

THE  
**Garden Gate**

A  
**BALLAD**

AS SUNG BY

**Christy's Operatic Company**

*Words & Music Composed by*

**MAX AUGUSTE CHATARD.**



*Philadelphia JOHN MARSH New Masonic Temple  
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E. McCarthy*





THE GARDEN GATE.

M. A. CHATARD.

Allegro comodo.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Swinging on a garden gate, Often when a boy I've sat, The Czar upon his throne of state, Not". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with chords and moving lines.

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "half so happy as I, as I, Not half so happy as I! What set the streamlet flowing.". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "Why were the trees shadow growing? And the broad red sun, where was he going Down from the burning sky?". The piano accompaniment concludes with chords and moving lines.

Swinging on a garden gate, Swinging on a garden gate Swinging on a garden gate!

*mf* *mf* *mf*

Colla voce.

Happy, happy, was I!

2<sup>d</sup> VERSE.

Leaning o'er a garden gate, Once I was wont to wait, From thy lip to hear my fate, Or

*mf* *mf* *mf*

read it in thy downcast eye, Or read it in thy downcast eye, The streamlet by us rushing

*mf*

Red in the sun was blushing I mark'd but never saw her like her Under the summer sky.

Leaning o'er a garden gate, Leaning o'er a garden gate, Leaning o'er a garden gate!

*Colla voce.*

Happy, happy, was I!

*Allegro commodo.*

3<sup>d</sup> Verse.

Tho' no more a boy nor lover, Yet when the day is over, Faithfully my footsteps hover,  
 Round the gate, and neath the tree. The self same gate, and tree, To them new pleasures tending  
 Over my roses bending, Root, and leaf, and petal, tending, Thy dear form I see  
 Close by the garden gate love! Standing by the garden gate love! Leaning o'er that garden gate love! Happy, happy are we.

