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How fondly I think of our last tender meeting.

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How fondly I think
of our last tender meeting

SONG & CHORUS

Words by

H. B. Dewing.

MUSIC BY

J. P. WEBSTER.



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HOW FONDLY I THINK OF OUR LAST TENDER MEETING.

3

Words by E. B. DEWING.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

Con appasseonato

4 How fond - - ly I think of our
5 I join in the wel - come to

1 I sit at my win - dow this
2 A Na - - tion, tri - um phant o'er
3 In that bat - - tle-worn line note the

last ten - der meet ing - He laughed and talked light - ly of "wound - ing and
sol - - diers re - turn - ing, And thank God for crown - ing with vict' - - ry the

bright summer mor - ning, My heart the while beat - ing with sor - - row - ing
trai - - - tors, re - joic - es That thrice - bless - ed peace now re - stores her brave
now va - cant places; The Un - - ion is saved the Re - pub - lic is

scars? So I tried to be brave, and think on - - ly of greeting My
Right; But can - not sup - press in my heart a sad yearn - ing For

swell, And trem - bling - ly list to the can - non's deep warn - ing, Whose
men, And mingles its songs with those pa - - tri - ot voi - ces Which
free; But missed the fair forms and the well be - loved fa - ces Of

lau - - rel wreathed boy when he came from the wars: E - ven then something
 one whom I loved who was lost in the fight: Still the sun shines a -

ech - - oes re - sound through the far a-way: dell: This con - course of
 shout - - ed for Free - dom thro' each Southern glen: Eager foot steps fall
 man - - y who left us to "march to the sea"; Thus sor - - row and

told me 'Twas the last time he'd hold me
 bove me And up there he will love me

peo - ple - Each joy - throbbing steeple -
 light - ly Eyes love - lit beam brightly -
 glad - ness Joy ming - ling with sad - ness

In lov - - ing em - brace 'neath the van - - ish-ing stars.
 Though gone from my path-way thro' life all its light.

Gay mu - sic and ban - ners - the glad ti-dings tell.
 Soft hands clasp the bronzed hands of loved ones a gain.
 I miss the one dear - er than all else to me.

How fondly &c

CHORUS.

5

AIR

1 The heart of a peo - ple, Throbs joy from each steeple, And
2 Eager foot - - steps fall light - ly - Eyes love - - lit beam bright - ly - Soft

ALTO

3 Thus sor - - row and glad - ness - Joy ming - ling with sad - ness - I

TEN

4 Even then something told me 'Twas th'last time he'd hold me In

BASS

5 Still the sun shines a - bove me - up there he will love me - Though

hol - - i - day ban - ners, - - - the glad ti - dings tell.
hands clasp the bronzed hands of loved ones a - gain.

miss the one dear - er than all else to me.

lov - - - ing em - brace 'neath the van - ish - ing stars.

gone from my path - way through life all its light.

How fondly &c