

DONALD,

The favorite Scotch Air,

Sung by M^{rs} BLAND in

ZORINSKI.

Pr. 6^d

Engraved, Printed & Sold by H. Andrews, N^o 11 Little Canterbury Place, Lambeth Walk.

Larghetto

When first you court,ed me, I own I fondly favour'd you, Ap-

-pa - rent worth and high re - nown, made me be - lieve you true, - - Donald.

Each virtue then seem'd to a - dorn the Man es - teem'd - - by

me, - - But now the mask's thrown off, I scorn to waste one

thought on thee - - Donald.

2

O! then for ever haste away,
 Away from Love and me,
 Go seek a heart that's like your own,
 And come no more to me, Donald.
 For I'll reserve myself alone,
 For one that's more like me,
 If such a one I cannot find,
 I'll fly from Love and thee, Donald.

For the German Flute.

1
From thee, Eliza, I must go, and from my native shore:
The cruel fates between us throw a boundless ocean's roar,
But boundless oceans roaring wide, between my love and I,
They never, never can divide, my heart and soul from

2

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear, The Maid that I adore!
A bidding voice is in mine ear, we part to meet no more,
But the last thro' that leaves my heart, while death stands
That thro', Eliza, is thy part, and thine that latest sigh!

