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JULIA,

"IN A LONE QUIET SPOT,"

as sung by

Kunkel's Nightingale Opera Troupe

Words by

W. H. MORGAN ESQ.

Music by

J. H. HEWITT.

C. Birmingham

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JULIA .

IN A LONE QUIET SPOT .

Words by W.H.MORGAN.

Music by J.H.HEWITT.

Affettuoso.

VOICE.

PIANO.

In a lone quiet spot by the side of a hill, Where the sycamore grows, and the wild willow's weeping There's a

requiem steals from a sweet little rill, And chaunts o'er the mound where my Julia is sleeping

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1852 by J.E. Boswell in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Maryland.

CHORUS.

1st Treble. 
Then mourn for my Julia, my joys are all over, I never shall see my dear

2d Treble. 
Then mourn for my Julia, my joys are all over, I never shall see my dear

Tenor. 
Then mourn for my Julia, my joys are all over, I never shall see my dear

Bass. 
Then mourn for my Julia, my joys are all over, I never shall see my dear

Piano. 


treasure again; She's gone, and I've lost her I ne'er shall recover, Oh!


treasure again; She's gone, and I've lost her I ne'er shall recover, Oh!


treasure again; She's gone, and I've lost her I ne'er shall recover, Oh!


treasure again; She's gone, and I've lost her I ne'er shall recover, Oh!



Rallent.

soon let me die to re-lieve me from pain.

soon let me die to re-lieve me from pain.

soon let me die to re-lieve me from pain.

soon let me die to re-lieve me from pain.

Rallent.

2.

The nightingale lingers and ceases to sing,
 As he slowly unfolds his dark wing o'er my treasure;
 The raven's loud croak makes the midnight air ring,
 As he pours forth his dirge in a sorrowful measure.
 Chorus. Then mourns for my Julia.&c.

3.

A heaven it was when I sat by her side,
 For she, like an angel, would cheer me to gladness;
 But, oh! when I hoped to have made her my bride,
 She died, and I'm left to but sorrow and sadness
 Chorus. Then mourn for my Julia.&c.

4.

For many an hour in the long summer's night,
 I have faithfully watched in the hope I might meet her;
 But above she is wanted, I know it is right,
 So, I'll patiently wait 'till I'm call'd on to greet her.
 Chorus. Then mourn for my Julia.&c.