

J. 1833

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"ONE STRUGGLE MORE,"

A Ballad.

BY

LORD BYRON,

FROM

A Set of Songs,

Composed and Dedicated to

THOMAS MOORE ESQRE

BY

MRS ROBERT ARKWRIGHT.

Ent. at Sta. Hall.

Price 2/-

L O N D O N ,

PUBLISHED BY J. POWER, 34, STRAND.

* THE WORDS OF THE ABOVE BALLAD, ARE PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF M^{rs} MURRAY.

ONE STRUGGLE MORE.

NOT TOO
SLOW.

A hand-drawn musical score for a solo voice and piano. The score consists of five systems of music. The first system starts with a treble clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The vocal line begins with eighth-note chords. The second system changes to a bass clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The vocal line continues with eighth-note chords. The third system returns to a treble clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The vocal line begins with eighth-note chords. The fourth system changes to a bass clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The vocal line continues with eighth-note chords. The fifth system returns to a treble clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The vocal line continues with eighth-note chords. The lyrics are written below the vocal line in each system. The score is enclosed in a large brace.

One struggle more, and I am free From pangs that rend my heart in twain; One
last long sigh to love and thee, Then back to bu-sy life a-gain! It

1188

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A handwritten musical score for two voices (Soprano and Alto) and piano. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal parts are written on treble and bass staves respectively, with lyrics underneath. The piano part is on a separate staff below the voices. The score consists of six systems of music.

suits me well to mingle now With things that never pleas'd be-fore, Tho' evry
joy has fled be - low, What future grief can touch me more?
Then bring me wine, the Ban-quet bring!
Man was not form'd to live a-lone; I'll be that light, un-mean-ing thing That

1188

ad lib: with great feeling & tenderness

smiles with all, and weeps with none. It was not thus in days more dear, It never

would have been, but thou Hast fled, and left me lone--ly here, Thou'rt nothing,

all are nothing now!

In

vain my Lyre would light-ly breathe, The smile that sorrow fain would wear But

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mocks the woe that lurks beneath, Like ro-ses o'er a sepul - chre, Tho'

gay. companions o'er the bowl Dispel a - while the sense of

ad lib:

ill, Tho' pleasure fires the madd'ning soul, The heart, the

Slow, with Melancholy expression.

heart is lone-ly still.