

David of the White Rock

DAVID OWENS (1712-1741)

Andante

Da - - vid the bard on his bed of death lies, _____
Give me my harp, my com - pa - - nion so long, _____

Da - vid the bard on his bed of death lies,
Give me my harp, my com - pa - nion so long,

Da - vid the bard on his bed of death lies,
Give me my harp, my com - pa - nion so long,

Da - vid the bard on his bed of death lies, _____
Give me my harp, my com - pa - nion so long, _____

5

Pale are his fea - tures and dim are his eyes,
Let it once more add its voice to my song.

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Yet all a - round him his glance wild - ly roves
 Though my old fin - gers are pal - sied and weak

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Yet all a - round him his glance wild - ly roves
 Though my old fin - gers are pal - sied and weak

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Till it a - lights on the harp that he loves.
 Still my good harp for its mas - ter will speak.

Till it a - lights on the harp that he loves.
 Still my good harp for its mas - ter will speak.

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 Still my good harp for its mas - ter will speak.

Till it a - lights on the harp that he loves.
 Still my good harp for its mas - ter will speak.

D.C.

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