

Blaine Otto
La Fayette Ind.

RETURNED

A Negro Ballad
as sung by
Miss Abbie Mitchell
AT MRS CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S NEWPORT THEATRE PARTY



MISS ABBIE MITCHELL.



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RETURNED.

"Empty and so silent now the old Cabin Stands."

Words by
PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

Music by
WILL MARION COOK.

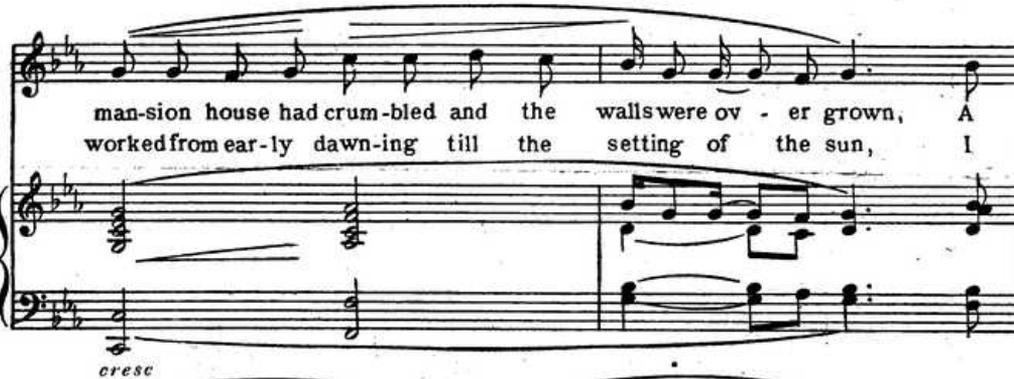
Slowly and with much expression.

Voice. 

Piano. 



I heard him murmur'ing softly on an old plan - ta - tion lone, The
I rambled North a wanderer when the old slave days were done, I



man - sion house had crum - bled and the walls were ov - er grown, A
worked from ear - ly dawn - ing till the setting of the sun, I

cresc.



ne - gro aged and hoar - y sit - ting there a drear - y sight, No
toiled and prayed and struggled till my heart grew sick and sore, And

cresc.

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dim et rall.

thought of his con - di - tion not a mur - mer of his plight, His
 turned me sad and wear - y from man - y cru - el door, And

molto rit.

ped.

accel.

on - ly dream the mem - 'ry of the days that had gone by, When
 then my heart turned fond - ly to this dear old home - stead here Thro'

accel.

cresc.

mas - ter lived and mis tress had the spar - kle in her eye, His
 all my friends have left it and all the land is drear, But

cresc. molto

ff

ff

broadly dim.

f

on - ly dream the sor - row for the land so rent and gray, His
 now I come back glad - ly with - - out a plant or sigh, No

f broadly

dim.

p

rit.

on - ly moan low - mumbled for a - noth - er bet - ter day
oth - er spot shall hold my dust or see me bend or die.

rit. et dim.

CHORUS.

p

Emp - ty and so si - lent now the old cab - in stands,

p

No spot on earth so dreary as these bare wide lands, —

accel. *cresc.*

Here the pleasures of my youth I spent, Here thro' sorrows first dim path I went,

cresc.

Here — tho' de - sert - ed will I die con - tent. —

f rit. *rit. et dim.* *pp*

Lily
Ml
.542
Box 183
no 20
Lily