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SECOND EDITION.



# THE ARCHER BOY

*The Celebrated Cavatina*

SUNG BY

**MRS S LOVE**

Written by

*Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.*

Composed by

**JOHN BARNETT.**

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THE ARCHER BOY,

Written by M<sup>rs</sup> C. B. WILSON.

Composed by J. BARNETT.

Poco Allegretto scherzosamente.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 3/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with slurs and accents, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment of chords. The dynamic marking *ff* is present at the beginning.

The first system includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Oh! chide him not! the Archer Boy, Since he is Beau....ty's richest". The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. Dynamic markings *ff* and *p* are used.

The second system includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "treasure, His very tears, are drops of joy, His sighs are but the breath of pleasure, Oh! chide him". The piano accompaniment continues with a melodic line in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. The tempo marking *a tempo.* is present at the end of the system.

not! the Archer Boy, Since he is beauty's rich.....est

*pp*

trea..... sure, His very tears, are drops of joy, His sighs are

but the breath of pleasure! A transient show'r of A.... pril

skies, The darkest storm, that o'er him flies. Then, chide him

*a tempo!*

not! the Archer Boy, Tho' changing is each rain.....bow

feather, Who would the fai.....ry brood des...troy, destroy That

Love's bright wing collects to....gether? Oh chide him not sweet

boy! sweet Archer Boy!

*ff* *ff*

Oh! ne - ver say, Love can de - ceive That he's a trai - - - tor al - to

gether; Some - times like sum - - - mer's balmy eve, Some - times De -

*p*

cem - - - ber's freezing weather! Tho' smiles and tears, are ming - led

*pp*

seen While hopes and fears, step in be - tween, Then chide him

*Cres*

not! the Archer boy, Tho changing is each rain - - bow

feath - - - er, Who would the fai - - - - ry brood des - troy, destroy, That

Love's bright wing collects to - gether? Oh chide him not! sweet

boy! sweet Archer Boy!

*ff* *ff*