

# AH, FOR WINGS TO SOAR

**Andante**

Anonymous

S. A. 1. Ah! for wings to soar o'er the dark blue sea, speed-ing from this stir - ring as it  
2. Ah! for one sweet word, whis-pered in mine ear,

T. B.

**Fine**

ex - ile shore, to live in peace, with thee. The years seem bright when  
oft hath stirred my heart with mem -'ries dear. The years roll on, and

**10**

hope's soft star shone out in light a - cross our way, and  
hope once strong grows faint and wea - ry with de - lay, ah,

**D.C. al Fine**

ev' - ry hill and vale a - far was glad-dend'd by its ray.  
me! how earn - est - ly I long to thee to fly a - way!