

Love

I WOULD NOT DIE IN SPRING TIME

Ballad

AS SUNG WITH THE MOST UNBOUNDED SUCCESS

BY

MR. TURNER

THE AMERICAN BALLAD SINGER

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE

PIANO FORTE

BY

Milton Moore.

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I WOULD NOT DIE IN SPRING TIME.

MILTON MOORE.

Moderato.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in D major, 2/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal line enters with the lyrics: 'I would not die in Spring time When all is bright a - - round, And fair young flowers are peeping From out the si-lent ground, When life is on the wa-ter And joy up--on the shore; For'. The score includes a repeat sign after the first line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and arpeggiated figures in both hands.

winter, gloomy win-ter Then reigns o'er us no more.

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "winter, gloomy win-ter Then reigns o'er us no more."

The second system continues the musical piece with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

SECOND VERSE.

I would not die in Sum-mer When mu-sic's on the breeze, And

The third system begins the second verse with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "I would not die in Sum-mer When mu-sic's on the breeze, And"

soft, de-li-cious mur-murs Float e--ver through the trees, And fairy birds are

The fourth system continues the second verse with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "soft, de-li-cious mur-murs Float e--ver through the trees, And fairy birds are"

singing From morn till close of day— No: with its transient glo-ries I

would not pass a - - way.

V. 4. But let me die in Win - - - ter When night hangs dark a - - bove, And

V. 3. When breezes leave the moun - tain, Its balmy sweets all o'er— To

cold the snow is ly - - - ing On bo - soms that we love — Ah! may the wind at 5

breathe around the fountain And fan our bow'rs no more. When Summer flow'rs are

midnight, That blow-eth from the sea, Chant mild-ly, soft--ly, sweet--ly A

dy-ing With--in the lonely glen, And Autumn winds are sigh-ing — I

re - - qui - - em for me.

would not pe - rish then.