

Sabel to her Lover

A reply to the favorite Serenade

WAKE DEAREST WAKE!

Written by

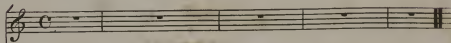
JAMES STEWART

Composed by

G. KJALLMARK.

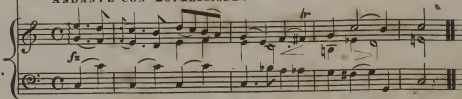
NEW YORK, Published by JAMES L. HEWITT, 137 Broadway,
and Sold at the Music Saloon, 36 Cornhill BOSTON.

VOICE.

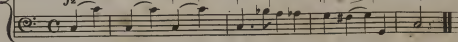


ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE.

PIANO



FORTE.



Love ne'er sleeps 'tis wa-king e-ver, Ne-ver tastes the sweets of rest; Mock-ing

na-ture's foud en-deavour With re- pose to sooth the breast. Hope tho'

Dolce

borne on passion's billow, Quickly sinks o'erwhelm'd with fears; Slumber vi-sits not the

pil-low, Bath'd with si-lent bit-ter tears, Love ne'er sleeps 'tis waking

e - ver, Ne - ver tastes the sweets of rest: Mock - ing na - ture's kind en -
deavour, With re - pose to sooth the breast.

2

Grief will keep those eyelids waking,
Be not thy unkindness shewn!
Tho' my woman's heart is breaking
Still it beats for thee alone;
All thy woes, thy deepest sorrow,
Does not this sad bosom share?
When fate bears thee hence to morrow,
What is left to me? despair!

Grief &c.

3

Canst thou deem some happier lover,
E'er may sing of love to me?
Will not thy fond eye discover
Faith that cannot swerve from thee?
Take, O take this drooping flower
Emblem of thy Isabell!

Once it bloom'd in her sweet bower
Mark its fading "fare thee well!"
Then ne'er fear some happier lover,
E'er shall sing of love to me,
Time will to my heart discover
Faith that cannot swerve from thee.

