

ALLEN BROOKE.

A much admired Song by G. S. CARY.

Andantino poco Lento

Say have you in the Village seen a lovely youth of pen-sive
 moir if such a one hath passed by with melancholy in his Eye
 where is he gone ah tell me where tis Allen Brooke of Wyn-der - meer where is he
 gone ah tell me where tis Allen Brooke of Wynder - meer

Last night he sighing took his leave,
Which caused me all the night to grieve,
And many maids I know there be,
Who try to wean his love from me,
But Heaven knows my heart's sincere
To Allen Brooke &c.

My throbbing heart is full of woe,
To think that he should leave me so,
But if my love should anger'd be,
And try to hide himself from me,
Then Death shall bear me on a Bier
To Allen Brooke &c.

SHORT TROOP.

