

"THE ORANGE BOUGH"
Written by
Mrs. Demars

The Theme by Handel,
SYMPHONIES and ACCOMPANIMENTS
with
Composed and Dedicated to
HER FRIEND
MISS CHRISTMAN
BY
Miss C. Browne.

No 15.

Professor of the Logierian System of Music.

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ANDANTE.

Espressione.

Oh bring me one sweet O range bough,

Grazioso. *Grazioso.* *cres:*

To fan my cheek, to cool my brow; *ad lib: sym:*

legato.

Affetuoso.

One bough with pear-ly blos-soms drest, And bind it, Mo-ther!
on my breast! One bough with pear-ly blos-soms drest,
And bind it, Mo-ther! on my breast!

2

Go seek the grove along the shore,
Whose odours I must breathe no more;
The grove where every scented tree
Thrills to the deep voice of the sea.

3

Oh! Love's fond sighs, and fervent prayer,
And wild farewell, are lingering there;
Each leaf's light whisper hath a tone,
My faint heart, even in death, would own,

4

Then bear me thence one bough, to shed
Life's parting sweetness round my head,
And bind it, Mother! on my breast,
When I am laid in lonely rest.

1st 2d 3d 1st 2d 3d 1st 2d 3d 1st 2d 3d
1st 2d 3d 1st 2d 3d 1st 2d 3d 1st 2d 3d
1st 2d 3d 1st 2d 3d 1st 2d 3d 1st 2d 3d

Girl of the year
Ailun, aron

Girl of the year
Ailun, aron!
Girl of the year
Blue as the cloudless sky
For thee I pine and sigh
Ailun, aron!

When over the heaving sea, Ailun aron
Sailed the ship fast and free Ailun aron

Howling as women wail
I watched her snowy sail
Bend in the roaring gale, Ailun aron

Come, ere the grave will close, Ailun aron
O'er me and all my woes Ailun aron
Come with the love of old

Time as the treasure gold
Not hant of all the gold Ailun aron
By the strand of the sea Ailun aron

While I'll keep watch for thee Ailun aron
There with fond love I'll lie
Watching with tearful eye
Till thou comest Ailun aron