

THE
Little Angel:

A SEQUEL TO

Little Barefoot.

SONG AND CHORUS.

"LITTLE BAREFOOT," who is represented in song as having perished by the cold while begging bread for mother,
is now THE LITTLE ANGEL, traversing the Golden Streets Above.

Words by Josephine Furman.

MUSIC BY

H. T. MERRILL.



CHICAGO:

PUBLISHED BY H. T. MERRILL & CO.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year A. D. 1868, by H. T. Merrill, in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court for the Northern Dist. of Ill.

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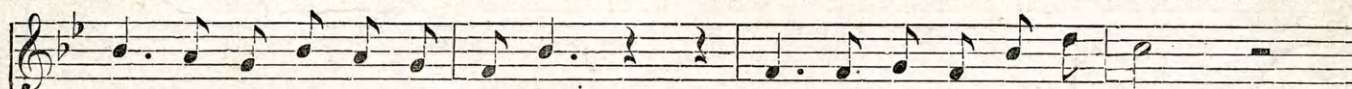
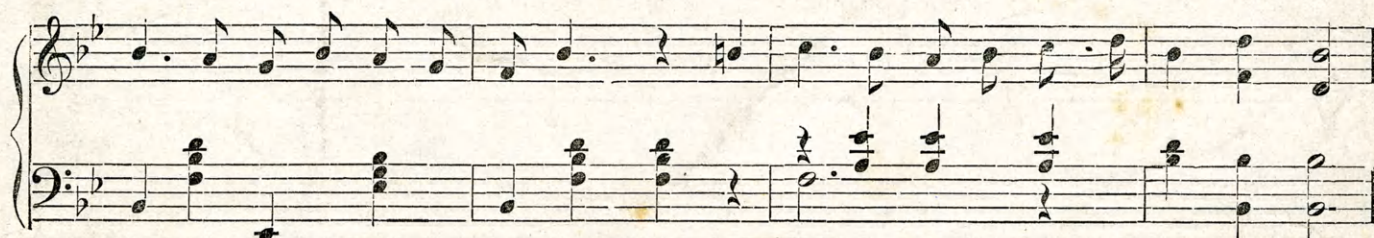
The Little Angel.

Words by Josephine Furman.

Music by H. T. Merrill.

Con Espressione.

Piano.



1. Cold, and dark the shadows gather'd,
2. But for one, a child, who lin-ger'd,
3. Oh! how sad that poor lone moth-er

As the day was set a - side;
Naught of pit - y had she known,
Watch'd the dark'ning hours go by,



Entered, according to act of Congress, A. D., 1868, by H. T. Merrill, in the Clerk's office of the Dist. Court of the U. S. for the Northern Dist. of Illinois.

While still beg-ging bread for moth-er, Lit - tle Barefoot wept and died.
 As they rais'd the lit - tle Stranger, From the cold and fros - ty stone,
 Wait - ing Barefoot's tar - dy com - ing, With a moan, and tear - ful eye,

All this world so cold and heart-less, Ere she trod the "star-ry way,"
 Now no more the scan-ty garment, Now no more the tear of woe,
 On - ly just a lit - tle long - er Weep - ing moth-er must you wait,

Seem'd to her one drea - ry night-time, But she found the per - fect day.
 But she walks in robes of beau - ty, Where the crys - tal fountains flow.
 Ere the ser - aph band will bear thee, Safe with - in the pear - ly gate.

The little angel.

CHORUS, Allegro.

Lit - tle Bare - foot now with sandal'd feet, Sing - ing, trip - ping thro' the gol - den street,

Lit - tle Bare - foot now with sandal'd feet, Sing - ing, trip - ping thro' the gol - den street,

Repeat pp

Floats her sil - v'ry voice from heav'n a-far, Sweeter than the songs, the songs of an - gels are.

Floats her sil - v'ry voice from heav'n a-far, Sweeter than the songs, the songs of an - gels are.

The little angel.

Four Beautiful Songs.

THE OLD HICKORY CANE.—Song and Chorus. Price 30 cents.

How well I re-mem-ber when I was a { boy, } We liv'd in the old - fashion'd home: The chim-ney was deep, And the
 { girl, }
 stone hearth was broad, The fire - dogs, how brightly they shone; The spi - rit of mischief seem'd ev - er in play, We
 tried to keep still, but in vain, The sig - nal for qui - et I ne'er shall for - get, The thump of the old hick'ry cane.

THE LITTLE ANGEL.—Sequel to little Barefoot.—Song and Chorus. Price 30 cents.

Cold, and dark the shadows gather'd, As the day was set a - side; While still begging bread for mother, Little Barefoot wept and died.
 All this world so cold and heartless, Ere she trod the "star - ry way," Seem'd to her one drea - ry night-time, But she found the perfect day.

THE LITTLE GEM—Song and Chorus. Price 30 cents.

1. There is beau - ty in the sun-shine, beau-ty in the greve, Beau-ty in the path - way wher - ev - er you may rove, There is
 beau - ty in the sil - ver - beam that shines up-on the sea, But noth - ing is so beau - ti - ful as dar-ling Jen - nie Lee.

MY MOTHER'S SONG—Song and Chorus. Price 35 cents.

1. In the warm chimney cor - ner the old cra-dle stood, With my moth-er's low chair by its side. And we rocked in that har-bor so
 safe and so good, Ere we launched on life's bil - low - y tide, When I gaze on that cra - dle, my mother's low song Seems to
 steal on my ear as of old, And I long to go back to my childhood a - gain, And be safe in the dear lov - ing fold.

The above Songs are just published with a Chorus and Piano-Forte Accompaniments. Sent by mail on receipt of the price. Address H. T. MERRILL & CO, Chicago, Ill.