

MUSIC

Composed for Poetry founded on

Mrs Stowe's Novel
OF

DREED

BY

JOHN J. BLOCKLEY.

THE NORTH CAROLINA ROSE	<i>Song & Chorus</i>
THE LANGUAGE OF THE HEART	<i>Nina's Song</i>
THE BIRDS AND THE ANGELS	<i>Dreed's Song</i>
THEY WATCHED HER BREATHING THROUGH THE NIGHT	<i>Nina's Farewell</i>
THE MOTHER I LOST LONG AGO OR THE CHILD'S DREAM	

OLIVER DITSON & C^o Washington St BOSTON

C. C. CLAPP & C^o
Boston

BECK & LAWTON.
Philad^a

S. T. GORDON
N. York

TRUAX & BALDWIN, Cincinnati

THE MOTHER I LOST LONG AGO.

I dreamed I was in a desolate place, all full of rocks, and I thought I was
mother came to me; she looked like my mother, only a little older, and
had a strange white dress on that alone and came to me, and she looked
out hands, and the rocks opened, and we walked together, and I was
full of life and with knowledge, and then she was gone.

Words by J. B. Carpenter.

Music by John W. Walker.

Mrs. Stowes Novel

Andante
con molto
crescendo

I dreamed I was in
a

I dreamed that I stood
in a

place - late place where the rocks were all
opened and bare



"THE MOTHER I LOST LONG AGO".

"I dreamed I was in a desolate place all full of rocks and brambles, and our own mother came to us; she looked like our mother, only a deal more beautiful, and she had a strange white dress on that shone and hung clear to her feet, and she took hold of our hands, and the rocks opened, and we walked through a path into a beautiful green meadow, full of lilies and wild strawberries, and then she was gone."

"DRED" Chap: XL. Page 372

Poetry by J. E. Carpenter.

Music by John Blockley.

Andante
con molto
espressione.

I dreamed I was led through a

I dreamed that I sood in a

beauti - ful land, Filled with blossoms so lovely and wild,

deso - - late place Where the rockswereall rugged and bare,

And that An-gel looked down, as we roved hand in hand, As my
Cres
 But the vision soon changed, and a beau--ti-ful face Came and
 mo - ther oft looked on her child; I know that it
Dolce
 smiled on me lov - ing - ly there; I thought 'twas an
p
 was but a beau - ti - - ful dream, Still I long that bright re - gion to
 Angels' whose presence did fill That spot as I knelt bending
 know, To fly wheresuch bright-ness and beau - ty may
 low, And she looked, but more bright and more beau-ti - ful
p

beam, To the mother I lost long a - go. To fly
 still- Like the mother I lost long a - go. And she

Espressivo.

where such bright - ness and beau - - ty may beam To the
 looked, but more bright and more beau - - ti - ful still- Like the

Molto espress.

mother I lost long a - go.
 mother I lost long a - go.

colla voce. *mf*

Dim. e rall.

pp

