

Bayle

The much admired Song of

ARABELLA

The Caledonian Maid

with an **HARP** *Accompaniment.*

P. 6^d

Printed & Sold at Fentum's Music Warehouse N^o 78 Corner of Salisbury Street Strand

Where may be had Just Published

FENTUM'S ANNUAL

Collections of Cotillions, & Dances and A New Minuet

As performed at Court

Buckingham House and Windsor Palace, These are adapted as Lessons for the Piano Forte

NB. all Dibdin's Songs, as soon as Published.

Andante

S.

Say have you seen my A - ra - bel the

S.

Ca - le - donian Maid Or heard the Youths of Scotia tell where

A_rabel is stray'd Sy The
damsel is of An-gel mien with sad & downcast Eyes the
Shepherd call her Sorrows Queen so pensive-ly she Sighs. Sy

2

But why those Sighs so sadly swell,
Or why her Tears so flow,
In vain they press the lovely Girl,
The inmate cause to know,
E'er Reason form'd her tender mind,
The Virgin learnt to Love,
Compassion taught her to be kind,
Deceit she was above.

3

And had not Wars terriffic Voice,
Forbid the nuptial bands,
E'er now had Sandy been her choice,
And Hymen joind our hands,
But since the Sword of War is sheath'd,
And Peace resumes her Charms,
My ev'ry Joy is now bequeath'd,
To ARABELLA'S Arms.

For the Flute or Guittar

Say have you seen my A-ra-ble the Ca-le-donian Maid Or heard the Youths of
Scotia tell where A-rable is stray'd The Damsel is of Angle mien with
sad & downcast Eyes the Shepherds call her Sorrows Queen so pensively she Sighs.

Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a letter or a page from a manuscript. The text is mostly illegible due to fading and blurring.