick of captive thrall. I wish I

mf *p*

were as I have been, Hunting the hart in forests green, With bended

mez

bow and bloodhound free, for that's the life is meet for me.

p dol caldo *p caldo* *mf*

2nd VERSE.

I hate to learn the ebb of time, From yon dull steeple's drowsy

p

chime, Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl, Inch after inch, along the

pp

wall. The lark was wont my ma-tins

mez

ring, The sable rook my vespers sing; These tow'rs, although a King's they

pp *acceldo* *pp* *acceldo*

⚡ St. Mary's Chimes, Cambridge.

p dol *caldo*

be, Have not a hall of joy for me,

p dol *mf*

3^d VERSE.

No more at dawn---ing morn I rise, And sun my-

p

dol *rather faster*

--- self in El-len's eyes, Drive the fleet deer the fo--rest

dol *rather faster*

through, And homeward wend with ev'-ning dew;

ALLEGRO SCHERZANDO

A blithe--some wel--come blithe...ly meet, And

mez

ALLEGRO SCHERZANDO

lay my tro---phies at her feet, While fled the

p

cres

eye on wing of glee--That life is lost to love and

Lento Esp?

p Lento.

me!

mf