

The Reply of the Messenger Bird

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The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature (C). The first system shows the voice part with a whole rest, followed by the piano accompaniment. The second system, starting at measure 4, includes the lyrics: "I've come, I've come from the spi - rits' land, And a". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The third system, starting at measure 8, includes the lyrics: "treas - ured song is mine; I bear for the wound - ed heart a balm, And a". The fourth system, starting at measure 12, includes the lyrics: "joy for those that pine. The friends that ye bade on earth 'good-bye,' With". The score concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

16

cheeks so pale and wan. They are there in the light of a cloud-less sky, They are

20

there in the light of a cloud-less sky, And their all of grief is done.

24

The

28

chief-tain that left his bow un-strung; The sage with his locks of snow; And the

32

maid whose voice like the night-birds rung, In its plain-tive-ness of woe; And the

36

youth with the laugh-ing eye is there; And the mother who left her babe. Swing-ing

40

to and fro in the sum-mer air, Swing-ing to and fro in the sum-mer air, Be-

neath the sy-ca-more's shade.

3

They sit on the banks where the bright flowers gleam,
 And they dream not of toil or pain;
 For they've drank of the fount with the golden stream;
 They have drank — and are young again.
 And they bade me speed with my glittering wing,
 From the realm of the nightless day,
 To the dim old groves where they loved to sing,
 And thus to the mourning say:

4

We tune our harps by the bright blue streams,
 That lave on a gem-clad shore;
 And our lives are as sweet as an infant's dreams,
 And we sigh not, nor weep we more.
 We watch ye friends, when the night-winds breath
 Lies hushed over moor and hill;
 For love extends past the bourne of death —
 We have loved, and we love ye still.

5

We are there unseen, by the home fire's blaze,
 As our tales ye repeat again,
 When ye sing the song of other days —
 We are there, and we bless ye then.
 And we hover o'er when the hour of prayer
 Comes on, at the close of even —
 Midst the hallowed family band, we're there,
 And we bear those prayers to heaven.