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1898

The Hymn She Sang To Me

Chas Miller

Arranger

James R Homer

Composer

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Rose Pent.
DEDICATED TO MAY STORMS.

THE HYMN SHE SANG TO ME

Sung with great
Success by
SMITH-FOWLER.

WORDS AND MUSIC
By

JAMES R. HOMER.

50, Cents.



Up. 001900
1898
HYMN

THE HYMN SHE SANG TO ME.

Words and Music by JAS. R. HOMER.

Arranged by CHAS. MILLER.

Moderato.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The first system is an instrumental introduction for the piano, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second system contains the first two lines of the song. The third system contains the final two lines of the song. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *rit.* (ritardando).

1. At dusk last night I sat a - lone and thought of days long gone, The
 2. It seemed to me as I sat there and heard that hymn de - vine, That

fire in the grate burned bright my thoughts all turned to song, A
 moth - er dear sat in her chair as in the old - en time, And

4

pict - ure hung up - on the wall of one I loved most dear, It
mem - 'ry brought to mind once more when I was young and free, When

brought me back to child-hood days and too my eyes brought tears, 'Twas a
as a child I used to play at dear old moth - er's knee, She is

pho - to - graph of dear moth - er the one that I loved best, As
dwell - ing with the an - gels now at rest for - ev - er - more, But

I sat there it seemed to speak to me, And then I heard that old re-frain so
still her spir - it hov - ers o - ver me, I hear a - gain that old re-frain as

dear to one and all, Near - er my God to thee.
I've oft heard be - fore, Near - er my God to thee.

CHORUS: with feeling.

Near - er my God to thee, Near - er to

thee, E'en though it be a cross,

That was the hymn she sang to me.

Silac trees are blowing in the Carnes by the gate -
 Mamma in the little Cabin door, curly headed pickaninny coming
 home so late. Cryin cause his little heart is sore. ~~of~~
 all the Children playing round here skin so white and fair.
 None of them with him will ens play. so Mamma in
 his lap takes the little Sleeping chaff, and says in his kind
 old way.

Chorus
 now honey go - stay in yo own back yard
 down near what dem white Children do.

What show yo suppose dey a give to job -

A black little corn like yo.

So stay on dis side of de high board fence.

An honey down cry so hard, go out an aplay for a bunch
 As yo please. But stay in yo own back Yard.

Every day the Children as they passed old Mamma's place
 Ramping home from School at night or noon.
 Peering through the fence would see this eager little face.
 Such a wistful handsome little corn. till one day the little
 face was gone for ever more. God had called this dusky
 little elf.

And Mamma in the door sat and rocked as oft
 before, and turned to his old Black self.

Chorus