

She wandered down the mountain side

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(1838-1906)

Frederic Clay
(1838-1889)

Andantino quasi Andante

p

5 *p*

She wan-der'd down the moun-tain side, With meas-ur'd tread, with meas-ur'd tread, and

8

slow. She heard the bells at e-ven-tide, Down in the vale be-low, the vale be-

12 *p*

low. A bird was sing-ing its psalm of rest, But she heed-ed, heed-ed not its

16 *pp*

song. For oth-er thoughts fill'd full her heart— And she sang as she went a-

20 *Un poco più lento*

long, "I shall meet him where we al-ways meet, He is wait-ing,— wait-ing for

24

me. My heart is full; I hear it beat; I am com-ing, my love,— to thee, My

29 *f*

heart is— full, I can hear it— beat, I am com-ing, I am com-ing, I am

33 *ff* *a tempo primo*
 com - - ing, oh my love, to thee.”

39 *p*
 Poor child! he's gone to his last rest. A-las! he

42
 per-ish'd in a for-eign land. He nob-ly died with face to foe, Slain by a

46 *p*
 ruth-less hand, a ruth-less hand. Ah me! she knows—not what they mean, For she

50
 heeds—not what they say. And still at ev-en-tide a-gain she's

53 *pp* *Un poco più lento*
 seen,— And she sings as she wends her way: “I shall meet him where we al-ways

57
 meet; He is wait-ing, wait-ing for me. My heart is full; I hear it beat; I am

62 *f*
 com-ing, my love,— to thee. My heart is—full, I can hear it—beat, I am

66 *ff*
 coming, I am coming, I am com - ing, oh! my love, to thee.”—