

*Lady Dufferin*

A Selection  
OF THE  
Songs of Lady Dufferin  
(COUNTESS OF GIFFORD)

Set to Music by Herself & Others

Edited by her Son  
THE MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA

A COMPANION VOLUME  
TO 'SONGS, POEMS,  
& VERSES

LONDON  
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET  
1895



prary.  
ature,  
non  
Ingenier  
of Manu-  
college  
imes:

# OH SING NO MORE.

ve seen them on by one de-part, And  
uch vis-ions are! but O my heart!  
gain.  
p

*Andantino.* *Lady Sufferin*

*f*

Oh

sing no more, - that - sadd' - ning strain, Tho'



sweet thy mourn-ful num - bers flow! I would not hear those

sounds a - gain which I have loved so long a - go! The

lips are mute, the hand is cold! That made that lay be-

-lovd of old! 'Tis like the sound of sab - bath bells, To

guil - ty souls that dare not pray! 'Tis like the faint, sweet

breeze that tells, Of per - fume which has past a - way!

Oh sing no more! Those



thrill - ing notes, Wake sad remem - brance in my brain! And

in my diz - zy - ear there floats, A voice Earth may not

hear a - gain! For She on whose loved tones, I hung Is

gone, like that sad lay she sung! I know not if her

fin - gers fair - Made mel - o - dy as sweet as thine, I

on - - ly know her - heart breath'd there, And

that young, faith - ful heart was mine!



## CHACTAS' LAMENT FOR ATALA.

*Andantino.*

*f*

*p*

*f*

*p*

Oh

*dolente.*

A - ta-la! my lov'd and lost, to these lonewoods I

flee - And call on thy dear name and dream, thy

sweet tones an-swer me! — A - las the woods are



si - lent now\_ thou mad'st so oft re - jice, The

des - ert e - choes have for-got the mu - sic of thy

voice! I hear it still that voice up-raisd' in

wild ap-peal - ing prayer! The fond im-pas-sion'd

tones that spokethy love andthy des - pair! Still,

still\_ I watch the fail - ing light, thine eyes ex - pi - ring

shed\_ The smile of love that lin - ger'd there, when

light and life had fled!



Can I for-get thee A - ta-la, — e'en

I who lov'd thee so! — For - get thy pa - tient

ten-der-ness, thy beau-ty and thy woe! — Not

tho' in fair - er lands than these, thy Chac - tas' steps may

roam, He'll sigh for that lost love - li - ness, that

bless'd his des - ert home! They tell me that the



wreath - ed shell torn from the deep's lone caves, Far

from its o - cean home still keeps the mu - sic of its

waves — So in this sad heart's in - most core, deep,

deep, thy love shall dwell For e - ver mourn - ing

like the sound, with - in that bro - ken shell!