

## Vulture of the Alps.

Albany: L. F. Newland, 1843

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*Isabella Gray*

**"THE VULTURE OF THE ALPS"**  
A POPULAR DESCRIPTIVE SONG



SUNG BY  
**J. J. HUTCHINSON,**  
WORDS ARRANGED FROM "THE FIRST CLASS READER,"  
**MUSIC BY J. J. HUTCHINSON.**

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# THE VULTURE OF THE ALPS

3

*As performed at the Concerts of the*

HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

ANDANTE.

I've been a-mong the mighty Alps, and wander'd thro' their

vales; And heard the ho-nest mountaineers re-late their thrilling tales. 'Twas

there, I from a Shepherd heard a nar-ra-tive of fear, A



tale, to rend a pa-rent's heart, which Mothers might not hear! .....

Lamentabile.  
"One still and cloudless  
Rall:  
*p*

sab-bath morn, the sun was ris-ing high, When, from my children on the green I  
*p*

heard a fear-ful cry, As if some aw-ful deed was done, A  
*p* *mf* Cres:  
The Vulture of the Alps. s.



*ff* shriek of grief and pain, — *fz* A cry! *Lento.* I humbly pray, O God, I

*ff* *fz* *ff* *Lento. p*

ne'er may hear a — gain. A cry! I humbly pray, O God, I ne'er may hear a —

*ff* *p*

2<sup>d</sup> Verse. *Poco Presto.*

gain? . . . . . I hur — ried out to learn the cause, but o — ver — whelmed with

*Accellerando.* *Poco Presto.*

fright, My chil — dren shriek'd in wild dis — may, When from my fren — zied sight, I

*fz* *fz* *fz* *Tremando.*



*Ritardando.* *Recit:*

miss'd the young-est of my babes—the dar-ling of my care"! "But,

*ff*

something caught my searching eye, slow moving thro' the air; — O! what a hor-ri-fy-ing.

*ff*

sight to meet a Father's eye! His in-fant, made a Vul-ture's prey, in terror to des-

*Tremando Agitato.*

*fz*

-cry! — To know, a-las! with burst-ing heart, and with a Maniac

*fz* *mf* *cres* *cen*



7

rave, That hu-man pow'r could not a-vail, that in-no-cent to save! That

Tempo di primo.

- do.

human pow'r could not a-vail, that in nocent to save.

3

"My infant stretch'd his little hands, imploringly to me,  
While struggling in the Vulture's grasp, all vainly to get free:  
I heard his agonizing cries, as loud, and long he scream'd;  
Until, amidst the azure skies a lessening spot he seem'd:  
The Vulture flapp'd his pond'rous wings, as swift away he flew,  
A mote, upon the sun's broad disk, he seem'd unto my view:  
At length, I tho't he check'd his speed, as if he would alight, -  
'Twas only a delusive tho't, for all had vanish'd quite."

4

"All search was vain - some years had pass'd that child was ne'er forgot: -  
At length, a daring hunter, clim'd a high, secluded spot  
From whence, upon a rugged crag the chamois never reach'd,  
He saw an infant's fleshless bones the elements had bleach'd;  
In haste I clim'd that rugged cliff, - I could not stay away -  
And there I found my infant's bones, fast mould'ring to decay! -  
A tatter'd garment yet remain'd, tho' torn to many a shred -  
The cap he wore, that fatal morn, was still upon his head!"