

Though Fate my Girl,

Anzonet with an Accompaniment

for the

PIANO FORTE or HARP,

The Poetry by Tho.^s Moore Esq.^r

The Music Composed by

J. A. Stevenson Mus. D.

Ent.^d at Stat.^s Hall.

Price

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Voice.

Affettuoso.

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo/mood is marked 'Affettuoso'. The piano part begins with a series of sixteenth-note runs in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

Piano-Forte.
or Harp.

Tho' Fate my girl, may bid us part, Our souls it cannot, shall not sever; The heart will

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' above it. The piano part continues with similar rhythmic patterns, marked with a piano 'p' dynamic.

seek its kindred heart, And cling to it as close as ever, And cling to it as close as

The third system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano part continues with similar rhythmic patterns, marked with a piano 'p' dynamic.

Lentando

ever. But must we, must we part indeed? Is all our dream of rapture over? And does not

ad Lib^{ro}

JULIA'S bosom bleed? And does not JULIA'S bosom bleed To leave so dear, so fond a

Lentando

lover? To leave so dear, so fond a lover?

Lentando

2

Does she too mourn? perhaps she may,
 Perhaps she weeps our blisses fleeting;
 But why is JULIA'S eye so gay?
 If JULIA'S heart, like mine, is beating!
 I oft' have lov'd the brilliant glow
 Of rapture, in her blue eye streaming—
 But can the bosom bleed with woe?
 While joy is in the glances beaming!

3

No, no! yet love, I will not chide,
 Altho' your heart were fond of roving:
 Nor that, nor all the world beside,
 Could keep your faithful boy from loving.
 You'll soon be distant from his eye,
 And, with you, all that's worth possessing.
 O! then it will be sweet to die,
 When life has lost its only blessing!