



NAHL BROTHERS. Lith.

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"AN HOUR AT THE CLIFF."

Words by WALTER BRAY.

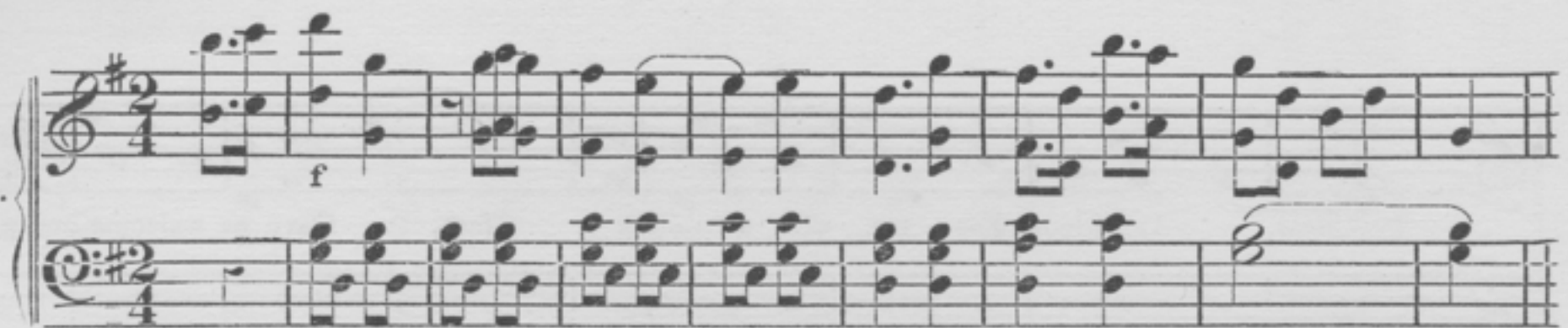
Arranged by GEO. H. EDMONDS.
San Francisco M. GRAY. No 613, Clay Street.

Music composed by W. D. CORRISTER.

AN HOUR AT THE CLIFF.

Dedicated to June Foster, Proprietor of the Cliff House.

PIANO FORTE.



1. 'Twas one eve - ning, one moon - light eve - ning, When our fan - cy led us to the Cliff

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "1. 'Twas one eve - ning, one moon - light eve - ning, When our fan - cy led us to the Cliff". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

, When old o - cean with grand de - vo - tion His hom - age to the moon doth

The second system continues the song with the lyrics ", When old o - cean with grand de - vo - tion His hom - age to the moon doth". It includes a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves, maintaining the same musical style as the first system.

lift :— Gay and hap - py were we all that night . . , While the ris - ing moon it shone so

clear, And friend Fos - ter, with a smiling face, Gave us welcome and good cheer .

ad lib. ♪

ad lib. ♪

CHORUS.

TREBLE.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASE.

Then fill up, boys, with sparkling nec - tar, While we drink to Foster and the

f

Cliff,— With friend Ryder we took a drive, sir, To pass an hour at the Cliff.

2.

Oh, how jovial we passed the hour,
 For mirth and music was our theme,
 And we sang songs, that in days of yore
 Have cheered us like a pleasant dream:
 The "Old Folks at Home" did sound so sweet,
 And "Massa in the Cold, Cold Ground,"
 While Ben Butler, king of all the seals,
 Kept barking, barking like a hound.
 CHORUS: Then fill up, &c.

3.

in Oh, when sadness, when life seems *dreary* merry,
 You should pass an hour at the Cliff,
 For your heart there will fill with gladness,
 And, to cheer you, Foster has the gift;
 Bright wines, regalias, and sea breeze,
 And many friends you're sure to find;
 Where all your worldly cares would ease,
 And cheer, and cheer your troubled mind.
 CHORUS: Then fill up, &c.