

TO
E. C. MONK, ESQ.
MUS. DOC. OXON.

"AS I LAY A THYNKYNGE,"
SONG,

The Words from the
INGOLDSBY LEGENDS,

(By Permission of Richard Bentley, Esq.)

The Music by
HENRY BAKER,

(MUS. BAC. OXON.)

Ent. Sta Hall.

Price 3/-

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AS I LAYE A THYNKYNGE .

Words from the
* Ingoldsby Legends .-

Music by
Henry Baker Mus: Bac: Oxon:

ALLEGRO MODERATO .

VOICE. *mf* As I laye a thynkyng, a

PIANO. *mf*

thynkyng a thynkyng, Mer-rie sang the Birde as she sat up on the

p

spraye: There came a no-ble Knyghte, with his hauberke shynyng bright, And his

f

gal-lant heart was light free and gaye; As I laye a thynkyng, he

poco rall. *p* *dim.*

al tempo.

rode up - on his way . As I laye a thynkyng a thynkyng a

thynkyng Sad - ly sang the Birde as she sat up - on the tree ! There

seemd a crimson plain where a gal - lant Knyghte lay slayne And a steed with a

p *rall.*

broken rein ran free . As I laye a thynkyng most pi - ti - ful to see As

- tempo.

I laye a thynkyng, a thynkyng, a thynkyng, Merrie sang the

Birde as she sat up on the bough, A love-ly Mayde came bye, and a

gen-tle youth was nyghe, And he breath'd many a syghe and a

vowe, And as I laye a thynkyng, her heart was gladsome now As

I laye a thynkyng, a thynkyng, a thynkyng, Sadly sang the

p

cresc.

Birde as she sat up on the thorne: No more a youth was there, but a

f *piu mosso.*

cresc.

Maiden rent her hair, And cried in sad despair that I was

ff

borne! As I lay a thynkyng she perished for lorne. As

a tempo. *rall.* *a tempo.*

I laye a thynkyng a thynkyng a thynkyng Sweetly sang the

Birde as she sat up on the briar, There came a love ly Childe, and his

face was meek and mild, Yet joyous ly he smild up on his

sire: As I laye a thynkyng, a che rub mote ad mire. But

I laye a thynkyng, a thynkyng, a thynkyng, Sad-ly sang the

gvi

Birde as it perch'd upon a bier; That joy-ous smile was gone, and the

gvi

face was white and wan - As the downe up-on the swan doth ap -

- pear. As I laye a thynkyng - Oh bit-ter flow'd the tear As

rall.

piu.

mosso.

I laye a thynkyng, the gold-en sun was sinking Oh !

mer-rie sang that Birde as it glit-ter'd on her breast With a

thou-sand gorgeous dyes while soaring to the skies, Mid the

stars she seem'd to rise as to her nest: As I laye thynk -

thynkyng her meaning was ex - prest "Fol - low

Fol - low me a - way, it boot not to de -

lay: "..... 'Twas so she seem'd to say.....

rall. *a tempo.*

..... here is rest.....

mf tempo *lo* *sempre* *rall.*