

Belle Mahone

J. H. McNAUGHTON

With simplicity *cres.* *dim.*

1. Soon be-yond the har-bor bar, Shall my bark be sail-ing far,— O'er the world I
 2. Lone-ly like a withered tree, What is all the world to me? Life and light were
 3. Calm-ly, sweet-ly slumber on, (On-ly one I call my own!) While in tears I

p *cres.* *dim.*

wan-der lone, Sweet Belle Ma-hone. . . O'er thy grave I weep good-bye,
 all in thee, Sweet Belle Ma-hone. . . Dai-sies pale are grow-ing o'er
 wan-der lone, Sweet Belle Ma-hone. . . Fa-ded now seems ev-'ry-thing,

p

cres. *tenuto* *mf* *dim.* *p*

Hear, O hear my lone-ly cry, O without thee what am I, Sweet Belle Ma-hone?
 All my heart can e'er a-dore, Shall I meet thee nev-er-more, Sweet Belle Ma-hone?
 But when comes e-ter-nal spring, With thee I'll be wan-der-ing, Sweet Belle Ma-hone?

cres. *mf* *dim.* *p* *pp*

CHORUS

cres.

p dolce



Sweet Belle Mahone! Sweet Belle Ma-hone! Wait for me at Heaven's gate, Sweet Belle Mahone!



Come, Ye Disconsolate

THOMAS MOORE

SAMUEL WEBBE



1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late! wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
 2. Joy of the des-o-late! light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
 3. Here see the bread of life: see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the



mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel! Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
 pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
 throne of God, pure from a-bove: Come to the feast of love:



here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
 ten-der-ly say-ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure.
 come, ev-er know-ing, Earth has no sor-rrows but heav'n can re-move.

