

1837

Oh! take me back to Switzerland

Caroline Sheridan Norton

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/sheetmusic>

Recommended Citation

Norton, Caroline Sheridan, "Oh! take me back to Switzerland" (1837). *Historic Sheet Music Collection*. 876.
<https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/sheetmusic/876>

This Score is brought to you for free and open access by the Greer Music Library at Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. It has been accepted for inclusion in Historic Sheet Music Collection by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. For more information, please contact bpancier@conncoll.edu.

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

*Ally H. Nye
John W. Fernald
H.*

Oh! take me back to Switzerland,
A FAVORITE TYROLEAN BALLAD
AS SUNG

WITH GREAT EFFECT BY

Madame Otto,

Written & Composed By

HON. MRS. NORTON.

KEITH'S Music Publishing House 67 & 69 Court St. BOSTON.

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system shows the beginning of the piece in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The second system continues the melody and includes a repeat sign. The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence.

By the dark waves of the rolling sea, Where the white sail'd ships are

tossing free, Came a youthful maiden, Pale and sor-row la-den,

With a mourn-ful voice sang she: Oh! take me back to,

Swit-zer-land, My own, my dear, my na-tive land, I'll

brave all danger of the main, To see my own dear land a-

gain. La la la.....

..... La la la.....

2
 I see its hills, I see its streams,
 Its blue lakes haunt my restless dreams;
 When the day declineth,
 Or the bright sun shineth,
 Present still its beauty seems.
 Oh! take me back to Switzerland,
 Upon the mountains let me stand,
 Where flowers are bright and skies are clear,
 For oh! I pine, I perish here!
 La, la, la,.....

3
 For months along that gloomy shore,
 'Mid seabirds cry and ocean's roar
 Save that mournful maiden,
 Pale and sorrow laden,
 Then her voice was heard no more;
 Far, far away from Switzerland,
 From home, from friends, from native land,
 Where foreign wild flowers coldly leave
 The broken hearted found a grave.
 La, la, la,.....

