

THE
MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN.

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ANDANTINO
ALLEGRETTO.

AMAZILI.

The Maid of the Mountain high bounding, No voice thro' the valley was sounding,

Dolce

When the Moon beam Light, Shone awfully bright, On Warriors a Captive sur-rounding

Piu Largo

Tho' to the Rock chain'd, Still ne'er he complain'd! Nor

Piu Largo

Virgin of the Sun.

(A.1.)

Tempo 1^{mo} ad lib: Piu Largo

Death! nor base Foemen! he fear'd Yet while his Guard slept, The

Piu Largo

Tempo 1^{mo}

poor Captive wept, And the Maid of the Mountain, The Maid ----- of the

Mountain! The Maid of the Mountain ap-pear'd the Maid of the Mountain ap-pear'd the

ff Maid of the Mountain ap-pear'd.

The Sun more than ever adoring,
 The fate of the Stranger deploring,
 Her Eye glancing round,
 His chain she unbound,
 To Freedom the Captive restoring!
 The Warriors slept on,
 Their victim was gone!
 And Gratitude lasting he swore!
 Then cried from his heart,
 No more will I part
 From the Maid of the Mountain no more &c.

Virgin of the Sun.

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