Important Notice!

To avoid confusion, perform this number in Great Britain kindly apply to our London Office, shaftesbury Ave, W.C., for permission, as many numbers are reserved exclusively for artists on the English stage.

Dedicated to the loving memory of "THE QUEEN."

M. WITMARK & SONS.

The Door of Hope.
Baritone or Contralto.

Words by
DAVE REED.

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL.

Andante.

VOICE.

PIANO.

night in an hour of troubled slumber,
As if by the pow'r of fairies wand,
I trudged over mountains without number,
In my search for the great beyond;

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tempest, The furies of Heavn and earth combined.

hausted and helpless I was borne to earth, 'twas the curse of a guilty mind. I heard the crashing of thunder, In

rage the elements rose, The earth seemed bursting a -
sunder, From Heav'n and sweet repose. The

ff a tempo.

Heav'n-ly pow'rs seemed to thrill me. I rose to an endless

accel.

scope, And prayed for light to guide me right, On to the

motto c Cresc. accel.

door of Hope.

ff ff ff fff a tempo.
Più mosso.

The jaws of death like a monster rose, I

knew 'twas the judgment day, Relentless wrath of a

thousand foes, Burst forth as I knelt to pray. I

Meno mosso.

knew alas! 'twas a sinner's doom, Through darkness I rose to

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gropes, And I saw a hand from the angel land Point the

Maestoso. 
molto rit. \quad p a \text{ tempo}

way to the door of Hope. I heard the heavenly

voices, The angels beckoned me on, And

cresc. poco a poco.

as no mortal rejoices, I prayed to soar a -
rit.
non.
The heavenly shrine rose be-

rit.
f a tempo.

fore me, I gazed on its beau-
teous

accel.
rit.
scope, At last my soul had found its goal, There at the

molto cresc. accel. rit.

door of Hope.