

REBECCA'S SONG,

FROM THE

Romance of Ivanhoe

adapted to an

HEBREW MELODY,

with an accompaniment

for the

Piano Forte

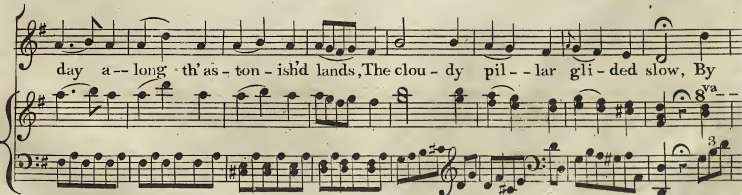
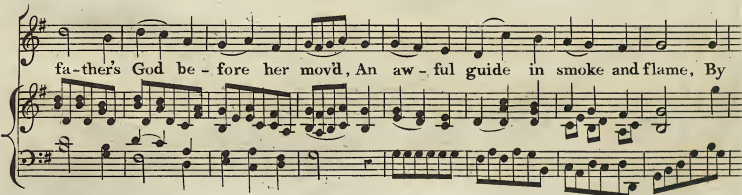
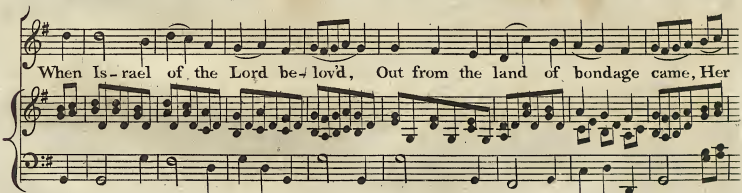
BY

I. DAVY.

Enc. Sta Hall

Pr 1/6.

London Published by C Wheatstone 436 Strand.



night A - - ra - bia's crim - son'd sands Re - turn'd the fie - - ry

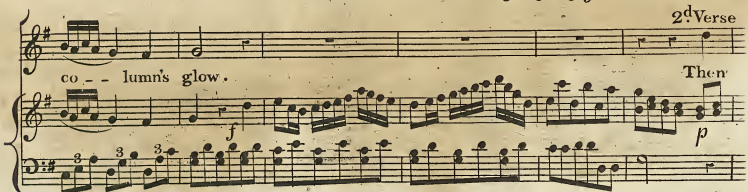
8va *loco*



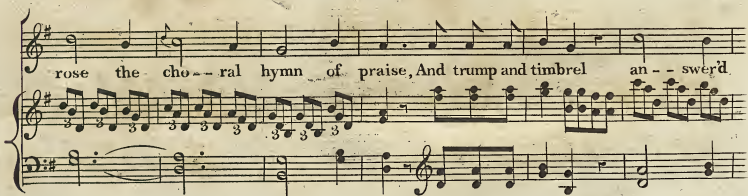
co - - lum'n's glow. Then

f *p*

2^d Verse



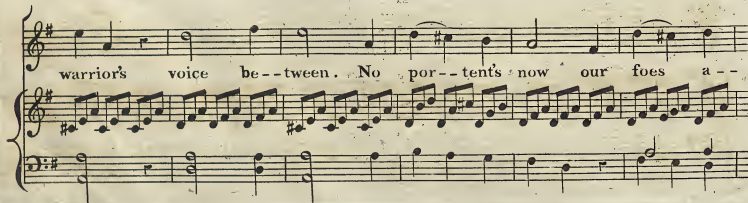
rose the cho - - ral hymn of praise, And trump and timbrel an - - swer'd



keen, And Zi - - on's daughters pour'd their lays, With priests and



warrior's voice be - - tween. No por - - tents now our foes a - -



-maze, For-sa-ken Israel wanders a-lone, Our fa-thers would not

know thy ways, And thou hast left them to their own, And thou hast

left them hast left them to their own.

3^d Verse.

Our harps we left by Ba--bel's streams, The

ty--rants jest, the Gen--tile's scorn; No

cen - - ser round our al - - tar beams, And mute are

tim - - brel trump and horn. But thou hast said, the blood of

goat, The flesh of rams I will not prize, A con - - trite

heart, a hum - - ble thought, Are mine ac - - cep - - ted

sa - - cri - - fice.