

A clean pdf of this music from
which you may make copies
for your choir is available for
\$10 by contacting the
composer at:

MarkMitchellMusic@hotmail.com

The Dying Californian

for SAA

Words and music anonymous, ca. 1854
Adapted and arranged by Mark Mitchell

With great tenderness

Soprano 1 *p*
Lie up near - er, broth-er, near - er, for my limbs are grow - ing cold, and your

Alto 1 *mp*
Lie up near - er, broth-er, near - er, for my limbs are grow-ing cold, and your

Alto 2 *p*
Lie up near - er, broth-er, near - er, for my limbs are grow-ing cold, and your

opt. play a morphing synth low E-flat drone throughout

6 *mp*
pres - ence seem-eth dear - er when your arms a - round me fold. I am dy - ing, sure-ly

p
pres - ence seem-eth dear - er when your arms a - round me fold. I am dy - ing, sure-ly

pres - ence seem-eth dear - er when your arms a - round me fold. I am dy - ing, sure-ly

11 *p*
dy - ing, Soon you'll miss me from your berth; And my soul will soon be ly - ing 'neath the

mp
dy - ing, Soon you'll miss me from your berth; And my soul will soon be ly - ing 'neath the

dy - ing, Soon you'll miss me from your berth; And my soul will soon be ly - ing 'neath the

16 *p*
o - cean's brin-y surf. — I am go - ing, sure-ly go - ing, but my faith in

mp
o - cean's brin-y surf. I am go - ing, sure-ly go - ing, but my faith in God is

p
o - cean's brin-y surf. I am go - ing, sure-ly go - ing, but my faith in God is

21 *mf*
God is strong, I am will - ing, broth-er, know-ing that He do - eth noth-ing wrong. Tell my

strong, I am will - ing, broth-er, know - ing that He do - eth noth - ing wrong.

strong, I am will - ing, broth-er, know - ing that He do - eth noth-ing wrong. —

26 *p*
sis - ter I re-mem-ber ev-ry kind and part-ing word, that my heart has

p *mp*
Tell my sis - ter I re-mem-ber ev-ry kind and part-ing word, that my heart has been kept

p
Tell my sis - ter I re-mem-ber ev-ry kind and part-ing word, that my heart — has been kept

31 *pp*
been kept ten - der by the thoughts her mem-'ry stirred. Lis - ten broth - er, catch each

pp
ten - der by the thoughts her mem - 'ry stirred. Lis - ten broth - er, catch each

pp
ten - der by the thoughts her mem - 'ry stirred. — Lis - ten broth - er, catch each

35

whis-per, 'tis my wife I speak of now: Tell, oh tell her how I missed her when the fev - er burned my

whis-per, 'tis my wife I speak of now: Tell, oh tell her how I missed her when the fev - er burned my

whis-per, 'tis my wife I speak of now: Tell, oh tell her how I missed her when the fev - er burned my

41

mf brow. Tell her she must kiss my child-ren like the kiss I last im-pressed; Hold them as when last I

mf brow. Tell her she must kiss my child-ren like the kiss I last im-pressed; Hold them as when last I

mf brow. Tell her she must kiss my child-ren like the kiss I last im-pressed; Hold them as when last I

47

pp held them, held them close-ly to my breast. Oh, my child ren, heav-en bless them! They were

pp held them, held them close-ly to my breast. Oh, my child ren, heav-en bless them! They were

mp held them, held them close-ly to my breast. Oh, my child ren, heav-en bless them! They were

52

mf Oh, my child ren, heav-en bless them! They were all my life to me. Would I could once more ca-ress them Ere I sink be-neath the sea.

Oh, my child ren, heav-en bless them! They were all my life to me. Would I could once more ca-ress them Ere I sink be-neath the sea.

Oh, my child ren, heav-en bless them! They were all my life to me. Would I could once more ca-ress them Ere I sink be-neath the sea.

58

them I crossed the ocean, What my hopes were I'll not tell;

p Oh _____ Oh _____ I'll not tell; But they

p Oh _____ Oh _____ I'll not tell;

62

pp Oh _____ Oh _____ Lie up near-er, broth-er, near-er, for my

pp gained an or-phan's por-tion, for He do-eth all things well. Lie up near-er, broth-er, near-er, for my

pp Oh _____ Oh _____ Lie up near-er, broth-er, near-er, for my

Rubato

68

limbs are grow-ing cold, and your pres-ence seem-eth dear-er when your arms a-round me

limbs are grow-ing cold, and your pres-ence seem-eth dear-er when your arms a-round me

limbs are grow-ing cold, and your pres-ence seem-eth dear-er when your arms a-round me

73

f fold. I am dy-ing, sure-ly dy-ing, Soon you'll miss me from your berth; And my

f fold. I am dy-ing, sure-ly dy-ing, Soon you'll miss me from your berth; And my

f fold. I am dy-ing, sure-ly dy-ing, Soon you'll miss me from your berth; And my

78

soul will soon be lying 'neath the ocean's briny surf.

soul will soon be lying 'neath the ocean's briny surf.

soul will soon be lying 'neath the ocean's briny surf.

Please

do not

copy