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1ST. COPY.



Before the Nativity

SONG

WORDS BY

Mrs. Rebecca Perley Reed.

Music by

ADDISON P. WYMAN.

32

NEW YORK

Wm. A. Pond & Co. 547 BROADWAY.
(& 39 UNION SQUARE.)

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BEFORE THE LATTICE .

SONG.

Words by
M^{RS} REBECCA PERLEY REED.

Music by
ADDISON P. WYMAN.

Andante.

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system is a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked *Andante*. The second system continues the piano accompaniment, marked *rall.*, *a tempo.*, and *rall.*. The third system contains the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has two verses:

1. They told me the sound of his king - ly feet Would e - cho through the
 2. It is noon and the lan - guid leaves hang faint, In the stillness of the

8122

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vines; And these clusters glow in the won-drous light, From His presence which out-heat. While the hush'd wind star-ry, to kiss the dust Of the jour-ney from his

shines. I wait in the dew Of the morning new, The leaves are astir And the feet. I stand in the sun, And I pray "oh, come!" I faint as I wait, For my

air breathes myrrh As I watch the hills For His cha-riot wheels: But the clear east glows, In the thirst is great, And those clus-ters fair, Hang too high in air. Whose right hand shall give me to

hushed re- pose, And the Lord of the vintage com - eth not
eat and live, While the Lord of the vintage com - eth not?

rall.

Who notes that a-lone in the twi - light dim, I
Then sud - den - ly all my heart did a - wake,

wait at the lat - - tice still Tho' foot - sore and weak, a -
As at the lat - - tice He stood, Who mind - eth the watch of the

bid - ing yet, The time of His own good will.
sul - - try - day, That rests in the deep, still wood.

I bide in the shade, Where my tryst was made. Hush! the wait-ing air breathes
He pluck'd of his vine, For these lips of mine, And the fruit of Heav'n to my

ev - 'ry-where. He comes! and the hills, With ex - pect - ant thrills, Glow with
taste was givh. If He ope His store, It shall close no more. So,

lambent light, Thro' the sol - emn night, As the Lord of the vintage draw - eth
blessing the Lord For his gra - cious word, I wait, till a-gain he draw - eth

nigh.....
nigh.....