

Roland the Brave - Wm. Barker Wright 137

For

The brave Roland! the brave Roland - False tidings reach'd the Rhe-nish strand that

He had fall'n in fight; And thy faith-ful bosom swoon'd with pain, Oh

*Pia*

Lowliest maidens of Al-le-mayne for the love of thine own true knight

*Cres.*

But why so rash has she torn the veil, In

yon Nonnenwe- der's doilert pale Her her von had since been sworn, And the

fatal man- the c'er her flung, When the Doachenfells to a trumpet rung - 'Twas her

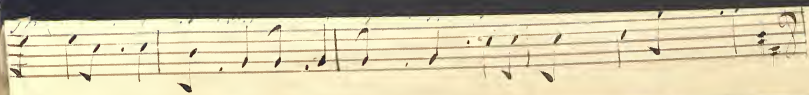
*Pia* *Cres* *For*

own dear- war- rior's horn. Woe,

*Cres* *For*

woe 'each heart shall bleed, shall break! She would have hung up - on his neck, had he

Come but yester- even; And he had clasp'd those peerless charms, That shall



*ritard*

*tempo*

*Pia*

*Cres*

did! - he sought the battle - plain, her - magic spell his dog - ing vain, then

*Pia*

fell, and wish'd to fall: And her name was in his ta - let sigh, When Bo-

land, the flower of chi - val - ry, ty - fired at Ronce - vall

*ritard*

And he found the land was his own

And he found the land was his own

