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The Moorish Maid

Musical from the Souvenir

Composed by

C. E. HORN.

The
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from the
Musical Souvenir
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New York, Published by Firth & Hall, 4, Franklin Square.

ALLEGRETTO

First system of piano introduction. Treble clef, bass clef, 6/8 time signature, key signature of two flats (B-flat, E-flat). Dynamics include piano (p) and forte (f).

Second system of piano introduction. Treble clef, bass clef, 6/8 time signature, key signature of two flats. Dynamics include sf (sforzando).

First system of the vocal line. Treble clef, 6/8 time signature, key signature of two flats. The melody begins with a rest.

"Oh! lul-la-by, lul-la-by, Fa-ther dear," Thus

First system of piano accompaniment for the vocal line. Treble clef, bass clef, 6/8 time signature, key signature of two flats. Dynamics include piano (p).

Second system of the vocal line. Treble clef, 6/8 time signature, key signature of two flats. The melody continues.

sigh'd a young Moor-ish Maid... While a Captive she lov'd to her bow'r came near, And

Second system of piano accompaniment for the vocal line. Treble clef, bass clef, 6/8 time signature, key signature of two flats. Dynamics include sf (sforzando).

whis - per'd this se - re - - nade.

mf sf > p sf >

"Oh! list to me, Ab - ra! morning breaks, 'Twill soon be too late for our

flight" Hark, hark! Ben He - lim suddenly speaks "whose music is this to night?" "Tis my

lul - la - by lul - la - by Fa - ther dear" The trembling Ab - - ra said . . . "I would

sing you to rest, but my lute, I feel, Was wrong in the sounds it play'd! Was

wrong in the sounds it play'd! "Oh! lullaby lullaby Father dear," I was wrong in the sounds I

play'd."

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The lullaby sooth'd him, again he slept,
 Again was the Serenade sung,
 The Maiden for lover and father wept,
 What could she? so gentle and young!
 One kiss on the old man's slumb'ring eyes,
 That waken'd her heart's best tears,
 One look at Heav'n in the Moorish skies,
 And away from her land for years:
 From her "lullaby, lullaby, Father dear!"
 From all the fond ties of home
 That are nothing or little when they are near,
 But which we regret when we roam.
 Her "lullaby lullaby Father dear!"
 Would oft to her fancy come.