

1899

Sweet Norine / words by Gussie L. Davis

Gussie L. Davis

Feist and Frankenthaler (New York)

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SWEET NORINE

WORDS
AND
MUSIC

BY
GUSSIE
L. DAVIS

COMPOSER OF
"HE CARVED HIS MOTHER'S
NAME UPON THE TREE."
"THE BAGGAGE COACH
AHEAD."
"THE LIGHT HOUSE
BY THE SEA."
ETC., ETC.

PUBLISHED BY VEIST & FRANKENWALD,
NEW YORK.



COMPOSED
EXPRESSLY
FOR
THE
N.Y.
SUNDAY
WORLD

FARRELL

SUNDAY WORLD'S
ALBUM
OF TEN NEW ORIGINAL
SONGS.
PART IX.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE NEW YORK WORLD, SUNDAY OCT 29 1899.

SWEET NORINE.

NEW YORK'S LATEST HIT.

By Gussie L. Davis.

Composer of, "He carved his Mother's name upon the Tree."

Moderato espress.

The musical score is written in G minor (one flat) and common time (C). It begins with a piano introduction marked *mf*. The first system shows the piano accompaniment in both treble and bass clefs. The second system introduces the vocal melody in the treble clef, with two verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The fourth system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The fifth system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment.

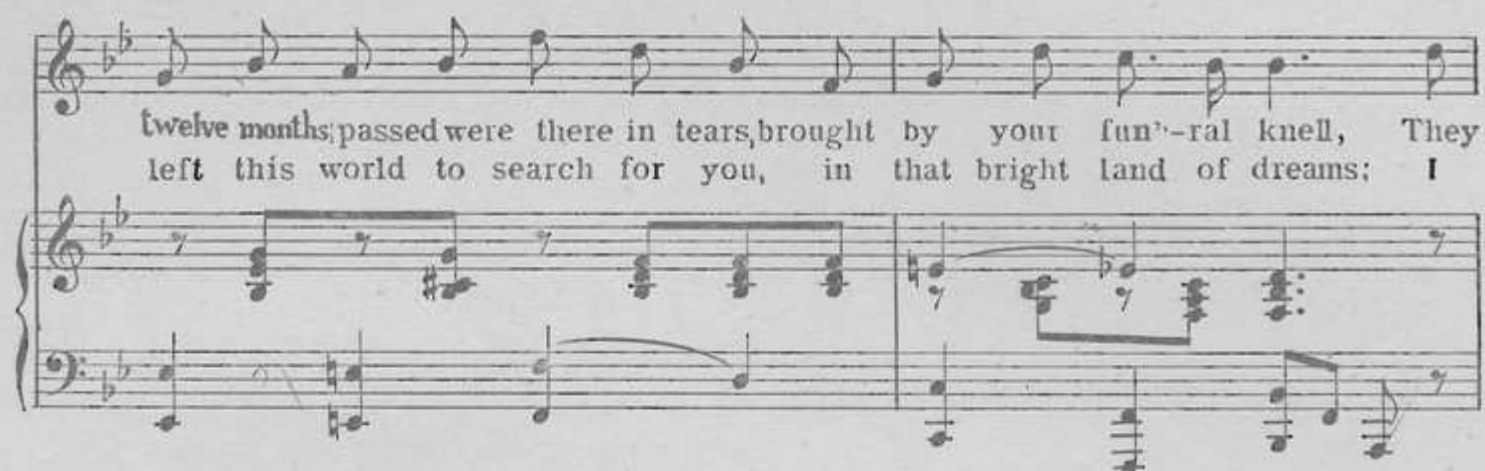
mf

1. Its just one lit - tle year, Nor - ine, one lit - tle year to - day Since
2. In just one lit - tle year, Nor - ine, in just one lit - tle year Our

p

we strolled hand in hand to church, where bells were ring - ing gay; The
wed - ding past, the ba - by came, it's died since you were here; I

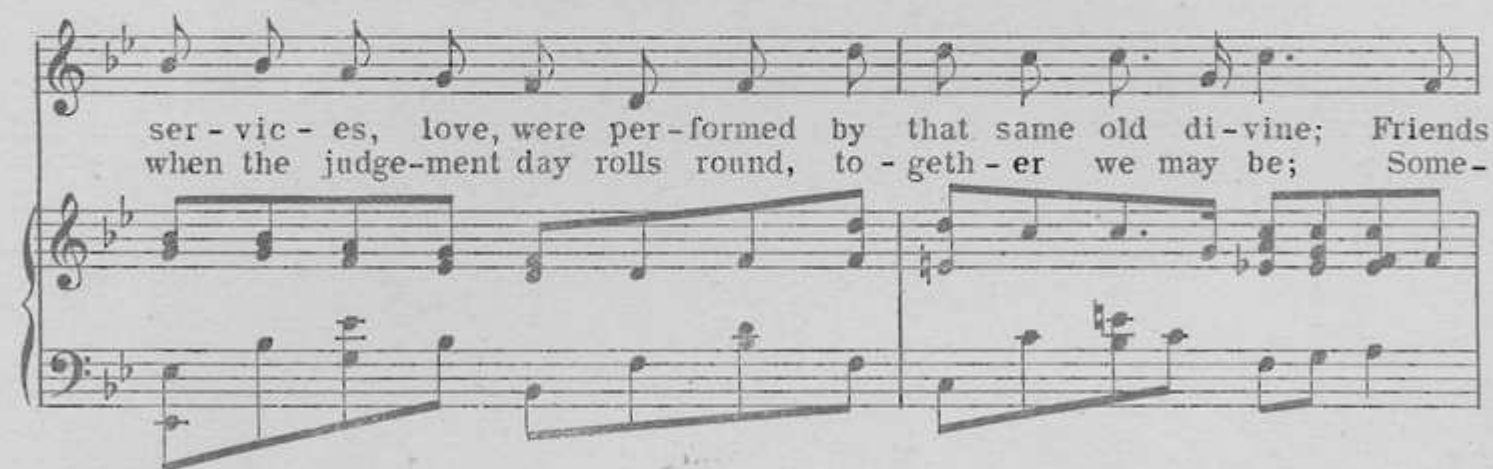
same gay crowd that ga - thered there, and heard our wed - ding bell, Ere
missed you but our ba - by boy, missed you much more it seems, And



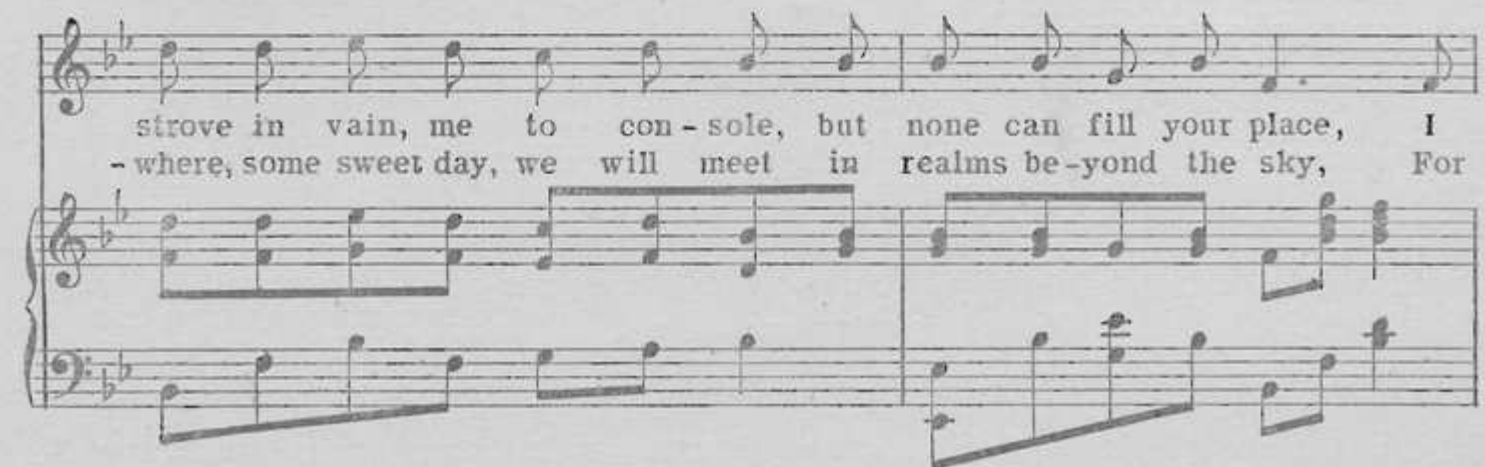
twelve months, passed were there in tears, brought by your fun'-ral knell, They
left this world to search for you, in that bright land of dreams: I



were plain coun-try folks, Nor - ine, and friends of yours and mine, Both
laid him by your side, Nor - ine, and there's a place for me, That



ser - vic - es, love, were per - formed by that same old di - vine; Friends
when the judge - ment day rolls round, to - geth - er we may be; Some -



strove in vain, me to con - sole, but none can fill your place, I
- where, some sweet day, we will meet in realms be - yond the sky, For

nev - er will find hap - pi - ness, till we meet face to face.
 love like ours, my dar - ling wife, can nev - er, nev - er die.

CHORUS. Andante.

Sweet Nor - ine,..... my love grows strong - er, Tho' your

voice is silenced now for - ev - er here,..... Life holds its charms..... for me no

long - er, Time's wrought a change, in just one lit - tle year.....

rit.

mf

D. 2