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Joy of the morning.

Ware, Harriet; Markham, Edwin
New York: G. Schirmer, 1906

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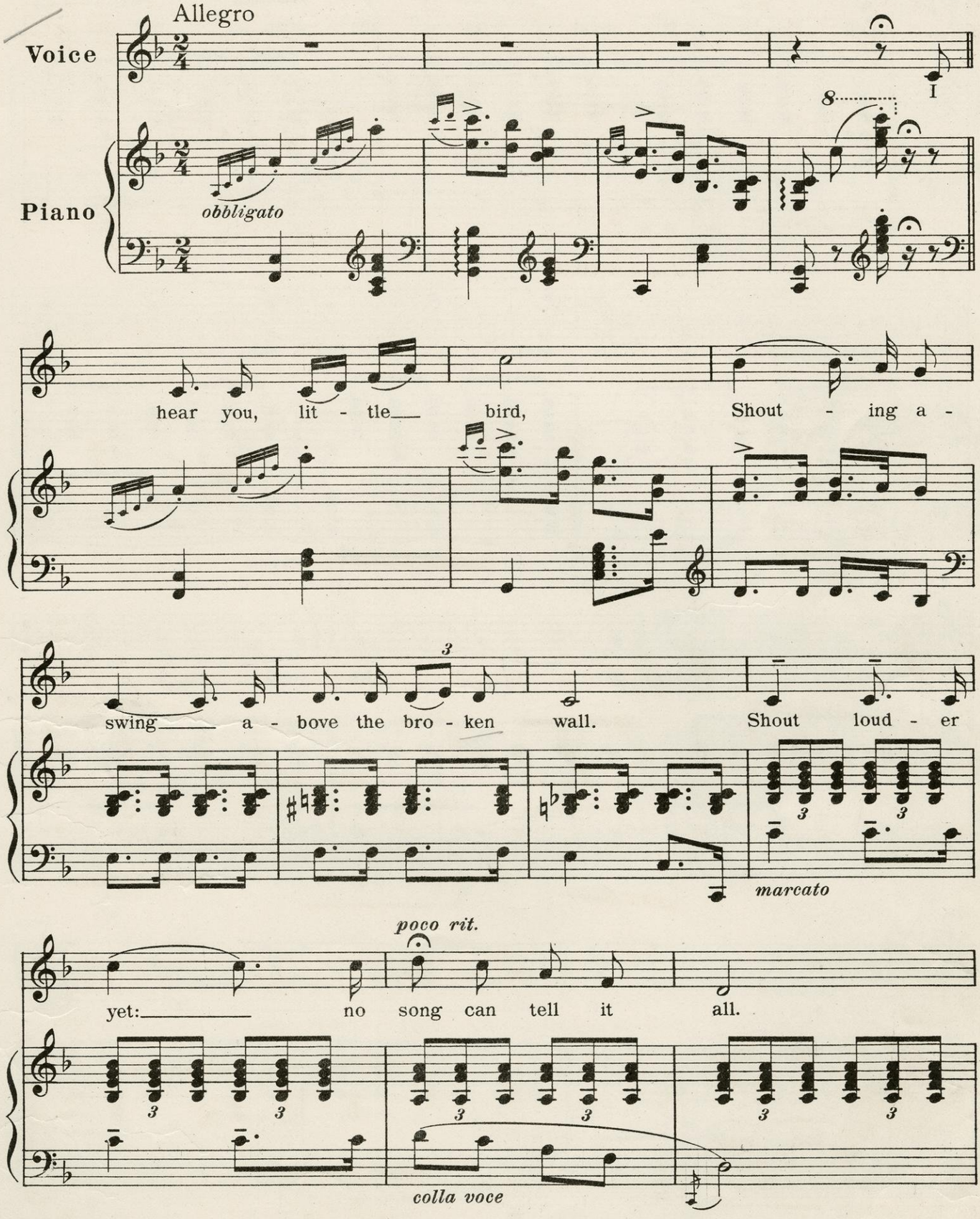
Joy of the Morning

Words by
Edwin Markham

Music by
Harriet Ware



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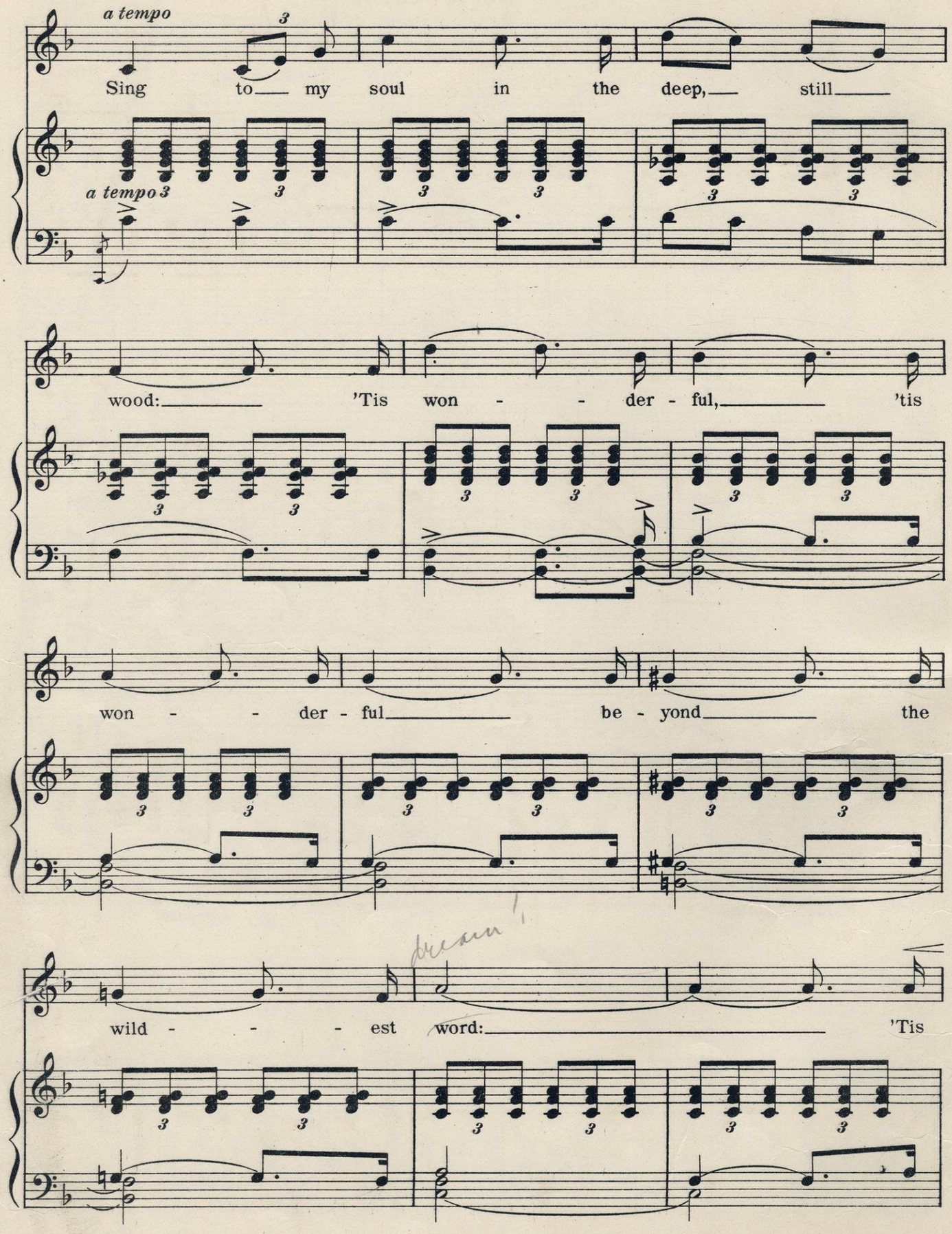
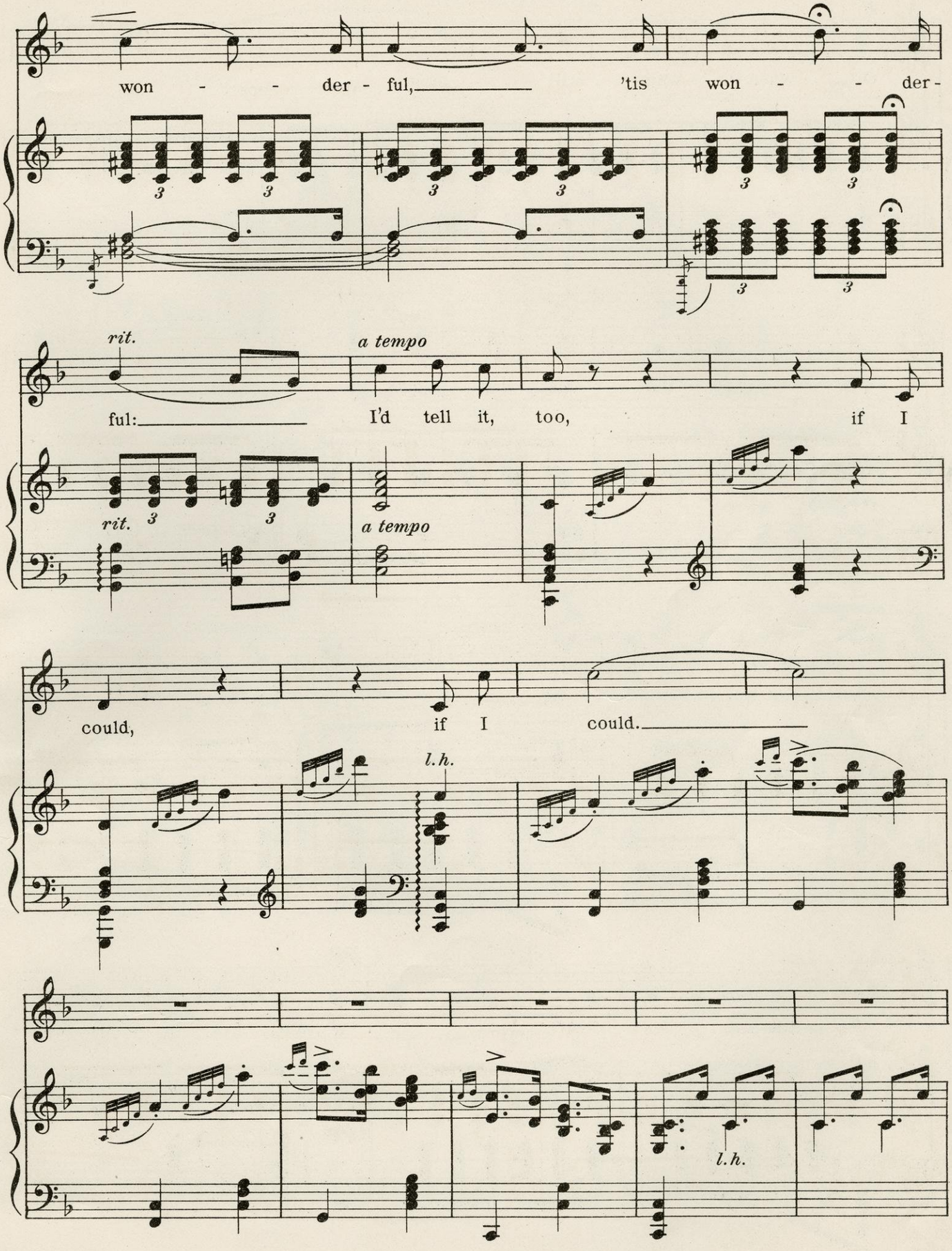
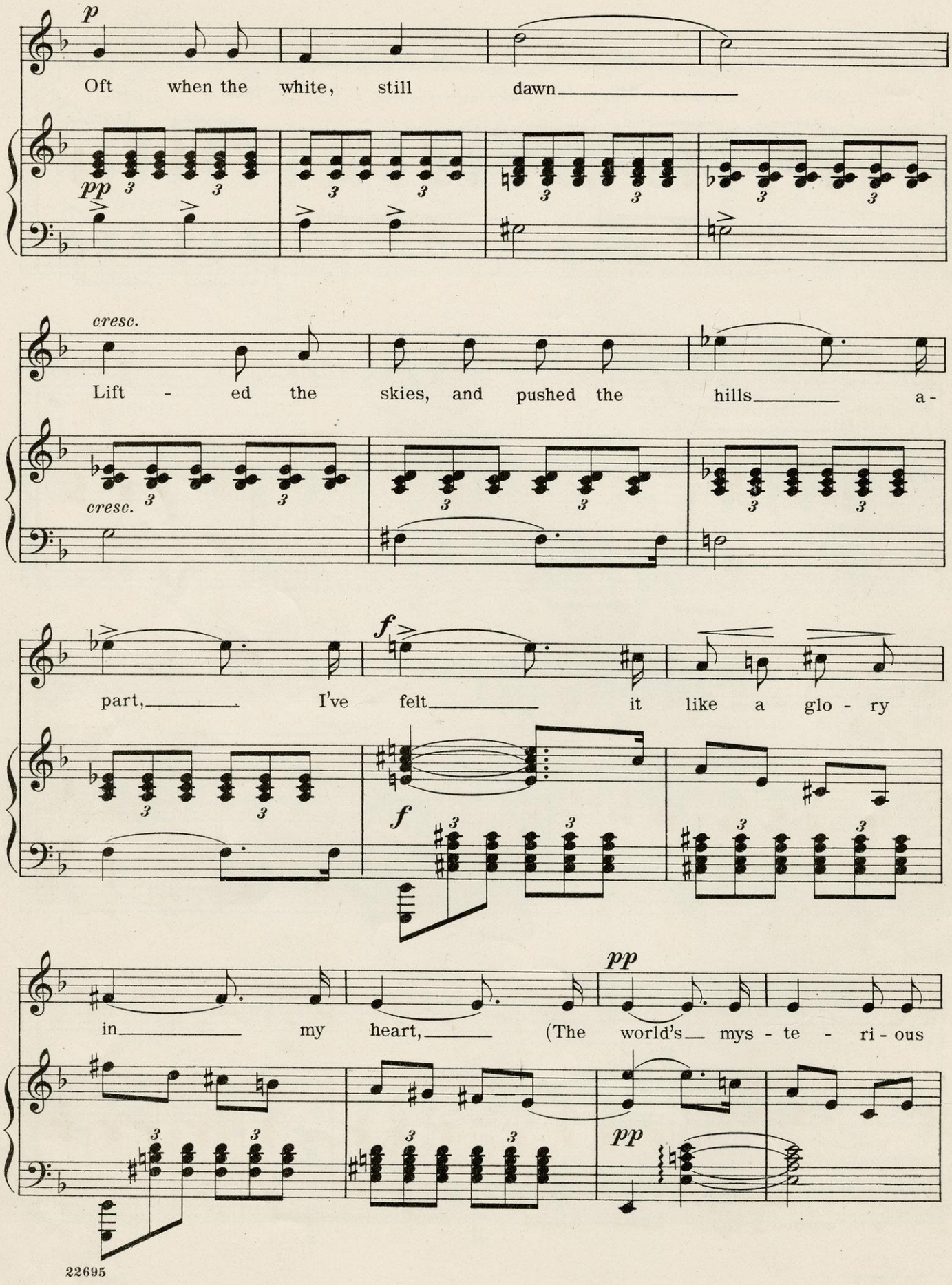
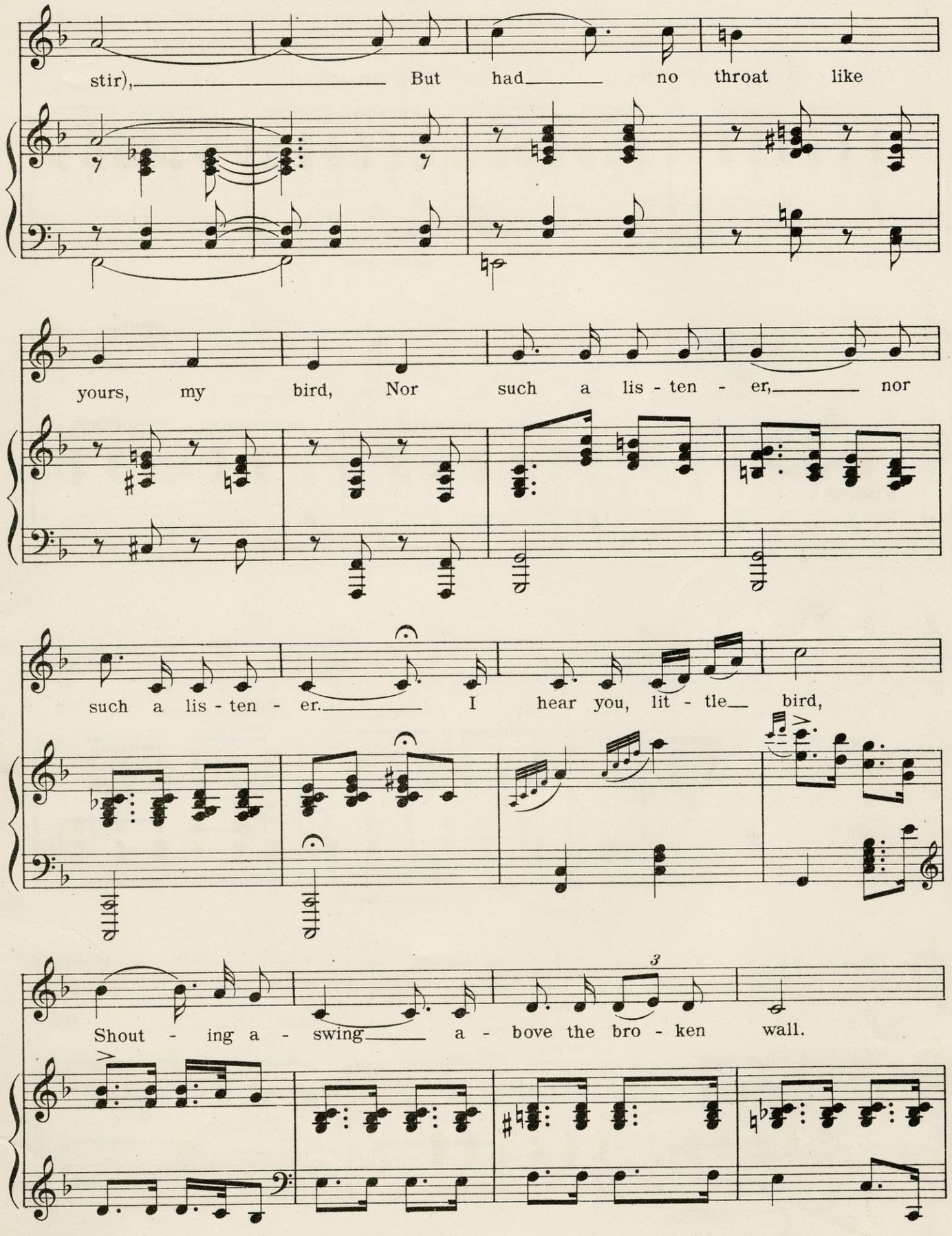
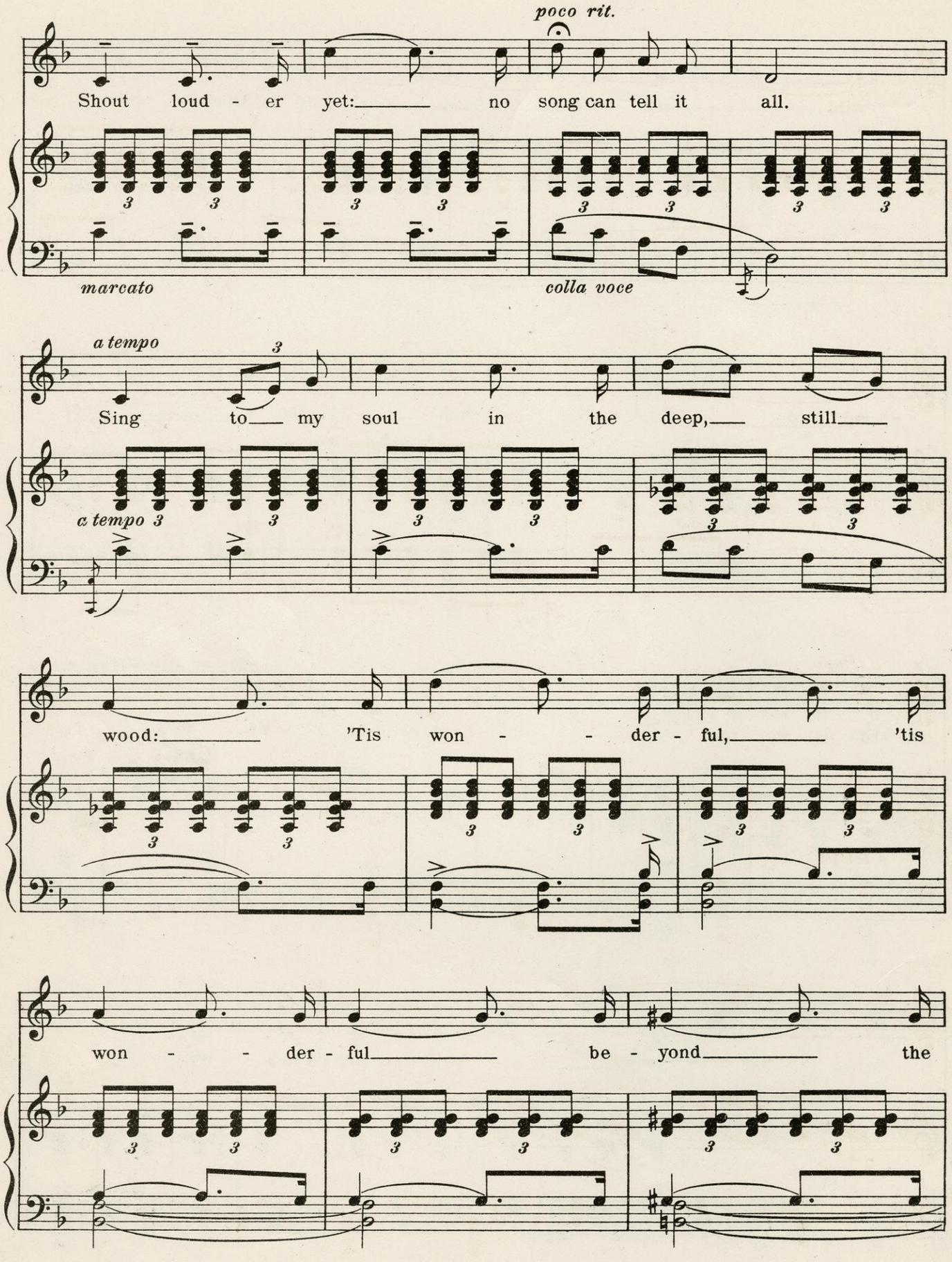
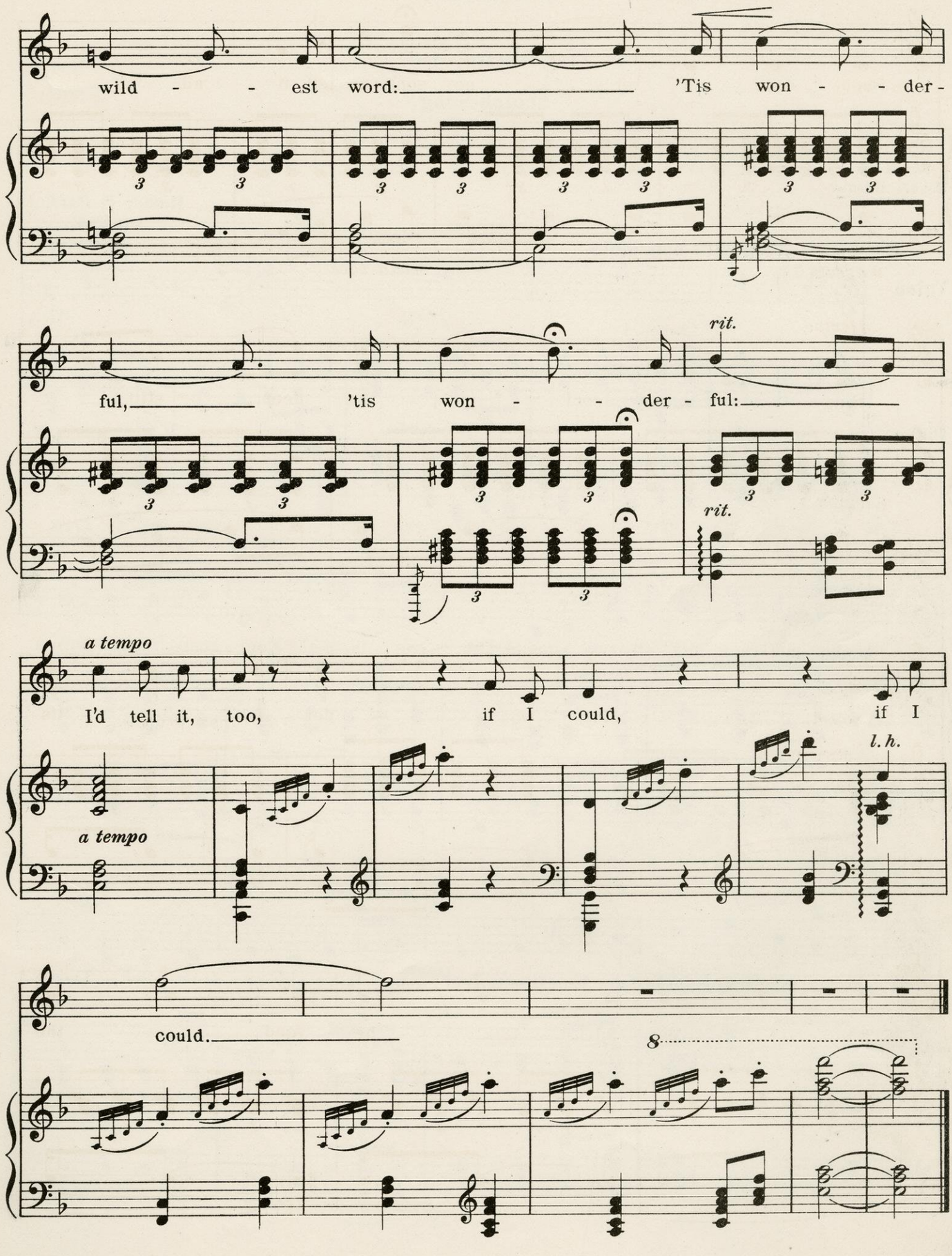

a tempo
Sing to my soul in the deep, still
a tempo
wood: 'Tis won - der - ful, 'tis
won - der - ful be - yond the
wild - est word: 'Tis


won - - der - ful, 'tis won - - der -
rit.
a tempo
ful: I'd tell it, too, if I
rit.
a tempo
could, if I could.
l.h.
l.h.


p
Oft when the white, still dawn
pp
cresc.
Lift - ed the skies, and pushed the hills a-
cresc.
part, I've felt it like a glo - ry
f
f
pp
in my heart, (The world's mys - te - ri - ous
pp


stir), But had no throat like
yours, my bird, Nor such a lis - ten - er, nor
such a lis - ten - er. I hear you, lit - tle bird,
Shout - ing a - swing a - bove the bro - ken wall.


poco rit.
Shout loud - er yet: no song can tell it all.
marcato
colla voce
a tempo
Sing to my soul in the deep, still
a tempo
wood: 'Tis won - der - ful, 'tis
won - der - ful be - yond the


wild - - est word: 'Tis won - - der -
ful, 'tis won - - der - ful:
rit.
rit.
a tempo
I'd tell it, too, if I could, if I
a tempo
l. h.
could.
8

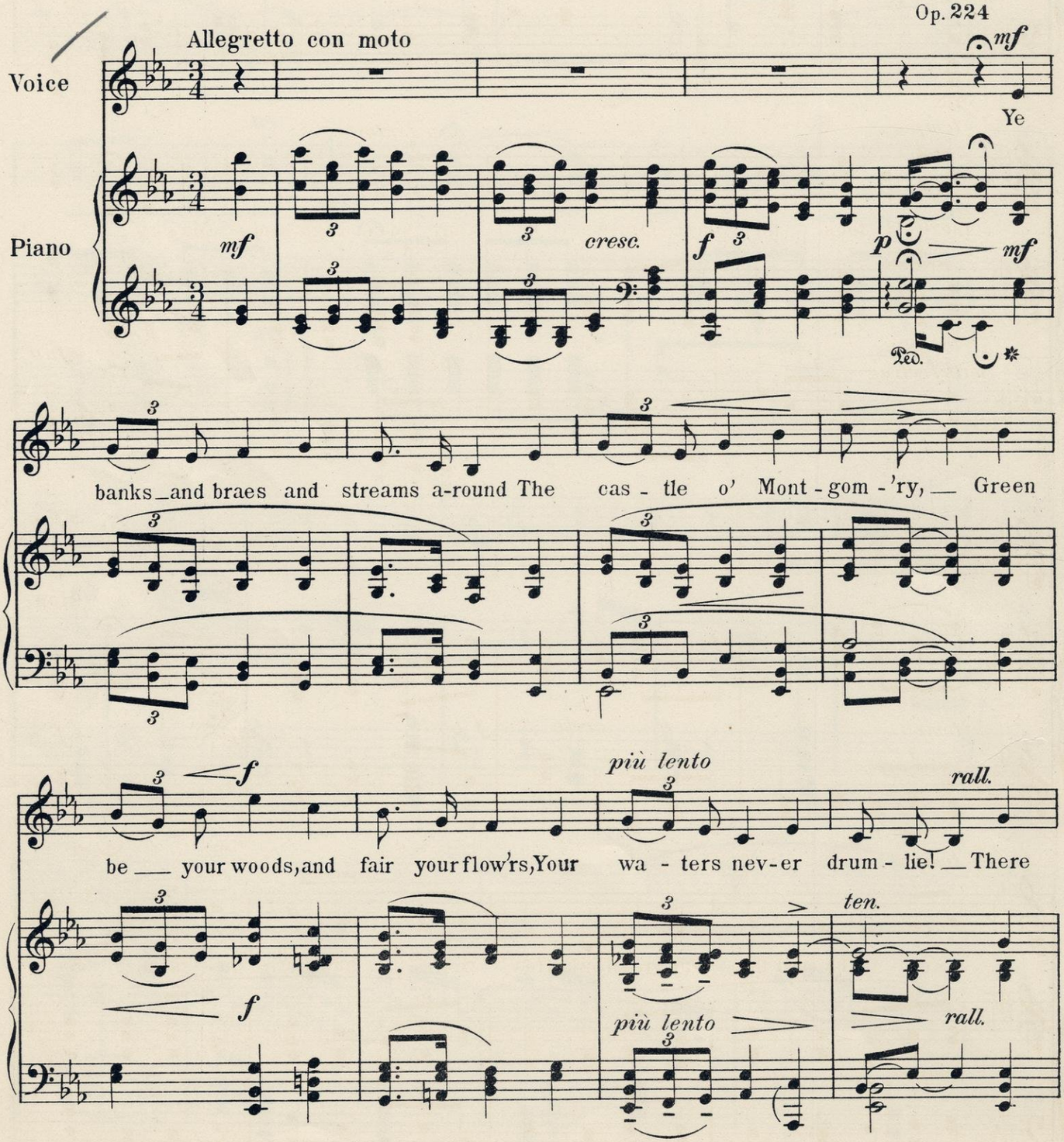
To Mr. Avery Belvor

Highland Mary

Scotch Song

Words by
Robert Burns

Homer N. Bartlett
Op. 224



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