Here's the Bower

Adagio \( \text{q} = 60 \)

Thomas Moore (the poet)

Here's the bow'r she lov'd so much
And the tree she plant-ed. Here's the harp she us'd to touch, Oh!

How that touch enchant-ed. Ros-es now un-heed-ed sigh Where's the hand to

©
wreathe them? Songs a-round ne-g lected lie, Where's the lip to breathe them?

Here's the bow'r she lov'd so much, And the tree she plant-ed Here's the harp she

us'd to touch Oh! how that touch en-chant-ed!
Spring may bloom but she we lov'd
Ne'er shall feel its sweet-ness!

Time, that once so fleet-ly mov'd
Now hath lost its fleet-ness.

Years were days when here she stray'd,
Days were moments near her;
Heav'n ne'er form'd a

Here's the Bower
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bright-er Maid, Nor Pi-ty wept a dear-er! Here's the bow'r - she lov'd so much,

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And the tree she plant-ed. Here's the harp she us'd to touch - o! how that touch en-

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chant-ed!

*These notes were appoggiaturas in the manuscript.

Transcribed by G. Dooley from manuscript in Jenkyns collection at Chawton House Library. (CHL3:15).