

THE ANGEL'S WING,

Written and dedicated to

Mons. S. Thalberg

BY

SAMUEL LOVER.

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MODERATO
CON GRAZIA.

When by the ev'ning's qui-et light, There sit two si-lent lo-vers; They

A superstition exists in Germany that when a silence occurs in a company, an angel is hovering around, and that the first who speaks has been touched by the wing of the passing seraph. For the knowledge of this charming superstition I am indebted to Monsieur Thalberg, to whom I beg to dedicate the following song as a slight testimony of friendship and admiration: and the more to identify it with his name, I have used the Russian melody with which his incomparable playing has made Europe familiar. S. L.

say, while in such tranquil plight, An an - gel round them ho - vers, And

further still old le - gends tell, The first who breaks the si - lent spell, To

say a ten - der plea - sing thing, Hath felt the pas - sing angel's wing, Hath

Con molto espress. Rallen? Ad lib.
felt the passing an - gels wing the passing an - gels wing.

Colla voce. p

Con delicatezza. Thus a musing minstrel stray'd, By the summer o - cean,

8va. loco.



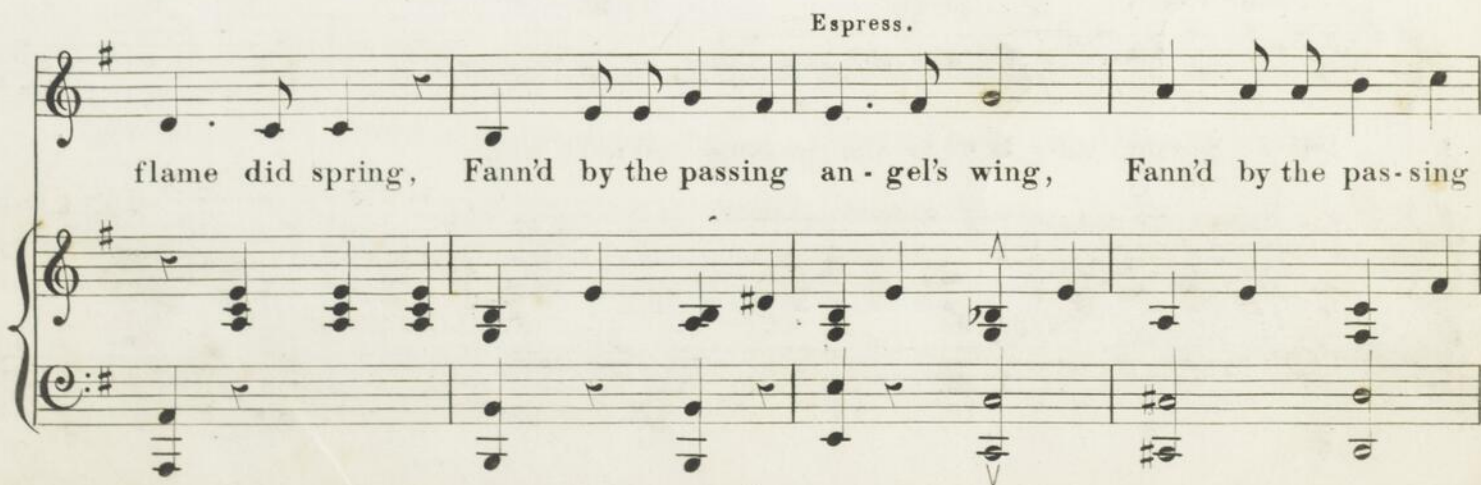
Ga - zing on a love - ly maid, With a bard's de - vo - tion: Yet his love he



never spoke, 'Till now, the si - lent spell he broke, The hid - den fire to



Espress. flame did spring, Fann'd by the passing an - gel's wing, Fann'd by the pas - sing



angels' wing, the passing angel's wing. *Rallent?*

pp

"I have lov'd thee well and long, With love of heav'n's own making, This is not a

Con energico.

poet's song, But a true heart's speak-ing! I will love thee still, untir'd!" He

Agitato. *A piacere ma con anima.*

felt, he spoke as one inspir'd, The words did from truth's fountain spring, Up-

Con tenerezza.

wa - ken'd by the an - gel's wing, Up - wa - - ken'd by the
 wing the pas - sing an - - gel's
 an - gel's wing, the pas - sing an - - gel's wing.
 Rallen?

Silence o'er the maiden fell,
 Her beauty lovelier making,
 And by her blush he knew full well
 The dawn of love was breaking.
 It came like sunshine o'er his heart,
 He felt that they should never part;
 She spoke and oh! the lovely thing,
 Had felt the passing angels wing,
 Had felt &c.

