

Deposited Oct. 3, 1846
Recorded Vol. 21. P. 401.

No 9.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO
 SUNG WITH GREAT APPLAUSE
 BY
MISS JANE A. ANDREWS
 COMPOSED & RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO
Miss Angelica M. Conn
 by
J. C. ANDREWS.

25 Cts. nett

BOSTON

Published by OLIVER DITSON 115 Washington St.

Entered according to Act of Congress 20. 1846 by O. Ditson in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Mass.

Copy

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

CON EXPRESS

Not too slow.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a rhythmic melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The key signature is two sharps (D major) and the time signature is common time (C).

Where, where are all the birds that sang A hundred years a - go! The

The first system of the vocal melody is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is shown in two staves below the vocal line. The lyrics are: "Where, where are all the birds that sang A hundred years a - go! The".

Flowers that all in beauty sprang A hundred years a - go! The lips that smild, the

Colla voce.

The second system of the vocal melody continues the previous line. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are: "Flowers that all in beauty sprang A hundred years a - go! The lips that smild, the". The instruction "Colla voce." is placed at the end of the piano part.

eyes that wild In flash - es shone soft eyes up - on, Where

ff

The third system of the vocal melody concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment features a final chord. The lyrics are: "eyes that wild In flash - es shone soft eyes up - on, Where". The dynamic marking "ff" (fortissimo) is placed at the end of the vocal line.

Tempo Primo.

where oh where are lips and eyes The maidens smiles the lovers sighs That

lived so long ago! That lived so long ago.

Retard.

Who peopled all the ci - ty streets A hundred years a - go! Who

filled the church with faces meek, A hundred years a - go! The sneering tale of

Colla voce.

sis - ter frail, The plot that worked A broth - er's hurt, Where,

Tempo Primo.

where, oh where, are plots and sneers, The poor man's hopes the rich man's fears, That

lived so long a-go That lived so long ago.

Ritard.

3

Where are the graves where dead men slept
 A hundred years ago!
 And who when they were living wept
 A hundred years ago!
 By other men, that know not them,
 Their lands are till'd, their graves are filled,
 Yet nature then was just as gay,
 And bright the sun shone as to day,
 A hundred years ago.