



Op. 49.

50 *net*

BOSTON:

Published by OLIVER DITSON 115 Washington St.

New York GOULD & BERRY.

New Orleans H. D. HEWITT.

Louisville G. W. BRAINARD & CO.

Boston C. C. CLAPP & CO.

Entered according to act of Congress, A. D. 1852, by Oliver Ditson in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Mass.

Freem. Sc.

"OH! TOUCH THOSE THRILLING CHORDS AGAIN."

Written by Mrs. E. J. Eames.

Music by W. R. Dempster.



Andante.



Oh!



touch those thrilling chords a-gain, And sing that song once more; . . . 'Tis



one I loved in oth-er days, And used to sing of yore; When this

heart was sun - light all and bloom, And free as wild bird's wing. . . . 'Twas

Cres. *f* *Rall.*

Cres. *f* *Rall.* *p*

then I loved to hear the song That now I bid thee sing, That

Dolce a tempo.

Colla voce

now I bid thee sing.

f

Thou say'st it is a sim - ple thing, And

has no charm for thee; Oh, thou can nev - er nev - er know How

dear it is to me; Thou canst not know the mem - o - ries That

Cres. *f* *Rall.* *p* *A tempo.*
wake in ev' - ry strain; Then smile not at my ear - nest - ness But

Cres. *f* *Rall.* *p* *Colla voce.*

sing it o'er a - gain, But sing it o'er a - - gain.

It

was the first, the first sweet song Of one who cared for me, I

Poco lento.
learned it from the lips of love, When stars were on the sea..... But the
Colla voce.

p *A tempo.*
min - strel's hand is cold and still, And si - lent is that lute; And the

hal - lowed lips Whence flow'd that song, Are now for - ev - er mute..... Are

now for - ev - er mute.....

Oh, ma - ny fond re - mem - bran - ces Are

blend - ed in that lay,..... And each soft tone wafts my full heart To

scenes of life's young day..... Then touch the sil - ver - chorded lute, And

Cres. *f Rall.* *A tempo.*
sing that song once more..... 'Twas sung to me by my be-loved In

Cres. *f Rall.* *Colla voce.*

hap - py days of yore..... In hap-py days of yore.....

2711