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To Mrs. W. HEWITT.

WOMAN'S PRAYER

SONG.

FOR THE

PIANO-FORTE.

BY

M. H. McCHESNEY.

DETROIT, Mich.
PUBLISHED BY C. J. Whitney & Co. 40 FORT ST., WEST.
PUBLISHERS AND IMPORTERS.

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To Mrs. W. HEWITT.

WOMAN'S PRAYER.

SONG.

M. H. McCHESNEY.

Andante.

PIANO.

mf *p*

1. "Rock of a - ges, cleft for me," Thoughtless - ly the maid - en
2. "Let me hide my - self in thee"— Felt her soul no need to

Ped. *

sung, Fell the words un - con - sciously, From her girlish, gleeful
hide— Sweet the song as song could be, And she had no thought be-

Ped. *

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tongue; Sang as lit - tle children sing, Sang as sing the birds of
side; All the words un - heeding - ly, Fell from lips untouched by

June, Fell the words like light leaves down On the cur - rent of the
care, Dreaming not that they might be On some oth - er lips a

8va.....

Ped. * Ped. *

tune: "Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee."
prayer: "Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee."

Larghetto.

C. J. W. & Co. 526—3

3. "Rock of a - ges cleft for me,"— 'Twas a wo - man sung them
4. "Rock of a - ges cleft for me,"— Lips grown a - ged sang the

mf

now, Pleading - ly, and pray'rful - ly; Every word her heart did
hymn, Trusting - ly, and tender - ly; Voice grows weak, and eyes grow

dim.

know. Rose the song as storm-tossed bird, Beats with wea - ry wings the
dim. Sang as on - ly one can sing Who life's thor - ny path has

f

air; Ev' - ry note with sorrow stirred, Every syl - la - ble a
passed; Sang as on - ly they can sing Who be - hold the promised

prayer: "Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee."
rest: "Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee."

Largo.

p *f* *rit.*

Rit.

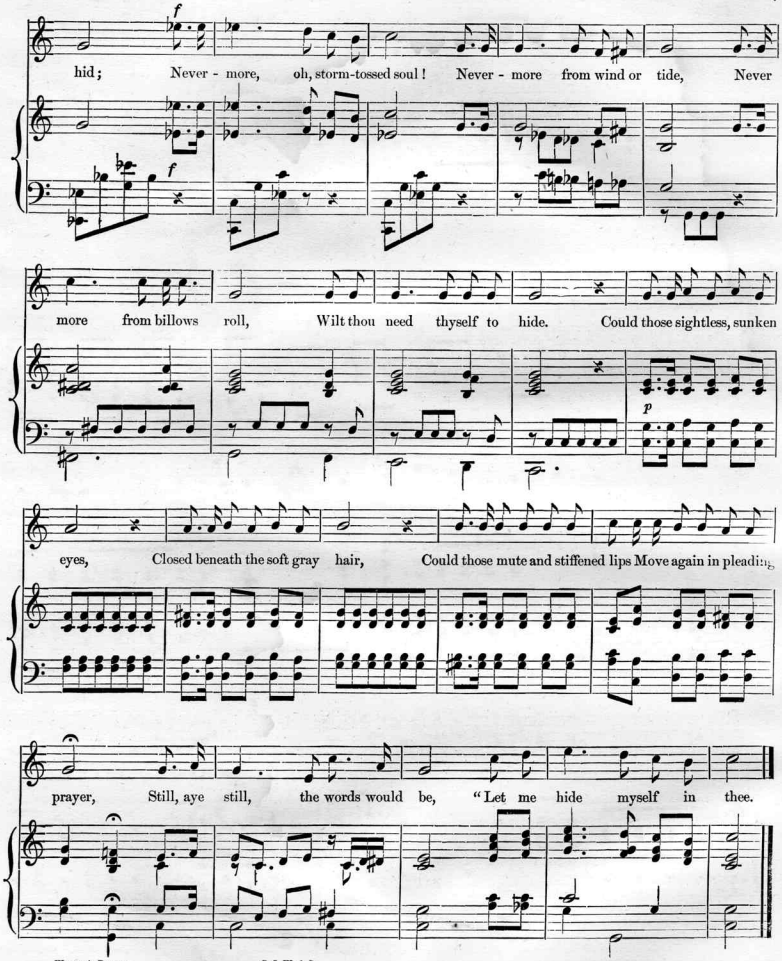
"Rock of a ges cleft for me," Sung a - bove a cof - fin

pp *p* *rit.*

a tempo.

lid; Un - der - neath, all rest - ful - ly, All life's joys and sorrows

a tempo. *dolce.*


f
hid; Never - more, oh, storm-tossed soul! Never - more from wind or tide, Never
more from billows roll, Wilt thou need thyself to hide. Could those sightless, sunken
p
eyes, Closed beneath the soft gray hair, Could those mute and stiffened lips Move again in pleading
prayer, Still, aye still, the words would be, "Let me hide myself in thee.

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I am wait-ing for thee, dar-ling, 'Neath the lin-dens old and gray,

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Sing-ing down by the mead-ow gate, Gay as a gold-en glad - die,

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How I love thee, none can tell, In my heart thou e'er shalt

LEFT ALONE. *30 cents.*
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O, my child, my dar-ling child, how much I love thee! Thou art

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Le - la Tre-faine! the month of Oc-to - ber is near, The

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Fold me clo - ser, clo-ser, mother, Draw your arms a-round me tight

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Oh! know ye the man, who so sad and so lone - ly, Moves a-

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There's a dear old home in the qui-et lit-tle val-ley, Where I

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The past in shadows dark and dim, Rise up be - fore my view,

LURA IS GONE. *35 cents.*
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Did you catch a glimpse of Au-gels, In that far off beau-teous land;

LAURA MAY. *30 cents.*
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Down where the rippling wa-ters murmur, Through woodlands far a-way;

LET US SPEAK SOFTLY. *30 cents.*
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Gone from this beau - ti - ful bright world of ours, Gone from the

THE MARRYING MAN. (Comic.) *35 cents.*
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A poor old bach-el - or snip am I, you see, you see,

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