

To the Misses Clemens.

BALLAD

I set my heart upon a

BLOSSOM

BY
Alice Hawthorne

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Guitar.

Price 25 Cts.

Piano.

R.M. Gaw. Sc.



I set my heart upon a Flower

By

ALICE HAWTHORNE

AUTHOR OF

P. M. Sawl.

What is home without a Mother.
Come gather 'round the Hearth.
How sweet are the Roses.
Rebecca at the Well.
The Pet of the Cradle.
Song of the Farmer.
Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.
The Golden Moon.
Let us live with a Hope.

My Cottage Home.
Chimes of the Monastery.
My early Fireside.
Mercys' Dream.
The love of one fond Heart.
Listen to the Mocking Bird.
Dreams that charmed me when a Child.
The Days gone by.
Our good old Friends.

VOICE

Moderato.

PIANO

The first system of the musical score features a voice line at the top and a piano accompaniment below. The piano part is written in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' The piano part begins with a forte (f) dynamic and transitions to piano (p) later in the system.

The second system of the musical score continues the piano accompaniment from the first system. It maintains the same key signature and time signature. The dynamics continue to fluctuate between forte (f) and piano (p).

Just Published, "HAWTHORN LEAVES," being Variations upon the above Melodies by CHAS. GROBE. Price 37½ Cts. each.

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SONG.

VOICE

1st Ver. I set my heart up - on a flow'r, And watch'd it bloom from
 2^d ,, I set my heart up - on a form, And hoped to win an
 3^d ,, But oh! the flow'r that bloom'd at first, Seem'd sweet - er far than

PIANO.

day to day; But in a dark and storm - - y hour Its
 earl - - y love; But on - - ly lived to learn how vain And
 all the rest, And that one heart I sought to win I

leaves were scat - ter'd far a - way : I could have wept when
 fruit - - less ev - ry hope could prove. And then I dream'd of
 feel I could have lov'd the best; But tho' the world be

I be - held , That all my care had been in vain , But
 oth - - er eyes , Of hearts that might as lov - - ing be , And
 fill'd with flow'rs , And hearts that beam thro' lov - - ing eyes , Oh!

oer my soul there came a hope To have it bud and bloom a - gain.
 with a friend - ship deep and warm I sought for one to wel - come me.
 what are all their charms if not The first of all we learn to prize .

p *p* *f*