

accept from your dear brother Michael

6th Aug, 1882

POPULAR
WITH AN
OPERA
ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE
PIANO FORTE
VARIOUS AUTHORS

ea 2½ ch

- Nº 1 WHERE ARE THE FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH
3 KATE CONNOR.
5 OLD HOUSE AT HOME.
7 KATY DARLING.
9 BEAUTIFUL ERIN.
11 THOU ART GONE FROM MY GAZE.
13 COME SIT THE DOWN.
15 ORIGIN OF THE HARP
17 FANNY GREY

- G.BARKER. 2 CALMLY THE DAY IS DYING.
G.BARKER. 4 DREAMS OF THE HEART.
E.J.LOBER. 6 CORA or THE INDIAN MAIDENS SONG.
J.BEELINI. 8 BLANCHE ALPEN.
S.GLOVER. 10 THE SPRING TIME OF THE HEART.
G.LINLEY. 12 I WISH THOU WERT NOT GOING.
J.SINCLAIR. 14 BURIAL OF MRS JUDSON.
T.MOORE. 16 GRAVE OF BONAPARTE
NORTON. 18 CHARMING WOMAN

- G.LINLEY.
G.LINLEY.
A.LEE.
G.GLOVER.
C.W.GLOVER.
G.W.GLOVER.
J.TURNER.
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WHERE ARE THE FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH?

Written by Lieut: Col: Addison.

Composed by GEORGE BARKER.

Andante con Espress.



Where are the Friends of my youth, Say

rall. *a tempo.*

The first vocal entry is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The tempo changes from 'rall.' to 'a tempo.'.

where are those cherish'd ones gone, And why have they dropp'd with the leaf, Ah

The second vocal entry is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves.

why have they left me to mourn, Their voi-ces still sound in mine ear, Their

The third vocal entry is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves.

force

features I see in my dreams, And the World is a wil-der-ness drear, As a wide spreading

desert it seems Ah Where are the Friends of my youth, Ah

p

pp

Over

where are those cherish'd ones gone, And why have they dropp'd with the leaf, Ah

ad lib.

why have they left me to mourn.

a tem. *ritard.* *a tem.*

Say can I e - ver a - gain, Such ties can I e - ver re - new, Or

feel those warm pul - ses a - gain, Which beat for the dear ones I

knew, The World as a winter is cold, Each

charm seem to van - ish a - - way; My heart is now blighted and

old It shares in all Na - ture's de - - cay Ah.

p Where are the Friends of my youth. Say where are those cherish'd ones

Cres
gone, And why have they dropp'd with the leaf, Ah

p *ad lib.*
why have they left me to mourn.

p *attem.* *ritard.*