

THE TORRENTS CAME UPON THEM OR THE JOHNSTOWN DISASTER. SONG & CHORUS.



WORDS BY
TOM HALL.

GONE DOWN THE RIVER.

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MUSIC BY
GEO SCHLEIFFARTH.



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GONE DOWN THE RIVER

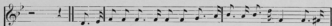
Words by Hubert Spencer.

Music by Geo. Maywood.

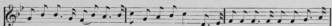
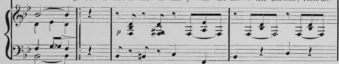
A STORY OF THE FLOOD.

JOHNSON, Pa., June 8.—Special Telegram—"Gone Down the River,"—It is one of the most familiar expressions in these little townships. To hear it spoken in ordinary tones does not seem to mean much, but it means here all that men or women hold dear. A young man, sitting next to me, partaking of a most breakfast at a cosy country house, pulled a photograph from his pocket which he handed to me. It was of himself in the center of a group. A beautiful, womanly face was beside his own and two pretty children filled the foreground. The little girl had clung upon her father's knee and a bright boy stood beside his mother. It was a pretty picture and I passed it down to the others. All spoke of it pleasantly and lightly, congratulating the owner upon having such a handsome family, and asked where he had left them to come to the relief of Johnson. "Gone down the river," was the quiet answer.—Chicago Journal.

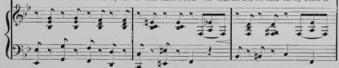
Andante con espressione.



1. There's an al-bum fill'd with pictures, That the wa-ters in their rage, Spard to
2. There are shin-ing from the picture Smiles that brought delight of yore; There are
3. Oh the sor-row of that fa-ther As he thinks of hap-py days, How he
4. This a-las! is one of man-y Who are dex-o-late and lone; There are



give back to its owner; There's a group up-on one page, With a young and love-ly mother; Two sweet
those sweet eyes so loving That he nev-er will see more, There's the wife's face fond and trusting That once
lov'd those lit-tle children Their endear-ing winning ways, 'Tis the on-ly link, that picture That can
hundreds have a sorrow Deep as is that father's own. In that fair and ver-dant val-ley There is



chil-dren by her side, While the husband and the fa-ther On his dear ones looks with pride.
 look'd in-to his own, Vanished from his sight for-ev-er, Gone to leave him here a-lone.
 bind him to the past; And he gas-es at it fond-ly As his tears fall thick and fast.
 scarce a home that's left Where a fam-i-ly as dwelling That is not by death bereft.

This is all that is re-main-ing On a home that once was bright, And those
 Children's eyes once on him smil-ing, They are clos'd for-ev-er now; Oh, the
 Nev-er more when home re-turn-ing Will the chil-dren voi-ces greet His oft
 Bless-ed be that lit-tle pict-ure That is all in all to him, He will

lit-tle children where are they Whose smile was a delight? Where is now that ten-der mother, Who once
 waste of wa-ters lin-gers o'er Each cold and marble brow, Hush'd in death are those sweet voices, Now in
 list'ning ears with "there's papa," Or hasten him to meet, And no more each morn with kisses From his
 gaze up-on it oft-en now, His lov-ing eyes grow dim, For it now is all that's left him Of the

watch'd them in their play? On - ly one remains, the father, Who with choking voice will say:
 peace each lov'd one sleeps; "They have all gone down the river," Says the fa - ther as he weeps.
 dear wife will be part, They have all gone down the river, Leav - ing but a bro - ken heart.
 days all fill'd with love, Of the ones gone down the river, Whom at last he'll meet above.

✂ CHORUS. ✂

SOPRANO.
mf
 "Gone down the riv - er," "Gone down the riv - er," Gone down the riv - er with the

ALTO.

TENOR.
 "Gone down the riv - er," "Gone down the riv - er," Gone down the riv - er with the

BASS.

ferce - ly rush - ing tide, Those who found their graves, 'Mid the wild and cru - el

waves, Will meet some day at that dis - tant riv - er side. Riv - er side.

Repeat Chorus pp.