

THE  
MOURNER

SEQUEL TO

BESTSELLER

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T H E M O U R N E R

S E Q U E L T O

P E S T A L .

The writer's apology for the following Song, must be found in the subjoined Extract from a Letter received from a Friend into whose hands a copy of "Pestal" appears to have fallen.

"The sequel to the story of Pestal is a sad one—When his fate was first made known to his Widow, who was a Lady of excellent Family as well as of great personal attractions, and devotedly attached to him—she, for some time refused to credit the sad tale— The sight of his remains, however, while it dispelled her doubts, unsettled her reason!— and she shortly after followed him to the Tomb, having fairly died of a broken heart."

For the Air—to which the Song is written—or for the most graceful and feeling adaptation of it, for which I am indebted to my friend John Barnett, no apology can be necessary its touching melody will be its own best advocate.

W.H. Bellamy.

Written by W. H. BELLAMY.

Arranged by JOHN BARNETT.

*Andante con tenerezza.*

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems. The first system is marked "Andante con tenerezza." and "p". The second system continues the accompaniment. The third system is marked "ff" and "p". The fourth system is marked "rall.", "pp", and "morendo." and concludes with a double bar line.

Oh can those eyes in death be clos'd, That us'd so tender-ly to gaze on

*p*

mine? Can that fond heart, on which re-pos'd Mine own so

trustingly, Its warmth re-sign? 'Tis but a tale they tell to

*ff*

frighten me; An i-cy dream — that will not break! Yes, that sweet

*p*

voice again will brighten me, With the sweet me-lo-dy 'twas wont to

*rall* *più lento.*

*p* *colla voce.*

make. And yet, I

*pp* *rall.*

feel that wert thou sleeping, One sigh had waken'd thee, when breath'd by

*p*

me; Nor would the tears these eyes are weep-ing, Have flow'd so

ceaselessly, undried by thee. Mine own! mine own! I yet shall

*ff*

follow thee, Tho' still I linger out my doom: While mem'ry

*p*

holds, this heart will hallow thee, And bless the ty-ran-ny that speeds the

*rall.* *Lento.*  
*p* *p* *colla voce.*

tomb.

*morendo.* *pp* *pp*