JESSIE'S DREAM,

VIOLIN & PF VOLTI 3/= PF SOLO EASY 1 DO DUETT DO

A STORY OF THE "RELIEF OF LUCKNOW" Purs water Also arranged as a DESCRIPTIVE FANTASIA for the PIANOFORTE by JOHN BLOCKLEY Solo 4. Duett 5.



"DINNA YE HEAR IT, DINNA YE HEAR IT? ITS THE SLOGAN OF THE HIGHLANDERS WE'RE SAVED WE'RE SAVED

YESTERDAY

GRACE CAMPBELL, 🦟

JOHN BLOCKLEY.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE TENNYSON RING OUT WILD BELLS SOLO & DUETT MUSIC ON THE WIND GOONGLUSION OF THE QUEEN OF THE MAY 4

MESSENGER SWALLOW SOLO & DUETT MEMORY OF THE PAST MOTHERS SONG , SWEET & LOW DO DO FORTUNE AND HER WHEEL DO DO

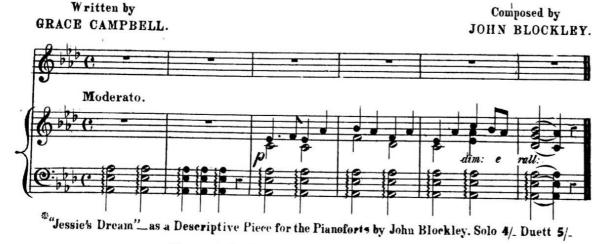
PRICE SONG OR CUE'T DESCRIPTIVE FANTAS TRANSCRIPTION BY VIOLIN & P. A

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(A STORY OF THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.)

The following is an extract from a letter written by M. de Banneroi, a French physician in the service of Mussur Rajah, and published in Le Pays (Paris paper), dated Calcutta, Oct. 8/57 "I give you the following account of the relief of Lucknow, as described by a lady, one of the rescued party ._ 'On every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were resolved ratherto die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so, and all knew the worst . We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my hus_ band's regiment . Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days . A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered oc casionally, especially that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, 'her father should return from the ploughing'. She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless, and apparently, breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon ._ Suddenly I was aroused by a wild unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright before me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance, she grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclclaimed, Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamin', its the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved, we're saved!' Then, flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervour. I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving; but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, 'Courage! courage! hark to the slogan - to the Macgregor, the grandest o' them a'. Here's help at last!' To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened in intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappoint_ ment, and the wailing of the women who had flocked to the spot burst out anew as the Colonel shook his head. Our dull Lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this death-like suspense, of this agonising hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried, in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line _ 'Will ye no believe it noo? The slogan has ceased indeed, but the Campbells are comin'! D'ye hear, d'ye hear?' At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pi broch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact . No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise succour to their friends in need To our cheer of 'God save the Queen' they replied by the well known strain that moves every Scot to tears, Should auld acquaintance be forgot', &c. &c.

Also published as a Vocal Duett by J. Blockley. 4/-



Transcription by Jules Favre. Solo 3/_ Duett 4/-













Jessie's Dream. in AD

Pu! lished by John Blockley, 3, Argyil St, Regent St W.

