

1860

I've Left the Snow Clad Hills

George Linley

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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

Laura Lewis

JENNY LIND MUSIC.



*By the sad sea wave, - Bride of Venice.
 My Home, my happy Home
 I dreamed of my father land.
 I've left my snow clad hills.
 Rataplan.*

*Child of the Regiment
 Song of the Down.
 Search thro' the wide world,
 We now must part.
 We live mid the bounding*

J. H. Ballou's lith.

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I'VE LEFT THE SNOW CLAD HILLS.

G. LINLEY.

ALLEGRETTO MA NON TROPPO.

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth notes, and the left hand provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *mf* and *ritard.*

I've left the snow-clad hill, Where my fa-ther's hut doth stand, . . . My

Piano accompaniment for the first line of the song, featuring chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The dynamic is *p*.

own, my dear Dal - kar - lia, For a stranger land. I'm

Piano accompaniment for the second line of the song. It includes a *rall.* marking and a *fz* (forzando) dynamic in the right hand.

but a poor young girl, In my sim ple peasant guise; . . . Un-

Piano accompaniment for the third line of the song, continuing the harmonic and bass line from the previous section.

rall.

skill'd in all the arts and wiles, That worldlings prize;

fz

piu mosso.

trill my mountain lay, Ev'-ry where I chance to roam; Oh!

rall.

sweet the song to me, For it takes me back to home, . . . No

colla voce

a tempo. *rall.*

place can ev - er be to me, Like that dear home. My own, sweet home! My

rall.

own belov - ed home!

ritard.

Be - side those snow-clad hills, Where my fa - ther's hut doth stand, Dwells

one, *rall.* to whom I'm plighted To be - stow my hand, But

not without a heart, Would I not pledge with word or vow, And

I've no heart to give him, For he has it now. *rall.* That

Piu mosso.

youth he is so no - - ble, That youth he is so brave, Oh!

rall.

soon - er than de - sert him, I'd lay me in my grave. No

colla voce.

a tempo. *rall.*

won - der I am pining, then For home again. My own, sweet home! My

rall. *ritard:*

own, belov - ed home.

OLIVER D. TRACY

A single musical staff with a treble clef, containing several measures of faintly visible musical notation.

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