

THE MOTHER'S REQUIEM

Ballad

WRITTEN, COMPOSED, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

MISS NEELEY HEARDEN

by

CHARLIE HINE.

PIANO. ACCT

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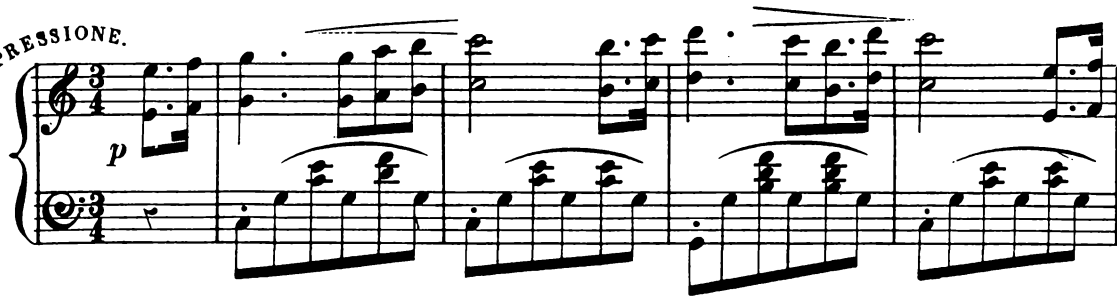
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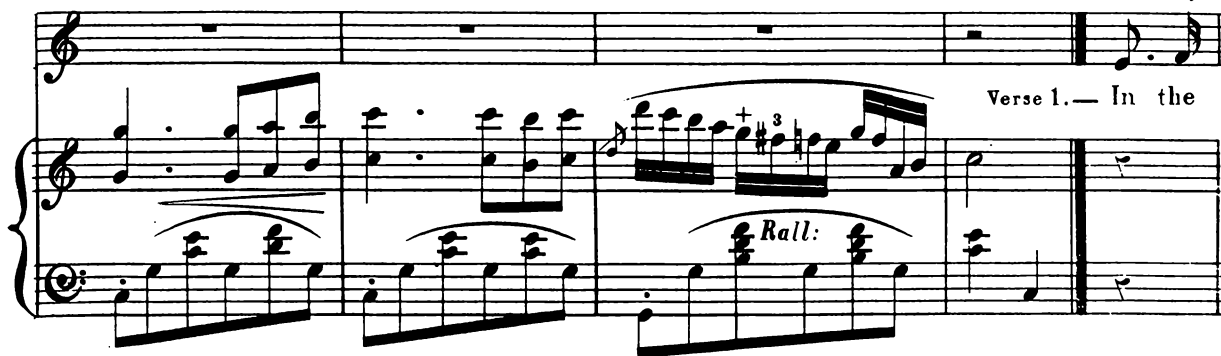
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THE MOTHER'S REQUIEM.

ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE.



3.—Low - ly



on the crowded deck Bent the moth - er o'er her child; Scald-ing tears 'twere vain to

steer-age of a ship Sat a weep-ing, lonely mother; Tearful eye and quiv'ring



check, Told a tale of anguish wild. As the mourn-ful sighing wind Through the

lip Told the woe she could not smother; Wildly rock-ing to and fro, Clasp-ing



sound - ing cordage rang, . . Soft and plain - tive, sweet and low, She a sim - - ple requiem

pp *Rall:*

tight - - ly to her breast All she had to love be - low, She her dy - - ing babe ca -

pp *Rall:*

sang.

ressed.

mf

2. — As the hol - low sounding waves Dash'd a -

mf

pp

gainst the vessel's side, Visions sweet of low - ly graves, Distant o'er the rolling

pp

f *agitato* *pp* *rall* *A tempo*

tide, Flash'd a - cross her tortured brain; Poor, heart - broken, lonely mother, Oh! her

pp *rall*

ag - - o-niz-ing pain! Anguish that she cannot smother. *Rall.* *Lento.*

pp
4.— Oh! my child, thou art gone to the

Cres: *Dim:* *pp*
land of the blest, And thy ach-ing frame is now at rest; But I'm

Cres: *D* *Dim:*

Cres: *Dim:*
mourn-ing sad o'er thy life-less clay, And thine eyes once as

Cres: *Dim:*

pp e rall: bright as the dawn-ing of day. *mf Agitato:* Oh! my dar - - - ling babe, why

must thou de - part! Thou the on - - - ly joy of my *Rit:* widowed . .

pp e ad lib: heart; Oh! I'm lone - ly now, and the tears that start Tell the woe of a *Ral - - - - len - - -*

pp - - tan - - - do. child - - less widow's heart.