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DEC 29 1919

JEANNE D'ARC

SONG

WORDS BY

FREDERICK WELTY

MUSIC BY

ROSE PRINGLE

Price 60¢ net

LUCKHARDT & BELDER
10 WEST 45TH ST., NEW YORK

M1646
.P

Jeanne d'Arc

FREDERICK WELTY
(Permission of The Independent)

ROSE PRINGLE

Con spirito

Voice

Piano

mp *marziale*

mp

Dom - ré - my, oh,

Dom - ré - my! how the haunt - ed wood - land sighs For the

fall - ing of her foot - step For the laugh - ing of her

mf

eyes! Dom - ré my, oh, Dom - re my! A -

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f *con fervore*

cross the mead-ow dews She is com-ing, she is

f

rit. *f* *a tempo*

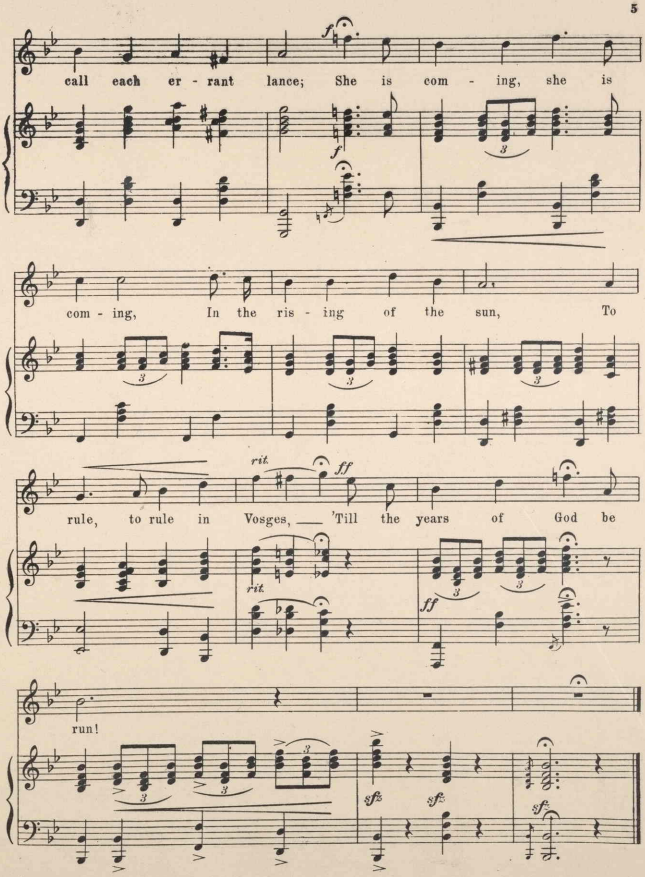
com-ing, by the turn-ing of the Meuse. They've

rit.

crown'd her at the Vat-i-can and named her Queen of

pomposo

France, And bade her rule from Vosges. And re-


call each er - rant lance; She is com - ing, she is
f
com - ing, In the ris - ing of the sun, To
rule, to rule in Vosges, — 'Till the years of God be
rit.
ff
run!
sfz

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