

# THE BETROTHED,



Written, composed and inscribed to

**MRS. EDWARD FANT**

OF BALTIMORE, BY

**JOHN. H. HEWITT.**

PHILADELPHIA.

GEO. W. HEWITT & CO. 184 Chesnut St.

Pr. 50 cts.



THE  
BETROTHED  
Ballad  
Written & Composed by  
JOHN H. HEWITT.

Philadelphia, GEO. W. HEWITT & CO. 184 Chestnut S.<sup>t</sup>  
W. M. G. S.

VOCE.

MODERATO.

PIANO

FORTE.

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The piano accompaniment also uses a treble clef for the right hand and a bass clef for the left hand, with a key signature of one sharp and common time. The tempo is marked 'MODERATO.' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef, one sharp, and common time. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef, both with one sharp and common time. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

The Ba - ron had a daughter fair But



sixteen summers had she seen, Her heart was light, no grief was

there, And lov'd by all was she I ween; But

Love hath wiles for Beauty's smiles, An Al - pine hunter young and

bold, Oft sought her bow'r at even - ing hour, And



ma - ny a tale of rap - ture told. "Fly ——— to the

moun - tain" whis - per'd he ——— Eu - li ho

Eu - li oh Eu - li ho ——— "Fly ——— to the moun - tain

love with me" Eu - re la ha Eu - re la ha



la la la

*8va loco*

2.

But she, the young betrothed, was claim'd  
 By Ulrich's lord, the proud and old;  
 The day was fix'd, the dower named  
 And counted out in shining gold.  
 The halls were bright that nuptial night,  
 And gladness through the castle rung;  
 But there was one, who stood alone,  
 And softly to the maiden sung —  
 "Fly to the mountain — fly with me,  
 Maiden of love! I wait for thee!"

3.

A steed stood at the castle gate,  
 And dark and lowering was the night;  
 Soon on his back the lovers sat;  
 And swift and silent was their flight.  
 Now, joy betide the hunter's bride,  
 Who gave a heart no gold could buy;  
 Long may she roam her mountain home,  
 And sing the alpine melody.  
 "Life in the mountain wilds for me!  
 Life in the valley, love, with thee."