

*cresc.*

*pp*

*p*

CERVANTES.

Where the wild rose

sweetly doth blow, There must I go; Where the bird lings

sing of my woe, If to thy heart my sor-row's known, Then

it must be of stone, Or it love had shown, Not left me a -

- lone To sing in sad-dend tone, ah. Where

the wild rose sweet-ly doth blow, There I must go, Where

the night - ingales sing so soft and low; Yes, sing of

my deep woe.