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THE
WIFE'S
DREAM

Composed and sung by
HENRY RUSSELL.



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THE WIFE'S DREAM.

Quasi Moderato.

mf *Cresc.* *Sostenuto.*

Con Passione.

'Now tell me, Mary, how it is that you can look so gay, When ev'ning af-ter ev'ning your

husband is a-way! I never see you sulk or pout, or say an an-gry word; And

Colla voce.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked 'Quasi Moderato'. The piano part features a continuous sixteenth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand. The introduction includes dynamic markings of mezzo-forte (mf), crescendo (Cresc.), and sostenuto. The vocal melody enters in the third system, marked 'Con Passione'. The lyrics are: 'Now tell me, Mary, how it is that you can look so gay, When ev'ning af-ter ev'ning your husband is a-way! I never see you sulk or pout, or say an an-gry word; And'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady sixteenth-note pattern. The score concludes with the instruction 'Colla voce.'.

Lento.

yet you've plenty cause for tears, If all be true I've heard! It is because, my sis-ter dear, a

Lento. *A tempo.* *Cresc.*

husband you ne'er wed, Nor saw your children gath'ring round, and asking you for bread; You

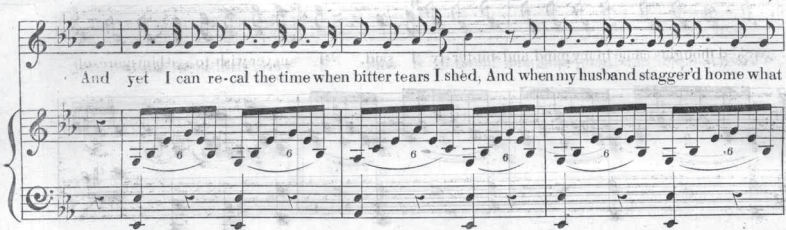
Animato. *Ad lib.*

ne'er can know how it becomes a woman's lot through life, To be, e'en to a drunkard's faults, a

faithful, loving wife. *gva.*

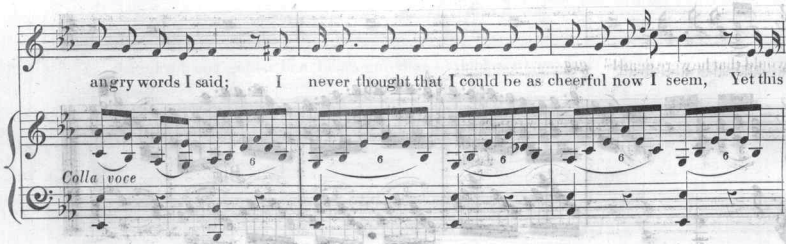
Cresc. *Dim.*

And yet I can re-cal the time when bitter tears I shed, And when my husband stagger'd home what



angry words I said; I never thought that I could be as cheerful now I seem, Yet this

Colla voce



Lento.

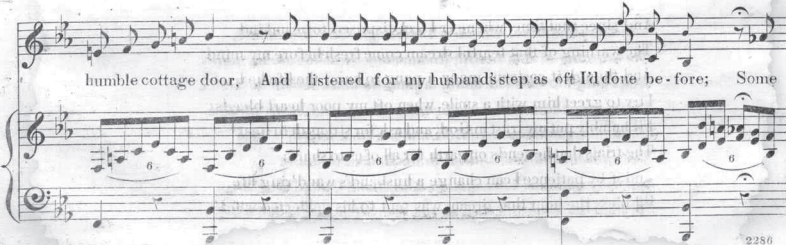
happy change was brought about by a simple little dream. One ev'ning as I sat beside our

A tempo. *Cresc.*

Lento.



humble cottage door, And listened for my husband's step as oft I'd done be-fore; Some



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wicked thoughts came in my mind, and bit-ter-ly I said, "I never wish to see him more, oh,

would that he were dead!" *gr*.....
Cresc. *Dim.*

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'They say the wretched cannot rest, but surely 'tis not so,
 For very soon I fell asleep, mid tears of grief and woe:
 I dream'd I had my wish fulfilled, my husband was no more,
 I fell upon his lifeless form, and kiss'd him o'er and o'er:
 Oh Dermot darling, speak to me, I meant not what I said,
 Oh, speak one word unto your wife, say, say you are not dead!
 'And sure I'm not, my Mary dear,—I woke up with a scream,
 And found my husband standing by—his death was but a dream!'

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'And since that time, whene'er I feel disposed to be unkind,
 The warning of that fearful dream come fresh before my mind:
 And though it costs me many a pang to know the life he leads,
 I try to greet him with a smile, when oft my poor heart bleeds:
 I'll humbly put my trust in God, and ask for strength to bear
 The trials that he sends on earth for all of us to share;
 And if by patience I can change a husband's wand'ring life,
 I'll bless the hour that dream was sent to his neglected wife!'