

# The Ballad of Kingslea Mere, Op.19

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Thomas Love Peacock

Cyril Rootham

**Allegro moderato (about 120)** *p*

Voice

The dam - sel stood \_\_\_\_\_ to watch the

Piano

5

fight, by the banks of Kings - lea\_ Mere; And they brought to her

9

feet her own true knight \_\_\_\_\_ sore wound - -

13

*rit.*

- ed on a bier. She knelt by him his wounds to

18

bind, She washed them with man - y a tear.

22

*più mosso*

And shout rose fast up-on the wind

*cresc.* *più mosso* *staccato*

26

— which told that the foe — was near —

30

*appass.*  
“Oh let not,” he said, “While yet I

*Red.* ❁

33

live, The cru - el foe me take But with

*dim.* *dolce*

*dim.*

36

thy sweet lips a last kiss give And cast

*molto rit.* *f* *risoluto*

*colla voce* *p* *f*

40

me in the lake."

*p* *A* *a tempo* *dim.* *rit.* *p*

44

-round his neck she wound her arms, And she

*dim.* *dim.*

47

*animato*  
**f**

kissed his lips so pale; and ev - er more the war's a -

*animato*

51

- larms came loud - - er up the vale

55

**mf**

She drew him to the lake's steep side, Where the

**mf**

red heathfringed the shore; *accel.* She plunged with him be-neath the

tide, *pp* And they were seen no

*molto rit.*

**Lento** (♩ = 60)

more. \_\_\_\_\_