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## Dear home of my youth I still cling to thee.

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DEAR HOME OF MY YOUTH I STILL CLING TO THEE

A

BALLAD

Composed and Arranged for the

Piano Forte

And respectfully dedicated by permission to

MISS JANE FALCONER

BY

H. AVERY.

Pr. 25 Cts. net.

Philadelphia GEORGE WILLIG 171 Chesnut St.

DEAR HOME OF MY YOUTH I STILL CLING TO THEE.

(A Ballad)

COMPOSED and ARRANGED

BY H. AVERY.

Allegretto.

VOCE .

Tempo di valse.

PIANO.

*p*

*cres* - - - - - cen - - - - - do *ff*

The image shows a page of a musical score for a ballad. It features two staves: a vocal line (VOCE) and a piano accompaniment (PIANO). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/8. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' and 'Tempo di valse'. The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the vocal line with a whole rest and the piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The third system shows the vocal line with a whole rest and the piano accompaniment, which includes dynamic markings for crescendo (*cres*), fortissimo (*ff*), and the lyrics 'cen - do'. The piano part ends with a double bar line.

Why? oh why should I, in life's young day, My gay companions

fly to own love's sway. No! no! what'er my fate, this

heart yet free, Dear home of my youth still clings to

thee. Moderato.

For

Dear home of my youth.

who'd have a lo-ver for-ev-er a--bout one, To seek and dis-

-co-ver her faults "tho' with-out one" Be jea-lous if she should but

dance with a friend. Would I have such a lo-ver? good for-tune fore-

Tempo 1<sup>o</sup>

-fend. Then why? oh why should I, in life's young day My

Dear home of my youth.

gay companions fly to own love's sway No! no! what'er my

fate, this heart yet free, Dear home of my home still

clings, still clings to thee.

2

Yes with friends so dear, my hours will flee,  
 In joys that naught can fear, so tranquilly,  
 That I would ne'er exchange a life like mine,  
 In wedlock's bonds to grieve and pine.  
 A husband would be, than a lover, more grave,  
 Where the latter would mutter, the former might rave,  
 A Saint while abroad "the reverse when at home"  
 Would prove no inducement from my path to roam.  
 Then why? oh why &c.

Dear home of my youth.