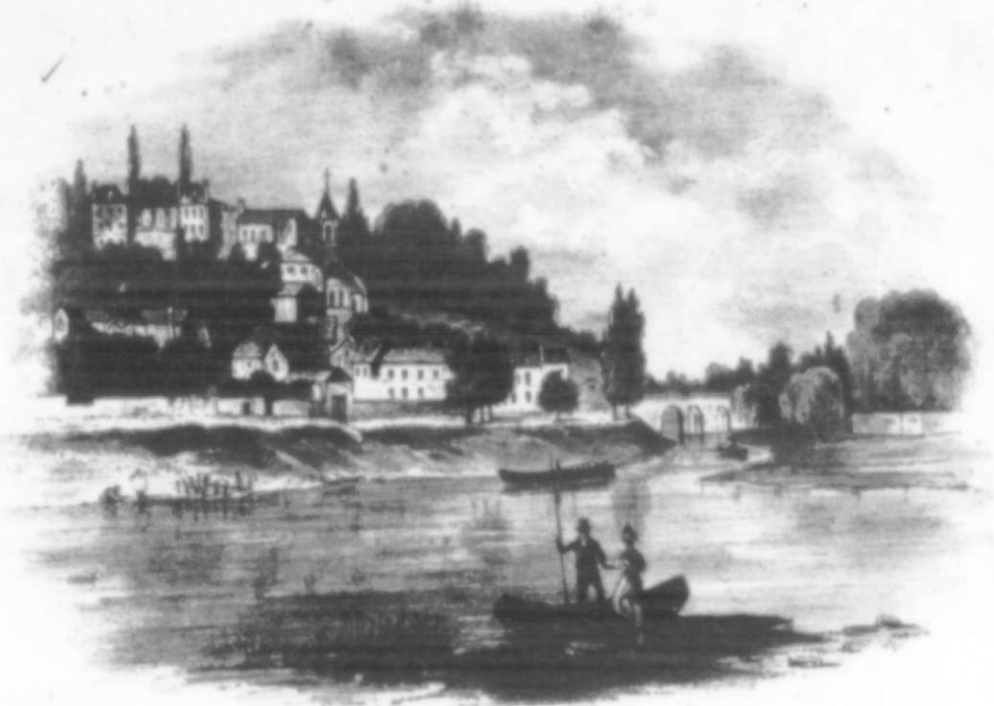


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Deposited June 8. 1837
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South Court of New York
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1837-

MY OWN SUNNY FRANCE.



The Poetry by

MRS EMMA WILLARD

COMPOSED

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

Mademoiselle P. G. de Fontevieux,

by

JOHN C. ANDREWS.

TROY,

Published by John C. Andrews

Litho of Eschcott

MY OWN SUNNY FRANCE.

THE Poetry By Mrs Emma Willard MUSIC By John C Andrews.

Engraved & Printed By S. Ackerman, New York.

Andante.
Grazioso.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of several systems of staves. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a treble and bass clef, a 6/8 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo and mood are marked 'Andante. Grazioso.'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal line begins with a melodic phrase. The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics: 'Ol how blythedid I war-ble my lay, And how sport-fully trip in the'. The third system continues with lyrics: 'dance, In the springtime of life's happy-day, In the clime of my own sunny'. The fourth system continues with lyrics: 'France. sunny France, sun-ny'. The fifth system concludes with the lyrics 'Cal-an-do Ad lib.' and a final cadence. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support throughout, with various textures and dynamics.

Entered According to Act of Congress A.D. 1837 by John C. Andrews In the Clerks Office of the District Court of the United States for the South Dist. of New York.

France, sun - ny France, sunny France, In the Clime of my own sunny

France. **LARGO.** But op - pres - sion was there, with her

stern iron - rod, pro - vo - king the wrath both of man and of

God. **MAESTOSO Alla Marcia.**

Then the war blast blew loud, and the drums beat to

ff *fff* 8va

arms, and the rat-ling ar-til-le-ry

for *ff*

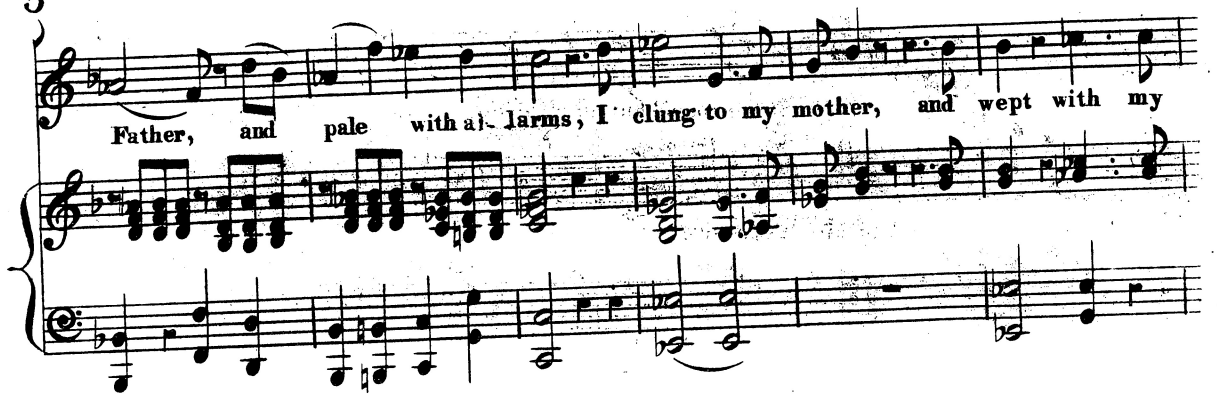
8va loco.

smote on the ear;

In the fight was my


fff Adagio con Affectuoso *fff*

Father, and pale with alarms, I clung to my mother, and wept with my

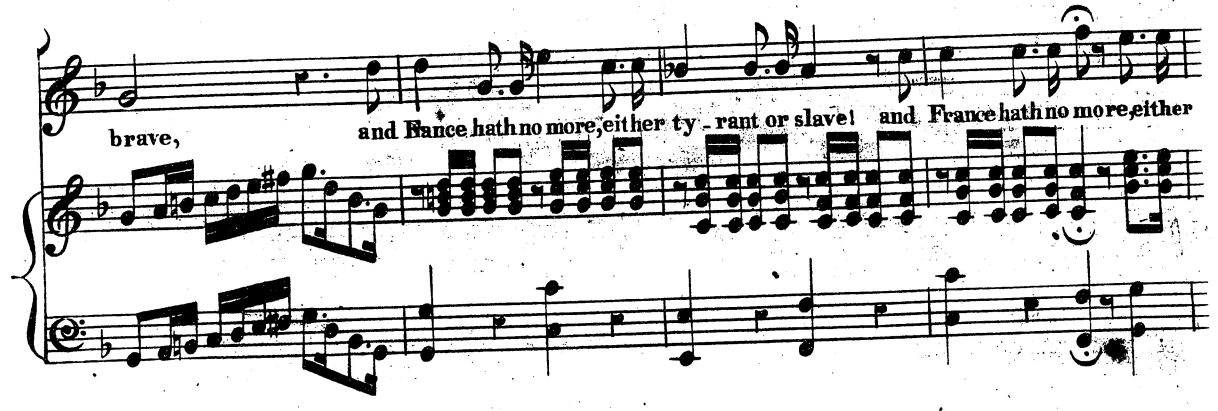


fears, they shout! Oh! they shout! tis the voice of the

Trumpet solo.



brave, and France hath no more, either ty-rant or slave! and France hath no more, either



ty-rant or slave.



Since then I have roam'd but deep, deep, in my heart, is a

Andante expressive

feeling that ri-ses even when in the dance is a fee-ling that neer from this bosom shall

part, tis the love that I bear thee, my own sunny France, my own sunny France,

sunny France, tis the love that I bear thee my own sunny France.