

DESERTED.

Words by Richard Kendall Munkittrick.

MARGARET RUTHVEN LANG.

Allegro ma non troppo.

p

mp

mf *larga-*

mente

High in the peartree's branches, A nest swings to and fro; And the

winds about it moan-ing, Fill it with drifting snow; And a

lone bird soft-ly twit-ters, When wanes the ghostly day:

Led. * *Led.* * *Led.* * *Led.* *

Led. * *Led.* * *Led.* * *Led.* *

Led. * *Led.* * *Led.* * *Led.* *

mp

"Oh, where are the redbreast lov - - ers, Who lin - gered here in

mp

ped. * *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* *

un poco

May?"

mp

ped. * *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* *

meno mosso

mp

On the hill-top stands a ru - in, Be - yond the dreary plain, And the

mp

mf

wind — sends the wild snow fly - ing Through ev'ry bro - ken pane; While

ped. * *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* *

mp
moans on the hearth for - sa - ken, An owl of or - ders gray: "Oh,

mp
Led. * Led. * Led. * Led. * Led. *

f where are the happy lov - ers, *mf* Where are the hap - py lov - ers; Who

f Led. * Led. * *mf* Led. * Led. *

lin - gered, Who lin - gered here in

poco rit.
Led. * Led. * *poco rit.* Led. *

e dim. May; Here in May?"

e dim. *pp*
Led. * Led. * Led. * Led. * Led. *