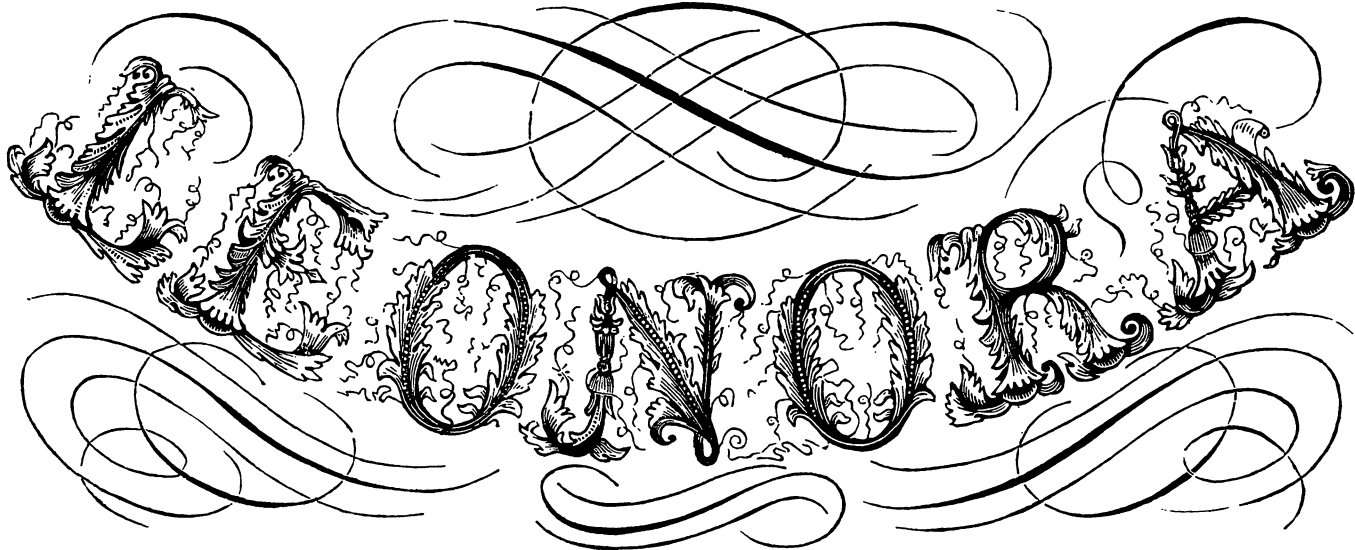


SELECTIONS FROM

FRY'S OPERA



PART IV.

Oh! Moment too Enchanting—Aria—Sung by Mrs. Seguin.

No, blame her not—Aria—Sung by Mr. Frazer.

Oh! Lady, have I sought too boldly?—Cavatina—Sung by Mr. Frazer.

How had I wronged Thee ever?—Duet—Sung by Mr. Frazer and Mrs. Seguin.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

E. FERRETT & CO.

212 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

237 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WESTERN DEPOT, CINCINNATI, 42 WEST FOURTH STREET.

BOSTON: KEITH'S MUSIC PUBLISHING HOUSE, 67 & 69 CORNHILL.

ENTERED according to Act of Congress in the year 1846, by E. FERRETT & CO. in the Clerk's Office of the District Court, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

NO, BLAME HER NOT.

ARIA,

FROM FRY'S GRAND OPERA, LEONORA.

(SUNG BY MR. FRAZER.)

ARRANGED WITH A PIANO-FORTE ACCOMPANIMENT.

Abbreviated and Simplified Edition.

[Published by E. Forrett & Co., Philadelphia.]

Copyright secured.

Moderato.

Original Key E \flat .

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) begins with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand (bass clef) provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the key signature is one flat (E-flat).

No, blame her not, let ne - ver word To shade her name be

The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "No, blame her not, let ne - ver word To shade her name be".

spo - ken; Let on - ly blessings still be heard, Invoked upon her heart. What

The vocal line continues on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves. The lyrics are: "spo - ken; Let on - ly blessings still be heard, Invoked upon her heart. What".

though to smiles be chang'd her tears, What though her plight be bro - - ken, Could love re - sist the

tide of years, Love rear'd by false - hood's art? No, till her wrongs may be for - got— Till then, till

then, oh blame her not.

2d VERSE.

Ah! how oft with extatic sense
 I've pictured this returning,
 When holy love should recompense
 My faith, my toil, my pain.
 On weary march, in deadly fray,
 By watch-fires stilly burning,
 I thought—I dream'd but of this day,
 Oh heaven how all in vain!
 Still blame her not whose forfeit vow
 Makes hoarded hopes so bankrupt now.