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The Song
(OF)
THE BLIND GIRL TO HER HARP.

with an Accompaniment for the

H A R P.

OR
Piano Forte.

The Words by Charles Jefferys.

THE MUSIC.

STEPHEN GLOVER.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 3/4

LONDON,

C. JEFFERYS, 21, SOHO SQUARE.

Publisher of

THE MOST POPULAR COMPOSITIONS VOCAL & INSTRUMENTAL BY STEPHEN GLOVER.

of which a Catalogue may be had.

THE BLIND GIRL TO HER HARP.

WORDS by CHARLES JEFFERYS.

MUSIC by STEPHEN GLOVER.

Moderato. *f* *veloce.* *Lento.* *p*

f *veloce.* *Lento.* (E♭)

My

più lento.

Harp! my own be_loved Harp! My fingers o'er thee stray, And wake the

(B \flat)

sounds that bear my thoughts To brightest realms a_way. In

(B)

con espress:

sorrow unto thee I turn, So touching is thy tone That list'ning to thy fitful

woes Makes me for-get my own.

rull?
rull!
dim.
ff

The Blind Girl to her harp.

ALLEGRETTO MA NON TROPPO.

I can not see thee - but thy touch Thrills

....through my ev'ry vein; And feelings half-for-gotten start Back, back to life a -

gain! I sing of skies both blue and bright, Of flow'rs of varied hues - Of

The Blind Girl to her harp.

heart from sorrow passes To Glory's proudest theme, And in thy martial music Ten

pp *Etouffés*

thousand warriors gleam: I hear their falchions clashing, I see their banners

cres. *f*

wave, I join their shout of vic-to-ry And triumph with the

brave. I join their shout of vic-to-ry And triumph with the brave.

ff

ANDANTE CON ESPRESS:

7

But then a low dull moaning

dim: (A₄) *p* (F#)

Falls from thy teneful strings And Sympathy a-waketh Her sad imagin-ings: I

hear the vanquish'd flying, I see the wounded dying, And pity learns to mourn too late The

rall^o
orphan's and the widow's fate. My

rall^o (F#) *ff*

To Blind Girl to her harp.

a tempo.

harp! my harp, oh! ne-ver more A- wake thy stirring thunder; Nor nerve the warrior's

a tempo.

arm to tear Our dearest ties a- sunder: But be it thine with gentlest tone O'er

dim.

sorrow's bo- som steal - ing To wake the ruthless heart to love And kindle human

più presto e con animato.

feeling. To wake the heart - the heart to love. . . . And kin- dle human

(A^b) (A^c)

The Blind Girl to her harp.

feel-ing To wake the heart.....the heart to love..... And kin-dle hu-man

(Bb)

feel-ing. My Harp! My Harp! my own beloved

Harp! My Harp! My Harp! my own, my

own beloved Harp.

f *ff*

The Blind Girl to her harp.

