

When penive I thought of my Love.

SUNG BY M^{RS} CROUCH

In the Opera of

HAMILTON

Proc^r

Composed by Michael Kelly

Printed for Corri Dusick & C^o Music Seller to their Majesties A²⁸ Haymarket, by Dean, S^r Scherzer,
No^r 8 South S^r Baldwin S^r & A^r 37 Bridge S^r Fleetabund.

Piano Forte

Andante

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the piano forte, indicated by a large brace and the instruction "Piano Forte". The middle staff is for the voice, with the vocal line starting with "When penive I". The bottom staff is also for the piano forte. The vocal line continues with "thought of my Love the Moon on the Mountains was bright and". The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal part includes several grace notes and slurs. The piano part features sustained chords and eighth-note patterns.

Philomel down in the Grove broke sweetly the silence of

Night O I wish that the tear drop would flow but

 felt too much anguish to weep till warm with the weight of my

 woe I sunk on my pillow to sleep to

Poco f.

The musical score consists of four systems of music. The top system starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The lyrics "Philomel down in the Grove" are written above the staff, followed by "broke sweetly the silence of". The second system begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The lyrics "Night" are written above the staff, followed by "O I wish that the tear drop would flow but". The third system continues with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The lyrics " felt too much anguish to weep till warm with the weight of my" are written above the staff. The fourth system continues with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The lyrics " woe I sunk on my pillow to sleep to" are written above the staff, with "Poco f." written below the staff. The music includes various dynamics such as *f*, *p*, and *poco f.*

sleep to sleep I sunk on my pillow to

sleep.

Me thoughts that ²my Love, as I lay,
 His ringlets all clotted with gore,
 In the paleness of Death, seem'd to say,
 Alas! we must never meet more!
 Yes, yes, my belov'd we must part,
 The steel of my Rival was true;
 The Afsafin has struck on that heart,
 Which beat with such fervour for you.

