

Andante non troppo lento ♩-78

He loves! If in the by-gone years Thine eyes have ev - er shed Tears—

bit - ter, un - a - vail - ing tears— For one un - time - ly dead—

If, in the e - ven - tide of life, Sad thoughts of her a - rise, Then

let the mem - 'ry of thy wife Plead for my boy— he dies! He

dies! If fond-ly laid a-side In some old cab-in-et, Me-

mo-rials of thy long-dead bride Lie, dear-ly trea-sured yet,

Then let her hal-low'd bri-dal dress— Her lit-tle daint-y gloves— Her

with-er'd flow'rs— her fad-ed tress— Plead for my boy— he loves!

(The Lord Chancellor is moved by this appeal. After a pause—)