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DELIVERED TO THE
MAY 8 - 1900
Music Department

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO THE
WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION OF AMERICA.

LITTLE BESSIE.

Song and Chorus,

COMPOSED BY

J. M. Davinger.

MARION, OHIO:

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Little Bessie.

One dismal, stormy night in winter, a little girl, barefooted and miserably clad, leaned shivering against a lamp-post in one of our large cities. "Nissie," said a passing stranger, "Why don't you go home?" She raised her pale face, and with tears dimming her sweet, blue eyes, answered mournfully; "I have no home, Father's a Drunkard, and Mother is dead."

Music by J. M. BARRINGER.

Introduction.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Cantabile Sostenuto. *Dolce.* *Rit. 1.*

Slowly and tenderly.

1. Out in the gloom - y night sad - ly I roam; I have no moth - er dear,
 2. We were so hap - py 'till fath - er drank rum; Then all our sor - row and
 3. Oh! if the temp'rance men on - ly could find, Poor wretch - ed fath - er and

No pleas - ant home, No one now cares for me, no - one would cry:
 trou - ble be - gun, Moth - er grew pale and wept ev - ery day,
 talk to him kind, Oh, if they would stop him from drink - ing, then,

E - ven if poor lit - tle Bes - sie should die, Wea - ry and tired I've been
 Ba - by and I were too hun - gry to play, Slow - ly they fad - ed 'till
 I should be so ver - y hap - py a - gain, Is it too late temp'rance

wand'ring all day; Ask - ing for work but I'm too small they say,
 one sum - mer night, Found their dead fa - ces all si - lent and white,
 men please to try, Or poor lit - tle Bes - sie must soon starve and die,

Ad - lib - e. Rit.

All the day long I've been begging for bread, "Fath - er's a drunkard, and Mother is dead."
 Then with big tears, slowly dropping I said, "Fath - er's a drunkard, and Mother is dead."
 On the damp ground I must now lay my head, "Fath - er's a drunkard, and Mother is dead."

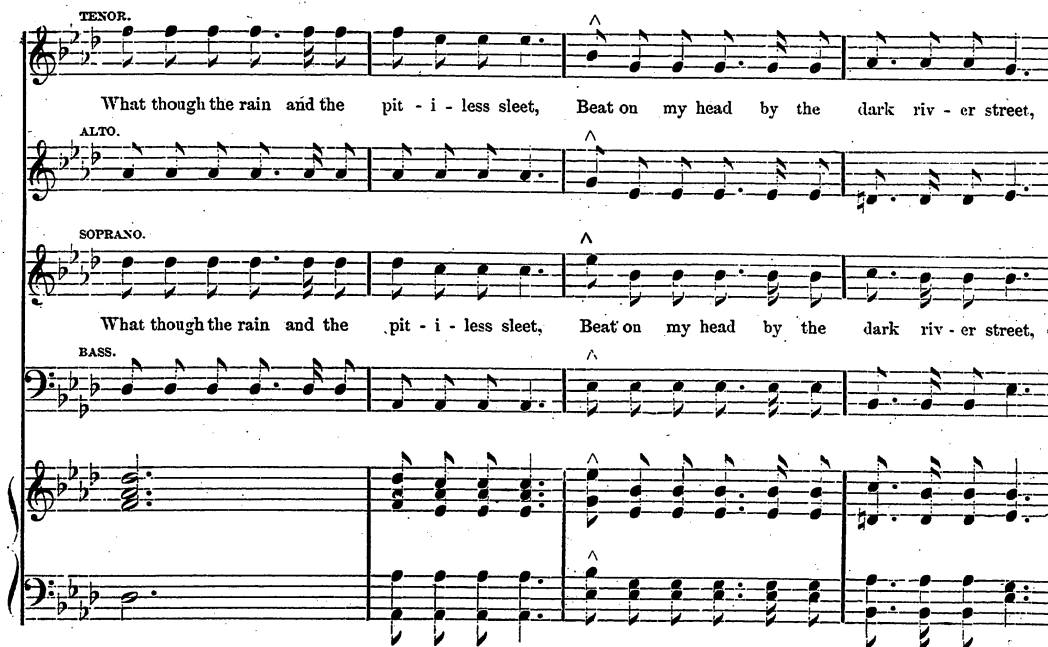
CHORUS.

TENOR.
What though the rain and the pit - i - less sleet, Beat on my head by the dark riv - er street,

ALTO.
What though the rain and the pit - i - less sleet, Beat on my head by the dark riv - er street,

SOPRANO.
What though the rain and the pit - i - less sleet, Beat on my head by the dark riv - er street,

BASS.
What though the rain and the pit - i - less sleet, Beat on my head by the dark riv - er street,



Angels will bear me to - night should I die, Up to their beau - ti - ful Eden on high.

Angels will bear me to - night should I die, Up to their beau - ti - ful Eden on high.

