

When pensive, I thought of my  
Love.

SUNG BY MRS CROUCH

In the Opera of

HELEN HECLAERD

Composed by Michael Kelly

Perf'd at St. Hall.

Croc. V.



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Piano Forte

Andante

Philomel down in the Grove broke sweetly the silence of

Night O I wish that the tear drop would flow but

felt too much anguish to weep till warm with the weight of my

woe I sunk on my pillow to sleep to

*Poco f*

fleep to fleep I funk on my pil\_low to

fleep.

2  
 Me thoughts that my Love, as I lay,  
 His ringlets all clotted with gore,  
 In the paleneſs of Death, ſeem'd to fay,  
 Alas! we muſt never meet more!  
 Yes, yes, my beloiv'd we muſt part,  
 The ſteel of my Rival was true;  
 The Aſſaſin has ſtruck on that heart,  
 Which beat with ſuch fervour for you.

