

Label Throsby
Throsby Arch
August 28th 1860.

Thirty-second Edition.

THE MESSENGER BIRD,

OR

THOU ART COME FROM THE SPIRITS LAND,

Duet for Two Trebles.

The Words by

M^{RS} H E M A N S,

The Music by

H E R S I S T E R.

See the back.

Price 2/6

L O N D O N,

CHAPPELL, 50, NEW BOND STREET.

THE MESSENGER BIRD.
A DUETT.

The Words by M^{rs} HEMINS.

The Music by her SISTER.

Espressivo.

1st VOICE. Thou art come from the Spirits' land, thou Bird! Thou art

2^d VOICE. Thou art come from the Spirits' land, thou Bir! Thou art

PIANO - FORTE.

come from the Spirits' land Thro' the dark pine grove let thy voice be

come from the Spirits' land Thro' the dark pine grove let thy voice be

heard, And tell of the shadowy band, tell of the shadowy band.

heard, And tell of the shadowy band, tell of the shadowy band.

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* Some of the native Brazilians pay Great veneration to a certain Bird, that sings mournfully in the night-time They say it is a messenger which their deceased friends and relations here sent, and that it brings them news from the other world.

Pia

We know that the bow'rs are
We know that the bow'rs are

green and fair, In the light of that sum_mer shore_ And we
green and fair, In the light of that sum_mer shore_ And we

Espress:

know that the friends we have lost are there. They are there. They are there, And they
know that the friends we have lost are there. They are there, And they

weep no more.
weep no more.

But tell us. But tell us
But tell us. But tell us

Tell us thou Bird of the solemn strain, Can those who have lov'd for-get? We

Tell us thou Bird of the solemn strain, Can those who have lov'd for-get? We

sf pp call_ and they answer not again_ We call_ and they answer not again_ Oh!

sf pp call_ and they answer not again_ We call_ and they answer not again_ Oh!

say, do they love us yet? do they love us yet? do they love us yet?

say, do they love us yet? do they love us yet? do they love us yet?

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Pa

MINORE.

We call them far Thro' the si - lent
We call them far Thro' the si - lent

Pa

MAGGIORE.

night, And they speak not from Cave nor Hill. We know, thou Bird! that their
night, And they speak not from Cave nor Hill. We know, thou Bird! that their

land is bright. But say— Oh! say, do they love there still? do they love there

land is bright. But say— Oh! say, do they love there still? do they love there

still? do they love there still.

still? do they love there still.

Da

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