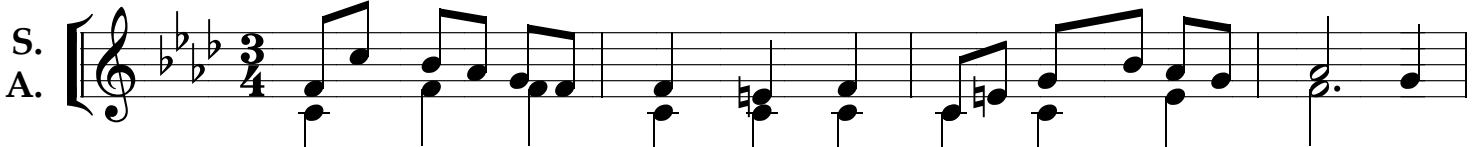


# David of the White Rock

David Owens  
(1712-1741)

Andante



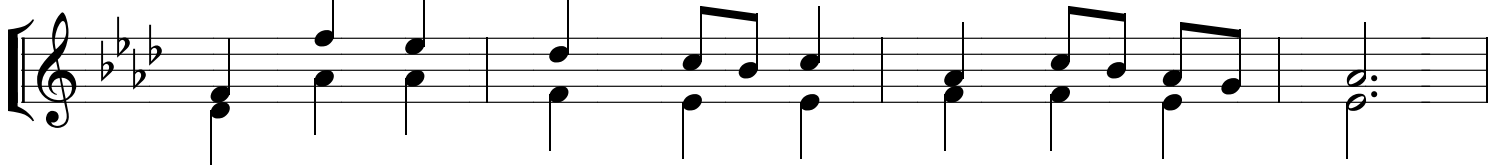
1. Da - vid the bard on his bed of death lies,

*Dei - vid de bard on jis bed of dez lais,*

2. Give me my harp, my com - pa - nion so long,

*Guif me mai jarp, mai com - pa - nion so long,*

5



Pale are his fea - tures and dim are his eyes,

*Peil ar jis fi - chers and dim ar jis ais,*

Let it once more add its voice to my song.

*Let it uans mor ad its vois chu mai song.*

9



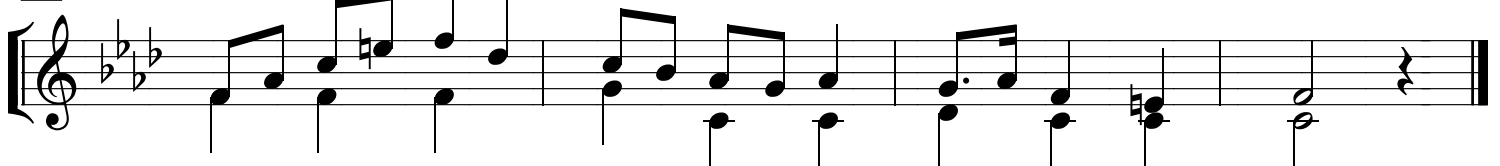
Yet all a - round him his glance wild - ly roves

*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 wike,*

13



Till it a - lights on the harp that he loves.

*Til it a - laits on de jarp dat ji kovs.*

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

*Stil mai gud jarp for its mas - ta wil spik.*