

# VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL SELECTIONS



FROM

The

# Bride-Elect

THE NEW  
COMIC OPERA

WRITTEN & COMPOSED

By JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.



The Snow Baby, Song.	60.	March, Piano Solo.	50.
Unchain the Dogs of War, Song.	75.	Waltzes, Piano.	75.
Caprian Tarantella, Piano.	50.	Selections, Piano.	1.00.
		Lancers, Piano.	60.

VOCAL SCORE. (Book) \$ 2.00

PUBLISHED BY  
THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY.

CINCINNATI, NEW YORK, CHICAGO,  
LEIPSIC, LONDON.

# The Snow Baby.

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Song from "The Bride-Elect."

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

*Andante semplice.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and slurs, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present. A first ending bracket with an 8-measure count is shown above the right-hand staff.

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "The snow in the fields is ly - ing deep, The". The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *p*.

The second line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "wind from the north is blow - ing, The man in the moon is fast a - sleep, The".

The third line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "brook-let has ceased its flow - ing. The Frost-king woos the bride of his choice, Tis the".

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*allargamente.*

Sprite from the cas - cade spring - ing; And out of the snow-drift comes the voice, Of the

*rall molto.**pp a tempo semplice.*

snow - ba - by's moth - er sing - ing: Sweet - ly, oh slum - ber, my dar - ling child, The

breath of the win - ter is near; — As long as the north - wind is

i - cy and wild, You have noth - ing, my babe, to fear. —

Her an - thracite eyes are filled with tears, The snow - ba - by's moth - er is

weep - ing, For far in the east a light ap - pears, And

o - ver the hills it is creep - ing. She trem - bles with fear, Then

to her breast Her dar - ling she lov - ing - ly press - es; But moth - er and babe have

*impressive.*

sunk to rest, They are dead by the Sun - god's ca - ress - es.

*rall molto.*

*rit.*

*a tempo semplice.*

Sweet - ly, oh slum - ber, my dar - ling child, The breath of the win - ter is

*p*

*rit.*

near; — As long as the north - wind is i - cy and wild, You have

*pp*

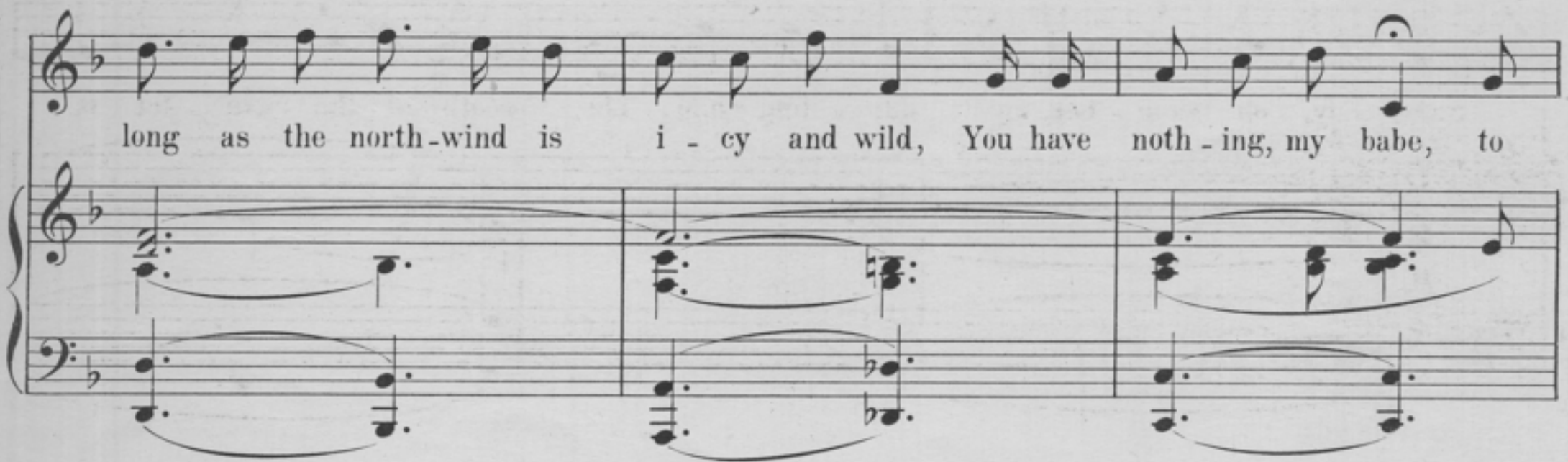
noth - ing, my babe, to fear. — So sweet - ly, oh slum - ber, my

*p*

dar - ling child, The breath of the win - ter is near; — As



long as the north-wind is i - cy and wild, You have noth - ing, my babe, to



*calando.*  
fear, — Slum - - ber, — Slum - - ber,



*pp*  
Slum - ber!

