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My native hills.

Philadelphia: Klemm & Brother (275 Market St.), 1846

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MY NATIVE HILLS.

Poetry by
W. WARD M. D.

COMPOSED & ARRANGED
for the

GUITAR


BY


G. J. HUBERT SANDERS.

Philadelphia KLEMM & BROTHER, 275 Market St

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Allegretto. 2^d VERSE. Oh!

VOICE. 

GUITAR. 

could I but wan - - der once more by the brook Which
let me re - - turn to my own na - tive hills To
spring has re - - leased from its prison a - - gain , And
wan - - der a - - gain in their forests so green , And



hear its wild mu - - sic to mem' - - ry so dear , As
 list to the wild mountain ech - - oes that float Dis -
 borne on the breeze o - ver val - - ley and plain , As
 turb - - ing the si - - lence of na - - ture se - rene , Dis -
 borne on the breeze o - ver val - - ley and plain .
 turb - ing the si - - lence of na - - ture se - rene .
 colla parte.
 per... den... do... si... *pp*

3.

Where the far-distant water-fall's murmuring sound
 With the bleat of the flocks on my ear sweetly broke,
 And the nightingale pour'd forth her mellowest notes
 From her green leafy hall in the boughs of the oak .

4.

Oh! let me return to my own native hills ,
 To wander again in their forests so green ,
 And list to the wild mountain echoes that float
 Disturbing the silence of nature serene .