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No. 8.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

SUNG BY THE

HUTCHINSON FAMILY

The Symphonies & Accompaniments by

E. L. WHITE

THE WORDS BY THE LATE

Thomas Hood.

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BOSTON

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|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| THERÉ'S A GOOD TIME COMING. | THE GRAVE OF BONAPARTE. |
| AWAY DOWN EAST. | THE OLD GRANITE STATE. |
| RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME. | THE SNOW STORM. |
| THE LITTLE MAID. | KING ALCOHOL. |

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THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ALLEGRETTO.

p *Cres.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRETTO' and the dynamics range from piano (*p*) to crescendo (*Cres.*).

p *f* *p*

One more un-fortunate Weary of breath, Rashly im-portunate, Gone to her death.

The first system of the vocal melody is written on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is shown in two staves. Dynamics include piano (*p*), forte (*f*), and piano (*p*).

Take her up tenderly, Lift her with care; Fashioned so slenderly, Young and so

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

fair. Look at her garments, Clinging like cerements, Whilst the wave constantly

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with its accompaniment, ending with a final chord.

Drips from her clothing; Take her up instantly, Loving not loathing. Touch her not

scornfully, Think of her mournfully, Gently and humanly; Not of the stains of her,

Ad lib: *A Tempo*
All that re-mains of her, Now is pure womanly. Loop up her tresses, Es-caped from the
Colla voce

Ad lib:
comb, Her fair auburn tresses, While wonderment guesses Where was her home!
Colla voce

A Tempo

Who was her father! Who was her mother! Had she a sister! Or

had she a brother! Or was there a dearer one Still, and a nearer one

Yet than all other! A-las! for the rarity Of christian charity Under the

sun; Oh! it was pitiful, Near the whole city full, Home she had none. The *Cres*

bleak winds of March Made her tremble and shiver, But not the dark arch Or the

black flowing river; *Cres* Mad from life's history, Glad to death's mystery

Swift to be hurl'd, *p* Anywhere, anywhere, *f* Out of the world. In she plunged

boldly, No matter how coldly The rough river ran! Over the brink of it,

Picture it, think of it, Dissolute man! Lave in it, drink of it, Then if you

can. Lave in it, drink of it, Then if you can. *p* Take her up tenderly,

Lift her with care, Fashioned so slenderly, Young and so fair. Owing her

Ad lib
weakness, Her e - vil be - haviour; And leaving with meekness, Her sins to her Sa - viour.
Colla voce