

BROTHER, COME HOME.

*Lizzie Benson -
Fannie Benson.*



G. SNYDER 127 FULTON ST. NEW YORK

A SONG OR DUETT,

as Sung by the

ORPHEAN SISTERS.

Composed and respectfully dedicated to

DR WILLIAM H. HOSMER

BY
Jacob
OF THE

ORPHEAN FAMILY.

Published by C. Holt, Jr. 156 Fulton St. N.Y.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1847 By Charles Holt Junr in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the southern district of New York.

BROTHER, COME HOME.

Music by JACOB. —

of the Orphean Family.

8va

loco.

Andante.

Come home; Would I could send my spi-rit o'er the

deep,

Would I could wing it like a Bird to

thee To com - - mune with thy thoughts to

The first system of the musical score. It consists of two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature. The lyrics are: "thee To com - - mune with thy thoughts to". The piano part features a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

fill thy sleep With these un - - weary - - ing

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics are: "fill thy sleep With these un - - weary - - ing". The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand.

words of me - - lo - - dy, Broth - er come home.

The third system of the musical score. It concludes the vocal and piano parts on this page. The lyrics are: "words of me - - lo - - dy, Broth - er come home." The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern in the right hand, ending with a final chord.

Ad lib.

Brother come home.



2

Come home;

Come to the hearts, that love thee, to the eyes
 That beam in brightness but to gladden thine;
 Come where fond thoughts like holiest incense rise,
 Where cherished memory rears her altar's shrine;
 Brother, come home.

3

Come home;

It is not home without thee, the lone seat
 Is still unclaimed, where thou wert wont to be;
 In every echo of returning feet,
 In vain we list for what should herald thee;
 Brother, come home.

4

Come home;

We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of spring,
 Watch'd ev'ry germ the full blown flowers rear,
 Seen o'er their bloom the chilly winter bring
 Its icy garlands and thou art not here;
 Brother, come home.