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THE
Fair Haidee,
a Translation
OF A
ROMAIC SONG,
BY
The Right Hon.^{ble} Lord Byron,
The Music by
I. NATHAN.

Ent. at Sta. Hall.

Price 2/6

LONDON,

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Ms. A. 1. 71 / 328

I. Nathan

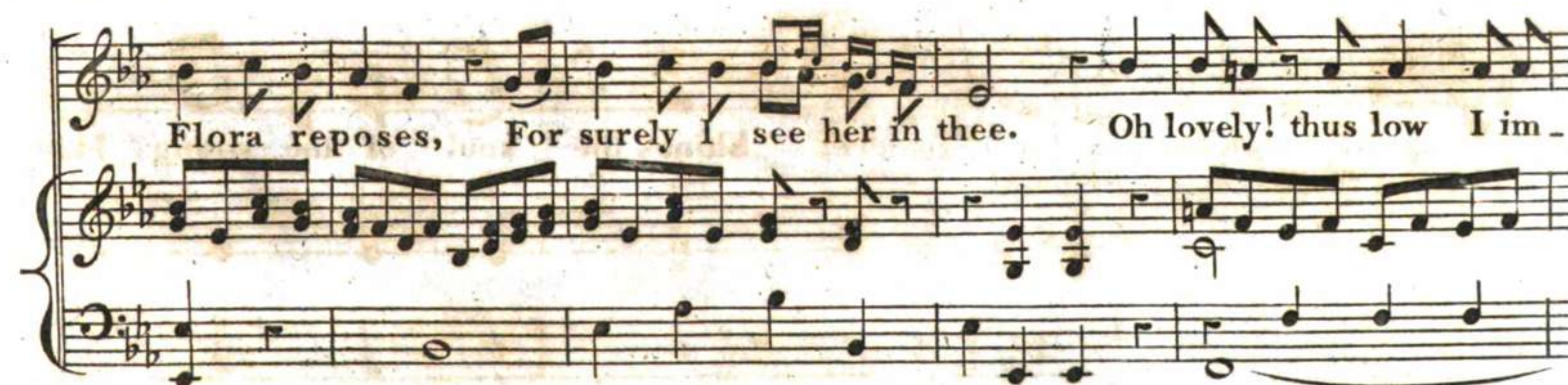
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[ca. 1830]

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This Song is selected, by the permission of Lord Byron, from the Poems subjoined to his Lordship's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" page 212. It is there stated to be a translation of a Romaic Song, which "is a great favorite with the young girls of Athens, of all classes. The Air is plaintive & pretty." With great condescension his Lordship presented me the original melody which he brought with him from Albania & though I have taken the liberty of making a few variations, I venture to hope that the character of the original air is sufficiently preserved to entitle it to that commendation which his Lordship has above assigned to it.

J. Nathan.



utters its song to adore thee, Yet trembles for what it has sung; Which

utters its song to a - - dore thee, Yet trembles for what it has sung: As the

branch at the bidding of nature, Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree, Through her

eyes, through her ev'ry feature, Shines the soul of the young Hai - -

- - dee.

2^d Verse.

3

But the loveliest garden grows hateful When love has a - bandon'd the bow'rs.

Bring me hemlock since mine is ungrateful, That herb is more fragrant than flow'rs. The

poison when pour'd from the chalice, Will deeply embitter the bowl; But when

drunk to escape from thy malice, The draught shall be sweet to my soul. But when

drunk to escape to escape from thy malice, The draught shall be sweet to my soul. Too

cruel! in vain I implore thee, My heart from these horrors to save: Will

nought but my bosom restore thee? Then open the gates of the grave.

3^d Verse.

As the Chief who to combat ad - vances

Secure of his conquest before, Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances, Hast

pierc'd through my heart to its core. Ah tell me, my soul! must I perish By

pangs which a smile would dispel? Would the hope which thou once bad'st me cherish, For

torture repay me too well? Would the hope which thou once bad'st me cherish, For

torture repay me too well Now sad is the garden of roses, Belov'd but

false Haidee. There Flora all wither'd re-poses, And mourns o'er thine absence with

me.

Bo. 11. 11. 11.
Siam. 11. 11. 11.
L. 11. 11. 11.