

The Maid of Llangollen.

*Moderato.**Composed by J. CLARKE.*

1. Though low - ly my lot and though poor my estate,
2. My way o'er the mountain I cheer - ful - ly take,
3. Glen - ar - von's rich lord passes scorn - ful - ly by,

I see without en - vy the wealth - y and great, Con -
At morn when the song-birds their mel - o - dy wake, And, at
But wealth can ne'er make him so hap - py as I, And



tent - ed and proud a poor shep - herd to be, While the maid of Llangollen smiles sweet - ly on me, While the
eve, I re-turn with a heart full of glee, For the maid of Llangollen smiles sweet - ly on me, For the
proud - er than ev-en the proud - est I'll be, While the maid of Llangollen smiles sweet - ly on me, While the

*D.S.*

maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me.
maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me.
maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me

