

Just A Feather FROM THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL

FOX-TROT BALLAD

BY
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AND
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Pollitzer



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Piano

The image displays a musical score for a piece titled "Piano" by Eli Dawson. The score is written for piano and consists of two systems of music. The first system is marked "Moderato" and the second system is marked "Vamp".

First System (Moderato): This section begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature (C). The tempo marking "Moderato" is centered above the staff. The piece starts with a forte dynamic (*f*). The melody in the treble clef features a series of chords and moving lines, while the bass clef provides a harmonic foundation with chords and single notes. The section concludes with a double bar line.

Second System (Vamp): This section is marked "Vamp" and begins with a mezzo-forte dynamic (*mf*). It features a repeating rhythmic pattern in both the treble and bass clefs, characterized by chords and eighth notes. The section is enclosed in repeat signs at both the beginning and the end.

VOICE

VOICE

The musical score is written on two systems. The first system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass). The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 7/8. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

"Wel - come stran - ger" I heard Moth - er say,
I've been lone - some said the lit - tle lad,

Said a lad, To his dad, Just the oth-er day;
Ev-'ry day, I would pray, For a sis-ter, dad,

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Tell me dad - dy, Said the lad - die, Where did she come from? The
Keep her dad - dy, For your lad - die, Don't send her a - way, When

dad - dy smiled, At his child, And said I'll tell you son. —
she will be, Big like me, Then you won't have to say. —

CHORUS

She's just a feath - er, — From the wings of an An - gel, — Drift - ed

down - ward — from the sky, — And when "GOD" saw it there, Why it

looked so sweet and fair, That he gave it to your Moth-er To shield from care;—And

now lad-die mine don't ne-glect her, Keep her from harm and pro-

tect her, The good Shep-herd a-bove, Will re-ward you if you love,—That lit-tle

feath-er, that fell from the wings of an An - - - gel. — She's just a gel. —