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THE KING OF ARRAGONS LAMENT,

A BALLAD,

The Words by

MRS HEMANS,

The Music,

Composed and Dedicated to

LADY CATHERINE GRIMSTON,

BY

MISS CHARLOTTE SNEYD,

Ent^d at Sta^s Hall.

Price 2/6

London Published by WILLIS & C^o Royal Musical Library, 55, St. James's Street,
and 7, Westmorland St, Dublin.

Where may be had

	<i>Authors</i>	<i>Composers</i>	
Six Songs,	by the Hon ^{ble} M ^{rs} B. Percy, & M ^{iss} C. Sneyd		10/6
Time was,	Viscount Strangford	M ^{iss} C. Sneyd	2/-
Shall this pale cheek,		Hon ^{ble} M ^{iss} Jervis	2/-
Day Break,	by the Author of the Music in the Gypsy Father		2/-
Bell at Sea,	M ^{rs} Hemans	Her Sister	2/-
Songs of Captivity,	M ^{rs} Hemans	Her Sister	8/6

THE
KING OF ARRAGON'S LAMENT

THE MUSIC BY
M. HANDEL FOR HIS BROTHER
J. HANDEL

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The notes are arranged in a single melodic line.

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the melodic line from the first system.

Musical notation for the third system, continuing the melodic line. A red circular stamp is visible in the center of the system.

Musical notation for the fourth system, continuing the melodic line.

Musical notation for the fifth system, continuing the melodic line.



THE

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KING OF ARRAGON'S LAMENT,

(The Words by
Mrs Hemans.)

FOR HIS BROTHER.

(The Music by
Miss Charlotte Sneyd)

MAESTOSO

There were lights and sounds of re-vel-ling In the van-quisht ci-ty's

halls, As by night the feast of vic-to-ry was held within it's walls; And the

Conqu'rors fill'd the wine cup high, After years of bright-blood shed; But their

Lord, the King of Arragon, 'midst the triumph wail'd the dead.

"My Brother! oh my Brother! Thou art gone - the true and brave, And the

haugh-ty joy of vic-to-ry hath died up-on thy grave; There are

many round my throne to stand, and to march where I lead on, There was

One to love me in the world, — My Brother! thou art gone, thou art gone!

In the desert, in the Bat_tle, in the

rall: ocean tempest's wrath, We stood together side by side; *dolce* One hope was ours, one path; Thou hast

wrapp'd me in thy soldier's cloak, thou hast fenc'd me with thy breast; Thou hast

watch'd be-side my couch of pain - oh! bravest heart and best!

I have hosts, and gal-lant fleets to spread my

glo- - ry and my sway, I have Chiefs to lead them fearlessly; my

friend hath pass'd a-way! For the kind-ly look, the word of cheer, My

heart may think in vain, And the face that was as light to mine— It

cannot, cannot come in a gain! I am

lonely— I am lonely! this rest is ev'n as Death! Let me

hear a gain the ring - ing spears, And the bat - tle trumpet's

breath; Let me see the fie - ry char - ger foam, And the roy - al ban - ner

dol. rall.º
wave - But where art thou, my Brother? where? in thy low and early grave!

p *for*

And loud - er swell'd the songs of joy, thro' that vic - to - rious

night, And fas-ter flow'd the red wine forth, By the

stars and the torches light; But low and deep

pp

amidst the mirth was heard the Conqu'ror's moan My Brother,

oh! my Brother! best and bravest! Thou art gone!