

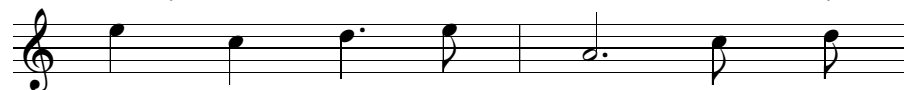
I'll bid my heart be still

Old Border Melody

Slow



1. I'll__ bid my heart be__ still, And
2. They_ bid me cease to__ weep, For_
3. While min - strels wake the__ lay For_
4. My__ cheek has lost its__ hue, My_



check each strug - gling sigh! And there's
glo - ry gilds his name; Ah! 'tis
peace and free - dom won, Like my
eye grows faint and dim, But 'tis



none e'er shall know My soul's che-rish'd woe, When the
there-fore I mourn-He ne'er can re - turn To en -
lost lov - er's knell The tones seem to swell, And I
sweet - er to fade In grief's gloo - my shade, Than to



first_ tears of sor - row are dry.
joy_ the bright noon of his fame.
hear_ but his death - dirge a - lone.
bloom for an - o - ther than him.

Poem by Thomas Pringle (1789-1834)