

The Street Singer.

Words by EDWARD OXENFORD.

Music by ARTHUR CARNALL, Mus. B.

VOICE.

1. Out in the bleak night air,
 2. Rich - es are good, they say;
 3. Cha - ri - ty must be dead,

PIANO.

Andante.
mf

PED. $\frac{8}{8}$ *

Prey to the wind and snow, My song flies far on the cru-el storm-blast That
 Pos - si - bly they may be; I do not know, for they nev - er came near And
 Bur - ied, and out of sight; For hearts seem cold as the ice - bound street, And

accel. e cres. - - - - - *cent - do.*

f *dim.* *Andante con moto.*
mf

mocks at its tone of woe. Lone in the dark bare street,
 of-fered them - selves to me. Bread is my dain - ty fare,
 closed to the sense of

rall. *dal segno* $\frac{8}{8}$ *p*

cres.

Hun - gry and cold sing I; Oh, few e'er pi - ty my
 Wa - ter its clos - est friend; So what know I of

p

Adagio.

sad, sad lot, Or glance as they pass me by.
broad tables spread With vic - tuals from end to end? 3. right.

rall. *p* *rall.*

f Grandioso. *cres.*

Yet I will bear my lot,..... Strug - gle as best I

dim.

may..... For, oh! there is a heaven - ly home, Where

dim.

p *rall. molto.*

trou - ble is swept a - way,..... Where trou - ble is swept a - - way.

p tranquillo.