

4^o Mus. Pa. 55 905/15

1

LOCHINVAR,
Lady Helen's Song,
From
MARMION OF FLODDEN FIELD,

By
Walter Scott Esq.

Composed with a Piano Forte or Harp Acc.^t & Dedicated

To
M^{rs} Billington
By

THO^s ATTWOOD.

Ent. at Sta. Hall

Price 1^s/6

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Allegretto

Harp or
Piano Forte



V.S.

N^o 149 Vocal English

mf

O Young Lochinvar is come out of the west, through all the wide border his

mf

steed was the best, and save his good broad sword he weapon had none, And he

f

dolce

rode all un-arm'd, and he rode all a-lone, so faithful in Love, and so

dolce

dauntless in war, there ne-ver was Knight like the young Lochin-var.

f *p*

rf *f*

He staid not for brake and he

dolce

stopd not for stone; he swam the Eske river where ford there was none, but

Cres:

ere he a - - lighted at Nether - by gate, the Bride had consent - ed, the

8

p *ralentando* *a tempo*

Gallant came late, for a laggard in love and a dastard in war, was to

p

wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

rf

2

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among Bridesmen, and Kinsmen, and Brothers, and all,
Then spoke the Bride's Father, his hand on his Sword,
For the poor Craven Bridegroom said never a word,
"O come ye in peace, here or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our Bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

I long woo'd your Daughter, my suit you denied,
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine,
There are Maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The Bride kiss'd the Goblet, the Knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the Wine, and he threw down the cup,
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye -
He took her soft hand, ere her Mother could bar;
Now tread we a measure, said young Lochinvar:

No. 149 Vocal English

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a Hall such a galliard did grace;
While her Mother did fret, and her Father did fume,
And the Bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume
And the Bride Maidens whisper'd, "twere better by far,
To have match'd our fair Cousin with young Lochinvar?"

One touch to her hand, and one word in ear,
When they reach'd the Hall door, and the Charger stood near;
So light to the Croupe the fair Lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung,
"She's won! we are gone, Over bank, bush and scaur,
They'll have fleet steeds that follow" quoth young Lochinvar

There was mounting 'mong Grames of the Netherby clan,
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves they rode and they ran,
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see,
So daring in Love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of Gallant like young Lochinvar.

