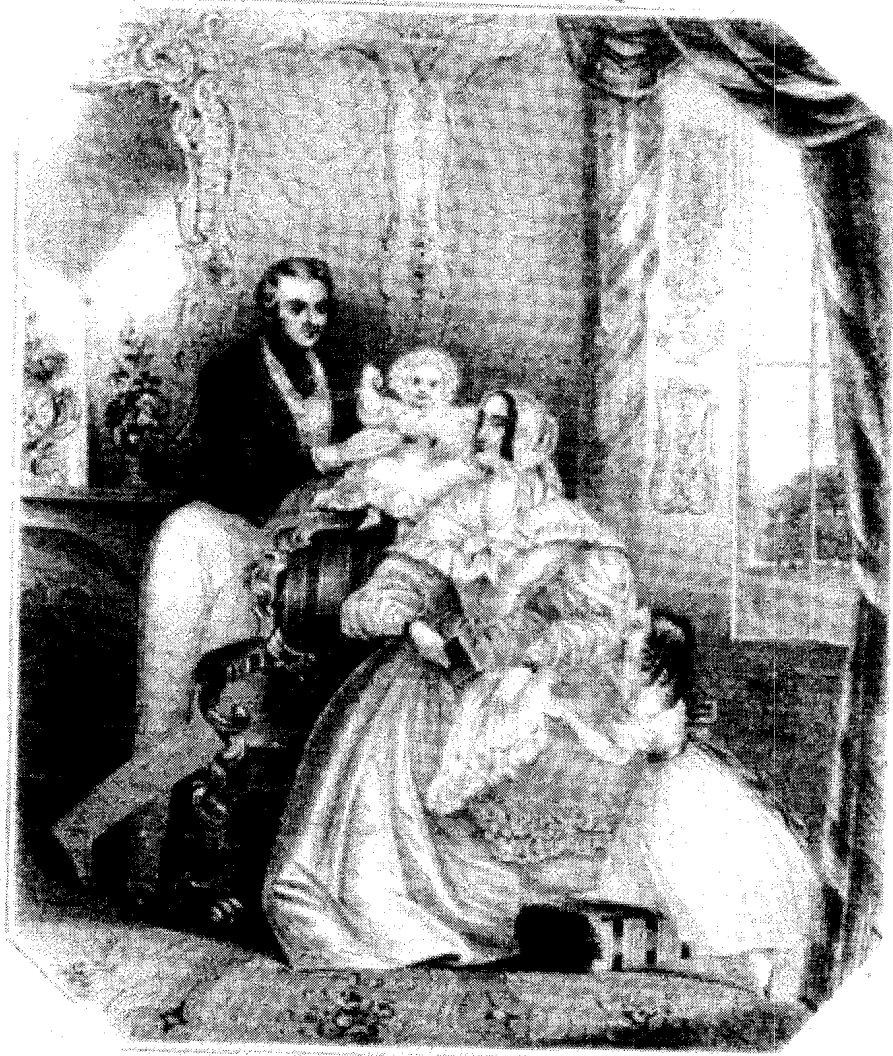


THE FAMILY MINIATURE.

DESIGNED BY

CHARLES SPRAGUE, EN.



DESIGNED BY

**MR. BRANHAM,**

Original and most successful designer in Art by

**MISS AUGUSTA BROWNE.**

Residence of the artist and designer, 47 Nassau Street, N. Y.

or subject to receive the gold of the artist, 47 Nassau Street, N. Y.

NEW YORK.

Printed and Published by J. W. FLEMING, 47 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Poetry by Charles Sprague.

Composed and Arranged by Augusta Browne.

ANDANTINO.  
Ped.

*p*

Congratia.

We

are all here, Fa...ther, Mo...ther, Sis...ter,

*p*

Bro...ther, All who hold each o...ther dear. Each

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 6/8 time, marked 'ANDANTINO' and 'Ped.'. The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The voice part enters with the lyrics 'We are all here, Fa...ther, Mo...ther, Sis...ter, Bro...ther, All who hold each o...ther dear. Each'. The piano accompaniment continues throughout, with dynamics ranging from piano (*p*) to fortissimo (*f*). The score concludes with a final chord in G major.

4  
Con espress.

chair is fill'd were all at home! To night let no dull sor... rowsome; it is not often

thus around, Our old familiar hearth were found. Bless, then the meeting and the spot; For

once be ev...ry care forgot; Let gen...tle peace, as...sert her power, And

Animate.

kind af...fec...tion rule the hour, . . . . We're all, all, here, . . . We're

The family meeting.

all, all, here, We're all, all, here We're

all, all, here.

3d Verse.

We're not all here!

Some

are a.... way - the dead ones dear, Who thronged with us, this

*Con molto Express.*

The family meeting.

ancient hearth, And gave the hour to guilt... less mirth, Fate with a stern, re-

lent-less hand, Look'd in, and thinn'd our lit... the band. Some like a nightflash

pass'd away, And some sank lingering day by day; The qui... et graveyard

some lie there The cruel oc...ean has its share. Were not all,

here, We're not all here, We're not all here, We're

not all here.

NB: The music of the 2<sup>d</sup> Verse, to be used for the 3<sup>d</sup> Verse - Music of the 1<sup>st</sup> Verse to be used for the 4<sup>th</sup> Verse.

3

We are all here,  
 Even they - the dead - though dead, so dear;  
 Fond memory, to her duty true,  
 Brings back their faded forms to view.  
 How life like through the mist of years,  
 Each well-remembered face appears,  
 We see them as in times long past,  
 From each to each kind looks are cast;  
 We hear their words, their smiles beheld,  
 They're round us as they were of old -

We are all here, <

4

We are all here,  
 Father, Mother  
 Sister, Brother,  
 You that I love, with love so dear,  
 This may not long of us be said;  
 Soon must we join the gather'd dead:  
 And by the hearth we now sit round,  
 Some other circle will be found.  
 Oh! then, that wisdom may we know,  
 Which yields a life of peace below:  
 So in the world to follow this,  
 May each repeat, in words of bliss,  
 We're all, all here.