

The  
HERMIT

Favourite English Ballad  
by

D. BEATTIE

Set to MUSIC

With an Accompaniment for the

Piano Forte (or) Harp  
by

SIGNOR GIORDANI.

Humbly Dedicated to

M I S S C R O P

Op. XX. Pr. 2/6

Printed for Will<sup>m</sup>. Napier. No. 474. Strand



# THE HERMIT

by D<sup>r</sup> Beattie

## The contents of this Book

At the close of the Day, when the Hamlet is still, And Mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove; When nought but the torrent is heard on the Hill, And nought but the Nightingale's Song in the Grove: 'Twas then by the Cave of a Mountain reclin'd, A Hermit his nightly Complaint thus began; Tho' mournful his numbers, his Soul was resign'd, He thought as a Sage. tho' he felt as a Man.	Now gliding remote on the verge of the Sky, The Moon half extinguish'd her Crescent displays. But lately I mark'd when Majestic on high. She shone. and the Planets were lost in her blaze: Roll on. thou fair Orb, and with gladness pursue. The Path that conducts thee to Splendor again: But Man's faded Glory no change shall renew, Ah Fool! to exult in a Glory so vain.
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Ah! why thus abandon'd to Darknefs and Woe? Why thus lovely Philomel flows thy sad strain? For Spring shall return and a Lover bestow, And thy Bosom no trace of Misfortune retain: Yet if Pity inspire thee. Oh. cease not the lay, Mourn sweetest Complainer, Man calls thee to mourn; Oh. sooth him whose Pleasures like thine pass away, Full quickly they pass, but they never return.	'Tis Night, and the Landscape is lovely no more, I Mourn, but ye Woodlands I Mourn not for you. For Morn is approaching your Charms to restore. Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew, Not yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn, Kind Nature the embryo Blossom shall save: But when shall Spring visit the mouldering Urn? Oh. when shall it dawn on the Night of the Grave?
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## A Continuation being the contents of the second Book

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd, That lead, to bewilder; and dazzles to blind; My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade. Destruction before me, and sorrow behind. O pity great Father of light, then I cry'd, Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee! Lo. humbled in dust. I relinquish my pride: From doubt and from darknefs thou only canst free,	And darknefs and doubt are now flying away, No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn, So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray, The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn. See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending, And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom! On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending, And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.
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# THE HERMIT

Poco Andante

Poco for. *f* *p* *f*

*p*

At the close of the day, when the Hamlet is still, and Mortals the

*p*

sweets of forget-fulness prove; When nought but the torrent is heard on the Hill, and nought but the

*f* *p* *f*

Nightingales Song in the Grove: 'Twas then by the Cave of the Mountain reclin'd,

of the Mountain re=clind, a Hermit his Nightly complaint thus be=gan; Tho mournfull his

Numbers his Soul was re=sign'd, he thought as a Sage, tho' he felt as a Man. 'Twas then by the

Cave of the Mountain re-clind, a Hermit his Nightly complaint thus be-gan, Tho mournfull his

Numbers his Soul was refighnd, he thought as a Sage, tho' he felt as a Man. he thought as a

Sage, tho' he felt as a Man.

+

Andante

Poco for. *f*

*p*  
Ah! why thus abandon'd to darknefs and

*Sfor.* *p*  
Woe! Why thus lovely Philomel flows thy sad Strain? for

*f* *p*  
Spring shall re--turn and a Lo--ver be--stow. and thy Bo--som no

trace of Mis-for--tune re--tain: and thy Bo--som no trace of Mis-

*Sfor.* *f* *p*

for - - tune re = tain; Yet if pity inspire thee Oh!

*Sfor.* *f* *p*

*p*

cease not thy lay, Mourn sweetest's complainer Man calls thee to Mourn; Oh!

sooth him whose pleasures like thine pass a - - way - - , Full quickly they pass, but they

*f* *p* *f* *p*

ne = ver re = turn. Full quickly they pass but they ne - - ver re = turn, but they ne = ver re - -

*f* *p* *f* *p*

*Poco for.* *f*

- turn. but they never never return.

*Poco for.* *f*

**Volte**

*f* *p*  
**Andante** Now gliding re = mote on the verge of the Sky, the Moon half ex -

*Sfor.* *p*  
 - tinguish'd her crescent displays; Now gliding remote on the verge of the Sky, the Moon half ex -

*p* *f* *p*  
 - tinguish'd her crescent displays; the Moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays.

lately I mark'd when Majes- - tic on high, she shone, and the Planets were lost in her.

*p* *f*  
 blane: she shone, and the Planets were lost in her blaze:



Andantino.

Roll

on thou fair Orb. & with gladness pursue the path that conducts thee to Splendor a - gain:

But Man's faded Glory no change shall re - new. ah Fool. to exult in a

Glory so vain. But Man's faded Glory no change shall re - new. ah Fool! to exult in a Glory so

vain. ah Fool! to ex - ult in a Glory so vain.

*f* *p* *f*

Larghetto

'Tis Night and the Landscape is love - - ly no

*f* *p* *f*

more, I Mourn, but ye Woodlands I Mourn not for you; For

*f* *p* *f*

Morn is ap proaching your Charms to re - - store, Per = fum'd with fresh

fragrance and glitt'ring with dew: nor yet for the ra - - - vage of

Win - - - ter I mourn, Kind Na - - - ture the em - bry - - o

Blof - - - som shall fave; But when shall Spring vi = fit the

moul - - der - ing Urn. Oh! when shall it down on the

Night of the Grave - - . on the Night of the Grave - - . on the

Night of the Grave .



THE

*Continuation*

of the

HERMIT

*by*  
D<sup>r</sup>. Beattie

*Set to Music*

*with an Accompaniment for the*

PIANO FORTE VIOLIN or HARP,

*by*  
Tommaso Giordani

Op: 20

Pr: 2.6

*Printed for Will<sup>m</sup> Napier, N<sup>o</sup> 174. Strand.*



# THE HERMIT.

by D<sup>r</sup>. Beattie.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,  
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,  
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
And nought but the Nightingale's Song in the grove:  
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,  
While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit began;  
No more with himself or with nature at war,  
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

"Ah why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,  
"Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?  
"For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,  
"And sorrow no longer thy bosom in thrall.  
"But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,  
"Mourn sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;  
"O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away,  
"Full quickly they pass — but they never return.

"Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,  
"The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays:  
"But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high  
"She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.  
"Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue  
"The path that conducts thee to splendor again,  
"But man's faded glory what change shall renew!  
"Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;  
"I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;  
"For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,  
"Perfumed with fresh fragrance, & glittering with dew.  
"Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;  
"Kind nature the embryo blossom will save.  
"But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn!  
"O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!"

## A Continuation being the contents of this Book

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,  
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles to blind;  
My thoughts went to roam, from shade onward to shade,  
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.  
"O pity great Father of light," then I cry'd,  
"Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee!  
"Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:  
"From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free!"

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away.  
"No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.  
"So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,  
"The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.  
"See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,  
"And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!  
"On the cold cheek of death siniles and roses are  
blending,  
"And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb?"

*Larghetto*

*p.*

*f.* *p.*

'Twas thus by the glare of false science be -

- tray'd, that leads to be - - wil - der, and . dazzles to blind; that



leads to be--wil - - - der and dazzles to blind:

My thoughts went to roam from shade onward to shade, Des-

- truction be--fore me and sorrow be--hind. Des--truction be-

- fore me and for--row be--hind.

*Largo*

O pi - - ty great Fa - - - ther of light! then I cry'd

thy Creature who fain would not wan - - der from thee lo

humbled in duft I re - - - linquish my Pride from

doubt and from darknefs thou on - - - ly can free and

dark - - nefs and doubt are now are now flying a - - way no

long - er I roam in Con - jec - - ture for - - lorn: So

break on the Traveller on the Traveller faint and a - - stray the

bright and the bal - - - my ef - - ful - gence of Morn. the

bright and the bal - - - my ef - - ful - gence of Morn.

Andante

See Truth Love and Mercy in tri - - umph de -

- scending and na - - - ture all glowing in E - - - dens first

bloom. and na - - - ture all glow - - - ing in E - - - dens first

for:

bloom: On the cold Cheek of

Death - - smiles and roses are blending, and Beau - - ty im - - mor - - tal a -

- wakes from the Tomb. and Beau - - ty im - - mor - - - - -

- - - tal a - - wakes from the Tomb.

