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COME, TAKE THE GENTLE HARP OF SORROW,
Song of Josephine

FROM THE

"RIVAL HARP"

Original Words Written & Adapted to a

Greek Melody

And Inscribed to

HENRY B. HUMPHREY ESQ.:

OF BOSTON

BY

JOHN H. HEWITT.

Baltimore,

Published by Frederick D. Benteen.

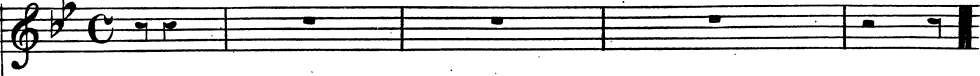
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"COME TAKE THE GENTLE HARP OF SORROW."

J. H. HEWITT.

Moderately slow.

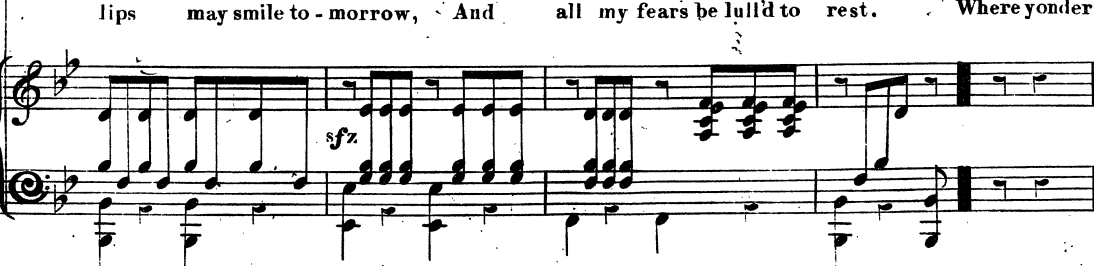
VOICE. 

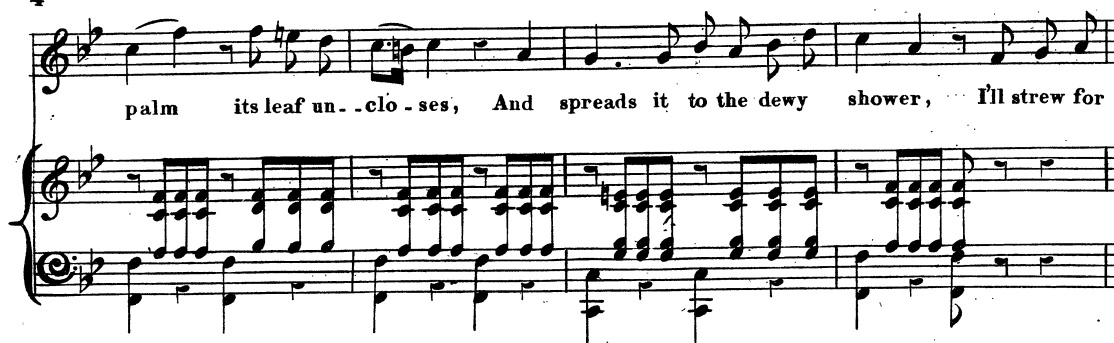
PIANO. 


Cometake the gen-tle harp of sor-row, I'll lean it on my beating breast; Perhaps my




lips may smile to-morrow, And all my fears be lulld to rest. Where yonder





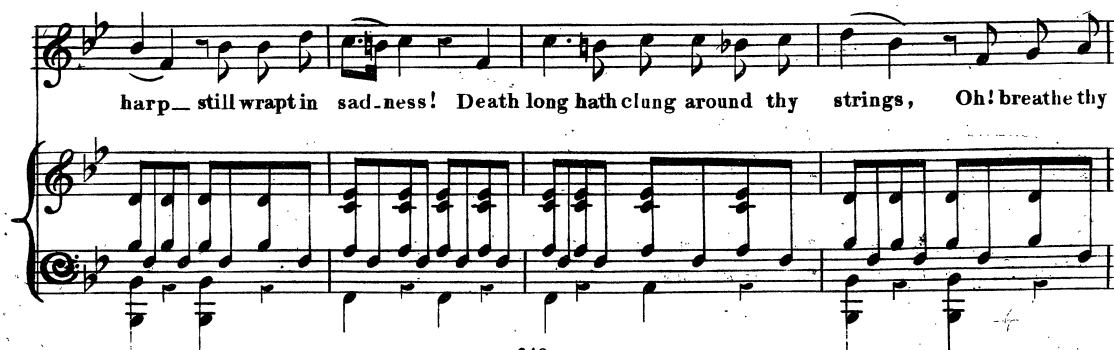
palm its leaf un-clo-ses, And spreads it to the dewy shower, I'll strew for



him a bed of roses, Of jes-samine I'll make his bower.



Come then, my



harp— still wrapt in sad-ness! Death long hath clung around thy strings, Oh! breathe thy

wonted notes of gladness, And give my song celestial wings. The warlike

theme— with hurried numbers, When rol-ling thunders shake the spheres;— The love that

lulls to gentle slumbers, The heart with all its doubts and fears.