

RETURNED

A Negro Ballad
as sung by
Miss Abbie Mitchell
AT MRS CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S NEWPORT THEATRE PARTY



MRS. ABBIE MITCHELL.



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RETURNED.

"Empty and so silent now the old Cabin Stands:"

Words by
PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

Music by
WILL MARION COOK.

Slowly and with much expression.

Voice.

Piano.

f

dim.

The first system of the score. It features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and ends with a decrescendo (*dim.*) dynamic.

I heard him murmuring softly on an old plan - ta - tion lone, The
I rambled North a wanderer when the old slave days were done, I

The second system of the score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are: "I heard him murmuring softly on an old plan - ta - tion lone, The I rambled North a wanderer when the old slave days were done, I".

man - sion house had crum - bled and the walls were ov - er grown, A
worked from ear - ly dawn - ing till the setting of the sun, I

The third system of the score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "man - sion house had crum - bled and the walls were ov - er grown, A worked from ear - ly dawn - ing till the setting of the sun, I". The piano part includes a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking.

ne - gro aged and hoar - y sit - ting there a drear - y sight, No
toiled and prayed and struggled till my heart grew sick and sore, And

The fourth system of the score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "ne - gro aged and hoar - y sit - ting there a drear - y sight, No toiled and prayed and struggled till my heart grew sick and sore, And". The piano part includes a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking.

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dim et rall.

thought of his con - di - tion not a mur - mer of his plight, His
 turned me sad and wear - y from man - y cru - el door, And

molto rit.

Fin.

accel.

on - ly dream the mem - 'ry of the days that had gone by, When
 then my heart turned fond - ly to this dear old home - stead here Thro'

accel.

cresc.

mas - ter lived and mis tress had the spar - kle in her eye, His
 all my friends have left it and all the land is drear, But

cresc. molto

ff

ff

broadly dim.

on - ly dream the sor - row for the land so rent and gray, His
 now I come back glad - ly with - out a plaint or sigh, No

f broadly

dim

p

rit.

on - ly moan low - mumbled for a - noth - er bet - ter day
oth - er spot shall hold my dust or see me bend or die.

rit. et dim.

CHORUS.

p

Emp - ty and so si - lent now the old cab - in stands,

p

No spot on earth so dreary as these bare wide lands,

accel. *cresc.*

Here the pleasures of my youth I spent, Here thro' sorrows first dim path I went,

cresc.

Here tho' de - sert - ed will I die con - tent.

f rit. *rit. et dim.* *pp*