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To Mrs. Jennie Shaw Brown.

THE JOYFUL SUMMER'S COME

BALLAD

WRITTEN BY

H. G. Watson

Composed by

G. LAYE NU.

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THE JOYFUL SUMMERS COME.

L. LAVENU.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO

FORTE.

mf

The first system of the piano accompaniment, consisting of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The music begins with a series of chords in the bass, followed by a melodic line in the treble. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The system ends with a measure containing the word 'The'.

The second system of the musical score, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The lyrics are: 'hap - py summer's come ! The time of fruit and flowers; The'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the bass and a melodic line in the treble. The system ends with a measure containing the word 'The'.

bal - my breeze sweeps thr'o the trees, And plea - sure speeds the hours.

f

The hap - py summer's come! The

p

bal - my breeze sweeps thr'o the trees, And plea - sure speeds the hours.

f

And mer - ry notes from sweet birds throats, Ring

stacc:

thr'o the bal-my air, The earth is bright with radiant life, And

stacc:

> Rallen: - - - - -

joy is eve-ry - where with light And joy is eve-ry - where with light And

- - - - - a tempo.

joy is eve-ry - where The hap-py summers come The

time of fruits and flowers; The bal-my breeze sweeps thr'o the trees And

pleasure speeds the hours.

The

joy - ful summer's come! How gay the earth ap - - pears; The

heart re - calls no more its grief, The eye for - gets its tears.

The joy-ful summer's come! The

heart re-calls no more its griefs, The eye for-gets its tears.

And all the day we wend our way, Midst
stace:

groves and blooming flow'rs; The wea-ry sad, all now seem glad, In

7

> **Rallen:** - - - - -

summer's laughing hours! all glad, In summer's laughing hours, all glad In

- - - - - a tempo.

summer's laughing hours The joy - ful summer's come! How

gay the fruits and flowers; The heart re - calls no more, its grief In

summer's laughing hours.

f *ff*

THE HISTORY OF THE
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FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME

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