

H. H.
H. H. Steadman

1170

A DAY'S RIDE, Hunting Song.

THE WORDS BY

G. J. Whyte Melville.

The Music by

ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

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" A DAY'S RIDE "

HUNTING SONG.

WORDS BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

MUSIC BY A. SCOTT GATTY.

VOICE. *ALLEGRO MODERATO.* *mf* [^]

When the

PIANO. *f*

The first system of music features a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The voice line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics 'When the'. The piano accompaniment starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRO MODERATO'.

ear-ly dawn is stealing O'er the moorland edge, re-vealing All the

mf

The second system continues the musical piece. The voice line has the lyrics 'ear-ly dawn is stealing O'er the moorland edge, re-vealing All the'. The piano accompaniment continues with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp, and a 2/4 time signature.

tender tints of morning ere she flushes in - to day, Then be -

The third system concludes the musical piece on this page. The voice line has the lyrics 'tender tints of morning ere she flushes in - to day, Then be -'. The piano accompaniment continues with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp, and a 2/4 time signature.

- -neather window, - shaking Bit and bridle, while she's waking, Stands a

bonny steed ca-par-i-son'd to bear my love a - - way; By

hill and holt to follow, Hound and horn, and Huntsman's holloa,

f Follow! follow! where they lure us follow as we may!

ff

A day's ride.

f [^]

When the chase is on - ward

speeding, With its bold - est spi - rits lead - ing, When the

red is on the row - el, And the foam is on the

[^]

rein, Far in front her form is fleeting, And her

gen - tle heart is beat - ing With the rap - ture of the

re - vel, As it sweeps a - cross the plain; Then I

accel: press by dint of riding Where my beacon star is guiding, And the

f laggard spurring mad - ly hurries af - ter us in vain -

ff

A day's ride.

Più lento.

Ev' - ry

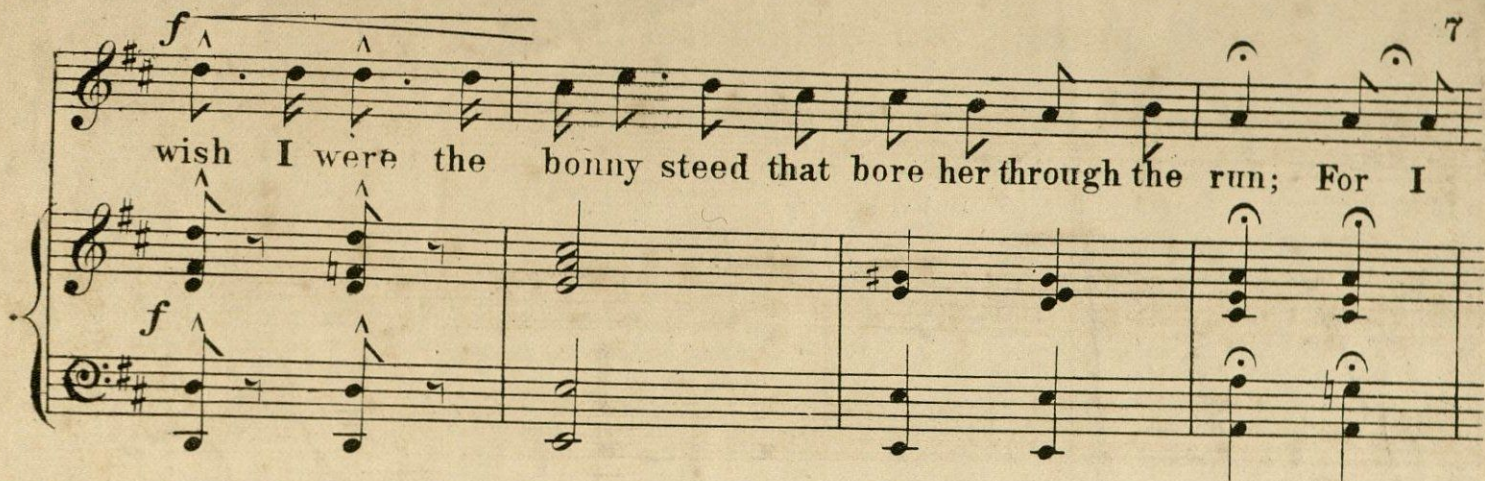
sweet must have its bitter, And the time has come to quit her, Oh! the

night is fall - ing darker for the hap - py day that's done; Now I

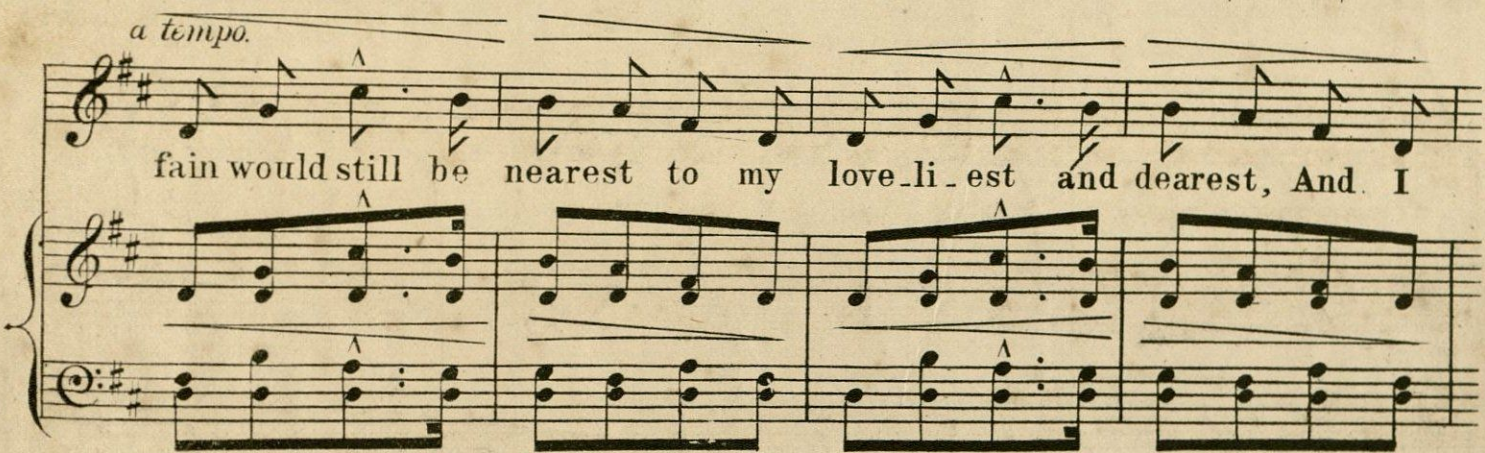
wish I were the bri - dle in the fin - gers of my i - dol, Now I

A day's ride.

f wish I were the bonny steed that bore her through the run; For I



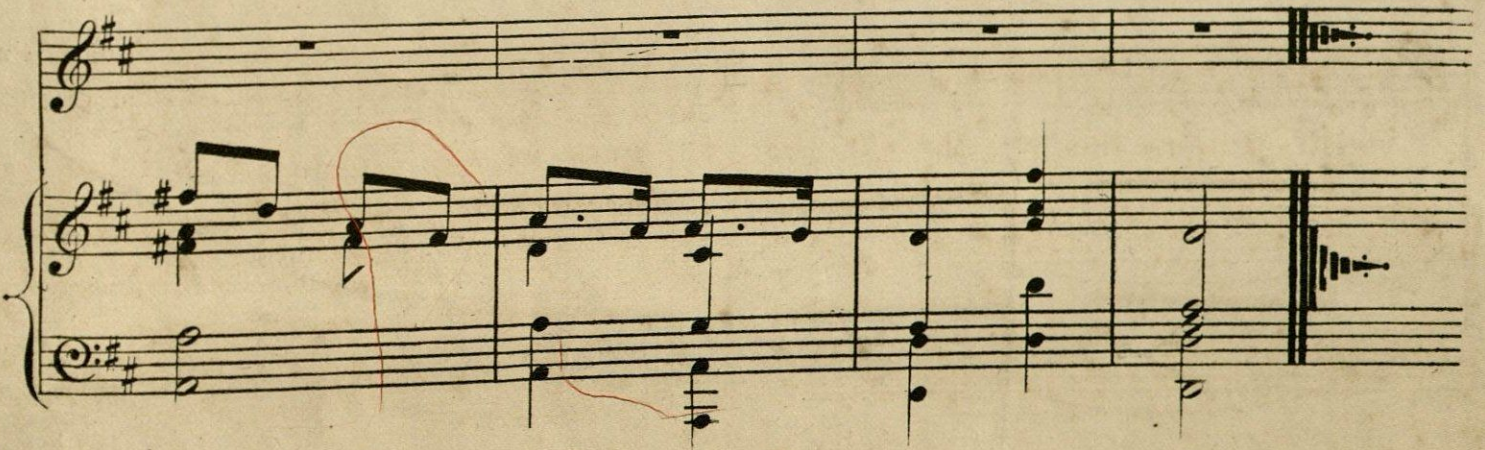
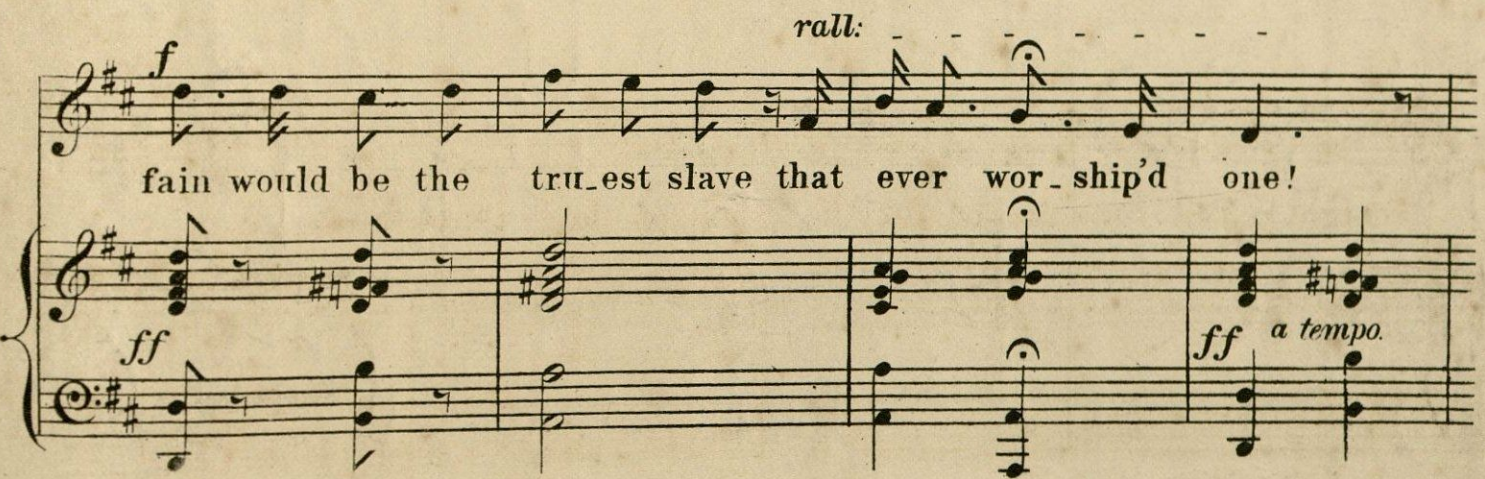
a tempo. fain would still be nearest to my love-li-est and dearest, And I



f fain would be the tru-est slave that ever wor-ship'd one!

rall:

ff *ff a tempo.*



A day's ride.

