Jenny Lind

NEW YORK, PUBLISHED BY **WILLIAM HALL & SON**, 239 BROADWAY.

TAKE THIS LUTE

Ballad.

the Poetry by

E. FITZBALL.

SUNG BY

MAD^LLE JENNY LIND,

Composed for her

BY

JULES BENEDICT.

New York. WILLIAM HALL & SON, *239 Broadway.*

VOICE.

MODERATELY SLOW.

PIANO FORTE.

Dolce. *Ped.*

Take this Lute, whose thril—ling lay, Our

p *Ped.*

spell of joy was wont to be, Touch thou its chords

when I'm a – way, And they will speak to thee of me:

Or if in life, No more we meet,_ Should ab – sence

Dolce.

p

shade our path of flow – ers,. Still let those songs We deem'd so

Rallent.

pp Tempo.

Rallent.

pp

Ped.

sweet, Be – guile thee in thy sad – dest hours — Be-

Crescendo.

-guile thee

-guile, Be – guile thee in thy sad – dest

Colla parte.

hours — Be – guile thee, Be – guile thee

Cres.

in thy sad–dest hours.

Ped.

Take these vi – o–lets, from my hair, And tho' their pur – ple

p *Ped.*

tints de – part, They'll waft soft per – fume o'er the air, Like gratefull

mem'ries to the heart, So, if on earth we meet no more, Or

Dol.

hope dreams fade like these poor flow–ers, My spi–rit still shall ho-ver

Rallent. *pp Tempo.* *Rallent.* *pp* *Ped.*

o'er, And cheer thee in thy sad – dest hours, thy sad –

Crescendo.

As sung by Jenny Lind.

sad – – – – – – – dest hours thy sad – – dest hours

– dest, sad – – – – – – dest hours, thy sad – dest hours,

Colla parte.

in thy sad – – – – – dest

Shall cheer thee, shall cheer thee in thy sad – – dest

Cres.

hours.

pp

Ped.