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I have seen thee in
my dreaming.

Words by

W. H. C. HOSMER.

Music by

J. R. Thomas.

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NEW YORK
Published by S. T. CORDON & SON 13 East 14 St.

Near 5th Ave.

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I HAVE SEEN THEE IN MY DREAMING.

SONG

Words by W. H. C. HOSMER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS

Andante affettuoso.

The first system of musical notation consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a time signature of 3/4. It begins with a whole rest followed by three measures of whole notes. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The right hand starts with a whole rest, followed by a series of chords and eighth notes. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The second system of musical notation continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has four measures of whole notes. The piano accompaniment features a variety of textures, including chords, eighth notes, and a final measure with a whole note chord. Performance markings are present: 'cresc.' (crescendo) over the first measure, 'ritard.' (ritardando) over the second measure, and 'dim.' (diminuendo) over the third measure.

I have seen thee in my dream-ing, I have thought of thee by

day; And an eye on me is beam-ing, In the

dis-tance far a-way, in the dis-tance far a-

- way. The

cloud that floats a - bove me, Takes the like - - ness of thy

form, Oh! say, dost thou still love me, In a *dim.*

realm that knows not storm, in a realm that knows not *poco rall.*

colla voce.

storm. *p*

2. Where the cry - stal streams are roll - ing Thro' a - - mar - an - thine
 3. O say dost thou re - mem - ber When first I call'd thee

bow'rs mine, Un - heard the death - bell toll - ing, As
 Or quench'd is love's bright em - ber In the

dim.
 in home this world of ours, as in home this world of
 that now is thine, in the that now is

ours thine. Where the The

cresc.

form di - vine - ly mould - ed, Is nev - - er laid to
cloud that float a - bove me, Takes the like - - ness of thy

cresc. *dim.*

rest, With the pale hands meek - ly fold - ed On the
form; Oh! say dost thou still love me, In a

poco rall.

fro - zen pulse-less breast, On the fro - zen pulse - - less
realm that knows not storm, in a realm that knows not

colla voce

breast.
storm?

p