

LOCHINVAR,
(Lady Helen's Song)
 From
 MARMION OF FLODDEN FIELDS.

By
 Walter Scott Esq.

Composed with a Piano Forte or Harp Acc^o & Dedicated

To
 M^{rs} Billington

By
 THO^s ATTWOOD,

Ent at No. Hall

Price 1/6

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Allegretto

Harp or
 Piano Forte

mf

f

V.S.

mf
 O Young Lochinvar is come out of the west, through all the wide border his
mf
 steed was the best, and save his good broad sword he weapon had none, And he
f
 rode all un-arm'd, and he rode all a lone, so faithful in Love, and so
dolce
f
dolce
 dauntless in war, there ne-ver was Knight like the young Lochin-var.
f
mf
f
 He staid not for brake and he

stopd. not for stone; he swam the Eske river where ford there was none, but

ere he a - lighted at Nether - by gate, the Bride had consent - ed, the

Gallant came late, for a laggard in love and a dastard in war, was to

wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among Bridesmen, and 'Kinsmen, and Brothers, and all,
Then spoke the Bride's Father, his hand on his Sword,
For the poor Craven Bridegroom said never a word,
O come ye in peace, here or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our Bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?

I long woo'd your Daughter, my suit you denied,
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine,
There are Maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.

The Bride kiss'd the Goblet, the Knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the Wine, and he threw down the cup,
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye -
He took her soft hand, ere her Mother could bar;
Now tread we a measure, said young Lochinvar.

No. 112. Vocal. English.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a Hall such a gallard did grace;
While her Mother did fret, and her Father did fume,
And the Bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the Bride Maidens whisper'd, 'twere better by far,
To have match'd our fair Cousin with young Lochinvar.

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the Hall door, and the Charger stood near;
So light to the Croupe the fair Lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung,
She's won! we are gone, O'er bank, bush and scraup,
They'll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan,
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Mings, as they rode, and they ran,
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see,
So daring in Love, and so dauntless in war,
Haye ye e'er heard of Gallant like young Lochinvar.

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