

David of the White Rock

David Owens
(1712-1741)

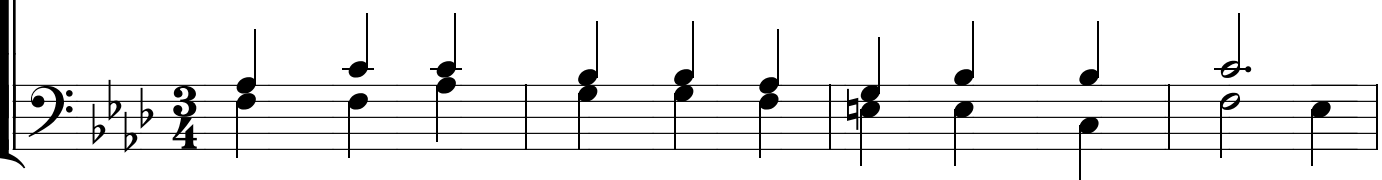
Andante

S.
A.

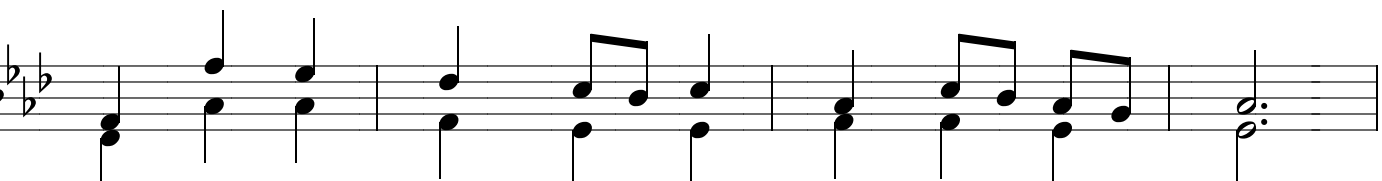


1. Da - vid the bard on his bed of death lies,
Dei - vid de bard on jis bed of dez lais,
2. Give me my harp, my com - pa - nion so long,
Guif me mai jarp, mai com - pa - nion so long,

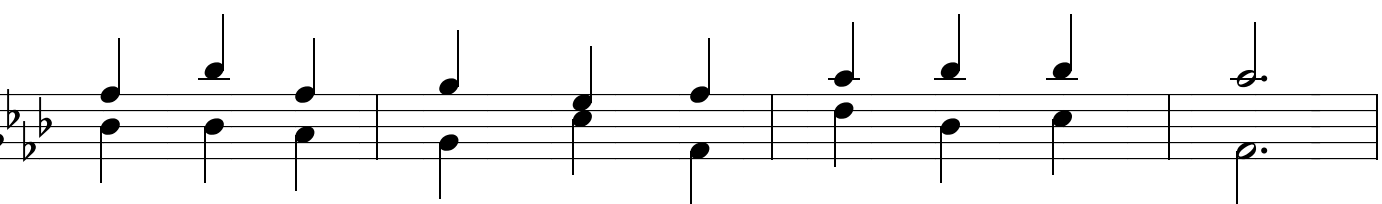
T.
B.



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.



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

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.

Ver traducción y otros datos en la "Documentación"