

Sung With Great Applause
BY
CORINNE OF THE KIMBALL OPERA COMPANY,
AND
Miss Pauline Hall and Mr. Francis Wilson,
IN THE OPERA
OF
"NADJY"

“Listen to
my Tale of Woe”

BY
HUBBARD T. SMITH.

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LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOE.

HUBBARD T. SMITH.

Moderato.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and a melodic line with a trill-like figure. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and a bass line. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *tr.* (trill).

A lit - tle peach in an or - chard grew, Lis - ten to my tale of woe, A
 Now up at the peach a club they threw, Lis - ten to my tale of woe, Down
 Un - der the turf where the dai - sies grew, Lis - ten to my tale of woe, They

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line consists of two staves. The right hand has a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords. The left hand has a bass line with chords. Dynamics include *p* (piano).

lit - tle peach of em' - rald hue, Warm'd by the sun and wet by the dew, It
 from the stem on which it grew, Fell the lit - tle peach of em' - rald hue, Poor
 plan - ted John and his sis - ter Sue, And their lit - tle souls to the an - gels flew, Boo -

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line consists of two staves. The right hand has a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords. The left hand has a bass line with chords. Dynamics include *cresc.* (crescendo) and *f* (forte).

grew, It grew! Lis - ten to my tale of woe, One
 John! Poor Sue! Lis - ten to my tale of woe, Now
 - hoo! Boo - hoo! Lis - ten to my tale of woe. But

day in pass - ing the or - chard through, Lis - ten to my tale of woe, That
 she took a bite and John a chew, Lis - ten to my tale of woe, And
 what of the peach of em' - rald hue, Lis - ten to my tale of woe, That was

lit - tle peachdawn'd on the view, Of John - ny Jones and his sis - ter Sue, Them
 then the trouble be - gan to brew A trou - ble that the Doc - tor couldn't sub - due Too
 warmed by the sun and wet by the dew! Ah! well, its mis - sion on earth is through. A -

crese. - - - - f

two, them two, Lis - ten to my tale of woe.
 true, too true, Lis - ten to my tale of woe.
 - dieu! A - dieu! Lis - ten to my tale of woe.

CHORUS.

With Spirit.

Hard trials for them two, Johnny Jones and his sis-ter Sue, And the peach of

em'-rald hue, That grew, that grew, . . . Listen to my tale of woe.

ritard.

p *mf ritard.*

ENCORE VERSE.

By E. P. JEWELL.

Up through the turf where they laid them two,
 Listen to my tale of woe!
 There sprang a tree of a kind we knew,
 And soon through its branches the zephyrs blew,
 A whoo! A whoo!
 Listen to my tale of woe.
 And upon its trunk where all could view —
 Listen to my tale of woe,
 They cut the names of John and Sue,
 And "Beware of the Peach of Emerald Hue
 It slew! Them two!"
 Listen to my tale of woe.