

W. H. W. W.

MY HEART'S TRUE PULSE. Ballad.

Written by

MR^S CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Respectfully dedicated to

Signor Begrez.

and Sung by him with the most rapturous applause at the

Nobility's Concerts.

The Music by

William Cornaby

Mus. Doc.

Ent. at Sta. Hall.

Enter 11.

Price 2/-

London. Published by J. Willis & Co. Royal Musical Repository,
Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, & 7, Westmorland Street, Dublin.

Where may be had the following Popular Songs

	<i>Author</i>	<i>Composer</i>	
One Hour with thee	MR ^S C.B. Wilson	W. Cornaby	2 -
Many Happy Returns	T.H. Bayly Esq ^r	J. Willis	2/-
Merry Mountain Boy	W. Ball Esq ^r	J. Moscheles	2/-
Meet me at Sunset	Alaric A. Watts Esq ^r	J. Barnett	2/-
The Last green leaf	T.H. Bayly Esq ^r	B.C.H. Gibson	2/-
Song on Peace	Coleridge	W. Cornaby	1/-

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

MY HEART'S TRUE PULSE.

THE WORDS BY

MR^S CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

THE MUSIC BY

W^M CARNABY MUS. DOCT.

ANDANTE.

VOCE.

Affettuoso.

PIANO.

mf

FORTE.

I lov'd Thee! when the rose was on thy

f *p*

glow - ing Hope was

cheek, And life's fair morn in glow - ing Hope was drest! I

lovd Thee! more than words or tongue could speak Thou wert my

bo - son's shrin'd, and hal - low'd guest!

Say not, oh! say not, Time can ev - er see,

Say not, oh! say not, Time can ev - er see, My

Heart's true Pulse for - get to beat for Thee! My

a tempo

Heart's true Pulse for - get to beat --- for Thee!

mf

f

I lov'd Thee! when the rose had fled thy cheek, And early grief plac'd the

p

Ad lib.
pale Lil - - ly there! I lov'd Thee! and still dar'd that love to

thine au - - burn
speak, When sor - row blanch'd with snow thine au - burn

8

hair! Say not, oh! say not, Time did ever see,

Say not, oh! say not, Time did e - ver see, My

ral.

Heart's true pulse, less warm - ly beat for

a tempo

Thee! My Heart's true pulse less warm - ly

beat - - - for - Thee!

mf

f

[illegible]