



(Drawn by J. M'L. RALSTON.)

The Anglers.

Words by DR. J. F. WALLER.

Music by BERTHOLD TOURS.

VOICE. *p* 'Twas on a day in

PIANO. *Allegretto con anima.* *p*

au - tumn grey, When clouds were in the sky, A maid - en fair with gold - en hair A

ri - ver - side strolled by; And down the stream an an - gler came, With rod and net sup - plied,..... His

cres - cen - do. *cres - cen - do.*

mf *ri - tard - an - do.* *a tempo.*

line he flung the rip-ple a-mong, Till he reached the maid-en's side. "What sport to-day, Sir

mf *colla voce.* *dim.* *p*

mf *p*

An - gler, pray?" The maid-en smi - ling said, "Bad sport, in sooth," re - plied the youth, "I've

pp *mf*

pp *dolce.*

caught no fish, fair maid." "Come, let..... me try to cast the fly;

p *dim.* *pp dolce*

cres - cen - - do. *f* *molto ritard.*

Give me thy rod and line." He gave and said, "What-e'er, fair maid, Thou'lt catch,... it shall be

cres - - cen - - do. *f* *colla voce.*

a tempo. *pp*

thine." The line she cast, the fly caught fast, No fish she brought to land, For

p *dim.*

ritard - - an - do. *più tranquillo.*

when she thought a fish she'd caught, She hooked the an - gler's hand. With ten - der care the

con espress. *pp tranquillo.*

pp *dim.....*

maid - en fair To draw the barb es - said; But the youth said, "Nay; my hand, I pray, Take with my-

- self, with my-self, dear maid, Take with my - self, dear maid." Then with a smile, his

net the while A - round her head he cast, And archly said, "My own dear maid,

I've caught my fish at last." Whe-ther the hook from his hand she took,

I care not to re - veal; But I heard next spring the church-bells ring A mer - ry wed - ding

peal, A mer - ry wedding peal.

molto cres - cen - do. *f*

molto cres - cen - do.

f *pp* *dim.* *pp legato.*

p

pp *mf* *cres -*

colla voce. *pp* *mf* *cres - cen -*

cres - cen - do. *f* *più allegro.*

do. *f* *ff*

PED. * PED. *

PED. * PED. *

PED. * PED. *

Come Recit.

PED. *

PED. *

PED. *