

MY HARP ALONE!
The Poetry from
The Celebrated Poem.

ROKEBY,

Written by
Walter Scott, Esq.^r

Set to Music with an
Accompaniment for the
HARP, OR PIANO FORTE.

By
John Whitaker.

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VOCE

HARP OR
PIANO FORTE

ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO.

Musical score for the first system. The vocal line is on a single staff. The piano/harp accompaniment is on two staves. The tempo is marked "ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO." The piano part includes dynamic markings *p*, *f*, and *sf*.

Musical score for the second system. The vocal line includes the lyrics "I was a wild and wayward boy, My". The piano accompaniment has dynamic markings *dim*, *p*, and *sf*.

Musical score for the third system. The vocal line includes the lyrics "childhood scorn'd each child-ish toy, Re-tir'd from all re-serv'd and coy, To". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment.

Musical score for the fourth system. The vocal line includes the lyrics "mu-sing prone; wood my so-li-ta-ry joy". The piano accompaniment continues.

WITH EXQUISITE SENSIBILITY.

wood my so...li...ta...ry joy My Harp a--- lone! My Harp a---

- lone!

ff *ff* *dim* *pp*

SECOND VERSE.

My youth, with bold ambi-tions mood, Despis'd the hum-ble stream and wood, where
 my poor Father's Cottage stood, To fame unknown What should my soaring views make good, what
 should my soar-ing views make good? My Harp a--- lone! My Harp a--- lone!

WITH EXQUISITE SENSIBILITY.

THIRD VERSE.

Love came with all his fran-tic fire, and wild romance of vain de-sire; The
 Baron's daughter heard my Lyre and prais'd the tone, What could presumptuous hope inspire? What
 could presumptuous hope inspire? My Harp a--- lone! My Harp a--- lone!

WITH EXQUISITE SENSIBILITY.

My Harp Alone!

FOURTH VERSE.

At manhood's touch the bubble burst, And manhood's pride the vi-sion curs'd And
all that had my fol-ly nurs'd Loves sway to own; Yet spard the spell that lull'd me first, Yet
spard the spell that lull'd me first, My Harp a---lone! My Harp a---lone!

FIFTH VERSE.

Woe came with war, And want with woe; And it was mine to un-der-go, Each
outrage of the Rebel foe: Can aught a--tone My fields made waste, my cot laid low? My
fields made waste, my cot laid low? My Harp a---lone! My Harp a---lone!

SIXTH VERSE.

Am-bi-tious dreams I've seen de-part, Have rued of pe-nu-ry the smart, Have
felt of love the venom'd dart When hope was flown, Yet rests one solace to my heart, Yet
rests one so-lace to my heart, My Harp a---lone! My Harp a---lone!

SEVENTH VERSE.

Then o--ver mountain, moor, and hill, My faithful Harp, I'll bear thee still; And
when this life of want and ill is well nigh gone, Thy strings mine E--le-gy shall thrill, Thy
strings mine E--le-gy shall thrill, My Harp a---lone! My Harp a---lone!

My Harp Alone!