



Nellie

Aldine S. Kieffer
(1840-1904)

S
The wind sweeps down the mead - ow, The snow lies on the hill, And

A
The wind sweeps down the mead - ow, The snow lies on the hill, And

T
The wind sweeps down the mead - ow, The snow lies on the hill, And

B
The wind sweeps down the mead - ow, The snow lies on the hill, And

Nellie

6

S in old win - ter's bo - som The brook - let sleep - eth chill; The

A in old win - ter's bo - som The brook - let sleep - eth chill; The

T in old win - ter's bo - som The brook - let sleep - eth chill; The

B in old win - ter's bo - som The brook - let sleep - eth chill; The

10

S earth has lost its beau - ty, The skies are clad in gloom; For

A earth has lost its beau - ty, The skies are clad in gloom; For

T earth has lost its beau - ty, The skies are clad in gloom; For

B earth has lost its beau - ty, The skies are clad in gloom; For

14

S she is gone,— my dar - ling— To sleep with - in the tomb.

A she is gone,— my dar - ling— To sleep with - in the tomb.

T she is gone,— my dar - ling— To sleep with - in the tomb.

B she is gone,— my dar - ling— To sleep with - in the tomb.

CHORUS

S Oh, Nel - lie, my Nel - lie, My dar - ling, my bride! Thy

A Oh, Nel - lie, my Nel - lie, My dar - ling, my bride! Thy

T Oh, Nel - lie, my Nel - lie, My dar - ling, my bride! Thy

B Oh, Nel - lie, my Nel - lie, My dar - ling, my bride! Thy

²²
S slum - bers are lone - ly Up - on the cold hill - side.

A slum - bers are lone - ly Up - on the cold hill - side.

T slum - bers are lone - ly Up - on the cold hill - side.

B slum - bers are lone - ly Up - on the cold hill - side.

VERSE 2

²⁶
S The winds of win - ter lone - ly Chant dir - ges o'er her grave; And

A The winds of win - ter lone - ly Chant dir - ges o'er her grave; And

T The winds of win - ter lone - ly Chant dir - ges o'er her grave; And

B The winds of win - ter lone - ly Chant dir - ges o'er her grave; And

Nellie

31

S round a - bout it on - ly The leaf - less wil - lows wave; No

A round a - bout it on - ly The leaf - less wil - lows wave; No

T round a - bout it on - ly The leaf - less wil - lows wave; No

B round a - bout it on - ly The leaf - less wil - lows wave; No

35

S pleas - ant flow'rs are swell - ing To burst their rich per - fume, Nor

A pleas - ant flow'rs are swell - ing To burst their rich per - fume, Nor

T pleas - ant flow'rs are swell - ing To burst their rich per - fume, Nor

B pleas - ant flow'rs are swell - ing To burst their rich per - fume, Nor

39

S sum - mer grass - es grow - ing To clothe her peace - ful tomb.

A sum - mer grass - es grow - ing To clothe her peace - ful tomb.

T sum - mer grass - es grow - ing To clothe her peace - ful tomb.

B sum - mer grass - es grow - ing To clothe her peace - ful tomb.

VERSE 3

43

S But there will come the sum - mer, And there will fall the rain, And

A But there will come the sum - mer, And there will fall the rain, And

T But there will come the sum - mer, And there will fall the rain, And

B But there will come the sum - mer, And there will fall the rain, And

48

S there the ten - der wil - low Shall yet grow green a - gain; And

A there the ten - der wil - low Shall yet grow green a - gain; And

T there the ten - der wil - low Shall yet grow green a - gain; And

B there the ten - der wil - low Shall yet grow green a - gain; And

52

S there the South - wind's call - ing Shall wak - en fra - grant flow'rs, And

A there the South - wind's call - ing Shall wak - en fra - grant flow'rs, And

T there the South - wind's call - ing Shall wak - en fra - grant flow'rs, And

B there the South - wind's call - ing Shall wak - en fra - grant flow'rs, And

56

S there shall birds sing sweet - ly In hap - py sum - mer hours.

A there shall birds sing sweet - ly In hap - py sum - mer hours.

T there shall birds sing sweet - ly In hap - py sum - mer hours.

B there shall birds sing sweet - ly In hap - py sum - mer hours.

VERSE 4

60

S And Oh! there comes a sum - mer More pre - cious, sweet and fair, When

A And Oh! there comes a sum - mer More pre - cious, sweet and fair, When

T And Oh! there comes a sum - mer More pre - cious, sweet and fair, When

B And Oh! there comes a sum - mer More pre - cious, sweet and fair, When

65

S we shall, like earth's flow - ers, New robes of beau - ty wear; And

A we shall, like earth's flow - ers, New robes of beau - ty wear; And

T we shall, like earth's flow - ers, New robes of beau - ty wear; And

B we shall, like earth's flow - ers, New robes of beau - ty wear; And

69

S then we'll rise to - geth - er And walk these fields a - gain, And

A then we'll rise to - geth - er And walk these fields a - gain, And

T then we'll rise to - geth - er And walk these fields a - gain, And

B then we'll rise to - geth - er And walk these fields a - gain, And

73

S sing with all the an - gels Re - demp - tion's joy - ful strain.

A sing with all the an - gels Re - demp - tion's joy - ful strain.

T sing with all the an - gels Re - demp - tion's joy - ful strain.

B sing with all the an - gels Re - demp - tion's joy - ful strain.

Ruebush, Kieffer & Co.
(1872)

Aldine Silliman Kieffer (1840-1904) was born near Miami, Missouri. As a child, received musical training from his father, a farmer who also taught singing classes. After his father's death, he continued studies with his mother and his grandfather Joseph Funk, the noted Mennonite musician and music publisher. At 16, he became a teacher in his grandfather's singing schools. In the Civil War, he served in the Tenth Virginia Infantry and was a prisoner of war in Fort Delaware. After the war, he continued his musical work, issuing the song book "Christian Harp." He taught normal schools in several states and with Ephraim Ruebush. He took over his grandfather's publishing company and, with Ruebush and John W. Howe, founded the Kieffer, Ruebush, & Company music publishing house. The company published numerous volumes of songs and the periodical the *Musical Million*, one of the leading tools promoting shape note music for almost a half century. The publication helped link teachers and students across the country, and published many songs in its pages. He died in Dayton, Virginia.

The wind sweeps down the meadow,
The snow lies on the hill,
And in old winter's bosom
The brooklet sleepeth chill;
The earth has lost its beauty,
The skies are clad in gloom;
For she is gone,— my darling—
To sleep within the tomb.

*Oh, Nellie, my Nellie,
My darling, my bride!
Thy slumbers are lonely
Upon the cold hillside.*

The winds of winter lonely
Chant dirges o'er her grave;
And round about it only
The leafless willows wave;
No pleasant flowers are swelling
To burst their rich perfume,
Nor summer grasses growing
To clothe her peaceful tomb.

But there will come the summer,
And there will fall the rain,
And there the tender willow
Shall yet grow green again;
And there the Southwind's calling
Shall waken fragrant flowers,
And there shall birds sing sweetly
In happy summer hours.

And Oh! there comes a summer
More precious, sweet and fair,
When we shall, like earth's flowers,
New robes of beauty wear;
And then we'll rise together
And walk these fields again,
And sing with all the angels
Redemption's joyful strain.

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