



# "WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG"

WORDS BY

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**F. BRET HARTE**

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MUSIC

BY

**CERTRUDE GRISWOLD**

Pr. 50¢

Soprano or Ten. in F.



Alto or Bar. in D.

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# “What the Chimney sang.”

Words by  
F. BRET HARTE.

GERTRUDE GRISWOLD.

Andantino.

**VOICE.**      **PIANO.**

O - ver the chim - ney the

night - wind sang, And chant-ed a mel - o - dy no one knew; And the

cresc.

woman stopp'd as her babe she tossed, And thought of the one she had

rall.

cresc.

rall.

*a tempo.*

long since lost, And said, as the tear - drops back she forced: "I

*a tempo.*

hate the wind in the chim - ney!"

*a tempo.*

O - ver the chim - ney the

night - wind sang, And chant-ed a mel - o - dy no one knew; And the

*string.*

chil - dren said, as they clos - er drew: 'Tis some witch that is cleav-ing the

*string.*

rall.

rall.

black night through, 'Tis a fair - y trum-pet that just then blew, And we

fear the wind in the chim - ney!" O - over the chim - ney the  
a tempo.

night - wind sang, And chant - ed a mel - o - dy no one knew; And the

man, as he sat on his hearth be - low, Said to him - self: "It will

rall.

sure - ly snow, And fu - el is dear and wag - es are low, And I'll

rall.

## Andante.

stop the leak in the chim - ney." O - ver the chim - ney the

night - wind sang, And chant - ed a mel - o - dy

*molto legato e cresc.*

no one knew; And the po - et lis - ten'd, and

*molto legato e cresc.*

smiled, For he was man, and wom-an, and  
 child, all three; And said: "It is God's own  
 har - mo - ny, This wind we hear in the  
 chim - ney, 'Tis God's own har - mo - ny!

*ff Adagio.*