

EMMA'S PLAINT

A favorite

CANZONE

Composed by

J. B. Stevenson M.D.

Price 1^s.

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Affettuoso

Sweet zephyr, tho' 'midst Rose-buds playing, Or o'er the fragrant Meadows straying, Waft tidings

of my ab-sent swain; Whether in woodland wild a



2

How oft' my HENRY, all endearing,
 Has charm'd my Ear, all fondly hearing,
 Whilom we view'd thinconstant Main!
 He bade adieu— he saw my sorrow,
 And cried—"I'll hasten back tomorrow,"
 Yet he, alas! came not again:
 But oh, if Death hath snatch'd his breath,
 Ah whisper
 Where lies his Grave in vale or plain.

3

For EMMA there— no mortal knowing,
 With silent step, and eye o'erflowing,
 At eve will steal to vent her pain;
 'Till from her grief, each nerve exhausting,
 'Till her poor tender heart-strings bursting,
 She dies— to join her clay-cold Swain:
 Then oh, if Death hath snatch'd his breath,
 Ah whisper
 Where lies his Grave in vale or plain.

For Flute or Guitar

Affettuoso

Sweet Zephyr, tho' 'midst Rose-buds playing, Or o'er the fragrant
Meadows stray-ing, Waft tidings of my ab-sent Swain;
Whether in woodlands wild a Rover, Or to some vil-lage
maid a Lover, Soon, soon re-lieve sad EMMA's pain; But oh-if death
hath snatch'd his breath, ah whisper, ah whisper, ah whisper
where lies his grave in vale or plain.

2

How oft' my HENRY, all endearing,
Has charm'd my Ear, all fondly hearing,
Whilom we view'd th'inconstant Main!
He bade adieu — he saw my sorrow,
And cried — "I'll hasten back tomorrow"
Yet he, alas! came not again:
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