1830

I've Wandered in Dreams: A Favorite Duet

Josesph Augustine Wade Esqr.

I've wander'd in Dreams,

A FAVORITE DUET

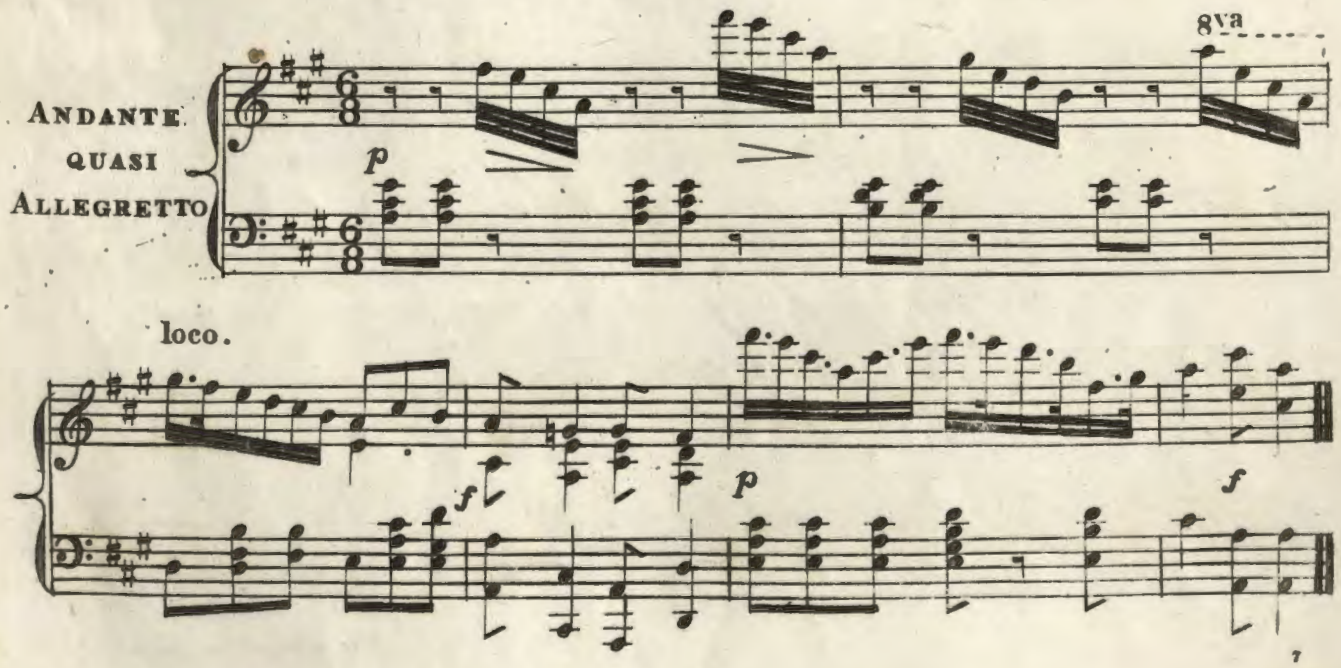
Sung by

The most Celebrated Vocalists

Written & Composed by

J. A. WADE, Esqr.

New York, Firth & Hall, 1, Franklin Square.



I've wander'd in dreams to the moon light's home, In fancy I've been where a thought could roam; I've

p

blissfully gaz'd on the dew__y smiles, Of the maidens that dwell in the star_ry Isles; And have

Colla voce

waken'd from slumber pure and free, From their ai__ry charms to love but thee,

to love, to love to love, to love but thee! I've

p

dreamt about Eden's bliss-ful bowr's, And breath'd the sighing of heavn's own flowr's I've

heard the wild songs of the Paradise birds, But even in sleeping the mem'ry of words Once

spoken by thee, came sweet on mine ear, And the music around me no more would I hear.

Colla voce.

No more no more I lov'd, I lov'd but thee, I

I

I've wanderd in dreams.

lov'd but thee, I lov'd but thee, I lov'd but thee....!

lov'd but thee, I lov'd but thee, I lov'd but thee....!

Tempo di Polacca

Oh not more dear the honied flowr's, Just blown at morning to the bee; Or to the

Oh not more dear the honied flowr's, Just blown at morning to the bee; Or to the

Allegro Vivace.

p

garden summer showr's, Than thou my love, art dear to me: No not more dear the honied

garden summer showr's, Than thou my love, art dear to me: No not more dear the honied

flowr's, Just blown at mornig to the bee; Or to the garden summer showr's, Than thou my

flowr's, Just blown at mornig to the bee; Or to the garden summer showr's, Than thou my

love, art dear to me. Art dear to me, art dear to me . . . ., art

love, art dear to me. Art dear to me, art dear to

f

dear to me art dear to me, to me, to me, to me, to me, art

dear to me, art dear to me, to me, to me, to me, art

dear to me. Oh not more dear the honied flow'rs Just blown at morning to the bee; Or to the

dear to me. Or to the

garden summer show'rs, Than thou, my love art dear to me, than thou, my

garden summer show'rs, Than thou, my love art dear to me, than thou, my

love art dear to me, than thou, my love art dear to

love art dear to me, than thou, my love art dear to

me, than thou, my love art dear to me, art dear

me, than thou, my love art dear to me, art dear

to me, dear art.....

to me, dear art.....

Cadenza ad lib:

.....dear to me.

.....dear to me.

p *f* *ff*

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