

# THE DYING NUN.



COMPOSED AND ARRANGED  
FOR THE PIANO FORTE BY

*L. S. Higgins*  
**LOUIE BREWSTER. NATHALIE.**

WORDS BY

BOSTON.

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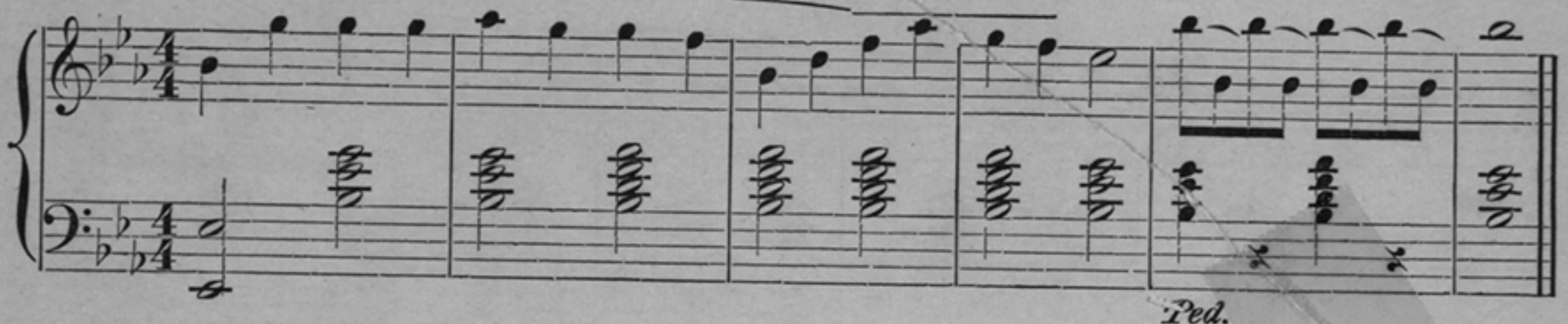


MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO A BELOVED PUPIL,  
MISS ELIZABETH BENEDEY.

# THE DYING NUN.

Words by NATHALIE.

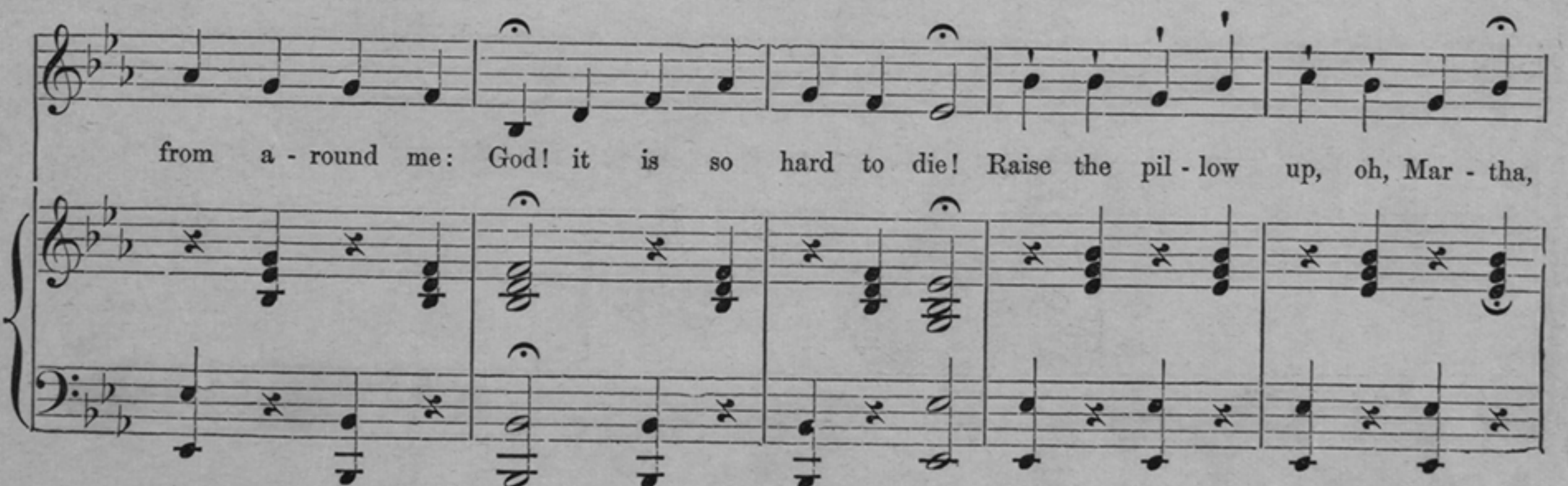
Music by LOUIE BREWSTER.



Piano introduction in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a *Ped.* (Pedal) marking.



First line of the song. The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: "1. Let the air blow in up - on me, Let me see the mid - night sky, Stand back, sis - ters,". The piano part includes a *Soft Ped.* (Soft Pedal) marking.



Second line of the song. The vocal melody continues in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment continues in the left hand. The lyrics are: "from a - round me: God! it is so hard to die! Raise the pil - low up, oh, Mar - tha,".

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1865, by LOUIE BREWSTER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for Eastern District of Pennsylvania.



sis ter Mar - tha, you were kind; Come and stand a - lone be-side me, Ere I leave you all be-hind.

*Ped.*

2. Hold my hand, so cold and fro - zen; Once it was so soft and white, And this ring, that

*Soft Ped.*

falls down from it, Clapsed my fin - ger round so tight; Lit - tle ring they thought so worth - less,



That they let me keep it there, On - ly a plain gold-en cir-clet, With a braid of Douglass' hair.

*Ped.*

3.

Sister Martha, are you near me? You were kinder than the rest;  
Lift my head, and let me lean it, While I live, upon your breast.  
I was thinking of some music That I heard long, long ago;  
Ah! how sweet the NUNS are singing In the Chapel, soft and low.

4.

Oh! my Father; oh! my Mother! Will you not forgive the past,  
When you hear a stranger tell you How your stray lamb died at last?  
Out of all that used to love me, Who will weep when I am dead?  
Only you, oh, sister Martha! Keep the last watch by my bed.

5.

But a strain of heavenly music Drowns the holy midnight dream,  
Still I hear the wild waltz pealing, And I float away with him;  
I am coming, Douglass, Douglass, Where you are I too am there,  
Freed at last, I come, my dearest, Death gives back your little CLARE.

6.

Sister Martha, Sister Martha, Has the Moon gone down so soon?  
Ah! the CELL seems cold as WINTER, Tho' I know that it is June.  
Sisters, in your white beds lying, Sleeping in the June moonlight,  
Thro' your dreams, COMES THERE NO MESSAGE? CLARA DIES ALONE TO-NIGHT.