M-93 The popular song collection

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The Popular Song Collection

ARCHIVES OF HAWAII

BOSTON,
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
NEW YORK
C. H. DITSON & CO.
CHICAGO, ILL.
LYON & HEALY
PHILADELPHIA
J. E. DITSON & CO.

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POPULAR SONG COLLECTION.

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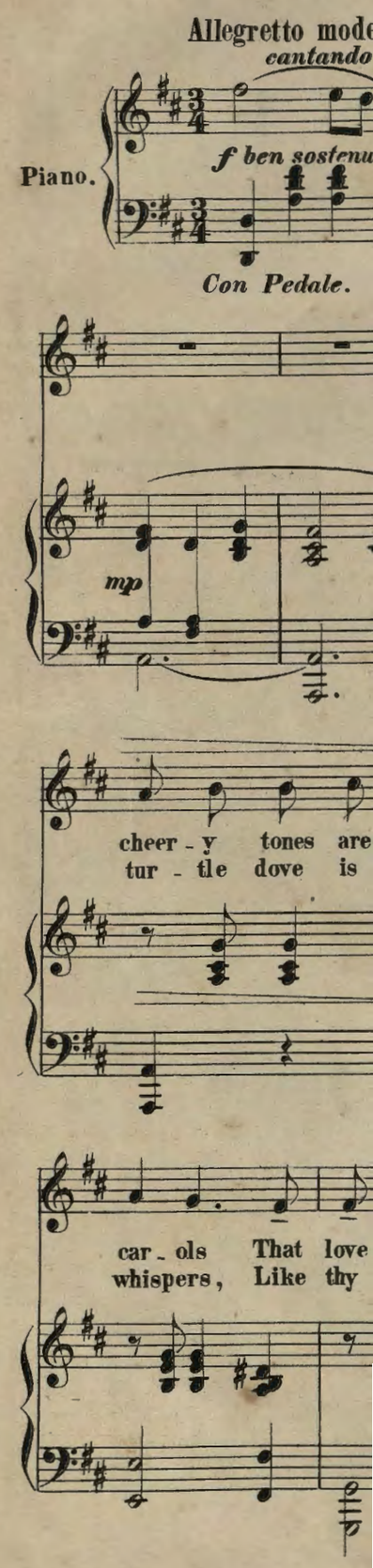
Allegretto mode
cantando
Piano.
f ben sostenu
Con Pedale.
mp
cheer - y tones are
tur - tle dove is
car - ols That love
whispers, Like thy

OF THEE I AM THINKING.

BALLAD

By Anton Strelezki.

Allegretto moderato.

cantando

Piano.

f ben sostenuto

mp

p

Con Pedale.

p dolce.

1. At ear - ly morn I hear thy voice, Thy
2. When ear - ly fall the shades of night, The

mp

p

cres.

cheer - y tones are soft - ly ring - ing, The groves re - sound with thy sweet
tur - tle dove is gent - ly coo - ing, In fan - cy come sweet sounds and

cres.

mp

car - ols That love and joy are bringing; I hear thee still be - lov - ed one, A -
whispers, Like thy soft ac - cents, wooing; I hear them, tho' I know not whence The

mp

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mp cres. molto.

mong the trees thy mu - sic sing - eth, Ah! has - ten to my side, fair
gen - tle winds their tones are bring - ing, I on - ly know it is thy

mp ten. cres. molto.

mf mp cres. molto.

one, Thy com - ing, spring and flow - - ers bring - eth!
voice, Sweet one, and know it is thy sing - ing!

mf mp cres.

f espress. mf

1&2. Ah! dear - est heart! of thee I ev - - er am think - ing,

f espress. mp

p dolciss. cres - cen - do.

How sad and dull the hours, When thou art ab - sent from my side,

p cres cen - do.

f espress.

Ah! dear - est hea

f ten.

cres. molto.

For now and ev -

ten. ten.

ten. ten.

bide.

ff

ten. ten.

mf mp

ten. ten.

mp cres. molto.

has - ten to my side; fair
on - ly know it is thy

mp ten. cres. molto.

mp cres. molto.

bring - eth!
sing - ing!

mp cres.

- er am think - ing,

- do.

b - sent from my side,

- do.

f espress. mp dolce

Ah! dear - est heart! of thee I ev - - er am dream - ing,

f ten. mp ten.

cres. molto. ad libitum.

For now and ev - er - more in my true heart a -

ten. ten. ten. ten. ten. ten. colla voce f

bide.

ff

mf ten. mp ten. ten. ten. p mp Fine.

D. Jr.

AT MY WINDOW.

Words by Nella. Music by Henry Parker.

Moderato.

Piano. *mf* *cres.* *dim.*

p *dim.*

When the gold-en morn is breaking Thro' the mists that veil the lake, Ere the milkmaids cross the
twi-light shadows darken O-ver dis-tant hill and lea, Then a-gain I long to

p sost. *p*

mea-dow, Ere the dai-sy stars a-wake. Thro' my
lis-ten For the song that comes to me. With fair

cres.

p dolce. *sost.* *p*

case-ment flow'r sur-round-ed Comes a ca-dence clear and strong, 'Tis a bird that breaks the
prom-ise for the fu-ture In its mu-sic ev-er heard, Till my heart for ve-ry

dim. *dolce.*

ten *dim.* *p* *cantabile.*

si-lence With a su
glad-ness, Sings with th

si-lence With a
glad-ness, Sings wit

'Tis a
Till my

p

With a
Sings with t

p

Music by Henry Parker.

dim.

ke, Ere the milkmaids cross the
ea, Then a-gain I long to

p

cres.

Thro' my
With fair

p

dolce.

'Tis a bird that breaks the
Till my heart for ve-ry

p

cantabile.

si-lence With a sud-den burst of song, 'Tis a bird that breaks the
glad-ness, Sings with thee my bon-nie bird, Till my heart for ve-ry

si-lence With a sud-den burst of song.
glad-ness, Sings with thee my bon-nie bird.

cres. *f* *p legg.*

Ped. *

'Tis a bird that breaks the si-lence.
Till my heart for ve-ry glad-ness,

p *p sost.* *p*

rit. *tempo.*

With a sud-den burst of song.....
Sings with thee my bon-nie bird.....

p *f colla voce.* *tempo. p* *tr*

Allegretto.

Oh! hap - py bird sing on for aye, Thy car - ol blithe and free, Thy

p *scherz.*

mu - sic speaks of love and home, Then sing, oh sing! to me! Ah! Ah!.....

f *cres.*

Ped. *

.....Oh! sing to me! Thy mu - sic speaks of love and home, Then

dim.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

rit. *Andante.*

sing, oh! sing to me! Oh! sing to me! sweet, sweet, sweet,

Lo stesso movimento. *tr*

colla voce. *p* *cres.* *p*

con Ped.

1.

sing,

sweet, Oh sing,

ten.

Ped. *

Ped. *Ped.

Mod

p *rit.* *pp*

me.

f *vivace.*

D.Jr. Ped.

he and free, Thy

f

Ah! Ah!.....

cres.

Ped. *

speaks of love and home, Then

to me! sweet, sweet, sweet,

p

1.

sing, Ah!..... Then sing, oh! sing to me.

Allegro.

sweet, Oh sing, oh! sing, oh! sing to me!

ten.

f

p

Ped. * Ped. *

cres. *dim.* *ten.*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

2.

sing, Ah..... sing, oh! sing to

Moderato.

2. When the sing oh! sing, oh! sing to

Tempo primo.

p rit. *pp* *ff*

me.

f vivace. *ff*

D.Jr. Ped. * Ped. * 52825-4

MY LOVE IS COME.

Words by CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI.

Music by THEO. MARZIALS.

Allegro appassionato.

PIANO.

My heart, my heart is like a singing bird, Whose nest is in a wa - tered shoot, My heart, my heart is like an ap - pletree, Whose boughs are bent with thick - set fruit, My heart, my heart is like a

rain - bow shell,

heart, my heart is gl

come to me,

cause my love, my loveh

Music by THEO. MARZIALS.

ff f f

nest is in a wa - tered

- pletree, Whose

rt, myheart is like a

p

rain - bow shell, That pad-dles in a hal - cyon sea, My

heart, my heart is gladder than all these, Be - cause my love, my love hath

f f

come to me, My heart is glad - der than all these, Be -

ff

cause my love, my love hath come, come to me.....

ff ff

Meno mosso.

Raise me a dias of silk and down,

poco rall. *f* *p*

Hang it with vair and pur - - ple dyes, Carve it in doves and

pome - granates, And pea - cocks with their hun - dred eyes.

Work it in leaves and sil - ver grapes, In gold and sil - ver fleur - de -

cresc. - ed - accel.

lys, B

cause my love, my l

of my life h

colla voce.

love ..... has c

fff *colla voce.*

of silk and down,

ve it in doves and

dred eyes,

d and sil_ver fleur de

lys, Be_cause, the birthday of my life has come, Be_

ff

cause my love, my love has come to me, Be_cause the birth_day

of my life has come, ... has come my

colla voce. *ff* *ff*

love ..... has come to me, my love is come.

fff *colla voce.*

TELL HER I LOVE HER SO.

Words by F. E. Weatherly, M.A. — Music by P. de Faye.

Andantino con moto. (♩. = 72.)

Piano

mf *ben marcato il basso* — *cres.*

1. Gleam, gleam, ... O
2. Greet, greet, ...

dim. — *p*

sil - ver stream, Sea - ward gai - - - ly swell - - -
soft - ly my sweet, By thy span - gled mar - gin roam - - -

p

- ing ..... Flow, flow, whisp - 'ring low,
- ing, ... Croon, croon, un - der the moon, ...

p — *cres.*

cres.

To your banks my
In the ten - der

espress.

Lies my lit - tle one's dwellin
Tell her that I am com - in

f

flow, ... Tell her I

f

SO.

Music by P. de Faye.

cres.

gleam, ... O
greet, ...

- - ly swell - - -
gled mar - gin roam - - -

- 'ring low,
der the moon, ...

cres.

cres.

To your banks my sto - ry tell - - - ing.....
In the ten - der love - tide gloam - - - ing.....

pp L.H. *lusingando*

pp poco più lento

Far, far o'er sand - y bar,
Greet, greet, soft - ly my sweet,

pp colla voce

espress. *tempo cres.*

Lies my lit - tle one's dwelling.
Tell her that I am com - ing.

Flow,..... flow..... mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly

tempo cres.

f *dim. e rit.* 1.

flow,..... Tell her I love her so,..... I love her so.....

f *dim. e rit.* *mf* *marcato*

2.

so.

p

dim.

rit.

pp

plaintivo

Say,

poco marcato

say, when she's a - way, Life is dark and

cres.

cres.

lone - - - ly, Bright and fair when she is

dim.

dim.

cres. animandosi

cres.

near, For 'tis she is the sun-shine on - - - ly,

f

f

dim.

p

soft-ly my sweet, She is n

rit.

mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly flow,

so.

plaintivo

Say,

pp

poco marcato

cres.

ife is dark..... and

cres.

fair ..... when she is

n - - - ly, ...

dim.

pp poco più lento

Greet, greet,

p

colla voce

rit.

a tempo cres.

soft-ly my sweet, She is my love, mine on - ly, Flow, ... flow, ...

a tempo cres.

cres.

f ad lib.

mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly flow, ... Tell her I love her so, ... I love her

cres.

f colla voce

so. .....

ff

D

TWO MARIONETTES.

Words by ARTHUR LAW. Music by EDITH COOKE.

Allegretto grazioso.

Piano

f

Two Ma - rio - nettes, the sto - ry goes, Once trav - ell'd from town to town,

p dolce

rall.

She was a Prin - cess fine and fair, And he was a hum - ble clown: But he

a tempo

lov'd her true, As a clown will do, And ven - tur'd at length to speak; But

though it pleas'd her va -

mf

tried to hide the blush - es on

sf

p

He told her

p

box, She scorn - ful -

S.

Music by EDITH COOKE.

l from town to town,

rall.

a hum - ble clown: But he

a tempo

length to speak; But

though it pleas'd her va - ni - ty She felt it was in - sa - ni - ty, And

mf *cres.*

tried to hide the blush - es on her lit - tle wood - en cheek.

sfz *f*

p

He told her his love as side by side, They lay in the show - man's

p

box, She scorn - ful - ly turn'd a - way her head, And shook out her hemp - en

rall.

locks, "He I wed," said she, "Must a no - ble be; A clown I am far a -

a tempo

bove, 'Twould sad - ly shock pro - pri - e - ty And deep - ly grieve so - ci - e - ty And

mf *cres.*

so I'm ve - ry sor - ry but I can't re - turn your love

sfz *f*

The show - man one day re - dress'd his troop, And some - how it came to

pass, The clown was a

lass. Then she look

mf

a tempo

heart" He an - swer'd

mf

com - mon sense will tell y

sfz

A clown I am far a -

ep - ly grieve so - ci - e - ty And

cres.

f

And some - how it came to

pass, The clown was ar - ray'd as a no - ble Earl, And she as a serv - ing

f

lass. Then she look'd as - kance, with a ten - der glance, And said "I am thine sweet -

rall.

mp

a tempo

heart" He an - swer'd with ci - vi - li - ty, "I'm one of the no - bi - li - ty, And

mf

cres.

com - mon sense will tell you, that we'd bet - ter kiss and part."

sfz

f

DINNA CHIDE.

Words by MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Music by AUGUST MIGNON.

Andante.

PIANO.

p *cresc mf*

Con espressione.

p

Ah! din - na chide the moth - er! You

rit. e dim. *pp* *p*

may not have her long, Her voice a - bout your ba - by rest, So soft - ly croon'd the

cresc. e accel. *rall.*

song; She thought you ne'er a bur - - den, She greet - ed you with joy, And

a tempo. *rit.* *ten.* *mf*

a tempo. *rit.* *mp*

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mf *ten*

heart in hand in heeding you

mp

p

rit. e dim. *pp*

poco rall. *f*

heart is true and lov - -

poco rall.

rit.

with - - er, And faint he

rit.

Music by AUGUST MIGNON.

cresc. mf

de the moth_er! You

rall.

_by rest, So soft_ly croon'd the

rall.

ten. mf

eet_ed you with joy, And

mp

mf ten. rall.

heart in hand in heeding you Found still their dear em_ploy.

mp rall. pp p cresc.

p

Her hand has lost its cunning, Its trembling now and slow, But her

rit. e dim. pp p

poco rall. rall. mp a tempo.

f

heart is true and lov_ _ing As it was long a_go! And though her strength may

poco rall. rall. a tempo.

rit. ten. a tempo. rit. ten.

with_ _er, And faint her puls_es beat, None will be like the moth_er dear, So

rit. rit. a tempo.

rall.

steadfast true and sweet. Ah!

rall. *pp* *p* *cresc.* *rit. e dim.* *pp*

p *poco accel.*

din_na chide the moth_er! O lip be slow to say A word to vex the

p *poco accel.*

rall. *a tempo.* *rit. e dim.*

gen_tle heart That watch'd your childhood's days, Aye haste to heed that ten_der voice, That

rall. *a tempo.* *rit. e dim.*

ten. *mf* *rall.*

croon'd the cra_dle song, Ah! din_na chide the moth_er dear, You may not have her long.

mf *rall.* *pp*

Words by C. T. Steele.

Moderato.

mf *p*

me That I

Ah!

rit. e dim. *pp*

poco accel.

say A word to vex the

poco accel.

rit. e dim.

te to heed that ten - der voice, That

rit. e dim.

rall.

, You may not have her long.

rall. *pp*

HAPPY BIRDS.

WALTZ SONG.

Words by C. T. Steele. Music by Eduard Holst.

Moderato. *mf* *p* *f* *p*

Hap - py birds sing to

me That I too may hap - py be ..... O .....

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Tempo di Valse.

Hap - py birds all the day war - bling in the
Hap - py birds sing to me of the fields and

trees, ... How your song floats a - long
flow'rs ..... Of the woods, vales and hills

On the gen - tle breeze, ... And it seems
And the leaf - y bow'rs, ... So that I

that the leaves whis - per in their glee .....
will not sigh nor will lone - ly be, ...

while your song
For my love

ly. .....
me. .....

dart, ... in you
sha - - - dy re

ray ..... a glad
love ..... bear a

war - bling in the
of the fields and

floats a - long
vales and hills

And it seems
So that I

r glee .....
be, ...

while your song floats a - long gay and mer - ri -
For my love now has gone far a - way from

ly. ..... And your plu - mage gay..... As ye
me..... Canst thou not a - way..... From thy

dart, ... in your flight ..... Sends the sun's warm
sha - - - dy re - treat ..... And un - to my

8 8

ray..... a glad splen - - - dor more bright, ...
love..... bear a mes - - - sage so sweet, ...

8

rit.

rit.

a tempo

And your glad re - frain ..... mak - est na - - - ture re -
Say my heart is true ..... and will change ..... nev - er

sound ..... As your voi - ces ring ..... From the hills and
more ..... Take my mis - sive sweet ..... To the one that

rit. *a tempo*

vales a - round. O had I wings to fly like you, then would I
I a - dore.

rit. *a tempo*

seek my love so true, And nev - er more we'd part - ed be

But live and love e - ter

you then would I see

sighing O nev - er e'er we

na - - - ture re -
change..... nev - er

8

..... From the hills and
..... To the one that

like you, then would I

ve'd part - ed be

But live and love e - ter - nal - ly; O had I wings to fly like

you then would I seek my love so true and love for - ev - er

sighing O nev - er e'er would be happy and gay.....

1.

rit.

2.

Oh!..... gay.....

D.S.

rit.

Fine.

BEST OF ALL.

in C.

Words & Music by FRANK MOIR.

Andante cantabile.

Voice. Piano.

'Tis all the world to have thee near, And worse than death to be with - out thee, My heart is sad when
I know full well the earth is fair; The heav'n a - bove in a - zure shin - eth, My heart is full of

cres. *con molto espress.*

I'm a - lone, Yet still I do not doubt thee, I long for thee; I sigh for thee, Tho'
grat - i - tude Yet still for thee it pin - eth, I long for thee; I sigh for thee, Tho'

cres.

cres.

na - ture's choic - est gifts sur
bright the sun - shine falls

seek for thee, Nor be at

Tempo Iº

Sun may shine, And

Words & Music by FRANK MOIR.

mf

'Tis all the world to
I know full well the

mf

p

thee, My heart is sad when
eth, My heart is full of

p

to espress.

for thee; I sigh for thee, Tho'
for thee; I sigh for thee, Tho'

Ped. *

cres.

na - ture's choic - est gifts sur - round me,
bright the sun - shine falls a - round me,
I still must wish for thee, I still must

Ped. *

poco rall.

seek for thee, Nor be at rest, nor be at rest, Till I have found thee.

Ped. *

rall. *col canto.* *mf*

mf piu mosso e agitato.

Tempo I°

Tho' Earth may smile and

p *mf*

Ped. * Ped. *

Sun may shine, And I may feel the touch of na - ture, Tho

cres. e rit.

I may see in vis - ions bright..... thy face, and ev' - ry

cres. e rit.

f *fp* *più lento.* *p*

fea - ture, There still re - mains a heav - y load An

f *f* *p* *più lento.*

ach - ing void of long - ing sor - row, Which I a - lone can

feel, And on - ly sleep can heal, With balm - y wing, with balm - y

Ped. * Ped. * 52354-4

rall.

wing un - til to -

rall.

Ped. *

come to me, 'Tis wors

Ped. * Ped.

live for thee, And I will

f

ad lib.

rest, when I have found

f

Ped. *

D.Jr.

thy face, and ev'-ry

p

a heav-y load An

ch I a-lone can

With balm-y wing, with balm-y

rall. *f* *maestoso.*

wing un-til to-mor-row. Then come to me O!

rall. *f*

con passione.

come to me, 'Tis worse than death to be with-out thee, And I will

accel. *f* *cres.*

live for thee, And I will love but thee, And be at rest. And be at

f *accel.*

ad lib.

rest, when I have found thee.

f *f* *f*

RECOMPENSE.

Words by J. R. EASTWOOD. *Music by AUGUSTE MIGNON.*

Con tenerezza.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p *dimin. e riten.* *pp*

p *mf*

One flow'r a - lone, of all the flow'rs, Sweet with the sum - - mer sun - lit

pp sotto voce sempre *pp* *p*

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

mf *rallent.*

showers, One blown queen blos - som on the tree, Was more than all the rest to

pp *p* *pp*

Ped. ✻

Copyright MDCCCLXXX by G. D. Russell.

a tempo.

mf energico *f*

me. And one proud face

mf

riten. a te

pare: It was, a - - las!

pp

Ped.

ralle

so. My hea

Ped. ✻

E.

Music by ***AUGUSTE MIGNON.***

dimin. e riten. *pp*

mf

t with the sum - - mer sun - lit

p

Ped. *

rallent.

Was more than all the rest to

pp

a tempo.

mf energico *f* *riten.* *rallent.*

me. And one proud face was pas - sing fair, One face a - - lone, be - yond com -

mf *ad lib.*

riten. **a tempo.** *cresc.* *f*

pare: It was, a - - las! as lov - ers know, My heart of hearts, that told me

pp *f*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

rallent. *rallent.*

so. ——— My heart of hearts, My heart of hearts, that told me so.

pp *p*

Ped. *

p

The wind crept

p

dimin. e riten.

pp

mf

down the garden walk, And stole my blos - som from the stalk; My passion

pp pp pp p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

rallent.

met with her dis - - dain; I lov'd her, and I lov'd in

a tempo.

più vivo

f

vain. And so I gave

mf

riten.

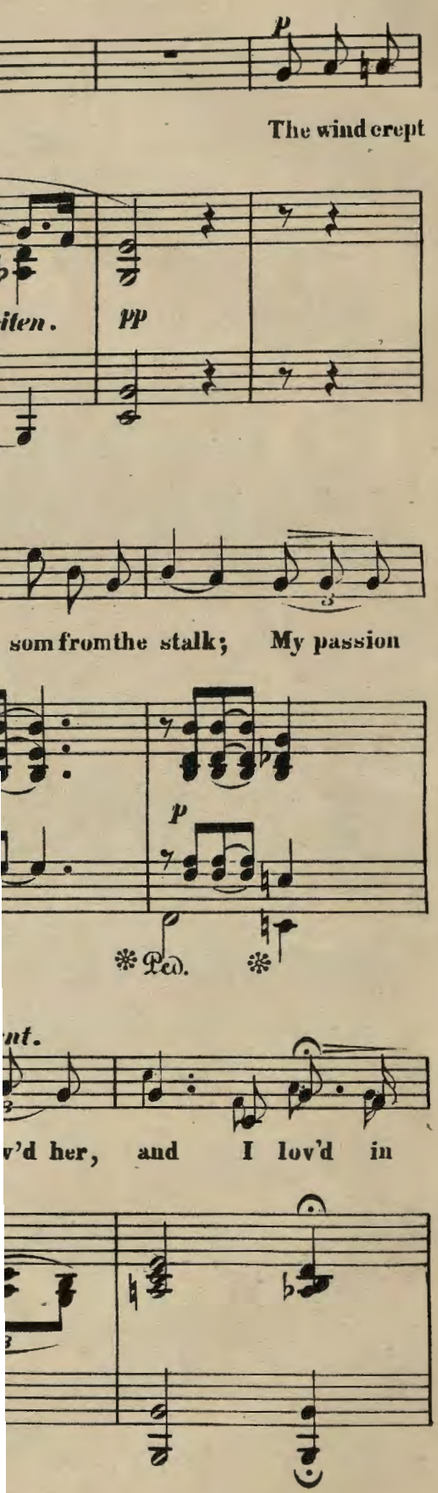
a tem

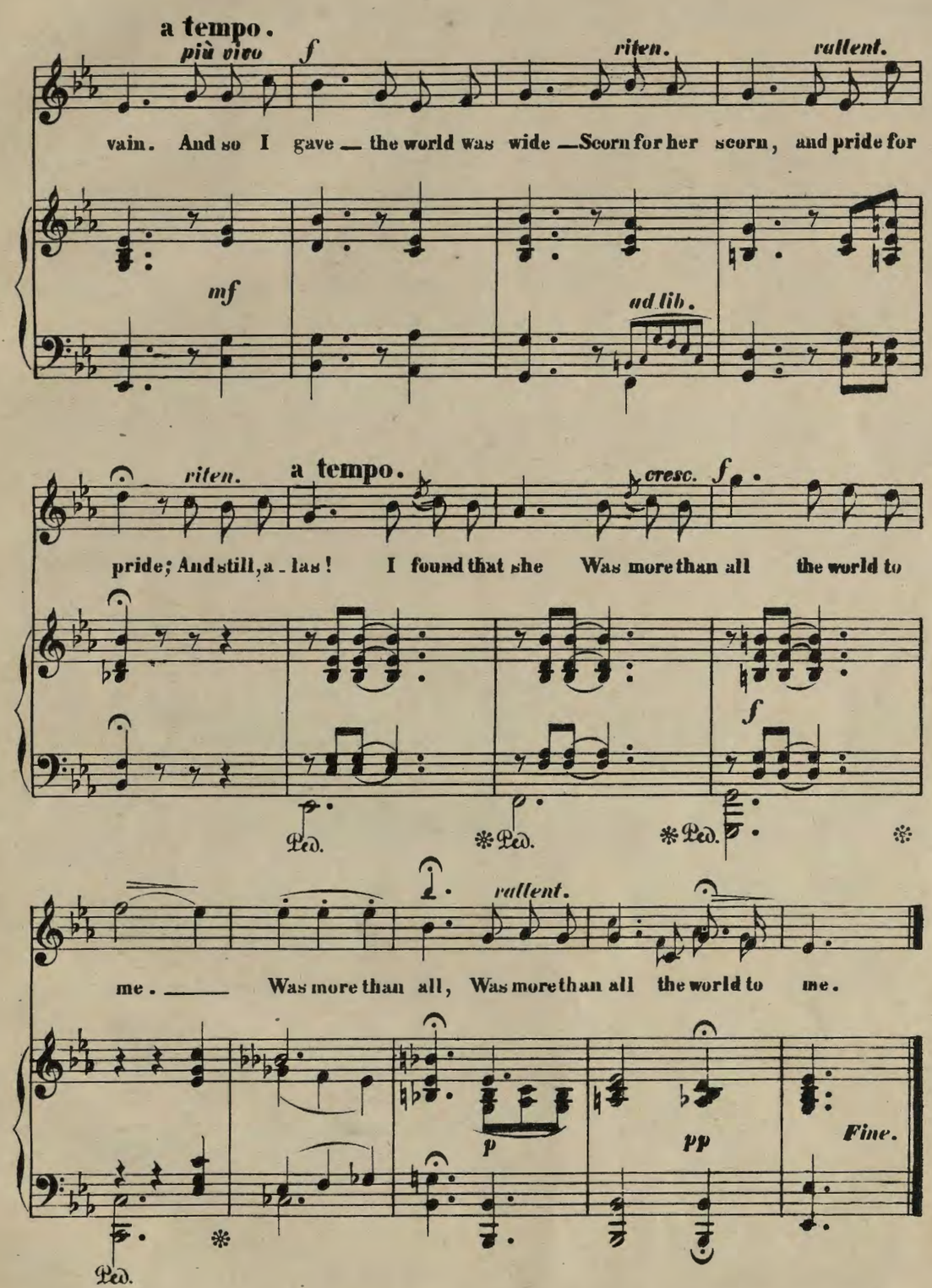
pride; And still, a - las!

Ped.

me. Was more t

Ped. *


p
The wind crept
iten.
pp
som from the stalk; My passion
p
Ped.
nt.
v'd her, and I lov'd in


a tempo.
più vivo
f
riten.
rallent.
vain. And so I gave — the world was wide — Scorn for her scorn, and pride for
mf
ad lib.
riten.
a tempo.
cresc.
f
pride; And still, a - las! I found that she Was more than all the world to
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
f
rallent.
me. — Was more than all, Was more than all the world to me.
p
pp
Fine.
Ped.

O LEAVE ME NOT, DEAR HEART.

Words by Bingham.

Music by Tito Mattei.
Arr. by S.

Andante.

Piano.

p

So long the day, so dark the way, Dear heart, be-fore you
With you a-way, the bright-est day, Dear heart, goes by in

came, It seems to me it can-not be This world is still the
vain, I dare not dream what life would seem If you ne'er came a

same; For then I stood as in some wood, And vain-ly sought for
gain; Dark ways be-fore would dark-en more, The world would change to

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light, But now day
me, Each sun would

bright!
thee!

cres.

leave me not,

cres.

heart. I di

AR HEART.

Music by Tito Mattei.
Arr. by S.

Dear heart, be - fore you
Dear heart, goes by in

This world is still the
If you ne'er came a

And vain - ly sought for
The world would change to

39

ten.

light, But now day dawns on sun - lit lawns, And life is glad and
me, Each sun would set in vain re - gret, That morn - ing brought not

piu mosso

bright!
thee!
O leave me not, O

piu mosso

cres. *con espres.*

leave me not, dear heart, dear

p

cres.

heart. I did not dream that we should part, I

cres

accel. cres. f

love but thee, O love thou me, And leave and leave me not dear

accel. e cres. pe rall. pp

poco rall. a tempo. 1.

heart, dear heart! leave me not, dear heart.

ten. con espres. p

2. pp

not leave me not, dear

p lento.

f deciso. f

heart leave me not, dear heart.

f deciso. f ff

D. Jr.

THE

Words by Henry Vaughan.

Andante.

Piano p

mf

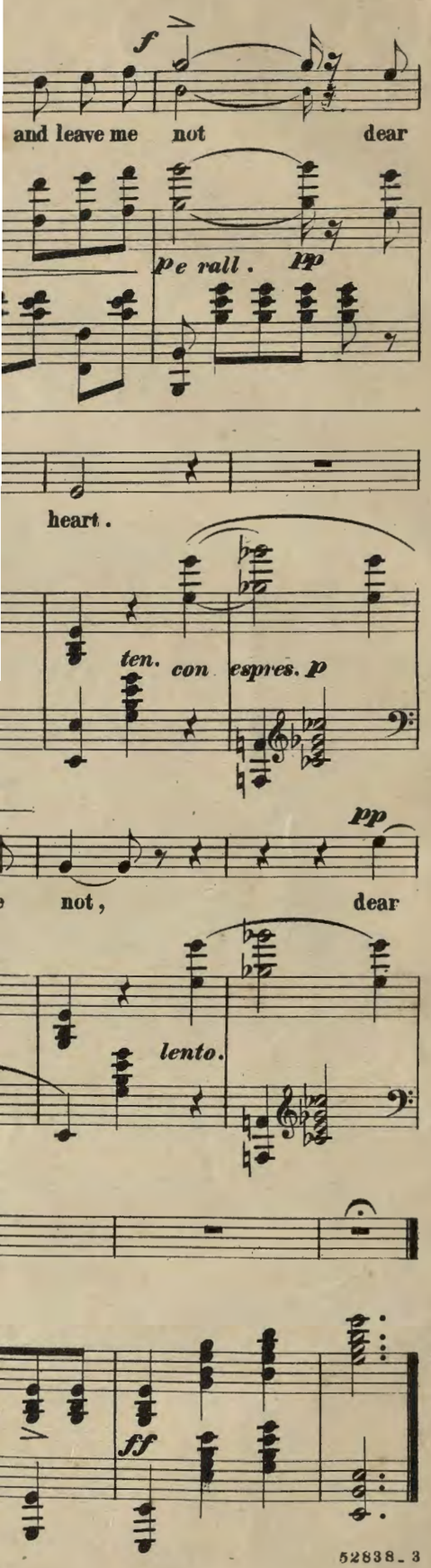
The twi-light was o'er the

mf

child passed by 'neath the fad-i

heart was sad as she wan

p



THE KINGDOM OF LOVE.

(For Soprano.)

Words by Henry Vaughan. Music by Paul Rodney.

Andante.

Piano

p

mf

The twi-light was o'er the cit - y, The lights shone thro' the gloam, As a

mf

child passed by 'neath the fad-ing sky, Seek-ing her lone - ly home. Her

p

heart was sad as she wan-der'd on, She knew not a moth-er's love, For the

p

one who loved her best on earth, The an - gels had called a - bove, For the

one who loved her best on earth, The an - gels had called a - bove.

rall. *a tempo* *rall.* *a tempo* *mf*

p Slower.

The stars came out in the twi - light, And shone from the si - lent sky On

p

tir-ed eyes fast closed in sle

moth - er's voice Sing

Ped. *

whis - per'd pray'r When eyes

dim.

p a tempo: cres.

had called a - bove, For the

a tempo

ls had called a - bove.

a tempo *mf*

from the si - lent sky On

tir-ed eyes fast closed in sleep, With sweet dreams float - ing by. Once more she heard her

pp

Ped. *

dolce

moth - er's voice Sing - ing the ev'n - ing hymn; And it sooth'd her care like a

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

rall.

whis-per'd pray'r When eyes with tears are dim, When eyes with tears are

p colla voce

dim.

p a tempo: cres.

rall.

f Quicker.

That night from the Gold - en Thres - - hold A light stole o'er the

f

p *rall.*

skies, As an - an - gel came to the qui - et earth, With the love-light in her

p *rall.*

f a tempo *cres.*

eyes, With the love-light in her eyes..... And she bore the sleep - ing

f a tempo *cres.*

child a - way Where the sor - rows of life are past, To

cres.

wake on high with he

cres.

f

last, To

King - dom of Love at

last.....

A light stole o'er the

p *rall.*

earth, With the love-light in her

p *rall.*

a tempo *cres.*

d she bore the sleep-ing

tempo *cres.*

past, To

cres.

wake on high with her dear ones nigh, In the King-dom of Love at

cres.

f *rall.*

last, To wake on high, with her dear ones nigh, In the

f rall.

ff *ad lib.*

King-dom of Love at last, In the King-dom of Love ..... at

ff

last .....

D

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

Words by Hamilton Aïdé.
Music by Stephen Adams.

Andante grazioso.

f

Cantabile.

1. Golden years a-go in a mill be-side the sea, There dwelt a lit tle maid - en, who
2. Leaden years have past, grey-hair'd I look a-round; The earth has no such maidens now, such

p

plight - ed her faith to me; The mill - wheel now is si - lent, the
mill - wheels turn not round. But when-e'er I think of Heav'n, and of

maid's eyes closed be; And all that now remains of her, are the words she sang to me.
what the an-gels be, I see a-gain that lit-tle maid, and hear her words to me.

mf *p* *rall.*

Tempo di Valse, e con dolcezz

"Do not for - get

p dolce

Think some - times ...

poco più mosso

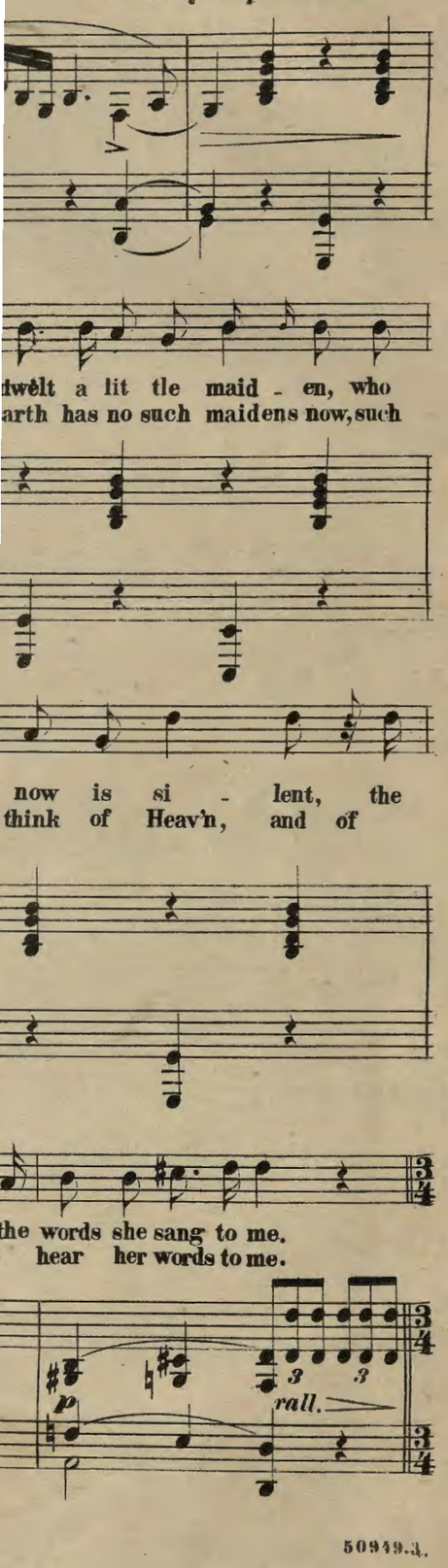
When the morn breaks,

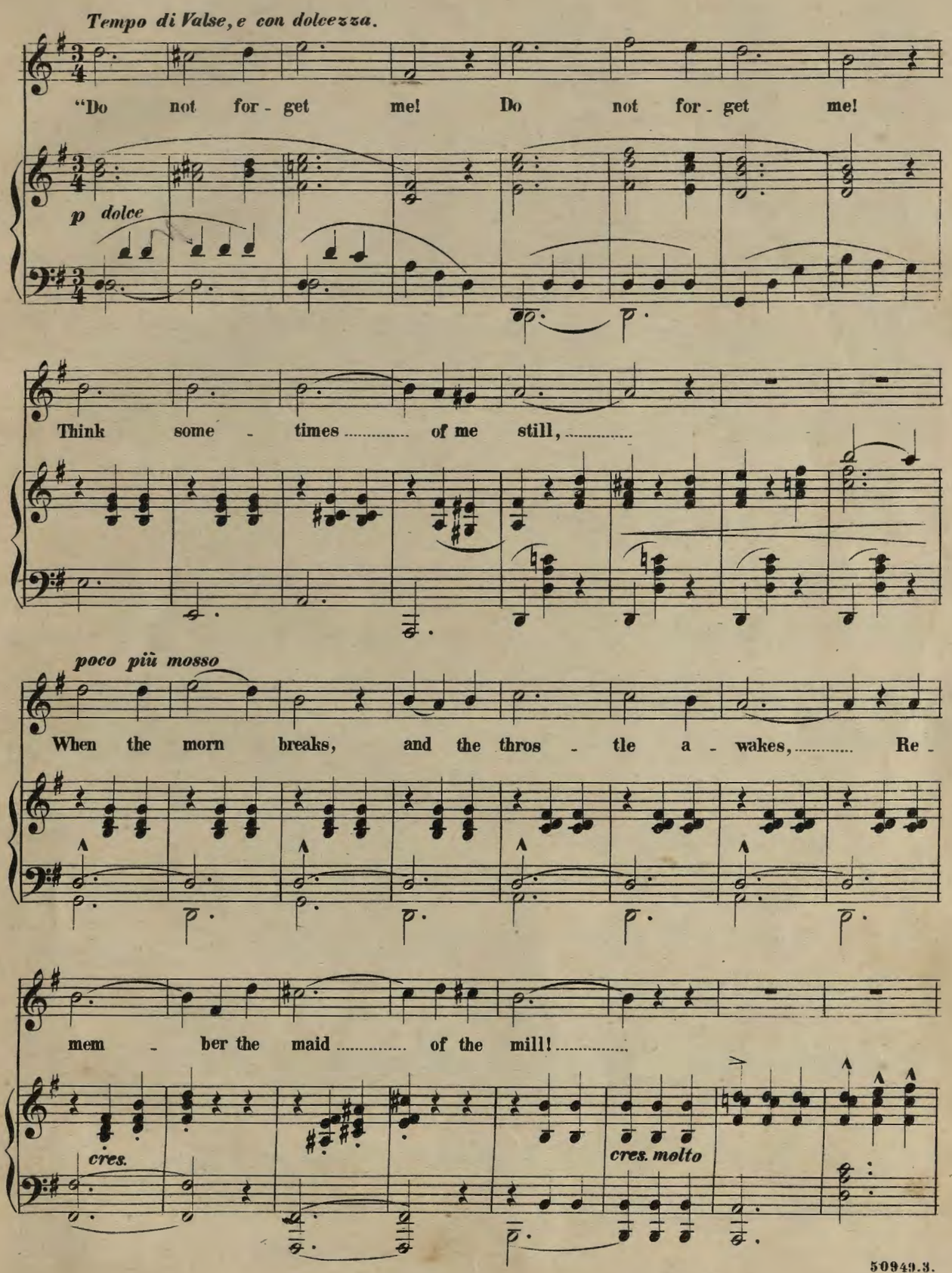
mem - ber the maid ...

cres.

MILL.

Words by Hamilton Aïdé.
Music by Stephen Adams.





con passione — *più*

"Do not for - get me! Do not for - get me! Re -

f — *lento* — *ad lib.*

mem - ber the maid, ... the maid of the mill!" .....

p — *colla voce* — *pp*

ff

2.

mill. .....

ff — *ff*

D

SH

Words by F. E. Weatherly.

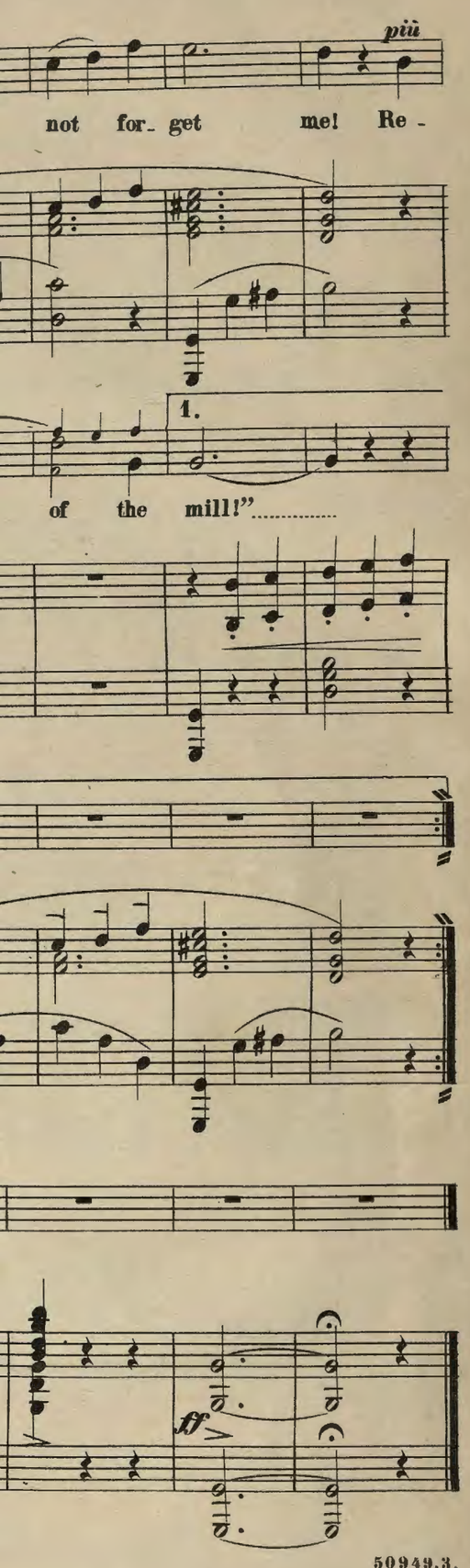
Moderato assai.

Piano.

pp armonioso

days ..... the gold - en

skies the primrose ways.



SHALL WE FORGET.

Words by F. E. Weatherly.

Music by F. Paolo Tosti.

Moderato assai.

Piano.

pp armonioso

p

Shall we for_get in af_ter

p e legato

p

days the gold_en love that once we knew, The hap_py

skies the primrose ways, we found in child_hood, I and you? Or shall we

think of all the tears, the flow'rs we loved that fell to

cres.

dust, The gath'-ring shad-ows of the years that dark-ened

cres.

rit. *p*

all our love and trust. Shall we for-get the love of long a-

rit. *p col canto* *p* *col canto*

cres. *anima*

go, Shall we for-get the love of long a-go? Shall we for-

cres. *col canto*

rit. *p*

get? ah no, love,

col canto

no!

pp armonioso

Lo

3

ev-er meet at

we loved ..... that fell to

the years ..... that dark - ened

for - get the love of long a -

p *col canto*

anima

a - go ? ..... Shall we for -

rit. *p*

get ? ah no , love , no ! Shall we for - get ? ah no , love ,

col canto

p

no !

pp armonioso

p

Love, when here - af - ter we have met , If we two

rit.

ev - er meet at all I will not ask if you for -

cres. *col canto*

get I will not ask..... if you re - call. For - get re - mem - ber, what you

will; This on - ly this..... I then shall know,..... that you are

mine..... mine on - ly still,..... The per - fect love..... of long a -

col canto

p rit. *tempo* *cres.*

go Shall we for - get the love of long a - go? Shall we for -

p rit. *pp* *col canto*

get the love of long a

col canto

no! Shall we for

pp

Shall we for

get?

For_get re_mem - ber, what you

shall know, ... that you are

fect love ..... of long a_

col canto

cres.

g a - go? Shall we for_

l canto

anima *rit.*

get the love of long a - go? ..... Shall we for - get? ah no, love,

col canto *col canto*

p

no! Shall we for - get? ah no, love, no!

pp armonioso

pp

pp *rit. ppp*

Shall we for - get? Shall we for_

3 3

dim. *col canto*

get? .....

ppp

ONLY TONIGHT.

or

THE LAST WALTZ.

Words and Music by J. L. Molloy.

1. On - ly this once, on - ly this once
2. Af - ter to - night, af - ter to - night

dance with me love to - night ..... Let us for - get all our re - gret,
what will to - mor - row be? ..... You in the light, I in the night,

let us be gay and bright ..... Love! how the
out on the rol - ling sea ..... What is there

mu - sic bears us on lingering the e - choes die .....
left me O my love? on - ly a wraith of yore ..... a

just as it rang, just as
rose that is dead, a word that

On - ly to - night, on - ly

Hark how it sings, ten - de

f

HT.

Words and Music by J. L. Molloy.

this once, on - ly this once
to - night, af - ter to - night

for - get all our re - gret,
the light, I in the night,

Love! how the
What is there

e - choes die .....
raith of yore ..... a

just as it rang, just as we sang in the days that are gone by. .....
rose that is dead, a word that is said and a dream that comes no more. .....

On - ly to - night, on - ly to - night, Hark to the old re - frain .....

rall

1.

Hark how it sings, ten - der - ly brings back all the past a - gain. .....

suivez

f

2.

gain ..... The music is fa-ding and dies ..... while we dream

ing stand ..... there are tears in your pas-sion-ate eyes ..... as I hold your

hand ..... O love for the last time whis-per sweet and

low ..... Say you love me dar-ling ..... once be-fore I

go. .....

hark to the old re-frain .....

me a-gain .....

me a-gain. .....

and dies ..... while we dream

ves ..... as I hold your

time whis - per sweet and

ling ..... once be - fore I

go. ..... On - ly to - night, on - ly to - night,

hark to the old re - frain ..... On - ly to - night, just for to - night, but nev - er for

rall.

me a - gain ..... On - ly to - night, on - ly to - night, but never for

me a - gain. .....

D.C. al ♩

ONLY ONCE MORE.

Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Frank L. Moir.

Andante.

Piano

mf

mf cantabile

1. When o - ther hands ..... are clasp'd in thine ..... And o - ther
2. When o - thers breathe ..... earth's sweetest vow, ... And o - ther

eyes ..... shall smile on thee, ... When o - ther hearts ..... shall seek my
lips ..... their love shall tell ..... O! think of one ..... who loves thee

rall.

shrine ..... O! think how dear ..... thou art to me. .....
now ..... Who loves not wise - - ly but too well; .....

rall.

rall.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

p a tempo con espress.

On - ly once more, love,
On - ly once more, love,

p a tempo

thought to me,
gold - en spell,

rall.

O! give one pass - ing
O! weave a new love

rall.

rall.

Ped.

RE.

Music by Frank L. Moir.

l in thine ..... And o-ther
test vow, ... And o-ther

her hearts ..... shall seek my
of one ..... who loves thee

o me. .....
oo well; .....

rall.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

50544

p a tempo con espress.

On - ly once more, love, On - ly once more, O! give one pass - ing
On - ly once more, love, On - ly once more, O! weave a new love's

p a tempo *col canto*

thought to me, Just as of yore, love, On - ly once more, ...
gold - en spell, Just as of yore, love, On - ly once more, ...

rall. *rall.*

O! give one pass - ing thought to me;
O! weave a new love's

1. 2.

a tempo *f* *dim.*

gold - en spell.

rall. *a tempo* *mf*

Ped. * Ped.

50544

con espress.

When o - ther lights of love shall fade, And

p

cantabile

ev' - ry dream of love is o'er, In smiles or tears, in

agitato

sun or shade, On - ly re-turn to me once more, In

agitato

cres.

smiles or tears, in sun or shade, On - ly return to

cres.

f

me once more,

mf

On - ly once more, love,

mf

Ped.

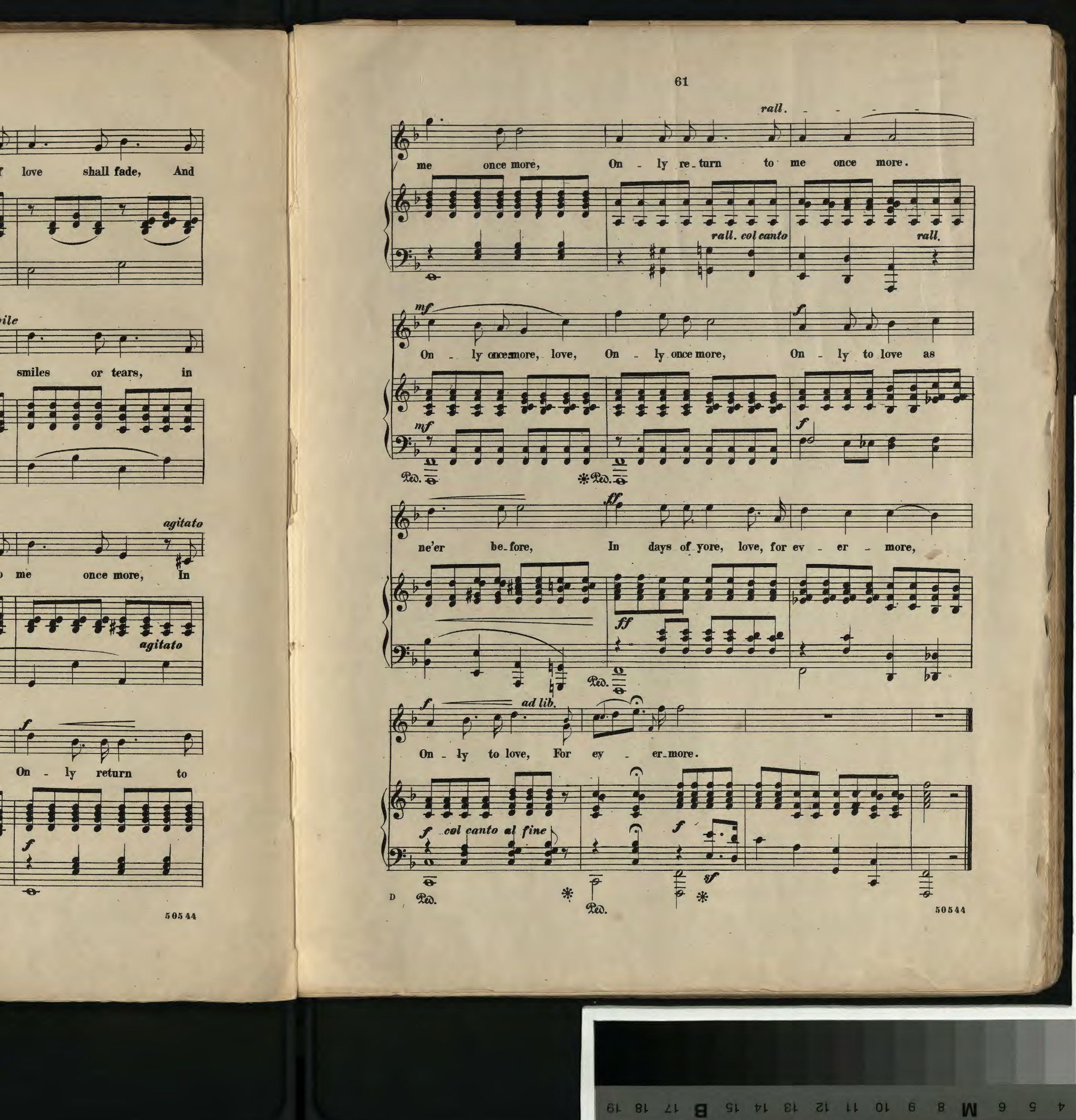
ne'er be-fore,

f *ad lib.*

On - ly to love, For

f *col canto al fine*

D Ped.


love shall fade, And
smiles or tears, in
agitato
me once more, In
agitato
On - ly return to
50544
61
rall.
me once more, On - ly re - turn to me once more.
rall. col canto
rall.
mf
On - ly once more, love, On - ly once more, On - ly to love as
f
ff
ne'er be - fore, In days of yore, love, for ev - er - more,
ff
ad lib.
On - ly to love, For ev - er - more.
f col canto al fine
f
sf
D
50544

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

Sopr. or Tenor.

Words by G.Clifton Bingham.

J.L.MOLLOY.

Andante con moto.

Piano.

rit. *a tempo*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Once in the dear dead days beyond re-call, When on the world the mists be-gan to fall,

Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng Low to our hearts Love sung an old sweet song;

And in the dusk where fell t

p a tempo

Just a song at twi-ligh

p

soft-ly come and go,

Still to us at twi - ligh

SONG.

J.L.MOLLOY.

rit. a tempo

Ped.

the world the mists be-gan to fall,

hearts Love sung an old sweet song;

And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam, Soft-ly it wove it-self in - to our dream.

rit.

p a tempo

Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low, And the flick'ring shadows

p

f

soft-ly come and go, Tho' the heart be wear-y, sad the day and long,

mf

rit.

Still to us at twi - light comes Love's old song, comes Love's old sweet song.

f rit.

sempre Ped.

mf

E_ven to_day we hear Love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for e_ver_more,

Foot_steps may fal_ter, weary grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day.

mf

So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

p

a tempo

Just a song at twi_li

p cantando

sempre Ped.

Ped.

shad_ows soft_ly

Ped.

Ped.

sad the day and long,

Love's old sweet

ur hearts it dwells for e-ver-more,

hear it at the close of day.

ound the sweetest song of all.

a tempo

Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low, And the flick'-ring

p cantando

sempre Ped. Ped.

shad-ows soft-ly come and go; Tho' the heart be wea-ry

f

mf

Ped. Ped.

ad lib.

sad the day and long, Still to us at twi-light comes Love's old song, comes

Love's old sweet song.

f animato

rit.

Ped. Ped.

ENTREATY.
BITTE.

(Hans Schmidt.)

English version by M. BARNETT.

CARL BOHM, Op.318, Nº1.

Simply, not too fast.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

Sweet-heart I en-treat of thee, When art part-ed, dear, from me, One germ of love in thy heart en-fold, Nour-ish, keep, and sa-cred hold!

Lieb ster Schatz, i bitt di schön: Wann wir uns nit wer-den seh'n, in dei-nem Her-zen das Körn-lein heg', Körn-lein Lie-be heg' und pfleg'!

rit.

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a tempo.

p

Sweet-heart mine, I

lieb-ster Schatz, I

Grateful shade for thee

der uns schattet im-

p

Grate-ful shade for th

der uns schat-tet

p

S

CARL BOHM, Op.318, Nº1.

p

Sweet-heart I en
Lieb ster Schatz, i

ne, One germ of love in thy
seh'n, in dei-nem Her-zen das

rit.

sa-cred hold!
heg' und pfleg'!

rit.

mf

Then when to thee I come once more,
Und wenn i dann mal wie-der kumm,

a tempo.

p

mf.

a tempo.

ten.

Sweet-heart mine, I thee implore, Let thou the germ be grown a tree,
lieb-ster Schatz, I bitt' di drum: Dann ist's ein grosser Baum, nit wahr?

ten.

ten.

Grateful shade for thee and me. Let thou the germ be grown a tree,
der uns schattet im-mer dar! Dannist's ein grosser Baum, nit wahr?

p

Grate-ful shade for thee and me.
der uns schat-tet im-mer-dar!

p

p

rit. *p*

S

An Old Garden.

(in B♭)

Words by Helen M. Burnside.

Music by Hope Temple.

Moderato.

Piano

f *dim.*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

p

I re - mem - ber, I re - mem - ber an old gar - den gay and

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

trim, And the foun - tain in the cen - tre with its gleam - ing mar - ble

Ped. *

cres. *f*

rim. There were rows of state - ly li - lies,

cres. *f*

p

wind - ing walks where ros - es

p

p *rall.*

fashioned from the hedge of

p *rall.*

Ped.

maid - en fair and tall

Ped. *

mem - ber best of all.

p *rall.*

EN.

Music by Hope Temple.

dim.

er an old gar-den gay and

tre with its gleam-ing mar-ble

tate-ly li-lies,

wind-ing walks where ros-es grew, And a drag-on at each cor-ner

rall. Tempo I.

fashioned from the hedge of yew! It was call'd my La-dy's gar-den, and the

rall. Tempo

maid-en fair and tall Who was wont to walk with-in it, I re-

colla voce

mem-ber best of all.

a tempo

rall. dim.

f animato

In her pet-ti-coat of sat-in, and her gai-ly flower'd

f A little faster *f*

f *fz*

gown, And the per-fume and the pow-der in her

cres. *f*

A little slower.

hair of sun-ny brown! I re-mem-ber, I re-mem-ber 'tis a

Ped. * Ped. * *cres.*

f

life-time since we met, But her sweet face pure and

f *p* *cres.*

Ped. * Ped. *

saint-ly in my

f

Ped.

p

dream I see he

p

Ped.

cres.

old, In the

cres.

Ped. *

f

gates of pearl

f

Ped.

, and her gai - - ly flower'd

the pow - der in her

ber, I re - mem - ber 'tis a

cres.

Ped. * Ped. *

But her sweet face pure and

cres.

*

a tempo

saint - ly in my mem - - 'ry lin - gers yet! And I

f *f*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

p

dream I see her walk - ing, with her state - ly grace of

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

cres.

old, In the gar - - den that is guard - ed by the

cres. *f*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

f *cres.*

gates of pearl and gold! In the gar den that is

f *cres.*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

ff f

guard-ed by the gates of pearl and gold! I re - mem - ber that sweet

ff rall. f colla voce dim.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

dim.

gar - den, with the li - lies fair and tall, But the maid who walk'd with-

dim.

p

in it, I re - mem - ber best of all.

p rit. colla voce

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Very slow.

p p p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Words by H.L.D'Arcy Jaxone.

Molto moderato.

Piano. mf

VOICE. mf

O riv - er, riv - er, r

mf

Let me live in the far

Let me play as a child

I re - mem - ber that sweet

dim.

But the maid who walk'd with-

dim.

Ped. Ped.

p

Ped.

TIME AND TIDE.

(Mezzo Soprano.)

Words by H.L.D'Arcy Jaxone. PAUL RODNEY.

Molto moderato.

Piano. mf

VOICE. mf

O riv - er, riv - er, roll - ing on! Turn thy tide for one lit-tle day;

mf

Let me live in the far a - way, In the days that are dead and gone.

Let me play as a child once more, In and out of the home-stead door;

rall.

Give me back what you bore from me, Faith and hope in my-self and thee.

rall.

L'istesso tempo. (♩.= ♩)

mf con espress.

Oh, Riv - er of Life! I am rest - less as thee, The springtide of Life will not

mf

f cres. *ff*

come back to me;..... So Time and Tide, I will go with thee,

f cres. *ff*

a tempo *mf rall.*

On - ward and on to E - ter - - ni-ty, On - ward and on to E-

a tempo *mf rall.*

ter - - - ni -

Thou art my life and I

Till Time it-self is past

rall.

d hope in my - self and thee.

rall.

hee, The springtide of Life will not

ff

will go with thee,

ff

mf rall.

On - ward and on to E -

mf rall.

ter - - - ni - ty.

a tempo

mf

Quicker

mf

O riv - er, riv - er, roll - ing on!

Quicker.

mf

Thou art my life and I thy heart; Thy fate and mine nev - er can part,

Till Time it - self is past and gone. Till the riv - er shall meet the sea,

Till the past shall re - turn to me, Till the twi - light shall tint the West,

ad lib.

Car - ry me, car - ry me home to rest. Till the twi - light shall tint the West,

colla voce

rall.

L'istesso tempo.

mf

Car - ry me, car - ry me home to rest. Oh, Riv - er of Life! I am

rall.

mf

rest - less as thee, The shad - ows are fall - ing o'er you and o'er me;..... So

f

f

cres.

Time and Tide, let

cres.

ter - - ni - ty,.....

On - ward and on to

ter - - - -

f

wi - light shall tint the West,

i - light shall tint the West,

o.

iv - er of Life! I am

f

you and o'er me;..... So

f

cres. *ff* *a tempo*

Time and Tide, let me go with thee, On - ward and on to E-

8 *cres.* *ff* *a tempo*

mf

ter - - ni - ty,..... So Time and Tide,..... let me go with thee,

8 *mf*

On - ward and on to E - ter - ni - ty, *rall.* *f* On - ward and on..... to E -

rall.

a tempo

ter - - - - - ni - ty!

f *f a tempo*

HUNTING FOUR-LEAFED CLOVER.

WORDS BY
BETH DAY.

MUSIC BY
J.W. BISCHOFF.

Con spirito.

f *dolce.*

riten.

Tempo di Valse.

Flit-ting cloudlets in the sky,.... Dropped their shadows o - - ver

May and I in meadow grass, Hunt-ing four-leafed clo - - ver.

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Sang the birds - as on -

Sang we in the meac

a tempo.

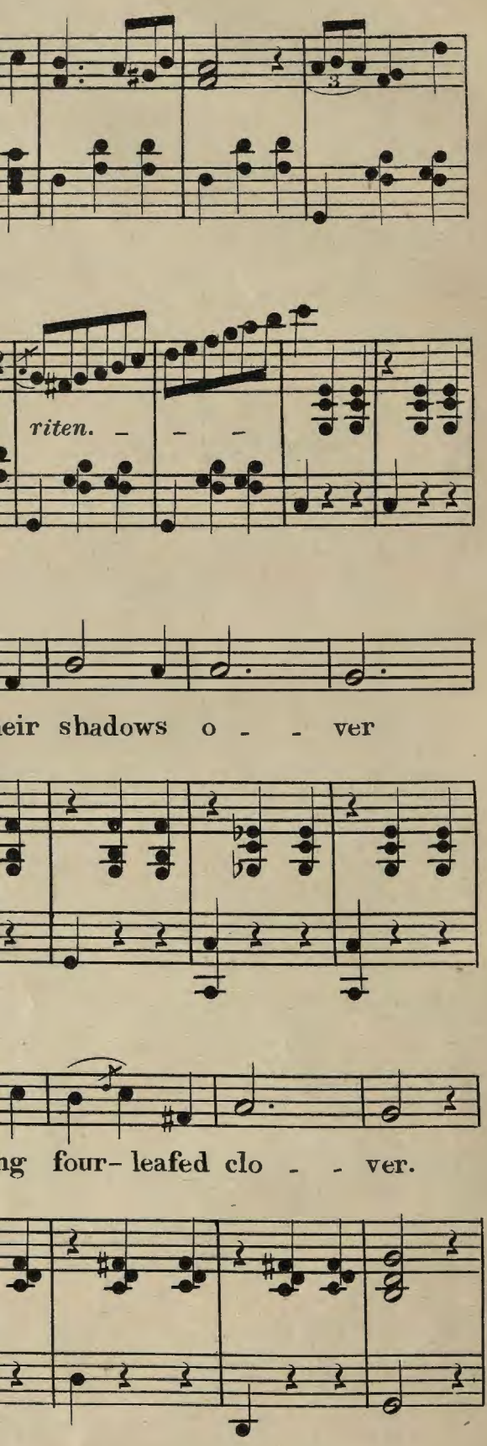
Tra..... la..... tra

a tempo.

Tra..... la..... la

ED CLOVER.

MUSIC BY
J.W. BISCHOFF.



Sang the birds - as on - ly birds - Sing in sweet June weather, ...

riten.

Sang we in the meadow green, May and I to - geth - - - er.

riten.

a tempo.

Tra..... la..... tra la la la la, Tra la la, Tra la la,

a tempo.

Tra..... la..... la..... la..... May and I to - gether.....

f *p*

f *riten.*

May whose voice was like a birds, Sang their wild strains o - - ver,

So I lost my heart that day, Hunting four-leafed clo - ver.

Years have passd, and Ma

Ne'er re-gretting wha

a tempo.

Tra..... la..... Tra

a tempo.

Tra..... la..... la

Years have passd, and May and I..... Pass life's shadows o - ver,.....

riten.

Ne'er re-gretting what she found Down a-mong the clo - - - ver.

riten.

a tempo.

Tra..... la..... Tra la la la la, Tra la la, Tra la la,

a tempo.

Tra..... la..... la..... la..... Down a-mong the clo-ver.....

ONLY A DREAM.

Words by G. J. Whyte Melville. Music by Herndon Morsell.

Moderato.

rit.

It came with the mer - ry May, Love, It

a tempo

allegro

bloom'd in the sum - mer prime ..... In a dy - ing year's de -

a tempo

cay Love, It brighten'd the fad - ing time. I

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thought it would last for

snow .....

On - ly a year a - g

colla voce

AM.

Music by Herndon Morsell.

rit.

ry May, Love, It

allegro

In a dy - ing year's de -

ing time. I

marcato

thought it would last for a life, Love, But it went with the win - ter

ad lib.

snow ..... On - ly a year a - go, Love,

colla voce

On - ly a year a - go. .....

colla voce

a tempo

It nev - er can bloom a - ny more Love, For the

plough has pass'd ov_er the spot ..... And the furrow hath left its score Love, In the

place where the flowers are not ..... 'Tis gone like a tale that is

told, Love, Like a dream it hath fleet_ed, al - though ..... 'Twas

rit.

on_ly a year a - go, Love, On_ly a year a - go.....

Words by SAMUEL K. COWAN. M. A.

CON SPIRITO.

Piano.

f

O_ver the summer sea!

she!..... Fly - ing with

sf *sf* *p*

Sterling Merit.

furrow hath left its score Love, In the

'Tis gone like a tale that is

eet-ed, al - though ..... 'Twas

rit.

On-ly a year a - go.....

ANCHORED!

Words by SAMUEL K. COWAN. M. A. (In B♭.) Music by MICHAEL WATSON.

CON SPIRITO.

Piano.

f

mf

Fly - ing with flow - ing sail

sf *p*

O - ver the summer sea! Sheer thro' the soothing gale, Homeward bound was

sf *p*

she!..... Fly - ing with feath'ry prow, Bounding with slant - ing keel..... And

sf *sf* *p*

cres.

glad, ... and glad was the sai - - lor lad ..... As he steer'd .....

cres. *f*

..... and sang at ..... his wheel ..... On - - ly an-

mf *mf*

- oth - er day to stray, ... On - ly an - other night to roam, ...

..... Then safe ..... at last, ... the har - bor past, Safe in my

mf

fath - er's home, ...

- er's home! .....

ff *a tempo.*

sf *sf*

sum - mer sun! Sweet -

lad ..... As he steer'd .....

cres. *f*

mf

..... On - - ly an-

mf

- ly an - other night to roam, ...

bor past, Safe in my

mf

f *poco rit.*

fath - er's home, ... Safe ..... in my fath - -

f *poco rit.*

- er's home! .....

ff a tempo.

MODERATO.

mp

Bright on the flashing brine, Glit - - ter'd the

sf *sf* *p staccato.*

sum - mer sun! Sweet - ly the star - ry shine, Smil'd when the day was done!

Blythe ..... was the breeze of Heav'n, Filling the fly_ing sail, ... And glad was the

p

rall.

sai_lor lad, As he steer'd ..... and sang thro' the gale. .....

mf a tempo.

On_ly an_oth_er day to stray, ... On_ly an_

mf

_oth_er night to roam, ... Then safe ..... at last, ... the

f

har_bor past,

f

Safe .....

f

AGITATO.

Sudden the light_ni

mf

ing sail,..... And glad was the

gale. .....

..... On - - ly an -

f

afe ..... at last,..... the

har - bor past, Safe in my fath - er's home,.....

mf

f *poco rit.*

Safe ..... in my fath - - er's home! .....

f *poco rit.* *ff* *a tempo.*

sf *sf*

AGITATO.

Sudden the light - nings flash'd, Like fal - chions in the dark!

mf

cres. *f* *molto rall.*

Sud_den the thun - ders crash'd! A las! for the gal_lant

cres. *f* *sf* *p*

ANDANTE.

bark! There when the storm had pass'd A drea - ry wreck lay she! But

p

p *rall.*

bright was the star - ry light That shone on the sum_mer sea!

p *rall.*

p *ALLEGRETTO.*

And a soft smile came from the stars, And a voice from the whisp' - ring

pp

foam,

Safe in his Fa

Safe in his Fa

f

ad lib.

Safe in his

ff *colla voce.*

f *molto rall.*

A las! for the gal_lant

sf *p*

drea _ ry wreck lay she! But

rall.

one on the sum_mer sea!

rall.

And a voice from the whisp'_ring

cres. *poco* *a* *poco.*

foam, Safe, safe at last, the dan _ ger past,

Safe in his Fath _ _ er's Home!

f

Safe in his Fath _ _ er's Home!

f

ad lib. *rall.*

Safe in his Fath _ er's Home!

ff *colla voce.* *rall.* *ff* *sf* *sf* *sf*

S

BROWN EYES HAS THAT LITTLE MAIDEN.

Words by LAURIUS. Music by GEO. L. OSGOOD.

ALLEGRETTO.

lightly. *cres.* *lightly.*

mf With abandon and clearly cut pronunciation.

1. Brown eyes has that lit - tle maid - en, maid - en,
2. And she has a mouth of ro - ses, ro - ses,

Con spirito.

poco ritard. *a tempo.*

maid - en, All with sparkling hu - mor la - den, la - - den,
ro - ses, Heavenly sweetness it dis - clo - ses, dis - clo - - ses,

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Cantabile.

O'er the mead
Tempt - ing - ly

riten.

dew ... her glances
ar - dor doubtin

colla vo

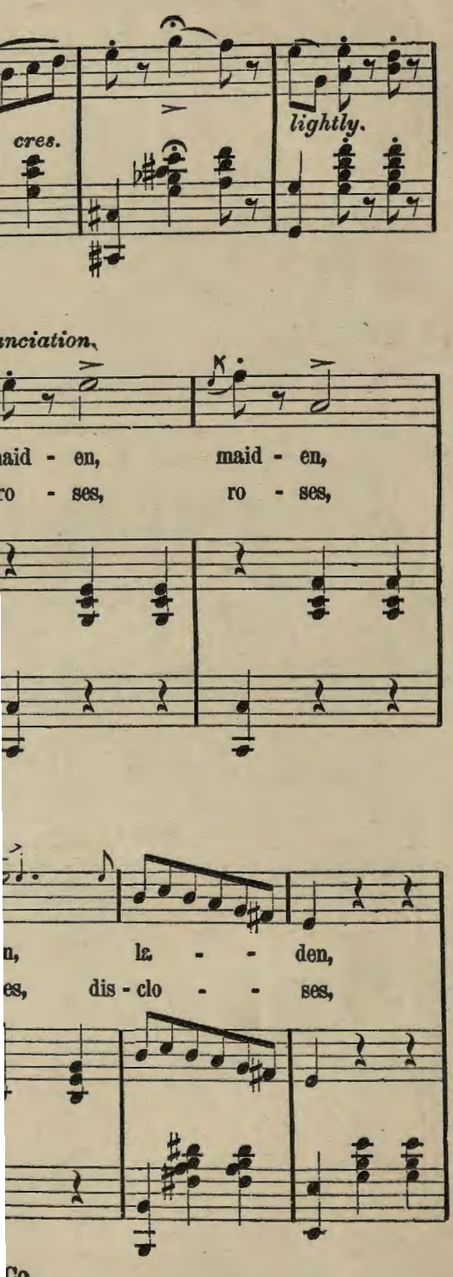
poco ritard. a tempo. cr

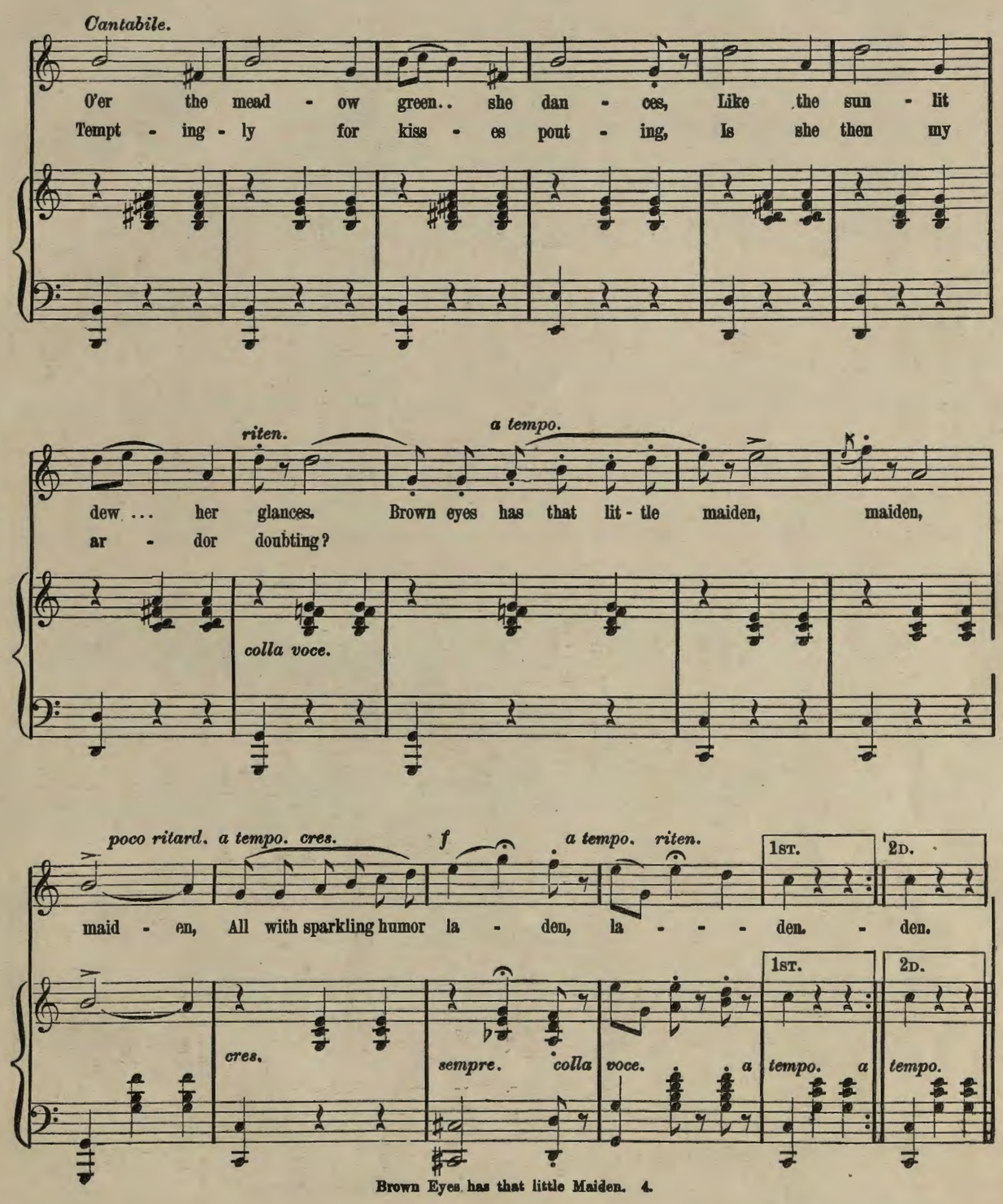
maid - en, All with s

cres.

LE MAIDEN.

Music by GEO. L. OSGOOD.





lightly.

a tempo.

3. And she has such li - ly fin - gers, fin - gers,

cres. *dim.*

poco ritard.

fin - gers, Lov - ing - ly my hand there lin - gers, lin - - gers,

Cantabile.

Is she true, o

poco ritard. *riten.*

seems.... so art- less?

sempre colla v

cres.

maid - en, All with spark

cres.

cres.

Cantabile. *cres.*

Is she true, or is.... she heart - less, Maid - en sweet that

poco ritard. *riten.* *a tempo.*

seems.... so art - less? Brown eyes has that lit - tle maid - en, maid - en,

sempre colla voce.

cres. *f riten.* *a tempo.* *riten.* *a tempo.*

maid - en, All with sparkling humor la - den, la - - - den.

cres. *sempre.* *colla* *voce.* *a* *tempo.*

cres. *lightly.*

fin - gers, fin - gers,

gers, lin - - gers,

"WHO'LL BUY MY BLACKBERRIES?"

Written and Composed by Annie M.R. Barnette.

Black_ ber-ries!

Black_berries! Here they are, fresh and ripe! Who'll buy my black_ber_ries?

𝄋 *Tempo di Valse.*

1 At ear_ly morn_ing's dawn I
2 With hope_ful heart I seek ..... the

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rise, To climb
town, My ber_

ma_ny a wea
all day long

bask_ ets, my
buy?..... who'll buy?

home ..... a_lone,
night ..... comes on,

CKBERRIES?"

Written and Composed by Annie M.R. Barnette.

Black-ber-ries!

'll buy my black-ber-ries?

rn - ing's dawn I
eart I seek ..... the

Ditson & Co.

rise, To climb the dis - tant dis - tant hill, And
town, My ber - ries ripe, ... my berries ripe to cry, And

ma-ny a wea - ry mile I trudge, Ere I ..... my
all day long from door to door, I ask, ... who'll

un poco meno mosso

bask - ets, my bask-ets fill. My moth - er sits at
buy? ..... who'll buy? ..... who'll buy? And when the dark - ning

home ..... a - lone, She's poor, and blind and old, Her
night ..... comes on, I gain my moth - er's side, And

form is thin, her hair is grey, She dreads the wint - - er's
in her tremb - ling hands I lay My hard - earnd pence, with

cold.
pride.

f *p*

Black - ber - ries! Black - ber - ries! Who'll buy my black - ber -

f *p*

p *rit.* *p* *rit.*

ries? Who'll buy? ..... Who'll buy? ..... Who'll buy my black - ber -

p *rit.* *p* *rit.*

p *tr* *f tr* *pp* *rit.*

ries? Who'll buy? Who'll buy? Who..... 'll buy? Who -

pp *rit.*

a tempo *rit*

pp

..... 'll buy? A

p

f *lent*

ries? Blac

D

She dreads the wint - - er's
My hard - earnd pence, with

s! Who'll buy my black - ber -

Who'll buy my black - ber -

pp *rit.*

Who ..... 'll buy? Who -

pp *rit.*

a tempo *rit.* *f* *f*

..... 'll buy? Who ..... 'll buy Who -

pp *rit.* *f*

..... 'll buy? Ah ..... Who'll buy my black - ber -

p *colla voce*

f lento *rit.*

ries? Black - ber - ries! Black - ber - ries!

8 ..... 𝄋

D.S.

LETHE.

Words from Harper's Magazine.

Music by F. BOOTT.

Andante.

VOICE.

I have brought poppies for thee, wea - ry heart, White pop - - pies steeped in

Legato.

PIANO.

mf

sleep; Ask Love if he'll give..... them ere..... we part, ...

Our hap - py dream..... to keep, to keep, our hap - - py dream to

cresc. *dim.*

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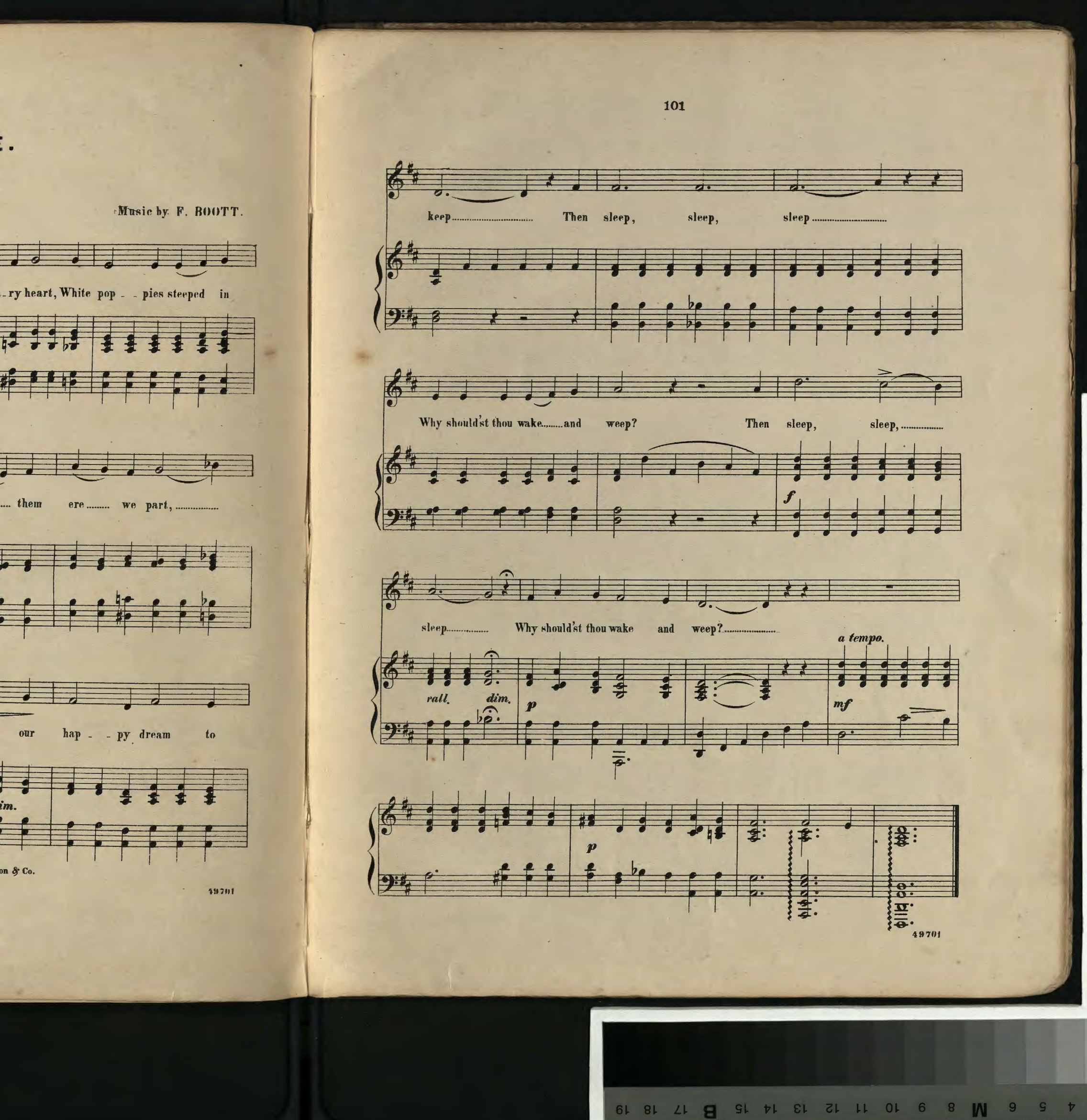
keep..... Then

Why should'st thou wake.....and

sleep..... Why should'st t

rall. *dim.* *p*


Music by F. BOOTT.
ry heart, White pop - - pies steeped in
them ere we part,
our hap - - py dream to
im.
on & Co.
49701
101
keep Then sleep, sleep, sleep
Why should'st thou wake and weep? Then sleep, sleep,
f
sleep Why should'st thou wake and weep?
rall. dim.
p
a tempo.
mf
p
49701

CRADLE SONG.

Words by Samuel Burnham. Music by Annie F. Loud.

Andante.

Voice. *mp teneramente e con molto espressione*

Lull-a-by, lull-a-by, Ba-by must sleep:

Piano. *mp* *poco rit.*

Lull-a-by, lull-a-by, Ba-by must sleep. Now when the day-light dies,

poco rit. *mf a tempo*

poco rit. *mf a tempo*

Closed be the lit-tle eyes; Rest till the sun a-rise, Sleep, ba-by, sleep.

dim. poco riten.

mp poco riten.

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mf poco più mosso

Lull-a-by, lull-

mf poco più mosso

Noise-less shall be

mp dolcemente

Andante.

mp poco a poco cres.

Sleep on,

mp Andante.

ONG.

Music by Annie F. Loud.

teneramente e con molto espressione

ll-a-by, lull-a-by, Ba-by must sleep:

mf a tempo

Now when the day-light dies,

mf a tempo

dim. poco riten.

sun a-rise, Sleep, ba-by, sleep.

mp poco riten.

mf poco più mosso *mp*

Lull-a-by, lull-a-by, Ba-by must sleep:..... Peace-ful shall rest thy head:

mf poco più mosso *mp*

p poco riten.

Noise-less shall be the tread Round our dear dar-ling's bed, Sleep, ba-by, sleep.

p poco riten. *rit.*

mp dolcemente *poco rit.*

Andante.

mp poco a poco cres. *ritard.*

Sleep on, sleep on, Sleep, ba-by, sleep ba-by.

mp Andante. *rit.*

poco più mosso

Lull - a - by, lull - a - by, Ba - by must sleep: No cause for anx - ious fears:

poco più mosso

mp *p Andantino*

Nor yet for thee the years When life must have its tears, Sleep, ba - by,

mp *p Andantino*

più lento *dim.* *pp* *mp Andante*

sleep; Sleep, ba - by, sleep..... Lull - a - by, lull - a - by,

più lento *dim.* *rit.* *pp* *mp Andante*

poco rit.

Ba - by must sleep:..... Lull - a - by, lull - a - by, Ba - by must sleep.

poco rit.

a tempo

Forms that we can - no

a tempo

mp poco riten.

Sleep, ba - by, sleep.

mp poco riten.

sleep,

mp a tempo

Sleep, ba - by,

mp a tempo

No cause for anx - ious fears:

p Andantino

its tears, Sleep, ba - by,

p Andantino

mp Andante

Lull - a - by, lull - a - by,

mp Andante

poco rit.

a - by, Ba - by must sleep.

poco rit.

a tempo *mf*

Forms that we can - not see, Lov - ing, are watch - ing thee: Thus may it ev - er be!

a tempo *mf*

mp poco riten. *mp a tempo* *piu p* *mp*

Sleep, ba - by, sleep. Sleep .... ba - by, sleep .... ba - by, Sleep ..... ba - by,

mp poco riten. *mp a tempo* *più p* *mp*

mp *p* *rit.*

sleep, Sleep ..... ba - by, sleep ..... ba - by,

mp *p* *rit.*

mp a tempo *p* *pp*

Sleep, ba - by, sleep .....

mp a tempo *p* *pp*

LULLABY.

From "ERMINIE."

ED. JAKOPOWSKI.

Moderato.

Piano.

f *p*

p

Dear moth-er, in dreams I see her,..... With
Ah! e'en when her life was ebb - ing,.... Her

p

lov'd face sweet and calm,..... And hear her voice With love re - joice, When
words were all of me,..... My fu - ture years Were all her fears, Her

nest - ling on
fate 'twas not

tears in each glist'
sor- row you stand

child with this lul
ten -der, sweet lul

Y.

"

ED. JAKOPOWSKI

p

in dreams I see her,..... With
her life was ebb - ing,.... Her

her voice With love re - joice, When
- ture years Were all her fears, Her

nest - ling on her arm..... I think how she soft - ly press'd me, Of the
fate 'twas not to see..... My fa - ther, I heard you weep - ing, As in

tears in each glist' - ning eye,..... As her watch she'd keep When she rock'd to sleep Her
sor - row you stand - ing by,..... And my mother's plaint In her ac - cents faint, This

mf *p*

child with this lul - la - by..... Bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye
ten - der, sweet lul - la - by..... Bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye bye

mf *p*

♩7 = 4

p L'istesso tempo.

bye bye bye bye bye,... Bye, bye, drowsiness o'ertaking, Pretty lit-tle eye-lids

p

sleep,... Bye, bye, Watching till thou'rt waking, Darling, be thy slumber deep,...

mf

Bye, bye, drowsiness o'ertaking, Pretty lit-tle eye-lids sleep,.. Bye, bye,

mf

rall. dim. *pp*

watching till thou'rt waking, Darling, be thy slumbers deep! bye bye bye bye....

rall. dim. *pp*

WHEN T

Andante.

marc. *f*

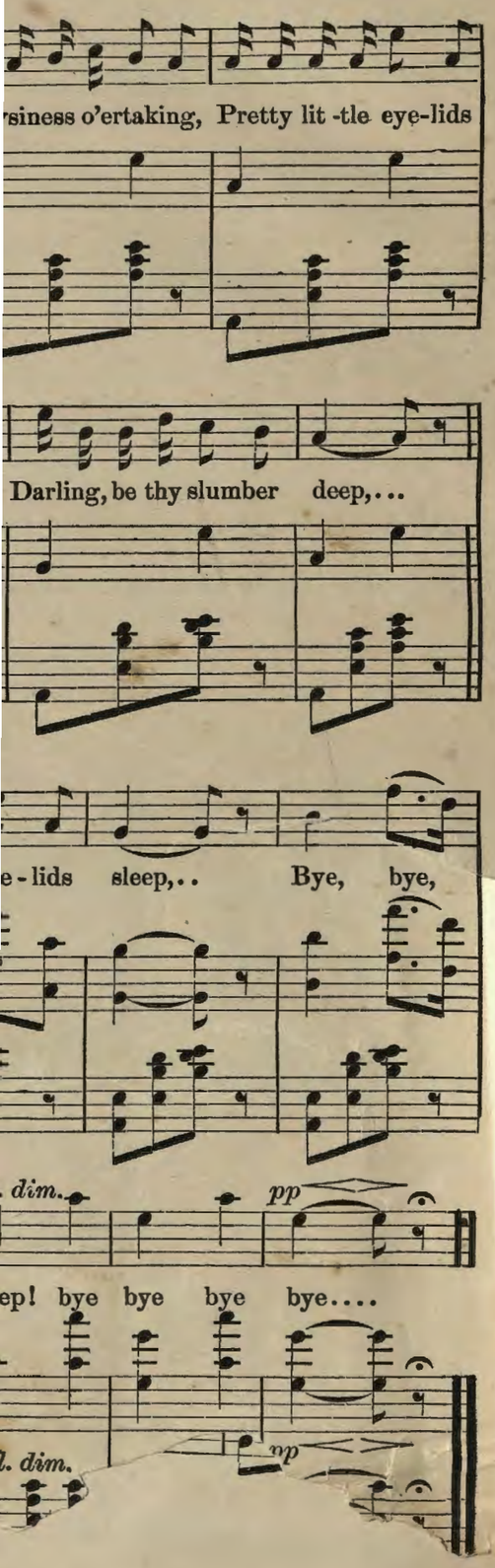
p espressivo.

1. When the mists

p

of the hills,

Falls in splen-do



WHEN THE MISTS HAVE CLEARED AWAY.

SOPRANO in F.

Comp'd by Arthur Henshaw.

Andante.

marc.

f

p espressivo.

1. When the mists have roll'd in splendor From the beau - ty

p

of the hills, And the sun - shine warm and ten-der,

Falls in splen - dor on the rills, We may read love's

Copyright MDCCCLXXX by G.D.Russell.

rall. p

shin-ing letter In the rain-bow of the spray: We shall know each

rall. p

rall.

oth-er better, When the mists have clear'd a-way. We shall know as

rall.

f rall. p

we are known, Nev-er more to walk a-lone, In the dawn-ing

f rall. p

rall.

of the morning When the mists have clear'd a-way.

rall.

f

p

2. If we err in hu-

3. When the mists have ris'n

p

If we miss the law

Face to face with thos

Snow-y wings of peac

Love be-yond the ori

rall. *p*

the spray: We shall know each

rall. *p*

a - way. We shall know as

rall. *p*

a - lone, In the dawn - ing

rall. *p*

rall.

have clear'd a - way.

rall.

f

p

2. If we err in hu - man blindness, And forget that we are dust,
3. When the mists have ris'n a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knows his own,

p

If we miss the law of kindness, When we struggle to be just.
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known.

rall.

Snow-y wings of peace shall cover All the pain that clouds our way;
Love be-yond the orient meadows Floats the gol - den fringe of day;

rall.

p

When the wea - ry watch is o-ver, And the mists have
Heart to heart we hide the shadows, Till the mists have

p

rall.

clear'd a - way. We shall know as we are known,
clear'd a - way. We shall know as we are known,

rall.

f rall. *p*

Nev - er more to walk a - lone, In the dawn - ing
Nev - er more to walk a - lone, When the day of

f rall. *p*

rall.

of the morning, When the mists have clear'd a - way.
light is dawning, And the mists have clear'd a - way.

rall.

English version by H. Stevens

Allegro moder

Piano

pp e legato sem

les grand bois A
soir, lan - çait Ses

lan - gui - do Su
fell on me That gl
giac - que - ro Nel f
si - lent bark On g

er, And the mists have
ows, Till the mists have

as we are known,
as we are known,

p

In the dawn - ing
When the day of

p

rall.

have clear'd a - way.
have clear'd a - way.

rall.

OHÈ! MAMMA!

A Dream of Love.

English version by H. Stevens.

Petrosemolo.
(F. P. Tosti.)

Allegro moderato.

Piano

pp e legato sempre

1. Quand les oi - seaux dans
2. Le ro - si - gnol, un

1. Al - lor che il guar - do
Ah! when quick flash - ing
2. I - ner - ti i re - mi
No long - er rows the

ppp sempre

les grand bois A la brise em - ban - mé - - e, Font ré - son - ner leurs
soir, lan - çait Ses no - tes mer - vell - leu - - ses, Et le grand lac se

lan - gui - do Su me po - sòu n'i - stan - te Al - lor che il guar - do
fell on me That glance so bright and ten - - der, Ah! when quick flash - ing
giac - que - ro Nel fon - do del bat - tel - - lo I - ner - ti i re - mi
si - lent bark On gen - tle rip - ples danc - - ing, No long - er rows the

mil - le voix Sons la ver - te ra - mé - e, A ma vue é - - ton -
ba - lan - çait Sons les al - gues soy - eu - ses L'E - cho chan - tait: "Je

lan - gui - do Su me po - sòu - n'i - stan - te Io ne di - ven - nia -
fell on me That glance so bright and ten - der, My heart would fain sur -
giac - que - ro Nel fon - do del bat - tel - lo Il so - gno e - ra si
si - lent bark On gen - tle rip - ples danc - ing, O vi - sion soul - en -

ne - e, Hé - las! ma - man! Hé - las! ma - man! A ma vue é - - ton -
t'a - me!" Hé - las! ma - man! Hé - las! ma - man! L'E - cho chan - tait: "Je

man - te oh - è! mam - mà, oh - è! mam - mà, Io ne di - ven - nia -
ren - der Oh - è! mam - mà, oh - - è! mam - mà, My heart would fain sur -
bel - - lo, Oh - è! mam - mà, oh - è! mam - mà, Il so - gno e - ra si
tranc - ing! Oh - è! mam - mà, oh - - è! mam - mà, O vi - sion soul - en -

ne - - e, Hé - las! ma - man! Hé - las! ma - man! Il ap - pa - rent no -
t'ai - - me!" Hé - las! ma - man! Hé - las! ma - man! Et lui ra - vi par
cres.

man - - te oh - è! mam - mà, oh - è! mammà, E quan - do al fin ri -
ren - - der Oh - è! mam - mà, oh - è! mam - mà, And ere with tremb - ling
bel - - lo, oh - è! mam - mà, oh - è! mammà, La Lu - na in nu - be ar
tranc - ing! Oh - è! mam - mà, oh - è! mam - mà, Be - neath a bank of

ble et char - mant Sons
ce doux chant, Me

chie - de - re Ar -
eag - er - ness His
gen - te - a Il
sil - ver cloud The

mé - e, Hé - las!
t'ai - me!" Hé - las!

co - - re Oh - è!
of - fer'd, Oh - è!
na - va Oh - è!
heed - ed, Oh - è!

p

mé - e, A ma vue é - - ton-
eu - ses L'E - cho chan-tait: "Je

stan - te Io ne di-ven - nia-
ten - der, My heart would fain sur-
tel - lo Il so - gno e-ra si
danc - ing, O vi - sion soul - en -

s! ma - man! A ma vue é - - ton-
s! ma - man! L'E - cho chan-tait: "Je

! mam-mà, Io ne di-ven - nia-
mam-mà, My heart would fain sur-
! mam-mà, Il so - gno e-ra si
mam-mà, O vi - sion soul - en -

s! ma - man! Il ap - pa-rent no-
s! ma - man! Et lui ra - vi par
cres.

! mammà, E quan - do al fin ri-
mam-mà, And ere with tremb - ling
! mammà, La Lu - na in nu - bear
mam-mà, Be - neath a bank of

ble et char-mant Sons la ver - te ra - mé - - e, Sons la ver - te ra -
ce doux chant, Me re - pe - tait de mé - me, Me ré - pe - tait: "Je

chie - de - re Ar - di tre - man - do a - mo - - re Gli a - vea già do - to il
eag - er - ness His faith-ful love was prof - fer'd, Had mine un - told been
gen - te - a Il di - sco suo ce - la - - va La bar - ca cam - mi -
sil - ver cloud The ra - diant moon re - ced - ed, While drifts the boat un -

mé - e, Hé - las! ma - man! Hé - las!
t'ai - me!" Hé - las! ma - man! Hé - las!
p

co - - re Oh - è! mammà, oh - è!
of - fer'd, Oh - è! mam-mà, oh - è!
na - va Oh - è! mammà, oh - è!
heed - ed, Oh - è! mam-mà, oh - è!

p

p

ppp sempre

Poco piu lento.

Bon soir, ma - man, ne craig nes rien, Voi - ci tou - te l'his-

Span - de - va a-mor l'o - ce - a - no A - mor span - de - - vail

With love di - vine was heav'n o'erspread, Love ov - er - spread the

col canto

toi - - re: L'A - mour (*c'est Lui*), vous sa - - ves bien Qu'il

cie - - - lo Span - de - - va a-mor l'o - - ce - - a - no A -

o - - - cean, With love di - vine was heav'n o'er - spread, Love

ne faut pas le croi - re, L'A - mour per - dit ses ai - - les, Bon-

pp *rit.*

mor span - de - - vail cie - lo Mi tol - - se gli oc - chi un ve - - lo Oh-

ov - er - spread the o - - cean, To him be life's de - vo - - tion! Oh-

pp *rit.* *col canto*

soir, ma - man! Bon soir, ma - man! L'A - mour per - dit ses ai - les, Bon-

è! mam-mà, oh - e! mam - mà, Mi tol - se gli oc-chi un ve - - lo Oh-

è! mam - mà, oh - è! mam - mà, To him be life's de - vo - - tion! Oh-

soir, ma - man! Bon -

è! mam-mà, Oh- -

è! mam - mà, oh -

crain - dre aux demoi

qual vi - sion be -

as if heaven - ward

soir, ma - man! Bon -

è! mam-mà, oh -

è! mam - mà, oh -

p

sempre

soir ma -

è! mam -

è! mam -

pi

nes rien, Voi - ci tou - te l'his-

- a - no A - mor span - de - - vail

o'erspread, Love ov - er - spread the

vous sa - - ves bien Qu'il

l'o - - ce - - a - no A -

was heav'n o'er - spread, Love

our per - dit ses ai - - les, Bon-

l - - se gli oc - chi un ve - - lo Oh-

m be life's de - vo - - tion! Oh-

ol canto

mour per - dit ses ai - les, Bon-

tol - se gli oc - chi un ve - - lo Oh-

him be life's de - vo - - tion! Oh-

soir, ma - man! Bon - soir, ma - man! Le jour où la Rai - son, par - lant, Fit

cres.

è! mam - mà, Oh - è! mam - mà, Oh! qual in - can - to e - te - re - o Oh!

è! mam - mà, oh - è! mam - mà, O what e - ther - eal ec - sta - sy! Dream

crain - dre aux demoi - sel - les Les ser - ment in - fi - dé - - les, Bon-

rit.

p

qual vi - sion be - a - ta Ahi - mè ch'io son de - sta - - ta Oh-

as if heaven - ward tak - en! And now a - - las! to wak - - en! Oh

rit.

p

soir, ma - man! Bon - soir, Bon - soir, ma - man! Bon-

pp di - - mi - - nu - - en - - do

è! mam - mà, oh - è! Oh - è! mam - mà, oh-

è! mam - mà, oh - è! Oh - è! mam - mà, oh-

pp col canto

p

soir

sempre ma - man! ppp

è! mam - mà.

è! mam - mà.

ppp

ppp

D

NEVER TO KNOW.

Words by Mike Beverly. Music by Theo. Marzials.

Piano

f *p* *pp* *cres.* *p*

1. The air was dreamy with flow'rs, ... The room was love-ly with light, ... The soft Waltz-tunes were float - ing A - far in the warm June night, ... And she danc'd with one and the
2. She came to the win-dow one mo - ment, She gazed a - far in the night, She was dazed with too much danc - ing, On daz-zled with too much light, ... So he nev - er moved from the

o - ther. She sha - dow, So

nev - er look'd as s nev - er saw, as sl

there. cheek. Ah ! nev -

nev - er, Nev-er

KNOW.

Music by Theo. Marzials.

was dreamy with flow'rs,..... The
the win-dow one mo - ment, She

Waltz-tunes were float - ing A -
with too much danc - ing, On

And she danc'd with one and the
So he nev - er moved from the

p

o - ther. She was far too love-ly to care, ... And she
sha - dow, So he found no word to speak, ... And he

nev - er look'd as she pass'd him by, A - lone in the win - dow
nev - er saw, as she turned a - way, The tear on her young, bright

there.
cheek. } Ah! nev-er to know it, nev - er, nev-er to know, Ah!

pp

nev - er, Nev-er to know the heart that's ach - ing All for our sake and

al - most break - ing, Nev - er to know, nev - er to know The

ff *stretto*

heart that we love is ach - ing, ach - ing, break - - ing.

rall.

1.

1.

f

2.

2.

3. The

long, long years are

ut - ter - ly past a -

hear that she was an -

p

what did it mat - ter, for

f

nev - er to know The

stretto

ak - - ing. .....

rall.

3. The

long, long years are o - ver. The great seas roll be - tween. They have

ut - ter - ly past a - sun - der From all that might have been. Did he

hear that she was an - oth - ers, Did they say that he was dead? Oh!

p *f*

what did it mat - ter, for saddest of all Was one lit - tle word un - said, Ah!

f

nev_er to know it, nev - er, Nev_er to know, Ah! nev - er,

pp

Nev_er to know the heart that's ach - ing All for our sake and

al - most break_ing, Nev_er to know, nev_er to know, The heart that we love is

Quick.

f

ff *Quick.*

ach - ing, ach - ing, break - ing.....

f *f*

Ped. *

Words by Clifton Bingham.

Moderato con moto

Piano.

Ped. *

a tempo.

I re_mem_ber yet

thresh_old still and sun -

cres.

gar_den and a nev -

cres.

r to know, Ah! nev - er,

ing All for our sake and

Quick.

to know, The heart that we love is

ff *Quick.*

f

ARCHIVES OF HAWAII

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Words by Clifton Bingham. Music by Hope Temple.

Moderato con moto.

Piano.

cres. *f* *dim.* *c - rit.*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

a tempo.

I re-mem-ber yet a cot-tage in a quaint old vil-lage street, With its

rit. *a tempo.*

thresh-old still and sun-ny, worn by cen-tu-ries of feet, There were ro-ses in the

col canto.

Ped.

cres. *f*

gar-den and a nev-er ceas-ing hush, Far a-way from town and ci-ty, toil and

cres. *f*

a tempo.

tur_moil, race and rush! I re_mem_ber yet a fi_gure sit_ting there when day was

rit.

ten. *p*

done, And a child for ev_er play_ing in the sha_dow and the sun, And I

cres. *f* *dim.* *p*

Ped. * Ped. *

dolce. *f*

won_der would she know me, would she love me as of yore, If I

p *f*

cross'd a_gain that thres_hold and be_came a child once more?

dim. *e* *rit.*

una corda.

legato.

mem_ber yet a

p *p*

Ped. *

hush'd and ho_ly

Ped. *

lit_tle child is k

cres. *poco a*

Ped. *

fi - gure sit - ting there when day was

ten. *p*

e sha - dow and the sun, And I

p

me as of yore, If I

f

be - came a child once more?

rit.

Religioso.

I re -

una corda.

legato.

mem - ber yet a por - tal of an old church dim and grey, And the

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

hush'd and ho - ly voi - ces low and soft, of those who pray, And a

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

lit - tle child is kneel - ing where the gold - en sun - light streams From the

f

cres. - poco - a poco

f

Ped. * Ped. *

ten.

an - gels on the win - dow mak - ing Heav'n of child - hood's dreams. I re -

f *frit.* *p*

dolce.

mem - ber years are fleet - ing and the child is gone a - way, But the

p *accel.*

Ped.

fi - gure at the thres - hold and the ra - diant an - gels stay! And I

ten. *p*

rall. *rit.* *p*

a tempo. *dolce.*

know Life wears no long - er all that once for me it wore, But a

accel.

mo - ther's love and G

know Life wears no l

f

mo - ther's love and G

Ped.

dim.

of child_hood's dreams. I re-

is gone a_way, But the

ten. p

diant an_gels stay! And I

rit. p

for me it wore, But a

accel.

rit. a tempo.

mo_ther's love and God's love are un_chang_ing ev_er_more. And I

rit. rit. f

ten.

know Life wears no long_er all that once for me it wore, But a

f f p

f a tempo.

mo_ther's love and God's love are un_chang_ing ev_er_more!

f ff f

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

dim. p rit. pp ppp

una corda.

I WORSHIP HER, AND HER ALONE.

ROMANCE.

(SOUBISE.)

From the "MARQUIS"

Words by Max Freeman.

Music by LACOME.

Andantino.

Andantino. (♩ = 84.)

pp

'Tis vain with hearts, that love con-
Dieu! quel-le fai-blesse est la

-ten-ding, True pas-sion rea-son soars a-bove, My
nô-tre! Pour la che-rir com-me ce-la, El-

pas-sion I am not de-fend-ing, I on-ly know and feel I
-le n'a rien de plus qu'une au-tre Mais je n'ai-me que ce qu'elle

love. I of-fer no ex-ten-u-a-tion, My
a Seule el-le me tour-ne la té-te Par

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fol-ly here I frank
ses at-traits fas-ci

-ra-tion, I wor-
bê-te Pau

Ther
J'ai

oh, such eyes I ne-ver
ces yeux n'étaient pas ses

IER ALONE.

From the "MARQUIS"
Music by LACOME.

'Tis vain with hearts, that love con-
Dieu! quel-le fai-blesse est la

oars a-bove, My
me ce-la, El-

ing, I on-ly know and feel I
tre Mais je n'ai-me que ce qu'elle

ten-u-a-tion, My
-ne la té-te Par

fol-ly here I frank-ly own; She is my on-ly ad-o-
ses at-traits fas-ci-na-teurs Et j'ai beau me di-re c'est

a piacere.

-ra-tion, I wor-ship her, and ..... her a-lone.
bê-te Pau-vre fou cher-che donc ail-leurs.

There may be eyes as bright-ly gleam-ing, But
J'ai vu des yeux plus beaux sans dou-te Mais

oh, such eyes I ne-ver see; There may be lips as sweetly seem-ing, But
ces yeux n'étaient pas ses yeux, Au-cu-ne des voix que j'ê-cou-te N'a

yet no oth - er lips for me! Her voice is like an an - gel
ses ac - cents me - lo - di - - eux Et les ap - pas de la plus

speak - - - ing, I live up - on its light - est tone, She
bel - - - le Pour moi ne sont pas des ap - pas En -

is my on - ly ad - o - - ra - - - tion, I wor - ship her, and her a -
- fin tout ce qui n'est pas el - - le Pour mon a - mour n'é - xis - te

pp

- lone.
pas.

RIN

Allegretto.

PIANO.

sing! .....

ring! .....

sing! .....

Her voice is like an an - gel
Et les ap - pas de la plus

light - est tone, She
des ap - pas En -

I wor - ship her, and her a -
Pour mon a - mour n'é - xis - te

RING, BLUE BELLS RING.
SUMMER SONG.

Soprano.

Music by H. M. Van Lennep.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

5. In the roadside thicket hi - ding, Sing, ro - bin,
1. Dai - sies dot the meadow o - ver, Ring bluebells
2. Blue-eyed grass looks up se - renely, Sing, ro - bin,

sing! ..... Sing ro - bin sing! See the yel - low
ring! ..... Ring bluebells ring! Bees are humming
sing! ..... Sing ro - bin sing! Nod - ding lil - lies

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dod_der gliding, Ring bluebells ring! ..... Ring bluebells ring!

in the clo_ver, Sing ro_bin sing! ..... Sing ro_bin sing!

beck_on queenly, Ring bluebells ring! ..... Ring bluebells ring!

Like a liv__ing skein in__lacing Coil_ing, climbing, turning, chas_ing, Thro' the fragrant

In the marsh pink or_chid's fa_ces With their coy and dain_ty gra_ces, Lure us to their

Downbe_side the tall rank sedges Flag flaunt from the pools green ed_ges, Fair sweet ro_ses

sweet fern rac_ing, Laugh O murmring Spring! &c

hid_ing plac_es, Laugh O murmring Spring! Tra_la_la_la_la_la_la_la la, Tra_la la la

haunt the hedg_es, Laugh O murmring Spring! Ha_ha_ha_ha_ha_ha_ha ha, Ha_ha ha ha

la la la la, Tra la_la la, Tra la_la_la, Tra la la la la, Ha ha! .....

ha ha ha ha, Ha ha ha ha, Ha ha ha ha, Ha ha ha ha ha, Ha ha! .....

Last verse.

laugh, Ha! .....

Last verse.

Fine.

Andante.

3 To the dim

4 O'er the val

Ring bluebells ring!
Sing ro_bin sing!
Ring bluebells ring!

mbing, turning, chas_ing, Thro' the fragrant

oy and dain_ty gra_ces, Lure us to their
rom the pools green ed_ges, Fair sweet ro_ses

Tra_la_la_la_la_la_la_la la, Tra_la la la
Ha_ha_ha_ha_ha_ha_ha ha, Ha_ha ha ha

la la la la Ha ha!
ha ha ha ha Ha ha!

1&2 Verses. Last verse.

Yes laugh, Ha! Ha! Yes laugh Ha! Ha! Yes

1&2 Verses. Last verse.

Last verse.

laugh, Ha!..... Ha! Ha!

Last verse.

Sostenuto.

Fine. ff rit. p

Andante.

f dim. p

3 To the dim and sha_ _ _ _ dy hol_ _ _ _ low,
4 O'er the val_ _ _ _ ley night is fal_ _ _ _ ling

Sing ..... rob - - - - in, sing!
Ring ..... blue - - - bells, ring!

Through the bend - - - ing gras - - - ses fol - - - - low
Bird to brook me - - - - - lo - - - - dious cal - - - - ling

Ring, ... blue - - - - - bells ring!
Sing, ... ro - - - - - - bin sing!

Where the long slant rays are beam - - - ing
Still the but - - - - ter - - - - cup's gold lin - - - ing

Where the
'Mid the

a tempo.

Pale the
In the

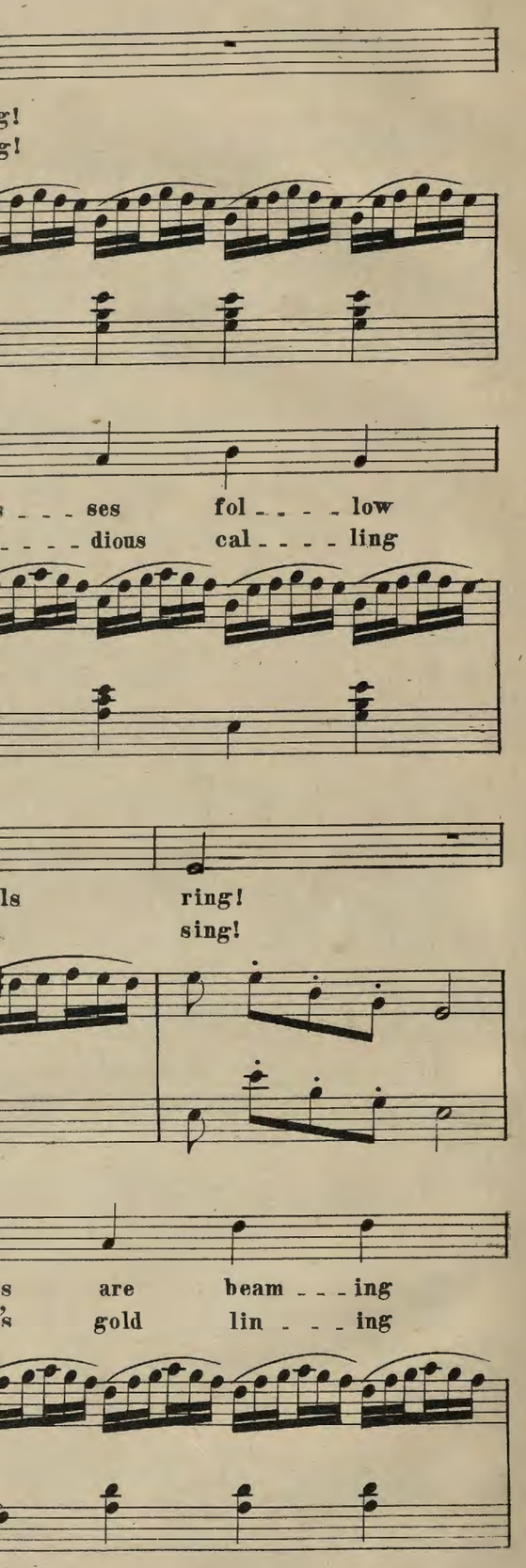
a tempo.

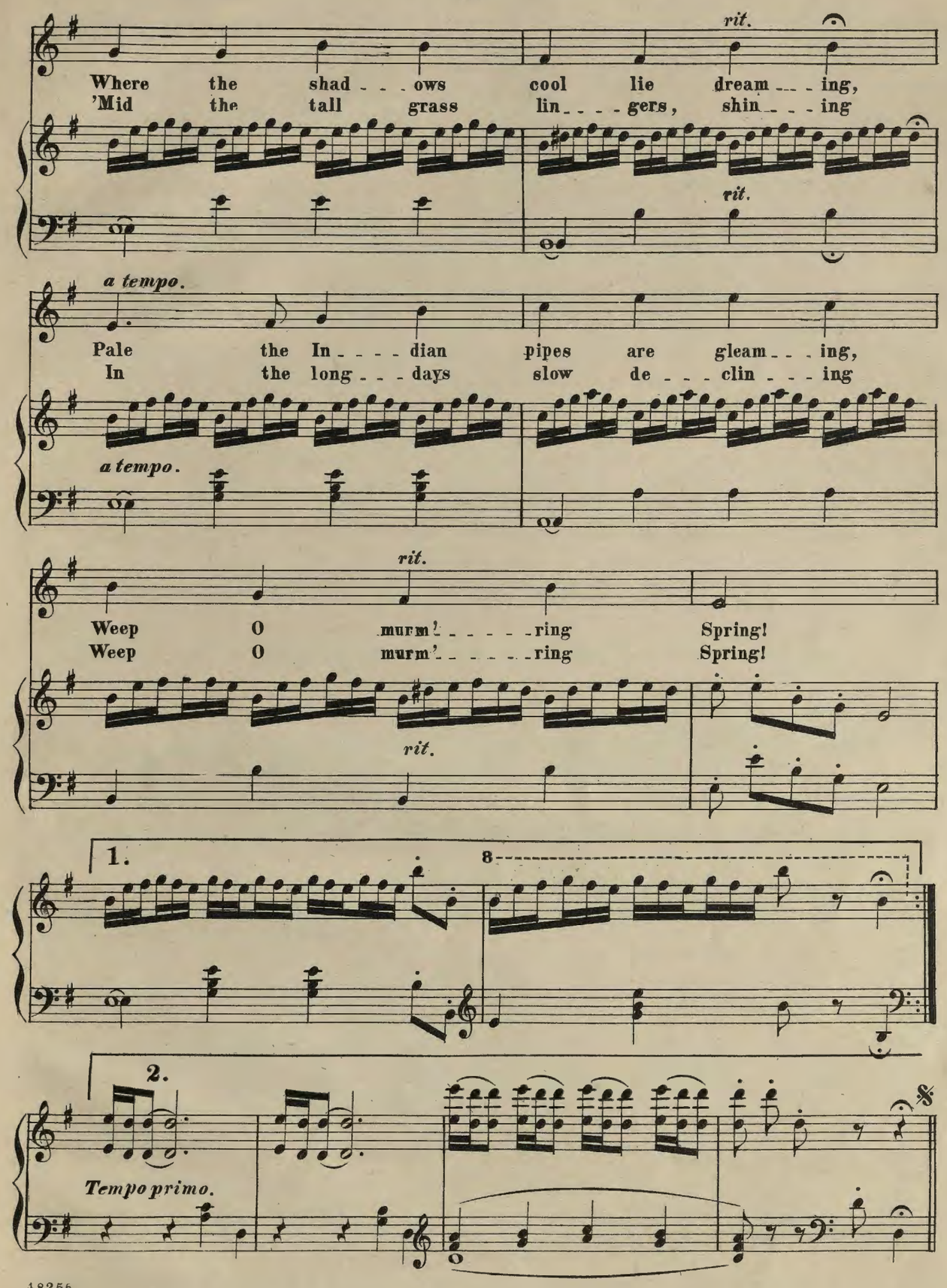
Weep O
Weep O

1.

2.

Tempo primo.

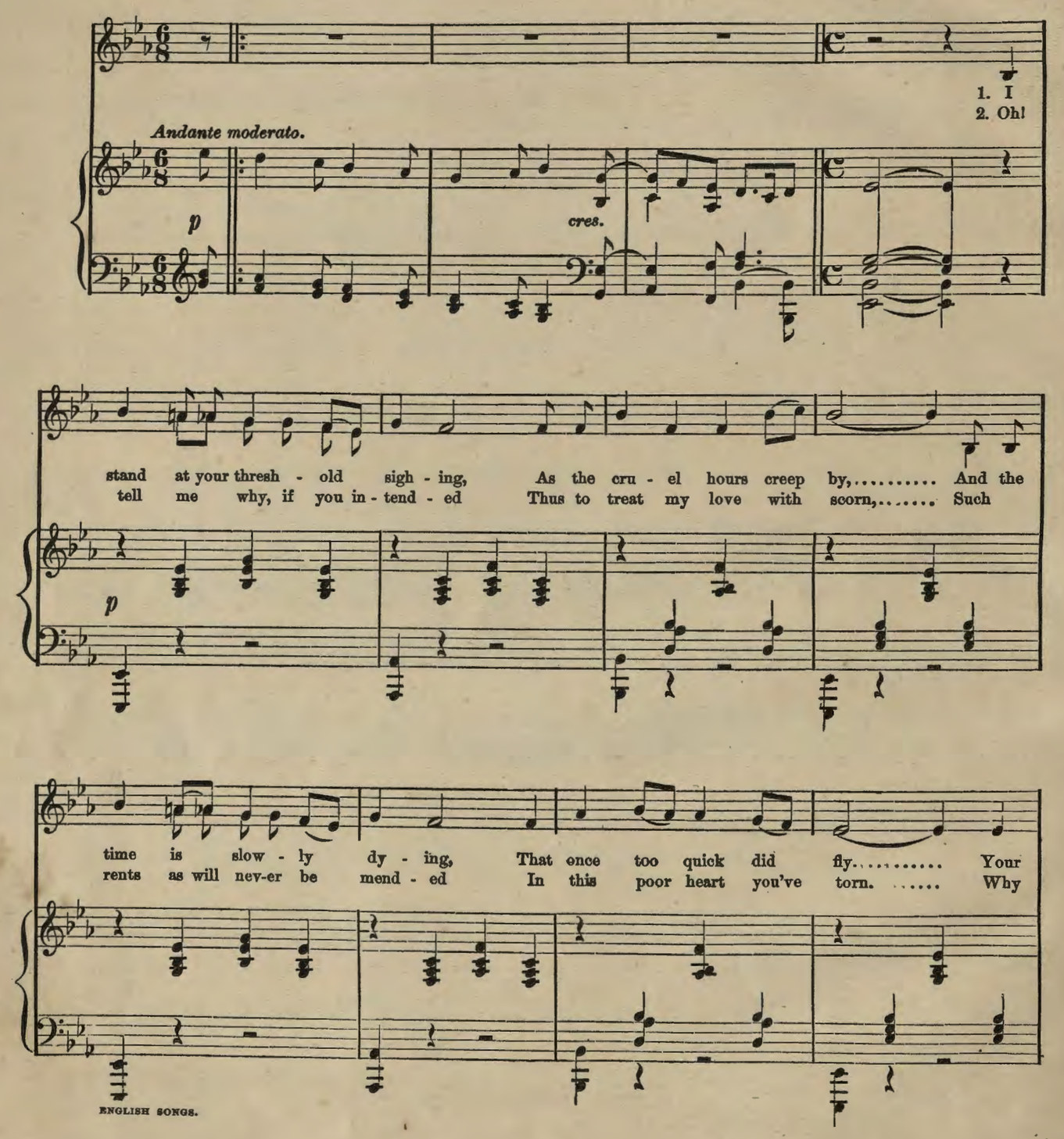

g!
g!
ses fol low
dious cal ling
ls ring!
sing!
s are beam ing
's gold lin ing

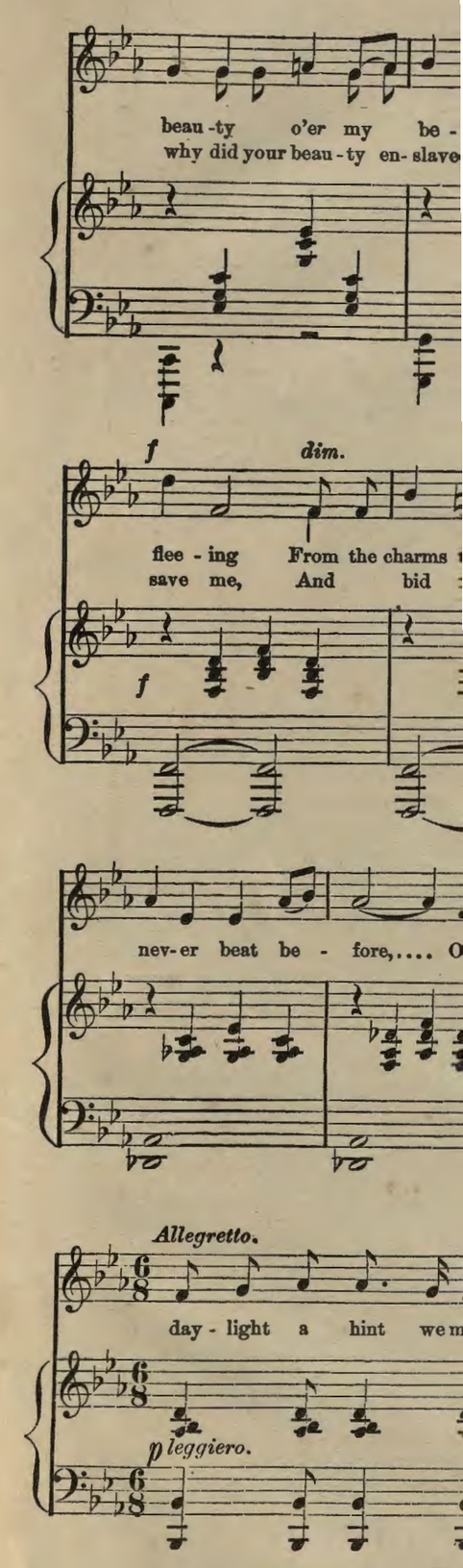

rit.
Where the shad ows cool lie dream ing,
'Mid the tall grass lin gers, shin ing
rit.
a tempo.
Pale the In dian pipes are gleam ing,
In the long days slow de clin ing
a tempo.
rit.
Weep O murm' ring Spring!
Weep O murm' ring Spring!
rit.
1.
8
2.
Tempo primo.

QUEEN OF MY HEART.

From "DOROTHY."

Words by B. C. STEPHENSON. Music by ALFRED CELLIER.





HEART.

."

Music by ALFRED CELLIER.

1. I
2. Oh!

el hours creep by,..... And the
my love with scorn,..... Such

quick did fly..... Your
or heart you've torn. ..... Why

beau-ty o'er my be-ing, Has shed a sub-tle spell.... And a-las! there is no
why did your beau-ty en-slave me, And give me such ex-quis-ite pain?... Oh, say but the word that would

f *dim.* *pp*

flee-ing From the charms that you wield so well..... For my heart is wild-ly beat-ing, As it
save me, And bid me hope a-gain..... For my heart is wild-ly beat-ing, As it

f *pp*

rall.

nev-er beat be-fore,.... One word, one whis-pered greeting, In mer-cy I im-plore,... For from

colla voce.

Allegretto.

day-light a hint we might bor-row, And prudence might come with the light,..... Then

p leggiero.

cres.

why should we wait till to - mor - row? You are queen of my heart to - night, ... From

cres.

day- light a hint we might bor - - row, And prudence might come with the light,..... Then

ral - - - - len 1st. - - - tan - - - - do. len 2d. - p - -

why should we wait till to - mor - row? You are queen of my heart to - night. - mor - row? You are

pp

- tan - - - - do.

queen of my heart to - night.

pp

cres. tr

rall.

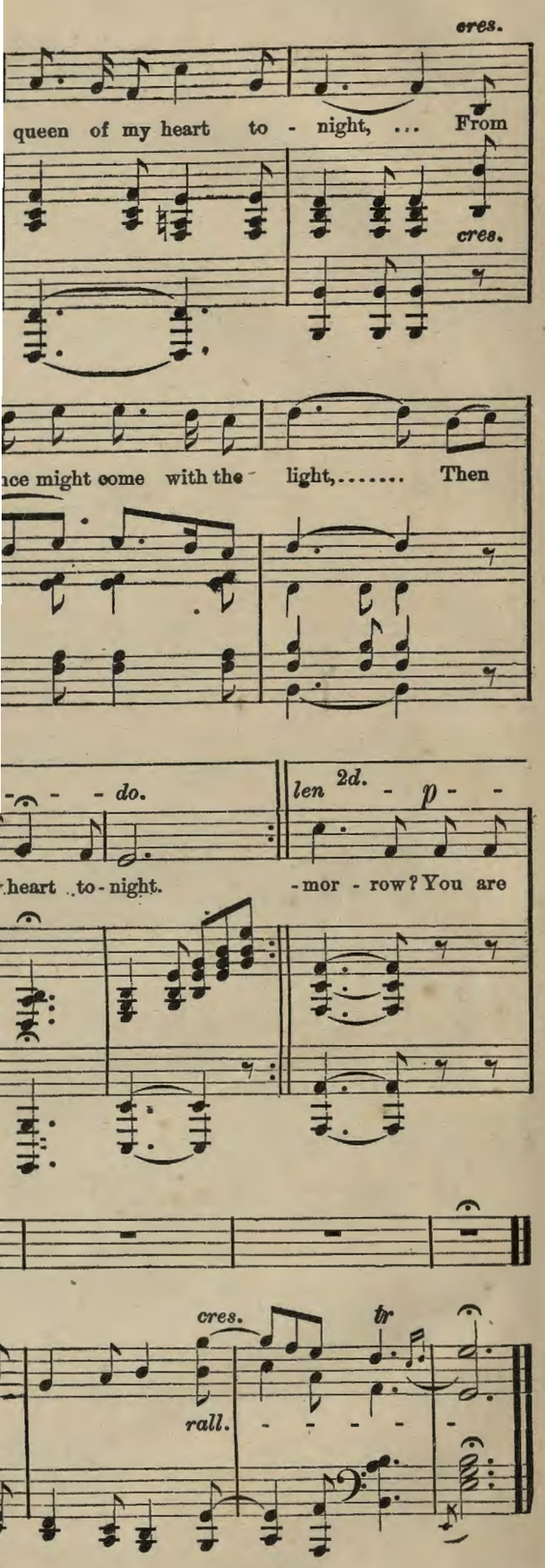
I ONCE HA

Words by Rev. Charles King

Moderato.

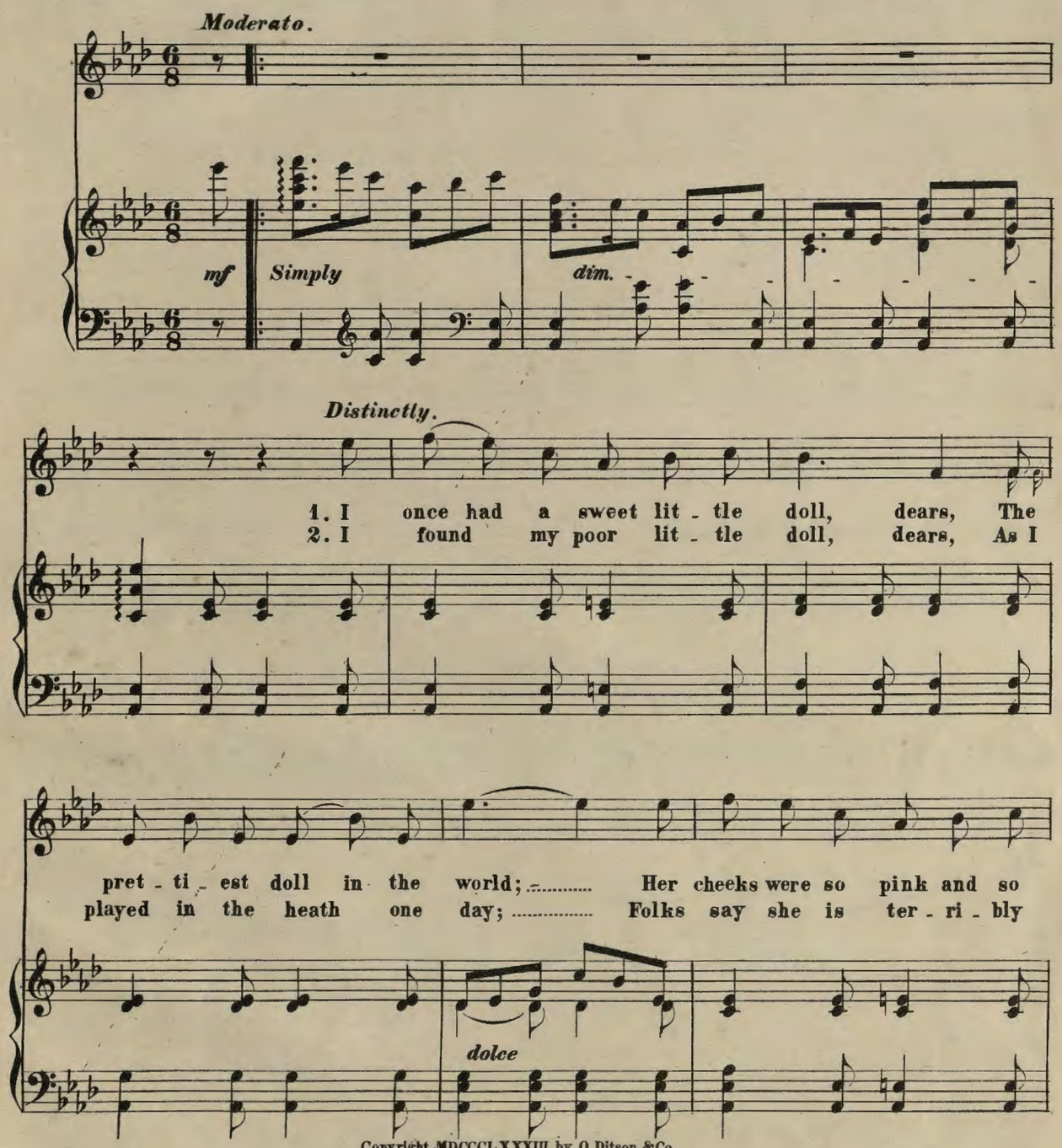
mf Simp

pret - ti - est doll
played in the hea



I ONCE HAD A SWEET LITTLE DOLL, DEARS.

Words by Rev. Charles Kingsley. Music by E. W. Nevin.



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white, dears, And her hair was so charm-ing-ly curled. But I
changed, dears, For her paint is all washed a-way. And her

lost my poor lit tle doll, dears, As I played in the heath one
arm trod-den off by the cows, dears, And her hair not the least bit

day, ... And I
curled, ... Yet for

f

cried for more
old sakes sake

dolce

lay .....
world, ...

poco rit.

nev-er could fin
lov-li-est do

poco rit.

rm-ing - ly curled. But I
shed a - way. And her

s I played in the heath one
d her hair not the least bit

And I
Yet for

cried for more than a week, dears, But I ne - ver could find where she
old sakes sake she is still, dears, The lov - li - est doll in the

dolce

lay ..... I cried for more than a week, dears, But
world, ... For old sakes sake she is still, dears, The

poco rit.

1. 2.

nev - er could find where she lay. .....
lov - li - est doll in the world. .....

poco rit.

a tempo

rit. molto

End.

GOOD NIGHT MY LOVE.

(Serenade.)

Words by the Baroness de Vigne.

Music by Rudolf King.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

p

1. I sing to thee, my
2. At day - break I must

pp legato *pp* *legato*

cres.

dear - est love, when night falls o'er the sea, The bright stars are the
sail a - way, but leave my heart with thee, The mem - 'ry of this

sempre legato *cres.*

dim. *p*

wit - nes - ses of my deep love for thee, Sweet phil - o - mel chants
beau - teous night, will ev - er rest with me, When e'er I lift my

dim. *p legato*

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in the grove, a
eyes a - bove, to

sempre legato

p

bless my love, Good
bless my love, Good

rall.

LOVE.

Music by Rudolf King.

p

1. I sing to thee, my
2. At day - break I must

p *legato*

cres.

The bright stars are the
The mem - 'ry of this

cres.

Sweet phil - o - mel chants
When e'er I lift my

on & Co.

cres. *f* *dim.*

in the grove, a song of pure de - light, Good - night, my love, God
eyes a - bove, to greet the moon's soft light, Good - night, my love, God

sempre legato *cres.* *f* *legato*

p *ritard.*

bless my love, Good - night, my love, Good-night!
bless my love, Good - night, my love, Good-night!

p *ritard.* *tempo* *p*

marc. il basso

accel. *dim.*

1. 2. *p*

3. Good -

rall. *tempo* *pp* *legato* *pp* *legato* *pp*

cres.

night, my love, sweet be thy sleep, Thy dreams with rap - ture filled, With

sempre legato *pp* *cres.*

pray'rs, that thou may'st hap - py be, My throb - bing heart is filled, Tho'

sempre legato pp *p*

cres.

An - gels eyes should gaze on me, With more than earth - ly light, The

cres.

f *dim.* *p* *mf*

praise of one, each star would sing, Good - night, my love, Good - night.....

f *dim.* *p* *colla voce* *p* *ritard.* *p*

51354.3.

cres.

ms with rap - ture filled, With

pp cres.

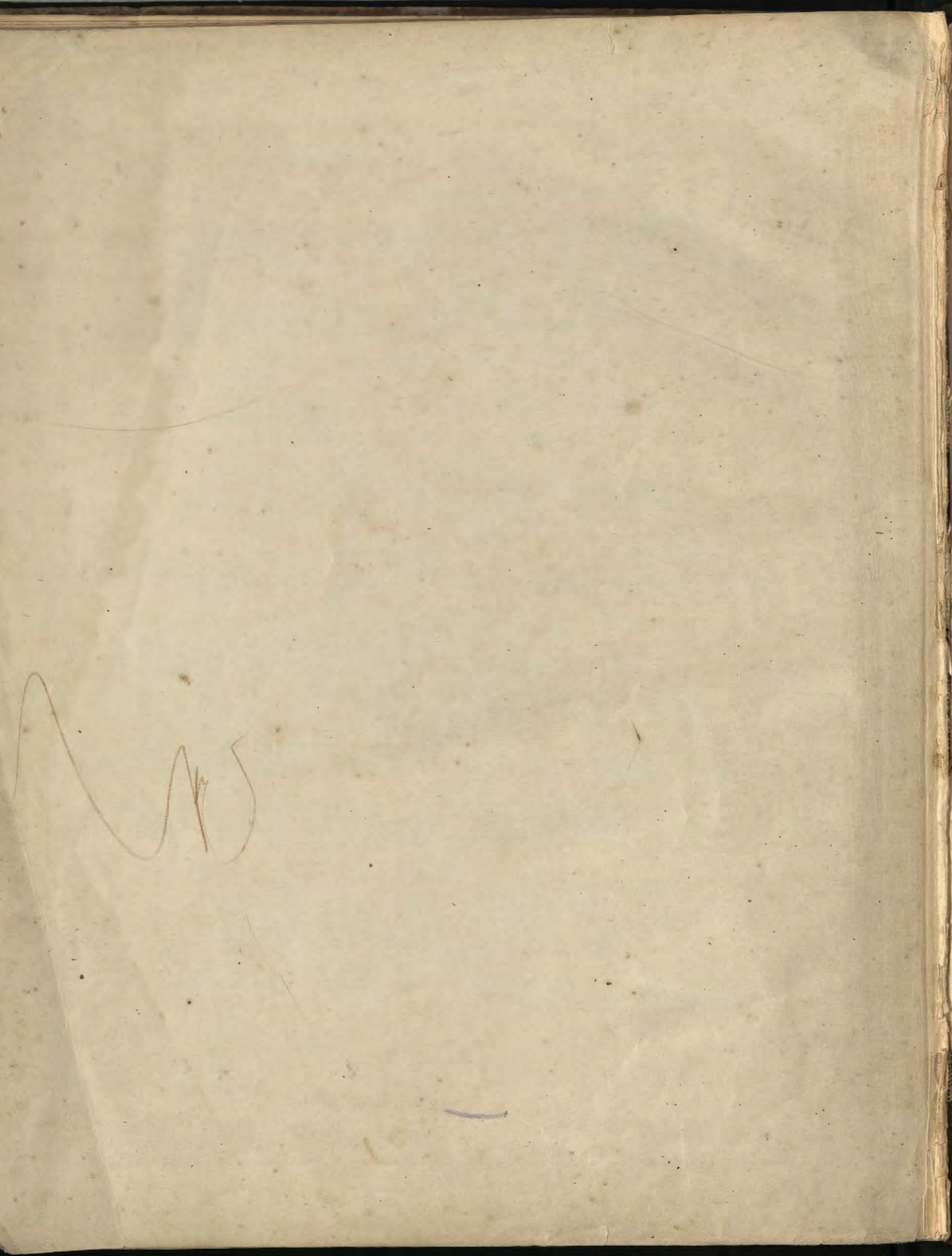
- bing heart is filled, Tho'

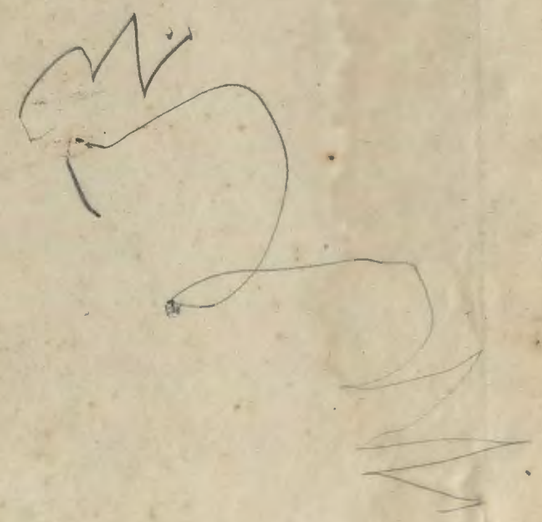
p

than earth - ly light, The

love, Good - night .....

voce p ritard. p





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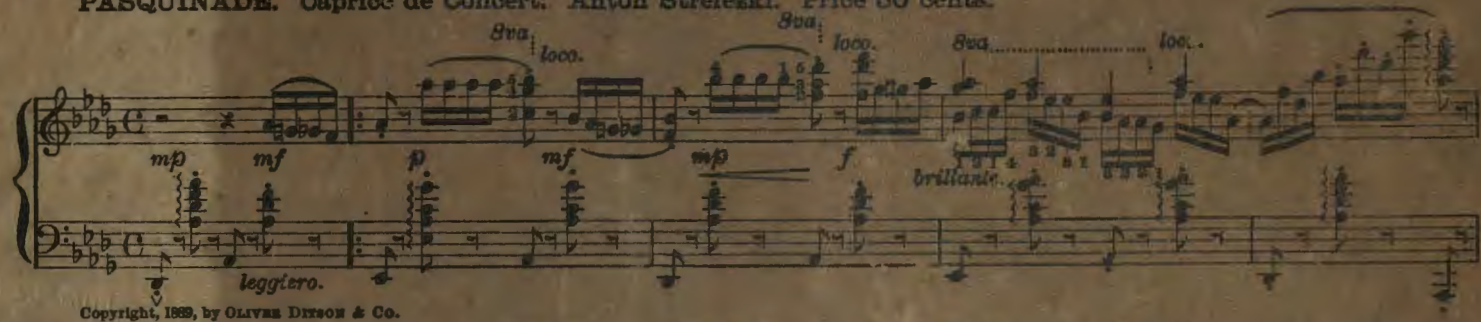

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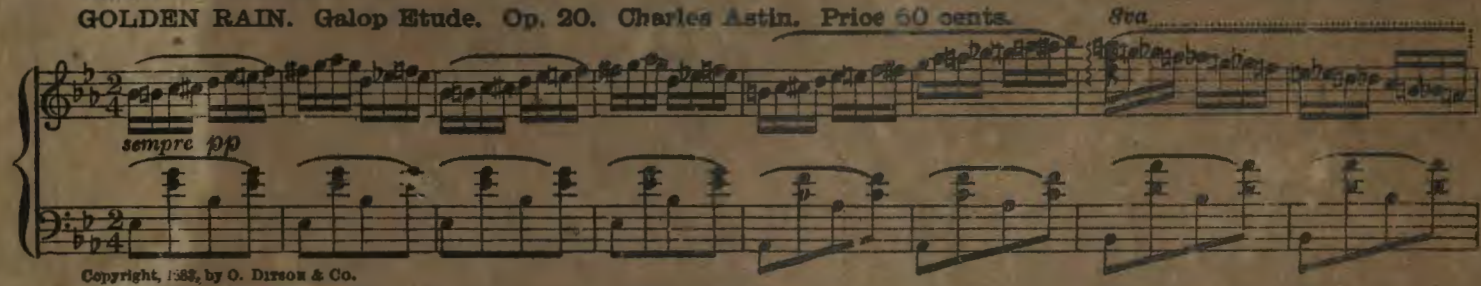

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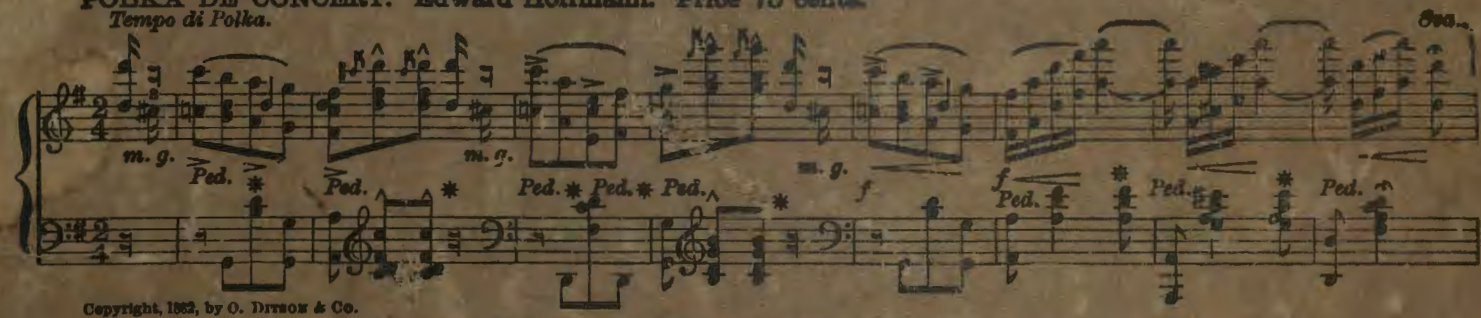

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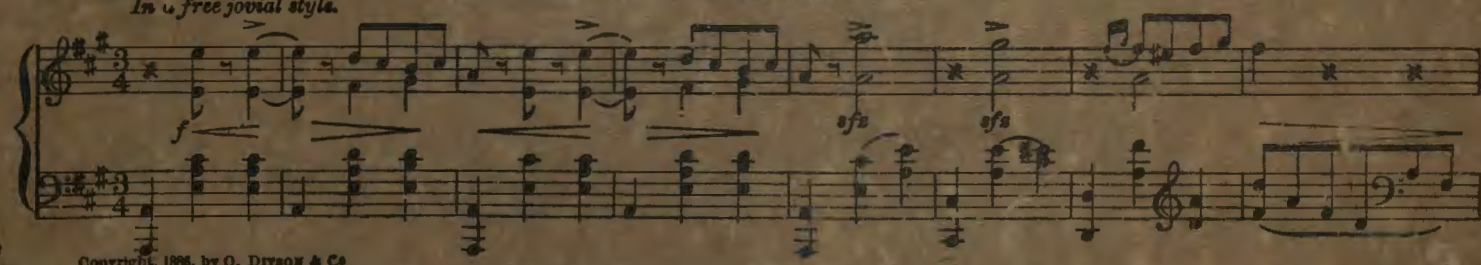

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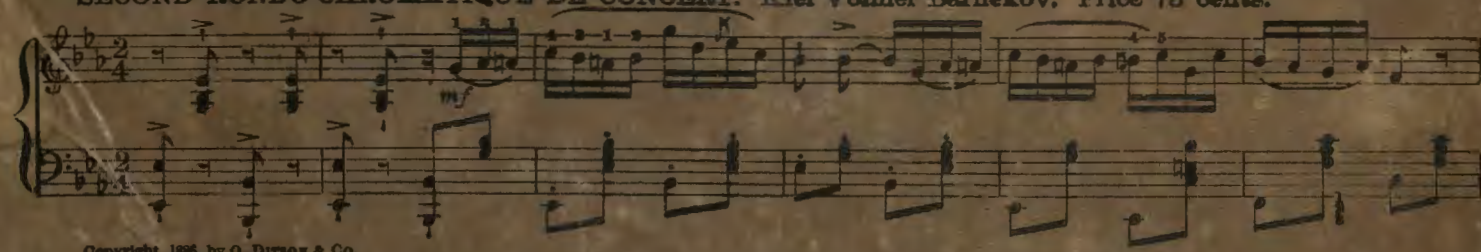

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