

TELL US, OH TELL US WHERE SHALL WE FIND,
(FRIENDSHIP.)

Vocal Duet,

Written by

J. E. CARPENTER.

Composed

BY
STEPHEN GLOVER.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Price 3/-

LONDON.

CHARLES JEFFERYS, 21, SOHO SQUARE.

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F R I E N D S H I P .

V O C A L D U E T .

WORDS BY
J. E. CARPENTER.

COMPOSED BY
STEPHEN GLOVER.

ANDANTE.

The image displays a piano accompaniment for a vocal duet. It consists of three systems of music, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE'. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the melody with some syncopation and rests. The third system features a more active right hand with sixteenth-note patterns and a dynamic marking of 'p' (piano) towards the end.

Tell us, oh! tell us, where shall we find The rap-ture that leaves not a

Tell us, oh! tell us, where shall we find The rap-ture that leaves not a

sor-row be-hind, The beauty that fades not, The love that en-dures, The

sor-row be-hind, The beauty that fades not, The love that en-dures, The

faith in each o-ther that friend-ship se-cures? The

faith in each o-ther that friend-ship se-cures? The

faith in each other that friendship secures? There's rapture undying when...

faith in each other that friendship secures?

...e'er we may go, If we sigh not for wealth that we never can know; There's

cres.

beauty un-fading a-broad in each field, Are we on-ly con-tent with the

flow-ers they yield, Are we on-ly con-tent with the flow-ers they yield.

Tell us, oh! tell us, where shall we find The rap-ture that leaves not a

Tell us, oh! tell us, where shall we find The rap-ture that leaves not a

p

sor-row be-hind, The beau-ty that fades not, the love that en-dures, The

sor-row be-hind, The beau-ty that fades not, the love that en-dures, The

faith in each o-ther that friend-ship se-cures! The faith in each o-ther that

faith in each o-ther that friend-ship se-cures! The faith in each o-ther that

p con dolore. *cres.* *dim.*
 friend-ship se-cures. Where, where, where? Where, where,
p con dolore. *cres.* *dim.*
 friend-ship se-cures. Where, where, where? Where, where,
pp *cres.* *dim.*
 Ped. *Ped. *Ped. *Ped. *Ped. *

where?
 where? Where is the friend-ship, the
a tempo.
ritard. *p*
 Ped.

love for whose spell We have been waiting so long and so well?

Putting our faith in the false ones of earth, Waking to sorrow, from

visions of mirth: Waking to sorrow, from visions of mirth!

dim. *rit.*

Where where where? The dove has its mate, and the eagle his home,

Where where where? The dove has its mate, and the eagle his home,

tempo.

Doubt not for us there's a so lace to come; If not on earth, there are

Doubt not for us there's a so lace to come; If not on earth, there are

regions a-bove Where friendship's un-dy-ing, Om-ni-po-tent love! Where

regions a-bove Where friendship's un-dy-ing, Om-ni-po-tent love! Where

friendship's un-dy-ing; Om-ni-po-tent love! There there

friendship's un-dy-ing; Om-ni-po-tent love! There there

rit. *p dolce.*
rit. *p dolce.*
dolce. *pp.*
Ped. * Ped. *

there!..... There- there..... there!

there!..... There- there..... there!

cres. *dim.*
cres. *dim.*
cres. *dim.* *ritard.*
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

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piu lento.
My harp, my own be-lov-ed harp! my fin-gers o'er thee

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They wil'd me from my greenwood home, They won me from the

Merry is the greenwood. Words by Charles Jefferys. Music by Stephen Glover. 3s.

Mer-ry is the green-wood, And mer-ry too am

Up in the morning. Words by Charles Jefferys. Music by Stephen Glover. 2s. 6d.

Up in the morning, o-ver the mountain, Blithe as a bird I

I am thinking of the roses. Words by J. E. Carpenter. Music by S. Glover. 2s. 6d.

I am think-ing of the ro-ses That I gather'd in my

Hail to thee, sweet summer bird. Words by F. Enoch. Music by S. Glover. 3s.

Hail to thee! hail to thee! sweet summer bird, Winging thy

Weep no longer. Words by Charles Jefferys. Music by Stephen Glover. 2s. 6d.

A pass-ing cloud came o'er me, And ah! how sad was

The Brook. Words by Tennyson. Music by Dolores. 3s.

With ma-ny a curve my banks I fret, By

Wings. Words by P. Boyd, Esq. Music by Dolores. 2s. 6d.

Wings to bear me over Moun-tain sud vale a-

Mill Song. Words by J. Westwood. Music by Dolores. 3s.

Mer-ri-ly the mill sail Turn-eth round and

Hush. Words by A. A. Procter. Music by Dolores. 3s.

I can scarce-ly hear, she mur-mur'd, For my

The Dream. Words by A. A. Procter. Music by Dolores. 3s.

All yes-ter-day I was

Gallop, gallop my little steed. Words by H. Aide, Esq. Music by Dolores. 3s.

Gal-lop, gal-lop, my lit-tle steed,

London. Words by Barry Cornwall. Music by Dolores. 2s. 6d.

Oh! when I was a lit-tle boy, How of-ten was I told Of

Pray when the daylight fadeth. Words by Farningham. Music by Plumpton. 3s.

Pray . . when the day-light fa-deth, For per-

Sweet is true love. Words by Tennyson. Music by A. Plumpton. 2s. 6d.

Sweet is true love, tho' giv'n in vain, in vain; And sweet is death who,

When the stars shine. Words by J. P. Douglas, Esq. Music by A. Plumpton. 2s. 6d.

When the stars shine o'er the lin-dens, And hush'd are bird and

Blessed are they that mourn. Words by W. C. Bryant. Music by A. Plumpton. 3s.

Oh! deem not they are blest a-lone, Whose

Farewell. Words by M. Farningham. Music by A. Plumpton. 2s. 6d.

Fare-well! fare-well! it has been fee-bly spo-ken By lips that

The Messengers. Words by Mrs. H. Parker. Music by A. Plumpton. 3s.

The stars brightly beam, love, A-bove the blue sea, A-

C. JEFFERYS, 21, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON.

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