

me, When mer - ry rang the vil - lage bell— My

heart was full of joy and glee; I did not dream that one short

*Sempre legato.*

year Would crush the hopes that soar'd so high! Oh,

*Ritard.*

*Ritard.*

*Con molto espressione* *Ritard.*

Moth - er, dear, draw near to me, Dear Mother, I've come home to die.

*Ritard.* *Colla Voce.*