

THE HAUNTED SPRING
FROM
The Songs of the Legends & Traditions
OF
Ireland,

Written & Composed by
S. LOVER ESQ.

*Near a certain lonely Fountain an enchanted Lady assumes
the shape of a White Doe and lures hunters to Fairy Land.*

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ALLEGRO.

Gai ly thro' the mountain glen, The hun ter's horn did ring, As the
milk white doe es cap'd his bow, Down by the haunted spring, Down by the haunt ed
colla voce.

a tempo.

spring. A gain his silver horn he wound Twas echo answer'd back, For neither groom nor

baying hound Was on the hunters track; In vain he sought the milk white doe, That

made him stray and 'scaped his bow, For save himself, no living thing, Was by the si lent

haunted spring Was by the si lent haunted spring.

colla voce.

a tempo.

2

The purple heath bells blooming fair
 Their fragrance round did fling,
 As the hunter lay, at the close of day,
 Beside the haunted spring;
 A Lady fair in robe of white,
 To greet the hunter came,
 She kiss'd a cup with jewels bright,
 And pledged him by his name,
 "Oh! lady fair" the hunter cried,
 Be thou my love, my blooming bride,
 A bride that well might grace a king,
 Fair Lady of the haunted spring,

Fair La dy-- of the haun- ted spring."

3

In the Fountain clear she stoop'd
 And forth she drew a ring;
 And the bold knight, his faith did plight,
 Beside the haunted spring;
 But since the day his chase did stray,
 The hunter ne'er was seen,
 And legends tell he now doth dwell,
 Within the hills so green;
 But still the milk white doe appears,
 And wakes the peasants evening fears,
 While distant bugles faintly ring,
 Around the lonely haunted spring,

A round the lone- ly haun- te- spring.

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