

3-OCT 30  
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**MUSIC**

OF THE

**BAKER FAMILY**

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY

**JOHN C. BAKER**

*Sung with great applause at their*

**CONCERTS THROUGHOUT THE UNION.**

THE BAKERS' NEW ENGLAND GLEE 25 *cts. net.* O SING THAT GENTLE STRAIN AGAIN 25 *cts. net.* MOONLIGHT BOAT GLEE - 25 *cts. net.* TEN YEARS AGO 25 *cts. net.* MY BOYHOODS DAYS 25 *cts. net.* THE GREETING GLEE, THE WOONEAC SERENADE, MY HOME IN THE GREENWOOD, SWISS BOY'S FAREWELL, SAD AND ALONE.

*By *cts. net.**

BOSTON Published by OLIVER DITSON 75 Washington St.  
FOR THE BAKER FAMILY.

1864

*Entered according to act of Congress, 1846, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Mass.*

# THE SWISS - BOYS' FAREWELL.

Composed and Arranged by J. C. BAKER of "THE BAKERS."

Piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment of chords and single notes.

SOPRANO.  
He sat on the

ALTO.  
He sat on the

TENOR.  
He sat on the

BASS.  
He sat on the

Vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) enter with the lyrics "He sat on the". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

banks of his own native shore, Gazing wist-ful on hil-lock and dell; Bold rocks were be-

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banks of his own native shore, Gazing wist-ful on hil-lock and dell; Bold rocks were be-

hind, bold waves were be-fore, And he sighed as he murmur'd fare-well. Fare-

hind, bold waves were be-fore, And he sighed as he murmur'd fare-well. Fare-

hind, bold waves were be-fore, And he sighed as he murmur'd fare-well. Fare-

5

well, fare - - well, my own native home, fare . . . . . well!

well, fare - - well, my own native home, fare . . . . . well!

well, fare - - well, my own native home, fare . . . . . well!

2

His playmates in play-paths were clustered around,  
 And wooed him to join in their play;  
 But a low voice of sorrow stole over the ground,  
 Whispering soft as it faded away,

Farewell, &c.

3

I go from the arms of my mother and home,  
 I go from my old father's knee,  
 My kin are the waves where the brave billows foam  
 They bear me aloft on the sea.

Farewell, &c.

4

The chime of the sabbath that rang through my soul,  
 Like a tone from the tower of the blessed,  
 I exchange for the roar where the deep surges roll,  
 And the chime of the ocean at rest.

Farewell, &c.

# Scanning Target

## Edison Sheet Music

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