1845

We are the Wandering Breezes

Caroline Sheridan Norton
WE ARE THE WANDERING BREEZES

DUETT

Written & Composed

by

HON. MRS. NORTON.

BOSTON:
Published by GEO. P. REED 11 Tremont Row.
WE ARE THE WANDERING BREEZES.

Allegretto moderato.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

Rallent.

We are the wandering breezes, Which under the green leaves play; Where

2nd verse Where the light birch gently bind eth We come to the suburban world; And the

We are the wandering breezes, Which under the green leaves play Where

3rd verse Where the light birch gently bind eth We come to the suburban world And the

Piano forte.

Soprano.

We are the wandering breezes, Which under the green leaves play; Where

Contralto.

We are the wandering breezes, Which under the green leaves play Where

Piano.

ever the wild wind pleased ess, All the long summer's day. The

spite of the sun how's the Where the fainting flowers lie furled. Where the

ever the wild wind pleased ess All the long summer's day. The

spite of the sun how's the Where the fainting flowers lie furled. Where the

We are the wandering breezes, s.
We are the wandering breezes.

Murmuring breeze still sing-eth, When all the world is at rest.
Fresh breezes gently fly-eth, To cool his throbbing brain.

Times among the bowers we creep And fan the blushing flowers to sleep.
Entering with the pale moon-beam We fan the lover's fair or ed dream.

Birds at sunset wing-eth, His way to his down-ly nest. But the weary watch-er sigh-eth, By the sick man couch of pain.

We are the wandering breezes.
mest the tall reed pass ing thro, We ruffle the face of the wa ters blue

breath a whisper soft and mild, On the peaceful brow of a era died child

or in the heather bell; ring ing a fa iry knell
or where the lost one dwell; gent ly pass and say farewell

With a sad and gen tle tone; Like the wind harps fa lter ing moan
As the tu fted grass we wave; Grow ing on some lone ly grave

Like the wind harps falter ing moan Grow ing on some lone ly grave

We are the wandering breezes.
Like the winding harps
Growing on some
lonely
grave

Like the winding harps
Growing on some
lonely
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Which under the green leaves play,
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pleas...ses,
All the long summer's day.

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We are the wandering breezes.5.