

NO

50

Soprano
in B. Flat

Copy
1973
Contralto
in G.

3-OCT-30
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1973



A SISTER'S LOVE

BALLAD

CH. GOUNOD

MADE IN GERMANY

Ent. Str. Hall.

P. 3/

LONDON. DUFF & STEWART. 147, OXFORD STREET, W^o



A SISTER'S LOVE

SONG



CHARLES GOUNOD.

ANDANTINO NON TROPPO.

VOICE.

PIANO.

dim. *cres.* *dolce.*

O how sweet is the

dream, the first dream of youth! How bright the sky above us, How dear the friends who

rit. *tempo.*

love us! And we know not a doubt of their heart or their truth, Any more than the

rit. *tempo.*

sky will ever frown a - bove! Ah! youth fond youth, if

cres. *dim.*

ever, Thou wake to care and sor - row, If false friend from thee sever, If

cres.

dim. *a piacere.* *pp*

dark thy life's to - mor - - row Come back! there's still a sister's

PED. *PED.* *dim.* *colla parte.*

love!

crec. *dim.*

Ah! a sis - ter can hear thy voice from a -

p. *dolce.*

far, Tho' fast the storm be falling, Tho' deep to deep be calling; When the false light is

rit. *tempo.*

rit. *tempo.*

gone thou didst think was a star, On thy path still will shine a purer ray a -

-bove! Then, worn oh heart, and weary, From passion's dream a-

-wak - ing, To find the world so dreary, What balm to heart that is

break - - ing Is thine...a sister's ho-ly love!

FAVORITE SONGS.

Those marked * are Beautifully Illustrated.

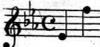
THE WANDERER'S DREAM.

BY FRANZ ABT. 2/



THINK TO-DAY & SPEAK TO-MORROW

BY E. L. HIME. 3/.



THE ROBIN'S SONG,

BY G. B. ALLEN. 3/.

(COMPOSED FOR MAD^{RE} PAREFA)



DISTANT BELLS,

BY FRANK ROMER. 2/6



WE SHALL HAVE OUR MOONLIGHT YET

BY SAMUEL LOVER. 3/.



PERFECT LOVE,

ADAPTED TO THE CELEBRATED PIANO FORTE ROMANCE.
"PARFAIT AMOUR."

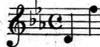
BY E. L. HIME. 3/.



THE SUNLIGHT OF THE HEART,

(SUNG BY CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.)

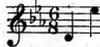
BY J. SPILLER. 3/.



I COULD NEVER BE HAPPY ALONE

COMPANION TO A YOUNG LADY'S NO

BY STEPHEN GLOVER. 3/.



* THE BRAVE OLD TEMERAIRE,

(NATIONAL SONG.)

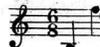
BY J. W. HOBBS. 3/.



THE NIGHTINGALES ARE SINGING

BY FRANZ ABT. 3/.

(AN EDITION IN E^B AS SUNG BY MAD^{LES} TITIENS)



THE DAYS WE WENT TO SCHOOL,

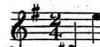
BY E. L. HIME. 3/.



GOOD NIGHT MY LOVE, GOOD NIGHT,

SERENADE, BY FRANZ ABT. 3/.

(AN EDITION IN B^B FOR TENOR)



I LIKE TO SING THE OLD SONGS,

BY

C. HODGSON. 3/.



1
I like to sing the old songs
Of happy days long past;
They seem to lift the darkness
That time o'er them had cast.
They bring to memory brightly,
The lovd ones we regret;
I like to sing their old songs,
And fancy they live yet.

2
I like to sing the old songs
When far away I roam;
Their sweet and simple melodies,
Take back my thoughts to home.
I think I hear my mother's voice
Come wafted o'er the sea,
I like to sing the old songs
She used to sing to me.

3
I like to sing the old songs,
In fancy they restore
The dear familiar faces,
Now gone for evermore.
And tho' a gushing tear may start
In thinking of the past,
I still will sing the old songs,
As long as life may last.

OLD FRIENDS & OTHER DAYS.

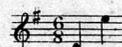
BY W. VINCENT WALLACE. 3/.

(AN EDITION IN F.)



BIRD OF THE WILDERNESS.

BY EDWARD LAND. 3/.



REMEMBER & FORGET,

BY W. VINCENT WALLACE. 3/.



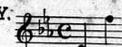
* KATHLEEN & THE SWALLOWS.

BY SAMUEL LOVER. 3/.



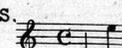
OH GIVE ME BACK BUT YESTERDAY.

BY FRANK ROMER. 3/.



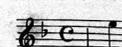
DOWN BELOW THE WAVING LINDENS.

BY E. L. HIME. 3/.



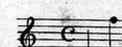
* EVENING HYMN,

BY G. B. ALLEN. 3/.



THE GOOD BYE AT THE DOOR.

BY STEPHEN GLOVER. 3/.



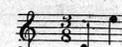
* THE HAPPY VILLAGE ROSE.

BY STEPHEN GLOVER. 3/.



HAVE I NOT LOVED THEE.

BY W. VINCENT WALLACE. 3/.



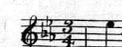
* MY JAMIE IS A FISHERMAN.

BY A. CAMPBELL. 3/.



* WINNIE WINN,

BY M. JONES. 3/.



* THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

BY

SAMUEL LOVER. 3/.



1
Above the sparkling waters
Where Venice crowns the tide,
Behold the home of sorrow,
So near the home of pride.
A palace and a prison
Beside each other rise,
And dark between, a link is seen,
It is "The Bridge of Sighs."
Row Gondolier; row fast, row fast,
Until that fatal bridge be past.
Row Gondolier! Row Gondolier!

2
But not alone in Venice
Are joy and grief so near,
To day the smile may waken,
Tomorrow wake the tear.
'Tis next the house of mourning
That Pleasure's palace lies, brief
'Twill joy and grief the passage
Just like the bridge of sighs.
Row Gondolier; row fast, row fast,
Until the fatal bridge be past,
Row Gondolier! Row Gondolier!

3
Who seeks for joy unclouded
Must never seek it here,
But in a purer region,
And in a brighter sphere.
To lead the way before us,
Bright Hope unfailing flies,
To Eden's bowers, this earth of ours,
Is but a bridge of sighs.
Fly, fly, sweet hope, fly fast, fly fast,
Until that bridge of sighs be past.
Fly, fly, sweet Hope! Fly, fly, sweet Hope!

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