



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

Willie's come home.

Boston: N. Richardson, 1856

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/3HFT4QYUKQUYE82>

<http://rightsstatements.org/vocab/NKC/1.0/>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

1742

AS SONG BY
MADAME ABLAMOWICZ.

WILLIE'S WELCOME HOME.

ANSWER TO

Willie we have missed you.

WRITTEN BY A. FLEETWOOD.

MUSIC BY

A. VON SMIT.

PIANO.



GUITAR



CINCINNATI

PUBLISHED BY W. C. PETERS & SONS.

New York.
W. M. PETERS.

Philadelphia.
LEE & WALKER.

Boston.
N. RICHARDSON.

2716.

WILLIE'S WELCOME HOME.

ANSWER TO

WILLIE WE HAVE MISSED YOU.

Words by A. Fleetwood.

Music by A. Von Smit.

MODERATO.

dolce.

Yes, Annie dear, my lov'd one, From o'er the deep blue sea, Thy

Willie, long an Ex - ile, Re - turn - - ing smiles on thee. I

2716_5.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1856, by W.C. Peters & Sons, in the Clerk's Office of the Southern District Court of Ohio.

saw thee, love, in dreamland, For mem' - ry oped the gate; There

listen'd to thy silv'ry voice. — In fan - cy, heard thee speak. It

ad lib: a tempo.

joy'd my heart, de - press'd with care, And cloud - ed o'er with gloom; It

soften'd an - - guish and despair And whis - - per'd wel - come, home!

3. v. And now, with pros - pects bright, love Thy Wil - lie finds his rest; His

Our little ones were there, love, So full of life and glee; I

ev'ry bur - - den light - en'd By her he loves the best. The

saw them all, as now, love, They clus - - ter'd round thy knee. With

bliss-ful dream of hap-py years Is An - - nie by my side; Hope

hands up-rai's'd, — with tearful eyes, They breath'd a fervent pray'r, That

smiles on all my doubts and fears — Of storms, and ocean's wide. The

God would bring their Father back. I woke — they were not there. For

ad lib: *a tempo.*

dangers of the surging sea, We'll talk of years to
 many a long and weary day As on - - ward thro' the

come, With list'ning Che - - rubs on my knee, And
 foam; 'Mid storm and tem - pest - - dire dismay - - My

An - - - - nie's wel - - come home.
 dreams were still, of home!