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We are the Wandering Breezes

Caroline Sheridan Norton

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WE ARE THE WANDERING BREEZES

DUETT

Written & Composed

HON. M^{RS} NORTON.

BOSTON:
Published by GEO. P. REED 17 Tremont Row.

WE ARE THE WANDERING BREEZES .

Allegretto moderato .

HON. M^{rs} NORTON .

Rallent:

PIANO FORTE .

SOPRANO .

We are the wandering breez____es, Which under the green leaves play; Where
 2^d.vrse. Where the light birch gently bind____eth, We come to the sul____try world; And the

CONTRALTO .

We are the wandering breez____es, Which under the green leaves play Where
 2^d.vrse. Where the light birch gently bind____eth We come to the sul____try world And the

PIANO .

e_ver the wild wind plea____ses, All the long summer's day. The
 spir_it of air as cend____eth, Where the fainting flow'rs lie furl'd. Where the

e_ver the wild wind plea____ses All the long summer's day. The
 spir_it of air as cend____eth Where the fainting flow'rs lie furl'd. Where the

bird at sun set wing eth, His way to his downy nest But the
wea-ry watch-er sigh eth, By the sick man couch of pain The

bird at sun set wing eth, His way to his downy nest But the
wea-ry watch-er sigh eth, By the sick man couch of pain The

murmuring breeze still sing eth, When all the worlds at rest.
fresh breezes gen-ly fly eth, To cool his throbing brain.

murmuring breeze still sing eth, When all the worlds at rest. Some
fresh breezes gen-ly fly eth, To cool his throbing brain. Or

times among the bowrs we creep And fan the blushing flowers to sleep
ent-ring with the pale moonsbeam We fan the lov-ers fav-or-ed dream

Or
Or

'midst the tall reed pass—ing thro, We ruffle the face of the wa—ters blue
 breath a whis—per soft and mild, On the peace—ful brow of a cra—dled child

Or in the hea—ther bell; Ring—ing a fai—ry knell!
 Or where the lost one dwell; Gent—ly pause and say farewell!

Or in the hea—ther bell Ring—ing a fai—ry knell!
 Or where the lost one dwell Gent—ly pause and say farewell!

With a sad and gen—tle tone; Like the wind harps faltering moan,
 As the tuf—ted grass we wave; Grow—ing on some lone—ly grave,

Like the wind harps faltering moan
 Grow—ing on some lone—ly grave

5

Like the wind harp's falt ring moan For
 Grow ing on some lone ly grave For

we are the wandering breez es Which under the green leaves play, Where
 we are the wandering breez es Which under the green leaves play, Where

e ver the wild wind plea ses, All the long summer's day.
 e ver the wild wind plea ses, All the long summer's day.

