

# Lady Randolph's Complaint.

Violin

Piañtine

My hero! my hero my beauteous my brave, How proud was my Soul of thy

virtues and thee. Doom'd here prema - - turely to find a cold grave, Nor

couldst thou e - - lude what thou couldst not fore - - see. Of gen'rous endeavours was

this thy re - ward. The Lord of this mansion from foes to de - fend; Henceforth hospi - ta - li - ty

who shall re - gard; What man on the friendship of man shall de - - pend.

The score is written for Violin and Piañtine. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The Piañtine part includes fingerings (6, 4, 5, 6, 6, 4, 3) and breath marks (h). The Violin part includes a trill (tr) and a breath mark (h). The lyrics are written in a mix of old and modern English spelling.

*LADY RANDOLPH'S COMPLAINT.*

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MY hero ! my hero ! my beauteous, my brave,  
 How proud was my soul of thy virtues and thee ;  
 Doom'd here prematurely to find a cold grave,  
 Nor couldst thou elude what thou couldst not foresee.  
 Of gen'rous endeavours, was this thy reward,  
 The lord of this mansion from foes to defend ?  
 Henceforth hospitality who shall regard ;  
 What man on the friendship of man shall depend.

With transport this day my fond heart overflow'd,  
 When keenly indulging the pleasing presage,  
 How warm with maternal affection it glow'd,  
 Midst an offspring of thine whilst I hop'd for old age !  
 Whose prattle endearing, and innocent play,  
 To me might the loss of thy childhood atone ;  
 Those actions the fame of your house might display,  
 Adorn'd with a husband's dear name, and thy own.

Thy gallant deportment, thy exquisite bloom,  
 Which merciless foes might with rapture admire ;  
 With them my dear hopes are all quench'd in the tomb,  
 With thee they were born, and with thee they expire.  
 In conjugal union how short my delight !  
 In a mother's high rank how much shorter my boast !  
 With planets malignant, no more let me fight,  
 No longer in life's cruel tempest be tost !

Forgive, gracious powers, in compassion my state,  
 Whilst, by sorrow compell'd, with reluctance I seize  
 The only sweet moment reserv'd me by fate,  
 The moment which renders me just what I please ;  
 My Douglas, my darling, my glory, my pride !  
 How happy was I but to name thee my son !  
 For thee would to heav'n a fond mother had died,  
 Since living without thee, is living undone.