

THE JASMINE BOWER.

A Favorite Ballad.

Written by the Author of *O Sleep my Love*

Composed by

W. H. ASTOR.

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GRAZIOSO
CON
ESPRESSIONE.

Marian sat in the jas-mine Bower Ro-sy Bands en-wreath-ing

DOLCE

fp fp fp fp

While each blooming graceful Flower, *ad lib* fragrant thanks was breath- ing *tempo*
 Ma-rian sat in the Jas- mine Bower, *ir* Ro- sy bands en- wreath- ing,
 While each blooming grace-ful Flower, fra- grant thanks was breath ing, She
 was- bled as the wreath she wove, to cheer a Fa- ther's dark- some hour,
 This this is the life I love, With- in my Jas- mine Bower, *ir* *ir*
 The Jasmine Bower.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of eight systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line in a treble clef and a piano accompaniment in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like *fp* (fortissimo piano) and *ir* (ritardando). The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words hyphenated across lines. The piece concludes with the title 'The Jasmine Bower.' in the bottom right corner.

3.

The musical score is written in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of three systems. The first system has a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The second system is similar but includes a 'tr' (trill) marking above the final note of the vocal line. The third system is a piano solo ending with a double bar line and dynamic markings 'f' and 'p'.

This this is the life I love, with in my Jas_mine Bow_er Oh

this this is the life I love with in my Jas_mine Bow_er.

2.

3.

William the wealthy wood the Maid,
 Offering Gold and Splendor,
 If she'd forsake the Jasmine Shade,
 For Scenes of Pomp, and Grandeur,
 Seek not, she sigh'd my heart to move,
 My Father claims my every power;
 Dearer than wealth I love
 With him my Jasmine Bower.

Soon as her Father's Spirit fled,
 William with warm affection,
 Return'd, address'd, and won the Maid;
 Now bless'd in his protection,
 Oft' to her native Cot they'd rove,
 And there enjoy the tranquil hour,
 Neer did she cease to love,
 The humble Jasmine Bower.

The Jasmine Bower.

