

My Elizabeth's Grand

No. 48

Her bright smile haunts me still



COMPOSED BY

W. T. WRIGHTON,

Guitar.

Author of the "Dearest spot on earth to me is home."

BOSTON.

Grand

Piano

J. H. Bufford's lith.

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MZ
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MUS

"HER BRIGHT SMILE HAUNTS ME STILL."

BALLAD.

Poetry by J. E. CARPENTER.

Music by W. T. WRIGHTON.

WRIGHTON'S SONGS.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

Not too slow, but with expression.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

dim.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

strug .. gled to for..get, But the strug .. gle was in vain; For her

rall. *a tempo.*

voice lives on the breeze, And her spirit comes at will; In the

mid.. night on the seas, Her bright smile haunts me still. For her

rall. *a tempo.* *ff* *a tempo.*

voice lives on the breeze, And her spi ... rit comes at will; In the

mid .. night, on the seas, Her bright smile haunts me still.

mf

1st & 2^d time. last time.

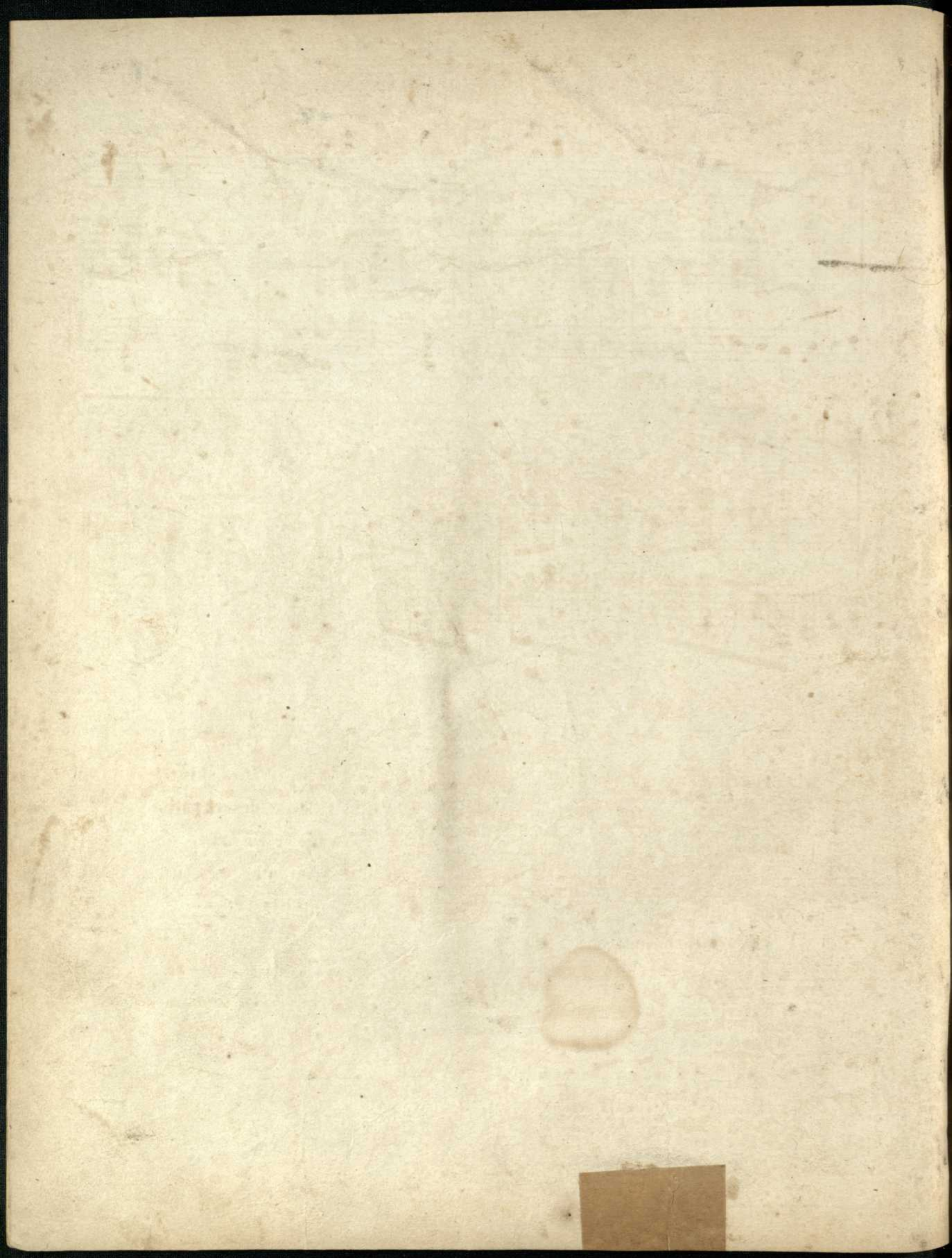
2. At the

2.

At the first sweet dawn of light,
 When I gaze upon the deep,
 Her form still greets my sight,
 While the stars their vigils keep:
 When I close mine aching eyes,
 Sweet dreams my senses fill;
 And from sleep when I arise,
 Her bright smile haunts me still.
 When I close mine aching eyes,
 Sweet dreams my senses fill;
 And from sleep when I arise,
 Her bright smile haunts me still.

3.

I have sail'd 'neath alien skies,
 I have trod the desert path,
 I have seen the storm arise,
 Like a giant in his wrath;
 Ev'ry danger I have known,
 That a reckless life can fill;
 Yet her presence is not flown,
 Her bright smile haunts me still.
 Ev'ry danger I have known,
 That a reckless life can fill;
 Yet her presence is not flown,
 Her bright smile haunts me still.



Wegro

f

poco piu lento

Si j'en crois sa co le re ou onieur son desec

ff

Voix,

Je ne sais plus lui plain re, Il ne veut plus me voir ... Mais quand le jour se f

fa - ce

Vingt fois je le sais bien, Pour onna fenetre il gas - se Aussi je ne crain

bien legere

rien non non non non non non non non non non non non je ne crain rien

Allegretto *retenu*

Lai-sons le faire lai-sons le faire Il boude-ra; Il gronde-ra; Et sen i-

ra... c'est son af- faire remis à mes pieds, il revien-dra, Il gèmi-ra, S'ac-cuse-ra, Et qu'is-son-

détailly *rallent*

legger

avec finesse

cour-pardon-ne-ra! Ce-la fi nit tou-jours par là Ce-la fi nit tou-jours par

Tempo 1^o

là ah... Ce-la fi nit tou-jours par là!

f