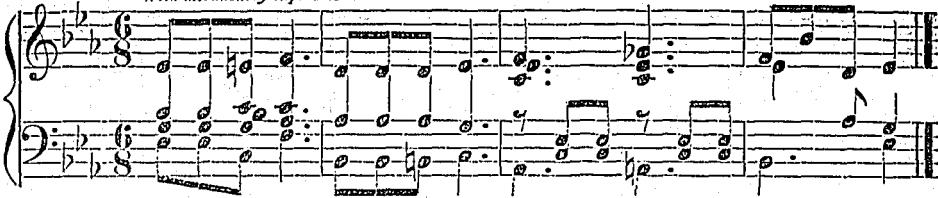


# SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

AIR—OPEN THE DOOR.

HARMONIZED FOR ONE, TWO, OR THREE VOICES.

*With melancholy expression.*



FIRST VOICE.

1. She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps, And  
TENOR.  
lovers are round her sigh - ing:

2. She sings the wild song of her dear native plains, Ev'ry note which he lov'd a - wak - ing;

3. He had liv'd for his love, for his coun-try he died, They were all that life had en - twin'd him;

But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps, For her heart in his grave is ly - ing.

Ah! little they think who delight in her strains, That the heart of the minstrel is break-ing.

Nor soon shall the tears of his coun - try be-dried, Nor long will his love stay be - hind him.