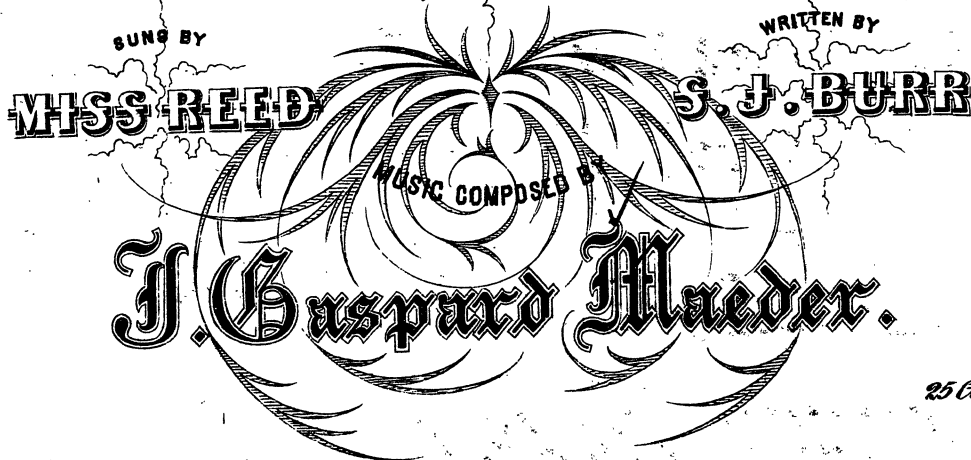




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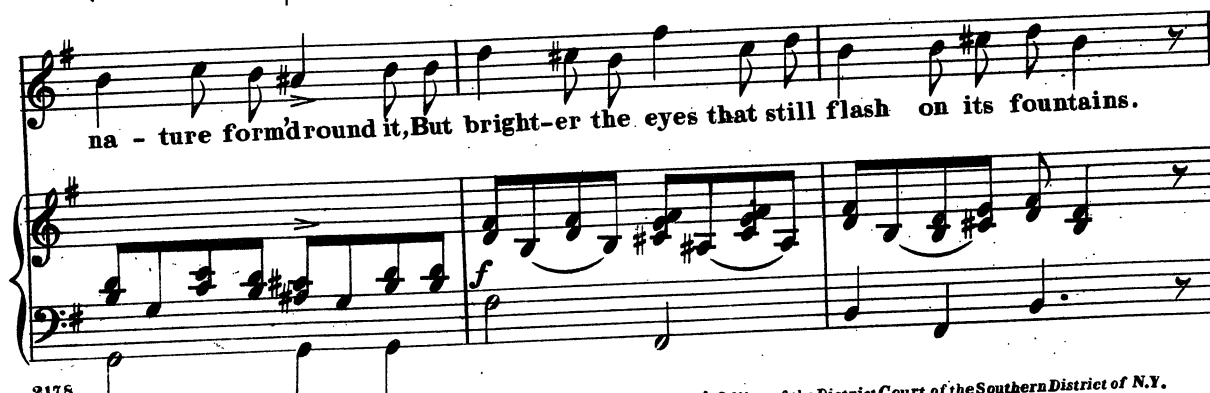
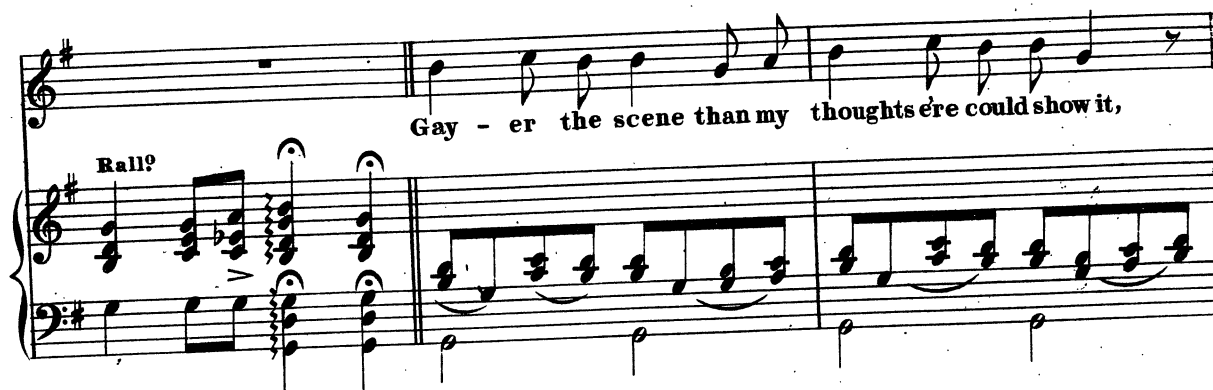
333.

Deposited in Clerk's Office Dis. N.Y. Dec. 14. 1852

"THE PERI!"
 "HOME OF MY YOUTH."
 (BALLAD)

J. G. MAEDER.

ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE.



2175

Entered according to Act of Congress, A.D. 1862 by Wm Hall & Son, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of N.Y.

Home of my youth! Home of my youth! Home of my youth!

Flute.

Rall? ad lib.

Home of my youth!

Rall? ad lib.

Home of my youth, my

fan - cy would paint it, Pure as in childhood its charms were before me, Its

green carpets spread, its vine-yards and flow'rs And the di - a - dem'd hea-ven the

an - gels there o'er me. Home of my youth Home of my youth

Flute.

Home of my youth! Home of my youth!

Rall^o ad lib.

Rall^o ad lib.

The Peri, or The Enchanted Fountain:

AN OPERA,

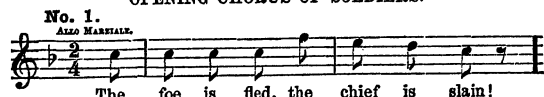
J. GASPARD MAEDER.

CATALOGUE OF THEMES.

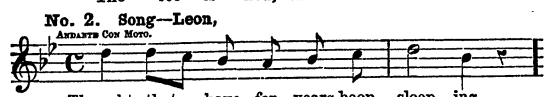
OVERTURE.



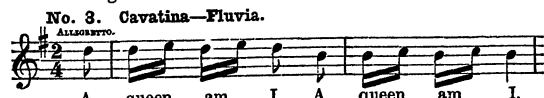
OPENING CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.



The foe is fled, the chief is slain!



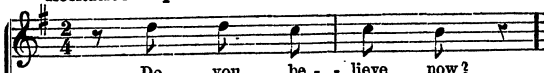
Thoughts that have for years been sleep - ing.



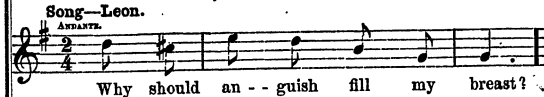
A queen am I, A queen am I.

CONCERTED PIECE. No. 4.

Recitative—Aquila.



Do you be - lieve now?



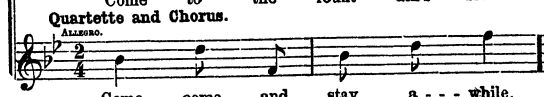
Why should an - guish fill my breast?



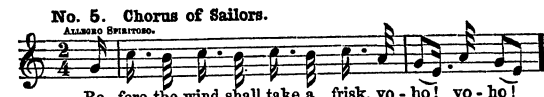
Why des - pair when hope should glow?



Come to the fount - ain's brink.

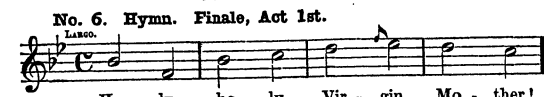


Come, come and stay a - - - while.

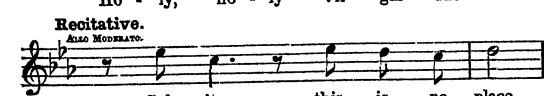


Be - fore the wind shall take a frisk, yo - ho! yo - ho!

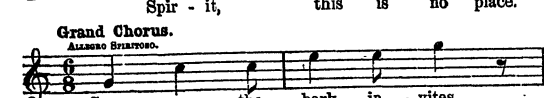
CONCERTED PIECE.



Ho - ly, ho - ly Vir - gin Mo - ther!



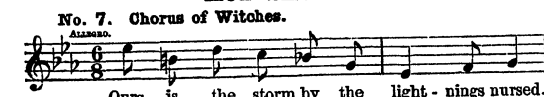
Spir - it, this is no place.



See, see, the bark in - - vites.

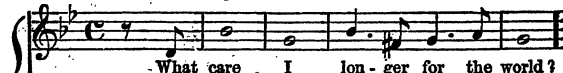
END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT SECOND.



Ours is the storm by the light - nings nursed.

No. 8. Scena Razylcraft. Recitative.



What care I lon - ger for the world?



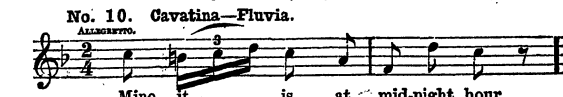
There was a time I lived with men.



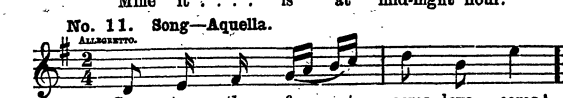
My beau - ti - ful Ma - - thilde!



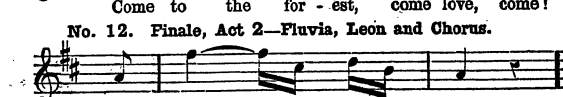
First in my heart, my ev - ery sigh.



Mine it . . . is at mid - night hour.



Come to the for - est, come love, come!

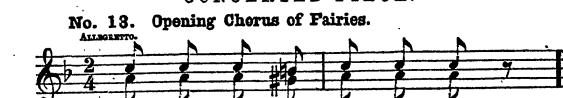


What change, . . . what bliss.

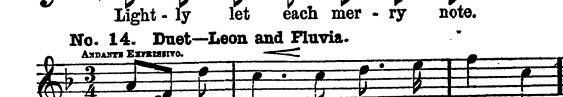
END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT THIRD.

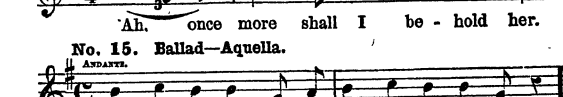
CONCERTED PIECE.



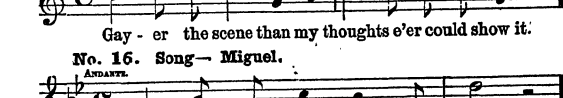
Light - ly let each mer - ry note.



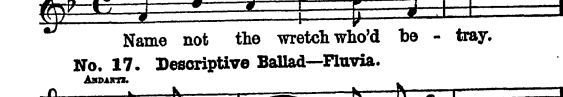
Ah, once more shall I be - hold her.



Gay - er the scene than my thoughts e'er could show it.

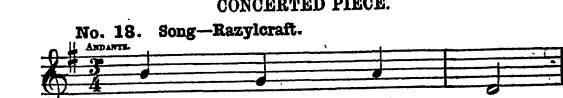


Name not the wretch who'd be - tray.

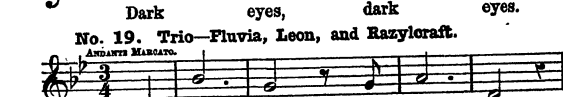


A maid - en sleeps be - neath a tree.

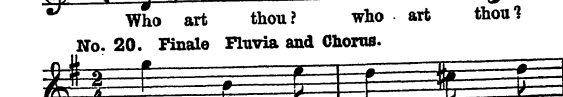
CONCERTED PIECE.



Dark eyes, dark eyes.



Who art thou? who art thou?



Joy, joy, let earth and main—