

123

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THE POLKA SONG

COME HIE WE TO THE LINDEN TREE

Words & Music

BY

A LADY OF VIRGINIA

respectfully dedicated to

MISS ANNA MURRAY,

(of New York.)

25 Cts. Net.

BALTIMORE

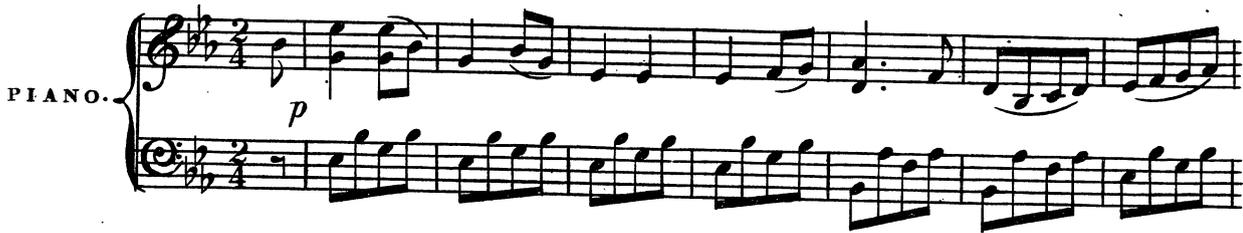
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THE POLKA SONG.

COME HIE WE TO THE LINDEN TREE.

PIANO. *p*



The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The upper staff features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the lower staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.



The second system of the piano introduction continues the two-staff format. The upper staff melody concludes with a double bar line. The lower staff accompaniment continues with eighth notes, ending with a double bar line.

Come hie we to the Lin-den tree, That stands up -- on the

p



The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The upper staff contains the vocal line with the lyrics "Come hie we to the Lin-den tree, That stands up -- on the". The lower staff contains the piano accompaniment, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

ver -- dant lea, It is the place for mirth and glee, The



The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The upper staff contains the vocal line with the lyrics "ver -- dant lea, It is the place for mirth and glee, The". The lower staff continues the piano accompaniment with eighth notes.

place for you dear! and for me. Then haste we to the

p

Lin--den tree, That pleas-ant spot up---on the lea, And

dolce.

there well dance so mer--ri---ly, Be--neath the Lin--den

tree! Be-neath the Lin--den tree! Be-neath the Lin--den

cres.

tree! Be-neath the Lin-den tree!

ff *dolce.*

2.

When tired we'll seek the cooling shade,
 Fann'd by the zephyrs of the glade,
 A tender youth and gentle maid,
 In nature's rarest charms array'd!
 Then haste we &c..

3.

I'll tell thee too a tale of love,
 Pure as the azure skies above,
 Soft as the cooing of the dove
 Which nestles in the neighb'ring grove!
 Then haste we &c..