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Respectfully Dedicated to  
MRS MARY L. RITTER.  
AUTHOR OF THE WORDS.

# The Outcast

Music by

B.W. Pulling.

NEW-YORK:

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# THE OUTCAST.

B. W. PULLING.

Piano introduction in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of chords.

Vocal line for the first three verses, in 3/4 time and B-flat major. The melody is simple and follows the rhythm of the lyrics.

1. Bleak winds of win - ter sob - bing and moan - ing
2. I look at the state - ly and pal - ace like dwell - ings That
3. No room in the dwell - ings, no room in the church - es No

Piano accompaniment for the first three verses, in 3/4 time and B-flat major. The right hand uses chords and moving lines, while the left hand plays a simple bass line.

Vocal line for the final verse, in 3/4 time and B-flat major. The melody continues from the previous section.

Pluck not my rags with your pi - ti - less hand.....  
 line with there gran - deur the path - way I tread..... I  
 room in the pri - sons for hun - ger's no crime..... Is there

Piano accompaniment for the final verse, in 3/4 time and B-flat major. The right hand features chords and a melodic line, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment.

Here in the dark - ness cold and des - pair - ing, Homeless and  
 fan - cy the bright - ness and warmth of the hearth - stone The plen - te - ous  
 room in the bed of the riv - er I won - der, Deep down by the

friend - less, starv - ing I stand Scourg'd by the  
 board with the wine and the bread I see the heads  
 pier in the ooze and the slime Mock on taunt - ing

*ritard.*

white, i - cy whips of the tem - pest I wan - der for -  
 bow'd with a rev - e - rent mean - ing A bless - ing is  
 wind! I can laugh back and an - swer An hour, and your

- lorn on my des - o - late way For - got - ten of earth and for -  
 breath'd on the sump - tu - ous fare Will it rise to the ear of the  
 bit - ter - est breath I de - fy, Since bars shut me out of God's

- sak - en of Heav - en Too froz - en to kneel and too hun - gry to  
 pit - i - ful Fa - ther Or die of the cold like the va - ga - bond's  
 house a - mong mor - tals I'll knock at the gate of His home in the

pray.  
 pray'r.  
 sky.

# Scanning Target

## Edison Sheet Music

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**Title:** The outcast

**Box no. and finding aid no.:** 63/4316

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