

# WHY DOETH THE BULBUL TO THE ROSE;

## A SONG.

COMPOSED BY W. C. PETERS.

PIANO FORTE-VOCE.

*fz* *Alla polacca.*

The first system of music features a piano accompaniment on the left and a vocal line on the right. The piano part is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a forte (*fz*) dynamic and is marked *Alla polacca*. The vocal line starts with a whole note rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

8va.

The second system continues the piano accompaniment and vocal line. The piano part maintains its rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal line continues with eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a double bar line.

Why doth the Bulbul to the rose Re - peat his nightly lay, Yet

The third system introduces the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic rhythmic pattern. The vocal line is written in a soprano register, indicated by the *8va.* marking above the first system. The lyrics are: "Why doth the Bulbul to the rose Re - peat his nightly lay, Yet".

cease at morn, because he knows, Thou'd't shame his me - lo - dy? Why do those bright Se-

The fourth system continues the musical and lyrical progression. The piano accompaniment remains consistent. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "cease at morn, because he knows, Thou'd't shame his me - lo - dy? Why do those bright Se-".

ra - phic eyes, That round us nightly shine, Re - tire when morning bids thee rise, Be-

The fifth system concludes the musical and lyrical phrase on this page. The piano accompaniment continues until the end of the system. The vocal line finishes with the lyrics: "ra - phic eyes, That round us nightly shine, Re - tire when morning bids thee rise, Be-".



cause they yield to thine— Re - tire when morning bids thee rise, Be - cause they yield to

thine. Why doth the Bulbul to the rose Re - peat his nightly lay, Yet

cease at dawn, because he knows Thou'd'st shame his me - lo - dy, his me - lo - dy, Thou'd'st

shame his mel - - - o - dy.

Sva.

II.

I twin'd a wreath at Matin hour,  
 And bound it in thy hair,  
 The dew was dripping from the flow'r,  
 That blush'd in beauty there;

But look, e'en now, ere close of day,  
 How pale the wreath I wove,  
 The flowers have died of jealousy,  
 While I expire of love—  
 The flowers have died of jealousy,  
 While I expire of love!