

WHEN PENSIVE I THOUGHT OF MY LOVE

Sung by M^{rs} Crouch

in the Opera of

BLUE BEARD

Composed by

Michael Kelly



L. 1.

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Andante


When pensive I

thought on my love the Moon on the Mountains was bright and

Philomel down in the Grove broke softly the silence of



Night O I wish that the tear drop would flow but

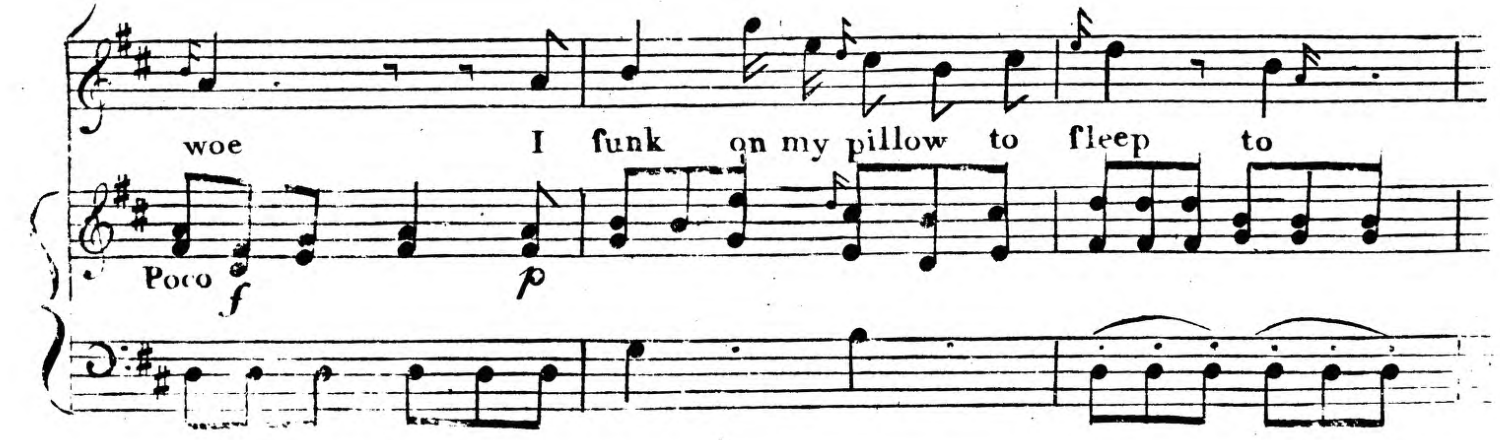


felt too much anguish to weep till warm with the weight of my



woe I sunk on my pillow to sleep to

Poco *f* *p*



3

fleep to fleep funk on my pillow to

f

fleep

2

Me thought that my love, as I lay,
 His ringlets all clotted with gore,
 In the paleneſs of Death, ſeem'd to ſay,
 Alas! we muſt never meet more!
 Yes, yes, my beloved we muſt part,
 The ſteel of my Rival was true;
 The Aſſaſin has ſtruck on that heart,
 Which beat with ſuch fervour for you.