

The Thorne

SUNG BY M^r INCLEDON AT THE

Theatre Royal Covent Garden

And in his New Entertainment of

VARIETY

Composed by W^m Shield

(Musician in Ordinary to his Majesty)

The Words by Rob^t Burns.

As some of the Passages in this Ballad may be too high for many Voices in the Original Key, the following Transposition is added in order to render it more generally

useful.

Ent^l at Stat^l Hall

Price 1/-

London Printed by Grouthina, Phipps & D. Almonie 45 St. Mark Lane 76 St. James St.
Music Sellers to their Royal Highnesses the Prince & Princess of Wales, & Manufacturer of
Musical Inst. Likewise may be had of Grouthina Kirvett & C. Rochester Land St. Dublin
A. Guthrie Edinburgh & Stevens Glasgow.

Andante



W^m Shield

From the white blossom'd Sloe my dear Chloe requested A sprig her fair breast to a =

or
dorn From the white blossom'd Sloe my dear Chloe requested A

Sym: with Energy
sprig her dear breast to a = dorn No! by heavns I exclaim'd may I

Tenderly *tr* *for*
perish If ever I plant in that bosom a THORN No! by heavns I ex =

Affectionately *Sym*
claim'd may I perish If ever I plant in that bo-som a THORN

fo

2^d VERSE

Then I shew'd her a ring and implord her to marry She blush'd like the dawning of
or
 Morn When I shew'd her the ring and im-plord her to marry She
 blush'd like the dawning of Morn Yes I'll consent she re-ply'd if you'll
 promise that no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn No by heav'ns I ex-
 claim'd may I perish If ever I plant in that bo=som a THORN

with hesitation
hr *with energy*
 Sym: as before

THE THORN

In its ORIGINAL KEY.

Andante

From the white blossom'd Sloe my dear
 Chloe requested A sprig her fair breast to a-dorn From the

white blossom'd Sloe my dear Chloe requested A sprig her fair breast to adorn

with energy No by heavns I exclaim'd may I perish If ever I plant in that bosom a

for THORN No ly heavns I exclaim'd may I perish If ever I plant in that

bosom a THORN

2^d VERSE

Then I shew'd her a ring and implord her to marry She blush'd like the dawning of

Morn When I shew'd her a ring and im-plord her to marry She

blush'd like the dawning of Morn Yes Ill consent she re-ply'd if you'll

promise that no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn No by heavns I ex-

claim'd may I perish If ever I plant in that bosom a THORN

Sym as before