



# FATHERLAND! DEAR FATHERLAND!

Being N<sup>o</sup>. 10 of

## "Songs of the Soirée"

Written & Composed by

JOHN H. HEWITT.

In Waltz Style.

Baltimore, Published by George Willig Jun<sup>r</sup>.

E. Gillingham.

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The top staff shows a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The second staff shows a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The third staff shows a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The fourth staff shows a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The fifth staff shows a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The sixth staff shows a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The music is divided into four measures per staff. The lyrics are written below the music, corresponding to the vocal parts.

Father land! dear father land! Home of ev' ry pleasure; Can I cease to cherish thee  
Mem'ry's dearest treasure! Far a-way from all I love, wand'ring like the  
restless dove, Strangers smiles are all I see, Coldly beam such smiles on me

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1836 by Geo: Willig Jr: in the clerks office of the district court of Maryland.

A musical score for 'Ai ye o'. It consists of four staves of music. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a treble clef and a common time signature. The lyrics 'Our native songs to mem'ry dear, No more the cheering strains I hear, Ai ye o -' are written below the notes. The second staff is for the piano, showing a bass clef and a common time signature. The third staff is also for the piano, showing a bass clef and a common time signature. The fourth staff is for the piano, showing a bass clef and a common time signature. The music includes various note heads, stems, and rests, with some notes having vertical lines extending above or below them.

2.

Father land! dear father land!  
Vales and craggy mountains,  
Where the gallant hunter boy,  
Greets the chrystal fountains.  
Here are vales and mountains too,  
Flow'rs that drink the limpid dew;  
Hearts that swell for liberty, -  
Still, they have no charms for me  
Our native song's, to mem'ry dear,  
I cannot sing them freely here,

Ai ye o &c.

Father land!