

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

POETRY BY

FRANCIS BENNOCH, ESQ.

MUSIC BY J. L. HATTON.

Maestoso.

f

With lof - ty song we love to cheer The hearts of dar - ing

f *rf* *rf*

p

men; Ap - plaud - ed thus, they glad - ly hear The trum - pet's call a - gain. But now we sing of low - ly deeds De - vo - ted to the

The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a common time signature. The tempo is marked 'Maestoso.' and the dynamics range from *f* (forte) to *p* (piano). The lyrics are: 'With lof - ty song we love to cheer The hearts of dar - ing men; Ap - plaud - ed thus, they glad - ly hear The trum - pet's call a - gain. But now we sing of low - ly deeds De - vo - ted to the'.

brave, Where she, who stems the wound that bleeds, A he-ro's life may save. And he-roes sav'd ex-ult-ing tell How well her voice they

ad lib.

dol. *sosten.* *p* *colla voce.*

knew; How sor-row near it could not dwell, But spread . . . its wings and flew.

f *rf* *rf* *p* *dim.*

2.
 Neglected, dying in despair,
 They lay till woman came
 To soothe them with her gentle care,
 And feed life's flickering flame.
 When wounded sore, on fever's rack,
 Or cast away as slain,
 She call'd their flutt'ring spirits back,
 And gave them strength again;
 They might not see the smiling face,
 Which suff'ring could dispel.
 But they could turn and kiss the place
 On which her shadow fell.

3.
 When words of wrath profaning rung,
 She mov'd with pitying grace;
 Her presence still'd the wildest tongue,
 And holy grew the place.
 They knew that they were car'd for then,
 Their eyes forgot their tears;
 In dreamy sleep they lost their pain,
 And thought of early years.—
 Of early years, when life was fair,—
 Of faces sweet and pale:
 They woke—the angel bending there
 Was Florence Nightingale!