

1859

Are There Tidings in Yon Vessel

Chas. E. Horn

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holding the pur-ple vine; Then come to the land of my birth, Oh come, henceforth let my home be thine.

voice if less sweet than thine, To my simple taste is far more dear, No, ne'er can thy home be mine.

ff

Dim. *p*

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the first part of the song. It features two vocal staves with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of two staves: the upper staff has chords with slurs and a dynamic marking of *ff* at the end; the lower staff has a simple bass line. The piece concludes with a *Dim.* (diminuendo) marking and a *p* (piano) dynamic.

ARE THERE TIDINGS IN YON VESSEL.

Chas. E. Horn.

Andante. *p*

sp

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the second piece. It is a piano accompaniment in G major and common time. The tempo is marked *Andante.* and begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The score is written for two staves. The upper staff features a melody of chords with slurs, while the lower staff provides a steady bass line. The piece ends with a *sp* (sforzando) dynamic marking.

ARE THERE TIDINGS IN YON VESSEL, Concluded.

PRIMO.
 1. Are there tid-ings in yon ves - - - sel, Proudly bounding o'er the wave, Are there
SECONDO.
 2. Do not ask me why I has - - - ten, To each ves - sel that ap - pears; Why I

tidings, for a moth - er, Who is mourning, for the brave? no, no, no, no, she is freighted with fond
 seem, to cling so wild - ly, To one cherish'd hope for years? no, no, no, no, tho' my search prove un - a -

ti - dings, But no tid - ings from the grave, from the grave.
 - vail - ing, What have I to do with tears? to do with tears?

Ritard. *mf*

3 Do not blame me when I seek him,
 With these wan and weary eyes;
 Can you tell me where he perish'd,
 Can you show me where he lies?
 No, no, no, no,
 Yet there surely is some record,
 When a brave young hero dies.

4 Had I watch'd beside his pillow,
 Had I seen him on his bier
 Oh! I must have died of weeping,
 But I cannot shed a tear;
 No, no, no, no,
 Let me still think I shall see him,
 Let me still think he is near.