



To my Sister

Mrs. Nathaniel Butler.



Pomegranate Blossom

Words by

SAXE HOLM,

MUSIC BY

Stephen A. Emery.

Op. 33.

in G.

No. 1.

in F.

BOSTON.

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POMEGRANATE BLOSSOM.

(IN F.)



A lady, bidding a last adieu to her lover, sends him a pomegranate blossom, as emblematic of her own heart, addressing to it these words:

Words by Saxe Holm.

STEPHEN A. EMERY, Op. 33, No. 3.

Allegro, ma non troppo.

VOICE.

Pome-gran-ate blos - - som!
Heart — of fire, — I
Pome-gran-ate blos - - som!

PIANO.

mf *molto rallent. a tempo*

Heart of fire! — I dare — to be — thy death. To
too am robbed. Like thee, — like thee. — I die While
Heart of fire! — This kiss, — so slow, — so sweet, Thou

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stay — thee while — the Sum — mer sun — Is quick — en — ing — thy
 yet — my Sum — mer sun — of love — Is near — and warm — and
 bear — est hence — can nev — er lose, — Ev — en in death, — its

breath. To rob the Au — tumn of thy wine; Next
 high. The Au — tumn will — run red with wine; The
 heat. Redder than Au — tumn runs with wine,

year of all — ripe seeds of thine, That thou mayst bear — one kiss of
 Au — tumn fruits — will swing and shine: But in that lit — tle grave of
 Warmer than Sum — mer suns can shine, For — ev — er that — dear love of

Andante. *rallent.*

pp

mine — To my dear love be fore my death.
 mine — I shall not see them where they lie.
 mine — Shall find thy sa cred hid den sweet.

rallent. *pp* *Sempre andante*

1st & 2nd VERSES.

dimin.

FINALE.

rallent. *molto dimin. e ritard.* *pp* *ten.*