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MUSIC

OF THE

BAKER FAMILY

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY

JOHN C. BAKER

Sung with great applause at their

CONCERTS THROUGHOUT THE UNION.

THE BAKERS' NEW ENGLAND GLEE *25 cts nett.* O SING THAT GENTLE STRAIN AGAIN *25 cts nett.* MOONLIGHT BOAT GLEE. - *25 cts nett.* TEN YEARS AGO. *25 cts nett.* MY BOYHOOD'S DAYS. *25 cts nett.* THE GREETING GLEE. THE WOONEAC SERENADE. MY HOME IN THE GREENWOOD. SWISS BOY'S FAREWELL. SAD AND ALONE.

25 cts nett.

BOSTON Published by OLIVER DITSON 125 Washington St.
FOR THE BAKER FAMILY.

Entered according to act of Congress, in 1840 by J. C. Baker in the Clerk's office of the said Court of Mass

THE SWISS - BOY'S FAREWELL.

Composed and Arranged by J. C. BAKER of "THE BAKERS."

Piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

SOPRANO.
He sat on the

ALTO.
He sat on the

TENOR.
He sat on the

BASS.
He sat on the

Vocal parts for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass, each with the lyrics "He sat on the". The piano accompaniment continues below, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

banks of his own native shore, Gazing wist-ful on hil-lock and dell; Bold rocks were be-

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banks of his own native shore, Gazing wist-ful on hil-lock and dell; Bold rocks were be-

hind, bold waves were be-fore, And he sighed as he murmur'd fare - well. Fare-

hind, bold waves were be-fore, And he sighed as he murmur'd fare - well. Fare -

hind, bold waves were be-fore, And he sighed as he murmur'd fare - well. Fare

5

well, *pp* fare - - well, my own native home, fare well!

well, *pp* fare - - well, my own native home, fare well!

well, *pp* fare - - well, my own native home, fare well!

pp

f *pp*

2

His playmates in play-paths were clustered around,
 And wooed him to join in their play;
 But a low voice of sorrow stole over the ground,
 Whispering soft as it faded away,
 Farewell, &c.

3

I go from the arms of my mother and home,
 I go from my old father's knee,
 My kin are the waves where the brave billows foam
 They bear me aloft on the sea.
 Farewell, &c.

4

The chime of the sabbath that rang through my soul,
 Like a tone from the tower of the blessed,
 I exchange for the roar where the deep surges roll,
 And the chime of the ocean at rest.
 Farewell, &c.