A Selection

OF THE

Songs of Lady Dufferin

(COUNTESS OF GIFFORD)

Set to Music by Herself & Others

Edited by her Son

THE MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA

A COMPANION VOLUME
TO 'SONGS, POEMS,
& VERSES

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

1895
A SELECTION

OF THE

SONGS OF LADY DUFFERIN
PREFACE

This volume contains the music and words of all my mother’s songs recently published by Mr. Murray under the title of “Songs, Poems, and Verses by Helen, Lady Dufferin (Countess of Gifford), London, 1894.”

All the airs, except the one composed by Mr. Barker for “The Lament of the Irish Emigrant,” and the accompaniments arranged for “Terence’s Farewell to Kathleen” by Major Henry Le Patourel, and for “The Fine Young English Gentleman” by Mr. J. T. Craven, were her own composition. The old English melody of “The Last Rose of Summer,” she herself arranged for the “Bay of Dublin.” She also wrote the music for a good many of Mrs. Norton’s songs and ballads.
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Composer</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>'The Lament of the Irish Emigrant'</td>
<td>G. Barker</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh! Bay of Dublin</td>
<td>Arranged by Lady Dufferin</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Terence's Farewell to Kathleen</td>
<td>Arranged by Major Henry Le Patourel</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Katey's Letter</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arranged and partly composed by Lady Dufferin</td>
<td></td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet Kilkenny Town</td>
<td>Lady Dufferin</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Charming Woman</td>
<td></td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Fine Young English Gentleman</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arranged by J. T. Craven</td>
<td></td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bygone Hours</td>
<td>Lady Dufferin</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For the Sake of Those Who are Gone</td>
<td></td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I've Taught My Lips</td>
<td></td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh! Sing no More</td>
<td></td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Change</td>
<td></td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And Have I Lost Thee?</td>
<td></td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I am Weary</td>
<td></td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chactas' Lament for Atala</td>
<td></td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They bid me forget Thee</td>
<td></td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When another's Voice thou hearest</td>
<td></td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

Composed by G. Barker.

Andante.

I'm sitting by the stile Mary where

Joyously.

we sat side by side On a bright May morning long ago when

first you were my bride, The corn was springing fresh and green and the
larks sang loud and high and the red was on your lip, Mary and the

love-light in your eye.

place is little changed, Mary the day is bright as then, The

ritard. — a tempo

lark’s loud song is in my ear and the corn is green again, But I
miss the soft clasp of your hand and the breath warm on your cheek. And I
still keep listening to the words you never more may speak.

2nd Verse.
*With Mournful Expression, and a little slower.*
I'm very lonely now, Mary. For the poor make no new friends. But
With Enthusiasm.

oh they love the better still the few our father sends And

p

ritard.

you were all I had Mary my blessing and my pride There's

p

ritard.

no-thing left to care for now since my poor Mary died.

Slower.

I'm bidding you a long farewell my
Mary kind and true But I'll not forget you darling in the

patempo

land I'm going to They say there's bread and work for all and the

With great force and Enthusiasm.

sunshines always there But I'll never forget old Ireland were it

Agitato

fifty times as fair, were it fifty times as fair...
OH BAY OF DUBLIN.

IRISH MELODY.

Arranged by
Lady Dufferin.

Oh Bay of Dub-lin! my heart you're

troub-lin, Your beau-ty haunts me like a

dream, Like fro-zenz foun-tains, that the sun sets
bubbling, My hearts blood warms when I but hear your name; And never till this life pulse ceases, My earliest latest thought you'll cease to be. Theres no one here knows how fair that place is, And no one
cares how dear it is to me.

Sweet Wick-low

mountains! the sunlight sleeping On your green banks, Is a picture

rare, You crowd a-round me, like young girls
peeping. And puzzling me to say which is most fair, As tho' you'd see your own sweet faces, Reflected in that smooth and silver sea. Oh! my bless-in on those love-ly places, Tho' no one cares how dear they are to me.
How often
when at work I'm sitting, And musing sadly on the days of yore, I think I see my Katie knitting And the children play-in a-round the cabin door; I think I see the neighbours
fa·ces All ga·thered round, their long lost friend to see. Oh! Tho' no one here knows how fair that place is, Heav'n knows how dear my poor home was to me.
TERENCE'S FAREWELL TO KATHLEEN.

Arranged by
Major H. Le Patourel.
So my Kathleen! you're going to leave me all alone by myself in this place! But I'm sure that you'll never deceive me, Oh no! if there's truth in that face! Tho' England's a
beautiful country full of il·l·i·gant Boys, ooh! what

then? You wouldn't forget your poor Terence you'll come back to ould Ireland again.

Ooh! them Eng·l·ish de·
-cave-ers by na-ture! Tho' may be you'd think them sin-

cere They'll say you're a sweet charm-in' cra-ture But

don't you be-lieve them, my dear! No Kath-leen a-
grahldon't be mind-in' The flat-ter-in' speeches they'll make Just
tell them a poor boy in Ireland is breakin' his heart, for your sake!

It's a folly to keep you from goin' Thou' faith! it's a mightly hard case For
Kathleen! you know there's no know-in' when next I may see your sweet face And when you come back to me

Kathleen! none the better shall I be off then, You'll be speakin' sich beau-ti-ful English sure I won't know my
Kathleen a-gen!

dolce

now! where's the need of this hurry! Don't fluster me

so in this way! I've forgot 'twixt the grief and the
flurry every word I was man-in' to say! Now just

wait a minute, I bid ye Can I talk if you

bother me so? Och! Kathleen my blessing, go

wid ye Ev-ry inch of the way that you go.
KATEY'S LETTER.

Arranged and partly Composed by
Lady Dufferin.

Andante con espressione.

Och, girls dear, did you ever hear, I wrote my love a letter, And although he cannot read, sure I
thought 'twas all the better. For why should he be
puzzled with hard spelling in the matter, When the
meaning was so plain, that I love him faithfully.
I love him faithfully. And he
knows it, oh! he knows it, without one word from me.

I wrote it, and I folded it, and

put a seal upon it, 'Twas a seal almost as big, As the crown of my best bonnet, For I
would not have the Post-master make his remarks up-
on it, As I'd said inside the letter, that I lov'd him faithfui-
ly. I love him faithfully, And he
knows it, oh! he knows it, without one word from me.
My heart was full but when I wrote, I
dard not put the half in, The neighbours know I
love him, and they're mighty fond of chaffing; So I
dard not write his name out-side, For fear they would be
laughing, So I wrote from little Kate to one whom

she loves faithfully.

love him faithfully, And he knows it, oh! he knows it, without one word from me.

Now girls would you believe it, that Postman so consated
No answer will he bring me, so long as I have waited;
But may-be there may'nt be one, for the rason that I stated,
That my love can neither read nor write, but he loves me faithfully.

He loves me faithfully—He loves me faithfully;
And I know wher'e'er my love is, that he is true to me.
SWEET KILKENNY TOWN.

With feeling but not too slow.

I was working in the fields, near fair Boston City, Thinking sadly of Kilkenny and a
girl that's there; When a friend came and told me (late en-
nough, and more's the pity!) "There's a Letter waitin'
for ye, in the Post-man's care!" Oh! my heart was in my
mouth, all the while that he was spak-ing; For I
knew it was from Ka-ty! She's the girl that can spell! And I
couldn't speak for crying, for my heart had nigh been breakin', With longing for a word from the: longing for a girl I love well. With longing for a word from the cresc. dim. (This Refrain in the first and third verses may be omitted ad lib.) girl I love well. Oh! I knew it was from Katey! who
could it be but Katey? The poor girl, that

loves me, loves me well, in sweet Kil-kenny Town.

Oh! 'twas soon I reach'd the place, and I thank'd them for the trouble. They wor
taking with my Letter, sorting with such care; And they asked "was it a single?" and I told them 'twas a double! For wasn't it worth twice as much as any letter there? Then they sorted and they searched, but something seemed the matter, And my heart it stopped beating, when I
thought what it might be: Och! Boys! would ye believe it? They had

with tenderness.

gone and lost my Letter, My poor Katey's Letter that had

poor Katey's

come so far to me, My poor Katey's Letter! that had

come so far to me. For I knew it was from Katey! Who
loves me well, in could it be but Ka-ney? The poorgirl that loves me well, in
sweet Kill-ken-ny Town.

I trim-bled like an as-pen but I
Then they laugh-ed in my face, and they

said "Tis fun you're mak-in, Of the poor fool-ish
asked me (tho in kindness,) What good would let-ers
Paddy, that's so easy to craze; "Och! gentle-man, then do me that I could not understand? And I answered were ye

look a-gen, may be ye wor mis-ta-ken. For cursed with deaf-ness or with blindness, Would ye

let-ters, as you know boys are as like as pase! Then they care-less for the clasp of a dear loved hand." Oh! the

bade me sarch my self, when they saw my deep de-folks that read and write, (though they're so migh-ty
jection But och! who could sarc when the

clever See no thin' but the words, and they're

slow with tenderness.

ears, blind the sight? More o ver as (I told them) I'd an
soon read through. But Kate's unread letter would be

other strong objection. In regard of niver
spakin' to me ever Of the dear love that she

: gard of
dear love

larning to read, nor to write, In regard of niver
bears me, for it shows she is true! Of the dear love that she
larn-ing to read nor to write. For I wasn't cute like bears me, for it shows she is true! Oh! well I knew my

Katey, My own-- darling Katey? The
Katey, My own-- darling Katey? The

poor girl that loves me well, in sweet Kill-ken-ny
poor girl that loves me well, in sweet Kill-ken-ny

Town.

Town.
THE CHARMING WOMAN.

Moderato.

So MISS MYRTLE is going to marry? What a number of hearts she will break!—There's Lord
George, and Tom Brown, and Sir Harry, Are dying of love for her sake! 'Tis a match that we all must approve, Let the gossips say all that they can! For indeed she's a charming woman, And
he's a most fortunate man! For
indeed she's a charming woman,
And

he's a most fortunate man!

2nd Verse.

Yes in-
-deed she's a charming woman, And she reads both Latin and Greek, And I'm told that she solv'd a problem in Euclid, before she could speak! Had she been but a daughter of mine I'd have taught her to hem and to
Oh she's really a charming woman!
But I think she's a little too thin
And no wonder such very late hours
Should ruin her beautiful skin!
Her shoulders are rather too bare
And her gown's nearly up to her knees,
But I'm told that those charming woman
May dress themselves just as they please.
4.
Yes she's really a charming woman!
But have you observ'd by the bye
A something—that's rather uncommon
In the flash of that very bright eye!
It may be a fancy of mine
Tho' her voice has a rather sharp tone—
But I'm told that those charming woman
Are apt to have wills of their own!

5.
She sings like a Bulfinch or Linnet
And she talks like an Arch-bishop too
She can play you a rubber and win it,
If she's got nothing better to do!
She can chatter of Poor-laws and Tithes
And the value of Labour and Land,—
'Tis a pity when charming woman
Talk of thinks which they don't understand!

6.
I'm told that she hasn't a penny
Yet her gowns would make Maradan stare
And I fear that her bills must be many—
But you know that's her husband's affair!
Such husband's are very uncommon
So regardless of prudence and pelf,—
But they say such a charming woman
Is a fortune you know, in her self!

7.
She has Brothers and Sisters by dozens
And all charming people, they say!
And she's several tall Irish cousins
Whom she loves in a sisterly way.
Oh young men if you'd take my advice
You would find it an excellent plan—
Don't marry a charming woman,
If you are a sensible man!
THE FINE YOUNG ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

Not too fast.

Arranged by J. T. Craven.

I'll sing you a fine new song, that was made by a mad young pate, Of a fine young English Gentleman who
lives on no estate, But who keeps up appearances at a

very dashing rate, and also his poor old Land-lady by

coming home so late! Like a fine young English Gentleman,

One of the present time!
He lives in a smart new lodging, up a rather narrow stair, And the furniture is fine enough, but a little the worse for wear! For two or three fine young friends of his, are fond of smoking there, And
though they do spoil the new carpet, this brave young man don't care! For he's a fine young English Gentleman,

One of the present time!

His custom of an afternoon if he's
anything of a Swell, Is to lounge on a Friend's horse in Hyde Park, and

chat with some first-rate belle, And to dine with two or three

good young friends at the Clarendon Hotel On

capital good turtle soup, and Cham-
-pagne that's iced so well— For these fine young English

Gen-tle-men, Some of your Lon-don Sparks!

4th Verse.

Then, af-ter a glass of Cu-ra-coa he gets
up, and walks a-way, And is much sur-prised that

folks should ask such a fine young man—to pay, So he
gives the Waiter an oath or two, and he
goes to his box at the Play, Where he spends an hour
peaceably, in admiring Duvernay, Like a
fine young English Gentleman, One of the present time.
5th Verse.

After that, as he hasn't settled, where
next he means to go, He just drops in at Crocky's for
half an hour or so, But finding only Lord
Alln, and some old fellows he don't know, He
supps with some friends at the Cider Cellar, though it's
reckoned rather low! For such fine young English Gentlemen,
6th Verse.

Men of the present time! Then as for the rest of the evening, I
really cannot say,—Except that the cold Punch was
excellent—and the company very gay! And he
challenged two or three of his friends—but they settle it next day, And he
don't exactly remember how, or when he came away! This
fine young English Gentleman, One of the present time!
7th Verse.

Now instead of being seen next day, at his
desk at half past ten, He doesn't find himself there till one, per-
haps not even then! And his head aches, and his
hand shakes so, he can hardly hold a pen,—But these
little accidents will occur to the steadiest of Men,—Thinks this
fine young English Gentleman, One of the present time!
8th Verse.

Now the senior Clerk is a horrid man,—as
strict, as he is sly! And he calls up this fine young

Gentleman, and asks him "the reason why?" And this good young man replies to him, for he

scorns to tell a lie! That he "sat up all night, with a poor sick friend to the best of his memory:" Like a

kind young English Gentleman, One of the present time!

9th Verse.

So he goes back to his Brother Clerks, if nothing else intervenes; And they're neither quite as wise as Judges, nor yet as grave as Deans! And a good deal is said about "flaring up," and "going it, like bricks and beans," And they call each other

"Slap up Trumps"; and I'm told the expression means, A fine young English Gentleman, One of the present time!
BY-GONE HOURS.

Slow.

'Tis sad, 'tis sad to think upon, The joyous days of old. When
ev'ry year that wearies on, Is numbered by some

friend-ship gone! Some kind-ly heart grown
cold! Could those days but come a-gain,

with their thorns and flow'rs, I would give the
hopes of years! for those by-gone hours!

'Tis sad, 'tis sad to

num-ber o'er, The fa-ces glad and gay! Which
we have lov'd, some smile no more, a round us, as they
did of yore! And some have turn'd a-
way! Could those days but come a-gain!

with their thorns and flow'rs, I would give the
hopes of years for those by-gone hours!

'Tis sad, 'tis sad to come a-gain, With

changed heart and brow, To our youth's home where
none remain, Of those who made it blessed then. Who

morendo

leave it lonely now! Could those days but

come again! with their thorns and flow'rs, I would give the

hopes of years! for those by-gone hours!
Oh! little things bring back to me, The
thoughts of by-gone hours. The breath of kine up-
on the lea. The murmur of the mountain bee. The
scent of Haw-thorn flow'rs! Could those days but

come a-gain! with their thorns and flow'rs, I would give the

hopes of years— for those by-gone hours!
FOR THE SAKE OF THOSE WHO ARE GONE.

Andantino.

1st VOICE.
Friend of my youth we meet again! Both chang'd in

2nd VOICE.
Friend of my youth we meet again! Both chang'd in
outward guise, But the love we bore each other then! Still lives in our tearful eyes!

Those who were wont, our hearts to fill Have left us on
earth alone! But we'll love each other the better
earth alone! But we'll love each other the better

still For the sake of those who are gone! Old
still For the sake of those who are gone! Old

Friend! For the sake of those who are gone!
Friend! For the sake of those who are gone!
Well

Well

sit in the shade of these old, oak trees
And speak of the tried and true
Nor hide our tears which no one

sit in the shade of these old, oak trees
And speak of the tried and true
Nor hide our tears which no one


sees But the Friend who is weeping too! And if our

sees But the Friend who is weeping too! And if our

wrath be idly stirr'd, by a heedless look or
wrath be idly stirr'd, by a heedless look or

tone, We'll forget the look and forgive the
tone, We'll forget the look and forgive the
word For the sake of those who are gone! Old Friend, For the

sake of those who are gone.

Friend of my youth we

Friend of my youth we
part once more! And our paths are distant far! But we'll
meet when the long day's toil is o'er in the land where those
loved ones are! And oh while yet we linger
here Each journeying on alone Let my name be
dear to thy distant ear For the sake of those who are
gone! Old Friend! For the sake of those who are gone.
I’VE TAUGHT MY LIPS.

Adagio espressivo.

I've taught my lips, to

speak thy name, As twere a com-mon sound, As
if it woke no spell of flame No heart's wild echo

found! My gaze rests on thee yet appears So

careless or so cold! Thou dream'dst not what a

depth of tears, These eyes' sad fountains hold! Thou
dreamst not what a depth of tears These eyes’ sad fountains

hold! Oh would this weary task were o’er! Be-

lov’d were far less pain, To dwell a part for

ever more Than meet thee thus again.
thy dear sake! my wasted youth No second love hath known!
I deem'd thy soul's un-question'd truth As
changeless as mine own! And O such glorious

hopes were mine Those Gods which young hearts make, A

dream of love almost divine And Fame for that love's

sake! A dream of love almost divine And
Fame for that love's sake! I've seen them one by one depart, and

know how wild and vain such visions are, but O my heart!

Would thou could'st dream again.

mournfully
OH SING NO MORE.

Andantino.

Oh sing no more, that sadd'ning strain, Tho'
sweet thy mournful numbers flow! I would not hear those
sounds again which I have loved so long ago! The
lips are mute, the hand is cold! That made that lay be-

-land of old! 'Tis like the sound of sabbath bells, To
guilty souls that dare not pray! 'Tis like the faint, sweet

breeze that tells, Of perfume which has past away!

Oh sing no more! Those
thrill-ing notes, Wake sad remem-brance in my brain! And
in my diz-zy ear there floats, A voice Earth may not
hear a-gain! For She on whose loved tones, I hung Is
gone, like that sad lay she sung! I know not if her
fingers fair Made melody as sweet as thine, I
only know her heart breath'd there, And
that young, faithful heart was mine!
THE CHANGE.

Affettuoso.

Like

Pilgrimsold and weary, We have wander'd back once
more, to the pleasant home of childhood, Where we

lived and loved of yore! The same old roof is

o'er us, The same hearth bright again, The

same dear friends before us Can we
smile as we did then?

We are

listening to the flowing of the same sweet mountain

rill! And the flow'rs we left there grow'ing Are
blossoming round it still! The evening sun is shining On the tone hill's side again! Where we sat at day's declining Are we glad as we were then!
The morn’s fresh breeze of gladness, brings no freshness to our hearts and the evenings holy sadness leaves no calm, when it departs! Does the smile of yon fair
Heaven, raise our grateful tears a gain! No!

changed in all we even cannot

weep as we did then.
AND HAVE I LOST THEE.

Rather slow.

With mournful expression.

And have I lost thee? Is thy love a_
And have I lost thee? Must I learn to_
dream of other days? Can act of mine no
live through lonely years? To seek for love in

longer move Thy censure or thy praise? I
eyes that turn All coldly from my tears! Thy

miss thee from the lonely earth I miss thy quiet
silent home!none greet me there,nonespeak to me of

smile! Thy voice with its melodious mirth! Thy
thee! Our ancient haunts no longer wear Fa-
lips that knew not guile! I gaze on thine ac-
mil-liar looks to me! Re-store, thou si-
- lon:
-cust-om'd place, But stran-gers fill it now; A-
tomb! re-store, The young hopes thou hast slain! Give

-las! and is there left no trace Of one so lov'd as
back the lov'd and lost once more! Give me mine own a-

thou? And have I lost thee!
-gain! And have I lost thee!
Andantino.

I am weary! I am weary of the
I am weary! I am weary but the

green earth and the sun, They are joyful things to
long night comes at last! And the sleep that brings no

look up - on when life is but begun! In the
'wil'dring dreams, no voices from the past! The

I AM WEARY.
young days, when a flower’s breath, or wild bird’s thrilling
peaceful sleep! when vain regrets and vainer hopes are

tone, or the sweet, fresh air of heaven, were o’er, and the looks and tones of other days shall

happiness alone! In the young days when a haunt my soul no more! The peaceful sleep! when

flower’s breath, or wild bird’s thrilling tone, or the vain regrets, and vainer hopes are o’er, and the
sweet, fresh air of heaven were happiness alone!
looks and tones of other days shall haunt my soul no more!

But the Who

green earth in its beauty, hath a mournful look to
calls thee lone and dark, thou grave! thou art the quiet

me, And a dream of sadness dwells within the home, The holy tryst where parted friends shall
voice of stream and tree. Gone are the kind-ly
meet no more to roam! Where the sad one left on

looks that made my home a Pa-ra-dise! Oh the
dim earth, their long lost dead shall see! Not-

glo-rious sun-shine is not worth the light of lov-ing
lone! Oh no, my well be-loved, ye will be there with

eyes! Gone are the kind-ly looks, that made my
me! Where the sad ones, left on this dim earth, their
home a Paradise, Oh the glorious sunshine
long lost dead shall see, Not lone! oh no, my

is not worth the light of loving eyes!
well-belov'd, ye will be there with me.
CHACTAS' LAMENT FOR ATALA.

Andantino.
Oh dolente.

A-ta-la! my lovd and lost, to these lone woods I flee.
And call on thy dear name and dream, thy sweet tones answer me!

A-las the woods are
silent now thou mad'st so oft rejoice, The
desert echoes have forgot the music of thy
voice! I hear it still that voice up-raised in
wild appealing prayer! The fond impassioned
tones that spoketh thy love and thy despair!

Still, I watch the falling light, thine eyes expiring

shed. The smile of love that linger'd there, when

light and life had fled!
Can I forget thee Atala, e'en

I who lov'd thee so! Forget thy patient
tenderness, thy beauty and thy woe!—No!

though in fairer lands than these, thy Chac-tas' steps may roam, He'll sigh for that lost loveliness, that bless'd his desert home! They tell me that the
wreath-ed shell torn from the deep's lone caves. Far
from its ocean home still keeps the music of its
waves. So in this sad heart's in-most core, deep,
deep, thy love shall dwell For ever mourning
like the sound, within that broken shell!
THEY BID ME FORGET THEE.

Andantino.

They bid me for -
-get thee, they tell me that now The grave damp is

staining that beautiful brow! They say that the

sound of thy gay laugh is o'er—A-

-last! shall I hear its sweet music no
more! I cannot forget thee thy smile haunts me

yet, and thy deep earnest eyes, Bright as when we first met! Thy gay laugh returns in the silence of sleep  And I start from my slumbers, to
listen! and weep!

Very Slow.

*dolce e espressivo*

The spring of the desert in darkness flows on,—When the hand that has seal'd its pure
wa-ters, is gone! And the eye of the stranger in

vain seeks to know, When the Arabs bright fountain is

sparkling be-low! So this fond heart has clos'd o'er the

source of its tears O'er the love it has liv'd on yet
hidden for years! Thou art gone and an-

c
con fuoco

other's rude hand, shall in vain Seek to bring that chok'd

fountain, to daylight again!

Very Slow.

ad lib.
WHEN ANOTHER'S VOICE THOU HEAREST.

When another's voice thou hearest,
When nights quiet sky is o'er thee,

rall.  a tempo

With a sad and gentle tone Let it bring thee
When the pale stars dimly burn Dream that one is

back my dearest, Memory of my love alone.
watching for thee, Who but lives for thy return.
When in stranger lands thou meetest
Where so-er thy steps are rov-ing

Friendly hearts whereere they be. Let each kindly
night or day by land or sea. Think of her whose

look thou greatest, Seem a message love from me!
life of loving Is but one long thought of thee!

LONDON: NOVELLO & CO.
Engravers & Printers