

THE TOMB OF MY FATHERS,

A PATHETIC BALLAD,

Composed expressly and exclusively for La Belle Assemblée, (and to be had only with that Work,)

By M. P. KING.

Andante
et
Affettuoso

The first system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A *p e dol* (piano e dolente) marking is present in the middle of the system.

The second system continues the musical piece. It includes a *f* dynamic at the start, followed by a *Cres* (crescendo) marking. The treble staff has a melodic line with some grace notes. The bass staff has a steady accompaniment. A *p e dol* marking is present, and the system ends with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic.

The third system contains the first line of lyrics: "Sub-dud by mis-fortunes, and bow'd down with pain, I sought on the bo-som of peace to re-cline, I". The treble staff has a melodic line with lyrics underneath. The bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo) at the start and *p* (piano) later in the system.

The fourth system contains the second line of lyrics: "hied to the House of my Fa-ters a-gain, But the home of my Fathers no lon-ger was mine." The treble staff has a melodic line with lyrics underneath. The bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* (forte) at the start and a *Dol* (dolente) marking above the treble staff.

The look that spoke gladness and welcome was gone; The blaze that shone bright in the hall was no
 more, A stran-ger was there with a bo-som of stone, And cold were his Eyes cold were his
 Eyes as I en-tered his Door.

2

'Twas his, deaf to pity, to tenderness dead,
 The falling to crush, and the humble to spurn:
 But I staid not his scorn,—from his Mansion I fled,
 And my beating heart vow'd never more to return.
 What Home shall receive me! one Home yet I know;
 O'er its gloomy recess, see the pine branches wave!

'Tis the Tomb of my Fathers! the world is my foe,
 And all my inheritance now is the grave.

3

'Tis the Tomb of my Fathers! the grey moisten'd walls,
 Declining to earth, speak aloud of decay:
 The gate, off its hinges, and half opening, calls,
 "Approach most unhappy, thy dwelling of clay!"
 Alas, thou sole dwelling of all I hold dear,
 How little this meeting once augured my breast!
 From a wanderer accept, oh my Father, this tear,
 Receive him, the last of his race, to your rest.