



TO
W.A. METCALF, ESQ.
(Pawtucket, R.I.)

That Song of Thine!

BALLAD.

COMPOSED FOR AND SUNG BY

MISS EDITH WYNNE.

Words by

ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

MUSIC BY

J. R. Thomas.

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THAT SONG OF THINE.

Words by ELIZA J. MORIARTY.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Andante.

mf *dim.* *p* *pp*

Oh sing a . gain! that song of thine Hath wakened mem'ries old and

dear, And bringeth joy un . to my heart, Though from mine eye there falls a

cres: *dim.* *p* *rall?*

tear. Each word and tone re.

cres: *dim.*

calls the time When I, in childhood's ig-no-rance, Dream'd life was bliss a.

las, its cares Soon rudely broke that glowing trance! Oh sing a. gain! that song of

thine Hath wakened mem-ries old and dear, And bringeth joy un-to my

calando.
heart, Though from mine eye there falls a tear.
calando.

Oh sing a . gain! that gen . tle strain Has charm'd my wea . ry heart from
 Oh sing a . gain! and let me hear The strains I loved in days of

woe, The pre . sent fades, the past is mine, With all the joys of long a .
 yore; Thy voice seems like an e . cho sweet Of tones I'll hear on earth no

dim. *rall.*

cres. *dim.* *p* *p rall.*

go . more. The tones of friends de .
 O sing! and should I

cres. *dim.*

light my ear, And lov . . . ing arms are round me press'd, With
 weep the while, My tears will not from sor . row flow, For

mu - si - cal ac - cord a - gain Sweet hopes and joy thrill
oh, thy strains with mem - ries teem Of friends and joys of

o'er my breast. Oh, sing a - gain! that song of thine Hath wakened
long a - go. Oh sing a - gain! that song of thine Hath wakened

ff mem - ries old and dear, And bringeth joy un - to my heart, Though from mine
mem - ries old and dear, And bringeth joy un - to my heart, Though from mine

calando.

eye there falls a tear.
eye there falls a tear.

p