

NEW AND  
MUSIC  
Mrs. H. Emma Sly  
SONGS BY

# Mary Queen of Scots



WRITTEN BY W. CRAWFORD      COMPOSED BY GEO. BARKER.

N<sup>o</sup> 1. THE ROYAL BRIDAL.      N<sup>o</sup> 3. THE CAPTIVITY.  
N<sup>o</sup> 2. FAREWELL DEAR FRANK      N<sup>o</sup> 4. CHATELAIN TO MARY.  
N<sup>o</sup> 5. CHATELAIN FAREWELL.

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# CHATELAIN'S FAREWELL

## OR DAYLIGHT IS DAWNING

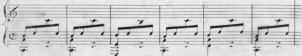
The unfortunate Chatelet, having been led, by the violence of his attachment, to attend himself into the chamber of the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots, executed and sentenced to death, for the folly and imprudence which he had been thus betrayed. He made a short address upon the scaffold to the surrounding spectators; and then turning his back to the window of the apartment usually occupied by the Queen, and which commanded a view of the spot, he still preserved his countenance firm, and glided at meeting death in such a manner. This youthful martyr, to his affectionate three repeated Brethren, Began on Death, and met his Fate with the greatest fortitude and intrepidity.

Words by MISS CHAMFORD.

Music by GEORGE BARKER.



Deep in the sleep - bet of my careless years,      This heart no mem' - ry  
Day-light is dawn - ing on my lonely cell,      Query of my heart! A



of its wrongs all over,      But that pre - sence, in hearts less true will find  
long, a last fare - well!      Thy fa - tal beau - ty that has wrought my fall



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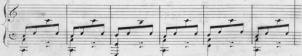
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Words by MISS CHAMFORD.

Music by GEORGE BARKER.



Deep in the sleep - lot of my careless years,      This heart no more - is free  
Day-light is dawn - ing on my lonely cell,      Query of my heart! A



of its wrongs all over,      But that pre - sence, in hearts less true will find  
long, a last fare - well!      Thy fa - tal beau - ty that has wrought my fall



Had come to bring those buried wrongs to mind; Hark! the deep

Made me for-got my na-tive France and all; E'en now I

tell - lag off the pe - son - bell there - of my heart!

do - ry in my life's last-hour To tell my love, and

long, a last fare - well!..... The' don't to die, when none will care for

own my sov'reign pos't..... O'er the deep wa - ters, of the faithless

My love and pray'd stand on earth will live for thee.....

Thou wert the one bright star that guided me.....

Day - light An-

Day - light is down - ing on my lonely cell Queen of my heart a

long, a last fare - well! Thy fa - tal beau - ty that has wrought my

fall Made me for - get my native France and all,