

JENNY LIND MUSIC.



J.H. Buffords Lith

By the sad sea wave.
 My Home my happy Home.
 I Dreamed of my father land.
 I've left my snow clad hill.
 Bride of Venice.



Child of the Regiment.
 Song of the drum.
 Search thro' the wide world.
 We now must part.
 We live mid the bounding
 Rataplan.

La Fille du
 Regiment.

BOSTON:

Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO 277 Washington St.

W.A. POND & CO.
 N. York.

J.C. HAYNES & CO
 Boston.

J.E. GOULD.
 Phil.

JOHN CHURCH JR.
 Cin.

I'VE LEFT THE SNOW CLAD HILLS.

G. LINLEY.

ALLEGRETTO MA NON TROPPO...

mf *ritard.*

I've left the snow-clad hill, Where my fa-ther's hut doth stand, . . . My

p

rall.

own, my dear Dal - kar - lia, For a stranger land. I'm

rall. *fz*

but a poor young girl, In my sim ple peasant guise; . . . Un-

rall.

skill'd in all the arts and wiles, That worldlings prize;

piu mosso.

trill my mountain lay, Ev'-ry where I chance to roam; Oh!

rall.

sweet the song to me, For it takes me back to home, . . . No

colla voce

a tempo. *rall.*

place can ev - er be to me, Like that dear home. My own, sweet home! My

rall. *ritard.*

own belov - ed home!

Be - side those snow-clad hills, Where my fa - ther's hut doth stand, Dwells

p

one, to whom I'm plighted To be - stow my hand. But

rall.

fz

not without a heart, Would I pledge with word or vow, . . . And

I've no heart to give him, For he has it now. That

rall.

fz

Piu mosso.

youth he is so no - - ble, That youth he is so brave, Oh!

rall.

soon - er than de - sert him, I'd lay me in my grave. No

colla voce.

a tempo. *rall.*

won - der I am pining, then For home again. My own, sweet home! My

rall. *ritard:*

own, belov - ed home.