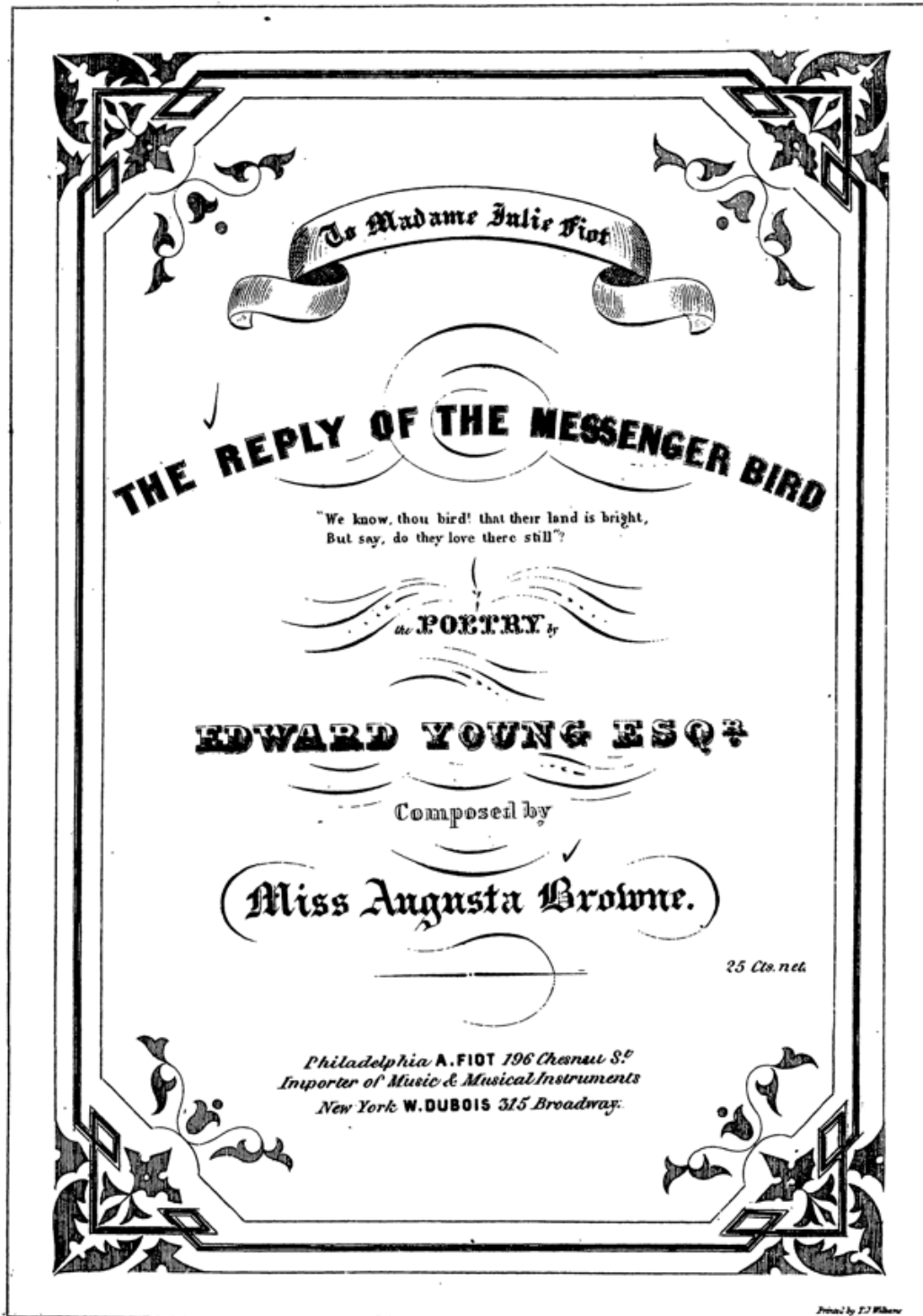


N 414
Dep. Oct. 9. 1845
A. F. Iot
P. 1845



To Madame Julie Fiot

THE REPLY OF THE MESSENGER BIRD

"We know, thou bird! that their land is bright,
But say, do they love there still?"

POETRY by

EDWARD YOUNG ESQ.

Composed by

(Miss Augusta Browne.)

25 Cts. net

Philadelphia A. FIOT 196 Chestnut St.
Importer of Music & Musical Instruments
New York W. DUBOIS 315 Broadway.

Printed by T. J. Whelan

THE REPLY OF THE MESSENGER BIRD.

POETRY BY EDWARD YOUNG Esq:

MUSIC BY MISS AUGUSTA BROWNE.

VOICE.

Con molto espressione.

PIANO.

I've come, I've come from the spi - rit's land, And a

treas - ured song is mine; I bear for the wound - ed

heart a balm, And a joy for those that pine. The friends that ye bade on

earth "goodbye," With cheeks so pale and wan. They are there in the light of a

cloud-less sky, They are there in the light of a cloud-less sky, And their all of grief is

done.

THE REPLY.

The chiefain that left his bow unstrung; The sage with his locks of snow; And the

maid whose voice like the night-birds rung, In its plaintiveness of woe; And the

youth with the laughing eye is there; And the mother who left her babe Swinging to and fro in the

sum-mer air, Swinging to and fro in the sum-mer air, Be-neath the sycamore's

THE REPLY.



3

They sit on the banks where the bright flowers gleam,
 And they dream not of toil or pain;
 For they've drank of the fount with the golden stream;
 They have drank — and are young again.
 And they bade me speed with my glittering wing,
 From the realm of the nightless day,
 To the dim old groves where they loved to sing,
 And thus to the mourning say:

4

We tune our harps by the bright blue streams,
 That lave on a gem-clad shore;
 And our lives are as sweet as an infant's dreams,
 And we sigh not, nor weep we more.
 We watch ye friends, when the night-winds breath
 Lies hushed over moor and hill;
 For love extends past the bourne of death —
 We have loved, and we love ye still.

5

We are there unseen, by the home fire's blaze,
 As our tales ye repeat again,
 When ye sing the song of other days —
 We are there, and we bless ye then.
 And we hover o'er when the hour of prayer
 Comes on, at the close of even —
 Midst the hallowed family band, we're there,
 And we bear those prayers to heaven.