

To the memory of

T. P. Bliss.

THE
SINGER

A Descriptive Song,

BY

GEORGE R. LEWIS.

5

CINCINNATI.
JOHN CHURCH & CO.

CHICAGO.
ROOT & SONS MUSIC CO.

Copyright 1878 by J. Church & Co.

THE SINGER.

Composed by



G. E. Lewis.

Moderato.

PIANO.

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time, featuring a series of chords and melodic lines.

Heav - en - ly strains, thro' the gath - er - ing gloom,

Musical notation for the first line of the song, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Floated so soft - ly from the Sing - er's room; The sun had gone down, 'twas the

Musical notation for the second line of the song, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

close of the day; And words of sweet trust we heard him say: - "I

Musical notation for the third line of the song, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

know not the hour when my Lord will come To take me a-way to His

own dear home; But I know that His presence will light-en the gloom, And

Cres.

that will be glo-ry for me." 'Twas a cold win-ter night, and

Moderato.

fierce the wind blew, And deep were the snow-drifts the engine passed through; And the

ff roar of the tempest was heard far and near, While pleading in prayer these

ff *p*

Moderato.

words we hear:— "More ho - li - ness give me, More stri - yings with - in;

12/8

More pa - tience in suf - f'ring, More sor - row for sin; More faith in my Sa - viour,

More sense of his care, More joy in his ser - vice, More pleasure in prayer."

Rit.

Rit.

Adagio.

Slow moves the train o'er the chasm so deep, While ma-ny a trav'ler is

f Accel.
 si-lent in sleep; But hark! there's a crash as down they go! 'Mid

Agitato. *Cres. e accel.*
 cries of des-pair, and an-guish, and woe! The bright, lurid flames rise

Rit.
 higher and higher, And make for the dy-ing a fun'ral pyre; But

Hark! mid the groans that fall on the ear, The Singer is heard, in

tones loud and clear:— *f* "Up with thy hands to Je - sus, He hears thy piteous

cry; Up with thy hands to Je - sus, No other help is nigh?"

Lento e Piano.

Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust; The voice of the Singer in

Cres.

death is now hushed; But lo! as we listen, we hear this sweet song Come echo-ing

back from the glo-ri-fied throug: "Go bury thy sor-row, The world hath its share;

Go bu - ry it deep - ly, Go hide it with care; Go think of it calm - ly,

Rit.

When curtained by night; Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right?"

Rit.