



# Blissful dreams

TTBB

William H. Pontius  
(1857-1937)

*Andante*

T 1 *mf* Bliss - ful dreams come steal - ing o'er me, Bring - ing hap - py scenes gone by;

T 2 *mf* Bliss - ful dreams come steal - ing o'er me, Bring - ing hap - py scenes gone by; —

B 1 *mf* Bliss - ful dreams come steal - ing o'er me, Bring - ing hap - py scenes gone by; —

B 2 *mf* Bliss - ful dreams come steal - ing o'er me, Bring - ing hap - py scenes gone by; —

5

T 1 Where each day new pleas - ure's bring - ing, Left at heart no cause for sigh.

T 2 Where each day new pleas - ure's bring - ing, Left at heart no cause for sigh.

B 1 5 Where each day new pleas - ure's bring - ing, Left at heart no cause for sigh.

B 2 Where each day new pleas - ure's bring - ing, Left at heart no cause for sigh.

## Blissful dreams

9

T 1 *p* Home of peace! I see thy por - tals, Hear the voic - es dear to me, - *rit.*

T 2 *p* Home of peace! I see thy por - tals, Hear the voic - es dear to me, - *rit.*

B 1 *mp* Home of peace! I see thy por - tals, Hear the voic - es dear to me, - *rit.*

B 2 *p* Home of peace! I see thy por - tals, Hear the voic - es dear to me, - *rit.*

13

T 1 Grasp the hands of pure af - fec - tion, And the glance of rap - ture see. *rit.*

T 2 Grasp the hands of pure af - fec - tion, And the glance of rap - ture see. *rit.*

B 1 Grasp the hands of pure af - fec - tion, And the glance of rap - ture see. *rit.*

B 2 Grasp the hands of pure af - fec - tion, And the glance of rap - ture see. *rit.*

17

T 1 *mf* Tho' each day fresh care be bring - ing, That brief vi - sion soothes my heart; *mf*

T 2 *mf* Tho' each day fresh care be bring - ing, That brief vi - sion soothes my heart; *mf*

B 1 *mf* Tho' each day fresh care be bring - ing, That brief vi - sion soothes my heart; *mf*

B 2 *mf* Tho' each day fresh care be bring - ing, That brief vi - sion soothes my heart; *mf*

# Blissful dreams

21

T 1  
Bids me hope the day not dis - tant, When lov'd forms no more shall part.

T 2  
Bids me hope the day not dis - tant, When lov'd forms no more shall part.

B 1  
Bids me hope the day not dis - tant, When lov'd forms no more shall part.

B 2  
Bids me hope the day not dis - tant, When lov'd forms no more shall part.

25

T 1  
Come sweet sleep, my eye - lids seal - ing, Come bright dream my soul to cheer;

T 2  
Come sweet sleep, my eye - lids seal - ing, Come bright dream my soul to cheer;

B 1  
Come sweet sleep, my eye - lids seal - ing, Come bright dream my soul to cheer;

B 2  
Come sweet sleep, my eye - lids seal - ing, Come bright dream my soul to cheer;

29

T 1  
Waft me back to scenes of pleas - ure, Bring the smile and chase the tear.

T 2  
Waft me back to scenes of pleas - ure, Bring the smile and chase the tear.

B 1  
Waft me back to scenes of pleas - ure, Bring the smile and chase the tear.

B 2  
Waft me back to scenes of pleas - ure, Bring the smile and chase the tear.

**William H. Pontius** (1857-1937) was born in Circleville, Ohio, and graduated from the Ohio Normal University of Ada (later Ohio Northern). He became a voice teacher and choir director; and was music superintendent for schools of Mansfield, Ohio. In Mansfield, he helped organize the Philharmonic Society, the Gounod Club, and other music organizations. He moved to Dubuque, Iowa, where he set up his own music business, teaching voice and directing choirs. He later moved to Minneapolis, Minnesota, where he was Director of the Department of Music at the Minneapolis School of Music, Oratory, and Dramatic Art. He also served as one of the directors of the Prosser Foundation and Home for Musicians in Philadelphia. He died in Minneapolis. His compositions include church music, piano pieces, songs, and part songs.

Blissful dreams come stealing o'er me,  
Bringing happy scenes gone by;  
Where each day new pleasure's bringing,  
Left at heart no cause for sigh.

Home of peace! I see thy portals,  
Hear the voices dear to me,—  
Grasp the hands of pure affection,  
And the glance of rapture see.

Tho' each day fresh care be bringing,  
That brief vision soothes my heart;  
Bids me hope the day not distant,  
When lov'd forms no more shall part.

Come sweet sleep, my eyelids sealing,  
Come bright dream my soul to cheer;  
Waft me back to scenes of pleasure,  
Bring the smile and chase the tear.

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