The Dying Californian

Lie up near - - er broth-er near - er, For my limbs ____ are grow-ing cold. And your

pres - - ence seems the dear - er, When your arms ____ a - round me fold. I am

dy—— ing, broth-er dy-ing__ Soon you'll miss___ me in your berth, And my

Ooh__

form___ will soon be ly-ing__ 'neath the o___ cean's brin-y surf. Tell my

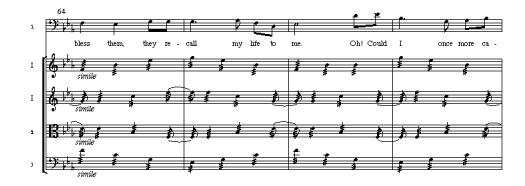fath-er when you meet him that in death I prayed for him. Prayed that I might some-day

Ooh__

Solo

Solo

Solo

Solo

(measures deleted -- sample excerpt only)

Lyrics (line 40): kissed her, As his lips _____ grew pale & cold. Tell my

Lyrics (line 44, Poco più mosso): sis - ter I re - mem - ber ev - 'ry kind and part - ing word, And my

Lyrics line (m. 48): heart has been kept ten - der, as my thoughts of mem - 'ry stirred. List - en

Lyrics line (m. 52): broth - er, close - ly list - en, 'tis my wife I speak of now. Tell her,

tell her how I missed her, when the fe____ver burned my brow.

unis. - arco

Meno Mosso

rit. *mf*

Oh, my chil - dren, heav - en

Meno Mosso

Andante

bless them, they re - call my life to me. Oh! Could I once more ca -

ress them, ere I sink be - low the sea. Hark I hear my Sav - iour

Hark I hear my Sav - iour

(measures deleted -- sample excerpt only)

near - er.   Broth - er,   here's _____   my   last   fare - well. _____