

J. H. Knight.

The Grecian Daughter
A Ballad

The Poetry by

Thomas Haynes Bayly Esq.

Sung with the most rapturous Applause by

Mrs. C. E. Horn.

AT

MR. HORN'S SOIREES

The Music by

JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT.

Author of

"SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES," "GO FORGET ME," "THE VETERAN" &c.

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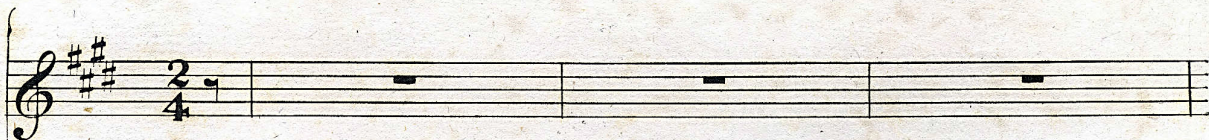
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THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER,

The Poetry by T.H. Bayly Esq.

The Music by J.P. Knight.

VOICE.



ANDANTE CON MOLTO ESPRESSIONE.

PIANO
FORTE.



p Oh! never heed my mother dear, The silent tears I shed; In-

p

deed I will be happy here, Then ask me not to wed. By

day you shall not see me weep, Nor nightly murmur in my sleep; But

Cres *dim*

ask me not to be a bride, - - - For when my own dear La - - ra

dol

died, I kissed his brow, I breathed a vow, Ah! bid me not to break it

rall:

now! Then never heed my mother dear, The si - lent tears I

a tempo.

shed, In - deed I will be happy here, Then ask me not to

wed.

f p

p

He was the first love of my heart; My last love he will prove, Then

p



mother we will never part, Name not a no—ther love! At



morn I decked him for the fight, I bathed his blood stained brow at night; And

Cres. *dim.*



now in his cold grave he lies, There is no joy for these sad

dol



eyes; Talk not of bridal robes to me, No, mother, no, it must not

rall.

rall.

be! Then never heed my mother dear, The si - lent tears I

a tempo.

a tempo.

shed, In - deed I will be happy here, Then ask me not to

wed.

f

p