

Sweet Charity.

Ballad.

Sung by

MR. SALMON.

The Words by S. Birch, Esq.

Composed by

T. ATTWOOD.

Ent. Stat. Hall.

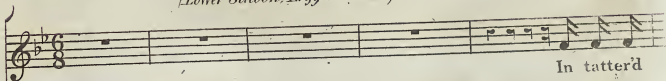
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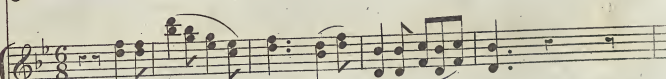
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VOCE.  In tatter'd

PIANO 

FORTE. 



weed from town to town Is hapless Primrose doom'd to stray Compell'd a

dolce

wretched wand'rer known To seek a home from day to day Barefoot

p

as she strolls for-lorn O'er the flint or pointed thorn Silent

must her sor-row be Her Ma-dri-gal sweet Cha-ri-ty. Si-lent

p

must her sor-row be Her Ma-dri-gal sweet Cha-ri--ty.

dolce

dol. 2^d. VERSE.

At Ev'ning

will the village hind In rapture lis-ten to her song And buy her

f *p*

toys in hope to find What future joys to him be-long Barefoot

as she strolls for-lorn O'er the flint or pointed thorn Si-lent

must her sor-row be Her Ma-dri-gal sweet Cha-ri-ty Si-lent

must her sor-row be Her Ma-dri-gal sweet Cha-ri-ty.

dolce