





IF THOU WOULDST HAVE ME SING & PLAY.

J. Moore, Esq.<sup>sr</sup>

*MODERATO.*

VOICE.

PIANO  
FORTE.

*p*

If

thou wouldst have me sing and play, As once I play'd and sung, First

take this time-worn Lute a-way, And bring one freshly strung. Call

back the time when Pleasure's sigh First breath'd a-mong the strings; And

Time him-self, in flit-ting by, Made mu-sic with his wings. Take,

take the worn-out Lute a-way, And bring one new-ly strung, If

thou would'st have me sing and play, As once I play'd and

sung.

*mf*

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The piano part begins with a series of eighth-note chords in the bass line, moving up the scale. The vocal line is mostly rests, with a few notes appearing at the end of the system.

But how is this? though new the Lute, And shining fresh the chords, Be...

The second system continues the piano accompaniment with a steady eighth-note pattern. The vocal line begins with a double bar line and a repeat sign, followed by a series of eighth notes and quarter notes.

...neath this hand they slumber mute, Or speak but dreamy words. In

The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note texture. The vocal line has a double bar line and repeat sign, then continues with eighth notes and quarter notes.

vain I seek the soul that dwelt With...in that once sweet shell, Which

The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note texture. The vocal line has a double bar line and repeat sign, then continues with eighth notes and quarter notes.

told so warm...ly what it felt, And felt—what nought could

tell. Oh ask not then for Passion's lay From lyre so cold...ly

strung; With this I ne'er can sing or play, As once I play'd and

sung.

*mf*

pp

No\_bring that long-loved lute a\_gain, Though chill'd by years it be, If

thou wilt call the slumbring strain, 'Twill wake a\_gain for thee. Though

Time have froz'n the tuneful stream Of thoughts that gush'd a\_long, One

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look from thee like summer's beam, Will thaw them in...to song. Then

give, oh give that wakening ray, And, once more blithe and young, Thy

bard a...gain will sing and play, As once he play'd and

sung.

*mf* *cres:*

*f* *p*