

# Song of the Hungarian Exile

Words by  
"The Bard of Baltimore"  
probably Hewitt

Music by  
John H. Hewitt

*Andante affettuoso*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo/mood is marked 'Andante affettuoso'. The first system (measures 1-5) shows a melody in the treble and a supporting bass line. The second system (measures 6-9) includes a crescendo marking and a piano (p) dynamic. The third system (measures 10-14) includes a repeat sign, a section break, and two vocal lines with lyrics. The piano accompaniment for this section is marked 'staccato'. Chord symbols G, G, D7, and G are placed above the vocal lines. The score ends with a double bar line.

6

*cresc.* *p*

10

1. My fa - ther - land! dear fa - ther - land!, I'm think - ing of thee now; The  
2. My fa - ther - land! the ty - rant's chain Hath bound thy bleed - ing form; Thy

10

*staccato*

G G D7 G

15 G G Am/C G/D D7 G N.C. G D

ho - ly light of oth - er days Is bright - 'ning on my brow. I'm  
 fear - less sons are swept a - way A - mid the bat - tle's storm. There's

15

19 D A D A

roam - ing thru thy for - ests old, Where mon - arch ea - gles  
 blood up - on thy sun - ny plains, There's wail - ing in the

19

*dolce*

22 D Bm F# Bm Bm C#dim Bm F#7  
 E F#

scream, And now my barque goes bound - ing o'er The Dan - ube's trou - bled  
 air; And dark foes lie in wait for thee As ti - ger in his

22

26 Bm A7/C# D A7 D A

stream. But, ah! 'tis all a dream - y spell, From which I wake to  
lair. Yet, fa - ther-land! one strug - gle more, One more, my fa - ther -

30 D D Em

weep, And find my - self an or - phan child, Far  
land! A God of jus - tice reigns a - bove And

33 D/A A7 D N.C. G

o'er the chain - less deep! My fa - ther - land! my  
cheers thy strug - gling band. My fa - ther - land! my

36 G D7 D7

fa - ther - land! The joys of life are o'er, My  
fa - ther - land! The day will come for thee; My

39 G G7 C *rall.* G/D D7 G N.C.

fa - ther - land! my fa - ther - land! I see thy hills no more!  
fa - ther - land! my fa - ther - land! Thy sons shall yet be free!

*mf* *rall.*

43 D.S.