

Queen. Mary's

Sanctation

Sung by

Sig. Scuducci

at the

PANTHEON & M^{RS} LABEL'S CONCERT &c

the Instrumental Parts

By

Sig. Giordani

L O N D O N

(B. F.)

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near Chancery Buildings, Strand.

Largo

Violino 1^o

Musical staff for Violino 1. The staff contains a melodic line with various dynamics: *Mozzo For.*, *For.*, *Pia.*, and *For.*

Violino 2^o

Musical staff for Violino 2. The staff contains a melodic line with various dynamics: *For.*, *Pia.*, and *For.*

Viola

Musical staff for Viola. The staff contains a melodic line with various dynamics: *For.*, *Pia.*, and *For.*

Voco

Musical staff for Voice. The staff is mostly empty, indicating a rest for the voice part.

Basso

Musical staff for Bass. The staff contains a melodic line with various dynamics: *For.*, *Pia.*, and *For.*

Largo

Musical staff for Violino 1. The staff contains a melodic line with dynamics: *Pia.* and *Sf.*

Musical staff for Violino 2. The staff contains a melodic line with dynamics: *Pia.* and *Sf.*

Musical staff for Viola. The staff contains a melodic line with dynamics: *Pia.* and *Sf.*

Musical staff for Bass. The staff contains a melodic line with dynamics: *Sf.* and *Pia.*

I sigh and lament me in vain These

Musical staff for Violino 1. The staff contains a melodic line with dynamics: *Sf.* and *Pia.*

Musical staff for Violino 2. The staff contains a melodic line with dynamics: *Sf.* and *Pia.*

Musical staff for Viola. The staff contains a melodic line with dynamics: *Sf.* and *Pia.*

Walls can but ec-cho my moan, A--las! it in-creases my

Musical staff for Bass. The staff contains a melodic line with dynamics: *Sf.* and *Pia.*

For.
For.
pain, When I think of the days that are gone.
For.

Pia.
Pia.
Pia.
Pia.
Thro' the Gate of my Prison I
Pia.

fee, The Birds as they wan-ton in Air, My Heart how it

pants to be free, My looks they are wild with def-pair.

Pia. Sf. For.

Pia. Sf. For.

Pia. Sf. For.

Above tho' opprest by my Fate,
 I burn with contempt for my foes,
 Tho' Fortune has alter'd my state,
 She ne'er can subdue me to those;
 False Woman in Ages to come,
 Thy Malice detested shall be,
 And when we are cold in the Tomb,
 Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye Roofs where cold damps and dismay,
 With silence and solitude dwell,
 How comfortless passes the day,
 How sad tolls the Evening Bell;
 The Owls from the Battlements cry,
 Hollow Winds seems to murmur around,
 O Mary, prepare thee to die,
 My Blood it runs cold at the found.