

W 460
Dep: Nov. 3 1845
Lee & Walker
Proprs

THOU HAST SENT ME A FLOWERY WREATH
WORDS BY
THOMAS MOORE
COMPOSED and respectfully DEDICATED
TO
Miss Sophie B. Marshall
OF CINCINNATI
BY
HENRY KLEBER.

Philadelphia LEE & WALKER 120 Walnut St
New Orleans W.T. MAYO No 5 Camp St

Entered according to act of Congress in the Year 1845 by Lee & Walker in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania



field; That the leaves were untouch'd by the hand,..... And the

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a half-note bass line in the left hand.

pu - rest of o - dours would yield. And in - deed it was fragrant and

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F5, and a half note G5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

fair: But if it were handled by thee, It would

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note A5, a quarter note Bb5, a quarter note C6, and a half note D6. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

bloom with a live - li - er air,..... And would sure - ly be sweet - er to

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with a half note E6, a quarter note F6, a quarter note G6, and a half note A6. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

me! Thou hast sent me a flow-er-y band, And told me 'twas fresh from the

field; That the leaves were untouched by the hand, And the purest of odours would

yield.

Then take it, and let it entwine
 Thy tresses, so flowing and bright;
 And each little flow'ret will shine
 More rich than a gem to my sight.
 Let the odourous gale of thy breath
 Embalm it with many a sigh;
 Nay, let it be wither'd to death
 Beneath the warm noon of thine eye.
 And instead of the dew that it bears,
 The dew dropping fresh from the tree,
 On its leaves let me number the tears
 That affection has stolen from thee!