

THIRD EDITION

I LOVE, I LOVE THE FREE,
AS
SUNG WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE

BY

MR. SEQUIN

AND

MR. H. RUSSELL,

Composed & dedicated ^{THE} ~~to~~ ^{as a mark of respect}

TO

HENRY B. SMITH, ESQUIRE,

BY

HENRY RUSSELL.

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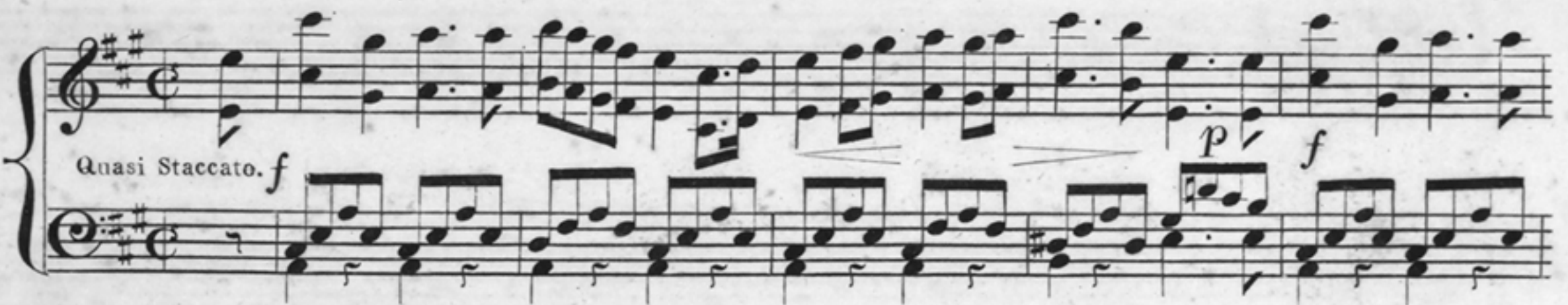
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I LOVE, I LOVE THE FREE.

Words by ELIZA COOK.

Music by HENRY RUSSELL.

CON
MOLTO
ANIMA.

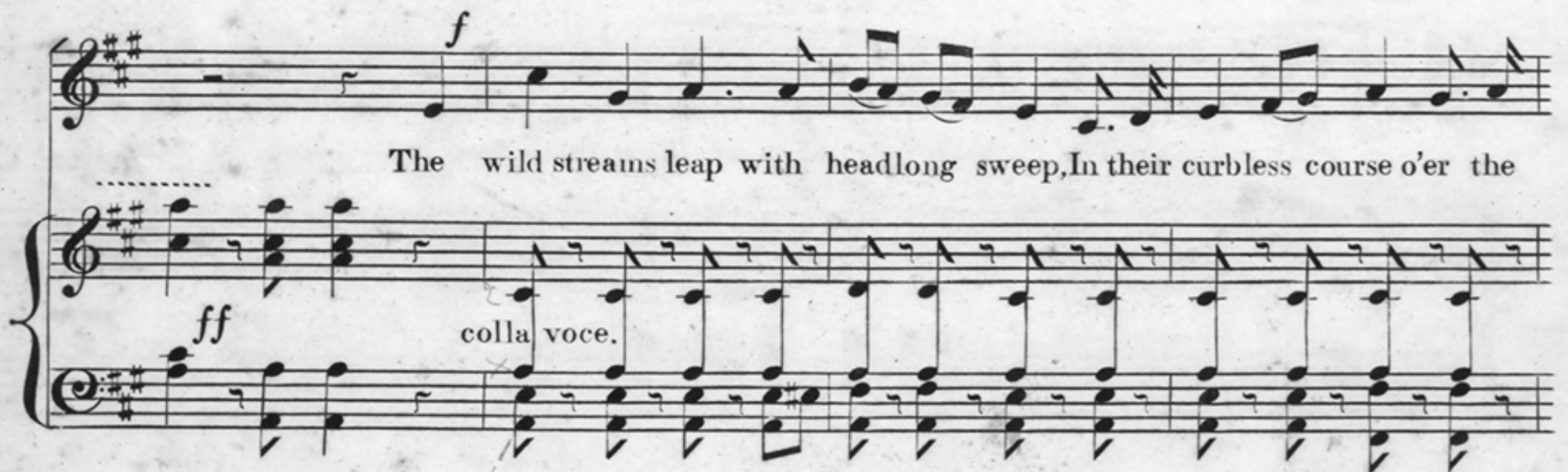


Quasi Staccato. *f*



8va

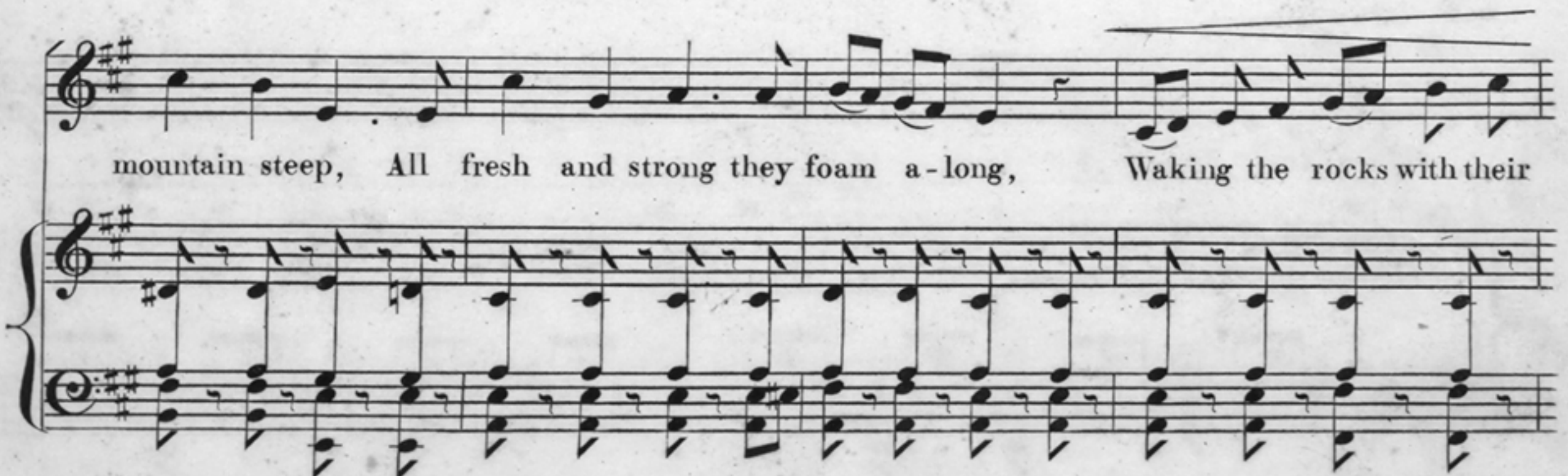
p *cres.*



f

The wild streams leap with headlong sweep, In their curbless course o'er the

ff *colla voce.*



mountain steep, All fresh and strong they foam a-long, Waking the rocks with their

p

cat'-ract song, My eye bears a glance like the beam on a lance, While I watch the wa - ters

p *p* *p* *p* *f*

f

dash and dance, I burn with glee - - - - - For I love to see - -

f *f*

p

The path of a-ny thing that's free, *sva* I love, I love, oh I

p

f

love the free, I love, I love the free, I love, I love, O. I

f *p*

ad libitum.

love the free, I love, I love, I love the free. 8va

ff *f*

The Sky-lark springs with

tr

dew on its wings, And up in the arch heav'n he sings, Tril - la, tril - la, oh

p

sweet-er far, Than the notes that comethro' a gold-en bar, The joy-ous bay of a

hound at play, The caw of a rook on its home-ward way, Oh

f

these shall be the mu - sic for me For I

f

love I love the path of the free, I love, I love, oh I

f *p* *8va*

love the free, I love, I love the free, I love, I love, oh I

f *tr*

love the free, I love, I love, I love the free.

ff *f* *f*

8va

3

The mariner brave in his bark on the wave,
 May laugh at the walls round a kingly slave;
 And the one whose lot is the desert spot,
 Has no dread of an envious foe in his cot;
 The thrall and state at the palace gate,
 Are what my spirit has learnt to hate;
 I burn with glee, for I love to see,
 The path of any thing that's free,
 I love, I love, &c.