

David of the White Rock

David Owens
(1712-1741)

Andante



1. Da - vid the bard on his bed of death
Dei - vid de bard on jis bed of dez

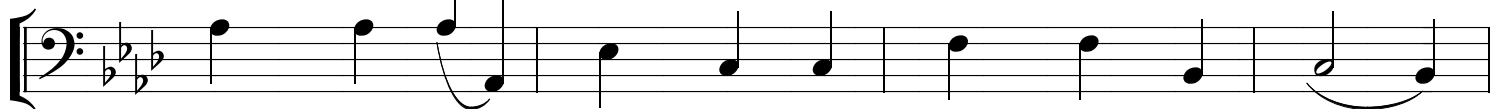
2. Give me my harp, my com - pa - nion so
Guif me mai jarp, mai com - pa - nion so

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lies, Pale are his fea - tures and dim are his eyes,
lais, Peil ar jis fi - chers and dim ar jis ais,
long, Let it once more add its voice to my song.
long, Let it uans mor ad its vois chu mai song.

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Yet all a - round him his glance wild - ly roves
Yet ol a - raund jim jis glans wald - ly rovs,
Though my old fin - gers are pal - sied and weak
Dou mai old fin - guers ar pal - sid and wik,

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Till it a - lights on the harp that he loves.
Til it a - laits on de jarp dat ji kows.
Still my good harp for its mas - ter will speak.
Stil mai gud jarp for its mas - ta wil spik.