

A Pastoral Song

XXVIa. N°27

Anne Hunter

Revised & edited by Abel Nagytóthy-Toth

Joseph Haydn
(1732-1809)

Allegretto

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My mo - ther bids me bind my hair with bands of ros - y hue, tie
"Tis sad to think the days are gone, when those we love were near; I

14

up my sleeves with rib - ands rare, and lace my bod - ice blue;
sit up - on this mos - sy stone, and sigh when none can hear;

18

tie up my sleeves with rib - ands rare, and lace, and lace my bod - ice
I sit up on this mos - sy stone, and sigh, and sigh when none can

22

blue. For why, she cries, sit still and weep, while
hear. And while I spin my flax - en thread, and

26

oth - ers dance and play? A - las! I scarce can
sing my sim - ple lay, the vil - lage seems a -

30

go or creep, while Lu - bin is a - way; a - las! I scarce can
sleep or dead, now Lu - bin is a - way; the vil - lage seems a -

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go or creep, while Lu - bin is a - way, while Lu - bin is a -
sleep or dead, now Lu - bin is a - way, now Lu - bin is a -

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way, is a - way. is a - way.
way, is a - way. is a - way.