

*In the G.*

# Green Hills of Tyrol.

Introduced in

## CINDERELLA,

To the Words of

### (Swift as the Flash)

Composed by

G. ROSSINI,



New York Published by E. Riley, 29 Chatham Street.

Swift as the flash that mocks the sight .....

VOCE. *ALLEGRETTO.* Green hills of Tyrol! again I see, The home of childhood so dear to

PIANO *p*

FORTE

..... Thou seem'st a Bird in ai - ry flight ..... When,

me; A - gain I press your verdant shade, Where oft my footsteps have wildly stray'd. Once

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment is in the same time signature and key signature. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first two lines of music, and the second system contains the next two lines. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes in the right hand and quarter notes in the left hand.

2

home re - - - turn - ing We leave these cool fountains In our na - - tive Mountains Thy  
 more I am near him, My own one! My fond one! A - - gain I shall hear him Love's

praise well re - cite! a ..... ad lib.  
 accents repeat: While, to his sighs, My heart replies; And ev'ry glance is soft & sweet, Green hills of

..... Swift as the flash that mocks the sight ..... Thou seem'st a bird in ai - ry  
 Tyrol! again I see, The home of childhood so dear to me; A - gain I press your verdant

flight! ..... Thy steps so light ..... our songs in  
 shade, Where oft my foot-steps have wildly stray'd. From yonder wood - lands, sounding clear, his merry

(Green hills of Tyrol. 3.)

- vite ..... Come fairy sprite ..... Our eyes de - light! ..... When  
 bu - gle note I hear; With eye of hawk, and falchion keen, He comes, he comes my Tyrolien! Once

home re - - turn - ing We leave these cool fountains In our na - - tive Mountains Thy praise we'll re -  
 more I be - hold him My dear one! My fond one, To my bosom I'll fold him, My own Ty - ro -  
 Ad lib.

lie -  
 lien!

Haste! haste my love! why linger now?  
 The Sun is shedding his parting glow;  
 The Chamois seeks his peaceful glade,  
 And homeward wanders the mountain maid.  
 Oh! come, then and cheer me,  
 My own one! my fond one!  
 Again thou shalt hear me  
 Sing love's tender strain,  
 While ev'ry note, my lips repeat,  
 As soft and sweet thou'lt breathe again;  
 Then haste my love! &c.  
 Hark, hark, I hear his well known cry,  
 While ans'ring echo makes reply,  
 Now, now, he waves his scarf of green.  
 He comes, &c.

(Green hills of Tyrol! 8.)

120

*[Faint, mirrored musical notation and text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The notation includes staves with notes and clefs, and some illegible text fragments.]*