

SIR GONDIBERT

Sung by M^{rs} Merry in Adelmorn

Lento

The Melody by M G Lewis

The wind it blows cold and the night it is
drear oh Porter tell Gon--di--bert Min--na is
here a--way thou fond wench nor ex--cite these a--
--larms a bride refts to night in Sir Gon--di--berts

(43)

arms a bride rests to night in Sir Gon_____diberts

arms .

2

And was it for this from my Parents I fled

Then Porter tell Gondibert Minna is dead

And tell him that grief for the loss prov'd her death

While blessing his name that she pour'd her last breath .

3

And now the gay morning bade Gondibert rise

Ah! soon a sad object afflicted his eyes

Poor Minna lay breathless his castle before

He hung on her bosom and never rose more .

(43)

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