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To Mrs. William Webster.
Rochester, N.Y.

(No. 115)

THE
SONG OF MARION

OR
Wallace's Delay

Words by
ELIZA COOK

MUSIC BY
H. P. DANKS.

BOSTON
Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co Washington St
C. C. CLAPP & Co. BECK & LAWTON. TRUAX & BALDWIN. S. T. GORDON.
Boston Philadelphia Cincinnati New York
Entered according to act of Congress in 1857 by O. Ditson & Co in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court of Mass.

THE SONG OF MARION.

H. P. Danks.

Andantino.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andantino'.

Dolente.
 2. Not yet, not yet, Is

The first two lines of the song are shown. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom two staves are the piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Dolente'. The lyrics are: '1. Not yet, not yet, I'.

Con Dolore.
 Ah no! 'tis but the

that his plume I see be-neath the hill
 thought I heard The fold - ings of his plaid, A - las! 'twas but the

The final lines of the song are shown. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics, and the bottom two staves are the piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Con Dolore'.

wav - ing fern; The hearth is lone - ly still, Dear Wal - lace day - star
 moun - tain pine, That cast a fit - ful shade, • The moon is o'er the

of my soul, Thy Ma - rion weeps for thee, She fears lest e - vil
 high - est crag, It gilds each tower and tree, But Wal - lace comes not

ad lib:

should be - tide The guard of El - lers - lie - She fears lest e - vil
 back to bless The hearts in El - lers - lie - But Wal - lace comes not

should be - - tide The guard of El - - lers - lie.
Ritardando.

back to bless The hearts in El - - lers - lie.

mf *Ped.*

3

Not yet, not yet, I heard a sound,
 A distant crashing din;
 'Tis but the night breeze bearing on
 The roar of Carie Lin;
 The gray-haired harper cannot rest,
 He keeps his watch with me;
 He kneels - he prays that God may shield
 The Laird of Ellerslie -
 He kneels - he prays &c.

4

Not yet, not yet, my heart will break,
 Where can the brave one stay!
 I know 'tis not his own free will
 That keeps him thus away;
 The Lion may forsake his lair,
 The dove its nest may flee,
 But Wallace loves too well, to leave
 His bride and Ellerslie -
 But Wallace &c.

5

Not yet, not yet, The moon goes down,
 And Wallace is not here;
 And still his sleuth-hound howls, and still
 I shed the burning tear.
 Oh, come, my Wallace, quickly come,
 As ever, safe and free;
 Come, or thy Marion soon will find
 A grave in Ellerslie
 Come or thy Marion &c.