

THE BRIDESMAID,

A

ROMANTIC BALLAD,

Written & Composed

BY

JOHN H. REWITT.

1851

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**JOHN R. HEWITT.**

Collected by W. C. PETERS Cincinnati, O.

*Andantino*

*pp*

*ritard* The last — the last faint

*f* *p* *pp*

sound I hear, Of groom and bride de — parting, With

*nyf* *p* *nyf* *cres*

la — dy bright and ca — va — lier, And helms in sun — light

*p* *nyf*

They're gone, they're gone, now down the vale  
 Their plumes are faintly streaming,  
 Their banners flap the evening gale,  
 No sunlight on them gleaming.  
 The night bird now begins to sing,  
 And star by star appears—  
 Each silent planet wondering  
 Why I should be in tears:  
 Why comes he not at eventide,  
 To claim his lady as his bride.

(3<sup>rd</sup> Verse.) Be still - he still, my throbbing breast, I hear a

bu - - gle sounding; I see a war - rior's snow - y

crest - A war steed proud - ly bounding. He comes - l

darting. A lone I sit and think of one, The

no-blest Knight of all, Who left his faith-ful

love a-lone To bow to ho-nor's call. He said he'd

come at e-ven tide, And claim his la-dy for his bride.

*dim*

know his gal-lant mien, His hel-met sword and spear;

I know-him by his doub-let green, My own brave

ca-va-lier! True to his word at e-ven

tide, He's come to claim me as his bride.

