

277

# The Blue ey'd Stranger

Written by

W<sup>m</sup> Currell

Composed by

W<sup>m</sup> Slapp.

PHILADELPHIA. Published and Sold at G. WILLIG's Music Store.

First system of piano introduction. Treble and bass clefs, key signature of one sharp (F#), 6/8 time signature. Dynamics include *p* and *dol*.

Second system of piano introduction. Treble and bass clefs, key signature of one sharp (F#), 6/8 time signature. Dynamics include *cres*.

First system of the vocal line and piano accompaniment. Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), 6/8 time signature. Lyrics: "One night the north wind loud did blow, the rain was fast de--scen--ding; The

Second system of the vocal line and piano accompaniment. Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), 6/8 time signature. Lyrics: "bit--ter cries of heart felt woe, The dark--end sky was ren--ding; When



call'd by pi-ty to the door, As sail'd by some sad ran-ger A

shriek was heard oh! aid the poor, The wretch-ed blue ey'd stran-ger, A

shriek was heard oh! aid the poor, The wretch-ed blue ey'd stran-ger.

*cres*

My father stood with frantic air,  
 And gaz'd upon the Maiden;  
 Whose heart was broke by sad despair,  
 And mind with sorrow laden:  
 His bosom throbd to see such woe,  
 Oppress the hapless ranger;  
 Then loud he cried, thy pangs forego,  
 Thou'rt welcme blue ey'd stranger.

Her eyes now op'd, her bosom ceas'd,  
 To pant with wild emotion,  
 Yet while her thankful love increas'd,  
 Tears flow'd from sorrow's ocean:  
 'Twas gratitude the source of good,  
 That mark'd the hapless ranger;  
 For whom returns a genuine flood,  
 To bless the blue ey'd stranger.



call'd by pi-ty to the door, As sail'd by some sad ran-ger A

shriek was heard oh! aid the poor, The wretch-ed blue ey'd stran-ger, A

shriek was heard oh! aid the poor, The wretch-ed blue ey'd stran-ger.

*cres*

My father stood with frantic air,  
 And gaz'd upon the Maiden;  
 Whose heart was broke by sad despair,  
 And mind with sorrow laden:  
 His bosom throbd to see such woe,  
 Oppress the hapless ranger;  
 Then loud he cried, thy pangs forego,  
 Thou'rt welcme blue ey'd stranger.

Her eyes now op'd, her bosom ceas'd,  
 To pant with wild emotion,  
 Yet while her thankful love increas'd,  
 Tears flow'd from sorrow's ocean:  
 'Twas gratitude the source of good,  
 That mark'd the hapless ranger;  
 For whom returns a genuine flood,  
 To bless the blue ey'd stranger.