

*Ella**Sung by**Mr. Incedon,**at the**Theatre Royal Covent Garden,**in the***FREE KNIGHTS***or the**Edict of Charlemagne,**Composed by J. Mazzinghi*

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LARGHETTO

Says

Ella to her love re-mem-ber Though doom'd to part you constant view That

moon which rises in such splendor I too will look and think of you Anxious

Ella shall not sleep Whilst her Sailor braves the deep Whilst her Sailor whilst her

Sailor braves the deep.

But

most tempestous is the weather And lovely Ella's wish is crost Vain

vain her watching nights to-gether Successive moons in clouds are lost Stormy

winds the forests sweep Whilst her Sailor braves the deep whilst her

Sailor Whilst her Sailor braves the deep.

Swift to the shore she flies complaining The

p *f*

tempest to her prayrs is deaf When lo! that orb she's so ar-raining Shines forth and

shews her lo-ver safe Now no more shall Ella weep For her

Sailor's brav'd the deep for her Sailor's For her Sailor's brav'd the

deep .

f *p* *f*