

Prairie Flowers

Composed by

J. P. WEBSTER.

- N^o 1. OH! THAT I WERE A MAN OF WEALTH 2½
- " 2. GOING UP & COMING DOWN 2½
- " 3. BELL MAIE 2½
- " 4. TWINE NOT THE WREATH (SONG & QUART^{ts}) 4
- " 5. COME TO ME DARLING 2½
- " 6. MOTHER, I AM WEARY 2½

- N^o 7. FLOW ON RIO VERDE 2½
- " 8. JOHN BROWN 2½
- " 9. THE SPOT WHERE EDDIE SLEEPS 2½
- " 10. THE ANGELS TOLD ME SO 2½
- " 11. THE LAST MEETING 2½
- " 12. THE DEW DROPS OF MORNING 2½

Stackpole, Sr.

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"COME TO ME, DARLING, MY SORROWS TO LIGHTEN."

The following exquisite love-song is the composition of Joseph Brennan, a young Irishman, one of the exiles of '48, who died recently of consumption in New Orleans at the age of eight-and-twenty.

Poetry by CHARLES BRENNAN.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

CANTABILE-AFFETUOSO.

2. Swallow will flit round the dearest so late ruin,

1. Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee,

Telling of Spring and its joyous renewing; And

Day-time and night-time I'm thinking about thee;

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thoughts of thy love and its manifold treasure Are circling my

Night-time and day-time in dreams I behold thee - Unwelcome the

heart with a promise of pleasure. Oh, Spring of my spirit, oh,

walking which ceases to fold thee. Come to me, darling, my

May of my bosom, Shine out on my soul till it burgeon and

sorrows to lighten, Come in thy beauty to bless and to

blossom - The waste of my life has a rose-root within it, And thy

brighten, Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,

Come to me, darling, my sorrowsto lighten.

fond .. ness a .. lone to the sun..shine can win it.

Come in thy lov... ingness, queenly and ho..ly! ga.....

3.

Figures that move like a song through the even-
 Features lit up by a reflex of heaven-
 Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
 Where shadow and sunshine are chasing each other;
 Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple;
 Planting in each rosy cheek a sweet dimple,-
 Oh, thanks to the Saviour, that even thy seeming
 Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming!

4.

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened-
 Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened?
 Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time love,
 As octave to octave and rhyme unto rhyme love;
 I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing-
 You cannot smile but my cheek will be glowing-
 I would not die without you at my side, love-
 You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

5.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow,
 Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow;
 Strong, swift, and fond as the words which I speak, love,
 With a song on your lip and a smile on your cheek, love;
 Come, for my heart in your absence is weary-
 Haste, for my spirit is sickened and dreary-
 Come to the arms which alone should caress thee-
 Come to the heart which is throbbing to press thee.