

Words —
4 voices,
CHORUS.
5s. each
for the
6s. each
Guitar,
6s. each
ODIES,
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Words

comedy;

(with
14. 5s.
Music
each
EVEN-
each
Trayer
Parish
Jony
ce 6s.

THE GREEK EXILE,

H. Hallad,

BY

M^{rs} HEMANS,

The Music by

M^{rs} ROBERT ARKWRIGHT.

Ent. at Sta. Hall.

Enter co.

Price 2/-

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Where may be had, the following Songs Composed by

M^{rs} ARKWRIGHT.

The Words Selected by Permission from the Poems of

M^{rs} HEMANS, M^r OPIE, SIR WALTER SCOTT BAR!

WILL^{ms} SPENCER, THO^{ms} CAMPBELL and THO^{ms} MOORE Esq^{rs}

Beth Gelert.

One hour with thee!

Poor Louise.

Rose thou art.

Roland the brave.

Then be it so.

M

V

P

PI

FC



THE GREEK EXILE.

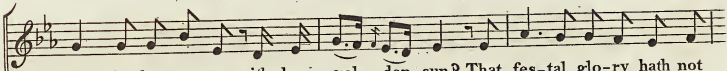
The Music by
M.^r Rob.^t Ashwright.

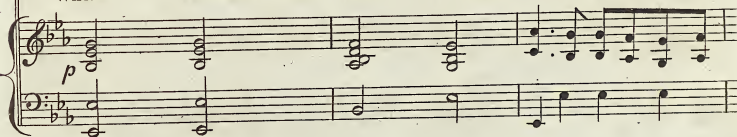
Arranged by
T. Cooke.

LARGHETTO

VOCE. 

PIANO-
 FORTE. 


 Where is the summer with her gol - den sun? That fes-tal glo-ry hath not




 pass'd from earth, For me a-lone the laugh-ing day is done.



Where is the sum-mer with her voice of mirth^p

Far in my own bright land.

Where are the tem-ples through the dim wood shi-ning The

fes - - tal dan - - ces, and the cho - - ral strains^p

Where the sweet sis - ters of my youth en - twin - - ing The

pp
springs first roses for their syl - - van fanes? Far in my own bright

land. Where are the vineyards with their

joy - ous throngs, The red grape pressing when the fo - liage fades? The

lyres, the wreaths, the love-ly Do-rian songs? And the pine

fo-rests, and the o - - - live shades? Far in my own bright

land.

Where the deep haunt-ed grots, the lau - - - rel bowers, The

dry - ads foot-steps, and the min - strel's dream? Oh! that my life were

as a south - ern flower's I might not lan - guish thus by

these chill streams — Far from my own bright

land.

