

BEAUTIES

for the voice

Nº 1.	Bonnie Doon, <i>Goltermann</i>	2½
" 2.	The Brides farewell, <i>Goltermann</i>	2½
" 3.	*Ever thine, <i>Kalliwoda</i>	3½
" 4.	*Her Image, <i>Oberthür</i>	3½
" 5.	Hildegung's Song by the Rhine, <i>Neuland</i>	3½
" 6.	The last Song of the young Girl, ".....	3½
" 7.	Loreley, ".....	5.
" 8.	Madeline and the bird, <i>Mangold</i>	3½
" 9.	*The Mountain Sheperd boy, <i>Dachauer</i>	2½
" 10.	*Night is over all the World, <i>Suppus</i>	3½
" 11.	O had we some bright itlle isle, <i>Goltermann</i>	2½
" 12.	Peering o'er the hill, <i>Oberthür</i>	3½
" 13.	*The pleasures of roaming, <i>Esser</i>	5.
" 14.	*The wandering boy, <i>Goltermann</i>	3½
" 15.	When hope is dead, <i>Muhlenfeldt</i>	3½
" 16.	*White and blue, <i>Kalliwoda</i>	3½

*Have also German words.

PHILADELPHIA

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CHICAGO
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(H. KIRKE WHITE.)

Poco agitato.

Win - ter ist kalt, und das Herz, ach! erstarrt in dem Bu - sen mir bald; nicht Va - ter nicht Mut - ter ge -
have no vest, and my heart is cold as it beats in my breast; no fa - ther, no mother, no

18246.4.

dim. *p* *rall.* *p*

blie - ben mir sind, ach! ich bin ein el - tern - los wan - derndes Kind, Auch
 kin - dred have I, for I am a pa - rent - less wan - de - ring boy, Yet

dim. *p* *canto voce.*

a Tempo.

mir hateinst Hei - math und Va - ter ge - hört, die Mut - ter die gern je - den
 I had a home, and I once had a sire, a mo - ther who gran - ted each

p *3* *3* *3* *3*

Ped.

Wunsch mir ge - währt, im Thal stand die Hüt - te am schat - ti - gen Rain, wo
 in - fant de - sire; our cot - tage it stood in a woodembower'd vale, where the

p

p *mf*

girr - te die Tau - be so kla - gend im Hain. Doch Va - ter und Mut - ter rief
 ring dove would war - ble its sor - row - ful tale, But my fa - ther and mo - ther where

pp *p*

ab das Geschick, bei grau-samen Fremden ihr Kind blieb zurück, ich floh ih-re Strenge mit
summon'd a way, and they left me to hard hearted strangers a prey; I fled from their rigour with

Thränen und Harm, und bin nun ein wan-dernder Kna-be und arm. Der Wind ist so scharf, in der
ma-ny a sigh, and now I'm a poor litt-le wan-de-ring boy. The wind it is keen, and the

cen - do. Luft fährt der Schnee, und Niemand er-bar-met mein schuld-lo-ses Weh; zum Grab meiner El-tern nun
snow loads the gale, and no one will list to my in-no-cent tale; I'll go to the grave where my

richt' ich den Lauf, und der Tod nimmt den wan-dernden Kna-ben wohl auf.
pa-rents both lie, and death shall be-friend the poor wan-de-ring boy.