

1837

Come Brothers Arouse

Henry Russell

William B. Bernard Esqr.

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THIRD EDITION.

COME BROTHERS AROUSE.

A favourite Song & Chorus

From the Opera of the

Bride's Band.

The Words by

WILLIAM B. BERNARD ESQ^R

The Music Composed & Respectfully Dedicated to

Col. G. P. Morris

BY

HENRY RUSSELL.

Pr. 38 Cts. Nett.

Henry Russell

NEW YORK,

Published by Hewitt & Jaques, 239 Broadway.

Under ordinary circumstances, the composer might be contented with making a simple dedication to his friend, Col. Morris; but for his various kindness & for his Talents, this note is appended as a mark of grateful feeling & respect.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1837 by Henry Russell in the Clerks Office of the Southern District of New York.

[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several horizontal lines across the page, but the characters are too light and blurry to transcribe accurately.]

COME BROTHERS AROUSE.

Words by W. G. Bernard.

Music by Henry Russell.

QUASI ALLEGRO.

Sva

Con Spirito ma legato.

Sva

a tempo.

4

loco. Come brothers a-rouse let the owl go to rest, Oh! the sum...mer sun's in the

sky, The bee's on its wing and the hawks in his nest, And the ri...ver runs merrily

pp

by----- And the ri...ver runs merrily by. Our

ff

mother, the world, a good mother is she, Says to toil, is to welcome her fare, Some

p

ad lib assai.

5

boun...ty she hangs us on every tree, And blesses us in the sweet Air. Oh! Come brothers a-

ad lib:

rouse let the owl go to rest, Oh! the sum-mer sun's in the sky, The bee's on its

wing and the hawks in his nest, And the ri-...ver runs merrily by; And the

river runs mer-ri-ly by. Come dance Lads, come dance Lads; Oh,

sva

a tempo.

6

oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, Come dance Lads, come dance Lads, Come dance, come dance a-

Sva

tr

tr

way, away, a-way, away, a-way, away, Oh, Oh.

Sva

tr

tr

p

Sva

tr

tr

pp

dim:

dim assai.

2

And this is the life for a man, a man,
 And this is the life for me,
 The Prince may boast if he can, he can;
 But he never was half so free,
 Our mother, the world, a good mother's she,
 Says to toil, is to welcome her, fare;
 Some bounty she hangs us on every tree,
 And blesses us in the sweet air.
 Come brothers arouse let the owl go to rest,
 Oh! the summer sun's in the sky;
 The bee's on its wing and the hawks in his nest,
 And the river runs merrily by.