

SWEET SPIRIT,
HEAR MY PRAYER

WITH ENGLISH AND ITALIAN WORDS, FROM THE

Grand Romantic Opera

L U R L I N E

BY

W. VINCENT WALLACE.

ORIGINAL KEY *Ab*.

TRANSPOSED, *F*.

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SWEET SPIRIT, HEAR MY PRAYER!

WM. VINCENT WALLACE.

No. 27.

Original Key A♭.
ANDANTE con ESPRESS.

LURLINE.
Largamente.

Oh! Thou to whom this heart ne'er yet Turn'd in an-guish or re-gret, The
Oh tu oh tu cui mai fi-nor Do-len-te i prie-ghi vol-si Per-

past for-give, the fu-ture spare; Sweet Spir-it, hear my pray'r! Oh!
do-nai fal-li fal-li miei, Gran Spi-ri-to im-mor-tal, Deh!

Dolciss.

leave me not a-lone in grief, Send this blight-ed heart re-lief! Send this
non deh non m'abban-do-nar, E de-gna-tial mi-o cor. La

Dolciss.

blight - ed heart re - lief! Make thou my life thy fu - ture care, Sweet
 pa - ce ri - sto - rar La vi - ta a te con - sa - cre - ro, A

Con espress.

Spi - it, hear my pray'r! Ah! make my life thy fu - ture care, Sweet
 - scol - ta il mio pre - gar, A te con - sa - cre - ro, a te, A -

Rall.

Spir - it, hear my pray'r! Hear, oh! hear my prayer! Ah! hear . . . my
 - scol - ta il mio pre - gar. Si il mio pre - gar, Il mio . . . pre -

prayer!
- gar!

Oh!
Oh!

Largamento.

Thou to whom my thoughts are known, Calm, oh! calm these tremb - ling
tu, che scru - ti il mio pen - sier I miei ti - mor di.

fears; Ah! turn a - way the world's cold frown, And dry my fall - ing
- le - gua Dal mon - do men - - - ti - - - tor Mi ri - con - du cial

Dolciss.

tears! Oh! leave me not a - lone in grief, Send this blight - ed heart re -
ver Deh! non deh non m'abban - do - nar, E de - gna - ti al mio

- lief! Send this blight - ed heart re - lief! Make
cor! La pa - - ce ri - sto - rar, La

thou my life thy fu - ture care, Sweet Spir - it, hear my pray'r! Ah!
vi - ta a te con - sa - cre - ro, A - scol - ta il mio pre - gar, A

Con espress
 make my life thy fu - ture care, Sweet Spir - it, hear my pray'r!
te a te con - sa - cre - ro, A - scol - ta il mio pre - gar,

hear my prayer.
 Hear, oh! hear my prayer! Ah! hear my prayer!
Si il mio pre - gar, Il mio pre - gar!

POPULAR BALLADS

PUBLISHED BY

WM. HALL & SON, 751 BROADWAY, N. Y.

MY DARLING'S SHOES. THEO. M. BROWN. 40c.
God bless the dar-ling lit-tle feet, that ne'er can go a-stray.

O JEWELLED SKIES. WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 35c.
O jeweled skies, watch o'er her slumbers; Send lovely dreams of pure delight.

COME AGAIN, HAPPY DAYS. J. R. THOMAS. 35c.
Come a-gain, hap-py days: Come a-gain to my heart as of old.

WHEN NO ONE ELSE IS BY. WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 35c.
How ros-es bloom no eye can tell, And lone-ly buds ap-pear.

THE NAME UPON THE TREE. WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 35c.
O sweet the dream that comes once more, While one by one our joys go by.

MUST WE SAY GOOD-BY? J. R. THOMAS. 35c.
Lay your hand in mine, my dar-ling, Fast the mo-ments fly.

O HUSH, OUR LITTLE ONE'S ASLEEP. JUSTIN JUCH. 35c.
O hush, our lit-tle one's a-sleep, The angels now their vi-gils keep.

ALONE, ALL ALONE. "Rip van Winkle." G. F. BRISTOW. 35c.
A-lone, all a-lone in this wide world of sorrow, No kind friend to—

THE MOON IS SOFTLY BEAMING. Waltz song. HENRY SCHOELLER. 50c.
The moon is soft-ly beam-ing up-on the waveless sea.

LITTLE FOOTSTEPS THAT ARE GONE. J. R. THOMAS. 35c.
O, the sweet and love-ly chil-dren, Blooming round us like the flowers.

THO' BORN IN WOODS. "Desert Flower." WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 35c.
Though born in woods, rude na-ture's child, A woman's heart is thine.

NIGHT, LOVE, IS CREEPING. "Love's Triumph." WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 50c.
Night, love, is creep-ing o'er moor and main....

COME TO MY HEART YE FADED FLOWERS. M. KELLER. 35c.
Come to my heart, ye faded flowers, Rest there un-till its throbs shall cease.

THE DAY IS DONE. "Rip van Winkle." G. F. BRISTOW. 35c.
The day is done, the set-ting sun Has faded in the West.

WHEN CIRCLED ROUND. "Rip van Winkle." G. F. BRISTOW. 35c.
When circled round in youth's glad spring, With friends we love, and hearts we prize.

IN CADENCE SOFT. "Cassilda." W. K. BASSFORD. 35c.
In cadence soft the night winds sigh Their love-songs to the trees.

A TRESS OF HAIR. "Cassilda." W. K. BASSFORD. 35c.
A tress of hair, a sin-gle tress The on-ly to-ken I pos-sess.

FLOWERS. "Cassilda." W. K. BASSFORD. 35c.
Ye blooming flow'rs, Love's symbols fair, To me ye e'er..... are showing.

GOOD NIGHT, AND PLEASANT DREAMS. WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 50c.
When on its couch of ro-sy clouds The burning sun has sunk to rest.

I HAVE WAITED FOR THY COMING. WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 50c.
I have wait-ed for thy coming, As the flow-ret for the dew.

DAISIES IN HEAVEN. M. KELLER. 35c.
Out in the meadows, Close by the lane, Twining her hands in a dai-sy chain.

THE LEAVES THAT FALL IN SPRING. J. R. THOMAS. 50c.
When win-ter winds are wail-ing, And death rides on the breeze.

ANGEL OF BEAUTY. H. P. DANKS. 35c.
An-gel of beauty, all lovely and bright, Be with my spirit by day and by night.

MERRILY, MERRILY OVER THE SEA. WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 50c.
Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly o-ver the sea, Clearing the billows we're bounding along.

THE LOST STAR. WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 50c.
With white hair streaming up-on the wind, And straining his wea-ry eye.

CHIME SOFTLY, YE BELLS. ARTHUR W. HAWTHORN. 35c.
Chime soft-ly, ye bells, softly chime, Summer breezes float lightly around.

THE MOONBEAM. Waltz Song. E. G. B. HOLDER. 35c.
Light-ly in our boat we row O'er the sil-ver lake.

THE BELL-RINGER. WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 50c.
I set the bell a-ring-ing When the bride to the al-tar was led.

I'M TRUE TO THEE. WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 50c.
They say that all things change, Sweet flow-ers bloom and die.

OLD FRIENDS, AND OTHER DAYS. WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 50c.
Come take your lute, and sing to-night, The song of years gone by.

I DREAMED OF HOME LAST NIGHT. H. C. WATSON. 30c.
I dreamed of home last night, A foud and hap-py dream.

COME, THE BARK IS MOVING. Waltz Song. J. SLOMAN TORREY. 60c.
Come..... the bark is moving—Come..... the breeze is blowing.

BRIGHT STARS THAT SHINE ABOVE. C. FRADEL. 35c.
Bright stars that shine a-bove, I see your friend-ly greet-ing.

O LOVELY NIGHT. C. FRADEL. 50c.
O love-ly night, de-licious hour, When hearts are light and free.

YOUTH IS LIFE'S TIME OF MAY. WM. VINCENT WALLACE. 50c.
I will not yield my free-dom, no! Un-fettered still in heart I rove.

I LOVE THE STARRY NIGHT. H. P. DANKS. 35c.
I love the starry summer night, When all the world doth seem.

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J. W. TAYLOR, Music Printer, 27 Rose Street, N.Y.