

TAKE THIS LUTE
Ballad

AS SUNG AT HER

FIRST CONCERTS IN AMERICA.

BY

Mad^{lle} Jenny Lind.

TO WHOM IT IS DEDICATED BY THE COMPOSER

JULES BENEDEICT.

38^c nett.

NEW YORK
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TAKE THIS LUTE BALLAD.

3

Sung by
MADLE JENNY LIND,

at her Concerts in America

Composed by

JULIUS BENEDICT.

Published under the supervision of Henry C. Watson & Company, London.

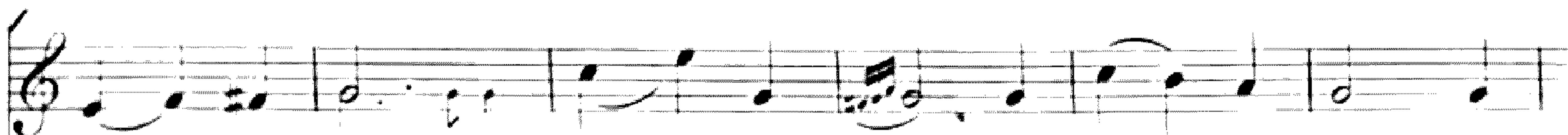
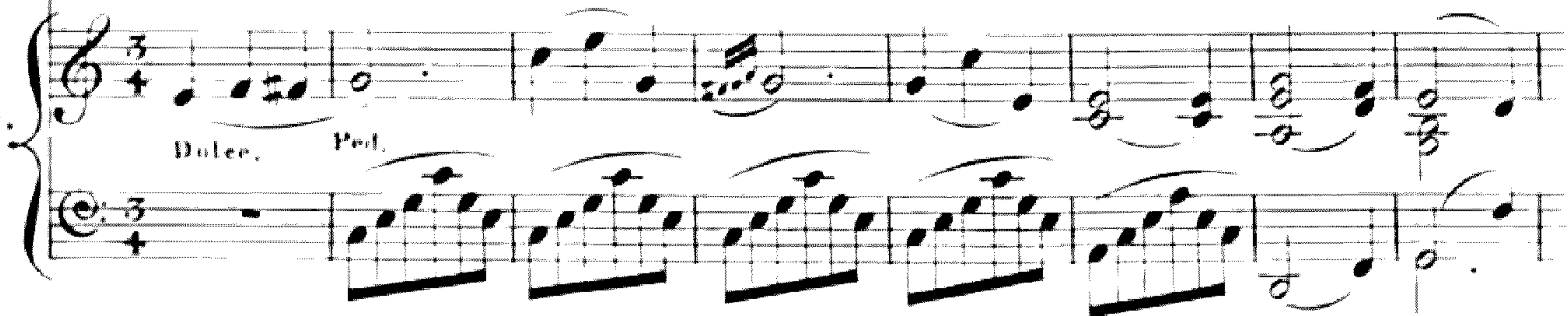
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VOICE.

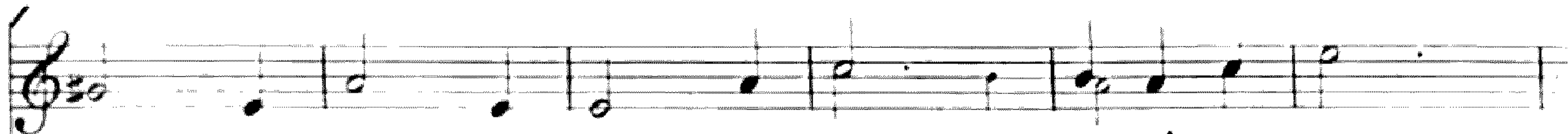


MODERATELY SLOW.

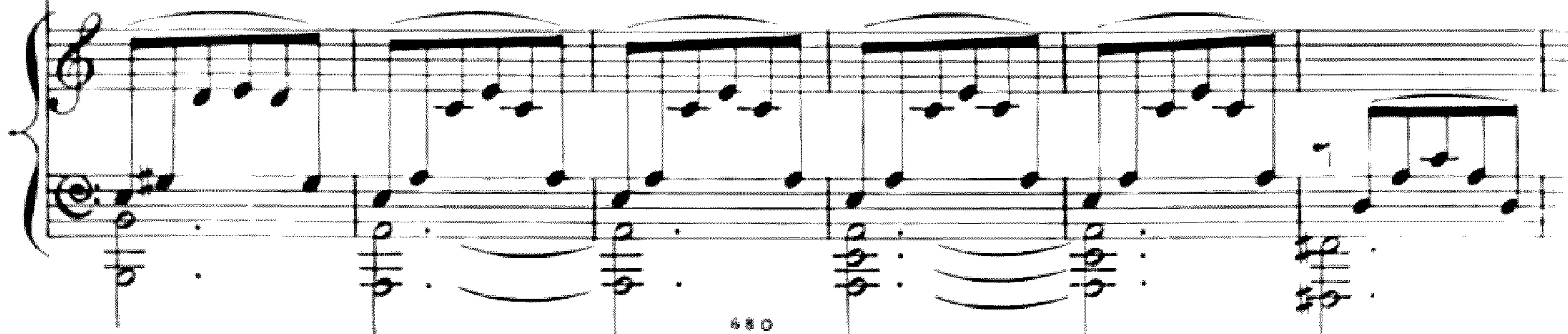
PIANO.

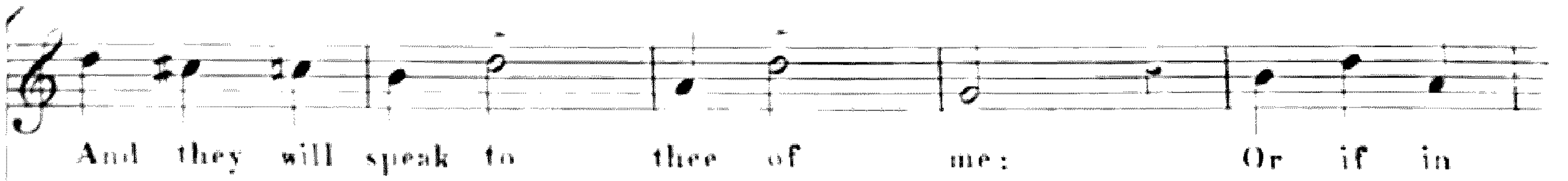


Take this lute, whose thrilling lute Our spell of joy was



wont to be, Touch thou its chords, when I'm a--way

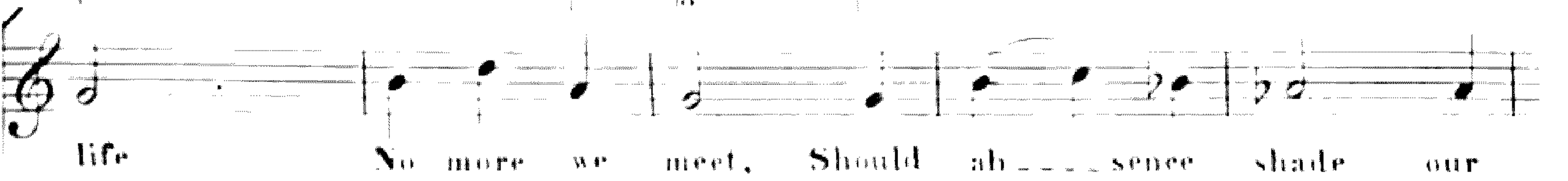




And they will speak to thee of me: Or if in



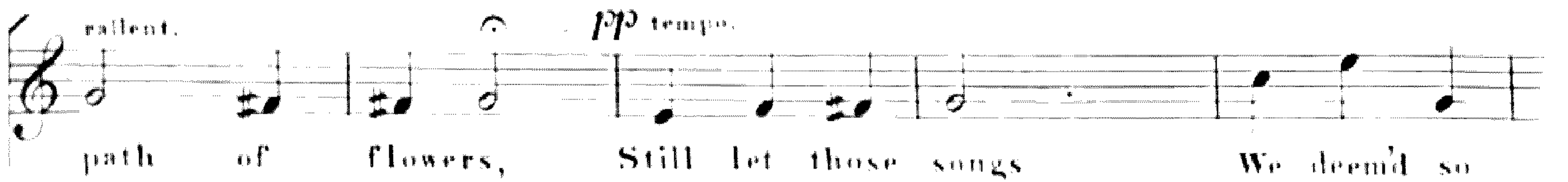
p



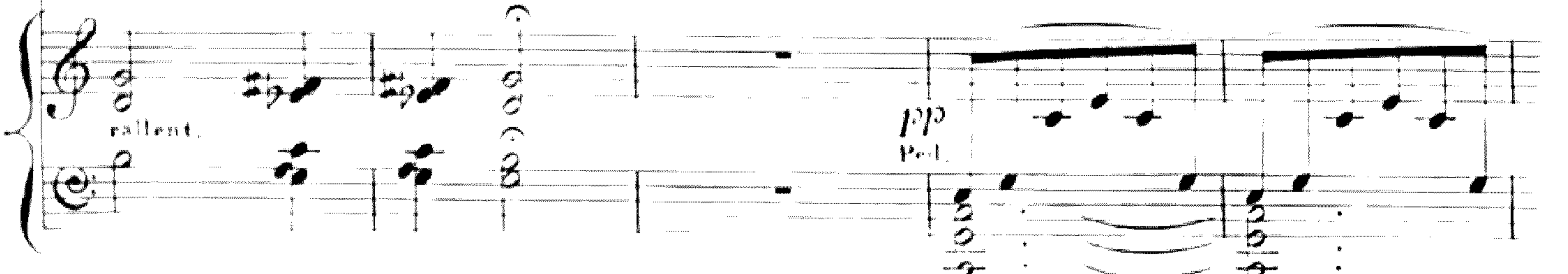
life No more we meet, Should absence shade our



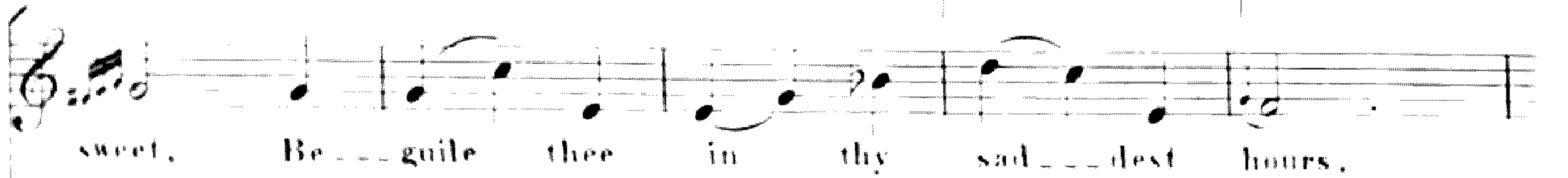
Ad lib.



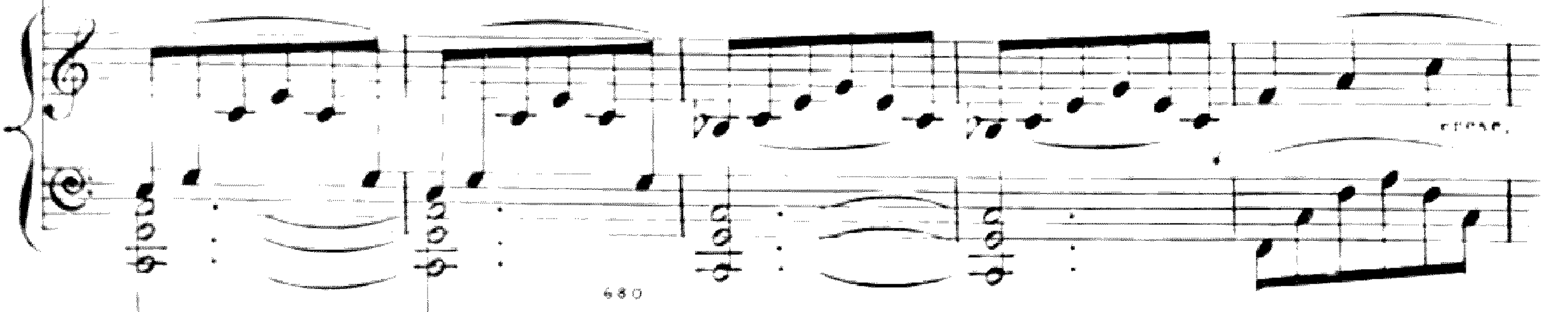
rallent. *ppp tempo.*
path of flowers, Still let those songs We deem'd so



rallent. *ppp Ped.*



sweet, Be -- guile thee in thy sad -- dest hours,



ppp

Be - - guile Be - - guile thee

colla parte.

in thy sad - - - - - dest hours. Be - guile

p *cres.*

thee, Be - - guile thee in thy sad - - - - - dest

hours. Take these

pp

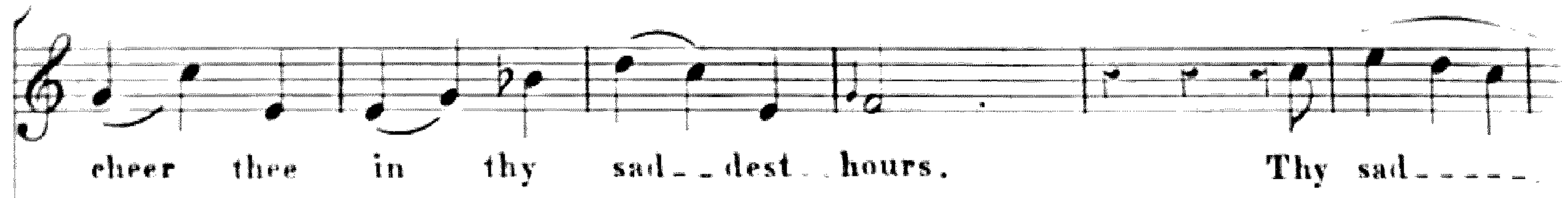
580

vi - - olets from my hair, And tho' their pur - ple tints de - part, They'll

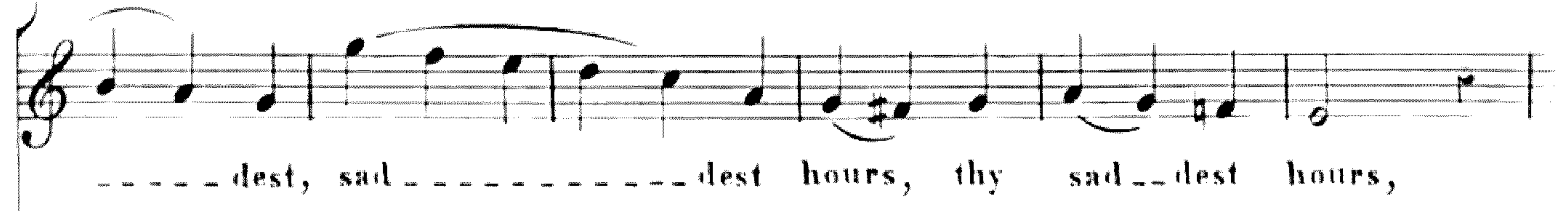
waft soft per - - fume o'er the air Like grateful mem'ries to the

heart So, if on earth we meet no more, Or hope's dream fade like

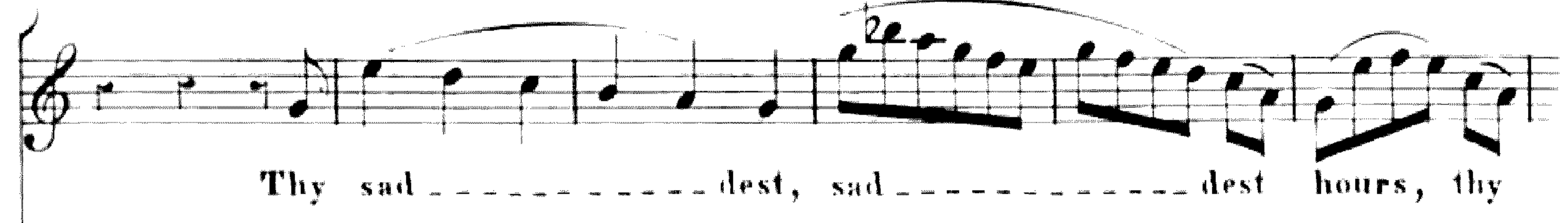
these poor flowers My spirit still shall hover o'er, And



cheer thee in thy saddest hours. Thy sad

dest, saddest hours, thy saddest hours,

Thy saddest, saddest hours, thy



colla parte



saddest hours.

