

THE MESSENGER BIRD,

Duet,

The Words by

MRS. HEMANS,

The Music by

HER SISTER.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 2

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Ave Sanctissima. or		The Homes of England.	<i>Ballad.</i>	2
Evening Hymn to the Virgin.	<i>Duet.</i>	2	<i>D^o.</i>	2
The Captive Knight	<i>Ballad.</i>	2	<i>D^o.</i>	2
The Curfew.	<i>D^o.</i>	2	<i>D^o.</i>	2
The Graves of a Household.	<i>D^o.</i>	2	<i>D^o.</i>	2
England's Dead.	<i>D^o.</i>	2	<i>D^o.</i>	2
He never smiled again.	<i>D^o.</i>	2	<i>D^o.</i>	2
The Cimarosa Quadrilles.		4	<i>D^o.</i>	2
			<i>D^o.</i>	6
				4

THE MESSENGER BIRD.*
A DUETT.

The Words by Mrs. Hemans.

The Music by her Sister.

ESPRESSIVO.

1st VOICE .

2nd VOICE .

PIANO
FORTE.

Thou art come from the Spirits' land, thou Bird! Thou art

Thou art come from the Spirits' land, thou Bird! Thou art

come from the Spirits' land. Thro' the dark pine grove let thy voice be

come from the Spirits' land. Thro' the dark pine grove let thy voice be

heard, And tell of the shadowy band, tell of the shadowy band.

heard, And tell of the shadowy band, tell of the shadowy band.

* Some of the native Brazilians pay great veneration to a certain Bird, that sings mournfully in the night-time. They say it is a messenger which their deceased friends and relations have sent, and that it brings them news from the other world.

We know that the bow'rs are

We know that the bow'rs are

green and fair, In the light of that summer shore. And we

green and fair, In the light of that summer shore. And we

Espress.

know that the friends we have lost are there_ They are there_ They are there, And they
 know that the friends we have lost are there_ They are there, And they

weep no more.
 weep no more.

Molto espress.
 But tell us_ but tell us_
 But tell us_ but tell us_

Tell us thou Bird of the solemn strain, Can those who have lov'd for-get? We

call_ and they answer not again_ We call_ and they answer not again_ Oh!

say, do they love us yet? do they love us yet? do they love us yet?

MINORE.

We call them far through the si...lent

We call them far through the si...lent

MAGGIORE.

night, And they speak not from Cave nor Hill_ We know, thou Bird! that their

night, And they speak not from Cave nor Hill_ We know, thou Bird! that their

land is bright. But say. Oh! say, do they love there still? do they love there

still? do they love there still?

