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Bird let loose.....
Bounding boat, go lightly. (*Barcarolle*)
Come o'er the moonlit sea....."
Come with thy lute.....
Come with me.....
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Do you remember?..... .....
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Liliuokalani
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May 5th 1892.

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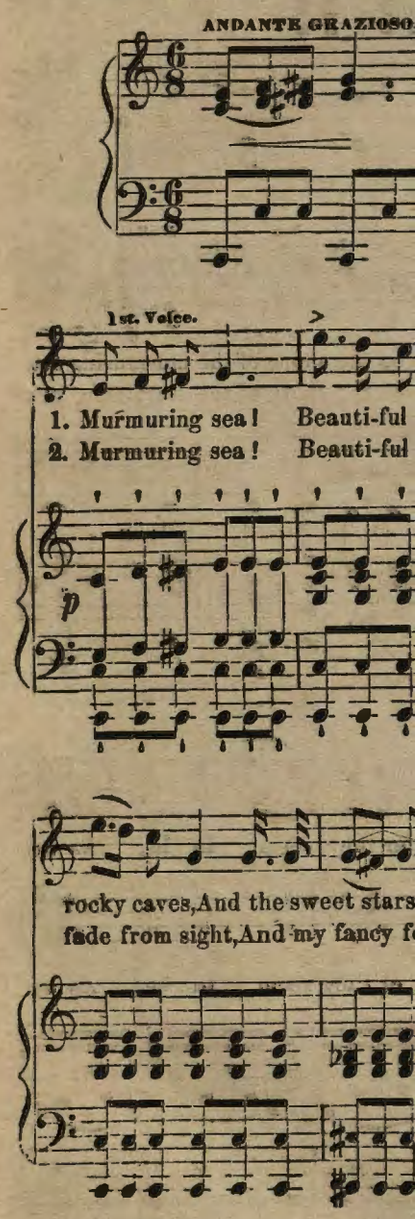
Words by Mrs. Crawford.



THE SHOWER OF PEARLS.

THE MURMURING SEA.

Words by Mrs. Crawford. Music by Stephen Glover.

ANDANTE GRAZIOSO.

1st. Voice.

1. Murmuring sea! Beauti-ful sea! How I love to list to thy me - lo - dy, When the winds are still in thy
2. Murmuring sea! Beauti-ful sea! I no more shall sail o'er thy wa-ters free, But I watch the ships till they

p

2d. Voice.

rocky caves, And the sweet stars glance on thy purple waves, And the sweet stars glance on thy purple waves, 'Tis
fade from sight, And my fancy follows their trackless flight, And my fancy follows their trackless flight,

then I dream of the distant land, Where I left a loving and joyous band; Oh! dearer than ever they
Bounding away to their destin'd mart, To the land so dear to my loving heart! Oh! dearer than ever it

p

Rall.

seem to be, As I muse on the shore of the murmuring sea! As I muse on the shore of the murmuring sea
seems to me, As I muse on the shore of the murmuring sea! I muse on the shore of the murmuring sea!

Rall.

Tranquillo.

Mur - mur-ing sea! beau - tiful sea! Oh! dearer than ev - er they seem to be, As we

Mur - mur-ing sea! beau - tiful sea! Oh! dearer than ev - er they seem to be, As we

A Tempo.

muse on the shore of th

muse on the shore of th

sea, beau - ti-ful sea!

Beau-ti-ful sea. beau - ti

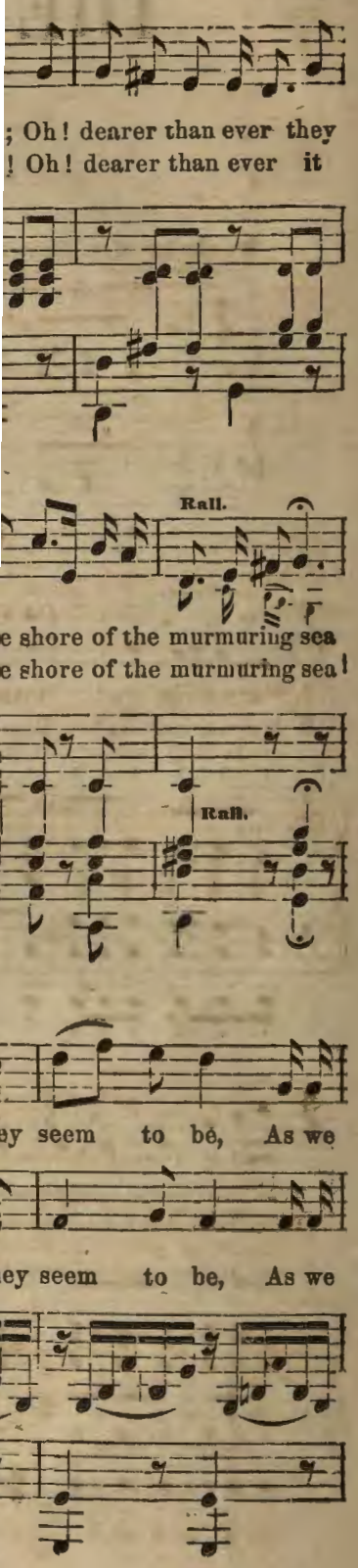
Cresc.

sea! beautiful, beautiful, b

Dim.

murmuring sea! beautiful, b

Cresc.



muse on the shore of the mur - muring sea, The murmur-ing, mur - muring sea. Beau - tiful

muse on the shore of the mur - muring sea, The mur - muring, mur - muring sea.

Dim. Cresc.

sea, beau - ti-ful sea! Murmuring, murmuring, murmuring sea! beau - tiful sea! murmuring

Dim.

Beau-ti-ful sea. beau - ti-ful sea! Oh! murmuring, murmuring sea! beautiful sea!

pp Cresc.

Cresc. f

sea! beautiful, beautiful, beautiful sea!

Dim. f

murmuring sea! beautiful, beautiful sea!

Cresc. Cresc. Dim. pp

SHELLS OF OCEAN.

Cherry.

FOR TWO VOICES.

8va. Loco.

Moderato con espressione.

1. One summer eve with pensive thought, I wandered on the sea-beat shore, Where oft in
2. I stooped up-on the pebbly strand to cull the toys that round me lay; But as I

1. One summer eve with pensive thought, I wandered on the sea-beat shore, Where
2. I stooped up-on the pebbly strand To cull the toys that round me lay; But

p

heed - less infant sport, I gathered shells in days be - fore, I gathered shells in days be-
took them in my hand, I threw them one by one a - way, I threw them one by one a-

oft in heed - less infant sport I gathered shells in days be - fore, I gathered shells in days be-
as I took them in my hand I threw them one by one a - way, I threw them one by one a

fore; The plashing waves
way; O thus I said,

fore, The plashing waves
way; O thus I said,

o'er me like a
shells from youth to

o'er me like a
shells from youth to

Espress.

spell, I thought I was a - gain,
age, And then we leave them, lea

Ad

spell, I thought I was
age, And then we leave

Colla voce.

fore; The plashing waves like music fell Responsive to my fancy wild, A dream came
way; O thus I said, in every stage By toys our fan - cy is be guiled; We gather

fore, The plashing waves like music fell Responsive to my fancy wild, A dream came
way; O thus I said, in every stage By toys our fan - cy is be - guiled; We gather

o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a - gain a child, A dream came o'er me like a
shells from youth to age, And then we leave them like a child, We gather shells from youth to

o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a - gain a child, A dream came o'er me like a
shells from youth to age, And then we leave them like a child, We gather shells from youth to

f2

f2

Espress. Ad lib.

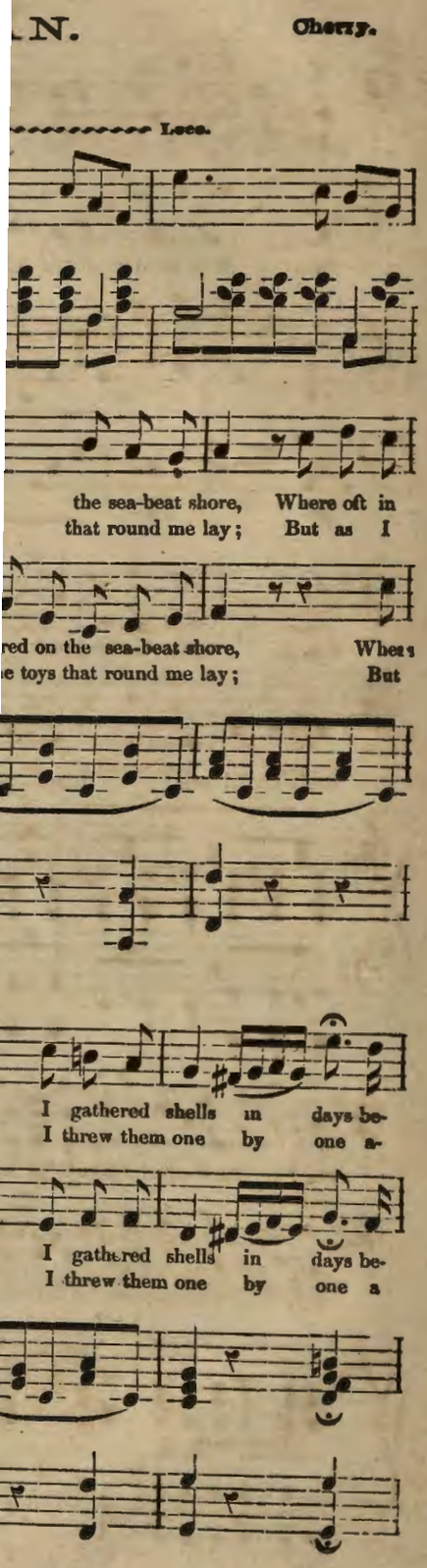
spell, I thought I was a - gain, a-gain a child.
age, And then we leave them, leave them like a child.

Ad lib.

spell, I thought I was a-gain a child.
age, And then we leave them like a child.

8va

Colla voce. *f2* Dim. *tr* *f2*



I WOULD THAT MY LOVE.

Mendelssohn

Allegretto Con Moto.

I would that my love could si - lent - ly flow in a single

thee . . . on their wings, my fair - est, that soul - felt word they would

word, I'd give it the mer - ry breez - es, They'd waft it away in

Cresc.

bear, Should'st hear it at eve - ry mo - ment, And hear . . . . it eve - ry

Cresc.

Cresc.

sport, I'd give it the mer - ry breez - es, they'd waft it a - way in

Cresc.

where, Should'st hear it at eve - ry mo - ment, and hear it eve - ry

Cresc.

f

p

sport, away in

and every

where,

sf

sf

slum - ber have

slum - ber have

LOVE.

Mendelssohn

t - ly flow in a single

, that soul - felt word they would

They'd waft it away in

Cresc.

And hear . . . . it eve - ry

Cresc.

they'd waft it a - way in

, and hear it eve - ry

p

sport, away in sport, they'd waft it away in sport.
and every where, and hear it eve-ry where.

where, a - way in sport, they'd waft it away in sport.
and eve - ry where, and hear it every where.

1st. 2nd.

To pp At night . . when thine eyelids in

1st. 2nd.

To pp At night . . when thine eyelids in

1st. 2nd.

sf sf pp

Sempre. Cresc.

pp slum - ber have clos'd those bright heav'nly beams, Still there my love it will

Sempre. Cresc.

pp slum - ber have clos'd those bright heav'nly beams, Still there my love it will

Sempre. pp

Cres - -

I WOULD THAT MY LOVE, Concluded.

Cresc.

haunt thee e'en in thy deepest dreams, Still there my love it will

Cresc.

haunt thee e'en in thy deepest dreams, Still there my love it will

en . . . . . do.

f

haunt thee e'en in . . . . thy deepest dreams, e'en in thy deep - - est

p

haunt thee e'en in . . . . thy deepest dreams, thy deepest

Dim.

Dim - in - i - - -

LIST, TO THE CONVENT BELLS.

John Blockley.

Moderato.

1. List, 'tis mu - sic steal - ing Over the rippling sea, Bright yon moon, is beam - ing, O - ver each tow'r and tree;
2. Mu - sic sounds the sweet - est, When on the moon-lit sea, Our bark sails the fleet - est, To a sweet melo - dy;

Dim.

List, 'tis mu - sic steal - ing, O - ver the rip - pling sea, Bright yon moon is
Mu - sic sounds the sweet - est, When on the moon - lit sea, Our bark sails the

cluded.

Still there my love it will

Still there my love it will

in thy deep - - est

thy deepest

dreams.

dreams.

beam - ing, O - ver each tow'r and tree, The waves seem list'ning to their sound, As
fleet - est, To a sweet me - lo - dy, And as we're gent - ly sail - ing, We'.l

Cres.

si - lent - ly they flow, O'er cor - al groves and fai - ry ground, And sparkling caves be -
sing that plaintive strain, Which mem'ry makes en - dear - - ing, And home re - calls a -

- low. List! 'tis mu - sic steal - ing, O - ver the rip - pling sea,
- gain. List! 'tis mu - sic steal - ing, O - ver the rip - pling sea,

p

Bright yon moon is bea
Bright yon moon is bea

List! List to
List! List to

List to the Convent Bells.
List to the Convent Bells.

Bright yon moon is beam - ing, O - ver each tow'r and tree, List!
Bright yon moon is beam - ing, O - ver each tow'r and tree, List!

mf

List! List to the Convent Bells. List! List!
List! List to the Convent Bells. List! List!

Cres.

List to the Convent Bells.
List to the Convent Bells.

Dim.

MATRIMONIAL SWEETS.

Freeman.

Vivace.

He. She.

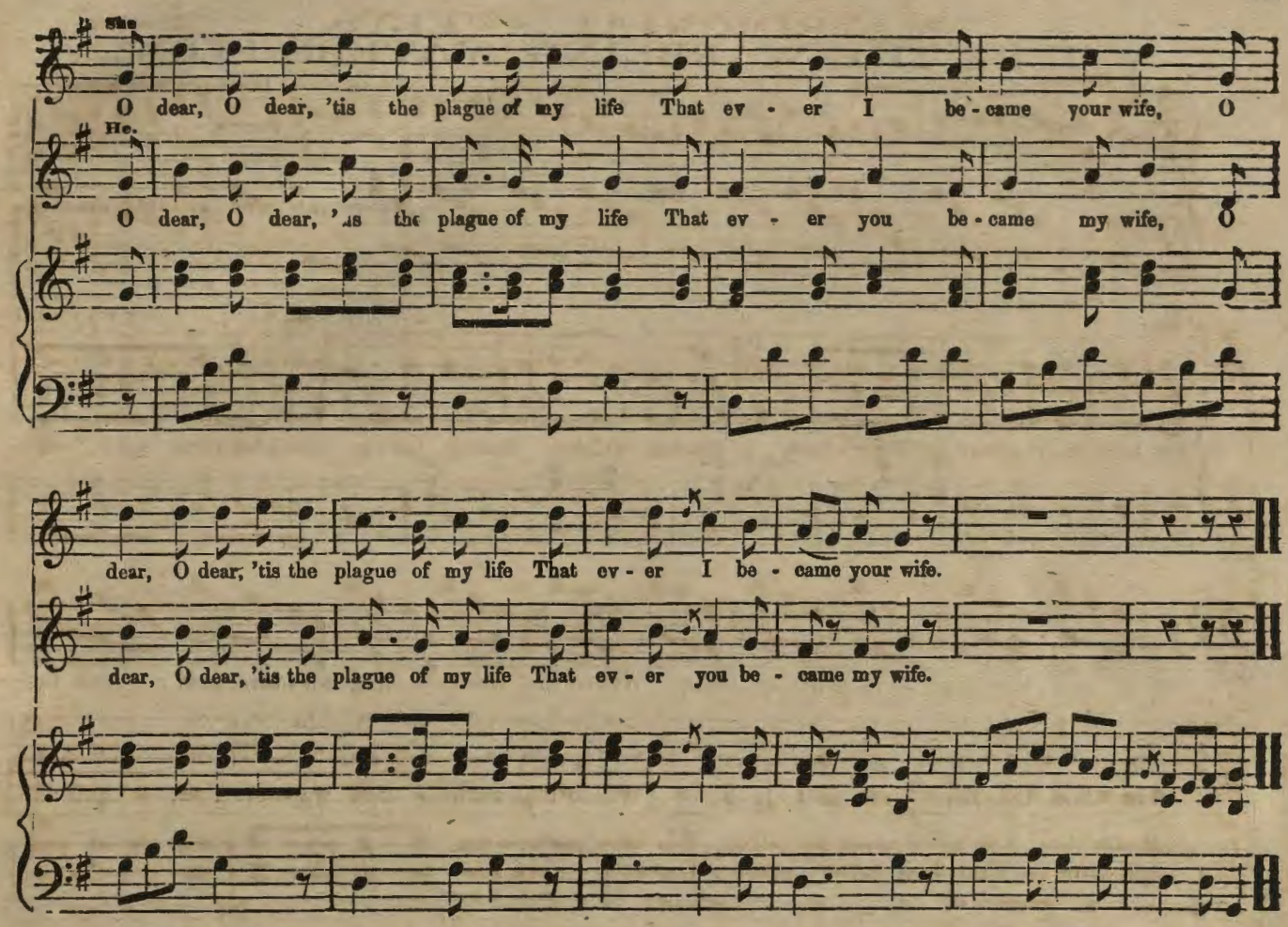
1. Do cease your clack and hold your tongue, You're always teazing, squalling, bawling, You're always quarrel - ing
2. You know you're always gadding a - bout, Dancing, walking, chatting, talking, You know from morn till

all day long, And ug - ly names are calling; You know you ne'er can be at peace, Now pray, do let your
night you're out With other ladies walking. You know you're always af - ter fellows, 'Tis on - ly you're so

He. She.

He. She. He.

pas - sion cease, You're nev - er quiet, O, I de - ny it, Madam, you'll my rage in - crease,
ve - ry jealous, You'll own you do it, O, you shall rue it We're a hap-py pair, so peo - ple tell us,



3.

He. You'll own your temper's very bad,
Looks so flouting, always pouting.
She. Your's is enough to drive one mad,
Suspicious, jealous, doubting.
He. You know my passion don't remain,
She. But soon as off begins again,
He. O, how vexing,
She. How perplexing,
He. You'll put me in a rage again.
Both. O dear, O dear, &c.

4.

He. Madam, we had better part,
Than by living constant din in.
She. O, I'll agree with all my heart,
Let's be the task beginning.
He I hereby bid a last adieu,
She. And I now take a final view,
He. North,
She. South,
He. East,
She. West,
He. Take which corner you like best
Both. O dear, O dear, I now for life
Am rid of my tormenting wife,
O dear, O dear, I now for life
Forsake the office of a wife.

"Well then, Madam, as you are determined to go, good bye" "Good bye, sir." "You'll recollect, Madam, 'tis all your own fault." "I beg your pardon, sir, 'tis all your own fault." "I say 'tis your's, sir." "Zounds, Madam, I say 'tis yours. You know I never was in a passion."

5.

He. My dearest love, dont leave me so,
Without measure, you're my pleasure.
She. You know, my love, I could not go,
For you're my darling treasure.
He. Then for the future let's agree,
She. And live in sweetest harmony,
He. Nor let to-morrow
She. Bring forth sorrow
He. To crush our sweet felicity.
Both. O dear, O dear, 'tis the joy of my life
That ever I became your wife,
O dear, O dear, 'tis the joy of my life
That ever you became my wife.

WHERE THE WARBLING WATERS FLOW.

Brinley Richards.

Grazioso.

Where the war - bling wa - ters

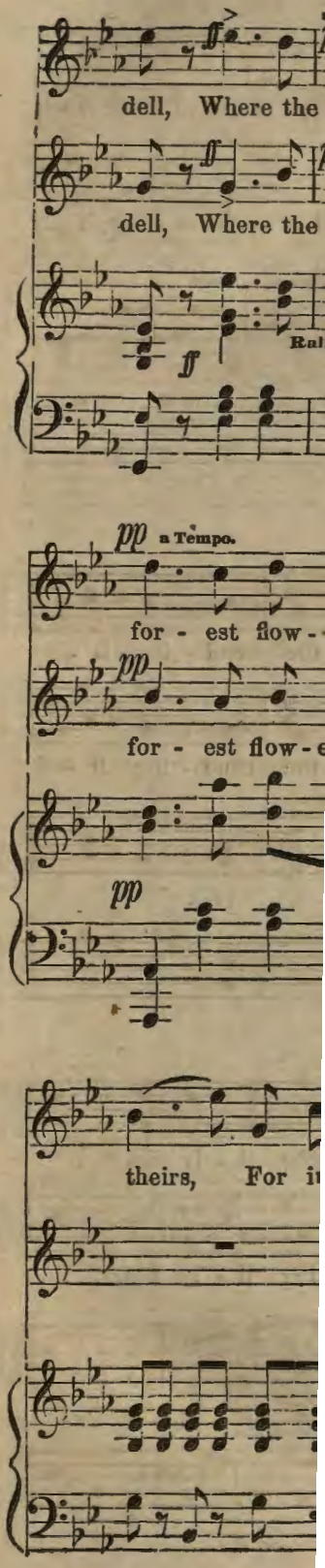
Where the war - bling wa - ters

flow, And the Zeph - yrs gent - ly blow, Where the warb - ling wa - ters flow, And the

flow, And the Zeph - yrs gent - ly blow, Where the warb - ling wa - ters flow, And the

Zeph - yrs gent - ly blow, The Fai - ries dwell, In grassy

Zeph - yrs gent - ly blow, The Fairies dwell, The Fairies dwell, In grassy dell, In grassy



S FLOW.

Brinley Richards.

he war - bling wa - ters

he war - bling wa - ters

va - ters flow, And the

va - ters flow, And the

In grassy

grassy dell, In grassy

a Tempo. >Riten

dell, Where the for - est flow - ers grow— And the Zeph - yrs gently blow, Where the

dell, Where the for - est flow - ers grow— And the Zeph - yrs gently blow, Where the

Rall. all.

a Tempo. Vivace.

for - est flow - ers grow, And the Zeph-yrs gent - ly blow, And a joy - ous home is

for - est flow - ers grow, And the Zeph-yrs gent - ly blow,

Rall.

theirs, For it knows not mor - tal cares.

Più Lento.

And its on - ly tear, is the dew-drop clear; That the

Tempo Primo.

And its on - ly tear, Is the dewdrop clear; That the bend - ing li - ly

bend - ing li - ly bears—And its on - ly tear, Is the dewdrop clear; That the bend - ing li - ly

a Tempo.

bears, And the on - ly tear, Is the dew - drop clear; That the bend - ing li - ly

bears, And the on - ly tear, Is the dew - drop clear; That the bend - ing li - ly

Rall. Dim.

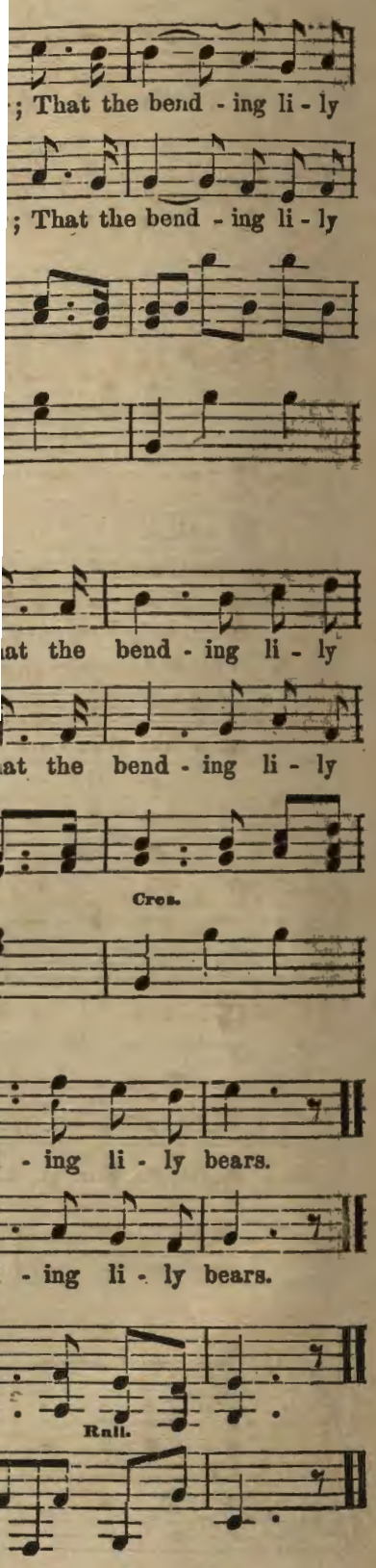
Cres.

bears, That the bend - ing li - ly bears, That the bend - ing li - ly bears.

bears, That the bend - ing li - ly bears, That the bend - ing li - ly bears.

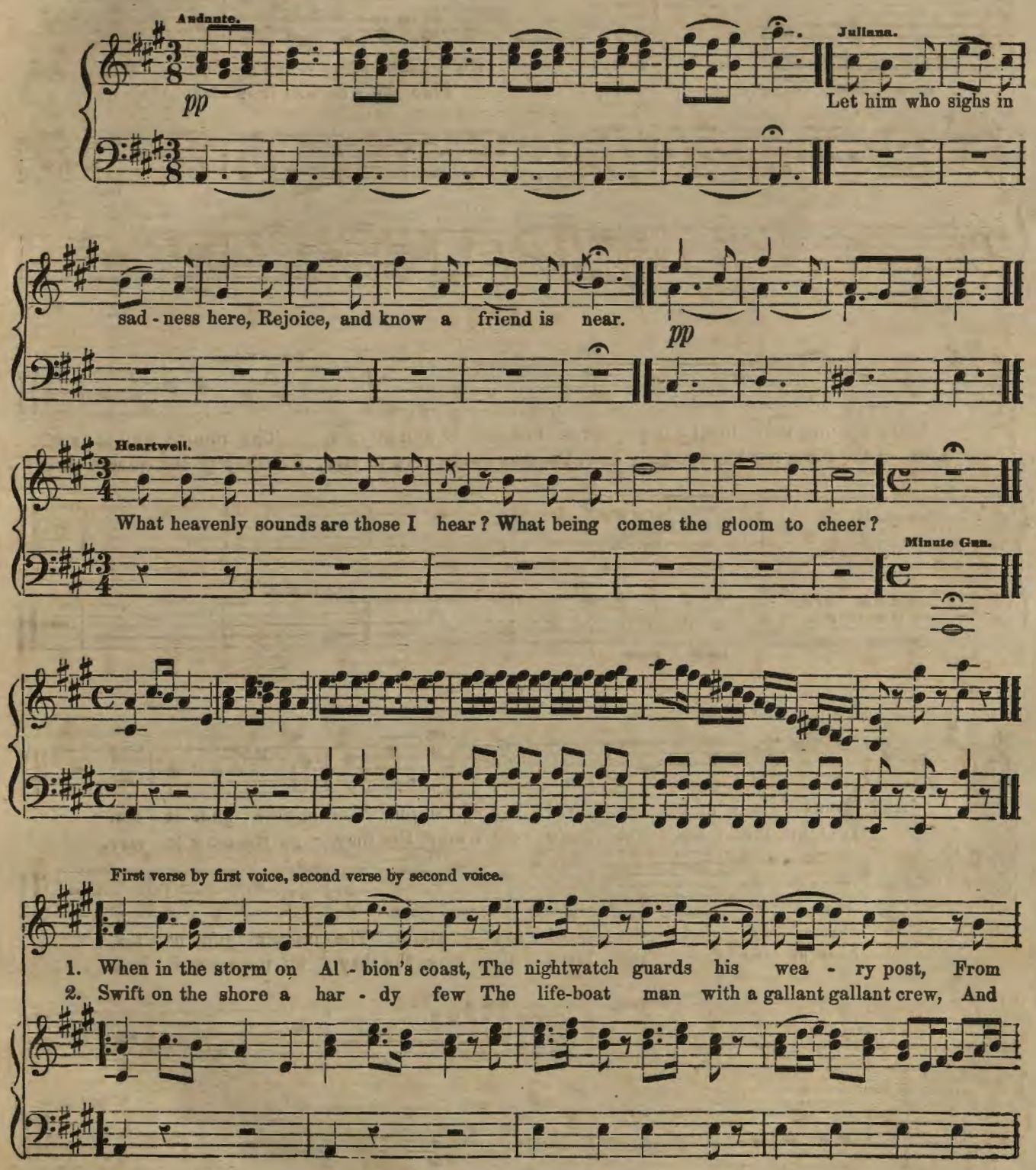
String.

Rall.



THE MINUTE GUN AT SEA.

King.



thoughts of dan - ger free, He marks some vessel's dusky form, And
dare the dangerous wave, Thro' the wild surf they cleave their way,

Other Voice.

hears a - mid the howl - ing storm, The minute gun at sea, The minute gun at sea.
Lost in the foam, nor know dis - may, For they go the crew to save, For they go the crew to save.

Minute Gun.

And hears a - mid the howl - ing storm, The minute gun at sea.
Lost in the foam, nor know dis - may, For they go the crew to save.

And hears a - mid the howl - ing storm, The minute gun at sea.
Lost in the foam, nor know dis - may, For they go the crew to save.

Minute Gun. Minute Gun.

el's dusky form, And
they cleave their way,

er Voice.

The minute gun at sea.
r they go the crew to save.

ute gun at sea.
the crew to save.

ute gun at sea.
the crew to save.

Minute Gun.

Allegretto.

But O, what rapture fills each breast When land - ed safe, what

Of the nap-less crew of the ship distressed ; When land - ed safe, what

p

Ad lib.

joys to tell Of all the dangers that be - fell. Then is heard no more,

joys to tell Of all the dangers that be - fell. By the watch on the shore,

fp *pp* *pp*

Andante. Tempo 1mo.

Then is heard no more by the watch on the shore, The minute gun at sea.

Then is heard no more by the watch on the shore, The minute gun at sea.

pp

THE HOUR OF PARTING.

Words by Elizabeth Anne White.

Bellini.

Andante con espressione.

p Dim.

1. Sad hour of part-ing! too quickly here! Spir - its to sev - er link'd by each thought

2. Oh thou bless'd spir - it! bend kind - ly down, Droop - ing, be - hold us! 'neath adverse fate,

Cresc. Dim.

Bring - ing thy an - guish! thy bit - ter tear, ... thy bit - ter tear!

Shel - ter us from its with - er - ing frown, ... its with - 'ring frown.

Cresc.

Bellini.

link'd by each thought

'neath adverse fate,

tear!

frown.

THE HOUR OF PARTING, Concluded.

Lone - ly we'll wan - der through the day, Hope - less must weep through night's de - lay;

To thy pro - tec - tion now we flee, Safe in thy shad - ow let us be;

mf Our hearts are break - ing, with this fare-well! . . . . . with this fare - well! Fare - - *p*

mf In sor - row part - ed, by fate's com - pel! . . . . . by stern com - pel! Fare - *p*

mf

Poco riten.

pp well! Oh! must we say fare-well! Fare - well! Oh! must we say farewell!

pp well! It is our last fare - well! Fare - well! It is our last fare - well!

Poco riten.

pp Dim. Morendo.

THE MIDNIGHT MOON.

Written by Mrs. Crawford. Stepnen Glover.

Andante.

p

sf Ritard. *sf*

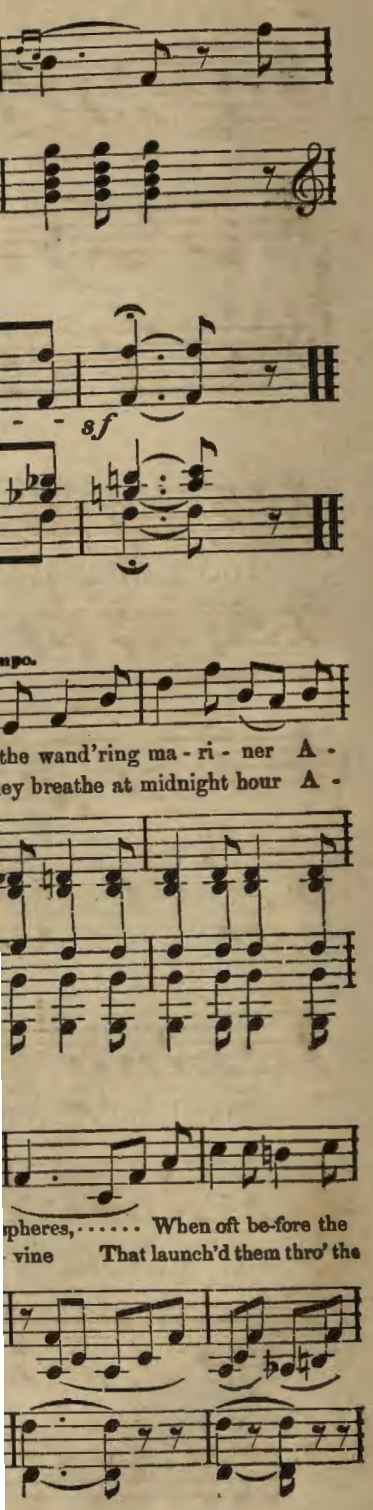
1st. VOICE. a Tempo.

1. The midnight moon is beau-ti - ful, When ris - ing from the sea, She guides the wand'ring ma - ri - ner A -
2. There is no voice or language heard, Those radiant orbs a - mong, And yet they breathe at midnight hour A -

2nd. VOICE.

- cross the waters free····· The shin - ing stars are el - o - quent With-in their gold - en spheres,····· When oft be-fore the
sweet and solemn song···· To earth and sea's re - mot - est shores, They tell the power di - vine That launch'd them thro' the

mu-sing mind The
realms of night In
guides the wand'ring
guides the wand'ring
Cres
sea,... The mid-
Cres.
sea,... The mid-



a Tempo.

mu-sing mind They bring the Lost of years. The midnight moon is beautiful, When rising from the sea, She

Rall.

realms of night In boundless space to shine, The midnight moon is beautiful, When rising from the sea, She

Rall. p a Tempo.

guides the wand'ring ma - ri - ner Across the waters free, The midnight moon is beau-ti - ful, When rising from the

guides the wand'ring ma - ri - ner Across the waters free, The midnight moon is beau-ti - ful, When rising from the

Cres. Rall. a Tempo.

sea,... The mid-night moon is beau-ti-ful, When rising from the sea..... .....

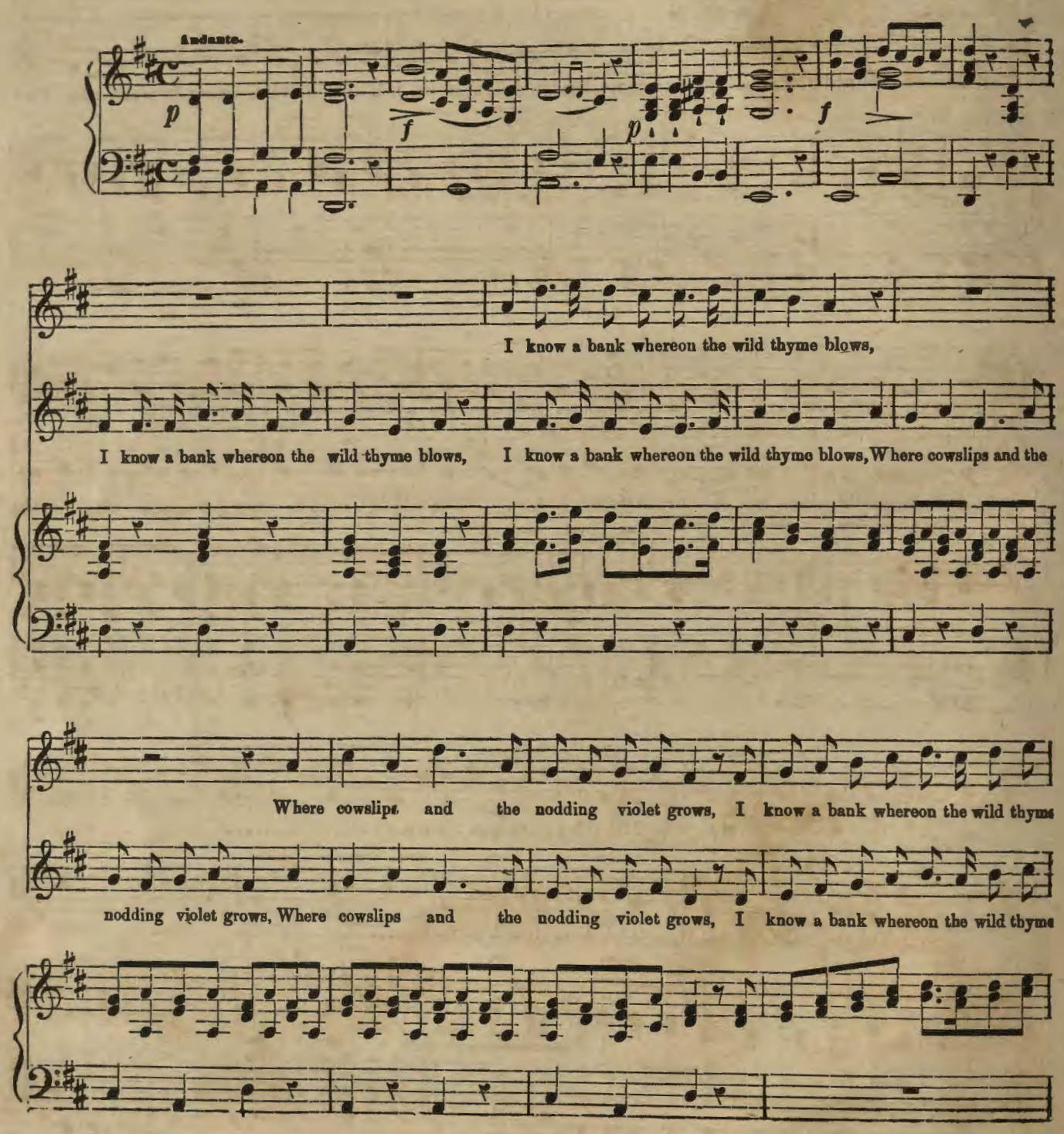
Cres. Cres. - - cen - - do.

sea,... The mid-night moon is beau-ti-ful, When rising from the sea.....

Rall. Cres - - cen - - do. p Ritard.

I KNOW A BANK.

Horn.



blows,..... the wild thyme blows, I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows, I know a

blows,..... the wild thyme blows, I know a

bank whereon the wild thyme blows, Where cowslips and the nodding violet grows, Where cowslips and the

bank whereon the wild thyme blows, Where cowslips and the

nodding violet grows, I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,..... the wild thyme blows.

nodding violet grows, I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,..... the wild thyme blows.

There sleeps the fai - ry Queen,..... There sleeps the fai - ry Queen.

There sleeps the fai - ry Queen, the fai - ry Queen. I know a bank where-

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows, And the

on the wild thyme blows, And the nodding, nodding vio - let grows.

nodding, nodding vio - let grows.

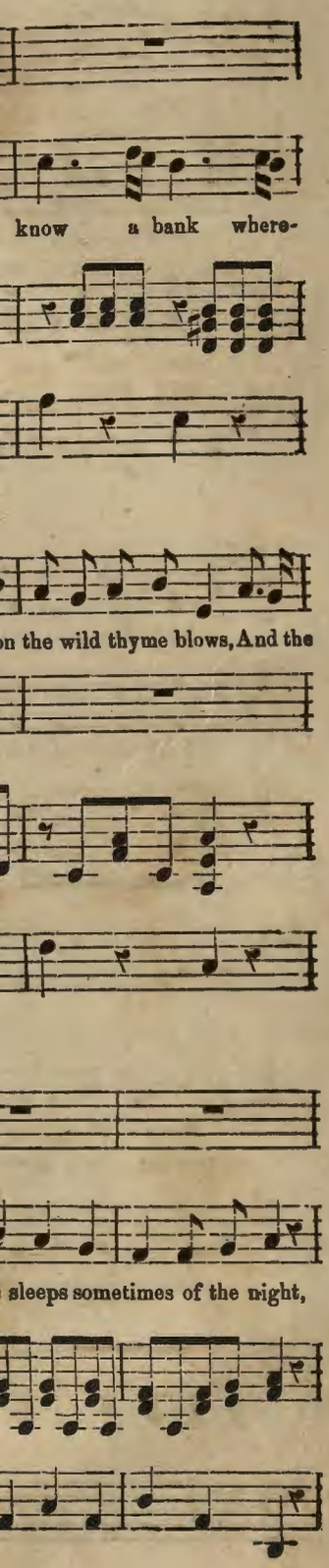
There sleeps the fairy Queen, There sleeps sometimes of the night,

Lulled in their flower

times of the night, L

dances and de - ligh

light, with da



There sleeps the fairy Queen, There sleeps some

Lulled in their flowers with dances and de - light,

times of the night, Lulled in their flowers with dances and de - light, with

with dances and de-

dances and de - light, with dan - ces and de - light, with dan - - - -

light, with dan - ces and de - light, and de - light, with dan - - - -

- - - - - - - - ces and de - light, dan - - - - - - - - -

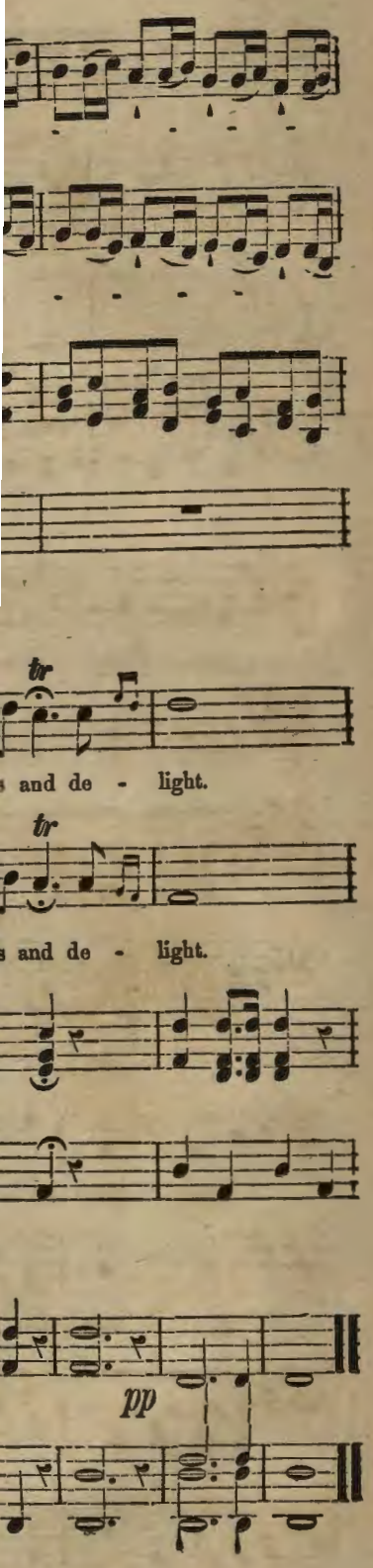
- - - - - - - - ces and de - light, dan - - - - - - - - -

- - ces and de - light, with dances and de - light, with dan - ces and de - light.

- - ces and de - light, with dances and de - light, with dan - ces and de - light.

f

pp



THERE'S A SIGH IN THE HEART.

Fricker.

1st. Voice.

There's a sigh in the heart, tho' the lip may be gay, When we think of the land, . . . the land far a - way, There's a sigh in the

2nd. Voice.

There's a sigh in the heart, tho' the lip may be gay, When we think of the land, the land far a -

heart, tho' the lip may be gay, When we think of the land, the land far a -

1st. Voice. SOLO.

way. Blushing gar - lands a - round hang in wreaths from each spray, But the flow'rs that I lov'd when my spir - it was
round me is breath - ing the in - cense of May, A - round me is flash - ing the glo - ry of

gay, They are fad - ing, unpluck'd In the land far a - way. There's a sigh in the heart, tho' the lip may be
day, But my hopes and my wish - es are far, far a - way. There's a sigh in the heart, tho' the lip may be

There's a sigh in the heart, tho' the lip may be

gay, When we think of the land, the land far a - way.
gay, When we think of the land, the land far a - way.

2nd. Voice.

gay, When we think of the land, the land far a - way. Sad - ly I gaze on the moon's bright
Faint - ly I pass on my wea - ri - some

I lov'd when my spir - it was
s flash - ing the glo - ry of

in the heart, tho' the lip may be
in the heart, tho' the lip may be

in the heart, tho' the lip may be

gaze on the moon's bright
pass on my wea - ri - some

ray, And in fan - cy I fol - low its track far a - way. Sad - ly I list to the Nightingale's
way, No hope of to - mor - row to cheer me to day. While my eye shall grow dim, and my tress - es grow

There's a sigh in the heart, tho' the lip may be gay, When we
lay, It a - wakes but a dream of the land far a-way. There's a sigh in the heart, tho' the lip may be gay, When we
gray, Still my last tho't shall be of the land far a - way.

1st. 2nd.

think of the land, the land far a - way A - way, Far a - way, far a - way.....

1st. 2nd.

think of the land, the land far a - way. way, Far a - way, far a - way.....

1st. 2nd.

Ped. *

LIGHT MAY THE BOAT ROW.

Watson

Allegro Vivace.

1. O, calmly may the waves flow, And lightly may the boat row, And safe and swift the boat go. That
2. Light may the boat row, the boat row, the boat row, Light may the boat row, That

1 O, calmly may the waves flow, And lightly may the boat row, And safe and swift the boat go, That
2. Light may the boat row, the boat row, the boat row, Light may the boat row, That

Repeat *p* Repeat *p*

my lad's in. He plies the oar so tightly, Moves in the dance so sprightly, So gracefully and lightly, O, there are none like him.
my lad's in. I know he is true-hearted, true - hearted, true-hearted, He promised, when we parted, To come to me a - gain.

my lad's in. He plies the oar so tightly, Moves in the dance so sprightly, So gracefully and lightly, O, there are none like him.
my lad's in. I know he is true-hearted, true - hearted, true-hearted, He promised, when we parted, To come to me a - gain.

tr

Light.....

Light may the boat row, the boat row, the boat row, Light may the boat row, That my lad's in.

safe and swift the boat go. That
Light may the boat row, That

safe and swift the boat go, That
Light may the boat row, That

Repeat *p*

lightly, O, there are none like him.
we parted, To come to me a - gain.

lightly, O, there are none like him.
we parted, To come to me a - gain.

row, That my lad's in.

He wears a blue jack - et, blue jack - et, blue jack - et, He wears a blue jacket, And a dimple in his chin.

He wears a blue jack - et, blue jack - et, blue jack - et, He wears a blue jacket, And a dimple in his chin.

Light may the boat row, the boat row, the boat row, Light may the boat row That my lad's in.

Light may the boat row, the boat row, the boat row, Light may the boat row That my lad's in.

8va

p

Light may the boat row that my lad's in. Light may the boat row that my lad's in.

Light may the boat row that my lad's in. Light may the boat row that my lad's in.

Loco.

ff

GO THOU AND DREAM.

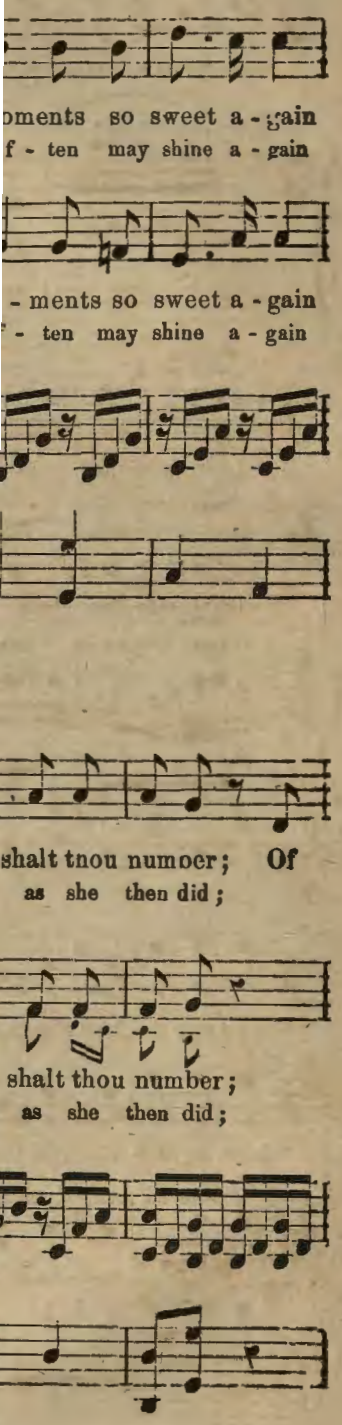
Andante con espressione.

1. Go thou and dream o'er that joy in thy slumber, Moments so sweet a - gain
2. That moon which hung o'er our part - ing so splen - did, Of - ten may shine a - gain

o'er that joy in thy slum - ber, Mo - ments so sweet a - gain
o'er our part - ing so splen - did, Of - ten may shine a - gain

ne'er shalt thou num - ber; Mo - ments so sweet a - gain, ne'er shalt thou number; Of
bright as she then did; Of - ten may shine a - gain, bright as she then did;

ne'er shalt thou number; Mo - ments so sweet a - gain, ne'er shalt thou number;
bright as she then did; Of - ten may shine a - gain, bright as she then did;



pain's bit - ter draught, the fla - vour ne'er dies; But pleas - ure scarce touches the
oh! can'st thou say, will the light she saw burn In those hap - py eyes, at our

the fla - vour ne'er dies; the
the light she saw burn, at our

lips e'er it flies; Go thou and dream o'er that joy in thy slumber, Mo - ments so
meet - ing re turn! Go thou and dream o'er that joy in thy slumber, &c.

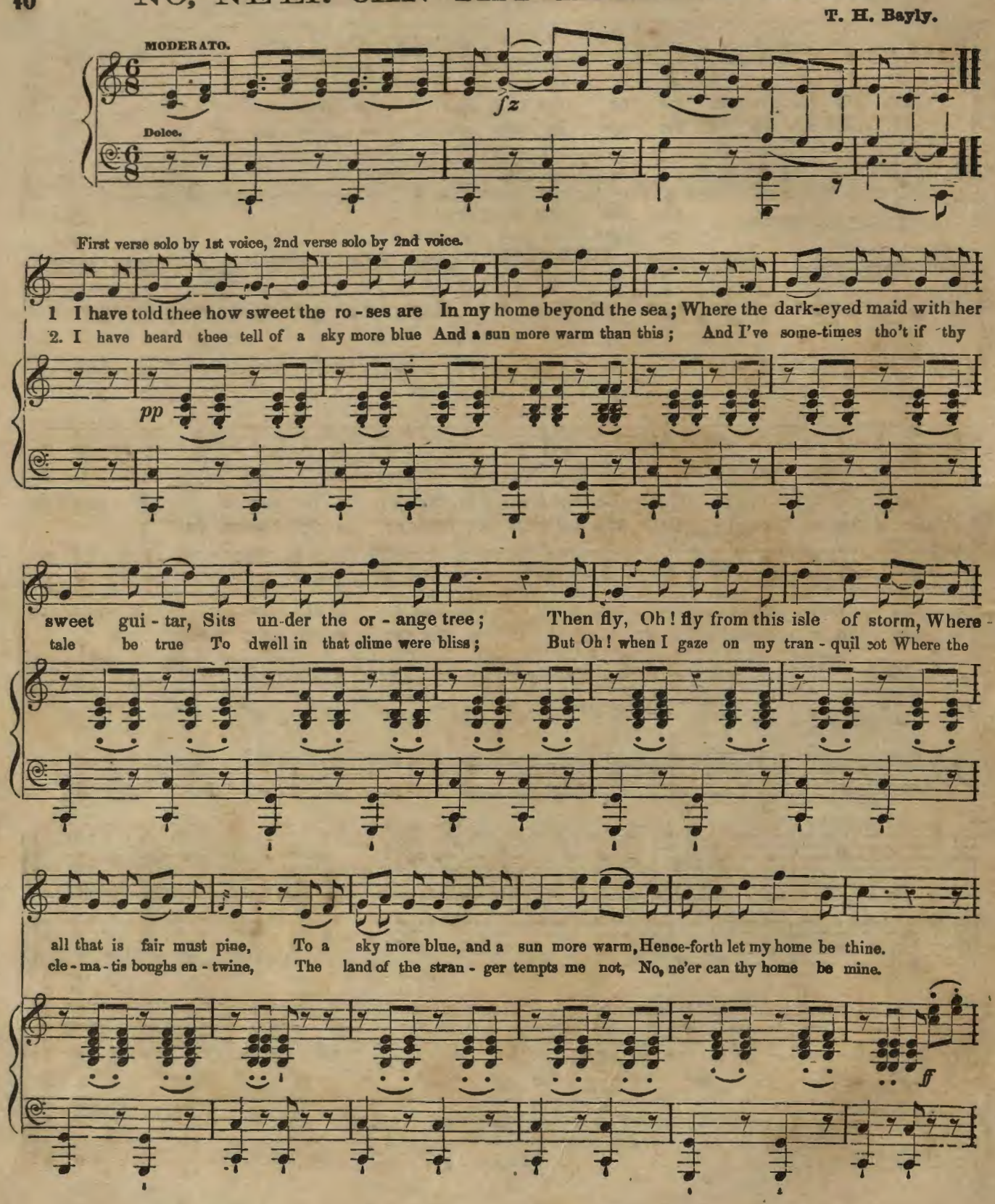
lips e'er it flies . . . . . o'er that joy in thy slumber, Mo - ments so
meet - ing re - turn! . . . . . o'er that joy in thy slumber, &c.

sweet a - gain ne'er shalt thou number, Mo - ments so sweet a - gain ne'er shalt thou number.

sweet a - gain ne'er shalt thou number, Mo - ments so sweet a - gain ne'er shalt thou number.

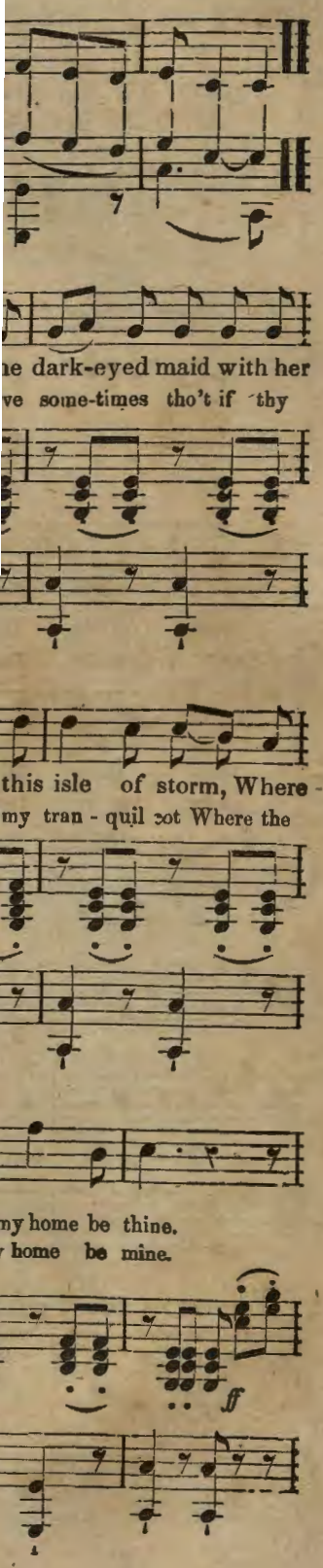
NO, NE'ER CAN THY HOME BE MINE.

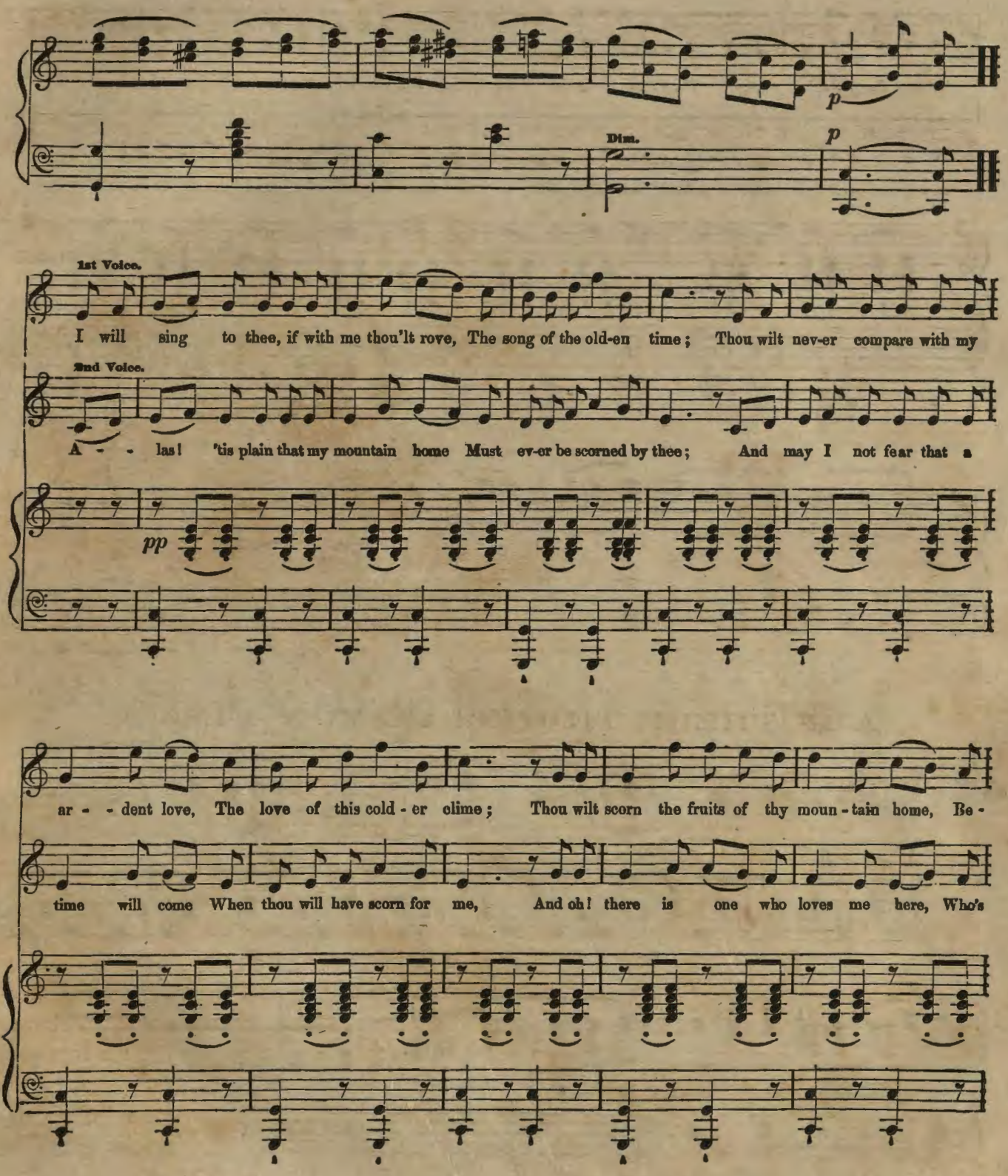
T. H. Bayly.

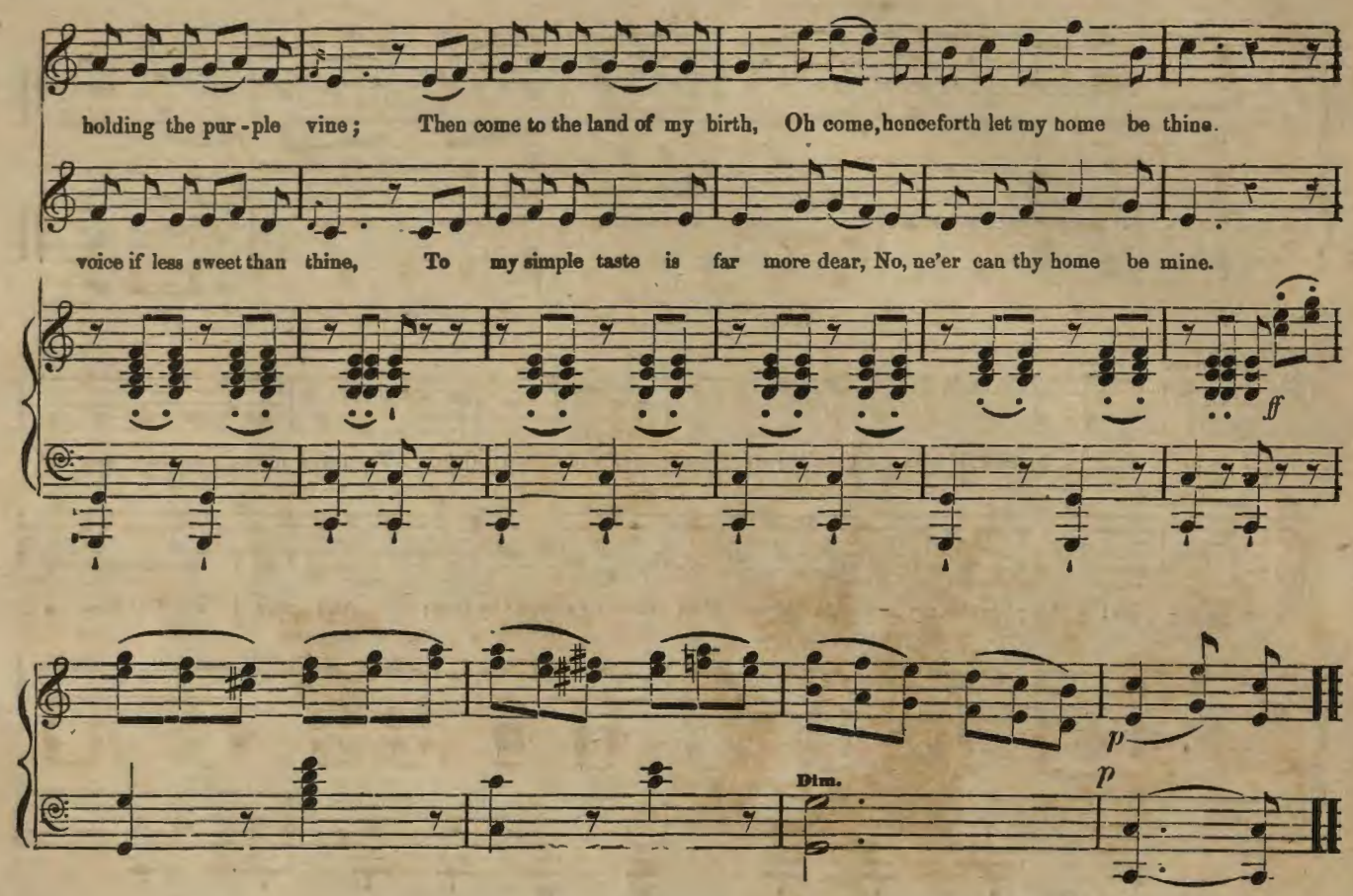


MINE.

T. H. Bayly.

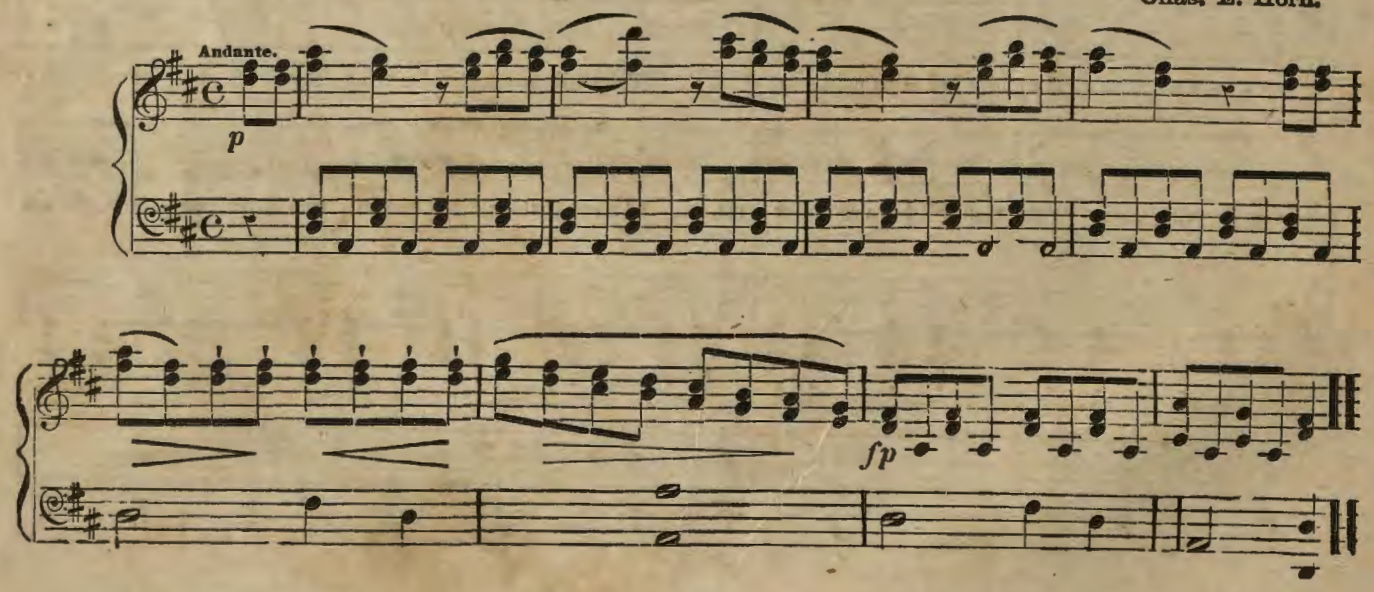


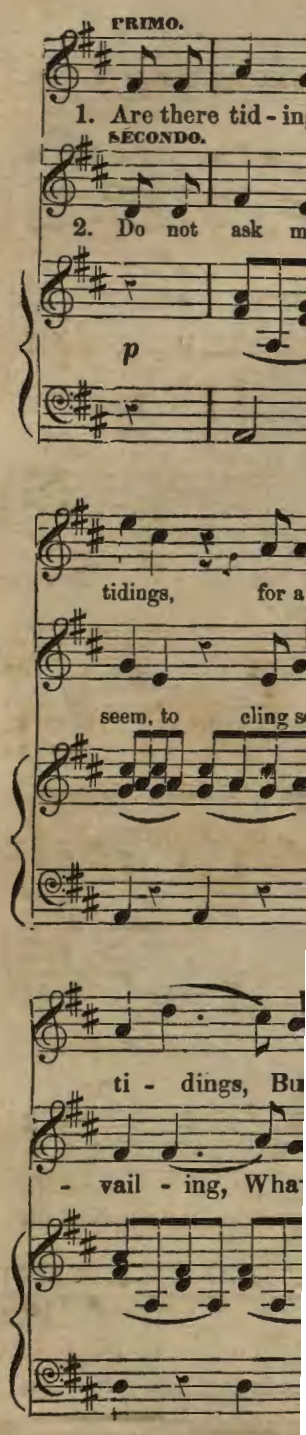


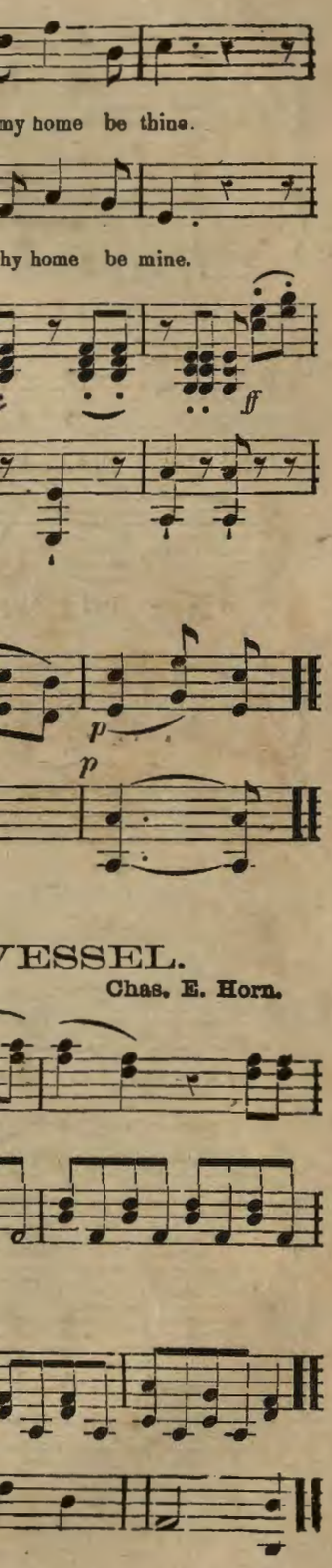


ARE THERE TIDINGS IN YON VESSEL.

Chas. E. Horn.







PRIMO.

1. Are there tid - ings in yon ves - - - - sel, Proudly bounding o'er the wave, Are there

SECONDO.

2. Do not ask me why I has - - - - ten, To each ves - sel that ap - pears; Why I

p

tidings, for a moth - er, Who is mourning, for the brave? no, no, no, no, she is freighted with fond

seem, to cling so wild - ly, To one cherish'd hope for years? no, no, no, no, tho' my search prove un - a -

ti - dings, But no tid - ings from the grave, from the grave.

- vail - ing, What have I to do with tears? to do with tears?

Ritard.

mf

3 Do not blame me when I seek him,
With these wan and weary eyes;
Can you tell me where he perish'd,
Can you show me where he lies?
No, no, no, no,
Yet there surely is some record,
When a brave young hero dies

4 Had I watch'd beside his pillow,
Had I seen him on his bier,
Oh! I must have died of weeping,
But I cannot shed a tear;
No, no, no, no,
Let me still think I shall see him,
Let me still think he is near.

GENTLY SIGHS THE BREEZE.

Words by J. E. Carpenter. Stephen Glover

ANDANTE.

pp

A tempo.

1. Gently, gent-ly sighs the breeze, Like a whis-per thro' the trees, Like a voice of ser-aph bright, Sing-ing to the world "good night." Gent-ly
2. night, the eve-ning breeze, Seems to whis-per thro' the trees, Now the wood-land mur-murs cease, All is sweet re-pose and peace! Now the

1. Gently, gent-ly sighs the breeze, Like a whis-per thro' the trees, Like a voice of ser-aph bright, Sing-ing to the world "good night." Gent-ly
2. night, the eve-ning breeze, Seems to whis-per thro' the trees, Now the wood-land mur-murs cease, All is sweet re-pose and peace! Now the

sf *p*

p

sf *p*

gent - ly sighs the breeze, Like a whis - per through the trees, Like a
wood - land mur - murs cease, All is sweet re - pose and peace, We must

gent - ly sighs the breeze, Like a whis - per through the trees,
wood - land mur - murs cease. All is sweet re - pose and peace,

voice of ser - aph bright, Sing - ing to the world "good night." "good
whis - per now "good night", We must whis - per now "good night," "good

Like a voice of ser - aph bright, Sing - ing to the world "good
We must whis - per now "good night," We must whis - per now "good

night," Sing - ing to the world "good night," good night, good night, good night.
night," We must whis - per now "good night," must whis - per now good night.

night," Sing - ing to the world "good night," good night, good night, good night.
night," We must whis - per now "good night," must whis - per now good night.

1st voice.

Ev'ry hill and ev' ry glade, – In the

p

twi - light seems to fade, While the whisp - 'ring bree-zes say O - ri - sons for close of

2nd voice.

day. Hush! the birds are gone to rest..... O'er the earth night's sa - ble vest, Hides her

a tempo.

Rallent.

beau - ties from our sight..... We, sweet friend, We, sweet friend must breathe good night! Good

a tempo.

night,

night,

Del. 2nd.

night, good night,

night,

2nd.

p

night,

night,

glade, In the

ri - sons for close of

- ble vest, Hides her

a tempo.

Good

e good night! Good

a tempo.

night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good

night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good

a Tempo.

Del. 2nd.

night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good

Del. 2nd.

night, good night, good night, good night, good

2nd.

p

Dim. rit.

night, good night, good night.

night, good night, good night.

Dim. rit.

pp

AH! COULD I TEACH THE NIGHTINGALE.

Keller.

Andante amoroso.

1. Ah! could I teach the Night-in - gale, Three lit - tle words to num-ber, Then

2. How oft I've sought the Night-in - gale, By spring and sha - dy bow - er,

Andante. *mf*

should its sweet voice from the vale Break on thy morning slum - ber, Then

That to my soul her plaintive tale, Might speak with mu - sic's pow - er, That

p

should its sweet voice from the vale, Break on thy morn - ing slum - ber; Ere

to my soul her plaintive tale, Might speak with mu - sic's pow - er, Yet

morn - ing's daw

oh! be - liev

mf

soft - est tones

In softest tone

p

not, I

not,

TINGALE.

Keller.

words to num-ber, Then

sha - dy bow - er,

ng slum - ber, Then

c's pow - er, That

n - ing slum - ber; Ere

sic's pow - er, Yet

morn - ing's dawn there should she be, Be - fore thy win - dow greet - ing, In

oh! be - lieve me ne'er could be, So wel - come her sweet greet - ing,

mf

soft - est tones re - peat - ing: I love thee, I love thee well, For - get, for-get me

In softest tones re - peat - ing, I love thee, I love thee well, For - get, forget me

p *pp*

not, I love, I love thee well, Oh! then for - get me not.

not, I love, I love thee well, Oh! then for - get me not.

A, B, C COMIC DUET.

REPRESENTING A LADY TEACHING A FOREIGNER ENGLISH

Parry.

Gentleman's part to be pronounced in broken English throughout.

Gentleman. Lady.

Pray teach me your language to read! With pleasure, with pleasure in - deed; You

Andante.

f *p*

Gent.

first must learn the A, B, C. You'll find a dull scholar in me, You'll find a dull scholar in

ALLEGRETTO.

Lady.

me. Come then, a les - son say, 'Tis near the close of day, Repeat it af - ter me,..... And

p

Gent. Lady. G. L. G. L. Both

pray at-tentive be. A, A, B, B, C, C, D, D,

f *p* 8va

Gazing at her. Lady. Repeating simply after her. Gent. Tauntingly. Lady. Gent.

Look at your book and not at me, Look at your book and not at me, La! what a dunce you are! La!

Lady. Gent. Angrily. Lady. Gent.

what a dunce you are. Quite stupid I de - clare, You stupid I de - clare, A, A,

8va *p*

Lady. Gent. L. G. L. Lady.

B, B, C, C, D! G. D! Look at your book, and not at me,

Cres. *p*

Lady.

Look at your book and not at me, Look at your book and not at me.

Gent.

Look at your book and not at me, Look at your book and not..... .... at me.

ALLEGRETTO.

Lady.

Come now be - gin to spell, And mind you do it well, Come now begin to spell, And

p

mind you do it well. When I be - gin to spell, I hope to do it well, When I begin to

Gent.

f

Cres.

spell,.... I hope

Gent.

B, A, D,

8va

Lady.

well, very well! What

Loco.

bad and lad you

spell,.... I hope to do it well. B, A, D,

Lady.

B, A, D, L, A, D, L, A, D, Very well, very well, very

Gent. Lady. Gent. Lady. Gent.

8va Loco. 8va Cres.

well, very well! What do those letters spell? Indeed I cannot tell! Why bad and lad you goose, Why

Lady. Gent. Pettishly Lady. Gent.

Loco.

bad and lad you goose! I see 'tis of no use..... No farther time I'll lose.

Lady.

Imitating him.

Lady.

Go, go a - way, a - way... Go, go away, a - way. A, B, C, D! Go, go a - way, a-

Gent.

I'll go a - way, a - way... I'll go away, a - way. A, B, C, D!

f *f* *p* Cres.

- way, Go, go a - way, a - way, Go, go away, a - way, Go, go a - way, a - way!

I'll go away, a - way, I'll go, I'll go a - way!

away, away, a - way, a - way from me! away! away! a -

A, B, I'll go, I'll go a - way. A! B! great

8va

way, a - way from me!

A and boun - - - cing B! 8va

f

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

DUET BETWEEN PAUL AND FLORENCE, IN "DOMBEY AND SON." S. Glover.

Andante con Espress.

p

PAUL.

1. What are the wild waves say - ing Sis - ter, the whole day long, That
2. Yes! but the waves seem ev - er, Sing - ing the same sad thing, And

ev - er amid our play - ing, I hear but their low lone song?
vain is my weak en - deav - or, To guess what the sur - ges sing!

Agitato. Cresc. Dolce.

Not by the sea - side on - ly, There it sounds wild and free; But at
What is that voice re - peat - ing, Ev - er by night and day,

Cresc. Cresc. Dim.

night when 'tis dark and lone - ly, In dreams it is still with me, ... But at
is it a friend - ly greet - ing, Or a warn - ing that calls a - way? . . . . .

p

night when 'tis dark and lone - ly, In dreams it is still with me! . . . . . .
Is it a friend - ly greet - ing, Or a warn - ing that calls a - way? . . . . . .

Dim.

Più animato.

FLORENCE.

Brother! I hear no sing - ing! 'Tis but the roll - ing wave, ...
Brother! the in - land moun - tain Hath it not voice and sound? . . . . . .

p

Dolce.

d and free; But at
and day,

Dim.

th me,..... But at
- way?.... ..

with me!.....
a - way?.....

Dim.

wave,.....
sound?.....

Ever its lone course wing - ing, Ov - er some o - cean cave!....
Speaks not the drip - ping foun - tain, As it be - dews the ground?..

AGITATO.

'Tis but the noise of wa - - ter, Dash - ing a - gainst the shore, And the
E'en by the house - hold in - - - gle, Cur - tain'd, and closed, and warm,

Cres - - - cen - - - - - - - - - - - - do.

f

wind from some bleak - er quar - ter, Ming - ling with its roar, And the
Do not our voic - es min - gle With those of the dis - - tant storm?

f

wind from some bleak - er quar - ter, Ming - ling, ming - ling with its roar...
Do not our voic - es min - gle With those, with those of the dis - tant storm?....

p

Tremolo.

Lento. FLORENCE. Rall. A Tempo.

1. No! no no, no! No! no, no, it is something great - er That speaks to the heart a -
2. Yes! yes, yes! Yes! yes, but there's something great - er, &c.

PAUL.

1. No! no, no, no! No! no, no, it is something great - er, That speaks to the heart a -
2. Yes! yes, yes! Yes! yes, but there's something great - er, &c.

Lento. Rall. A Tempo. *p*

lone, The voice of the great Cre - a - - tor Dwells in that mighty tone! The

lone, The voice of the great Cre - a - - tor Dwells in that mighty tone! The

Rall.

voice of the great Cre - a - - tor Dwells in that mighty tone!

voice of the great Cre - a - - tor Dwells in that mighty tone!

Rall. *sf*

Risoluto.

Mr. Smith.

3. Mrs. Smith I'm quite

1. Mrs Smith up - on

2 Mrs Smith a plague

night in the year; As

far or near; Win

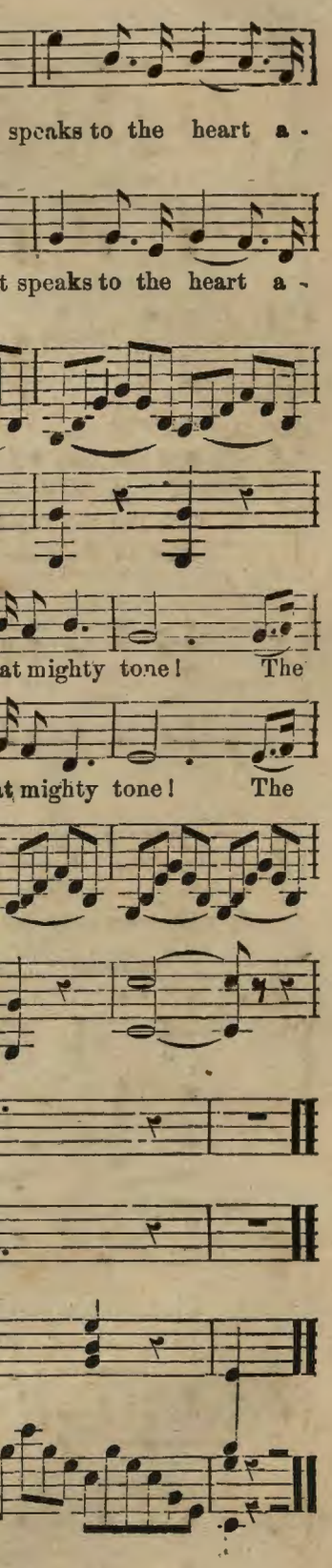
fits, oh dear! As

Mrs. S. Mr.

end-less, Mrs. Smi

moment, Mrs. Smi

trav - el, Mrs. Smi



MRS. SMITH, MY DEAR!

J. Watson.

Risoluto.

Mr. Smith.

3. Mrs. Smith I'm quite as - tounded At your love for those confound - ed Balls and par-ties, routs and concerts, Ev - 'ry

1. Mrs Smith up - on my word, This is real - ly too ab - surd, There is sure - ly no one like you, Ei - ther

2 Mrs. Smith a plague up - on it, Here's a sin - gle dress and bonnet, Yet the bill would frighten Croesus In - to

night in the year; As for my wants they are real, And I'm sure that you can see all My ex - penses, Your's are

far or near; Winter, summer, autumn, spring, You'r for ev - er on the wing, Nev - er qui - et for a

Mrs. S. Mr. S.

fits, oh dear! As for Mrs. Jones the squinter, Why she starves her - self all winter, And can well af-ford to

end-less, Mrs. Smith my dear, Yes my wants are few and real, And I'm sure that you can see all My ex -

Cres - - cen - - - - - do.

moment, Mrs. Smith my dear, Win - ter, summer, autumn, spring, You'r for ev - er on the wing; Nev - er

trav - el, Mrs. Smith my dear, As for Mrs. Jones the squinter, Why she starves her-self all winter; And can

Cres - - cen - - - - do.

penses, You're are endless, Mrs. Smith my dear. Oh your wants! but where's your schemes, Sir? Your million-making dreams sir? Your

f *mf* Mrs. S.

qui - et for a moment, Mrs. Smith, my dear! Mr. Smith, up-on my conscience, How can you talk such nonsense, I
well af - ford to trav - el, Mrs. Smith my dear. There's your wine and your cigars Sir, (You've left the door a - jar Sir, No oc -

f *mf*

Mr. S. Mrs. S.

Morus - Mul-ti - caulis spec? My dear, now, my dear! Out of all, my pret-ty scholar, If you see a sin - gle dol - lar, Why, I'm
fear your lit - tle judgment is - 'nt o - ver clear; Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Noga, have both gone to Sa-ra-to-ga, and Cape -
ca - sion I be - lieve to let the ser - vants hear;) Cost twenty times the sum too, That all my habits come to, Oh!

ver - y much mis - tak - en, Mr. Smith, my dear! Out of all, my pret-ty schol - ar, If you get a sin - gle

Cresc.

May was all I mentioned, Mr. Smith, my dear! Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. No - ga, have both gone to Sa - ra -
bless me, I've no patience, Mr. Smith, my dear! Cost twen - ty times the sum too, That all my hab - its

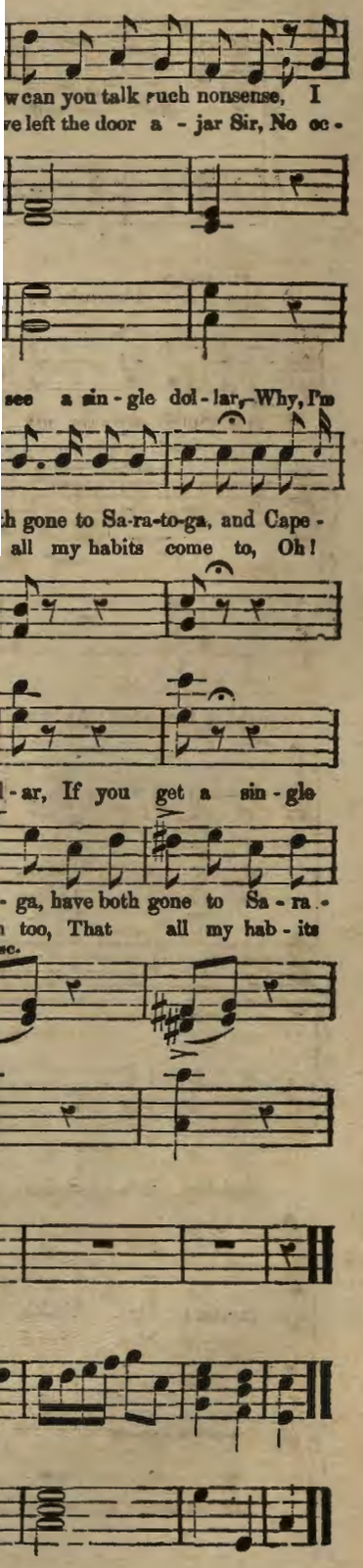
Cresc.

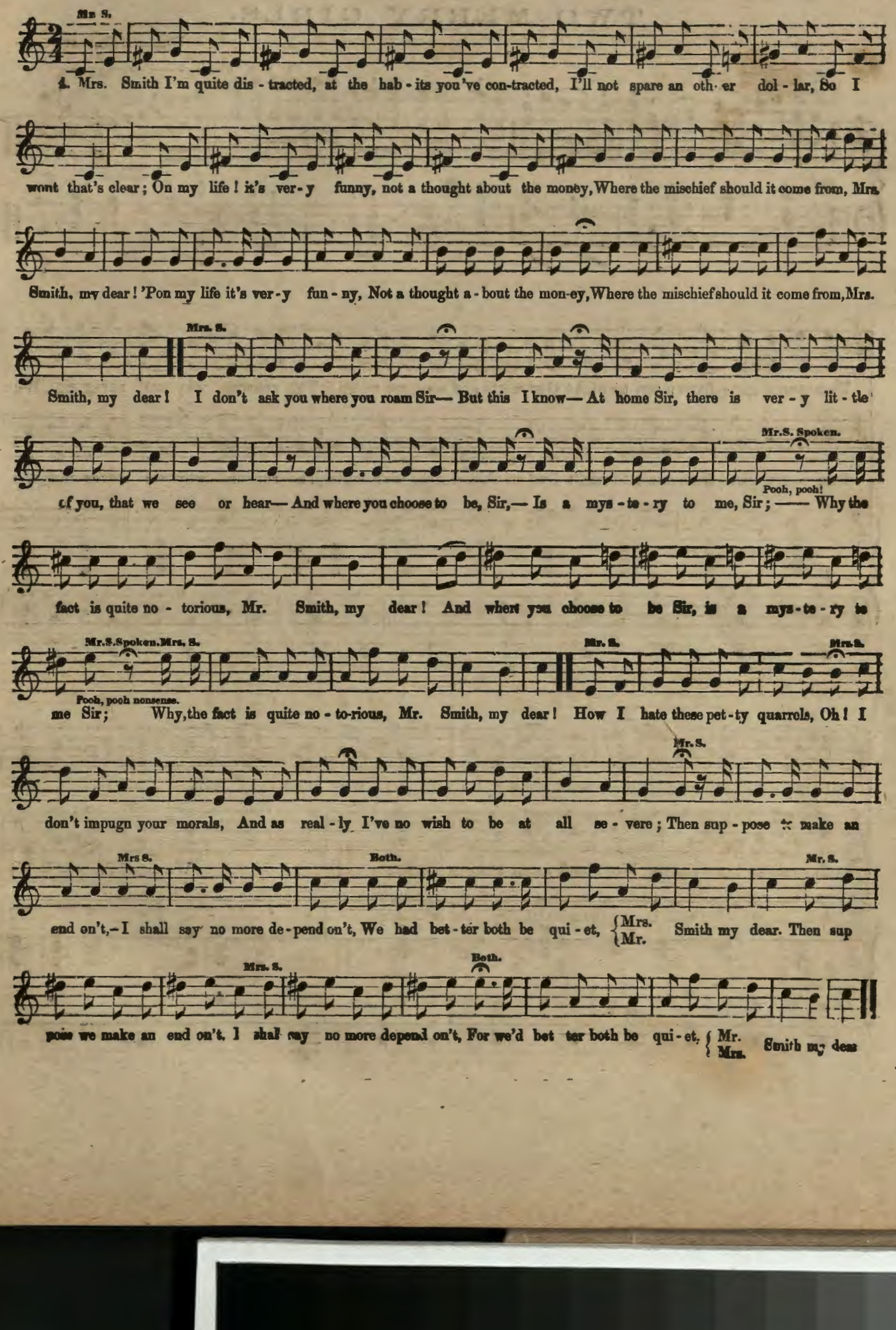
dol - lar, Why I'm ver - y much mis-tak-en, Mr. Smith my dear.

f

to - ga, And Cape-May, was all I mentioned, Mr. Smith my dear.
come to, Oh dear! bless me, I've no patience, Mr. Smith my dear.

f *f*


Your million-making dreams sir? Your
wean you talk such nonsense, I
ve left the door a - jar Sir, No oc -
see a sin - gle dol - lar, Why, I'm
h gone to Sa-ra-to-ga, and Cape -
all my habits come to, Oh!
l - ar, If you get a sin - gle
- ga, have both gone to Sa - ra -
too, That all my hab - its


Mr S.
1. Mrs. Smith I'm quite dis - tracted, at the hab - its you've con-tracted, I'll not spare an oth - er dol - lar, So I
wont that's clear; On my life! it's ver - y funny, not a thought about the money, Where the mischief should it come from, Mrs.
Smith, my dear! 'Pon my life it's ver - y fun - ny, Not a thought a - bout the mon-ey, Where the mischief should it come from, Mrs.
Mrs. S.
Smith, my dear! I don't ask you where you roam Sir— But this I know— At home Sir, there is ver - y lit - tle
Mr.S. Spoken.
Pooh, pooh!
of you, that we see or hear— And where you choose to be, Sir,— Is a mys - te - ry to me, Sir; —— Why the
fact is quite no - torious, Mr. Smith, my dear! And where you choose to be Sir, is a mys - te - ry to
Mr.S.Spoken. Mrs. S.
Pooh, pooh nonsense.
me Sir; Why, the fact is quite no - to-rious, Mr. Smith, my dear! How I hate these pet - ty quarrels, Oh! I
Mr. S.
Mrs. S.
Mr. S.
don't impugn your morals, And as real - ly I've no wish to be at all se - vere; Then sup - pose we make an
Mrs S.
Both.
Mr. S.
end on't,—I shall say no more de - pend on't, We had bet - ter both be qui - et, {Mrs. Mr. Smith my dear. Then sup
Mrs. S.
Both.
pose we make an end on't. I shal say no more depend on't, For we'd bet ter both be qui - et, {Mr. Mrs. Smith my dear

TWO MERRY GIRLS.

Stephen Glover.

Allegro Vivace.

8va.

mf *p* *f* *ff*

Two merry girls, from morn to night Our mirth and song we mingle, The reason why we never sigh, We

Two merry girls, from morn to night Our mirth and song we mingle, The reason why we never sigh, We

p

both mean to keep single, We both mean to keep single; We climb the hills, We

both mean to keep single, We both mean to keep single; We tread the woods, We

Rall.

rove the vales to

Rall.

rove the vales to

Rall.

tempests blow, no

tempests blow, no f

Allegretto Grazioso.

S. 1st. Voice.

But if a - mid

My sis - ter dear,

S.

p

Stephen Glover.

why we never sigh, We

why we never sigh, We

ills, We

We tread the woods, We

Rall. A Tempo.

rove the vales to - gether, The tempests blow, no fear we know, Our life's all sun - ny weather, The

Rall. A Tempo.

rove the vales to - gether, The tempests blow, no fear we know. Our life's all sun - ny weather, The

A Tempo. Rall. pp

Dim. Ritard.

tempests blow, no fear we know, Our life's all sunny weather.

Dim. Ritard.

tempests blow, no fear we know, Our life's all sunny weather.

Ritard. A Tempo. 8va

Dim. Cresc. f p f ff

Allegretto Grazioso. 1st. Voice.

But if a - mid our green retreat, Some wand'ring youth we'd chance to meet, Then tell me, sister, should you fly And

My sis - ter dear, your pride is such, You prize your beau - ty far too much, I really think you'd change your mind, If

p

Rall. 2nd. Voice. A Tempo.

leave me lone-ly standing by, Why sis - ter dear, there's dan - ger seen When youths and maids meet on the green,
that same youth should stay behind, You can - not think, my sis - ter dear, He'd stay with you when I was near.

Rall. A Tempo.

Cad. Ad lib.

Ah!.... .....

Dim. Cad. Ad lib.

But, should I fly you'd quickly see, How soon the youth would follow me, How soon the youth would follow me. Ah!....
Ah! sis - ter, lest we ri - vals be, Henceforth alone we'll wan - der free, Henceforth alone we'll wander free.

Dim.

Two mer-ry girls from morn to night Our mirth and song we min - gle, But now I know you
Two mer - ry girls from morn to night Our mirth and song we min - gle, But now we know both

Two mer-ry girls from morn to night Our mirth and song we min - gle, But now you know I

p

s and maids meet on the green,
with you when I was near.

Cad. Ad lib.

Ah!.... .....

Cad. Ad lib.

uth would follow me. Ah!....
e we'll wander free.

But now I know you
But now we know both

But now you know I

Dim. A Tempo. 1st. time.

want a beau, And don't mean to keep single, You don't, You don't, You don't mean to keep
want a beau, And don't mean to live

Dim. A Tempo. 1st. time.

want a beau, and don't mean to keep single, I don't, I don't, I don't mean to keep
want a beau, and don't mean to live

1st. time. Dim. p

Ritt.

sin - gle, You don't, Yon don't, You don't mean to keep single.

Rit.

sin - gle, I don't, I don't, I don't mean to keep single.

8va. Rit. A Tempo. f p f ff

2nd. time. Vivace.

sin - gle. Two merry, merry girls, two merry, merry girls, Our mirth and song we mingle, Two merry, merry girls, two

2nd. time. Vivace.

sin - gle. Two merry, merry girls, two merry, merry girls, Our mirth and song we mingle, Two merry, merry girls, two

8va. 2nd. time. pp Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

merry, merry girls Our mirth and song we mingle, Our mirth and song we mingle, Our mirth and song we

merry, merry girls Our mirth and song we mingle, Our mirth and song we mingle, Our

Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

p sf sf sf

Cresc. f Ritard. Piu Presto e con anima. A Tempo.

mingle, Two merry, merry girls, two merry, merry girls, We don't mean to live single, We don't mean to live

f Ritard. Piu Presto e con anima.

mirth and song we min - gle, Two merry, merry girls, We don't mean to live single, We don't mean to live

Ritard.

Cresc. f A Tempo.

sin-gle, We don't mean to live single, We don't mean to live sin - gle.

sin-gle, We don't mean to live single, We don't mean to live sin - gle.

f Ped. f. Cresc. ff *

Con Anima.

mf

8va

Cres.

ff

JANE.

1. Well! it was, af - ter all, a most exquis - ite ball, The music, the dancing, the whole was divine; I could
2. was, af - ter all, a most for - tu-nate ball, The music, the dancing, the whole how divine; Yes, we

KATE.

1. Well! it was, af - ter all, a most exquis - ite ball, The music, the dancing, the whole was divine; I could
2. was, af - ter all, a most for - tu-nate ball, The music, the dancing, the whole how divine; Yes, we

p

waltz day and night in a whirl of delight, If partners were all like that last one of mine, If
both with delight may look back on to-night, As we've both "turned the tables," let neither repine, As we've

waltz day and night in a whirl of delight, If partners were all like that last one of mine, If
both with delight may look back on to-night, As we've both "turned the tables," let neither repine, As we've

Rall. 1st time.

partners were all like that last one of mine.

both turned the

Rall. 1st time. Moderate.

partners were all like that last one of mine.

both turned the

1st time. *f* *mf*

Rall.

JANE. Gravely.

One word, my giddy cousin, but now mind, and don't be hurt, You really should be careful, dear, you're

p

growing quite a flirt. You en - couraged every coxcomb that you danced with thro' the night, To say all sorts of

silly things—you

With nonchalance.

course, my usual le

too; I would n

A piacere.

in a quiet wa

A piacere. KATE

silly things—you know it is not right, To say all sorts of sil - ly things, you know it is not right. Of

With nonchalance.

course, my usual lecture, Coz, or it would not be you, I'll wager I could tell who did their share of flirting

too; I would not for the world one word to hurt your feelings say, But coz, dear, did not you indulge? just

A piacere. JANE. Angrily. KATE. Archly.

in a quiet way? You don't mean to in - sin - u - ate! O dear, no! not at all; I on - ly mean to

f *p*

JANE. Tartly.

say it was— a very pleasant ball. Kate, it's no-

8va Loco.

ff Tempo primo. p

to - ri - ous, Really I'm shocked at the flirtings I've seen; Kate, you know

KATE. Coaxingly.

Don't be cen - so - ri - ous, So could some oth-ers at what they have seen;

Rall.

well enough— Somebody blushes— why, what can she mean? Some - bod - y

Rall.

Some folks could tell enough— Somebody blushes— she knows what I mean! Some - bod - y

Rall.

p

blush-es— why,

blush-es— she k

KATE. Archly.

When people

pp

dance go by, and

JANE. Trotty.

Kate, it's no-

Loco.

p

seen; Kate, you know

seen;

p

nean? Some-bod-y

p

nean! Some-bod-y

p

Rall.

blush-es— why, what can she mean?

Rall.

blush-es— she knows what I mean!

Rall.

Tempo di Polka.

mf

KATE. Archly.

When people take to bal-co-nies be-cause the rooms are warm, And lingering, let the

pp

dance go by, and still keep arm in arm, When gen-tlemen with dark moustache will not let go your

pp

8va Loco. 8va

A piacere. JANE.

hard, When la - dies turn their heads away,— a - hem! you un-der - stand. What! cousin; playing

Loco. 8va Loco.

KATE. JANE.

eavesdropper! O, I should be ashamed— If people wont be more discreet, the hearers can't be blamed. Were

LENTO. Hesitatingly. KATE. JANE. KATE. JANE.

you out in *that* bal - co-ny? Not quite, but pray were you? Why yes, I was—And leaning on the arm of I know who. You

Lento.

A piacere piu lento. KATE. JANE. A piacere.

saw and heard? I saw and heard—Well, never mind the rest, Since you have learnt my secret, coz, why—keep it in your breast.

ANIMATO KATE. Cordially.

Coz, I'll do more

p

chance that at some fu

Cres.

pine, let ne

Cres.

pine, let ne

f

ANIMATO
KATE. Cordially.

Coz, I'll do more; I'll my flirting give o'er, And be a good girl for the rest of my life; And perhaps it may

JANE.

2d time.

O it ta-bles," let neither

chance that at some future dance, I may make up my mind to be somebody's wife. O it ta-bles," let neither re-

Cres.

pine, let neither re-pine, let neither re-pine, let nei-ther re-pine.....

Cres.

pine, let neither re-pine, let neither re-pine, let nei-ther re-pine.....

8va

Loco.

JANE.

tand. What! cousin; playing

JANE.

hearers can't be blamed. Were

JANE.

the arm of I know who. You

A piacere.

why—keep it in your breast.

THE MAY-BELLS AND THE FLOWERS.

Mendelssohn.

Allegro Vivace.

1. Young may - bells ring throughout the vale, And sound so sweet and clear: The

2. S frost had scarce - ly ta - ken flight, When well known sounds we hear, The

dance be - gins, ye flow - ers all, Come with a mer - ry cheer. Come with a mer - ry

may-bells with re - new'd de - light, Are ring - ing doub - ly clear, Are ring - ing doub - ly

cheer. The flow - ers red, and white, and blue, mer - ri - ly flock a - round, For-

clear. Now I no more can stay at home, The may - bells call me too, The

Ped. * Scherzando.

get - me - not of

flow - ers to th

vio - lets too a

why should I not

Young May-bells play

Young May-bells play

get - me - not of heav'n - ly hue, And vio - lets too a - bound, For-get-me-not of heav'nly hue, And

flow - ers to the dance all roam, Then why should I not go, The flow-ers to the dance all roam, Then

Ritar - - - - - dan - do.

vio - lets too a - bound, For - get - me - not of heav'n-ly hue, And vio - lets too a - bound.

Ritard.

why should I not go, The flow - ers to the dance all roam, Then why should I not go.

Ritard.

Dim.

Ritard.

Young May-bells play a spright-ly tune, And all be - gin to dance, While o'er them smiles the

Young May-bells play a spright-ly tune, And all be - gin to dance, While o'er them smiles the

L.H. R.H.

ten. ten.

gen - - tle moon, With her soft sil - v'ry glance, With her soft sil - v'ry glance.

gen - - tle moon, With her soft sil - v'ry glance, With her soft sil - v'ry glance.

Ped.

This Mas - ter Frost of - fen - ded sore, He in the vale ap - pear'd, Young May - bells

pp

This Mas - ter Frost of - fen - ded sore, He in the vale ap - pear'd. Young May - bells

pp

Cres.

pp

ring the dance no more, Gone are the flow - ers, sear'd, Gone are the flow - ers,

ring the dance no more, Gone are the flow - ers, sear'd, Gone are the flow - ers,

sear'd, The flow

sear'd, The flow

2nd time.

why should I

2nd time.

why no

2nd time.

why should

why should

f

sear'd, The flow - ers sear'd, But

sear'd, The flow - ers sear'd, But

Cres - - - - - con - - - - - do.

2nd time.

why should I not go..... Then

2nd time.

why not go The flow - ers to the dance all roam; Then

2nd time.

Cres.

why should I not go?.....

why should I not .....

f

THE GIPSY COUNTESS.

Words by Mrs. Crawford. Stephen Glover.

Allegro Moderato.

mf *sf*

GIPSY.

1. O, how can a poor gipsy maiden like me, Ever hope the proud
2. Go, flat-ter er, go! I'll not trust to thine art; Go, leave me, and

Cres. *ff*

bride of a no-ble to be? To some bright jewelled beauty thy vows will be paid, And
tri-fle no more with my heart; Go, leave me to die in my own na-tive shade, And be-

thou wilt for-get her, the poor gip-sy maid, And thou wilt for-get her, the poor gipsy maid.
tray not the heart of the poor gip-sy maid, And be-tray not the heart of the poor gipsy maid.

sf

me, Ever hope the proud
rt; Go, leave me, and

s will be paid, And
na - tive shade, And be-

r, the poor gipsy maid.
f the poor gipsy maid.

Sf

Con Anima.

EARL.

A - way with that thought! I am free, I am free, To de - vote all the love of my spir - it to
I have lands and proud dwellings, and all shall be thine, And a cor - o - net, Zillah, thy brow shall en-

Dim. Cres.

thee; Young rose of the wil - derness, blushing and sweet! All my heart, all my fortune, I
twine; Thou shalt never have rea - son my faith to up - braid, For a Countess I'll make thee, my

lay at thy feet, All my heart, all my fortune, I lay at thy feet; By yon bright moon a-
own gip - sy maid, For a Countess I'll make thee, my own gip - sy maid; Then fly with me

Sf *p*

Gipsy. Earl. Gipsy.

bove! That can change like man's love! By the sun's constant ray! That night's tears chase a - way!
now; Shall I trust to thy vow? O yes; come a - way! Wilt thou nev - er be - tray?

A Tempo.

O never by thee will my trust be betrayed, Thou wilt love me for - ev - er, thine
No, never by thee will my trust be betrayed, And to - morrow thou'lt wed me, thine

EARL.

O never by me shall thy trust be betrayed, I will love thee for - ev - er, mine
No, never by me shall thy trust be betrayed, And to - morrow I'll wed thee, mine

A Tempo.

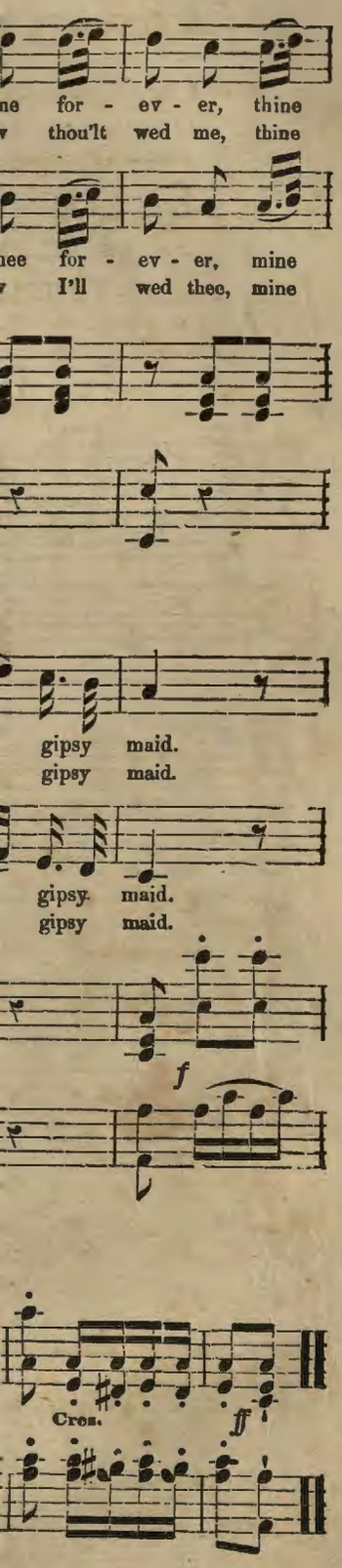
p

own gip - sy maid, Thou wilt love me for - ev - er, thine own gipsy maid.
own gip - sy maid, And to - morrow thou'lt wed me, thine own gipsy maid.

own gip - sy maid, I will love thee for - ev - er, mine own gipsy maid.
own gip - sy maid, And to - morrow I'll wed thee, mine own gipsy maid.

Sf *f*

p Cres. *ff*



ARRAYED IN CLOUDS OF GOLDEN LIGHT.

Words by Thomas Moore. Oliver Shaw.

Allegro Moderate.

1st voice.

Ar - rayed in clouds of gold - - en

2d voice.

Ar - rayed in clouds of gold - - en

tr

Dim.

Cres.

light, More bright, More bright than heaven's re - splen - dent bow, More bright than

light, More bright, more bright than heaven's re - splen - dent bow,

heaven's re - splen - - dent bow. Je - ho - vah's An gel

than heaven's re - splen - dent bow. Je - ho - vah's An - gel

f

p

came by night, To bless the sleep - ing world... be - low;

p

came by night, To bless the sleep - ing world... be low;

p *pp* Dim. *pp*

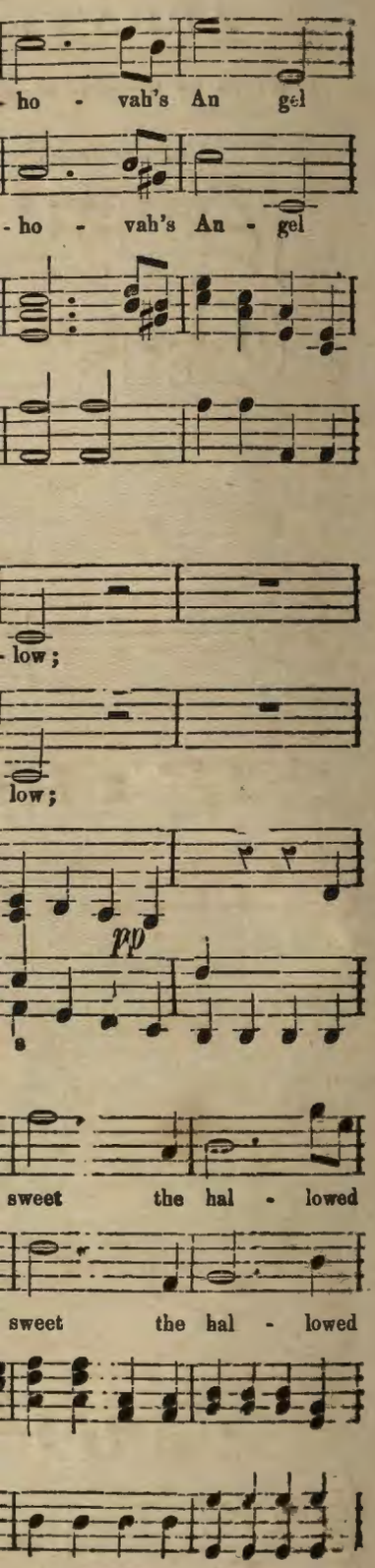
pp

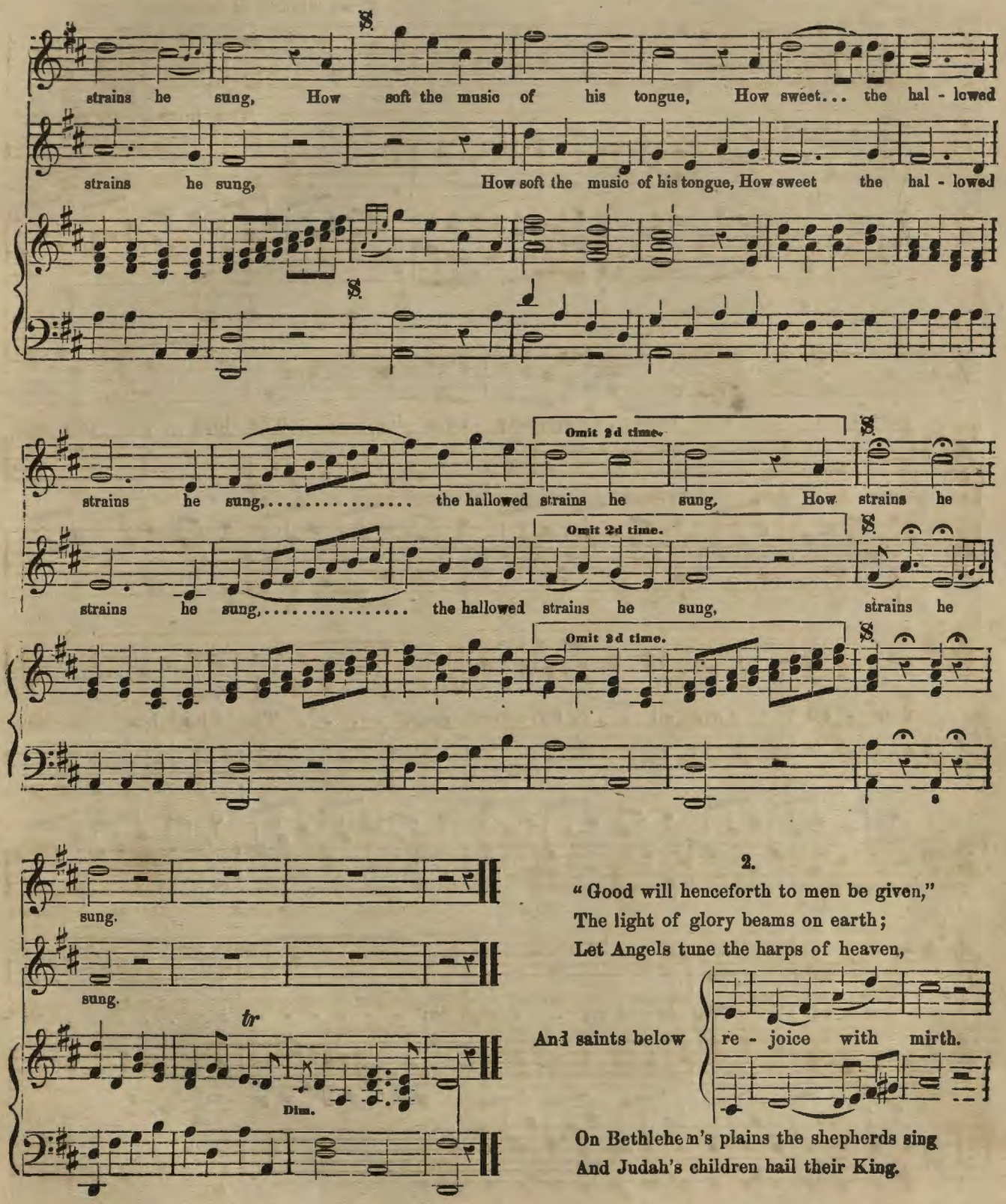
How soft the mu - sic of his tongue, How sweet the hal - lowed

pp

How soft the mu - sic of his tongue, How sweet the hal - lowed

pp





2.

"Good will henceforth to men be given,"
The light of glory beams on earth;
Let Angels tune the harps of heaven,

And saints below

On Bethlehem's plains the shepherds sing
And Judah's children hail their King.

THE HOPE THAT THE NEAREST.

From "Lucia di Lammermoor."

LUCIA.

Larghetto.

p

The hope . . . . that the near - est My heart . . . was closely twin - ing, The joys . . . . that were dear - est Are all . . . for - e-ver gone, ... The faith has de- part - ed That cheered me though pin - - - - - - - ing, ... And

poor, . . . brok - en heart - - - - ed, I lin - - ger, I lin - ger to

8va Loco.

HENRY.

mourn. Thy heart hath for - sak - en The house of thy fath - ers In vain to a -

pp

O Heavens!

wak - en The love of our foe! The false one deceives thee, Thus heaven re-

LUCIA.

The hope . . . . that the

he joys . . . . that were

The faith has de-

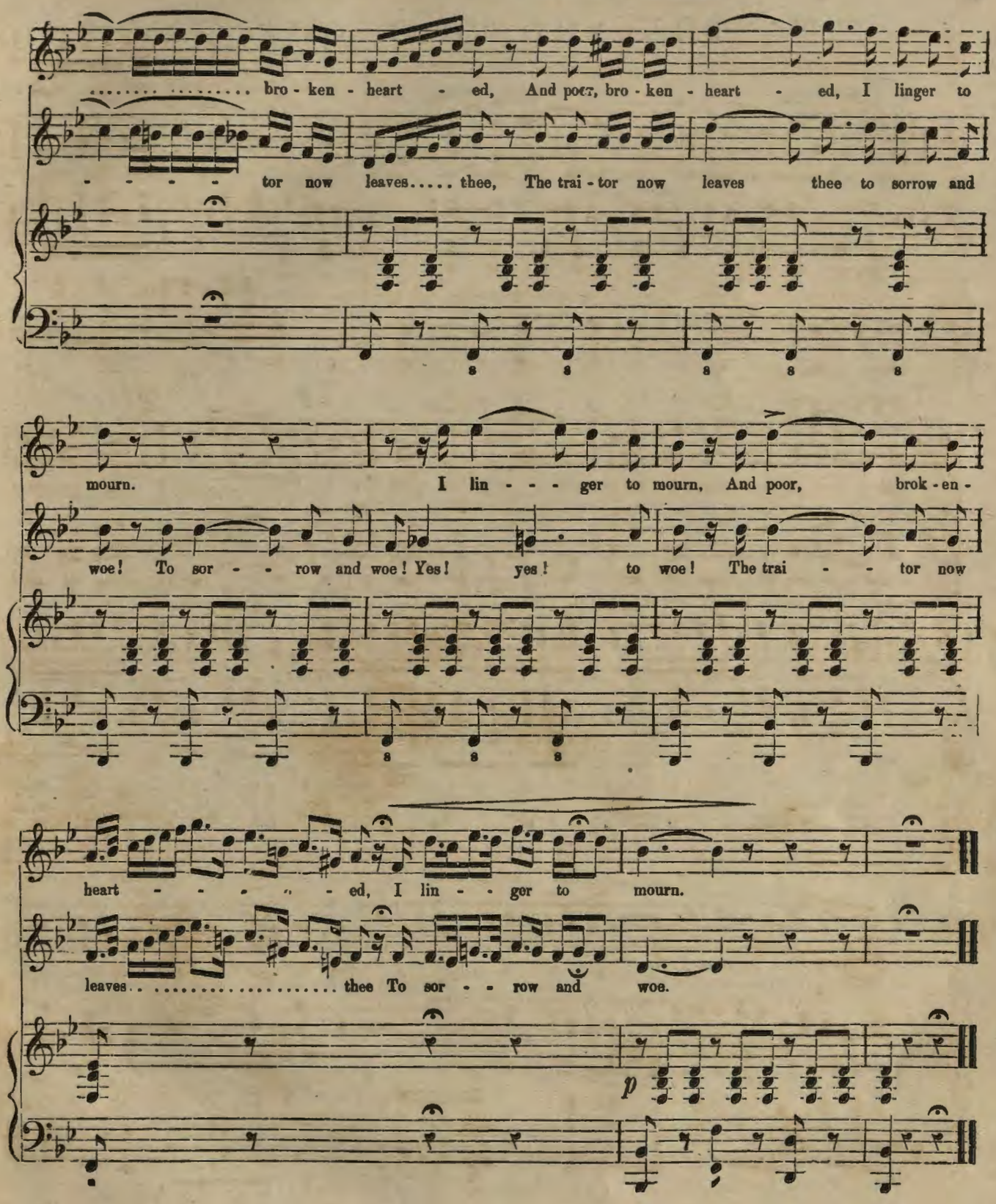
- ing, ... And

The faith has de -
wards thee! The traitor now leaves thee To sorrow and woe, Thy heart has for -

part - - ed That cheered me though pin - - ing, And poor, bro - ken heart - ed I lin - ger to
sak - - en The house of thy fath - ers, In vain to a - wak - en The love of our

mourn,..... And poor bro - ken heart - - ed, I lin - ger to mourn, And poor
foe..... The trai - tor now leaves..... thee To sor - row and woe, The trai -

8va Loco.


bro - ken - heart - ed, And poor, bro - ken - heart - ed, I linger to
tor now leaves..... thee, The trai - tor now leaves thee to sorrow and
mourn. I lin - - - ger to mourn, And poor, brok - en -
woe! To sor - - row and woe! Yes! yes! to woe! The trai - - tor now
heart - - - - - ed, I lin - - ger to mourn.
leaves..... thee To sor - - row and woe.
p

TEA AND TURN OUT.

J. Blewitt.

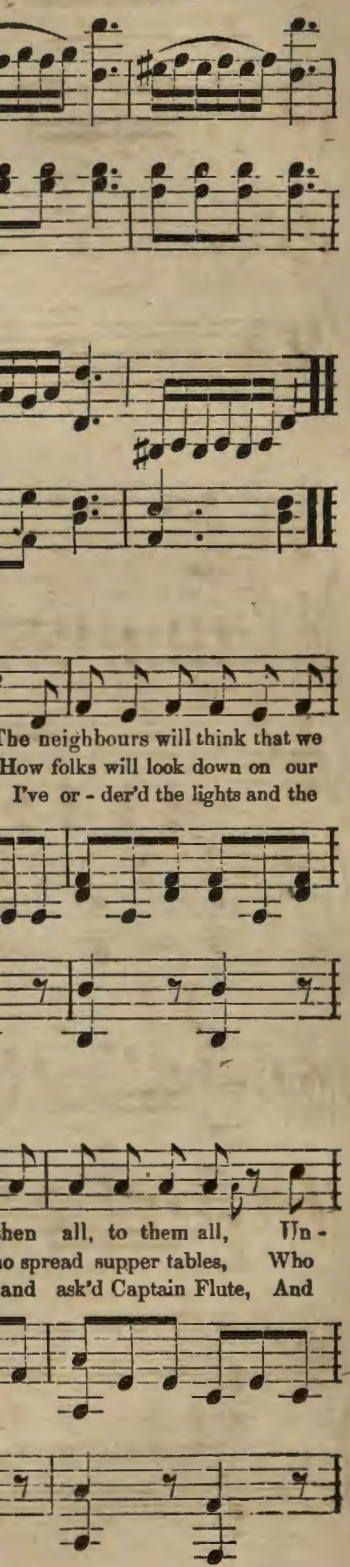
Moderate.

LADY.

1. The neighbours, oh let me in - vite them! Dear Husband, we must give a ball, The neighbours will think that we
2. In what a strange light you must see things, To talk of a tea par - ty thus, How folks will look down on our
3. My dear you are talk - ing in rid - dles! You're late my pro - ceedings to stop, I've or - der'd the lights and the

slight them, Un - less we send cards to them all, Un - less we send cards to then all, to them all, Un -
tea things, Who spread sup-per ta - bles for us, Who spread supper tables, who spread supper tables, Who
fid - dles, And ask'd Captain Flute to my hop, And ask'd Captain Flute, and ask'd Captain Flute, And

J. Blewitt.



less we send cards to them all, Un - less we send cards to them all.
spread supper ta - bles for us, Who spread supper ta - bles for us.
ask'd Captain Flute to my hop, And ask'd Captain Flute to my hop.

GENT.

The neighbours, pooh, fiddle de dee, ma'am, What is all this turmoil a -
Get wa - fers, and 'ne - gus, and i - ces, There's nought so genteel as a -
If you are in earnest, you must ma'am Pay dear - ly for what you're a -

bout? Pray why can't you ask them to tea, ma'am? There's nothing like tea and turn out, Oh,
Rout, Go cut up a pound cake in slic - es, They can't call that tea and turn out, They
bout, In my house if you raise a dust ma'am, Pray leave T. T. L. and turn out, Pray

noth-ing like tea and turn out, turn out, There's nothing like tea and turn out, turn out, There's nothing like tea and turn
can't call that tea and turn out, turn out, They can't call that tea and turn out, no, no, They can't call that tea and turn
leave T. T. L. and turn out, yes, yes, They can't call that tea and turn out, yes, yes, They can't call that tea and turn

ff

LADY.

No, no, no, no, we must have a Ball, not a Rout, Yes, I will, yes I must have a Ball, not a
No, no, no, &c.
No, no, no, &c.

out, There's nothing like tea and turn out, There's nothing like tea and turn
out, There's nothing, &c.
out, There's nothing, &c.

Rout, not a Rout, To-morrow I'll send the cards out, A Ball, but no tea and turn out, A

out, There's nothing like tea and turn out, There's nothing like tea and turn out, There's

Ball, but no tea and turn out, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

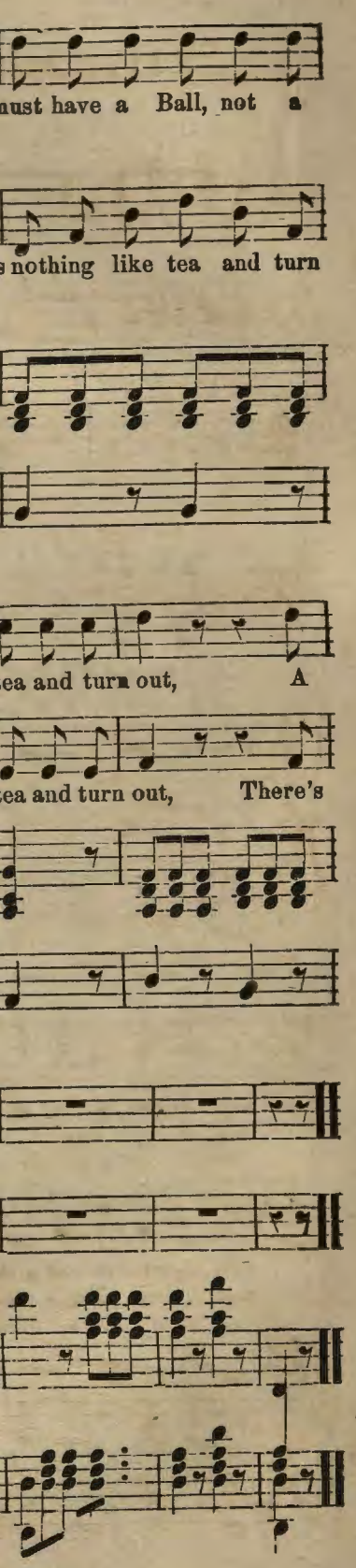
noth - ing like tea and turn out, yes, yes, yes, yes, There's nothing like tea and turn out.

THE

1. The moon is be
2 The ves - per be

we'll a-wake, As
steal - ing, Pro

we'll a-wake, As
steal - ing, Pro



ARCHIVES OF HAWAII

THE MOON IS BEAMING O'ER THE LAKE.

J. Blockley.

Dim.

1. The moon is beam-ing o'er the lake, Come sail in our light ca - noe; Sweet sounds of mu - sic
2 The ves - per bell is peal - ing, From yon - der lone - ly tow'r, Its tones now gent ly

Sweet sounds of mu - sic
Its tones now gent - ly

we'll a-wake, As we glide o'er the wa - ters blue, The moon is beaming o'er the lake, Come sail in our light ca
steal - ing, Pro - claim the ves - per hour, The ves - per bell is peal - ing, From yon - der lone - ly

we'll a-wake, As we glide o'er the wa - ters blue, The moon is beaming o'er the lake, Come sail in our light ca
steal - ing, Pro - claim the ves - per hour, The ves - per bell is peal - ing, From yon - der lone - ly

Cres.

noe; Sweet sounds of mu - sic we'll a - wake, As we glide o'er the wa - ters blue. In our
tow'r, Its tones now gent - ly steal - ing, Pro - - claim the ves - per hour. Sweet

noe; Sweet sounds of mu - sic we'll a - wake, As we glide o'er the wa - ters blue.
tow'r, Its tones now gent - ly steal - ing, Pro - - claim the ves - per hour.

mf

light ca - noe, O - ver the rip - pling sil - ver tide, While free from care,
sounds a - rise, Like one of earth's sweet - est mel - o - dies, Now sad, now gay,

As mer-ry we row, O - ver the rip - pling sil - ver tide, Our
To the tran - quil skies, Like one of earth's sweet - est mel - o - dies, As it

mf *p*

Dim.

As a - way we mer-ri - ly glide,..... ..... The moon is beam - ing o'er the lake, Come
On the wings of the sum - mer breeze ..... The moon, &c.

spi - rits are, As a - way we mer- ri - ly glide,..... The moon is beam-ing o'er the lake, Come
floats a - way On the wings of the sum - mer breeze,..... The moon, &c.

Dim.

Cres.

sail in our light ca - noe; Sweet sounds of mu - sic we'll a - wake, As we glide o'er the wa - ters blue.

sail in our light ca - noe; Sweet sounds of mu - sic we'll a - wake, As we glide o'er the wa ters blue.

mf

Dim.

EVENING SONG TO THE VIRGIN.

Poetry by Mrs. Hemans. **Music by her Sister.**

A - - ve sanc - tis - si - ma, We lift our souls to thee,

A - - ve sanc - tis - si - ma, We lift our souls to thee,

p

O - - ra pro no - - bis, 'Tis night - fall on the sea.

O - - ra pro no - - bis, 'Tis night - fall on the sea.

p

Watch us while shad - ows lie, Far o'er the wa - ters spread.

Watch us while shad - ows lie, Far o'er the wa - ters spread.

Hear the heart's lone - ly sigh, Thine too hath bled.

Hear the heart's lone - ly sigh, Thine too hath bled.

Thou that ha

Thou that ha

Heav'n to Faith, S

Heav'n to Faith, S

wave must rock

wave must rock

Thou that hast l- on Death, Aid us when Death is near. Whis - - per of

Thou that hast look'd on Death, Aid us when Death is near. Whis - - per of

Heav'n to Faith, Sweet Mother, sweet moth - er, hear! O - - - ra pro no - - bis, The

Heav'n to Faith, Sweet Mother, sweet moth - er, hear! O - - - ra pro no - - bis, The

wave must rock our sleep, O - ra Ma - ter o - ra, Star of the Deep.

wave must rock our sleep, O - ra Ma - ter o - ra, Star of the Deep.

ROY'S WIFE,

AND

THOUGH YOU LEAVE ME NOW IN SORROW.

Roy's wife of Al - di - valloch! Roy's wife of Al - di - valloch! Wat ye how she

Though you leave me now in sorrow, Smiles may light our love to - morrow, Doomed to part my

Though I leave thee now in sorrow, Smiles may light our love to - morrow, Doomed to part my

cheated me, As I came o'er the braes of Balloch! She vowed, she swore she wad be mine; She said she lo'ed me

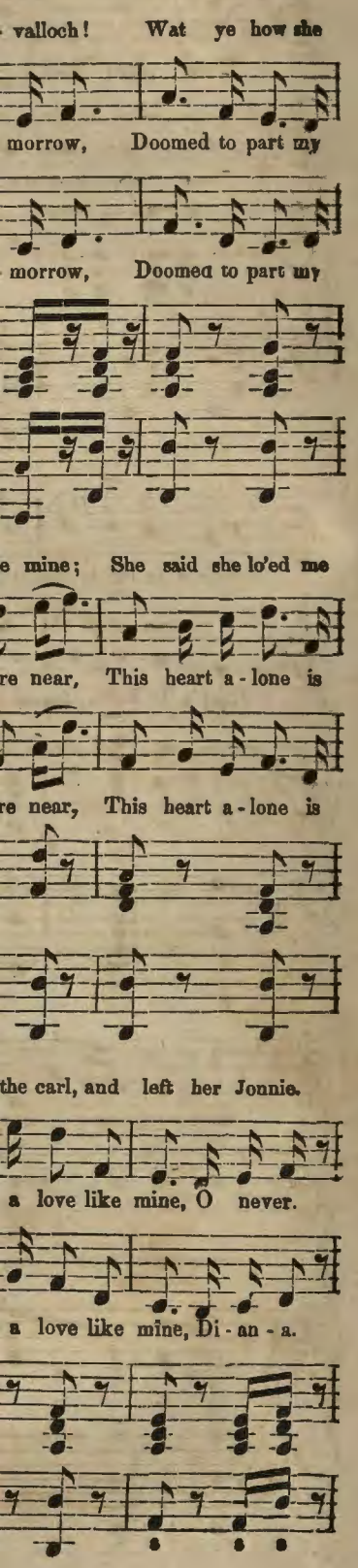
faithful heart, A gleam of joy from hope shall borrow. Ah! ne'er forget when friends are near, This heart a - lone is

faithful heart, A gleam of joy from hope shall borrow. Ah! ne'er forget when friends are near, This heart a - lone is

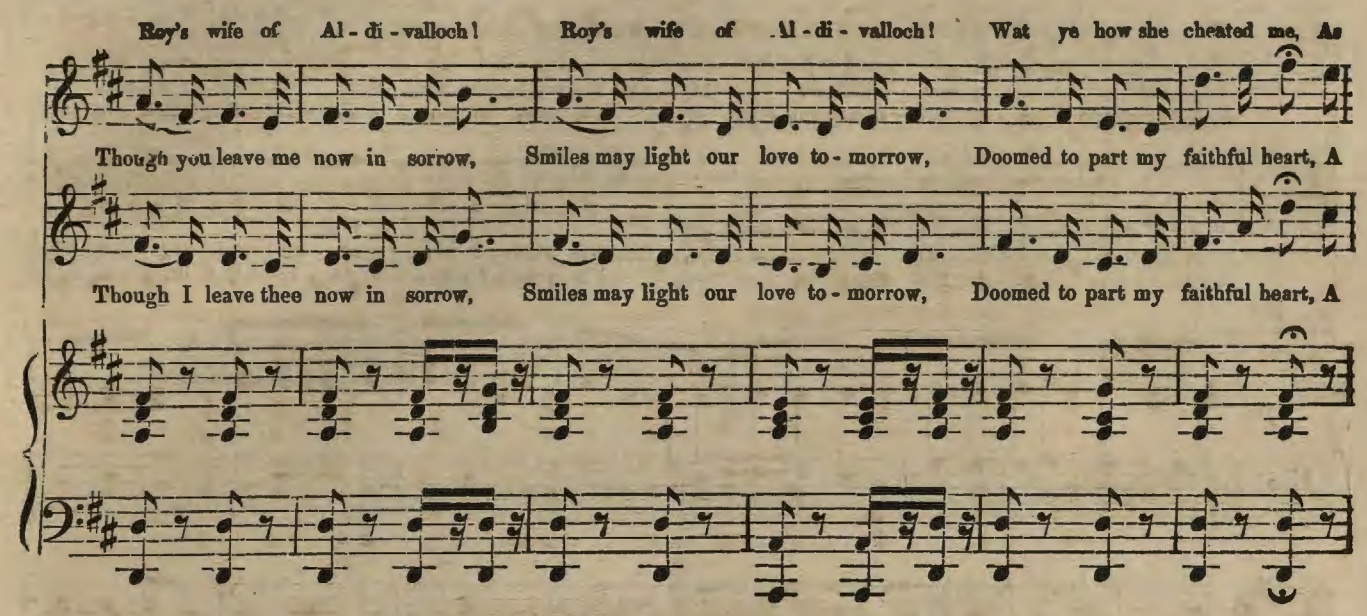
best of o - ny; But ah, the fic - kle, faithless, faithless queen! She's ta'en the carl, and left her Jonnie.

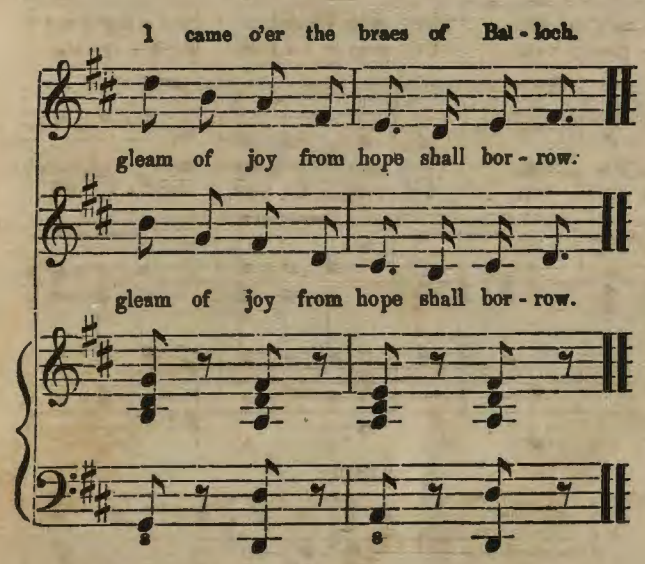
thine for - ev - er, Thou may'st find those will love thee, love thee dear, But not a love like mine, O never.

thine, Di - an - a, Thou may'st find those will love thee, love thee dear, But not a love like mine, Di - an - a.



ROY'S WIFE, AND THOUGH YOU LEAVE ME, Concluded.





2.

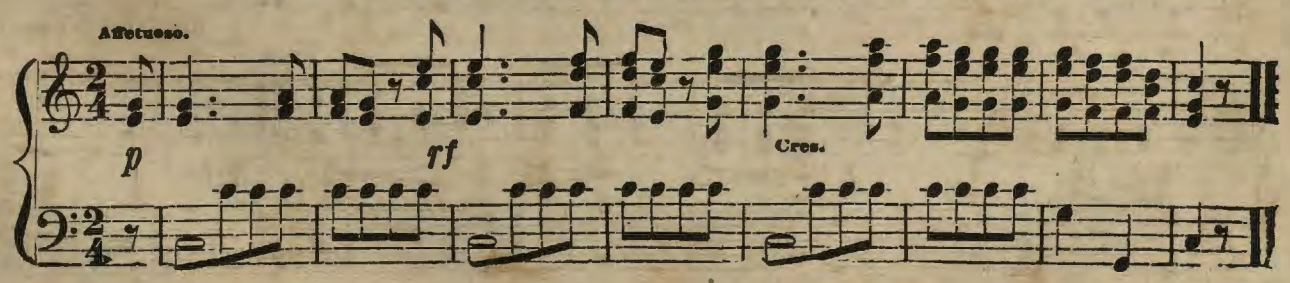
O, she was a canty quean;
Weel could she dance the Highland wallock
How happy I had she been mine,
Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch!
Roy's wife, &c.

3.

Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear,
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie,—
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's forever left her Jonnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

The second and third verses of "Roy's wife" commence at this ✽.

THE LAST LINK IS BROKEN. W. Clifton.



1. The last link is brok - en that bound me to thee, And the words thou hast spok en have rendered me
I have not loved light - ly, I'll think on thee yet, I'll pray for thee night - ly till life's sun is

2. The heart thou hast brok - en once do - ted on thee, And the words I have spok - en prove sor - row to
I have not loved light - ly, I'll think on thee yet, I'll pray for thee night - ly till life's sun is

p

free; That bright glance mis - lead - ing on o - thers may shine, Those eyes smiled un - heed - ing when
set. I have not loved light - ly, I'll think on thee yet, I'll pray for thee night - ly, till

me, O, had'st thou then treasured my thoughts spoken free, Thou could'st not have meas - ured thine
set. I have not loved light - ly, I'll think on thee yet, I'll pray for thee night - ly, till

FINE.

tears burst from mine. If my love was deemed
life's sun is set.

own love to me. But O, thou hast
life's sun is set.

FINE.

f *mf*

bold - ness, that er - ror is o'er, I've wit - nessed thy cold - ness, and prize thee no more.

sor - rowed the heart that was thine, I'll re - turn to thee bor - rowed, the one I thought mine.

p

COME O'ER THE MOONLIT SEA.

Poetry by Charles Jefferys. **Auber.**

Allegretto non Tanto.

f

Primo.

1. O, come o'er the moon - lit sea, Where the
2. All is still, save the ech - oed song, Of I -

8va Loco.

p

waves are bright - ly glow - ing, The winds have sunk to their even - ing rest, And the tide is gent - ly
tal - ia's dark - eyed daugh - ters, Or the dis - tant sound of the boat - man's oar, As it dips in spark - ling

flow - ing,
wa - ters,

Secondo.

Yes I'll roam o'er the moon-lit sea, For the waves are bright - ly glow - ing, The
All is still save the ech - oed song Of I - tal - ia's dark - eyed daugh - ters, Or the

fp

Thy bark is in the
Though bright the morn may

winds are sunk to their eve - ning rest, And the tide is gent - ly flow - ing, My
dis - tant sound of the boat - man's oar, As it dips in spark - ling wa - ters, Though

bay, love,
beam, love,

bark is in
bright the morn

shad - ows o'er
moon - lit waves

shad - ows o'er
moon - lit waves

glow - ing, The wi

glow - ing, The wi

bay, love, It on - ly waits for me, It's sails will throw Their
beam, love, A - long the smil - ing sea, O, dear - er still Are

bark is in the bay, love, It's silk - en sails will throw, love, Their
bright the morn may beam, love, O, dear - er far than morn, love, Are

shad - ows o'er the sea..... I'll come o'er the moon-lit sea, The waves are bright - ly
moon - lit waves to me.....

shad - ows o'er the sea,..... O, come o'er the moon-lit sea, The waves are bright - ly
moon - lit waves to me.....

glow - ing, The winds have sunk to their even - ing rest, The tide is gent - ly flow - ing, The tide is gently

glow - ing, The winds have sunk to their even - ing rest, The tide is gent - ly flow - ing, The tide is gently

flowing, is gent - ly flowing, The tide is gently flow - ing, is gent - ly flowing.

flowing, is gent - ly flowing, The tide is gently flow - ing, is gent - ly flowing.

Adagio. A Tempo. Ad lib. *f*

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

Poetry by Robert Burns. Mendelssohn.

Soprano 1o.

1. O wert thou in the
2. Or were I in the

Soprano 2o.

1. O wert thou in the

Andante. *p*

cauld blast, On yonder lea, On yonder lea, My plaidie to the an - gry airt . . . I'd
wildest waste, Sae black and bare, Sae black and bare, The des - ert were a par - a - dise,..... If

cauld blast, On yonder lea, On yonder lea, My plaidie to the an - gry airt . . . I'd

shel - ter thee,
thou wert there,

shel - ter thee,

round thee
thee to

round thee

share it a'.
be my Queen

share it a'.

flowing.

flowing.

BLAST.

Mendelssohn.

1. O wert thou in the
2. Or were I in the

1. O wert thou in the

an - gry airt . . . I'd
ar - a - dise,..... If

an - gry airt . . . I'd

shel - ter thee, I'd shel-ter thee, Or did misfortune's bit - ter storms A - round thee blaw, A -
thou wert there, If thou wert there. Or were I monarch of the globe, With thee to reign, With

shel - ter thee, I'd shel-ter thee. Or did misfortune's bit - ter storms A - round thee blaw, A -

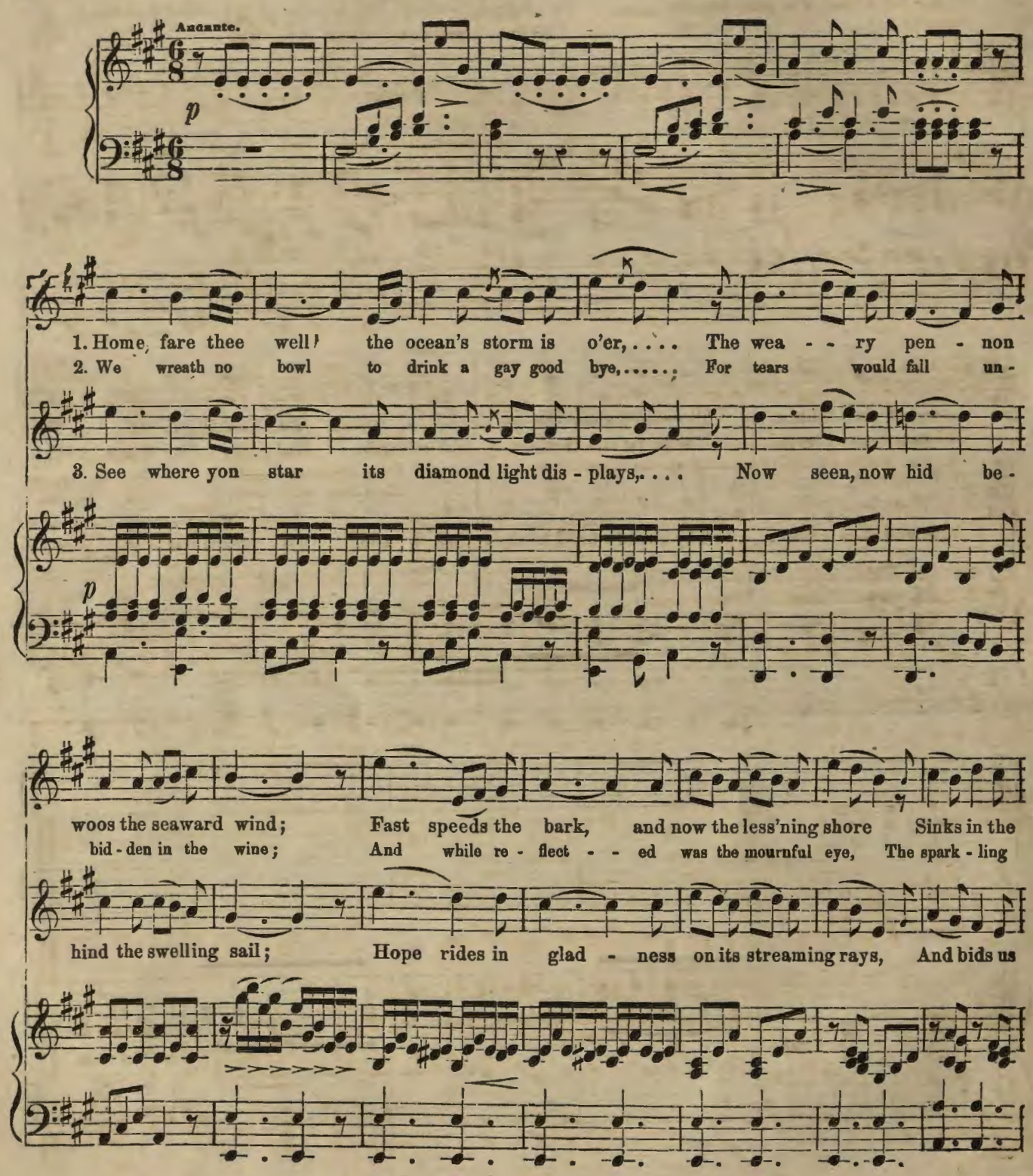
round thee blaw, Thy shie'd should be my bo - som, To share it a', To
thee to reign, The bright - est jew - el in my crown, Wad be my Queen, Wad

round thee blaw, Thy shield should be my bo - som, To share it a', To

share it a'.
be my Queen.

share it a'.

OUR WAY ACROSS THE SEA.



wave, with those we left be - hind. Fare thee well! Land of the free;
sur - - face e'en would cease to shine. Then fare thee well! Fare - well once more; The
3. Then hope we bend, In joy to thee;

on, . . . and bribes the fav'ring gale. Then hope we bend in joy to

No tongue can tell the love I bear to thee. Fare thee well! Land of the
o - - cean's swell Now hides my na - tive shore. Then fare thee well! Fare - well once
And care - less wend our way a - cross the sea. Then hope we bend, In joy to

thee; And careless wend our way a - cross the sea. Then hope we bend

free, No tongue can tell, the love I bear to thee.
more, The o - cean's swell now hides my na - tive shore.
thee, And care - less wend our way a - cross the sea.

In joy to thee, And careless wend our way a - cross the sea.

Ad lib.

MUSIC AT NIGHTFALL.

Words by C. J. Jefferys. S. Nelson.

Poco Allegretto Delicatezza. Cres. Dim.

Prime. Seconde.

1. I hear not a footfall, There is not a tone; O, greet thou mine ear With a song of thine own. There
2. The song that hath cheered me Shall nev-er de - part, Though it pass from the ear It will dwell in the heart. In

Cres.

is not a footfall, Nor voice save thine own, But nev-er seemed music So sweet in its tone
sunshine or sadness, In good or in ill, The heart thou hast welcomed Shall beat for thee still. To

Prime.

Secondo. A piacere.

Pour thy dear mel-o-dy Lightly a - long; Love wakes the lay, And my heart's in the song.
list to thy mu-sic I'd leave the gay throng; Love wakes, &c.

Colla voce.

A tempo.

What has earth

A tempo.

What has earth

A tempo.

love.

love.

Cres.

Adagio.

lips that

Adagio.

lips that

Adagio.

Dim. *f*

Seconds.

a song of thine own. There
ill dwell in the heart. In

Cres.

Prime.

sweet in its tone
beat for thee still. To

acere.

art's in the song.

a voce.

MUSIC AT NIGHTFALL, Concluded

A tempo.

What has earth dear - er in pa - lace or grove, Than music at nightfall From lips that we

A tempo.

What has earth dear - er in pa - lace or grove, Than music at nightfall From lips that we

A tempo.

love. Mu - sic at nightfall, Mu - sic at nightfall From

love. Mu-sic at nightfall, Mu - sic at nightfall From

Cres.

Adagio.

lips that we love.

Adagio.

lips that we love.

Adagio.

mf A tempo.

ff

THE PASSAGE BIRD'S FAREWELL.

Andante Sostenuto. — Mendelssohn

1. Ah, once how fair..... both wood and lawn, But now so dull..... the world has grown! 'Tis gone, the joy - ous sum-mer time, And sor - ry win - ter sends its rime,..... Tis gone, the joy - ous sum - mer time,..... And sor-ry win - ter sends his rime.

2. birds,..... our sorrow's come; The leaves are gone,..... we have no home; To seek one 'neath a warm - er sky, We far a - way from here must fly,..... We far a - way from here must fly,..... To seek a home 'neath warm-er sky, We far a

1. Ah, once how fair..... both wood and lawn, But now so dull..... the world has grown! 'Tis gone, the joy - ous sum-mer time, And sor - ry win - ter sends its rime,..... 'Tis gone, the joy - ous sum - mer time,..... And sor-ry win - ter sends his rime.

Cres. — Coda to 2d verse. — Cres.

Mendelssohn

dull..... the world has
gone,..... we have no
dull..... the world has

rime,..... Tis gone, the
fly,..... We far a-
rime,..... 'Tis gone, the

Coda to 2d verse.

s his rime.
n-er sky, We far a
s his rime.

Cres.

Fine.

way from here must fly.....

With verdant shel - ter every where we knew not

Fine.

Dim.

p

The sun shone clear, we sang a - way In mirth and joy the live - long

sad - ness, had no care, The sun shone clear, we sang a - way In mirth and joy the live - long

day, In mirth and joy the livelong day..... Now we poor

Cres.

day, The sun shone clear, we sang a - way, Now we poor

Cres.

p

WHAT FAIRY-LIKE MUSIC.

Words by Mrs. C. B. Wilson. J. De-Pinna.

1. What fai - ry - like music steals o - ver the
2. The winds are all hushed, and the waters at

Graziozo. *p* *p*

sea, Entranc - ing the sen - ses with charmed mel - o - dy. What fai - ry - like mu - sic steals
rest; They sleep like the pas - sions in in - fan - cy's breast. The winds are all hushed, and the

What fai - ry - like mu - sic steals

o - ver the sea, En - trancing the sen - ses with charmed mel - o - dy? 'Tis the voice of the
wa - ters at rest; They sleep like the passions in in - fan - cy's breast. Till storms shall un -

o - ver the sea, En - trancing the sen - ses with charmed mel - o - dy? 'Tis the voice of the

mermaid, that fl
chain them from

mermaid, that fl

voice of the
storms shall un

voice of the

Poco Cres.

gon - do - lier's
soul and the

gon - do - lier's

mermaid, that floats o'er the main, As she mingles her song with the gon - do - lier's strain. 'Tis the
chain them from out their dark cave, And break the re - pose of the soul and the wave. 'Till

mermaid, that floats o'er the main, As she mingles her song with the gon - do - lier's strain. 'Tis the

voice of the mermaid that floats o'er the main, As she mingles her song with the
storms shall un - chain them from out their dark cave, And break the re - pose of the

voice of the mermaid that floats o'er the main, As she mingles her song with the

p

Poco Cres.

gon - do - lier's strain.
soul and the wave.

gon - do - lier's strain.

f *p*

WHILE THUS AROUND JOY HOVERS.

DUET FROM THE OPERA OF "LA FAVORITA."

Donizetti.

Larghetto.

pp

Alfonso.

While thus around joy hovers to delight thee, Art thou not glad in mo - ments but so brief;

pp

Dolce.

When love and hope smile up - on and in - vite thee, An - gel of love, why fall those

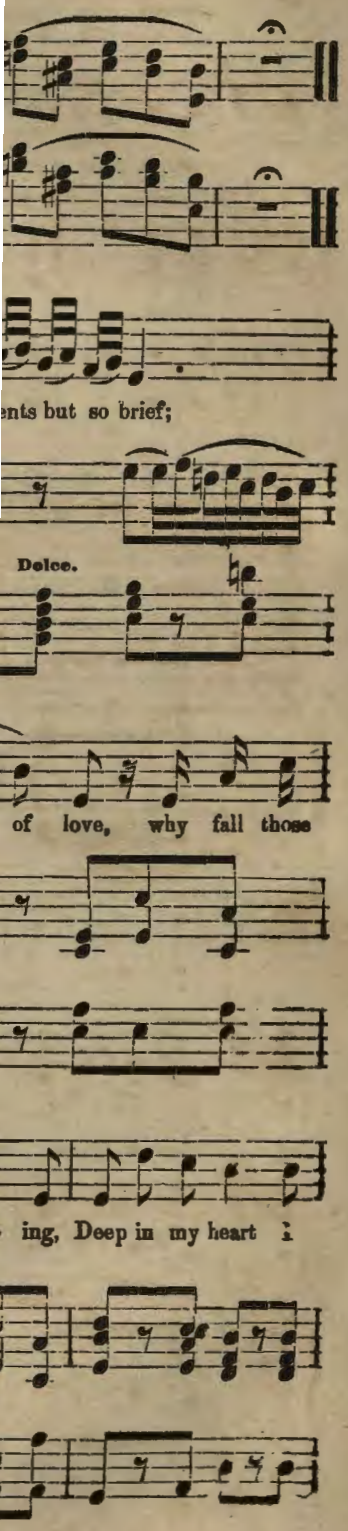
tears of grief? Speak not of joy, for I know not the feel - ing, Deep in my heart i

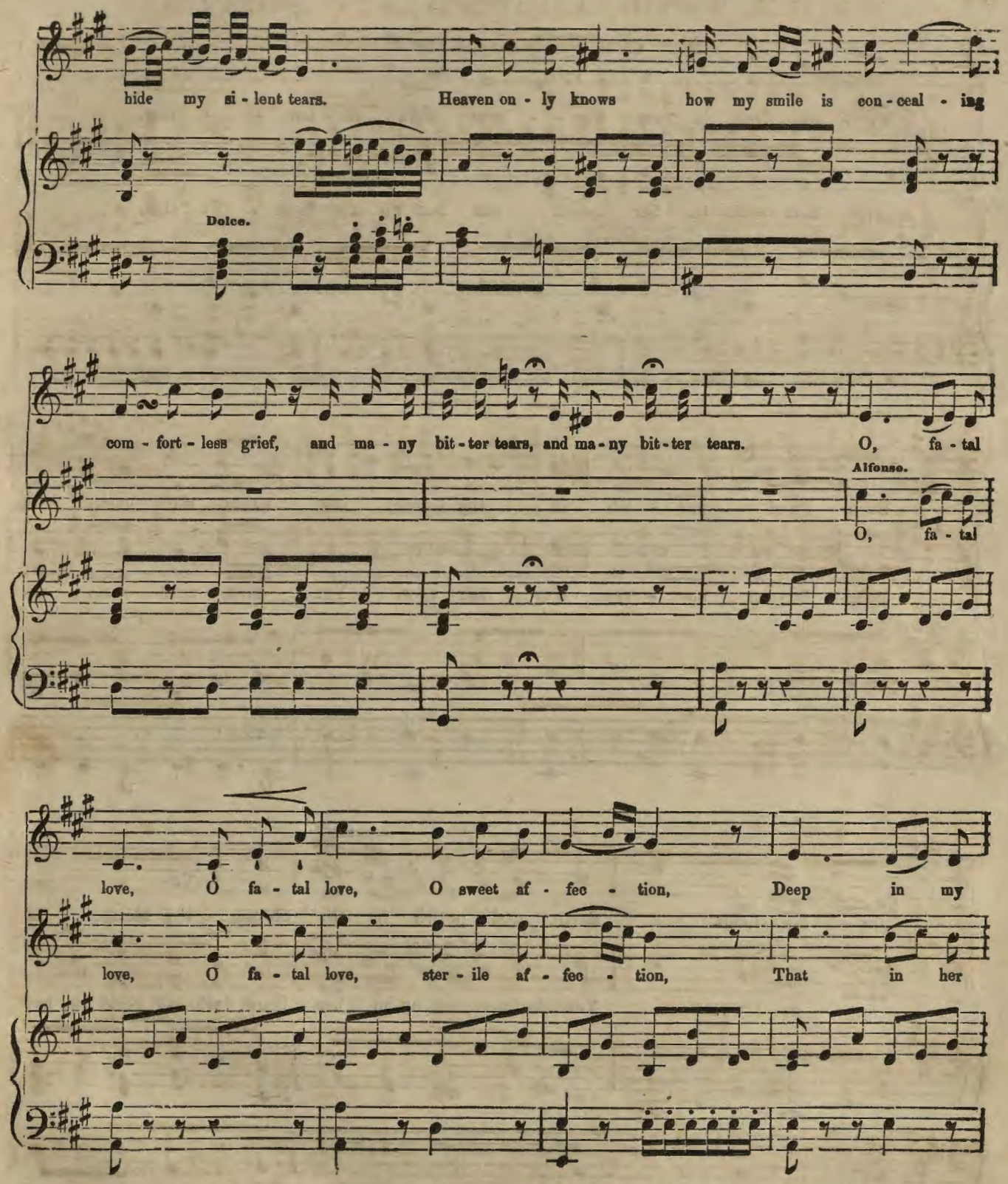
Leonora.

8va

Loco.

Donizetti.


ents but so brief;
Dolce.
of love, why fall those
ing, Deep in my heart


hide my si - lent tears. Heaven on - ly knows how my smile is con - ceal - ing
Dolce.
com - fort - less grief, and ma - ny bit - ter tears, and ma - ny bit - ter tears. O, fa - tal
Alfonso.
O, fa - tal
love, O fa - tal love, O sweet af - fec - tion, Deep in my
love, O fa - tal love, ster - ile af - fec - tion, That in her

bo - som, deep in my bo - - som shun de - tec - - tion.

heart, that still in her heart can find no re - flec - - tion.

Burn and per - ish in thy bloom, As burns the lamp with-

Bright fortune hov - ers o'er her now, Yet dark - ness rests up-

in a tomb. Burn and perish in thy bloom, thy bloom, As

on her brow. Yet darkness rests up-on her brow, darkness rests on her

burns the lamp in the tomb. within the tomb, within the

brow, darkness rests on her brow, yes, darkness rests upon her brow.

tomb, As burns the lamp within the tomb. with - - - -

Yet darkness rests on her brow, dark - - -

- - in . . . the tomb, with - in the tomb.....

- - - - - ness up - on her brow.....

pp

HEAR ME, NORMA.

FROM THE OPERA OF NORMA

Words by Ch. Jefferys. Arranged by S. Nelson.

Andantino.

p Cres.

Adalgisa.

Hear me, Nor - ma, in pi - ty hear me, I would fain dispel thy dark des - pair; At thy

f

feet behold thy children kneeling, Can ..... a mother's heart re-ject their prayer, When the heart is cold that should have

Norma.

mf Dim. *p*

che - rish'd Ev'ry hope of joy it falsely gave; Would'st thou have me live Ah no! thou would'st not, my on - ly

ged by S. Nelson.

ark des - pair; At thy

Norma.

n the heart is cold that should have

would'st not, my on - ly

Un Poco Meno.

Hear me Nor-ma, hear me Nor - ma, I im - plore thee, I im

ha - ven, a - las! is but the grave. Ah, in vain you thus im - plore me, Time can

- - plore thee, I im - plore thee. O he shall feel who caus'd thy an - guish, How

not my joys re - store me. Yet could he feel who caus'd my an - guish, How

mf *p*

deep hath been thy si - lent sor - row, And re - pen - tant, he shall languish at..... thy

deep hath been my si - lent sor - row, Then re - pen - tant, he would languish at..... my

HEAR ME, NORMA. Continued.

feet ere dawns..... the morrow, bles-sed hope, bles-sed hope thy peace re-store,..... And

feet ere dawns..... the morrow, bles-sed hope, bles-sed hope thy peace re-store,..... And

joy,..... joy shall beam no more.

joy,..... joy shall beam no more.

ALLEGRO.

ALLEGRO.

f

Still in our fond hearts one bright hope is beat-ing, Friendship shall blossom tho' love's star be fleet-ing, Be thou but

Still in our fond hearts one bright hope is beat-ing, Friendship shall blossom tho' love's star be fleet-ing, Be thou but

p

faith-ful, and I

faith-ful, and I

hear thee Thus

- - gain,

mine; O

faith-ful, and I will still cher-ish Hope that shall fade not 'till life it-self per-ish; O what joy to

faith-ful, and I will still cher-ish Hope that shall fade not 'till life it-self per-ish:

hear thee Thus cher-ish hope a-gain, O what joy to hear thee Thus cher-ish hope a-

Thou a-lone hast taught me, Des-pair is worse than pain, Hope, sweet hope is

-gain, O what joy, Oh, Thro' clouds ..... of

mine; O what joy, O what joy, Thro' clouds ..... of

sad-ness, The sun of joy ap - pears; How bright..... the gladness That

sad-ness, The sun of joy ap - pears; How bright..... the gladness That

Cres.

shin - eth thro' our tears, Yes, joy..... is mine, joy is

shin - eth thro' our tears, Yes, joy..... is mine, joy is

f

mine, joy is mine, joy is mine.....

mine, joy is mine, joy is mine.....

Cres.

ff

ff

WHEN

Allegretto

mf

moonlight o'er the

leave thy moun - tain

first the glow-worm

sing the old - en

WHEN NIGHT COMES O'ER THE PLAIN.

S. Nelson.

Allegretto E Delicatezza.

Cresc.

1st. Voice.

1. When Night comes o'er the plain, And moonlight o'er the sea, Oh! meet me once a - gain, Where oft I've welcom'd thee. When first the glow-worm's ray, Il - lumes the verdant lea, I'll leave my lone - ly way, And

2. At ev' - ning's qui - et hour, O leave thy moun - tain home, And seek thy peace - ful bow'r, To which we used to roam I'll sing the old - en songs, long neglect - ed lays, Whose brightest theme be longs To

mf *ff* *p*

2nd. Voice.

WHEN NIGHT COMES O'ER THE PLAIN, Continued.

1st. Voice, 8.

wander forth with thee. How dear is ev' - ry spot, Where oft in youth we stray'd. The

Youth's de - part - ed days, How dear, &c.

Cres. Dim.

The tree whose branches hung, A

mountain and the cot, The streamlet and the glade. The tree whose branches hung, A

Ritard.

bove the flow - ing rill, Up - on whose banks we sung, The songs that haunt me still.

bove the flow - ing rill, Up - on whose banks we sung, The songs that haunt me still. The

Ritard.

2nd. Verse

in youth we stray'd. The

se branches hung, A

ose branches hung, A

Ritard.

at haunt me still.

at haunt me still. The

Ritard.

A - bove the flow - ing rill, Up - on whose banks we sung, The

tree whose branches hung, A - bove the flow - ing rill, The

songs that haunt me still, The tree whose branches hung A - bove the flow - ing rill, Up -

songs that haunt me still, The tree whose branches hung A - bove the flow - ing rill, Up -

on whose banks we sung, The songs that haunt me still.

on whose banks we sung, The songs that haunt me still.

mf *p*

MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT'.

Arranged by R. Shrva.

Allegretto.

1. Meet me by moonlight a - lone,..... And then I will tell you a
2. Daylight may do for the gay,..... The thoughless, the heartless, the

1. Meet me by moonlight a - lone, yes, a - lone, I will
2. Daylight may do for the gay, The thoughtless, the

tale,..... Must be told by the moon-light a - lone,..... In the grove at the
free,..... But there's some-thing a - bout the moon's ray,..... That is sweet - er to

tell you a tale, Must be told when a - lone in the
heartless, the free, There is something a - bout the moon's

end of the vale..... You must promise to come, for I said..... I would shew the night flowers their
you and to me..... O, re - mem-ber, be sure to be there..... For though dearly a moonlight I

grove at the end of the vale. I promise to come, I will
ray that is sweeter to me. Yes, I will be there, A

Queen..... Nay, turn not a - way that sweet head ..... 'Tis the love - li - est e - ver was seen.....
prize..... I care not for all in the air..... If I want the sweet light of your eyes.....

show them their Queen. Turn not a - way that sweet head, 'Tis the love - li - est ev - er was
moonlight I prize. I care not for all in the air, If I want the sweet light of your

..... O, meet me by moonlight a - lone.. ..... Meet me by moonlight a - lone.....
..... So, meet me, &c.

seen. Yes, I'll meet thee, I'll meet thee by moonlight a - lone.
eyes. Yes, I'll meet thee, &c.

IV'E WANDERED IN DREAMS.

J. A. Wade.

GENT. SOLO.

I've wander'd in dreams to the moon-light's home, In fancy I've been where a thought could roam; I've bliss-ful - ly gaz'd on the

LADY. SOLO.

I've dreamt a - bout E - den's bliss - ful bow'rs, And breath'd the sighing of heav'n's own flow'rs, I've heard the wild songs of the

p

dew - y smiles, Of the maidens that dwell in the star - ry Isles; And have waken'd from slum - ber

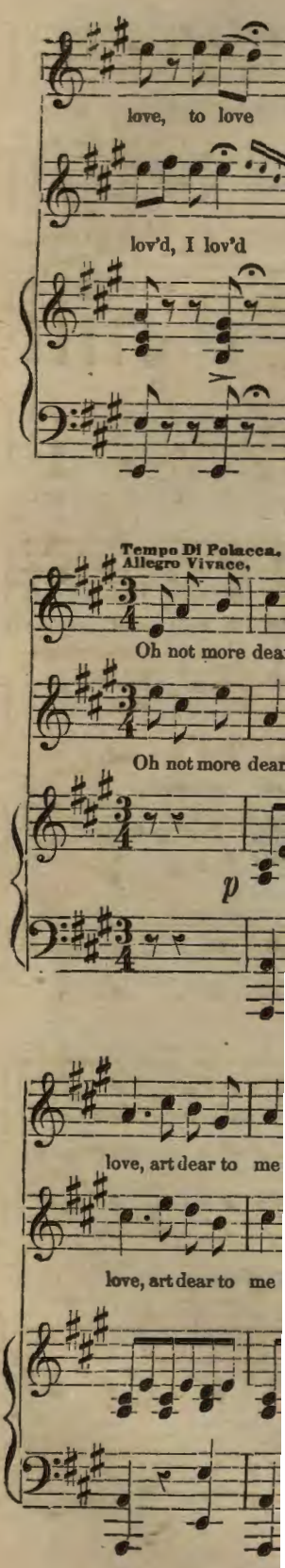
Pa - ra-dise birds, But e - ven in sleeping, the mem - 'ry of words Once spok - en by thee, came

Colla voce.

pure and free, From their ai - ry charms to love but thee, To love, to love, to

sweet on mine ear, And the mu - sic around me no more would I hear, No more, no more I

p



Return to for Ladies Solo. 1st. Voice.

love, to love but thee! I lov'd but thee, I lov'd but thee, I lov'd but thee

2nd. Voice.

lov'd, I lov'd but thee! I lov'd but thee, I lov'd but thee, I lov'd but thee!

Tempo Di Polacca. Allegro Vivace.

Oh not more dear the honied flow'rs, Just blown at morning to the bee, Or to the garden summer show'rs, Than thou my

Oh not more dear the honied flow'rs, Just blown at morning to the bee, Or to the garden summer show'rs, Than thou my

p

love, art dear to me: No not more dear the honied flow'rs, Just blown at morning to the bee, Or to the garden summer

love, art dear to me: No not more dear the honied flow'rs, Just blown at morning to the bee, Or to the garden summer

show'rs, Than thou my love, art dear to me, Art dear to me, art dear to me, art

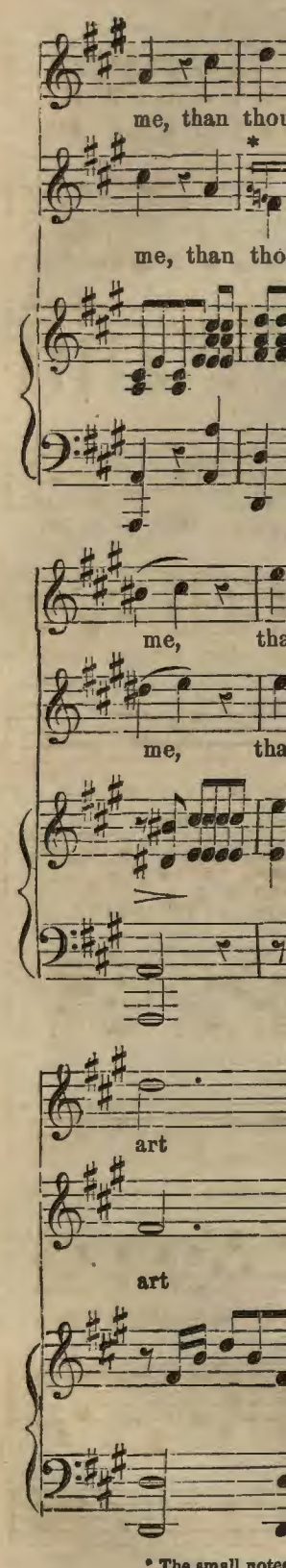
show'rs, Than thou my love, art dear to me, Art dear to me, art dear to

dear to me, art dear to me, to me, to me, to me, to me, art dear to me, Oh! not more

me, art dear to me, art dear to me, to me, to me, to me, art dear to me. . . .

dear the honied flow'rs, Just blown at morning to the bee; Or to the garden summer show'rs, Than thou, my love art dear to

Or to the garden summer show'rs, Than thou, my love art dear to



* The small notes

me, than thou, my love art dear to me, than thou, my love art dear to

me, than thou, my love art dear to me, than thou, my love art dear to

me, than thou, my love art dear to me, art dear to me,

me, than thou, my love art dear to me, art dear to me,

f

art dear, art . . . . . dear to me.

tr

art dear, art . . . . . dear to me.

tr

Cadenza ad lib.

* The small notes are Mr. Braham's embellishments

WHEN A LITTLE FARM WE KEEP.

J. Massinghi.

Lively.

f *p* *rf*

Christopher.

When a lit - tle farm we keep, And have lit - tle girls and boys, With lit - tle

p

pigs and sheep, To make a lit - tle noise,— O, what hap - py, merry days we'll see!

Ulrica.

O, what happy, merry days we'll see. Then we'll keep a lit - tle maid, And a lit - tle man be-

side; And a l

knee, With

see, With

see, With

J. Massinghi.

rf

and boys, With lit - tle

rry days we'll see!

- tle maid, And a lit - tle man be-

side; And a lit - tle horse and pad To take a lit - tle ride: With the children sitting on our

knee, With the children sitting, sitting on our knee, Oh! what happy, merry days we'll

Christopher.

Oh! what happy, merry days we'll

see, With the children sitting on our knee.

see, With the children sitting on our knee. The

f

The girls I'll instruct, In

boys I'll conduct, In reading I'll engage Each son is not de - ficient,

music I presage, Each girl is a proficient.

8va

f *p*

Now girl your sol mi fa,

Now boy your B A Ba, Now boy your B A Ba,

Loco. 8va

Do re mi fa..... ..... mi

You pret - ty, pretty boy, Now mind your B A

fa..... mi fa do mi do

Ba. I'll tell you a pret - ty sto - ry If you'll mind your B A Ba. Little Jack Horner

fa do sol do la fa do mi do fa do

sat in a cor - ner, Eating a Christmas pie; He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum, Saying

sol me fa la si do re mi fa sol la.....

what a good boy was I. Pretty lit - tle boy, Now mind your B A

p

.....Now Girl, now mind your la sol fa, Do mi

1st time.

Ba, Now mind your B A Ba, Now mind your B A Ba. Little Jack Horner

1st time.

1st time.

fa do sol do la fa do mi do fa do

sat in a cor - ner, Eating a Christmas pie; He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum, Saying

2d time.

sol mi fa. When a lit - tle farm we keep, Oh! what merry days we'll

2d time.

what a good boy was Ba. When a lit - tle farm we keep, Oh! what merry days we'll

2d time.

fp

see, what happy, what merry, what mer - ry days, what hap - py days, What

see, what happy, what merry, what mer - ry days, what hap - py days, What

happy days we'll see, What happy days we'll see, What merry days we'll see.

happy days we'll see, What happy days we'll see, What merry days we'll see.

THE MESSENGER BIRD.

Poetry by Mrs. Hemans. Music by her Sister.

Thou art come from the spirit's land, thou bird! Thou art come from the spirit's land, Thro' the

Thou art come from the spirit's land, thou bird! Thou art come from the spirit's land, Thro' the

dark pine grove let thy voice be heard, And tell of the shadowy band, tell of the shad-ow-y band.

dark pine grove let thy voice be heard, And tell of the shadowy band, tell of the shad-ow-y band.

Sym.

p

We know that the bow'rs are green and fair, In the light of that sum - mer shore, And we

We know that the bow'rs are green and fair, In the light of that sum - mer shore, And we

Espr.

know that the friends we have lost are there, they are there, they are there, And they weep no more.

know that the friends we have lost are there, they are there, And they weep no more.

D.C. Sym.

Molto Espress.

Sf *pp*

But tell us, but tell us, Tell us thou bird of the sol - emn strain, Can those who have lov'd forget? We call and they

Sf *pp*

But tell us, but tell us, Tell us thou bird of the sol - emn strain, Can those who have lov'd forget? We call and they

answer not again, We call and they answer not again, Oh! say do they love us yet? do they love us yet? do they love us yet?

answer not again, We call and they answer not again, Oh! say do they love us yet? do they love us yet? do they love us yet?

Minor. Major.

We call them far through the si - lent night, And they speak not from cave nor hill, We know thou bird, that their

We call them far through the si - lent night, And they speak not from cave nor hill, We know thou bird, that their

land is bright, But say, oh! say do they love there still? do they love there still? do they love there still?

land is bright, But say, oh! say do they love there still? do they love there still? do they love there still?

Andante mosso.

1. { O! lov'd I
Yes lov'd I

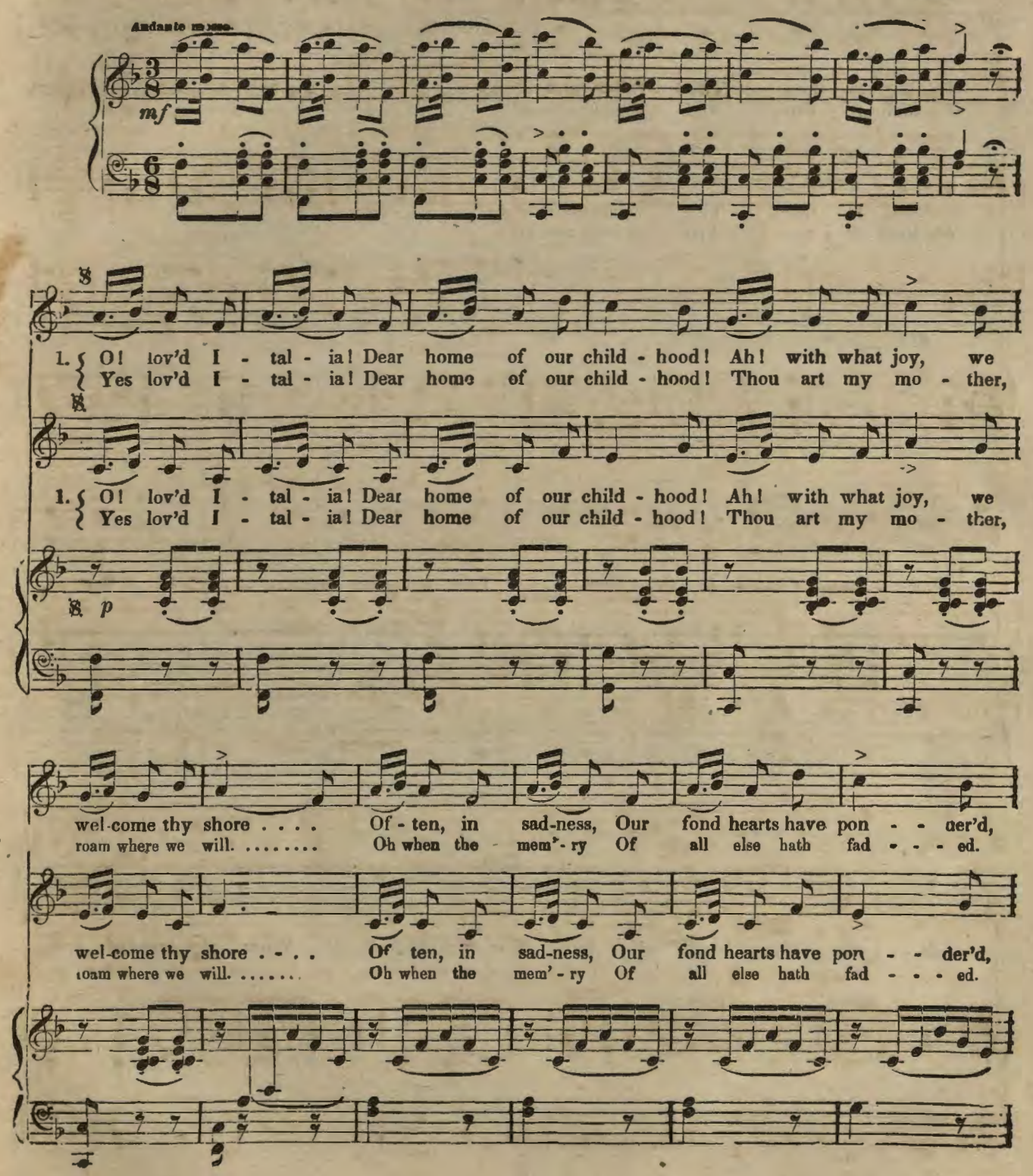
1. { O! lov'd I
Yes lov'd I

wel-come thy shor
roam where we will.

wel-come thy shor
roam where we will.

O! LOV'D ITALIA

Verdi.



Rall. 1st. Tempo.

Sigh-ing to tread Thy valleys once more. As we behold thee, Still calm-y
We shall re - vere, And cherish thee still.

1st.

Sigh-ing to tread Thy valleys once more.
We shall re - vere, And cherish thee still.

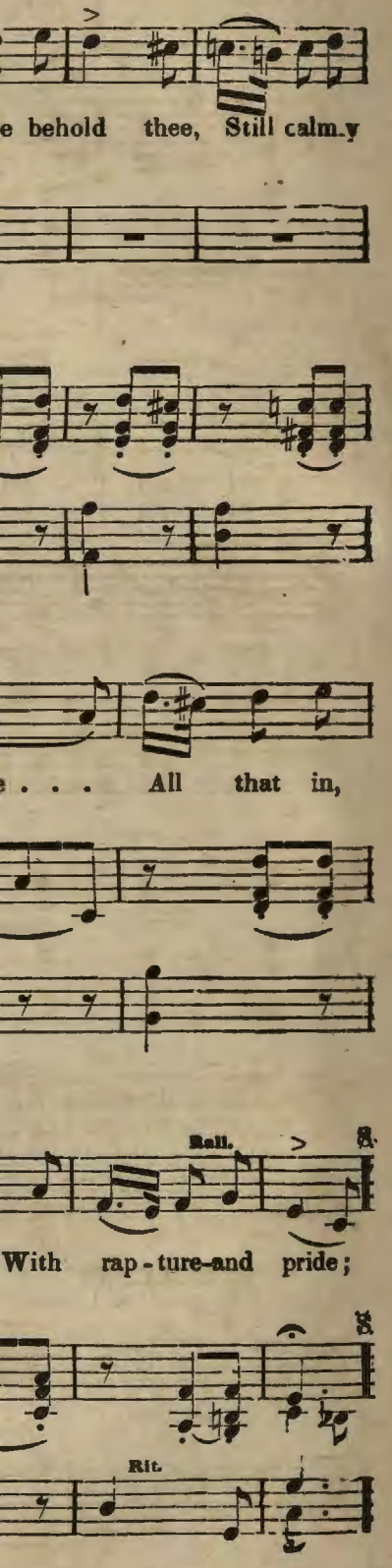
Rit. 1st. Tempo.

glow - ing, Cloth'd in thy beau-ty, Like some fair bride . . . All that in,

Rall.

ab - - sence, Warm-ly we pic - tur'd, Now, fills each breast With rap-ture-and pride;

Rit.



2nd. Tempo.

still. O! lov'd I - tal - - ia! Dear home of child - hood! We shall re -

still. O! lov'd I - tal - - ia! Dear home of child - hood! We shall re -

1st. 2nd. tempo.

vere thee, And cherish thee still; . . cher-ish thee still; O! lov'd . . I -

1st. 2nd. Rall. tempo.

vere thee, And cherish thee still; . . cher-ish thee still;

1st. 2nd. Tempo.

Rit.

Rall.

- tal - - ia! O! lov'd I - tal - - ia!

O! lov'd I - tal - - ia!

Ritard.

Rit.

"LA CI DAREM."

"NAY, BID ME NOT RESIGN, LOVE."

Mozart.

Don Giovanni.

Andante.

Nay, bid me not re - sign, love, Coldly, the hand I press, Oh! say thou wilt be mine love, Breathe

Zerlina.

but that one word "Yes," I would and yet I would not, I feel my heart misgive, Shouldst

thou prove false, I could not Be - come thy scorn and live, Be - come thy scorn and live;

Don G. **Zer.** **Don G.**

Come then, oh come then dear-est; Yet should thy fond - ness al-ter, Nay love, in vain thou

ZER. G.

fear - est; Still, still this heart will fal-ter, this heart will falter, this heart will falter; Come then

p

ZER. G.

come then! Nay bid me not resign love; I would, and yet I would not, Oh say thou wilt be

ZER. G. ZER.

mine; I feel my heart mis - give, Nay love, in vain thou fear'st, I . . . . feel my heart mis -

give, Yet should thy fond - ness al - ter, Still, still this heart will

Come then, oh come then dear - est, Nay love in vain thou fearest;

mf *p* *mf* *p*

Mozart.

Oh! say thou wilt be mine love, Breathe

my heart misgive, Shouldst

e thy scorn and live;

Don G.

Nay love, in vain thou

mf

fal - ter, this heart will fal - ter, this heart will fal - ter; I come;

Oh come, then come

Allegro.

Yes, hand and heart u - nit - ing, Each oth - er's vows re - quit - ing, Our joy no

Yes, hand and heart u - nit - ing, Each oth - er's vows re - quit - ing, Our joy no

Allegro.

1st. 2nd.

bounds shall know. Yes, know.

1st. 2nd.

bounds shall know. Yes, know. Oh come.

1st. 2nd.

I come.

e, then come

g, Our joy no

, Our joy no

Oh come.

I come. I come. Our

Oh come. Our

joy no bounds shall know. Our joy no bounds shall know. Our

joy no bounds shall know. Our joy no bounds shall know. Our

joy no bounds shall know.

joy no bounds shall know.

SPEED, MY BARK, O, GENTLY SPEED THEE.

Neukomm.

Allegretto.

1st Voice.

Speed, my Bark! O, gent - ly speed thee, where - so - e'er the

2nd Voice.

Speed, my Bark! O, gent - ly speed thee, where - so - e'er the

soft tides lead thee! O'er the silver stream careering Where the graceful Swan is veering, Speed, my

soft tides lead thee! O'er the silver stream, the silver stream careering, Speed, my

Bark! O, gent - - - ly speed thee, Where - - - so - e'er . . . . the soft tides lead thee!

Bark! O, gent - - - ly speed thee, Where - - - so - e'er . . . . the soft tides lead thee!

PEED THEE.

Neukomm.

ee, where - so - e'er the

ee, where - so - e'er the

p

l Swan is veering, Speed, my

p

tream careering, Speed, my

p

. the soft tides lead thee!

. the soft tides lead thee!

mf

By the moonlight's gracious beamin ,By the golden stars' bright

p

gleam-ing, Speed, my Bark! O, gent - ly

O! 'tis sweet this course unaided, When the scorching day has faded! Speed, my Bark! O, gent - ly

p

speed thee, where - so - e'er the soft tides lead thee! Speed, my Bark! O,

speed thee, where - so - e'er the soft tides lead thee! Speed my

1st.

gent - - ly speed thee, where - - so - e'er . . the soft tides lead thee!

Bark! O, speed thee, where - so - e'er . . the soft tides lead thee!

f 2nd voice.

Let the world its strife pur -

f

p

Nought to-night shall

p

su - - - - ing, Some up - - raise and oth - ers ru - in! Nought to-night shall

pp

Continued.

1st.

tides lead thee!

tides lead thee!

f

world its strife pur -

p

Nought to-night shall

p

n - in! Nought to-night shall

pp

give me sor-row; Come re - pose un - til the mor - row! Earth with all . . . . . its cares . . . . and

give me sor-row; Come re - pose un - til the mor - row! Earth with all . . . . . its cares . . . . and

f *mf*

seem - ing, Dies a - way in fair - y dream - ing: O! that here my life devoting, I might rest, thus

seem - ing, Dies a - way in fair - y dream - ing:

f

2nd. *pp*

lightly float . . . . . ing, lead . . . . . thee!

2nd.

lead . . . . . thee!

2nd.

BACK TO OUR MOUNTAINS.

Translated by T. T. Barker. Verdi.

Tutto a mezza voce.
AZUCENA.

Yes, heav-y woes and fa-tigue op-press me, Clos-ing my
Si; la stan-chez-za m'op-pri-me, o fi-glio al-la qui

Andantino.

eyes, I to sleep ad-dress me; But should that dark pile rise up be-fore thee, With flames as-
-e-te io chiudo il ci-glio Ma, se del ro-go ar-de si ve-da L'or-ri-da

f p f

MAN.

cend-ing, wake me a-gain. Re-pose, oh, moth-er; may Heav'n watch-ing
fiam-ma, de-stami al-lor. Ri-po-sa, o ma-dre; Id-di-o con-

8va.

Leggierissimo.

o'er thee, Send thee bright vis-ions, sooth-ing thy pain.
-ce da men tri-sti im-ma-gi-ni al tuo cor.

Cres.

f pp

Verdi.

- press me, Clos - ing my
o fi - glio al - la qui

be - fore thee, With flames as -
si ve - da L'or - ri - da

may Heav'n watch - ing
Id - di - o con - -

ing thy pain.
al tuo cor.

AZU.

Back to our mountains, Our steps re - trac - ing, There, peace and
Ai no - stri mon - ti ri - tor - ne - re - mo l'an - ti - ca

qui - et once more em - brac - ing, Songs thou wilt sing me, with lute at - tend - ing, Sweet dreams shall
pa - ce i - vi go - dre - mo! tu can - te - ra - i sul tuo li - u - to, in son - no

MAN.

vis - it our sleep as of yore. Re - pose, oh! moth - - er, si - lent - ly bend - ing
pla - ci - do io dor - mi - ro. Ri - po - sa, o ma - - dre; io prono e mu - - to

8va.

Dolciss.

AZU.

O'er thee, my spir - - it heav'nward shall soar. Lov'd songs thou'lt sing me, thy soft lute, aid
la mente al cie - - - lo ri - vol - ge - ro. Tu can - - te - ra - i sul tu - o li -

lending Sweet dreams shall visit our sleep as of yore. Lov'd songs thou'lt sing me, thy soft lute aid lending, Sweet dreams shall
- u - to in son - no pla - ci - do io dor - mi - ro tu can - te - ra - i sul tu - o - li - u - to in son-no

My soul with de - vo - tion heav'nward shall soar. My soul with de -
La men - te al cie - lo ri - vol - ge - ro. La men-te in

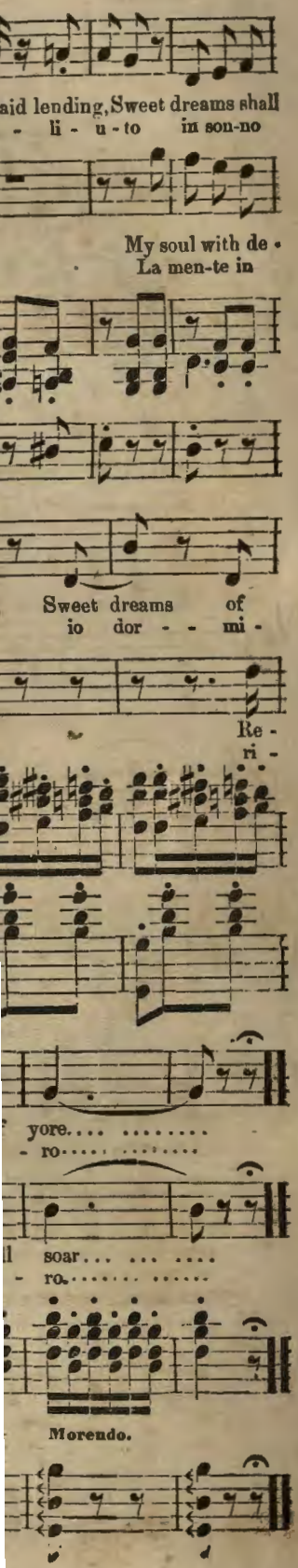
vis-it our sleep as of yore, Sweet dreams of yore, Sweet dreams of yore, Sweet dreams of
pla - ci - do io dor - mi ro io dor - - mi - ro, io dor - mi - ro, io dor - - mi -

vo - tion heav'nward shall soar. Re - pose thee, oh, moth - - - - er, Re -
cie - lo ri - vol - ge - ro. Ri - po - sa O ma - - - - dre, ri -

yore, Sweet dreams of yore, Sweet dreams of yore, Sweet dreams of yore.... .....
- ro, io - dor - mi - ro, io dor - mi - or, io - dor - mi - ro..... .....

pose thee, oh, moth - - - - er, my wea - ry soul, heav'nward shall soar... ... .
- po - sa O ma - - - - dre, la men - te al ciel ri - vol - ge - ro..... .....

Morendo.



DARK DAY OF HORROR.

From "Semiramide"

Andante Sostenuto.

SEMIRAMIDE.

Dark day of hor - - ror, And yet of glad - ness; While I em -

ARSACE.

Dark day of hor - - ror, And yet of glad - ness; While I em -

brace thee, Banish'd is sad - ness! This heart con - sign - eth un - to ob

brace thee, Banish'd is sad - ness! This heart con - sign - eth un - to ob -

li - vion, That aw - ful des - ti - ny Fate hath de - creed!

li - vion, That aw - ful des - ti - ny Fate hath de - creed!

Sf *f* *p* *Sf*

Dolc.

'Tis sweet to find one feel - ing heart, to find one feel - ing heart When grief o'er-cloud - eth.
To see.... one.... pit - ying tear, when sor - row's man - tle dark The soul en - shroud - eth.

'Tis sweet to find one feel - ing heart, to find one feel - ing heart When grief o'er - cloud - eth.
To see .. one.... pit - ying heart, when sor - row's man - tle dark The soul en - shroud - eth.

Sweet is the smile..... of.... ... love, 'tis joy in - deed, Sweet smile of

Sweet is the smile. . of... .... love, 'tis joy in - deed, Sweet smile of

fil - - - ial love, 'tis joy in - deed, ... Ah!... 'tis..... joy.... in -

fil - - - ial love, 'tis joy in - deed, ... Ah!.... 'tis ... joy.... in -

deed, 'tis joy,.... joy..... in - deed, 'tis joy, 'tis joy..... in -

deed, 'tis joy, 'tis joy ..... in - deed, 'tis joy, 'tis joy..... in -

tr

deed, 'tis..... sweet joy..... in - deed.

deed, 'tis sweet joy..... in - deed.

Dim.

THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

Oliver Shaw.

1st voice.

1. The Bird let loose in East - ern skies, When hast'ning, hast'-ning
2. So grant me, God, from ev' - - ry care, And stain, and stain of

2nd voice.

fond - ly home, Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies . . . . . Where i - dle
pass - ion free, A - loft, through Vir - - tue's pur - er air, ... To hold my

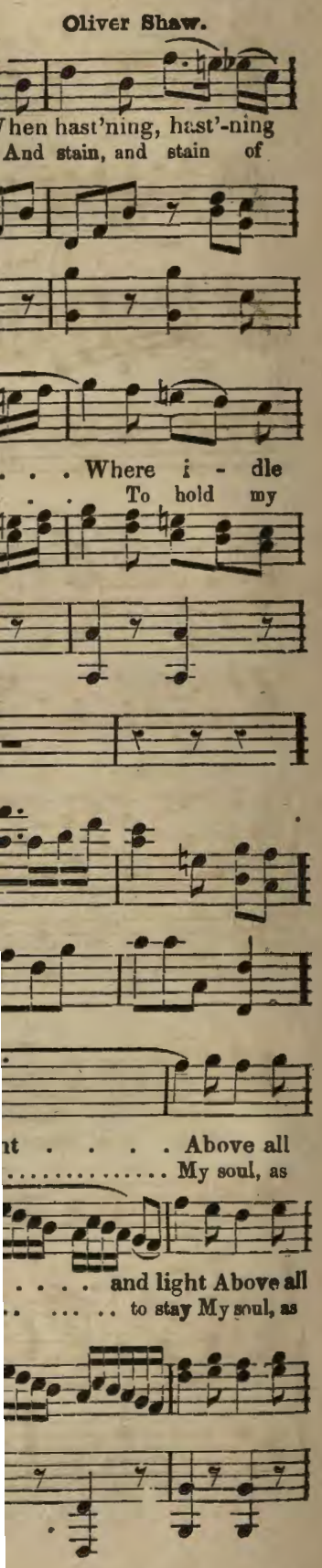
warb - lers roam, Where i - - - - dle warblers roam.
course to thee! To hold.... ..... my course to thee!

1st Voice.

But high She shoots thro' air . . . . . and light . . . . Above all
No sin to cloud, no lure..... to stay..... My soul, as

2nd Voice.

But high she shoots thro' air . . . . and light Above all
No sin to cloud, no lure.. .... .. to stay My soul, as



low de - lay, Where nothing earthly bounds her flight; Where
home she springs: Thy sun-shine on her joy - ful way, Thy

low de - lay, Nor sha - - - - dow dims her way,
home she springs: Thy sun - - - - shine on her way,

noth - ing earth - - ly bounds - - - - - - her flight, ... Nor shadow
sun - shine on her joy - - - - - - - - ful way, ... Thy freedom

Where noth - - ing earth - ly bounds . . . . . her flight, Nor shadow
Thy sun - - shine on her joy - - - - - - - ful way, Thy freedom

dims her way, Nor sha-dow dims . . . . her way, dims her way.
in her wings, Thy free-dom in . . . . . her wings, in her wings.

dims her way, Nor sha-dow dims . . . . her way, dims - - - her way.
in her wings, Thy free-dom in . . . . . her wings, in - - - - her wings.

THE HERD-BELLS.

F. Gumbert.

Andantino.

Deep in the val - leys ring - ing, the herd bells e-cho clear; The

Deep in the val - leys ring - ing, the herd bells e-cho clear; The

Sempre Legato. *pp*

wand'rer stops to list - - en, and fond - ly lin - gers here. The

wand'rer stops to list - - en, and fond - ly lin - gers here. The Kine bells tin-kle,

Kine bells tin - kle faint-ly, deep in the for - est grand, And in the ho - ly

faint - ly, deep in the for - est grand, So grand, and in the ho - ly

twi - light m

twi - light m

Ritard.

earth like spir -

Ritard.

earth like spir -

Ritard.

2nd verse.

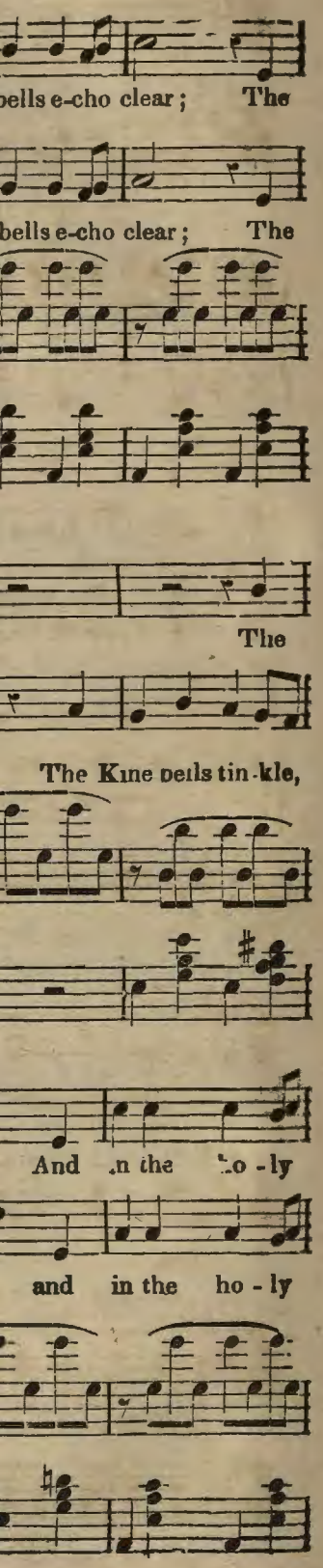
Up - on th

sum - mits, in

ren-ders t

heart so warm,

land of heav'nly



twi - light make earth like spir - it land, And in the ho - ly twi - light make

twi - light make earth like spir - it land, And in the ho - ly twi - light make

Ritard.

earth like spir - it land. 2. Up -

Ritard.

earth like spir - it land. 2. Up

Ritard.

2nd verse.

Up - on the lof - ty mountains, they chime so sweet and low, When tripp'd the high-est sum - mits, in ev' - ning's mel - low glow; The wand'ring mu - sic ren - ders the ren-ders the heart so warm, It seems,

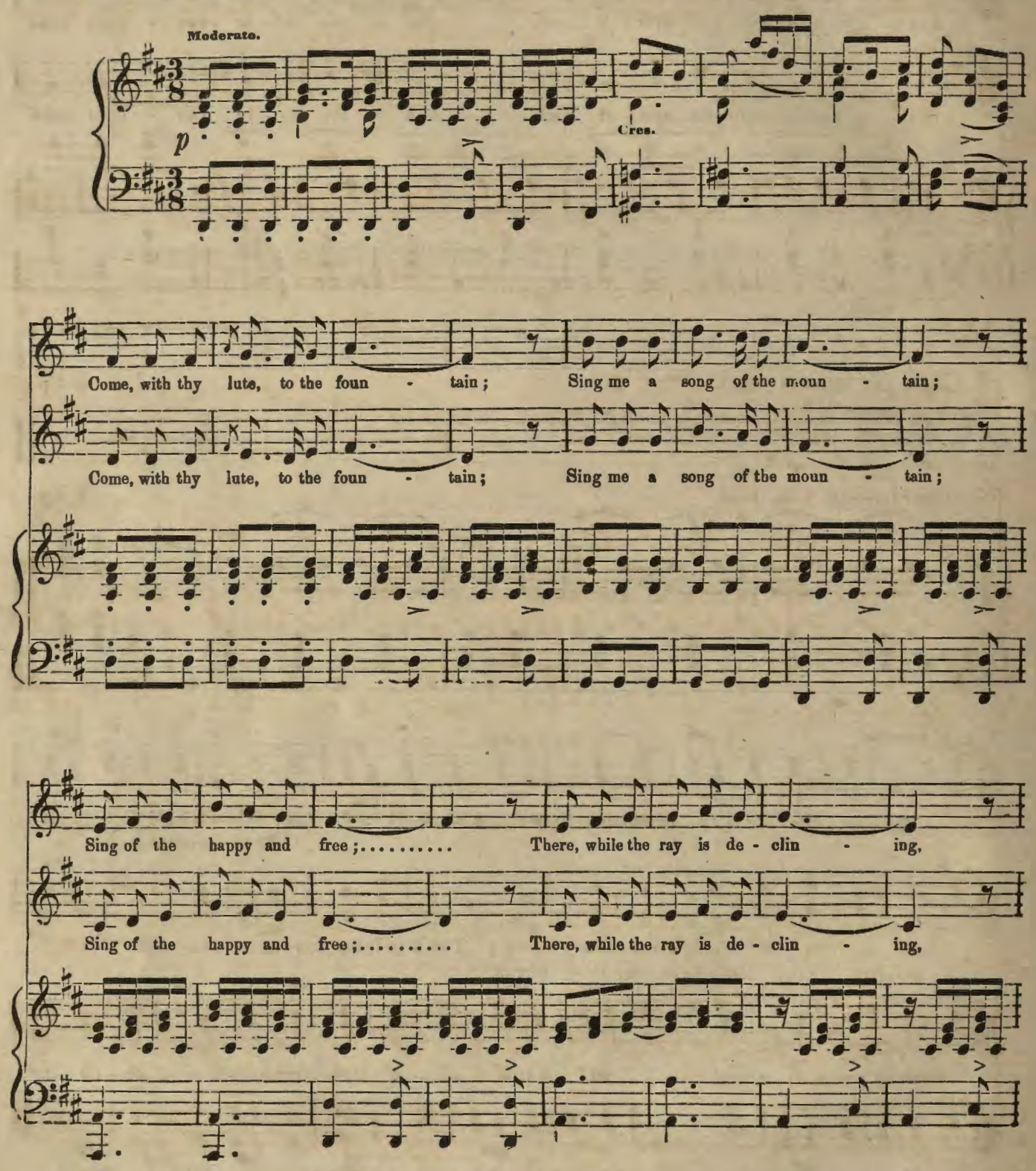
The wand'ring mu - sic

heart so warm, It seems so warm, . . . a - mid sweet sounds to en - ter the land of heav'nly dreams, a - mid sweet sounds to en - ter the land of heav'nly dreams.

COME. WITH THY LUTE. TO THE FOUNTAIN.

From a favorite German air.

Accompaniment by J. P. Hullah



Cres. p Cres.

While its last ro - ses are shi - ning, Sweet shall our mel - o - dies be,.....

Cres. p

While its last ro - ses are shi - ning, Sweet shall our mel - o - dies be,

Cres. p

f

Under the broad Lin - den tree; Under the broad Lin - den tree.

f

Under the Lin - den tree, Under the Lin - den tree.

p

2. Come, where the Ze - phyrs are stray - -
3. Why should we droop in - to sad - -

2. Come, where the Ze - phyrs are stray - -
3. Why should we droop in - to sad - -

pp

ing, Where, 'mid the flow - er buds play - ing, Ram - bles the
ness, Na - ture her prom - ise of glad - ness Sheds o - ver

ing, Where, 'mid the flow - er buds play - ing, Ram - bles the
ness, Na - ture her prom - ise of glad - ness Sheds o - ver

blithe sum - mer bee..... Let the lone churl in his sor - row,
land and o'er sea..... Come, bring thy lute to the foun - tain,

blithe sum - mer bee..... Let the lone churl in his sor - row,
land and o'er sea..... Come, bring thy lute to the foun - tain,

He who despairs of the mor - row, Far to his sol - i - tude flee,.....
Sing, love, a song of the moun - tain, Sweet shall our mel - o - dies be,.....

He who despairs of the mor - row, Far to his sol - i - tude flee,
Sing, love, a song of the moun - tain, Sweet shall our mel - o - dies be,

Ram - bles the
Sheds o - ver

Ram - bles the
Sheds o - ver

his sor - row,
the foun - tain,

his sor - row,
the foun - tain,

ude flee,.....
ies be,.....

is sol - i - tude flee,
ur mel - o - dies be,

pp p Rall. - - Dim. pp

Under the dark Cy - press tree, Under the dark Cy - press tree.
Under the broad Lin - den tree, Under the broad Lin - den tree.

Under the Cy - press tree, Under the Cy - press tree.
Under the Lin - den tree, Under the Lin - den tree.

pp p Rall. Dim. pp

O PESCATOR DELL' ONDA.

(LOVELY ROSE.)

Of late so brightly glow - ing, Lovely rose, We here beheld thee
O Pes - ca - tor dell' on - da, Fi du lin, O Pes - ca - tor dell'

Of late so brightly glow - ing, Lovely rose, We here beheld thee

grow - ing, Lovely rose; Thou seem'st some an - gel's care, Summer's breath was warm a-
on - da Fi du lin; Vie - ni pes - car in qua col - la bel - la su - a

grow - ing, Lovely rose; Thou seem'st some an - gel's care, Summer's breath was warm a-

round thee, Summer's beam with beau - ty crowned thee, So sweet - ly fair. Thou seem'st some an - gel's
Bar - ca co - la bel - la se ne va Fi - du - lin lin la, Vie - ni pes - car in

round thee, Summer's beam with beau - ty crowned thee, So sweet - ly fair. Thou seem'st some an - gel's

care, Summer's breath was warm around thee, Summer's beam with beauty crowned thee, So sweetly fair.
qua col - la bel - la su - a Bar - ca col - la bel - la se ne và Fi - du - lin lin la.

care, Summer's breath was warm around thee, Summer's beam with beauty crowned thee, So sweetly fair.

2 Che cosa voul ch'io peschi!
Fidulin.
L' Anel, che m'e casca,
Colla bella, &c.

3 Ti daro Cento Scudi,
Fidulin.
Sta borsa ricama,
Colla bella, &c.

4 Non voglio Cento Scudi,
Fidulin.
Ne borsa ricama,
Colla bella, &c.

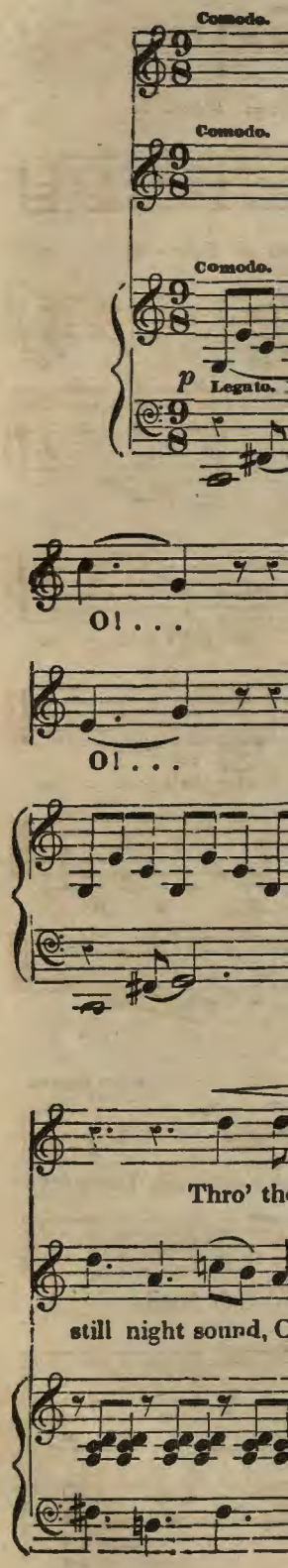
5 Io vo bazin d'amore,
Fidulin.
Che quel mi paghera,
Colla bella sua bocca
Colla bella se ne va.
Fidulin.

2

The blast too rudely blowing,
Lovely rose,
Thy tender form o'erthrowing,
Lovely rose,
Alas! hath laid thee low.
Now amid thy native bed,
Envious weeds with branches spread,
Unkindly grow.

3

No freshening dew of morning,
Lovely rose,
Thy infant buds adorning,
Lovely rose,
To thee shall day restore.
Zephyrs soft, that late caressed thee,
Evening smiles, that parting blessed thee,
Return no more.



Thou seem'st some an - gel's
Vie - ni pes - car in

Thou seem'st some an - gel's

So sweetly fair.
lin lin la.

So sweetly fair.

lowing,

rowing,

w.
ed,
anches spread,

morning,

ing,

ore.
caressed thee,
arting blessed thee.

BARCAROLE.

F. Kucken.

Comodo.

Bounding, bounding boat go light - ly O'er the swelling wa - ter,

Comodo.

Bounding, bounding boat go light - ly O'er the swelling wa - ter,

Comodo.

p Legato.

O! . . . Tilting, tilt-ing wave gleam brightly, In the starlight's golden glow!

Espress.

O! . . . Tilting, tilt-ing waves gleam brightly, In the starlight's golden glow! Thro' the

Thro' the still night sound, O Song, Where love lingers list'ning long, Where love

Cres.

still night sound, O Song, Where love ling - ers list'-ning long, Thro' the still night sound, O

mf z

Dim. p

ling - ers, where love ling - ers, ling-ers list'-ning long; Bound - ing, bounding, bounding boat go light - ly,

p

song where love ling - ers, ling-ers list'-ning long; Bound - ing, bounding, bounding boat go light - ly

sf p sf p

O'er the swell - ing wa - ter O!.... Tilting, tilting wave, gleam brightly In the starlight's gold - en

O'er the swell - ing wa - ter O!.... Tilting, tilting wave, gleam brightly In the starlight's gold - en

dol. molto espress. dol.

glow! Thro' the still night sound, O Song! Where . . love ling-ers list'ning long, Where love

glow! Thro' . . . the still night sound, O Song!

p

ling - - - ers, list'ning long, Where love ling - - ers, list'ning long . . . . Lo! my

Cres.

Dim. Ritem

love there on the beach is, Play-ful ran . . . she on be - fore! Lo! her longing, faithful arms she

Dol.

p sf> sf> p sf>

Dol.

reach - es Forth to greet . . me from the shore, Yes, my true love, on the beach is, playful

Lo! my love, there on the beach is, Play-ful, playful, play-ful

Dol.

sf>

ran she on be-fore! Lo! her faith-ful arms she reaches, Forth to greet me from the

ran she on before! Lo! her longing, faithful arms she reaches, Forth to greet me from the

shore, Bound - ing, bounding, bounding boat go lightly, O'er the swelling wa-ter O!

shore, Bound - ing, bounding, bounding boat go lightly, O'er the swelling wa-ter O!

Tilting, tilting wave, gleam light-ly In the star-light's gold - en glow! Thro' . . the still night,

Tilting, tilting wave, gleam lightly In the star-light's gold - - en glow! Thro' the still night sound, O Song! Thro'.... the

sound, O Song! where love ling - ers, where love ling - ers list'ning

still night sound, O Song! Where love ling - ers list'ning long, where love ling - ers list'ning

Cres. Animato. 8va

long. still night sound, O Song! . . . . . where love ling - ers.

Variation.

long. Thro' the still night sound, O Song! where love ling - - ers. Thro' the

Espress. 1st Voice. 2nd voice

Legato.

Still..... still night.....

Moreno.

still night sound, O Song, Where love ling - - - - - - ers. Still..... still night.....

sf p Riten.

A VOICE FROM THE WAVES.

Words by R. Ryan. Music by S. Glover.

A voice from the waves in the dead of night, Sung me - lo - dious o'er my pil - low, As I lay on my couch in slumber light, Lull'd to rest by the heav - ing bil - low! It spoke not of hu - man hopes and fears, That o'er-cloud time's hours fly - ing, But it told of the dead of for - mer years, That in o - cean's bed were ly - ing! A voice from the waves in the dead of night, Sung me - lo - dious o'er my

Cres. Dim. p Cres. Cres.

pil - low, A

rest, Lull'd to

voice, the voice from the

voice, the voice from the

pil - low, As I lay on my couch in slum - ber light, Lull'd to rest by the heav - ing bil - low! Lull'd to

Dol.

rest, Lull'd to rest····· by the heaving, the heav-ing bil - low! And thus it sung, And thus it sung, The

And thus it sung, And thus it sung, The

f *p*

voice, the voice from the wave. And thus it sung, And thus it sung, And thus, thus it sung,—

voice, the voice from the wave. And thus it sung, And thus it sung, And thus, thus it sung,— "I

p

Music by S. Glover.

er my pil - low, As I

It spoke not of hu - man

p

ead of for - mer years, That in

ng me - lo - dious o'er my

come from the deep, I come from the deep, Where the sea flower gently un - clos - es, Where fie - ry youth hath a

Cres.

dreamless sleep, And a warrior in calmness re - pos - es. Where the pa - rent and child lie side by side, Doom'd by

Cres.

Con Espress.

des - ti - ny ne'er to sev - er; Where the hus - band fond, and his new made bride, In death's em-

Dim.

Cres.

brace are clasp'd for - ev - er! Each wave rolls o - ver the bu - rial place Of earth's

Cres.

Cres. Dim.

children in count-less numbers, Of ev-'ry hue, and clime, and race,.... Where no tem-pest can break their

Cres. Dim.

Rall.

slum-bers, Of ev-'ry hue, and clime, and race..... Where no tempest can break their

Rall.

A Tempo.

The voice was hush'd, the vis-ion fled, But my heart felt a pang of sor-row, Till the

slum-bers, The voice was hush'd, the vis-ion fled, But my heart felt a pang of sor-row, Till the

A Tempo.

Sempre staccato.

p

Cres. Dol.

day - star o'er me, her bright beams shed, Com - mencing a glorious morrow! Till the day - star o'er me, her

day - star o'er me, her bright beams shed, Com - mencing a glorious morrow! Till the

Cres.

Cres.

bright beams shed, Com - mencing a glorious mor - row, Com - menc - ing, com - menc - ing a glorious, a glorious

Cres.

day-star o'er thee, her bright beams shed, Commencing a glorious mor - row, com - menc - ing a glorious, a glorious

Cres. f

Più lento. Dim. Ritard.

morrow. The voice was hush'd, the vision fled, The voice was hush'd, the vision fled.

morrow. The voice was hush'd, the vision fled, The voice was hush'd, the vision fled.

Più lento. Dim. Ritard.

p mf p

Ped.

THE LARBOARD WATCH.

ANSWER TO "ALL'S WELL."

T. Williams.

Andante.

p *f* *p*

mf *p*

1. At dreary midnight's cheerless hour, De - sert - ed e'en by Cynthia's beams, When
2. With anxious care he eyes each wave, That swell - ing threat - ens to o'erwhelm, And

1. At dreary midnight's cheerless hour, De - sert - ed e'en by Cynthia's beams, When
2. With anxious care he eyes each wave, That swell - ing threat - ens to o'erwhelm, And

mf *p*

f *p*

tempests beat and tor - rents pour, And twinkling stars no lon - ger gleam; The
his storm - beat - en bark to save, Di - rects with skill the faith - ful helm; With

tempests beat and tor - rents pour, And twinkling stars no lon - ger gleam;
his storm - beat - en bark to save, Di - rects with skill the faith - ful helm;

f *p* *p*

wea - ried sail - or spent with toil, And still the lengthened hour to guile,
joy he drinks the cheer - ing grog, With joy he heaves the reel - ing log,

Clings firmly to the weather shrouds, And
'Mid storms that bellow loud and hoarse, With

p Dolce.

Sings as he views the gath' - ring clouds, Sings as he views the
And marks the lee - way and the course, Marks the lee - way

still the lengthened hour to guile, Sings as he views the
joy he heaves the reeling log, Marks the lee - way

Dolce.

f Ad lib.

gath' - ring clouds, Lar - board watch A - hoy! Lar - board watch A - hoy!
and the course, Lar - board watch, &c.

gath' - ring clouds, Lar - board watch A - hoy!
and the course, Lar - board watch, &c.

f

Poco Allegretto e Animato. — Slower. — A tempo.

But who can speak the joy he feels, While o'er the foam his vessel reels, And his tir'd eye lids slumb'ring

But who can speak the joy he feels, While o'er the foam his vessel reels, And his tir'd eye - lids slumb'ring

f Animato. — Ritard. — A Tempo.

fall, He rouses at the welcome call Of Lar - board watch A - hoy! Larboard watch, Lar - board

fall, He rouses at the welcome call Of Lar - board watch A - hoy! Larboard watch, Lar - board

f *pp*

Adagio Ad lib.

watch, Lar - board watch A - hoy!

watch, Lar - board watch A - hoy!

pp *f*

HOLY MOTHER, GUIDE HIS FOOTSTEPS.

From Maritana.

p

MARITANA.

Ho - - - - ly Moth - er, guide . . . his foot - steps, Guide them at a

p

LAZARILLO.

mo - ment, guide them at a mo - ment sure . . . Ho - - - ly Moth - er,

guide . . . . his foot - - steps, guide them at a mo - - ment, at a mo - ment, a moment

Let this wick - - ed heart then per - ish, And the good, the good remains se-

sure. Let this wick - - ed heart then per - ish, And the good, the good remains se-

pp Cres.

cure; Saint - ed Moth - er, oh, be - friend him, And thy gentlest pi - ty lend him.

Ritard.

cure; Samt - ed Moth - er, oh, be - friend him, And thy gentlest pi - ty lend him.

mf *pp*

Dolce.

Ah! Ho - ly Moth - - er, guide . . . . . his . . . foot - steps, Ah!

pp

From Maritana.

steps, Guide them at a

- ly Moth - er,

at a mo - ment, a moment

guide them at a mo - - ment, at a mo - ment sure; Ah! Ho - ly

Moth - - er, guide . . . . . his foot - steps, Ah! guide them at a

Let the wick - ed heart then

mo - - ment, guide them at a mo - ment sure. Let the

p

Ah! Ho - ly

guide them at a

wick - ed heart then

Let the

p

per - ish, Let the wick - - ed heart then per - ish; Saint-ed Moth - er oh! be

wick - ed.....Let the wick - - ed heart then per - ish; Saint-ed Moth - er oh! be

1st. time.

friend him.... .....And thy gentlest, and thy gent - lest pi - ty lend him, Let the

1st. time.

friend him..... ... .And thy gentlest, and thy gent - lest pi - ty lend him,

1st. time.

mf *pp*

2nd. time. A piacere. *tr*

lend him, And thy gentlest, thy gent - lest pi - - - - ty lend... ..... him.

2nd. time. *tr*

lend him, And thy gentlest, thy gent - lest pi - - - - ty lend..... him.

2nd. time.

f *p* Dim.

HOME.

English Version by W. BALL. | Music by A. ABT.

Moderato con espressione.

1st voice.

1. Guardian moth - er! Pa - rent land! Nurse of all our kindred band!

1. Mut - ter - er - de, hei - lig land! wo - der Freu - den Wie - ge stand!

2d voice.

1. Guardian moth - er! Pa - rent land! Nurse of all our kindred band!

Still of treasured thoughts the near - est, Ev - er honored, ev - er dear - est,

Dei - ner denk' ich nah' und fer - ne, theure Heimath e - wig ger - ne,

Still of treasured thoughts the near - est, Ev - er honored, ev - er dear - est,

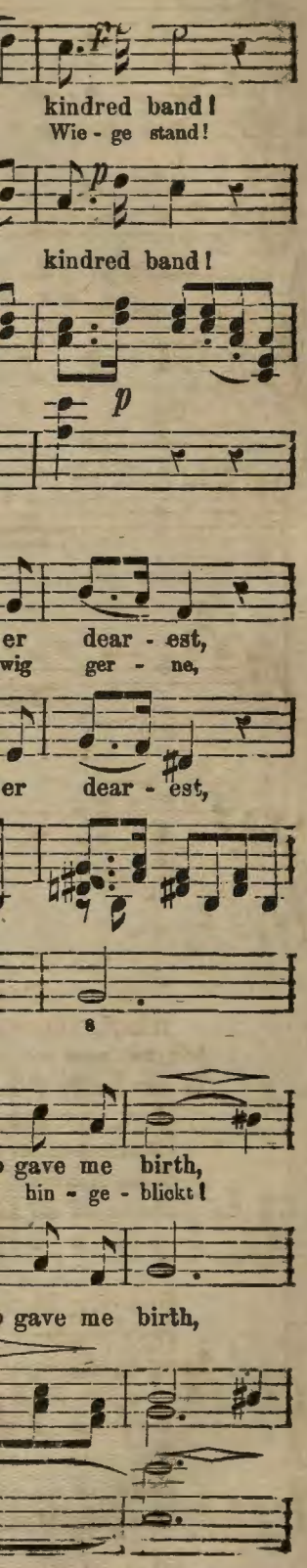
Where I first (O sacred earth!) Looked on her who gave me birth,

wo zu - erst ich froh beglückt nach der Mut - ter hin - ge - blickt!

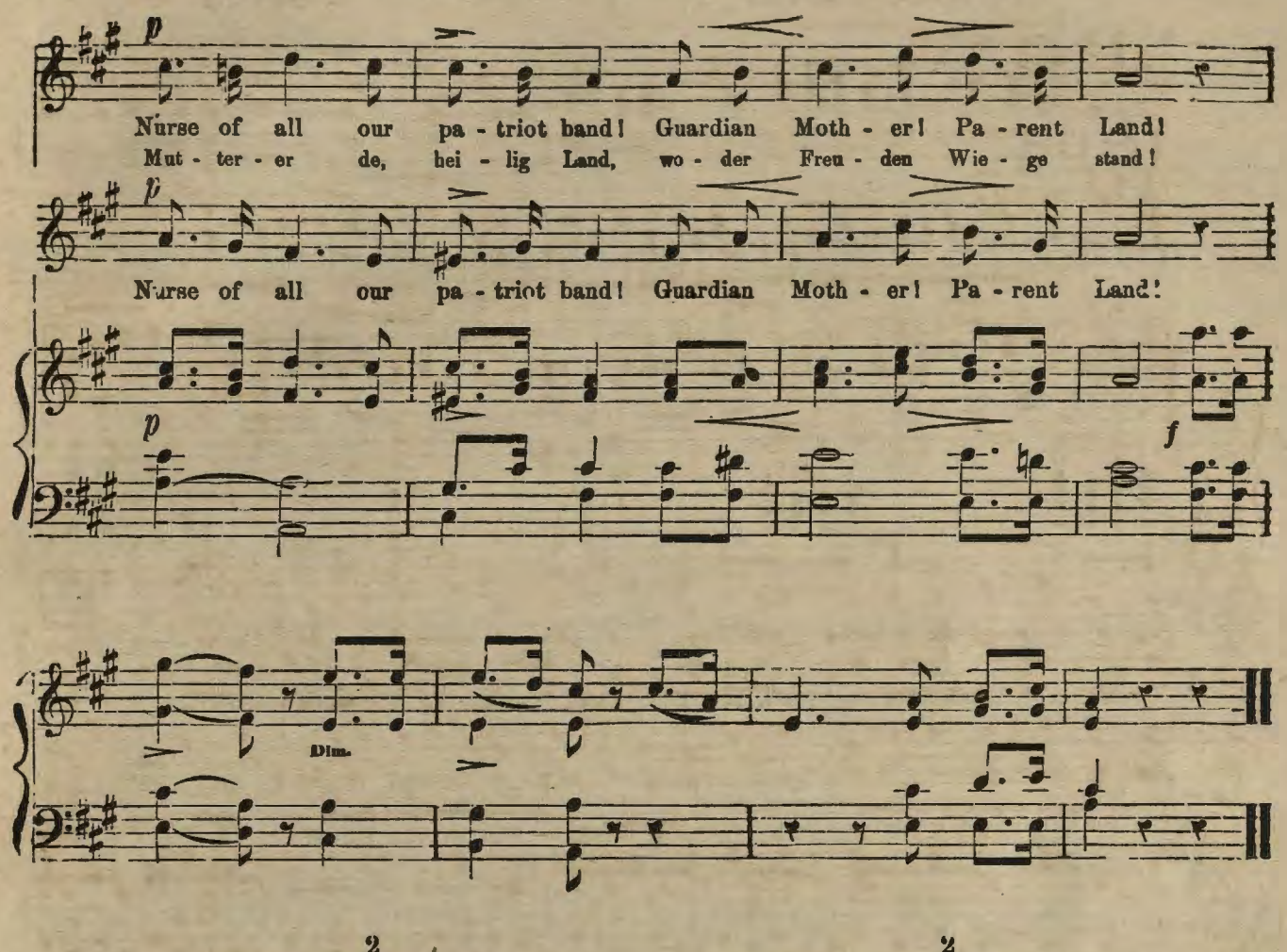
Cres.

Where I first (O sacred earth!) Looked on her who gave me birth,

Cres.



HOME. Concluded.



2

Home of all my best beloved!
Where, untouched by care, I roved;
Where, 'mid smiles and play, seemed given
To my heart a daily heaven.
How, ah! how, methinks I see
Childhood's day again with thee;
Where, untouched by care, I roved,
Home of all my best beloved!

3

Guardian Mother! Eden blest!
Holy shelter! lap of rest!
Long as aught of life I cherish,
Till its last fond pulses perish,
Joys that all to thee belong
Still shall be my duteous song
Nurse of all our kindred band!
Guardian Mother! Parent land

2

Heimath, Heimath, lieb und traut!
Wo ich einst mir aufgebaut
Unter Lust und Spiel und Scherzen
Einen Himmel meinem Herzen.
Taglich schau' ich gern zuruck
Nach der Kindheit reichem Gluck!
Heimath, Heimath, lieb und traut!
Theure Heimath lieb und traut!

3

Muttererde, Paradies!
Welch' ein Laut so lieb und suss!
Will, so lang mir Blumen bluhen,
Rosig meine Wangen gluhen,
Singen oft aus froher Brust,
Freuen mich der Heimath Lust!
Muttererde, Paradies!
Welch ein Laut so lieb und suss

MUSIC, AND HER SISTER SONG.

Words by Richard Ryan. Music by Stephen Glover.

Allegretto Grazioso.

mf Cres-

1. 'Tis mu - sic hath the mag - ic pow'r,.... From op'ning spring.... to winter's close: To

2. 'Tis mu - sic lends a gold - en hue,..... To life's tide as..... it glides a - long; Then

p

soothe in sorrow's dark - est hour,..... The heart op - pressed..... by deep-est woes! 'Tis

let us ren - der homage due,..... To mu - sic, and..... her sis - ter song! 'Tis

SONG.

usic by Stephen Glover.

Cres.

winter's close: To

lides a - long; Then

p-est woes! 'Tis

- ter song! 'Tis

mu - sic hath the mag - ic pow - er, From op - 'ning spring to winter's close, To

mu - sic lends a gold - en hue, . . . To life's tide as it glides a - long, Then

Dim. Dolce.

soothe in sorrow's darkest hour, The heart op - pressed, the heart oppressed by deepest woes! Sweet

let us ren - der homage due, hom - age due to mu - sic and her sis - ter song.

Dim. p

Cres.

mu - - sic, mu - sic hath a mag - ic pow'r! Sweet mu - - sic,

Sweet mu - - sic, mu - sic and her sis - ter song! Sweet

Cres.

1st. time.
music hath a mag - ic pow'r!

1st. time.
mu - sic, music hath a mag - ic pow'r!

1st. time.
8va.
mf
Cres.
f

* SOLO. 2nd. Voice.
'Tis mu - sic brings us back a - gain ..... Joys we prized..... in youth's bright day, When

p

1st. Voice.
list - 'ning to the witching strain, Time on light wings flew a - way! Yes! 'tis mu - sic brings us back a -

gain Joys we prized in youth's bright day, When list - 'ning to the witching, witching strain, Time on

* Both Solos may be sung by one voice if preferred.

light wings flew

2nd. time.
Mu - sic and her sis -

2nd. time.
Mu - sic and her sis -

2nd. time.
music and her sis - ter

music and her sis - ter

1st. time.
music hath a mag - ic pow'r!

1st. time.
mu - sic, music hath a mag - ic pow'r!

1st. time.
8va.
mf
Cres.
f

* SOLO. 2nd. Voice.
'Tis mu - sic brings us back a - gain ..... Joys we prized ..... in youth's bright day, When

p

1st. Voice.
list - 'ning to the witching strain, Time on light wings flew a - way! Yes! 'tis mu - sic brings us back a -

gain Joys we prized in youth's bright day, When list - 'ning to the witching, witching strain, Time on

* Both Solos may be sung by one voice if preferred.

light wings flew

2nd. time.
Mu - sic and her sis -

2nd. time.
Mu - sic and her sis -

2nd. time.
music and her sis - ter

music and her sis - ter

sea, seek Ella's bow'r and give her The wreath I fling o'er thee. And
pray'r; Then leave those wreaths to with - - er Up - on the cold bank there, And

sea, seek Ella's bow'r and give her The wreath I fling o'er thee.
pray'r; Then leave those wreaths to with - - er Up - on the cold bank there,

tell her thus, If she'll be mine, The cur - rent of our lives shall be With joys along their
tell her thus, When youth is o'er, Her lone and love - less charms shall be Thrown by up - on life's

And tell her thus, If she'll be mine, our lives shall be With
And tell her thus, When youth is o'er, Her charms shall be Up -

course to shine Like those sweet flow'rs on thee.
weed - y shore, Like those sweet flow'rs from me.

joys to shine Like those sweet flow'rs on thee.
on life's shore, Like those sweet flow'rs from me.

sea, seek Ella's bow'r and give her The wreath I fling o'er thee. And
pray'r; Then leave those wreaths to with - - er Up - on the cold bank there, And

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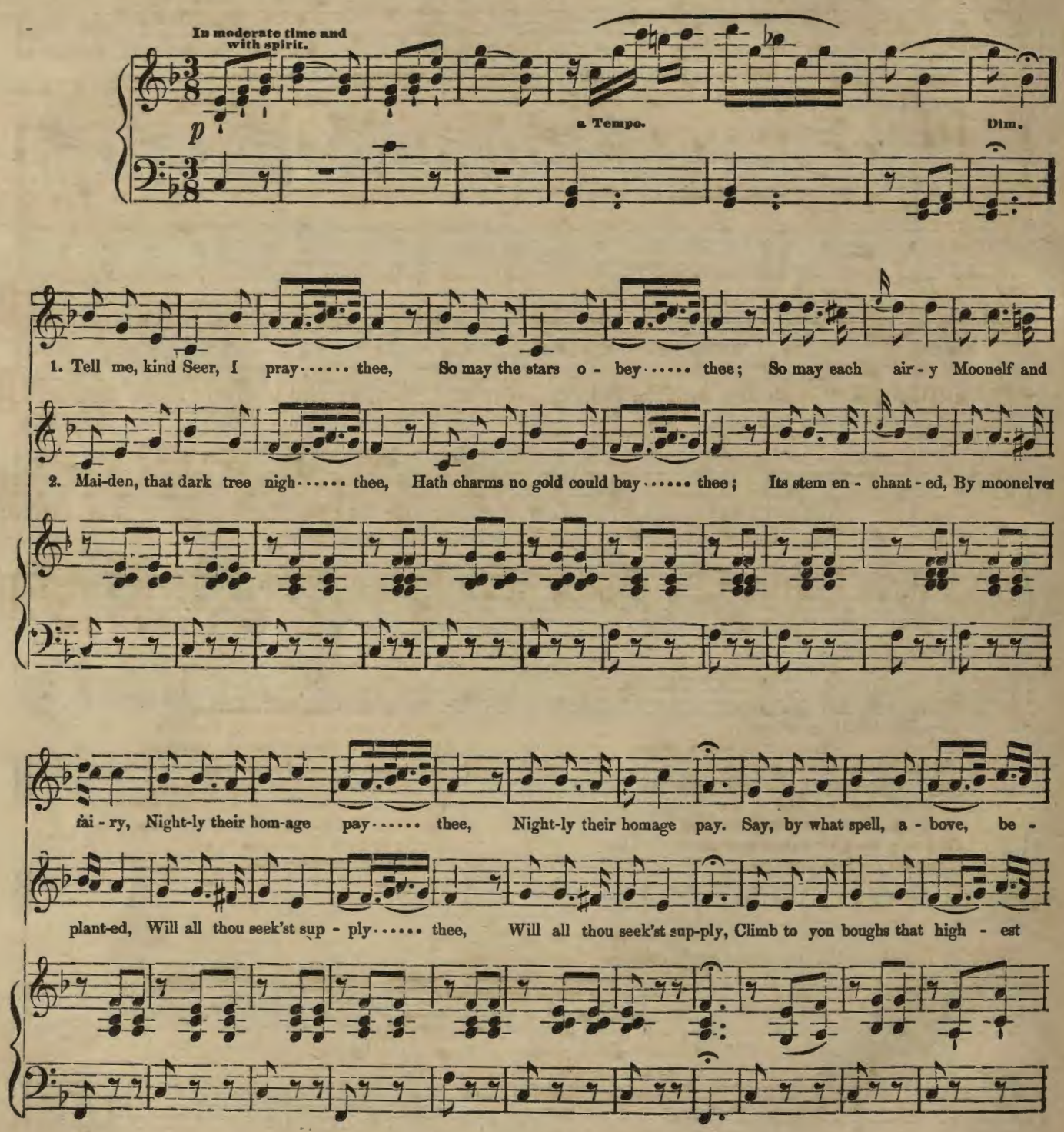
And tell her thus, If she'll be mine, our lives shall be With
And tell her thus, When youth is o'er, Her charms shall be Up -

course to shine Like those sweet flow'rs on thee.
weed - y shore, Like those sweet flow'rs from me.

joys to shine Like those sweet flow'rs on thee.
on life's shore, Like those sweet flow'rs from me.

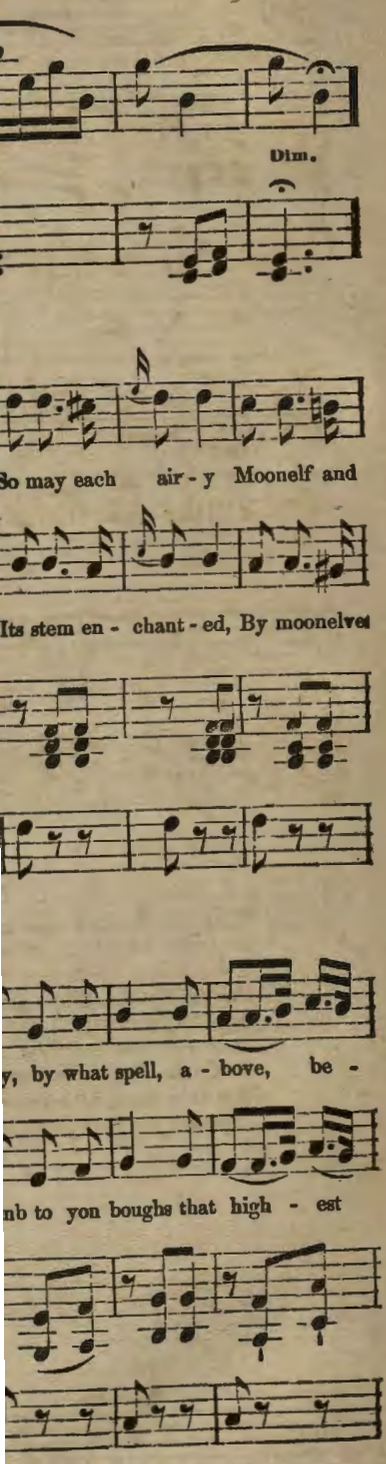
THE LEAF AND THE FOUNTAIN.

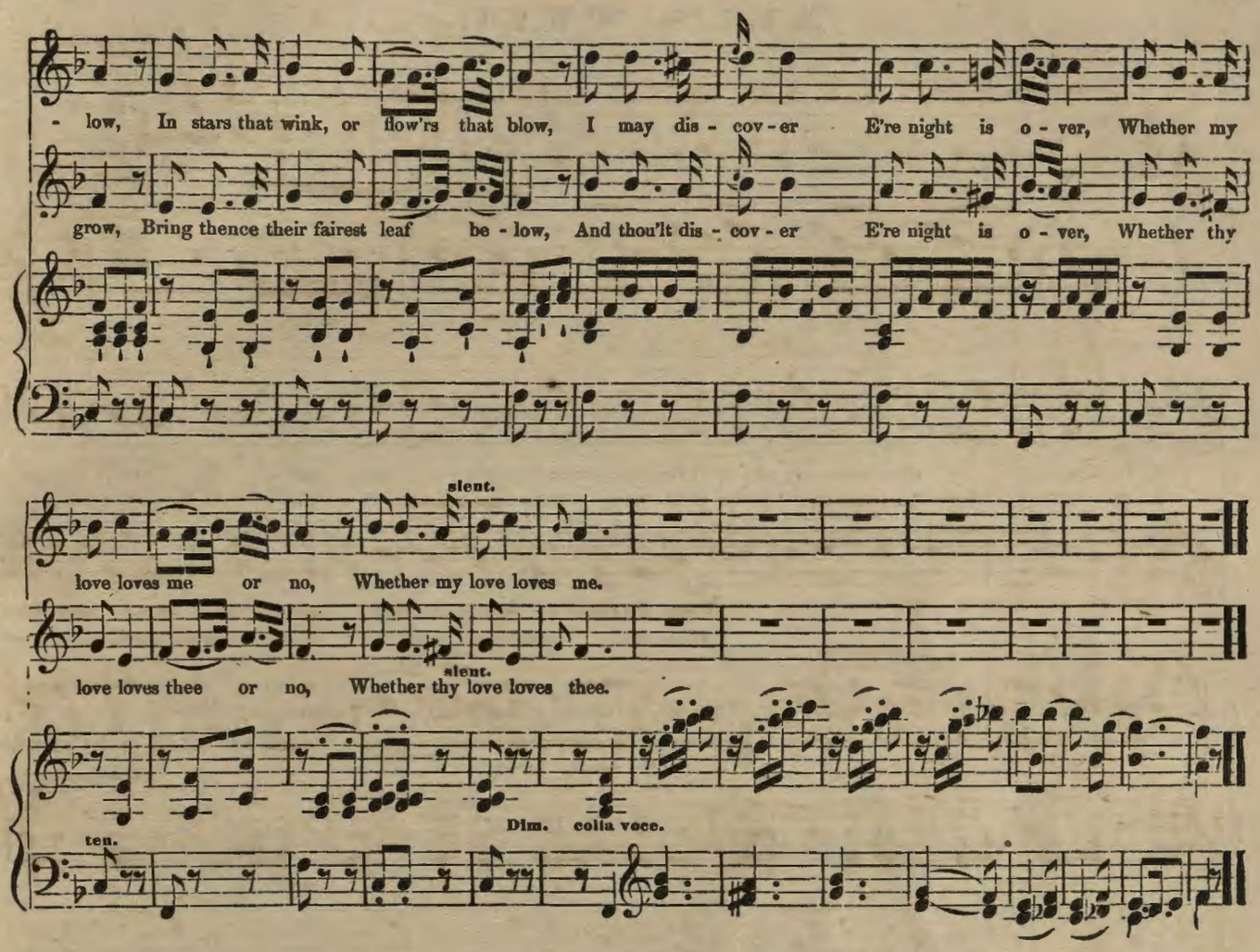
H. R. Bishop.



TAIN.

H. R. Bishop.





3.

"See, up the dark tree going,
Blossoms around me blowing,
From thence oh Father, this leaf I gather,
Fairest that there was growing,
Say, by what sign I now shall know
If in this leaf lies bliss or woe;
And thus discover ere night is over,
Whether my love loves me or no,
Whether my love loves me."

4.

"Fly to yon fount that's welling
Where moonbeam ne'er had dwelling,
Dip in its water that leaf, oh Daughter,
And mark the tale 'tis telling;
Watch thou if pale or bright it grow,
List thou, the while, that fountain's flow,
And thou'lt discover, whether thy lover,
Lov'd as he is, loves thee or no,
Lov'd as he is, loves thee.

5.

Forth flew the nymph, delighted,
To seek that fount benighted;
But, scarce a minute the leaf lay in it,
When, lo, its bloom was blighted,
And as she asked, with voice of woe,—
Listening, the while, that fountain's flow,
Shall I recover, my truant lover?
The fountain seem'd to answer "No;"
The fountain answered "No."

ALL'S WELL.

J. Braham.

Andante.

p *f*

1. De - serted by the wan - ing moon, When skies proclaim night's cheer-less noon, On tower, fort, or
2. Or sailing on the mid - night deep, While weary messmates sound - ly sleep, The careful watch pa-

When skies proclaim night's cheer-less noon, On tower, fort, or
While weary messmates sound - ly sleep, The careful watch pa-

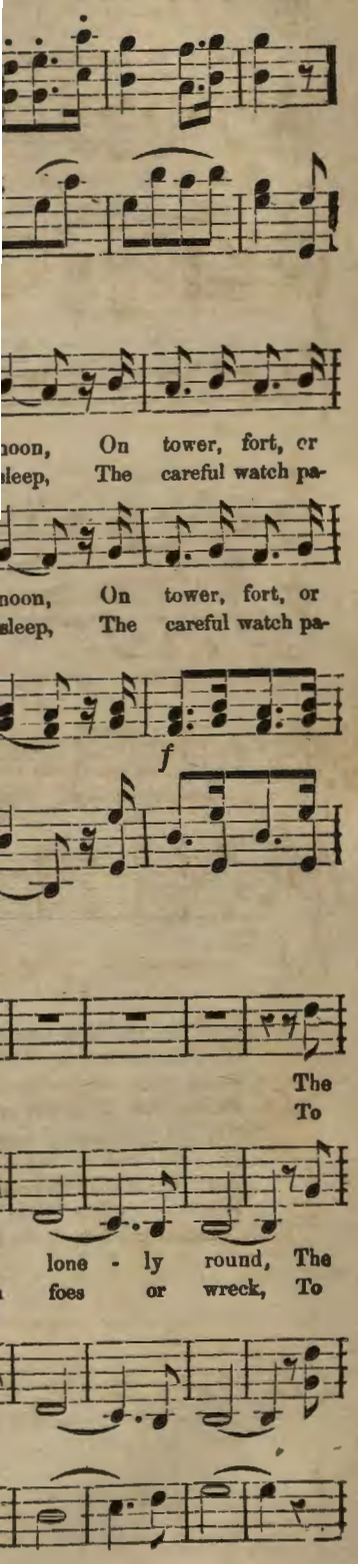
p *fp* *f*

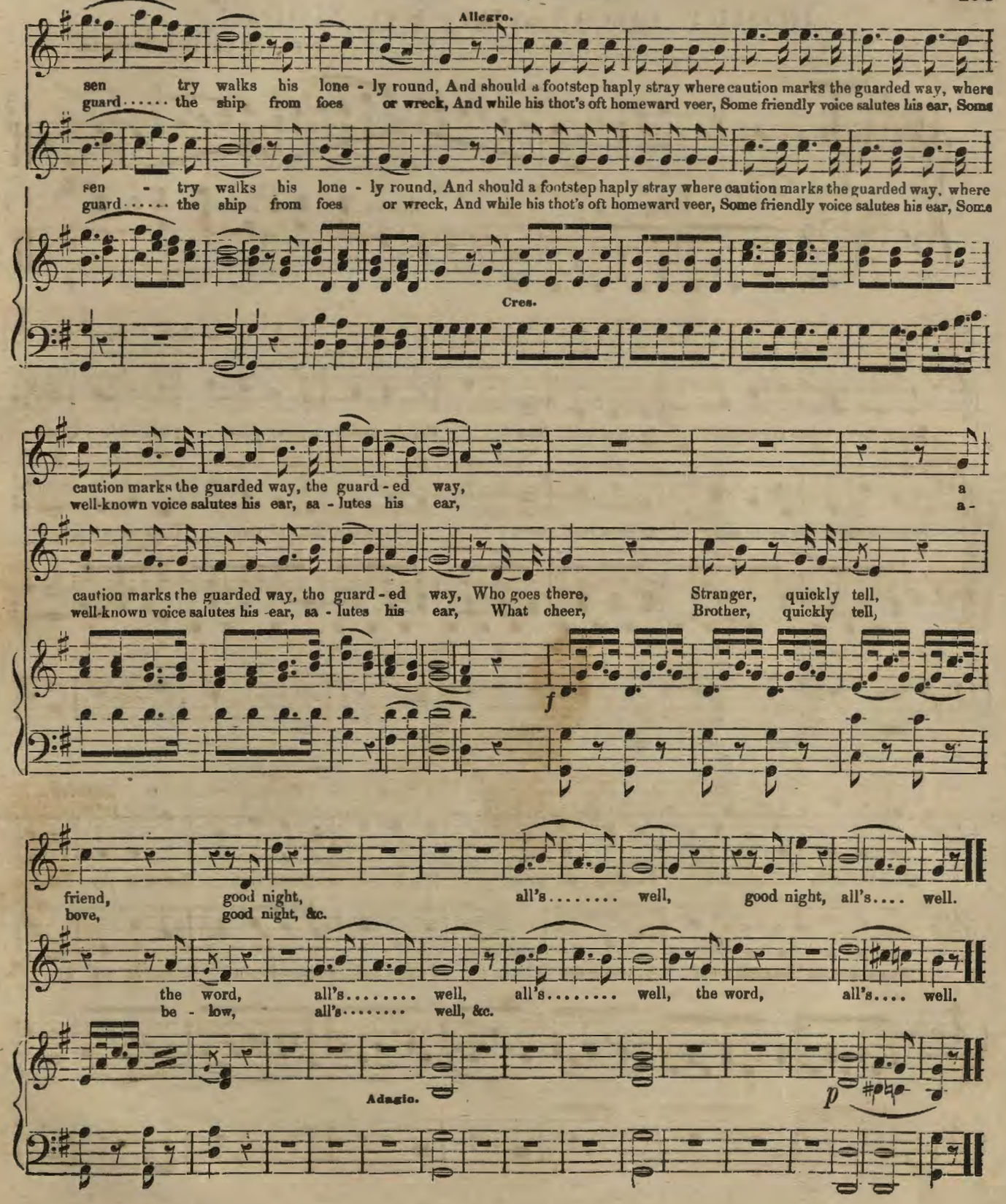
tented ground, The sentry walks his lonely round, The sen - try walks, The
trols the deck, To guard the ship from foes or wreck, To guard the ship, To

tented ground, The sentry walks his lonely round, his lone - ly round, The
trols the deck, To guard the ship from foes or wreck, from foes or wreck, To

p

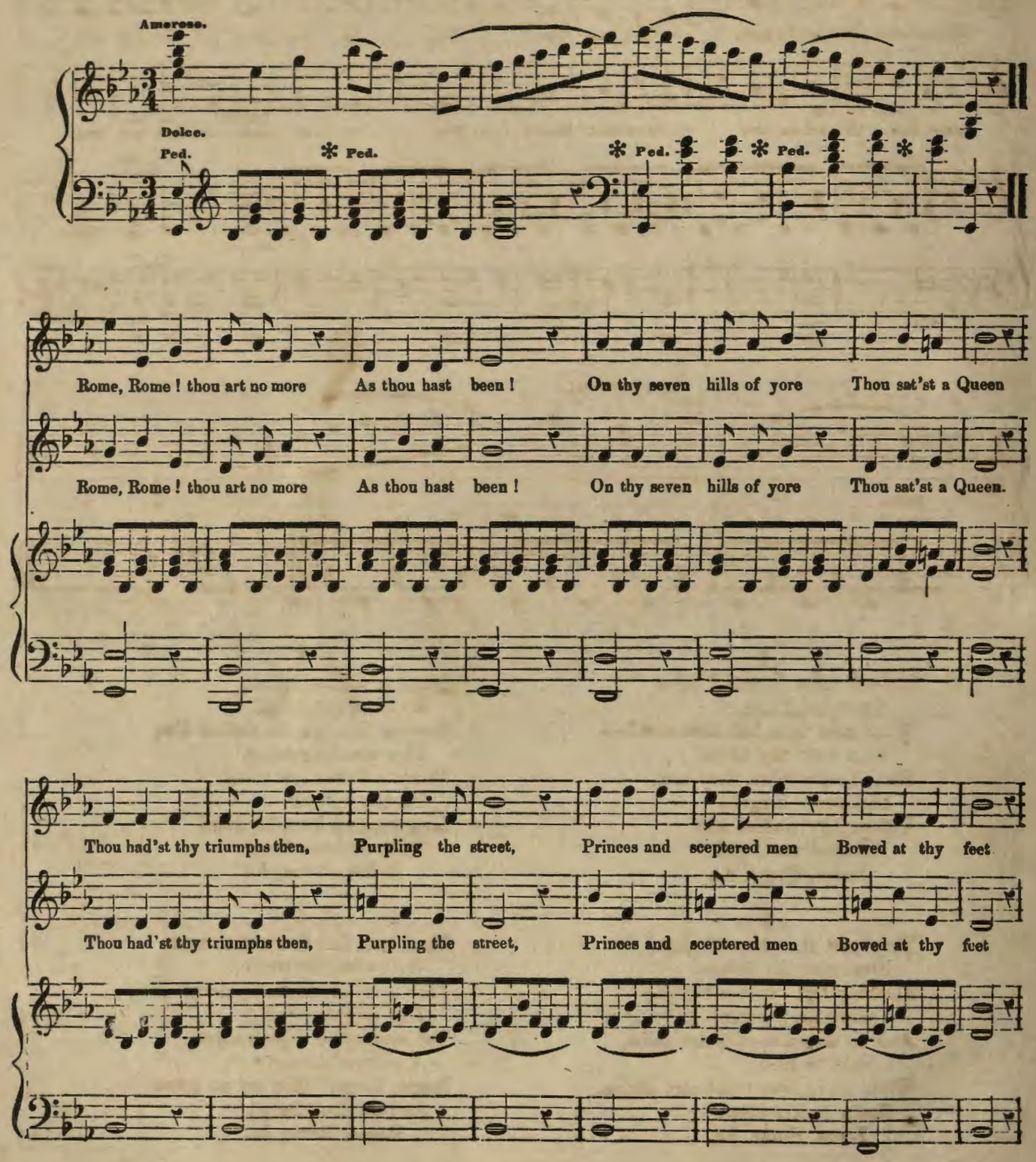
J. Braham.

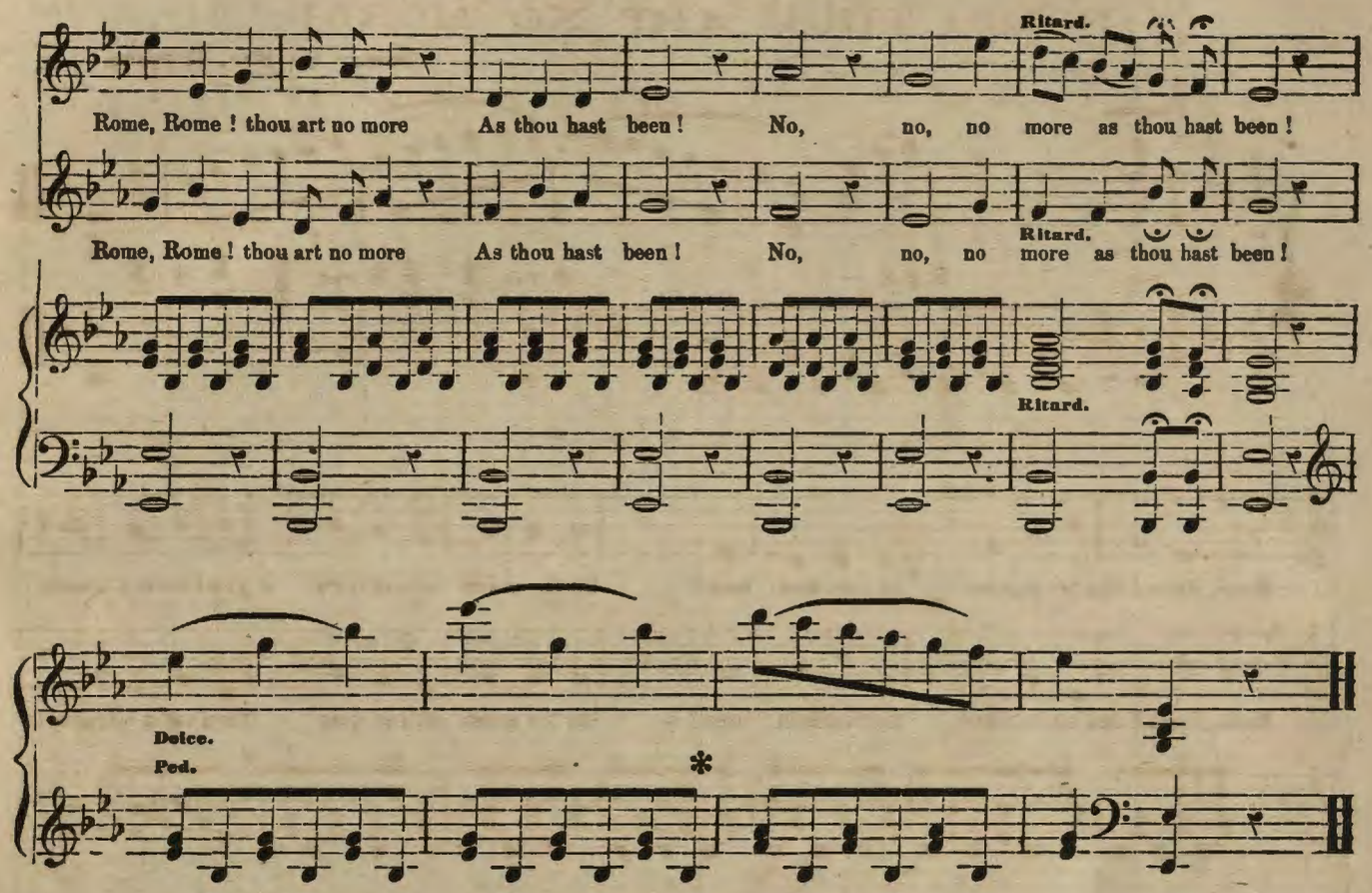

noon, On tower, fort, or
sleep, The careful watch pa-
noon, On tower, fort, or
sleep, The careful watch pa-
f
The
To
lone - ly round, The
foes or wreck, To


Allegro.
sen try walks his lone - ly round, And should a footstep haply stray where caution marks the guarded way, where
guard..... the ship from foes or wreck, And while his thot's oft homeward veer, Some friendly voice salutes his ear, Some
sen - try walks his lone - ly round, And should a footstep haply stray where caution marks the guarded way, where
guard..... the ship from foes or wreck, And while his thot's oft homeward veer, Some friendly voice salutes his ear, Some
Cres.
caution marks the guarded way, the guard - ed way, a
well-known voice salutes his ear, sa - lutes his ear, a -
caution marks the guarded way, the guard - ed way, Who goes there, Stranger, quickly tell,
well-known voice salutes his ear, sa - lutes his ear, What cheer, Brother, quickly tell,
f
friend, good night, all's..... well, good night, all's.... well.
bove, good night, &c.
the word, all's..... well, all's..... well, the word, all's.... well.
be - low, all's..... well, &c.
Adagio.
p

ROME! THOU ART NO MORE!

Poetry by Mrs. Hemans.





2

Rome! thine imperial brow
Never shall rise:
What hast thou left thee now?—
Thou hast thy skies!
Blue, deeply blue, they are,
Gloriously bright!
Veiling thy wastes afar
With colored light.
Rome, Rome, &c.

3

Thou hast the sunset's glow,
Rome, for thy dower,
Flushing tall cypress bough,
Temple and tower!
And all sweet sounds are thine,
Lovely to hear,
While night, o'er tomb and shrine,
Rests darkly clear.
Rome, Rome, &c.

4

Many a solemn hymn,
By starlight sung,
Sweeps through the arches dim,
Thy wrecks among.
Many a flute's low swell,
On thy soft air
Lingers, and loves to dwell
With summer there.
Rome, Rome, &c.

5

Thou hast fair forms that move
With queenly tread;
Thou hast proud fanes above
Thy mighty dead.
Yet wears thy Tiber's shore
A mournful mien:
Rome, Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!
Rome, Rome, &c.

I'LL PRAY FOR THEE.

Lucia di Lammermoor.

Moderato.

p

1. Say not this heart can al - ter, Think not, though now we sev - er,
2. Here though the hope for - sake me, Which that poor heart so treas - ured,

1. Say not this heart can al - ter, Think not, though now we sev - er,
2. Here though the hope for - sake me, Which that poor heart so treas - ured,

I can for - get thee ev - er, Whate'er our dark'-ning fate may be; While life's last
Soon will its hours be meas - sured, And pitying heaven my sorrows see, Soon to its

I can for - get thee ev - er, Whate'er our dark'-ning fate may be; While life's last
Soon will its hours be meas - sured, And pitying heaven my sorrows see, Soon to its

8va

ac - cents fal
re - fuge take

ac - cents fal
re - fuge take

tr *tr*

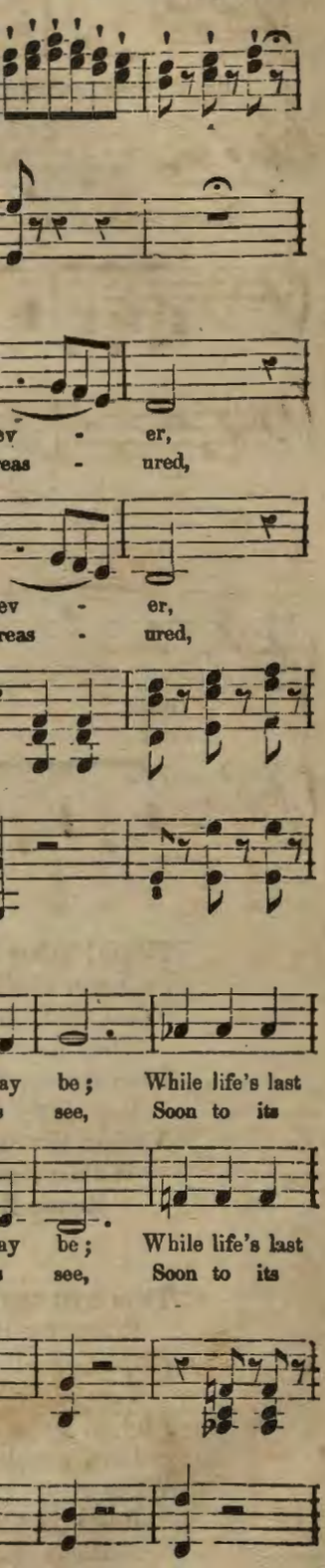
I'll pray for

I'll pray for

tr

pray for thee, I'll

pray for thee, I'll



ac - cents fal - ter, Yet will I pray for thee, I'll pray for thee,
re - fuge take me, And there I'll pray, &c.

ac - cents fal - ter, Yet will I pray for thee, I'll pray for thee,
re - fuge take me, And there I'll pray, &c.

I'll pray for thee, I'll pray for thee, I'll pray for thee, I'll pray for thee, I'll

I'll pray for thee, I'll pray for thee, I'll pray for thee, I'll pray for thee, I'll

pray for thee, I'll pray, I'll bless and pray for thee.

pray for thee, I'll pray, I'll bless and pray for thee.

To Close.

MAKE ME NO GAUDY CHAPLET.

From "Lucrezia Borgia."

Andantino.

pp

Dol.

Make me no gau - dy chap - let,

Make me no gau - dy chap - let,

pp

Weave it of sim - ple flow - ers. Seek them in low - ly val - lies, Af - ter the gen - tle

Weave it of sim - ple flow - ers. Seek them in low - ly val - lies, Af - ter the gen - tle

show - ers:

show - ers:

Bring me the pale

Bring me the pale

Bring not the proud e

Bring not the proud e

pp

show - ers: Bring me no dark red ro - - ses, Gay in the sun-shine glow - ing,

show - ers: Bring me no dark red ro - - ses, Gay in the sun-shine glow - ing,

Bring me the pale moss rose - bud, Be-neath the fresh leaves growing.

Bring me the pale moss rose - bud, Be-neath the fresh leaves growing.

Cres. Dim.

Bring not the proud eye'd blos - som, Darling of East - ern daugh - ters, Bring me the snow - y

Bring not the proud eye'd blos - som, Darling of East - ern daugh - ters, Bring me the snow - y

pp

MAKE ME NO GAUDY CHAPLET, Concluded.

li - - ly, Floating on si - lent wa - ters: Gems of the low - ly val - ley,

li - - ly, Floating on si - lent wa - ters: Gems of the low - ly val - ley,

Buds which the leaves are sha - ding, Lil - ies of peace-ful wa - ters, Emblems be mine un -

Buds which the leaves are sha - ding, Lil - ies of peace-ful wa - ters, Emblems be mine un -

Cres. *f* *p*

fa - ding. Lil - ies of peace-ful wa ters, Emblems be mine, be mine!

fa - ding. Lil - ies of peace-ful wa - ters, Emblems be mine, be mine!

Cres. *f* *Cres.*

Words by J. E. CAR

ALLEGR

PIANO. *p*

Ped. *

led.

- ly val - ley,

- ly val - ley,

Emblems be mine un -

Emblems be mine un -

p

be mine!

be mine!

Cres.

IN THE STARLIGHT.

DUET.

Words by J. E. CARPENTER. Music by STEPHEN GLOVER.

ALLEGRETTO.

PIANO.

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

Ped. * mf Ped. * Ped. *

In the

In the

Ped. * Ped. f *

star - light, in the star - light, let us wan - der gay and free, For there's

star - light, in the star - light, let us wan - der gay and free, For there's

p

decres.

noth - ing in the day - light half so dear to you and me . . . . . Like the

noth - ing in the day - light half so dear to you and me . . . . . Like the

Dolce.

fai - ries, in the sha - dow of the woods we'll steal a - long, ... And our

Dolce.

fai - ries, in the sha - dow of the woods we'll steal a - long, ... And our

p

A Tempo.

none are by

A Tempo.

none are by

A tempo.

star - light, . . .

star - light, . . .

Cres.

free, For there's

free, For there's

decres.

me . . . . . Like the

me . . . . . Like the

long, ... And our

long, ... And our

Dim. Rit.

sweet-est lays we'll war - ble, for the night was made for song; . . . . . When

Dim. Rit.

sweet-est lays we'll war - ble, for the night was made for song; When

Dim. Rit.

A Tempo. Cres.

none are by to list - en, or to chide us for our glee. In the

A Tempo. Cres.

none are by to list - en, or to chide us for our glee. In the

A tempo.

f decres.

star - light, . . . in the star - light, let us wan - der gay and free, ...

f decres.

star - light, . . . in the star - light, let us wan - der gay and free, ... In the

Cres. Sf

In the star - light— let us wan - der— In the

Cres.

star - light— let us wan - der— In the

Cres.

A Tempo.

star - light, . . . in the star - light, let us wan - der gay and free, ...

A Tempo.

star - light, . . . in the star - light, let us wan - der gay and free, ...

A Tempo.

Cres.

f

Ped. * Ped. * sf Ped. f *

Cres.

us wan-der— In the

Cres.

In the

and free, ...

-and free, ...

Ped. *

In the star-light, in the star-light, at the day-light's dew-y close, When the

In the star-light, in the star-light, at the day-light's dew-y close, When the

p

decres.

night-in-gale is sing-ing his last love-song to the rose . . . . In the

night-in-gale is sing-ing his last love-song to the rose . . . . In the

Dulce

calm clear night of sum-mer, when the breez-es soft-ly play, ... From the

Dulce.

calm clear night of sum-mer, when the breez-es soft-ly play, ... From the

p

Dim. Rit.

glit - ter of our dwell - ing, we will gent - ly steal a - way; . . . . Where the

Dim. Rit.

glit - ter of our dwell - ing, we will gent - ly steal a - way; Where the

Dim. Rit.

A Tempo. Cres.

sil - v'ry wa - ters mur - mur by the mar - gin of the sea, In the

A Tempo. Cres.

sil - v'ry wa - ters mur - mur by the mar - gin of the sea, In the

A tempo.

decres.

star - light, . . . in the star - light, we will wan - der gay and free, ...

decres.

star - light, . . . in the star - light, we will wan - der gay and free, ... In the

Cres. *Sf*

star - light—

star - light, . .

star - light, . .

Cres.

f Ped.

Rit.

- way; . . . . Where the

Rit.

- way; Where the

Rit.

Cres.

he sea, In the

Cres.

he sea, In the

and free, ...

and free, ... In the

Cres.

In the star - light — we will wan - der — In the

star - light — we will wan - der — In the

A Tempo.

star - light, . . . in the star - light, we will wan-der gay and free, ...

A Tempo.

star - light, . . . in the star - light, we will wan-der gay and free, ...

A Tempo.

Cres.

f

Ped. * Ped. * sf Ped. f *

See The Pale Moon.

(GUARDA CHE BIANCA LUNA.)

Trans. by J. C. J.

F. CAMPANA.

SOP: or TEN.

Sweet - ly the moon - light gleam - - - - - ing, From yon pure
Guar - - - da che bian - - ca Lu - - - - - - - na, Guar - - - da che

ALTO or BARITON.

a tempo.

p

p *pp*

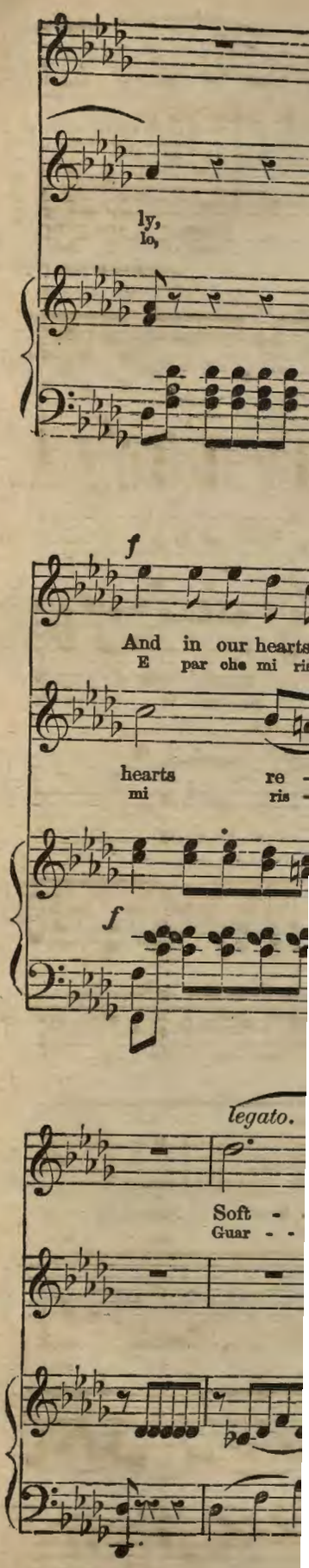
a - - - zure beam - - - - - ing; Si - - lent the winds; no star..... ....
not - - - te az - zur - - - - - - - ra; Un au - ra non sus - sur - - - - ra,

e legato.

trem - bles in e - - - ther a - far.
Non tre-mu - la u - no stel.

a tempo. cantabile.

Night-in-gales sing - ing on - - - - -
L'u - si - gno - let - - to so - - - - - -



From yon pure
Guar - - - da che

pp

no star.....
sus - sur - - - - ra,

abile.

ing - ing on
let - - to so

ly, Call thro' the for - - est lone - - - - - ly, And in our
lo, Bal - za di fron - - - da in fron - - - - - - - - da, E par che.

f p a tempo.

And in our hearts respon - sive, Wakes music soft and sweet, the lays of faith and love, Soft hymns of faith-ful love.
E par che mi ris - pon - da, Cer - co la tua fe - del, Cer - co la tua fe - del, Cer - co la tua fe - del.

hearts re - spon - sive, Wakes music soft and sweet, the lays of faith and love, Soft hymns of faith-ful love.
mi ris - pon - da, Cer - co la tua fe - del, Cer - co la tua fe - del, Cer co la tua fe - del,

f a tempo.

legato. p

Soft - - ly, Gent - - ly, Sweet-ly the moon - - light gleam - - - -
Guar - - - da, Guar - - - - da, Guar - da che bian - - - ca Lu - - - -

Soft - ly, Gent - ly, Sweetly the moonlight
Guar - - da, Guar - da, Guarda che bianca

animato.

- ing gent - - - ly, gent - - - ly Shines in the a zure each star.
na Guar - - - da, Guar - - - - da Non tre - mu - la u - no stel.

gleaming, Gent - ly, Gent - ly, From yon pure
La - - - na Guar - da, Guar - da, Un au - ra

p

From yon pure a - - - zure beam - - - ing, Shines in mild beau - - - ty each
Un au - ra non sus - sur - - - - ra, Non tre - mu - la u - no

a - - zure beam - - - - ing Shines in its beau-ty, in beau - - - - ty.
non sus - sur - - - - - ra, Non tre - mu - la, u - no stel.....

f *p*

star, Si - - lent, Si - - lent, Si - - lent, ah! Si - - lent Shines in mild
stel, Guar - - da, Guar - - da, Guar - - da, Ah! Non tre - - - mu

Si - lent, Si - lent, Si - lent, Si - lent, Ah! shines, shines each
Guar - da, Guar - da, Guar - da, Guar - da, Ah! Non tre - mu

p *f* *col canto.* *p*

animato.

the a zure each star.
- mu - la u - no stel.

From yon pure
Un au - ra

p

hines in mild beau - - - ty each
Non tre - mu - la u - no

beau - - - - ty.
stel.....

Si - - lent Shines in mild
Non tre - - - mu

hines, shines each
Non tre - mu

p

beau - - ty each star, si - lent, si - lent, si - lent, Ah! si-lent
la u - no stel, Guar - da, Guar - da, Guar - da, Ah!..... Non.....

f *p*

beau - - teous star, si - lent, si - lent, si - lent, si - lent, Ah! Ah!
la u - no stel, Guar - da, Guar - da, Guar - da, Guar - da Ah! Non

p *cres.* *p*

still are the winds, and each star, Tran - - - - - - - - - - - -
tre - - - - mu - la u - no stel, Guar - - - - - - - - - - -

p *calando a poco.*

still are the winds, each star, Tranquil - ly, shin-eth a - bove us a -
tre - - mu - la u-no stel, tre - mu - la u - no, u - no

p *calando a poco.*

quil, So calmly shines the star, So calm - ly shines the star... .....
da, Non tre - mu - la u -no stel. Non tre - mu - la u-no stel.....

dim. *ppp perdendosi.*

far, So calmly shines the star, So calm - ly shines the star.....
stel, Non tre - mu - la u-no stel, Non tre - mu - la u-no stel.....

dim.

p *ppp*

All Things Are Beautiful.

DUET.

Words by ANDREW PARK. Music by STEPHEN GLOVER.

Moderato con grazia.

f *dim.* *ritard.*

a tempo.

All things are beau - ti-ful! beau - ti-ful! beau - ti-ful! All things are

All things are beau - ti-ful! beau - ti-ful! All things are beau - ti-ful! are

a tempo.

p

beau - ti - ful, are beau - ti - ful! The diamond stars a - bove, That deck, that deck the brow of night,

beau - ti - ful, are beau - ti - ful! The diamond stars that deck the brow of night, Look

cresc: rall: - - - - a tempo.

Look down with love, And yield, and yield intense de - light.

a tempo. 2d VOICE.

down with eyes, with eyes of love, And yield, and yield intense de - light. So do the love-ly flow'rs, That scent, that

a tempo. cresc: rall. p

scent the dewy air, ... And bud in nature's bow'rs, Appear enchant - ing fair! enchanting fair! enchant - ing

dim. ritard.

dim. ritard.

cresc: decres.

The diamond stars, the diamond stars a - bove, Look down with eyes of love. The flow'rs, the

a tempo. cresc:

fair! The stars, the stars Look down with eyes of love. So do the lovely

a tempo. decres.

cresc:

...iful.

by STEPHEN GLOVER.

ritard.

All things are

things are beau - ti-ful! are

k the brow of night,

k the brow of night, Look

rall. *a tempo.*

flow'rs, Look up.... from nature's bow'rs. All things are beau - ti-ful!

rall. *a tempo.*

love - ly flow'rs, Look up.... from nature's bow'rs. All things are beau - ti-ful!

a tempo.

elegante. *p* *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

rall.

beau - ti-ful! beau - ti-ful! All things are beau - ti-ful! are beau - tiful!.... beautiful!

beau - ti-ful! beau - ti-ful! All things are beau - ti-ful! are beau - tiful!.... beautiful!

8

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

All things are beau - ti-ful! are beau-ti-ful! beau-ti-ful!

All things are beau-ti-ful! are beau-ti-ful! beau-ti-ful!

f

* The small notes inserted here and elsewhere, are for voices of limited compass, and must be sung in both parts if used at all.

1st VOICE.

On sea, in shad

p

calando.

this, in this fond breast o

calando.

con anima.

free - dom at their

con anima.

ritard.

what, Oh! what can be mo

ritard.

1st VOICE.

On sea, in shady grove, The moon - beams trembling shine, These but re - semble love, In

p

calando. *a tempo.*

this, in this fond breast of mine. And when on verdant hill, ... Sun-shine and shadows stray, In

a tempo.

calando.

con anima.

free - dom at their will,— Oh! what.... can be more gay, In freedom at their will, Oh!

con anima.

ritard.

what, Oh! what can be more gay! The moon, the moon - - beams shine in love, And

On sea, in sha - dy grove the moonbeams shine, the moon beams shine in love, And

ritard. *f* *p*

re beau - ti-ful!

re beau - ti-ful!

Ped. * *

beau - tiful! .... beautiful!

beau - tiful! .... beautiful!

f

g in both parts if used at all.

cresc: *Piu presto con anima.*

during cheer-ful, cheerful day, Sun - - shine and shadows stray, Beau - ti - ful! beau - ti - ful!

cresc:

during cheer-ful, cheerful day, Sun - - shine and shadows stray, Beau - ti - ful! beau - ti - ful!

Piu presto con anima.

cres.

lento.

cresc: *f* *a tempo.* *p*

beau - ti - ful! Ah!..... All things are beau - ti - ful! beau - ti - ful! beau - ti - ful! The

cresc: *f* *a tempo.*

beau - ti - ful! Ah!..... All things are beau - ti - ful! beau - ti - ful! beau - ti - ful!

lento. *p* *a tempo.* 8

cresc: *f* *elegante.* *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

cres.

dia - - - - mond stars, the love - - - ly flow'rs, the moon - - light

The dia - - - mond stars, the love - - - ly flow'rs, the

pp *p*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

sea,

moon - - - -

beau - - - ti -

beau - - - ti -

Cadenza

p Ah!

beau - ti - ful!

Cade

p Ah!

beau - ti - ful!

Piu animato.

sea, the sha - - - - - dy grove, Yes! All things are

moon - - - - light sea, the grove,..... Yes! All things are

Piu animato.

beau - - - ti - ful! beau - ti - ful!..... beau - ti - ful!.... .. .... All things are

beau - - - ti - ful! beau - ti - ful!..... beau - ti - ful!..... All things are

Cadenza ad lib. 3

p Ah! - - - - - - - - *f*

beau - ti - ful! Yes! All things are beau - ti - ful!

Cadenza ad lib. 3

p Ah! - - - - - - - - *f*

beau - ti - ful! Yes! All things are beau - ti - ful!

Sf *ff* *Ped.* *

COME WITH ME.

Words by LOUIS C. ELSON. Music by F. CAMPANA.

Andante mosso. sotto voce.

SOPRANO

Come, my loved one, with sweet si - lence sur - round -

sotto voce.

CONTRALTO o BASSO.

Come, my loved one, with sweet si - lence sur - round -

Andante mosso.

p *ppp*

ing, Midst the even - ing scarce a murmur is sound - ing, Come, ah! come love

ing, Midst the even - ing scarce a murmur is sound - - ing, Come, ah! come love

p *f* *f* *p* *rall.*

where the zephyrs are bound - ing, Come, oh! come then, 'tis the hour of love.

p *p*

where the zephyrs are bound - ing, Come, oh! come then, 'tis the hour of love.

p *f* *f* *rall.* *p* *rf*

a tempo. cantabile.

Now is the calm hour of love and of

Now is the calm hour of love and of slumber,

a tempo.

slumber,

Na-ture a-round us is tran - quil - ly

Na-ture around us is tran-quil-ly gleaming.

gleaming, Waves are sleeping and ro - ses are dreaming, Soft their pet - als they si - lent - ly

f

Waves are sleeping and ros - es are dreaming, Soft their pet - als they si - lent - ly

f

f

f

close; Come, . . then, come . . then, ah! . . . . Come, oh! dear one,

close. Come then, come . . then, come, oh! come . . then, ah! . . . . Come, oh! dear one,

while the stars without num - ber in the a - zure of heaven are shin - ing, While the

while the stars without num - ber in the a - zure of heaven are shin - ing, While the

moonbeams with their light are en - twin - ing, Gently in - spir - ing these new songs of love.

moonbeams with their light are en - twin - ing, Gently in - spir - ing these new songs of love.

rall. *a tempo.* *col canto.* *piu animato.*

con grazia.

Now is the calm

gleam-ing, Waves

hour, Wave

drow - si - ly close

drow - si - ly close

con grazia.

Now is the calm hour of love and of slum - ber, Na - ture a - round us is tran - quil - ly

'Tis the hour, 'Tis the

gleam-ing, Waves are sleep - ing, and ros - es are dreaming, Soft their pet - als they

hour, Waves are sleep - ing, and ros - es are dreaming, Soft their pet - als they

drow - si - ly close, Come then, oh, dear one, the stars without number, Midst the a - zure of

drow - si - ly close, Come, oh! dear one!

Come, oh! dear one,

Come, oh! dear one,

e shin - ing, While the

e shin - ing, While the

a tempo.

new songs of love.

e new songs of love.

a tempo.

l canto. *piu animato.*

f

heav'n now are shin - ing, While the moon-beams with star - light en - twin-ing, Moves our

ah! come love, While the moon-beams with star - light en - twin-ing, Moves our

f

p calando a poco.

hearts to these new songs of love, of love, of . . .

hearts to these new songs of love, of love,

p *calando a poco.*

f *cadenza.*

love. Moves our hearts to these new songs of love. Moves our hearts to these new songs of love.

f

Moves our hearts to these new songs of love. Moves our hearts to these new songs of love.

rf

col canto.

f

Translated and adap

Andan

PIANO

f

heav'ns we ga

heav'ns we g

light,..... love

light,..... love

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Translated and adapted by THEODORE T. BARKER — Music by Sig. CAMPANA.

Andante sostenuto. — *p con grazia.*

Dost re - call..... .....that summer night, love, When the

p

Dost re - call.....that summer night, love, When the

PIANO — *f*

heav'ns we gazed on to-geth - er, How with pure..... ..... e - the - real

heav'ns we gazed on to-geth - er, How with pure..... e - the - real

con espress. — *sf*

a tempo.

light,..... love, Planets gem'd the veil of blue. In its

light,..... love, Planets gem'd the veil of blue.

p

pathway, thy star resplendent, As we watch'd it, did mine pur-

partante.

In its pathway my star resplendent, As we watch'd it,

- sue..... Spoke of love,..... and then as - cend - - ant, In a

did mine pur - sue. Spoke of love,..... and then as - cend - - ant, In a

sf *sf*

parlante con grazia.

flash, was lost to view, Dost recall that summer night love, when the heav'ns we watch'd to-

flash, was lost to view. Ah!.....

gether, How with pu

yes!

- call it?

I rec

plan - et

plan - et

did mine pur-

s we watch'd it,

cend - - ant, In a

cend - - ant, In a

n the heav'ns we watch'd to-

Ah!.....

accel a poco.

gether, How with pure e-thereal light, love, Planets gem'd the veil of blue, Dost re-

yes! Ah! yes, I recall it,

sf

stacc. accel a poco.

- call it? ah yes, When I whis - pered of love, the

I recall it, ah..... yes, When I whis - pered of love, the

cres.

a tempo.

plan - et Brightly flashing, while we gazed, was lost to view.

plan - et Brightly flashing, while we gazed was lost to view, In its course thy star re-

Spoke of love, and then as - cendant, In a flash was lost to

splendent, as we watch'd did mine pursue.

sf *f*

view. Dost recall it? ah! yes. While I

I recall it. I recall it, ah?.... yes. While I

accel *a poco* *cres.* *f* *ff*

con grazia.

whispered of love, the plan - et..... Brightly flashing, As we gazed, was lost to

whispered of love, the plan - et..... Brightly flashing, As we gazed, was lost to

a tempo.

view.

view. Oh dear -

a tempo.

p

love, my own,

my own,

own love, yes,

yes,

a tempo.

view. Ah! .... my own..... . love, oh! dearest

view. Oh dear - est love! Ah! .... my own..... .. love.

a tempo.

f *rall. a piacere.*

love, my own, my dear - est. Ah! ..... yes, Ah! my

my own, my dear - est, Ah! ..... yes, thou'rt my own love,

sf *sf*

own love, yes, all my own..... ....

yes, all my own.... ....

ff *f*

col canto.

a flash was lost to

yes. While I

yes. While I

ing, As we gazed, was lost to

ing, As we gazed, was lost to

When I know that Thou art near Me.

(WEISS ICH DICH IN MEINER NÄHE.)

F. ABT.

Con espressione.

When I know that thou art near me, In my heart are joy and rest; I to slum-ber, soft con-
Weiss ich Dich in mei - ner Nä - he, hab' ich Frie - den hab' ich Ruh,' schliesse, wenn ich schlafen

fide me,— Close my eyes, su-preme-ly blest. Close my eyes, su -
ge - he, still - be - glückt die Au - gen zu, still - be-glückt die

Close my eyes, . . . su -
still - be - glückt.... die

preme-ly blest.
Au - gen zu.

preme-ly blest. W
Au - gen zu.

part - ed, past
bist du fort -

dwell - ing, There
wei - let, ist d

near Me.

(ÄHE.)

F. ABT.

When I
Weiss ich

I to slum-ber, soft con-
schliesse, wenn ich schlafen

Close my eyes, su -
still - be-glückt die

Close my eyes, . . . su -
still - be - glückt.... die

preme-ly blest. From thee
Au - gen zu. Ach, und

preme-ly blest. Where an an - gel guards the dwell - ing, There is joy and bliss di - vine.
Au - gen zu. Wo ein gu - - ter En - gel wei - - let, ist der Frie - de rings um - her;

part - ed, past all tell - ing, is the an - guish that is mine.
bist du fort - ge - ei - - let, hab' ich kein - nen Frie-den mehr.

poco accelerando.

Where an an - gel guards the
Wo ein gu - - ter En - gel

From thee part - ed, past all tell - ing, Is the
Ach, und bist du fort - ge - ei - - let, hab' ich

dwell - ing, There is joy and bliss di - vine. There is joy and bliss, is
wei - let, ist der Him - - mel rings um - her, ist der Him - mel, ist der

ritard. *a tempo.* *pp*

sor - row that is mine. When I know that thou art near me, In my heart are joy and rest.

kei - - nen Frieden mehr. Weiss ich Dich in meiner Nä - he, hab' ich Frieden, hab' ich Ruh'.

ritard. *a tempo.* *pp*

joy and bliss di - vine. When I know that thou art near me, In my heart are joy and rest. I to

Him - mel rings um - her. Weiss ich Dich in meiner Nä - he, hab' ich Frieden, hab' ich Ruh'. Schliesse,

pp *p*

I to slumber soft con - fide me, Close my eyes, su-preme-ly blest, Close my

schliesse, wenn ich schlafen ge - he, still - be - glückt die Au - gen zu, still - - be -

slumber soft con - fide me, Close my eyes, su-preme-ly blest, Close my

wenn ich schla - - fen ge - he, still - be - glückt die Au - gen zu, still - be -

p *p*

pp poco riten.

eyes, su - preme-ly blest. When I know that thou art near me!

- glückt die Au - gen zu. Weiss ich Dich in meiner Nä - he!

pp

eyes, su - preme-ly blest. When I know that thou art near me!

glückt die Au - gen zu. Weiss ich Dich in meiner Nä - he!

pp *pp*

O SV

Two Part Song.

Alle

sch

1. Sing welcome to
2. Ye lit - tle play

3. Fare - well then to

far comes he With su
fleece so warm, From W
neath the eaves He soo

are joy and rest.
len, hab' ich Ruh'.

are joy and rest. I to
den, hab' ich Ruh'. Schliesse,

Close my
still - - be -

Close my
still - be -

at thou art near me!
in meiner Nä - he!

hat thou art near me!
in meiner Nä - he!

O SWALLOW, HAPPY SWALLOW.

Two Part Song. **F. KUCKEN.**

Allegretto.

scherz.

1. Sing welcome to the swal - low, He news of summer brings, A - cross the sea, a -
2. Ye lit - tle play - ful lamb - kins, Ye here can safe - ly stay; Ye fear no harm, with

3. Fare - well then to the swal - low, He skims a - long the plain, The home he leaves, be-

far comes he With sunshine on his wings
fleece so warm, From Winter's bit - ter day.
neath the eaves He soon will seek a - gain.

But when the leaves are fall - ing, No long - er
But when the leaves are fall - ing, And na - ked
But fast the leaves are fall - ing, He can - not

sf *sf* *a tempo.*

But when the leaves are fall - ing, No long - er will he stay.
But when the leaves are fall - ing, And na - ked is the spray,
But fast the leaves are fall - ing, He can - not lin - - ger here.

a tempo.

will he stay.
is the spray.
lin - ger here.

He flies a -
The swallow
When sweet birds

cres. *sf* *dim.*

a tempo.

He flies a - ghast from Win - ter's blast, Far, far a -
The swal - low flies to bright-er skies, Far far a -
When sweet birds sing in ear - ly spring, A - gain he

ghast from Winter's blast, He flies a - ghast.
flies, To brighter skies Far, far, a - way.
sing, in ear - ly spring, He will ap - pear.

f

way, Far, far a - way,
way, Far, far a - way,
will, He will ap - pear,

f

From Winter's blast, He flies a - ghast, from Winter's blast he flies a - way, Far, far a -
The swal-low flies to brighter skies, The swallow flies to brighter skies, Far, far a -
When sweet birds sing in ear - ly spring, When sweet birds sing in ear - ly spring, He will ap -

f
Ped
p

he flies a -
far, far a -
he will ap -

way,
way.
pear,

will

blast He flies a - g
flies to bright-er s
spring, a - gain, a -

p

dim.

flies a - gh
flies a - w
will a - p

dim.

sf *a tempo.*

will be stay.
is the spray,
lin - - ger here.

a tempo.

He flies a -
The swallow
When sweet birds

dim. *a tempo.*

Far, far a -
Far far a -
A - gain he

flies a - ghast.
far, a - way.
will ap - pear.

a - way,
a - way,
ap - pear,

flies a - way, Far, far a -
brighter skies, Far, far a -
ear - ly spring, He will ap -

he flies a - way, far, far a - way, far,.....
far, far a - way, far, far a - way, far, ...
he will ap - pear, he will ap - pear, He .....

f

way, From win - ter's blast, He flies a - ghast, from win - ter's
way. The swal - low flies To bright-er skies the swal-low
pear, He will ap - pear, When sweet birds sing in ear - ly

f *Ped*

sf *dim.*

..... a - way, From ... ... Win - ter's blast He.....
..... a - way, To .. .. bright - er skies He.....
will..... ap - pear, He ..... will ap - pear, He.....

dim.

blast He flies a - ghast, far, far a - way. From..... Win-ter's blast He.....
flies to bright-er skies, Far, far a - way. To..... bright-er skies He.....
spring, a - gain, a - gain he will ap - pear. He ..... will ap - pear, He.. .....

legato.

p *Ped* * *dim.* *Ped* *

dim.

.... flies a - ghast, Far, far a - - way.
.. . flies a - way, Far, far a - - way.
.... will a - pear, In ear - ly spring.

dim.

8va

pPed *pp* *dim.*

THE SOUND OF HARPS.

(IL SUON DELL' ARPA.)

"I Martiri."

Allegro Vivace.
PAOLINA.

The sound of harps an - gel - i - cal Seems now to hov - er o'er me; A hundred suns re -
Il suon dell' ar pa an - ge - li - che in torno a me già sen - to, La lu - ce io veg - go

- splen - dently Are shining out be - fore me: A gen - tle voice is whis - pering, Behold that blessed
splen - de - re di cen - to so - li a cen - to: Di me non ho che l'a - ni - ma già son dei nume al

shore..... .... Where joy will beam e - ter - nal - ly, And we shall meet, shall
più..... E - ter - na - men - te vi - ve - re mie da - to in ciel con

POLIUTO.

Ah!..... Where joy will beam e - ter - nal - ly, And we shall meet, shall
Ah!..... E - ter - na - men - te vi - ve - re mie da - to in ciel con

8va

meet to part no more,
te, in ciel con te,

meet, Where
te, in c

more, Where we shall mee
te, Si, si con te,

more, Where w
te, Si, s

1st.

more.
te.

more.
te.

me; A hundred suns re -
to, La lu - ce io vey - go

perlag, Behold that blessed
ni - ma già son dei nume al

And we shall meet, shall
mie da - to in ciel con

And we shall meet, shall
mie da - to in ciel con

meet to part no more, to part no more, we shall - - - - meet to part no
te, in ciel con te, in ciel con te si m'è..... da - - to in ciel con

meet, Where we shall meet, Where we shall meet, shall..... meet to part no
te, in ciel con te, in ciel con te si m'è da - - to in ciel con

more, Where we shall meet, meet to part no more, meet to part no
te, Si, si con te, Si, si, si con te, ah! in ciel con

more, Where we shall meet to part no more, to part no
te, Si, si con te, Si, si con te, in ciel con

1st.

more. Hark thee! A - - gain, love,
te. Spo - so M'ab - brac - - cia.

more. Hark thee! 'Tis
te. Spo - so M'ab -

The sound of harps an - gel - i - cal Seems
Il suon dell' ar - pa an - ge - li - che in -

sound - ing!
brac - - cia.

The sound of harps an - gel - i - cal Seems
Il suon dell' ar - pa an - ge - li - che in -

now to hov - er o'er me, A hun - dred suns re - splen - dently Are shin - ing out be -
tor - no a me già sen - - - to, La lu - ce veg - go splen - de - re di cen - to so - li e

now to hov - er o'er me, A hun - dred suns re - splen - dently Are shin - ing out be -
tor - no a me già sen - - - to, La lu - ce veg - go splen - de - re di cen - to so - li e

- fore me: A gen - tle voice is whis - pering, Behold that blessed shore..... Where
cen - - to Di me non hò che l'a - ni - ma, Gia son del nu - me al piè..... E -

- fore me: A gen - tle voice is whis - pering, Behold that blessed shore..... Where
cen - - to Di me non hò che l'a - ni - ma, Gia son del nu - me al piè..... E -

2nd.

more, Our
te.

more,
te,

we
ah!.....

we
ah!.....

2nd.

more, Our sor - rows now are o'er, and we shall part no more,
te. In ciel con te, in ciel con te,

more, No more, we shall meet to part no more,
te, In ciel con te, in ciel con te,

we shall part no more
ah! ..... si, con te.

we shall part no more.
ah! ..... si, con te.

OH! HASTE, CRIMSON MORNING.

(O SOLE PIU RATTO.) "Lucia di Lammermoor."

Oh! haste, crimson morn-ing, Bright sun of the mor-row, Let red clouds give warn-ing A-round thee of
O so - le, più rat - to a sor - ger t'ap - pres - ta ti cin - ga di san - gue ghir - lan - da fu

Oh! haste, crimson morn-ing, Bright sun of the mor-row, Let red clouds give warn-ing A-round thee of

sor-row! Like snails how ye lin-ger, Slow moments de-lay-ing, That long the a-ven-ger From
- - nes - ta, con quel - la ris - chia - ra l'or - ri - bi - le ga - ra d'un o - dio mor - ta - le d'un

sor-row! Like snails how ye lin-ger, Slow moments de-lay-ing, That long the a-ven-ger From

vengence are staying, Oh! haste, crimson morn-ing, Bright sun of the morrow, Oh! haste, crimson morn - -
cie - co fu - ro - re O So - - le più rat - to ri - sor già ris - chia - ra d'un o - dio mor - ta - - - -

Rall. tempo.

vengence are staying, Oh! haste, crimson morn-ing, Bright sun of the morrow, Oh! haste, crimson
d'un o - dio mor -

1st time.

ing, Bright sun of the mor-row, Oh! haste! I
le il cie-co il cie-co fu-ror. Giu

morn - - - ing, Bright sun of the mor-row, Oh! haste!
ta - - - - le

f p

swear, oh my sire to a - venge thee. The
ra - - - - i trup - par - ti il co - - - - re La

Cres.

A - - - mid the tombs of my
fra L'ur - ne di Bevens -

sword our um - pire shall be
spa - - - - da pen - de su - te

8va

f

OH! HASTE CRIMSON MORNING, Concluded.

2d time.

sires.
vood;

Yes,
Ah.....

haste,

Bright sun of the
L'or - ri - bi - le

At dawn then we meet, Yes, haste, Oh haste crimson morning
All al - ba ver - - - - - - ro Ah..... ror, Con quel-la ris - chia-va

piu allegro.

morrow, Oh, haste crimson morning, Bright sun of the morrow. Bright morning, Oh haste, Thy dawn - ing I wait, Bright
ga - ra d'un o - dio mor - ta - le d'un cie - co fu - ror d'un - - - - cie - co fu - ror d'un cie - co fu - ror d'un

Oh, haste crimson morning, Bright sun of the morrow. Bright morning, Oh haste, Thy dawn - ing I wait, Bright

morn - ing oh haste, My ven - geance to sate. Bright morning oh haste, Bright morning oh haste, Bright morning oh haste.
cie - co fu - ror d'un cie - co fu - ror d'un cie - co fu - ror d'un cie - co fu - ror d'un cie - co fu - ror d'un cie - co fu - ror.

morn - ing oh haste, My ven - geance to sate, Bright morning oh haste, Bright morning oh haste, Bright morning oh haste.

d.

time.

Bright sun of the
L'or - ri - bi - le

haste crimson morning
quel-la ris - chia-va

legro.

dawn - ing I wait, Bright
cie - co fu - ror d'un

dawn - ing I wait, Bright

te, Bright morning oh haste.
d'un cie - co fu - ror.

te, Bright morning oh haste.

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