We are the Wandering Breezes

Caroline Sheridan Norton

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WE ARE THE WANDERING BREEZE'S

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 sultry world; And the

CONTRALTO.

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 sultry world And the

SO PRANO.

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

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

PIANO.

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

spirit of the as cond eth, Where the fainting flowers lie furl'd. Where the

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

spirit of the as cond eth, Where the fainting flowers lie furl'd. Where the

We are the wandering breezes.
We are the wandering breezes.

The weary watch-er sigh-eth. By the sick man couch of pain But the birds at sun-set wing-eth. His way to his low-ly nest.

The weary watch-er sigh-eth. By the sick man couch of pain But the birds at sun-set wing-eth. His way to his low-ly nest.

murmuring breeze still sing-eth, When all the world is at rest.

fresh breezes gen-tly fly-eth, To cool his throbbing brain.

murmuring breeze still sing-eth, When all the world is at rest.

fresh breezes gen-tly fly-eth, To cool his throbbing brain.

Some times among the bow's we creep And fan the blushing flowers to sleep.

entering with the pale moon-beam We fan the love-ly fav-on-ed dream.

We are the wandering breezes.
midst the tall reed passing thro', We ruffle the face of the waters blue
breath a whisper soft and mild, On the peaceful brow of a cradled child

Or in the heather bell; Ringing a fairy knell!
Or where the lost one dwell; Gently pause and say farewell!

Or in the heather bell; Ringing a fairy knell!
Or where the lost one dwell; Gently pause and say farewell!

With a sad and gentle tone; Like the wind harps faltering moan,
As the tufted grass we wave; Growing on some lonely grave,

Like the wind harps faltering moan
Growing on some lonely grave

We are the wandering breezes.