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HOW SWEET IS THE LAND

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HOW SWEET IS THE LAND.

W. WHITMARSH.

Andante con espressione.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

How sweet is the land where the beau-ti-ful dwells, Where

f *p*

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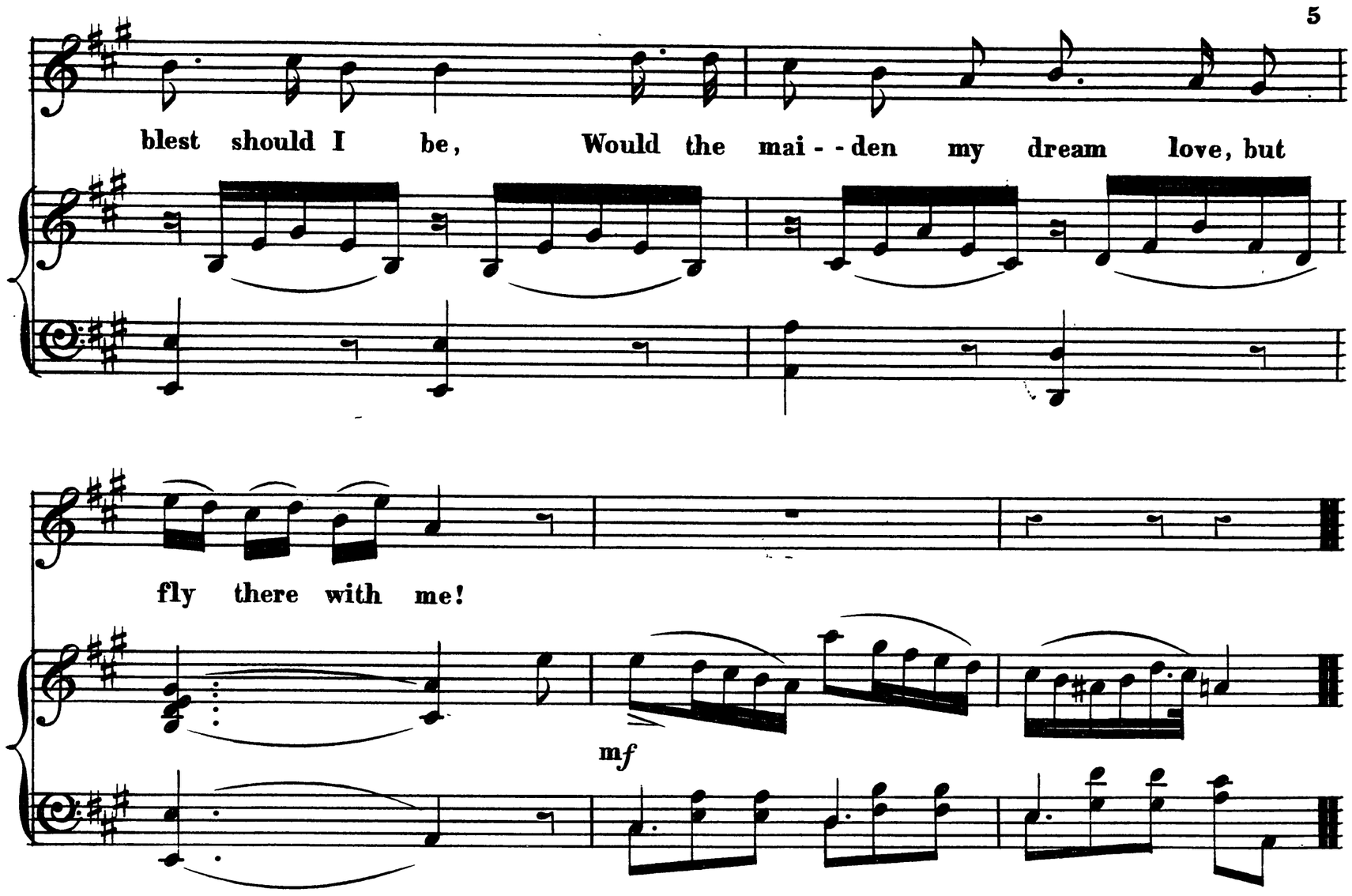
each sparkling dew-drop of happi-ness tells; Where the dal--lying breeze makes a

mel---o-dy sweet, And gai--ly the leaves dance his

kis--ses to greet? 'Tis the land of af-fection, how blest would I be Would the

maiden my dream love, but fly there with me, 'Tis the land of af-fec-tion, how



2.

There the wild birds sing joyful as upward they fly;
Each cloud is gold-tinted that sails o'er the sky,
But when night steals o'er it, the moonbeams so bright,
And softens the heart with a deeper delight.
O could she but know this, I'm sure she would flee
To this happy land, my dear dream love, with me!

3.

There no one grows old, for love's pure, holy flame,
Burning brightly, still keeps the young feelings the same;
Hope's star, ever twinkling, its joy doth impart,
No cloud can o'ershade it, with love at the heart!
O hear me, dear dream love! O listen to me!
I ne'er shall be blest, till I dwell there with thee!

Webb.