

Thy Face

R. LEJOINDRE

C. H. R. MARRIOTT

Moderato

mf

Thy face is al-ways near to me, Tho' thou art far a-way, It
 The vi - sion bringeth me fond hopes Of bet - ter days in store, It

is a bea-con bright and fair, To cheer me on my way; It
 whis - pers of a time to come, When we shall part no more; Then

cresc.

is a star to guide me thro' This bu-sy world of pain, A
 rest with me Oh vi-sion bright, My on-ly hope thou art, My

bea-con bright to rest with me, Un - til we meet a - gain. Thy
 on - ly joy, my on - ly grief Is when we are a - part. Thy

dim.

mf

face is al-ways near to me, Tho' thou art far a-way. It

is a bea-con bright and fair, To cheer me on my way.

dim.

Robin Adair

CAROLINE KEPPEL

Moderato cresc.

mf

What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near;
 What made th'as - sem - bly shine? Rob - in A - dair;

mf cresc.

What was't I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear?
 What made the ball so fine? Rob - in was there.

mf cresc.

Where's all the joy and mirth, Made this town a heav'n on earth?
 What, when the play was o'er, What made my heart so sore?

f dim.

Oh! they're all fled, with thee, Rob - in A - dair.
 Oh! it was part - ing with Rob - in A - dair.