

1

Edward and Editha

A FAVORITE BALLAD
Sung by *M^{rs} Bland*.

Written by G. S. Carey.

The Music with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte
Composed by
Reginald Spofforth.

London, Printed for the Author.

Entered at Stationer's Hall

Price 1^s.

Andante

Voice

Piano Forte

Oboe

Andante

Flute

Oboe

Flute

Tutti

Tutti

When fair E-di-tha with young Edward fate up-

on a Cliff that overlook'd the Main, (as if intended by some wayward fate) a sudden

cres.

Tempest rose of wind and rain,

f *Fortissimo*

Which from the dreadful height with fu-ry fu-ry cast the beautiful Maid a-

p

down the frightful steep in to the green and wide expanded waste with Thetis there for ever more to

dolce

faster

fleep A Maniac wild, distracted, Edward fled, to all to all he met to all to all he

faster

Slow and expressive Tempo Andante

met this pitious burthen said Say have you seen where

Slow Tempo Andante

e'ry you've been, E - ditha dear, my fairy Queen.

2

Off' o'er the desert wild, he'd thoughtless roam,
 Or where the gloom by clustr'ing Limes is made;
 And there, bewilder'd, make a transient home,
 Or hold vague converse with Editha's shade:
 And now he'd fall'y forth, by frenzy led,
 Or from his cell rush with an hideous scream;
 Then tear the beauteous ringlets from his head,
 And seek the margin of some mournful stream:
 His eyes express'd the Tempest in his brain,
 And thus he sung, in flow and pensive strain,
 Ye Willows green, fay, have ye seen
 Editha dear! my Fairy Queen.

3

Once, where the hurrying torrent rushes down
 With thund'ring roar upon the gulph below;
 While peering Rocks above the brambles frown,
 Like stately Monarchs with imperious brow:
 There, while poor Edward fate in abject mood,
 He thought Editha lav'd upon each wave;
 Then brav'd the deepest current of the flood,
 And dy'd, like her, within a wat'ry grave.
 But ere he sunk beneath the ruthless tide,
 Around he look'd, and thus he fainting cry'd,
 Ye Willows green, fay, have ye seen
 Editha dear! my Fairy Queen.