

THE LYRE OF THE SEA CAVE,

S O N G.

Dedicated to the
HONBLE MRS CHAS NORTON.

The Words by
MRS HEMANS,

The Music by
HER SISTER.

Ent'd at Sta^s Hall

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L O N D O N.

CHAPPELL. 50. NEW BOND STREET.



THE LYRE OF THE SEA CAVE.*

THE WORDS BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE MUSIC BY HER SISTER.

Espressivo.

VOCE. A deep toned lyre hung murmuring, To the wild wind of the

PIANO

FORTE.

sea O melancholy wind! it sighed, What would thy breath with me?

Thou canst not wake the spi-rit, That in me slum'ring lies,

7819.

* A large Lyre hung in an opening of the rock, and gave forth its melancholy music to the wind—but no human being was to be seen? *Salathiel.*

Thou strik'st not forth th'electric fire, Of bu - - - ried melodies

piu f *Dolce.*

p *pp*

Spiritoso

I have power, high power, for Freedom, To wake the burn-ing

soul, I have sounds that thro' the an-cient hills, Like a

tor-rent's voice might roll. I have peal-ing notes of

ff *f*

7819.

vic - - - to - ry, That might wel - come Kings from War - I have
 rich deep tones to send the wail, For a He-ro's death a - far.
 I have Chords to lift the Pœan, From the Temple to the sky,
 Full as the fo- rest u-nisons, When sweeping winds are high. And
 Love - for Love's lone sorrow, I have accents that might swell, Thro' the

piu lento 3
ff *p*
rallen:
espress: *pp*
Animato *f*
ff *dolce*

7819.

sum - mer air with the ro - se's breath, Or the Violets' faint fare -

p *pp*

well, The Violet's faint fare - well! Soft, spi - ritual,

morendo

mourn - ful - Sighs in each note en - shrined - But

dolente

who shall call that sweetness forth? Thou canst not, Ocean wind! Thou canst not

rallentando

7819.

Ocean wind, Thou canst not, thou canst not, O_cean wind!

So sighed the broken

p *pp* *dol:*

music, That in gladness had no part— How like art thou, neg-

lected Lyre, To ma-ny a hu-man heart!