



THE SPIRIT DOVE
A SONG

SUNG WITH RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE AT THE CONCERTS
OF THE

St. Louis Oratorio Society.

WRITTEN BY

REVD. J. N. MAFFIT.

THE MUSIC

COMPOSED & AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO

His Wife

By

CHARLES BALMER.

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ST. LOUIS

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THE SPIRIT DOVE.

Words by J. N. Maffit.

Music by C. Balmer.

Andantino.

e con espressione.



bear these sighs to the friends I love, The

happy, the happy, the beautiful band. Deep gloom

cres colla voce pp

rall a tempo

sadden'd my weary breast, With sorrow my

p

heart is stirr'd Oh, I long to hear from the

ad lib tempo primo

land of the blest, Then fly, then fly to the bowers, sweet

cres *f* *f* dim

bird. Oh

mf *mf*

fly to their bowers, sweet dove, and say, The light, the light of

hope is on me now; I pant to list to a

se . . . raph's lay, With bright glo . . . ry up -

cres

f

This system contains the first four measures of the piece. The vocal line begins with a melodic phrase, followed by a crescendo. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

- on my brow; I feel that this world is

piu lento

pp

The second system continues the vocal melody with a 'piu lento' marking. The piano accompaniment becomes more dense, with both hands playing sixteenth-note chords, and a 'pp' (pianissimo) dynamic marking is present.

not my home, An an . . . gels sweet voice

p

The third system features a change in the piano accompaniment to a more rhythmic, dotted-quarter and eighth-note pattern. The vocal line has a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking.

I have heard, As it comes from be . . . yond the

rall. *pp*

The final system on the page includes a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking for the piano accompaniment and a 'pp' (pianissimo) marking for the vocal line.

dark, lone tomb, Oh, fly oh, fly to their bowers, sweet

bird.

3^d. Verse.

A little faster

I will wait thy coming at dawn sweet dove, I will

wait I will wait thy coming at eve; Oh, bear some news from the

friends I love, And then, and then I will cease to grieve: I could

spring from this dungeon on wings of love, I could fall by

death's conquering sword; But I can not stay from my friends above, Oh,

fly oh, fly to their bowers, sweet bird.

Birch Eng.