

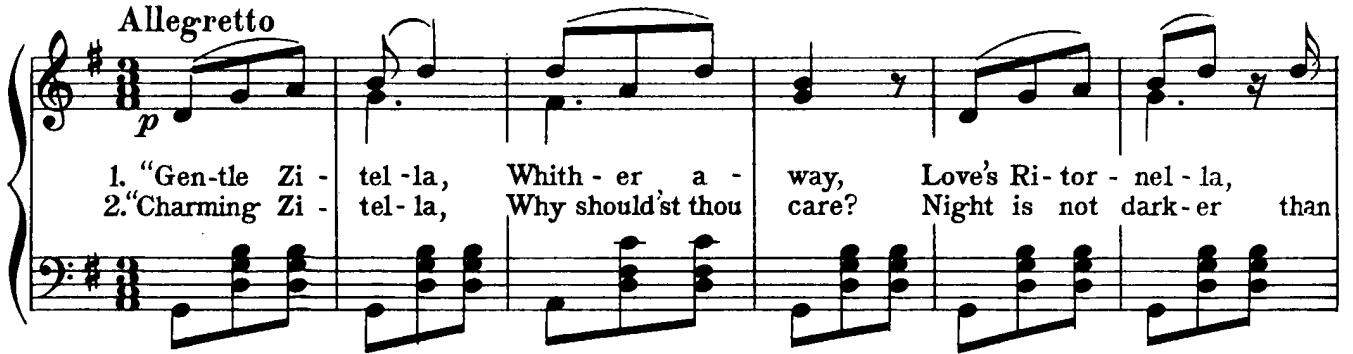


how I love her none can tell, My lit - tle Mag - gie May.

Love's Ritornella

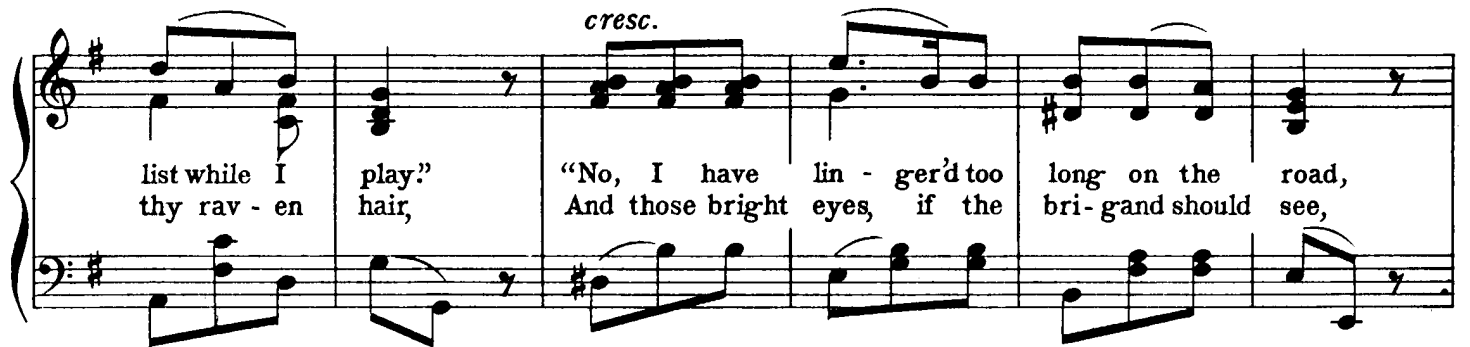
J. COOKE

Allegretto
p



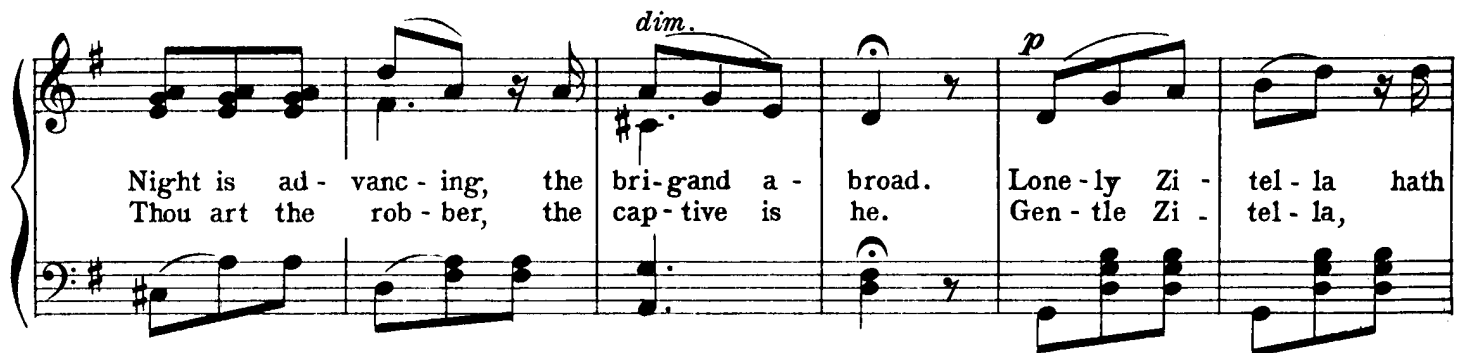
1. "Gen-tle Zi - tel - la, Whith - er a - way, Love's Ri - tor - nel - la,
2. "Charming Zi - tel - la, Why should'st thou care? Night is not dark - er than

cresc.

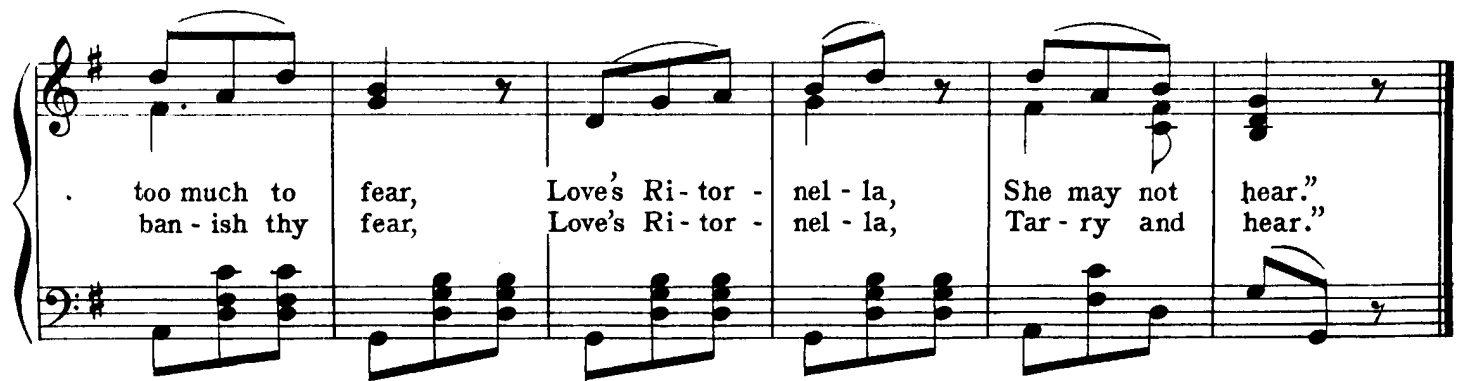


list while I play." thy rav - en hair, "No, I have lin - ger'd too long on the road, And those bright eyes, if the bri - gand should see,

dim. *p*



Night is ad - vanc - ing, the bri - gand a - broad. Lone - ly Zi - tel - la hath
Thou art the rob - ber, the cap - tive is he. Gen - tle Zi - tel - la,



too much to fear, ban - ish thy fear, Love's Ri - tor - nel - la, She may not hear."
Love's Ri - tor - nel - la, Tar - ry and hear."