Album of Songs

by

W. H. Neidlinger

Alto.

New York, G. Schirmer.

$1.00
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Tenor or Sopran. *Bariton or Alt.*

Leipzig, Fr. Hofmeister — New-York, G. Schirmer

Eigenthum des Verlegers für alle Länder — Copyright 1890 by G. Schirmer

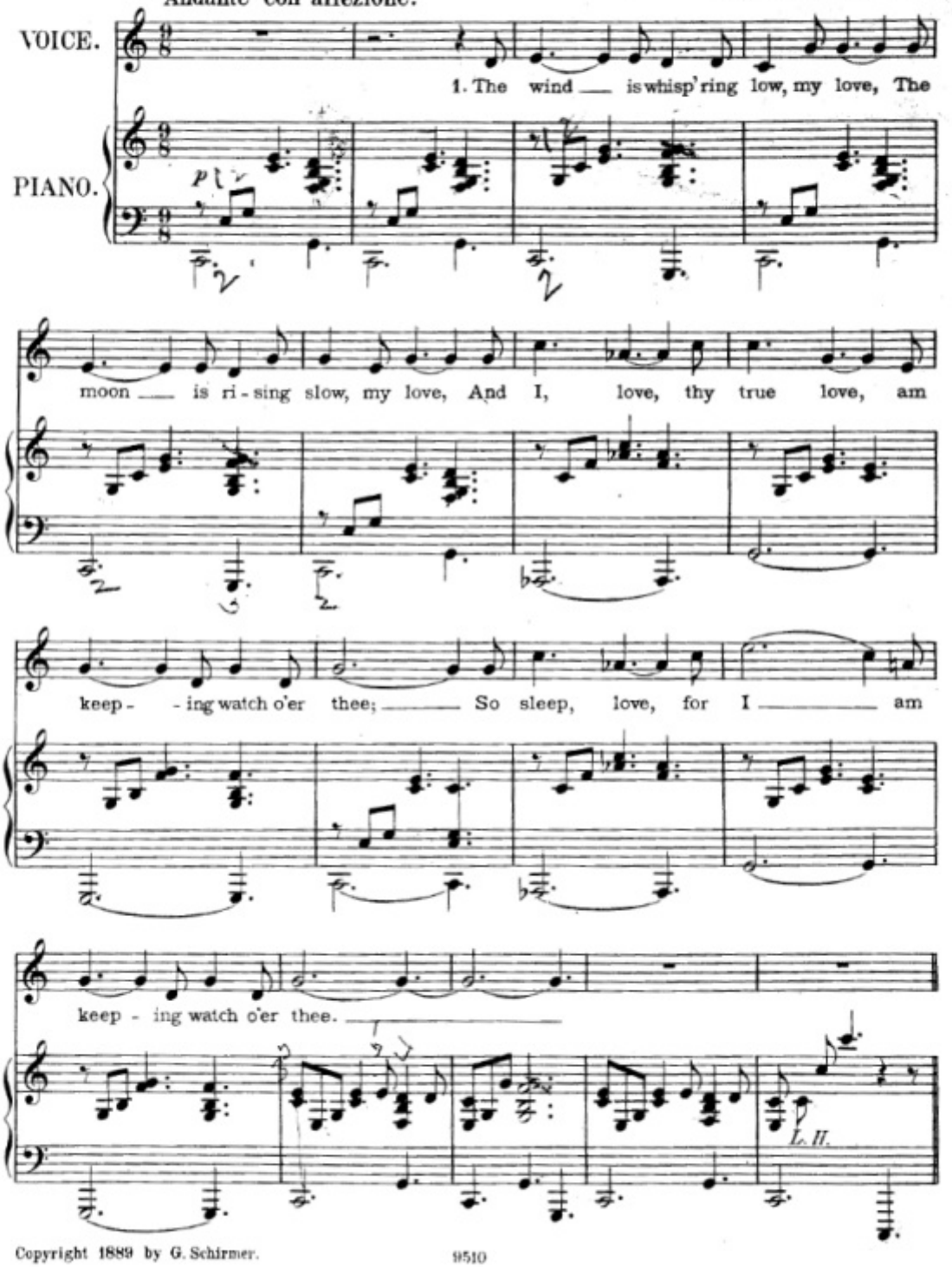
Printed by C.G. Roder, Leipzig

To Mr FRANCIS FISCHER-POWERS.

Serenade.

Andante con affezione.

W. H. NEIDLINGER.



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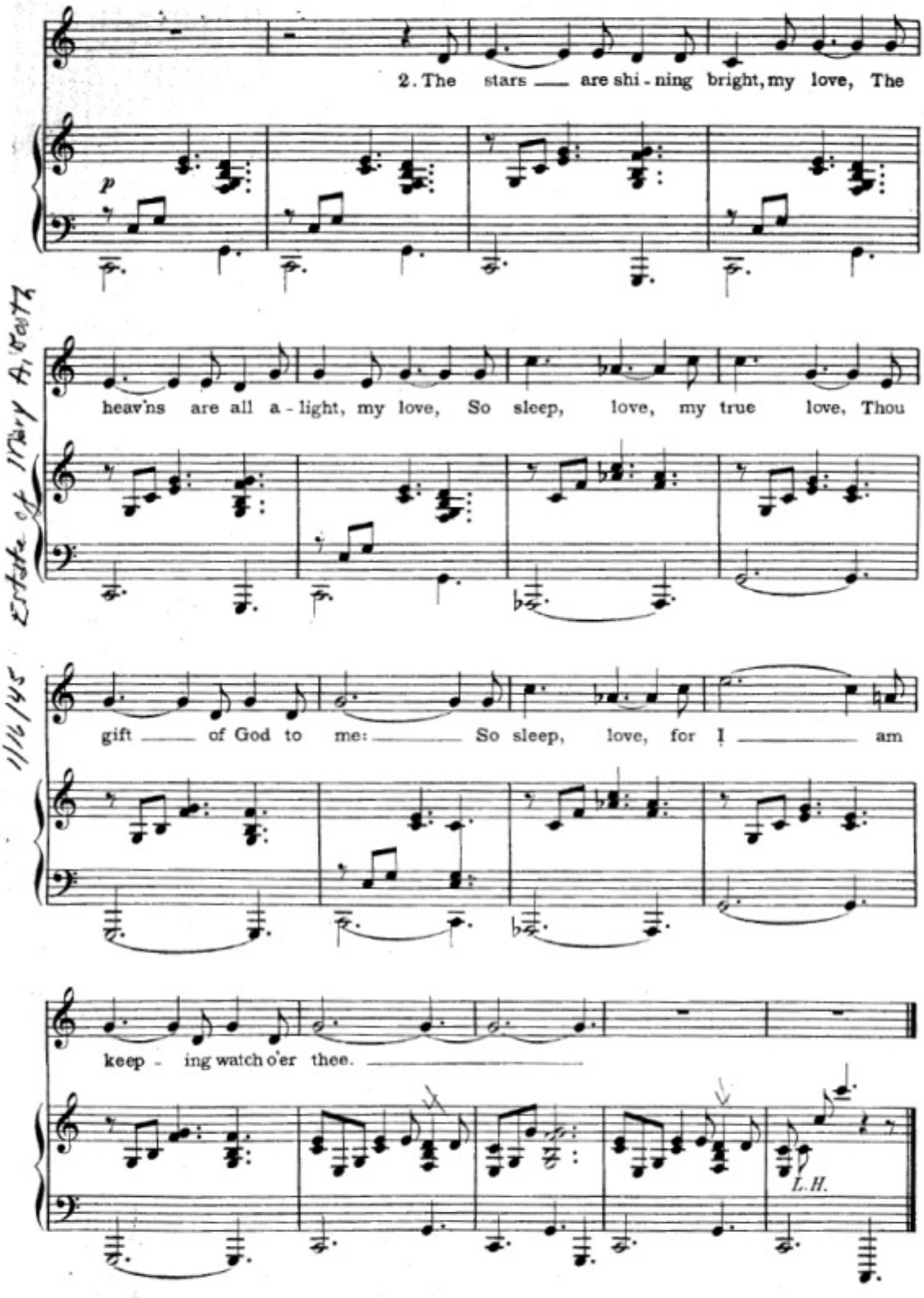
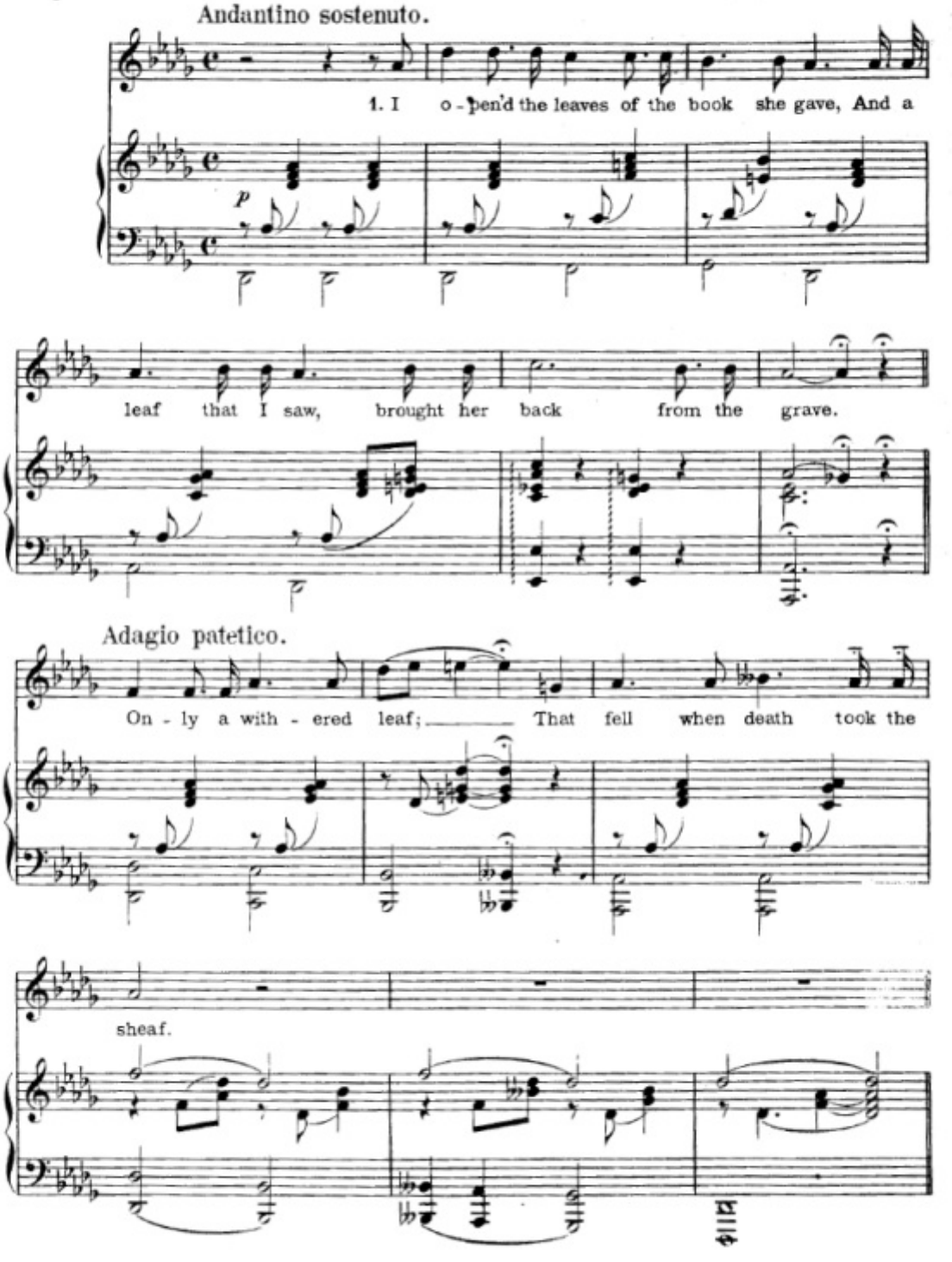
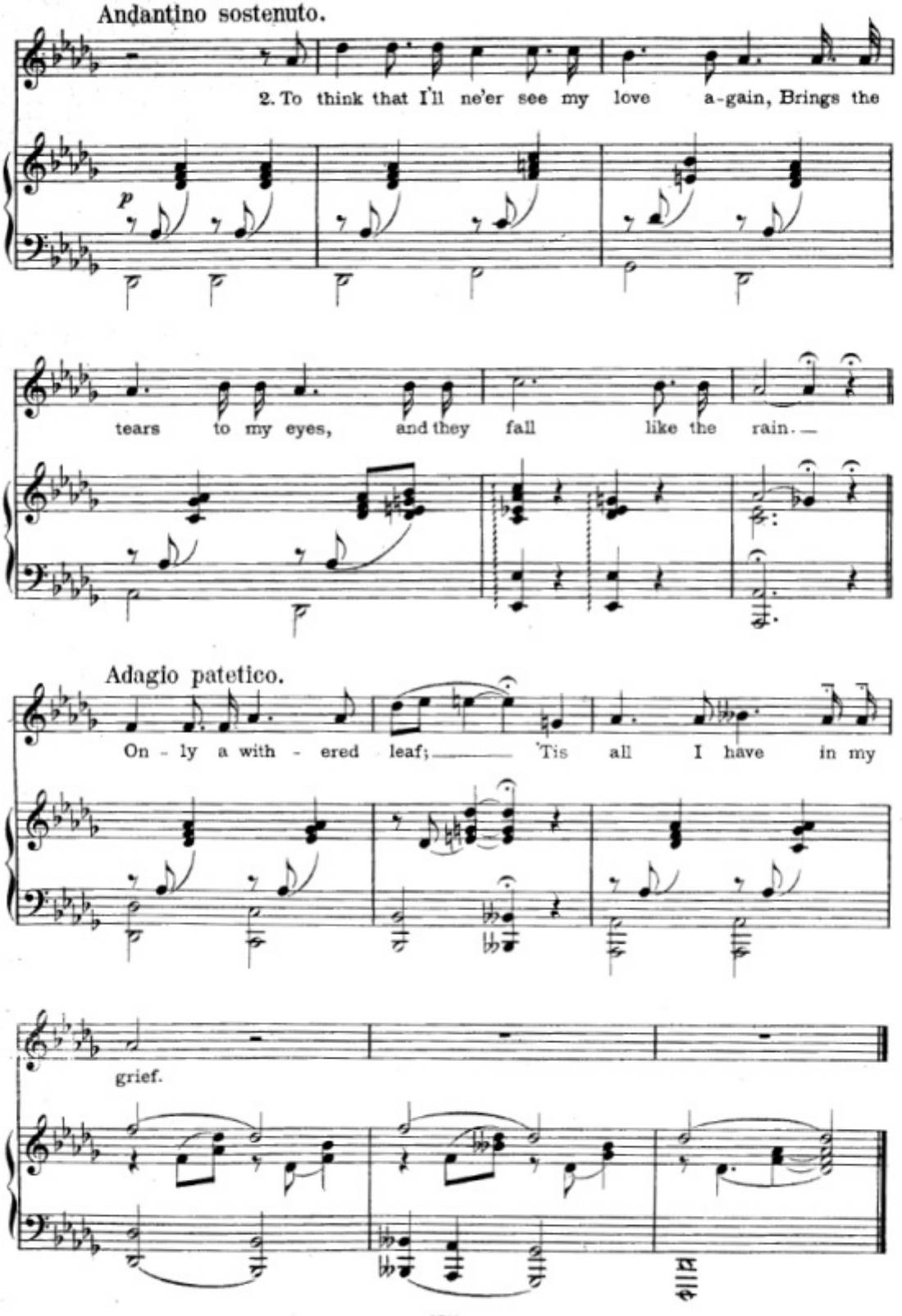


Estate of Mary A. Watts
1/16/45

Tr Mr FRANCIS FISCHER-POWERS.

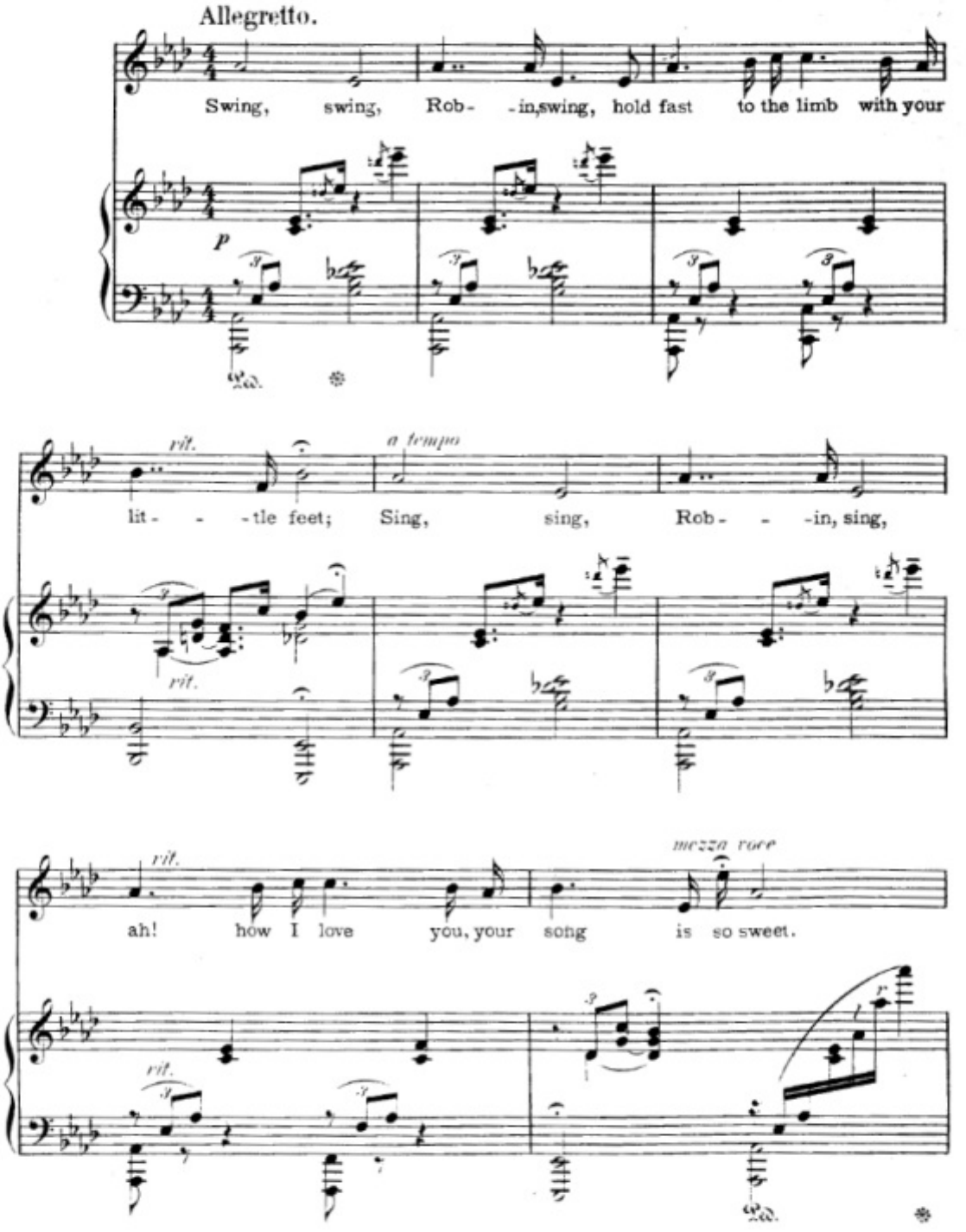
A Leaf.

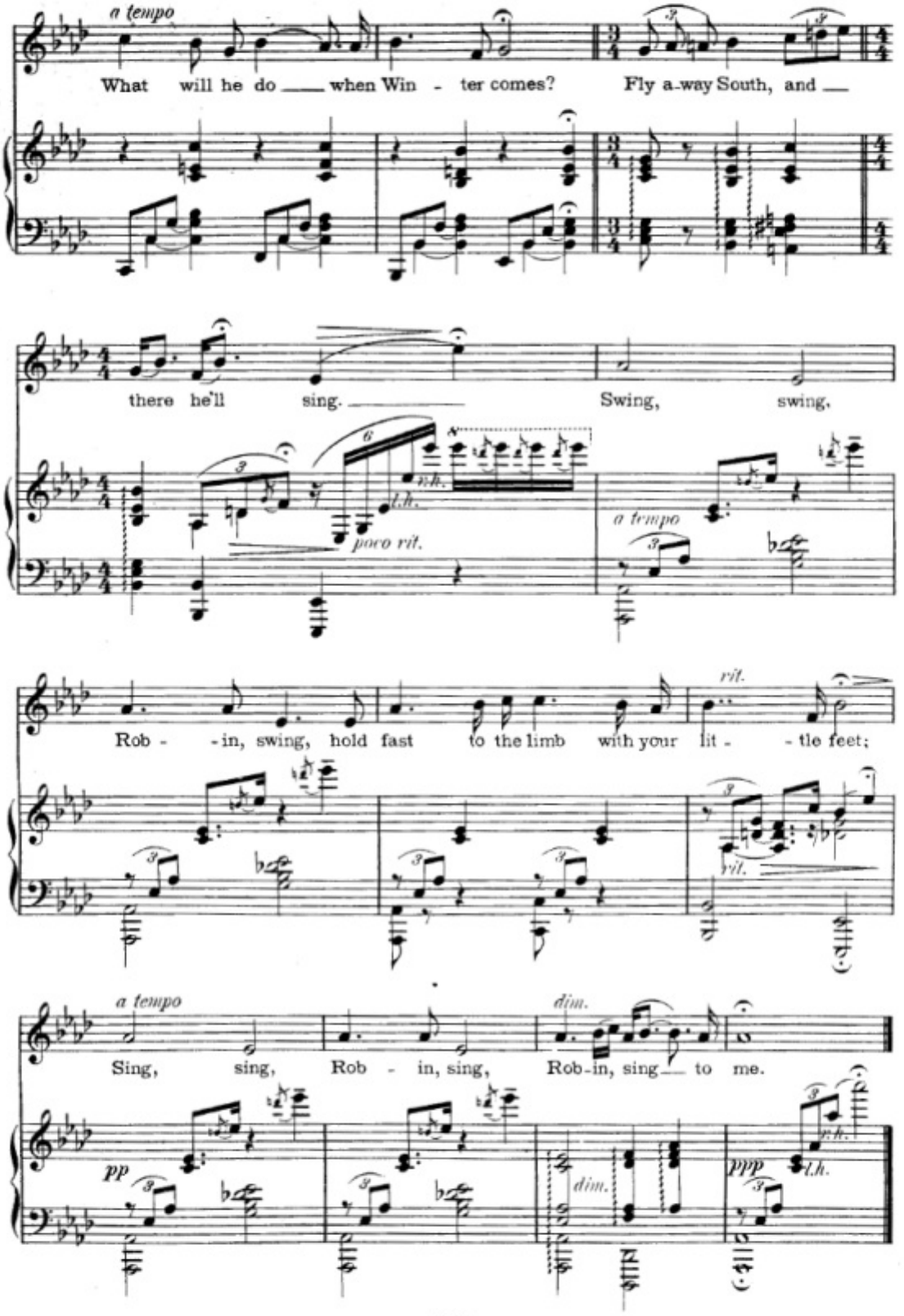



Andantino sostenuto.
2. To think that I'll ne'er see my love a-gain, Brings the
p
tears to my eyes, and they fall like the rain.
Adagio patetico.
On - ly a with - ered leaf; 'Tis all I have in my
grief.

Tr Mr FRANCIS FISCHER-POWERS.

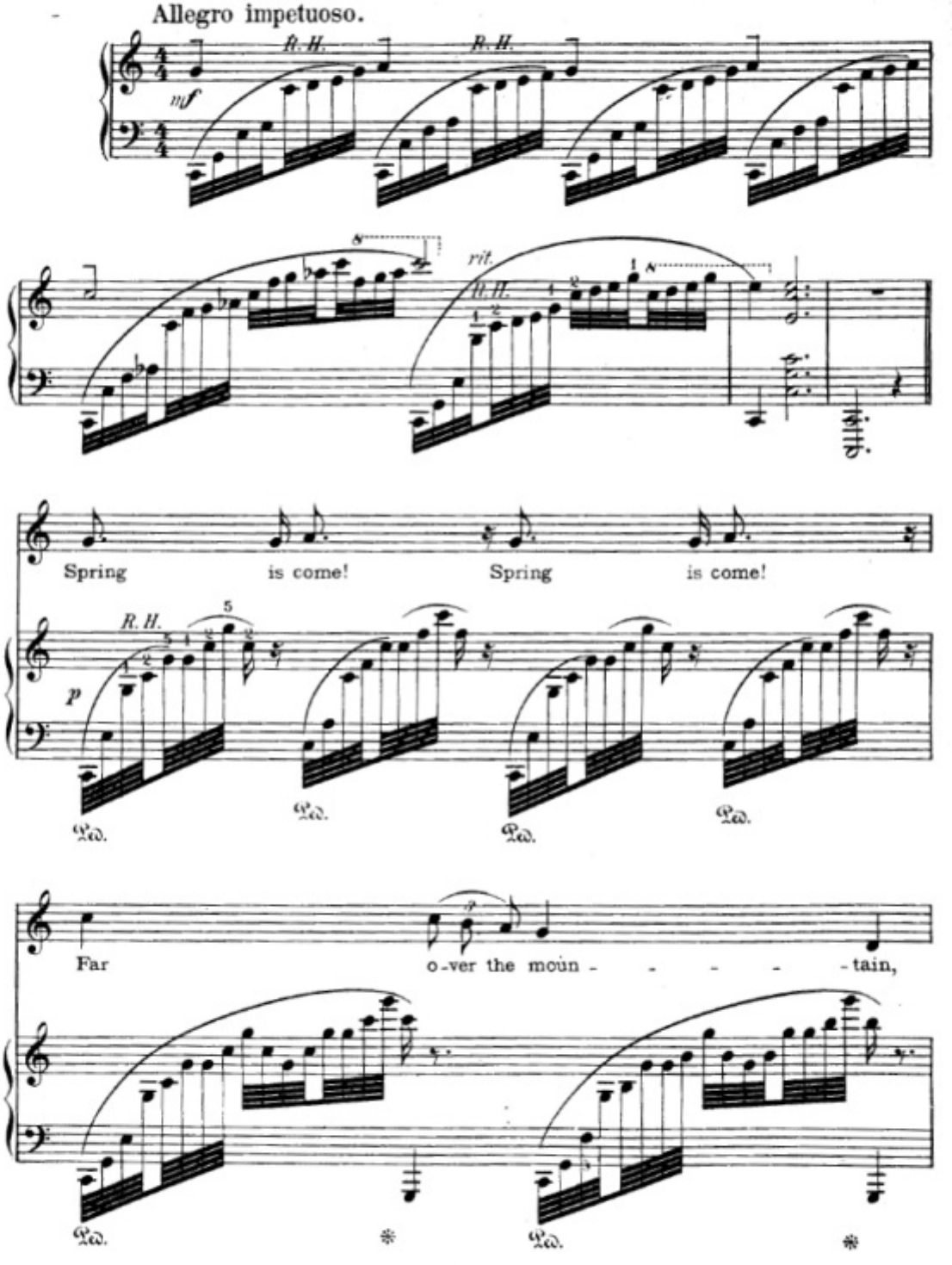
The Robin.

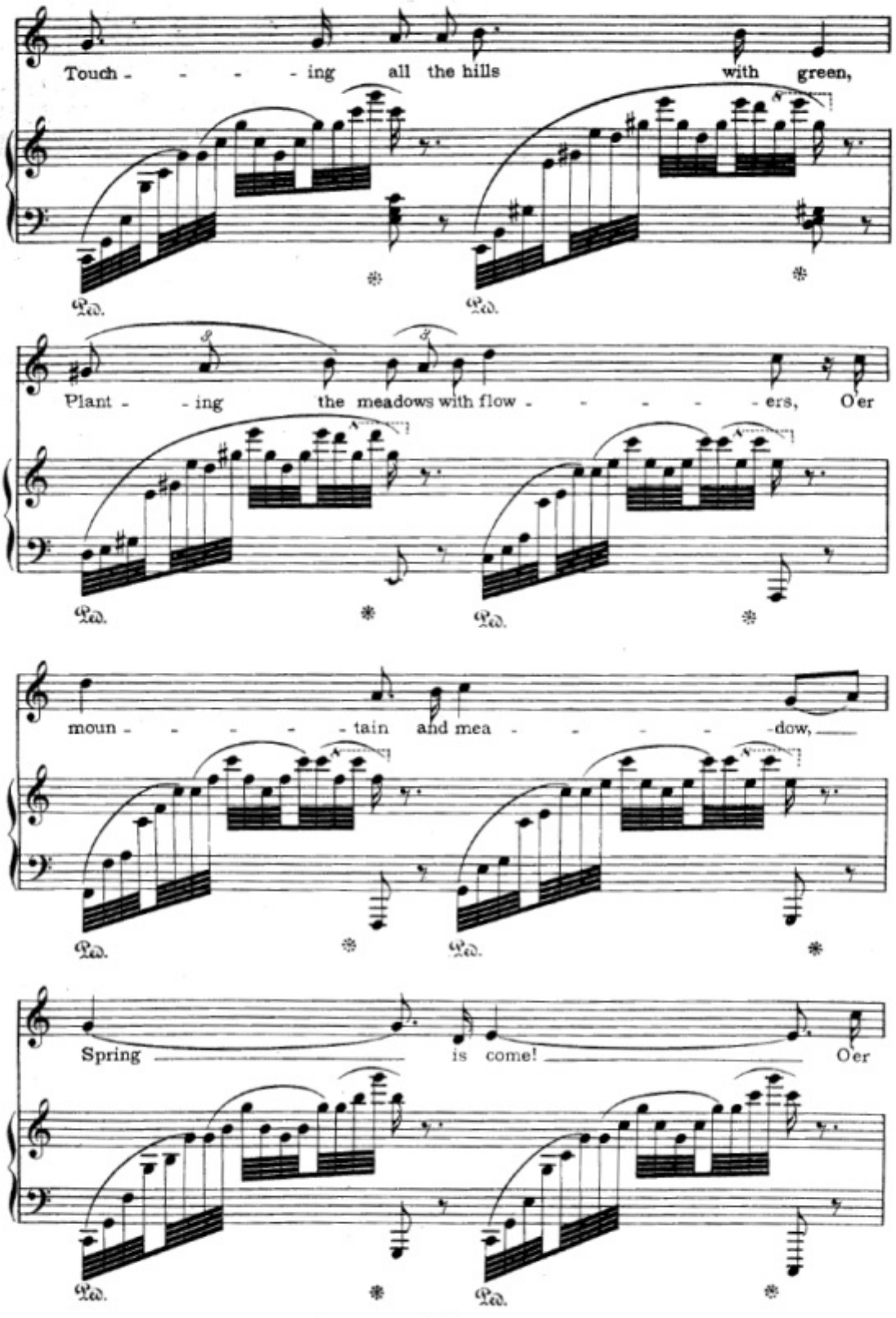


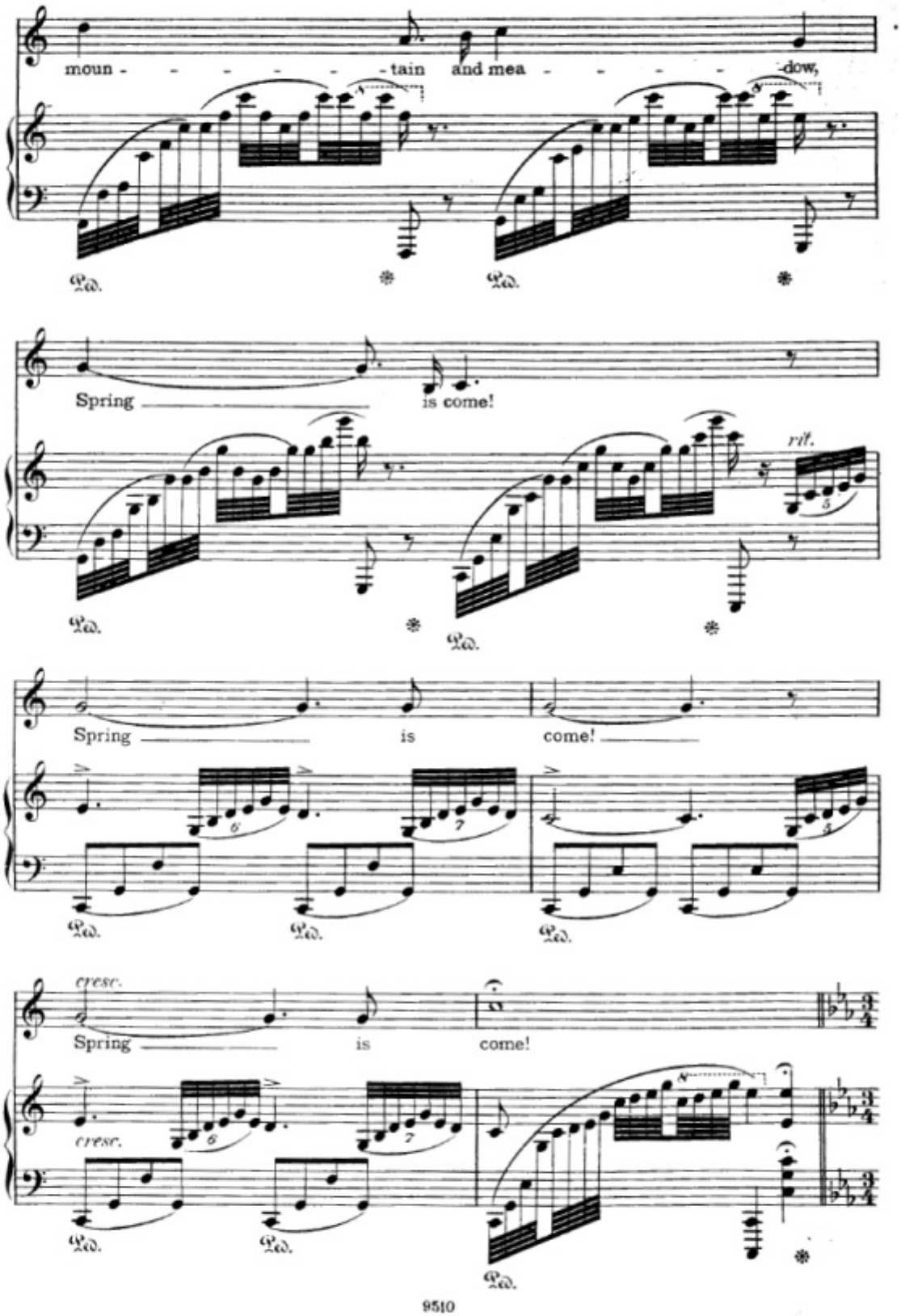

a tempo
What will he do when Win - ter comes?
Fly a-way South, and
there he'll sing.
Swing, swing,
poco rit.
a tempo
Rob - -in, swing, hold fast to the limb with your lit - - tle feet;
rit.
rit.
a tempo
Sing, sing, Rob - in, sing,
dim.
Rob-in, sing to me.
pp
dim.
ppp

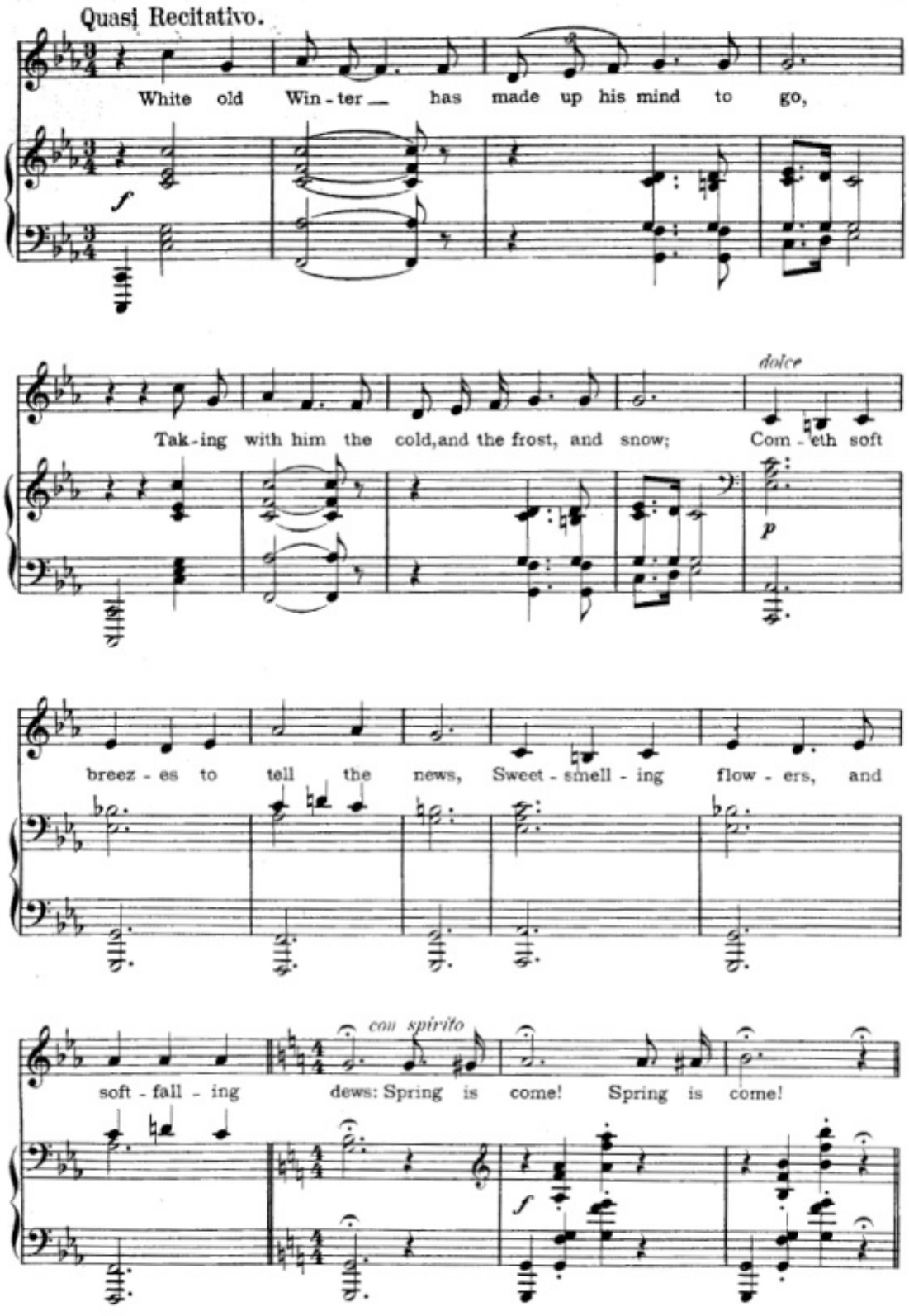
To Mrs. BESSIE GROVESTEEN-DUTTON.

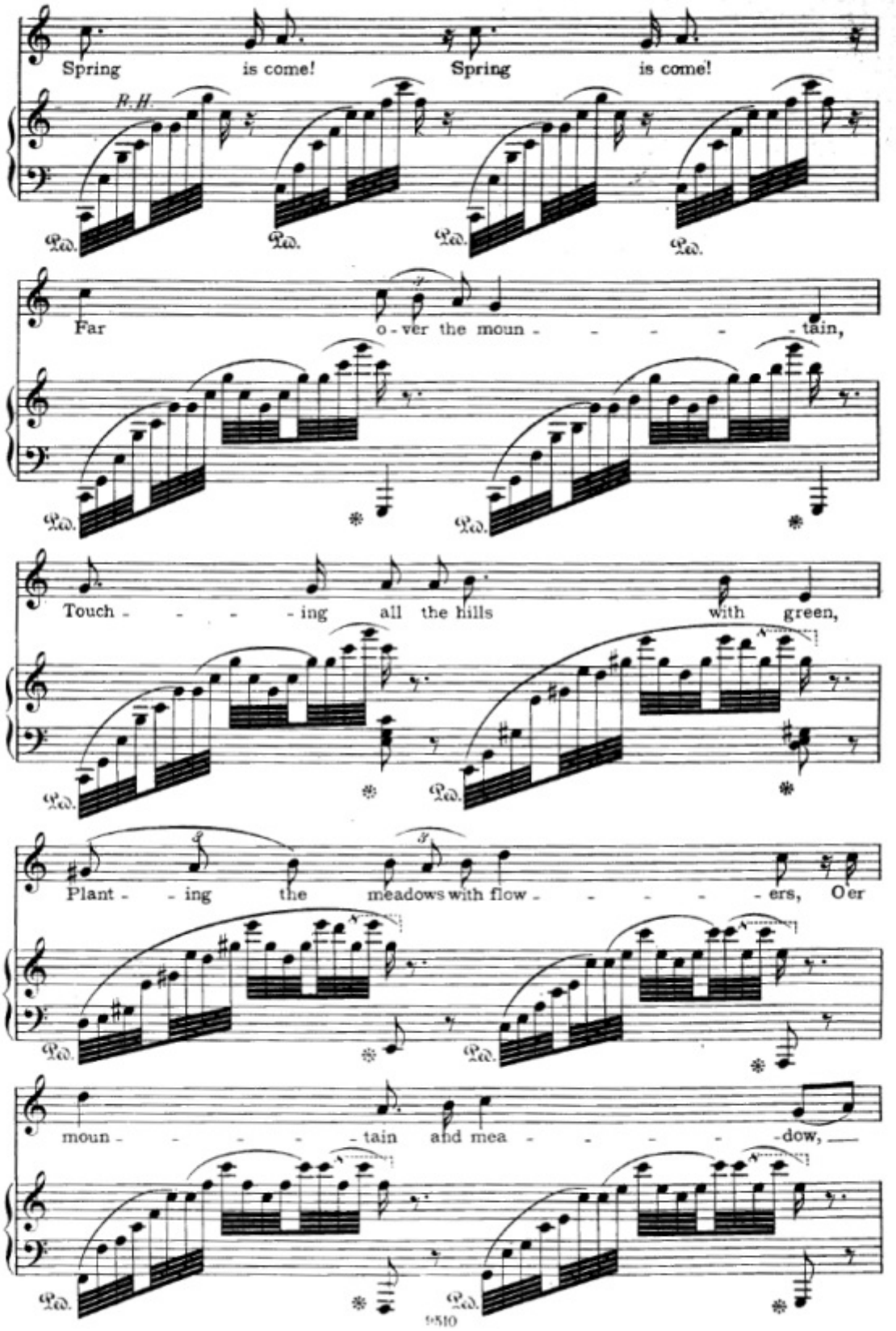
Spring is come!

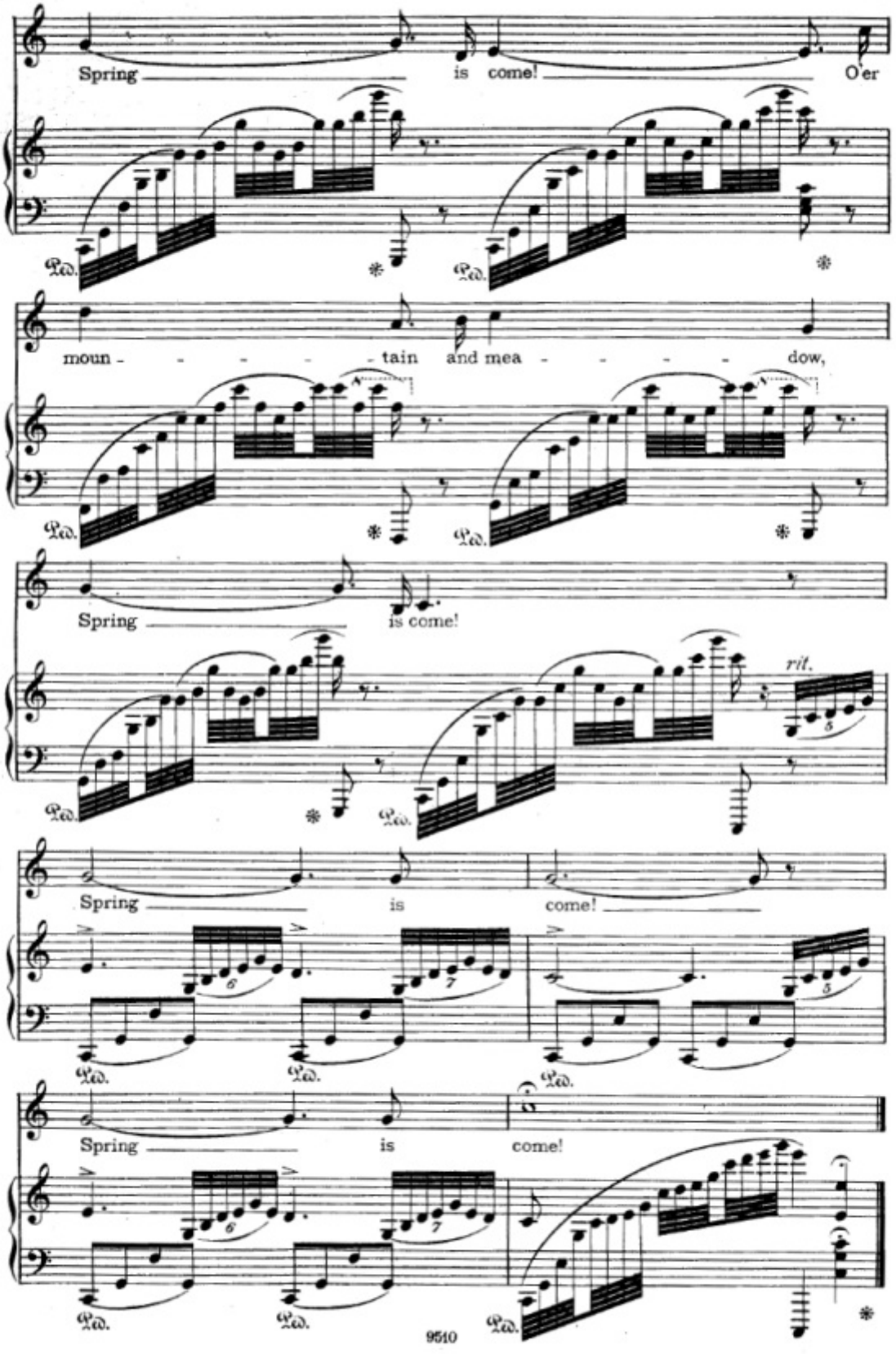



Touch - - - - ing all the hills with green,
Plant - - ing the meadows with flow - - - - - - ers, O'er
moun - - - - - - tain and mea - - - - - - dow,
Spring is come! O'er


moun - - - - - - tain and mea - - - - - dow,
Spring is come!
rit.
Spring is come!
cresc.
Spring is come!
cresc.


Quasi Recitativo.
White old Win - ter — has made up his mind to go,
f
Tak - ing with him the cold, and the frost, and snow;
dolce
Com - eth soft
p
breez - es to tell the news, Sweet - smell - ing flow - ers, and
soft - fall - ing dews: Spring is come! Spring is come!
con spirito
f

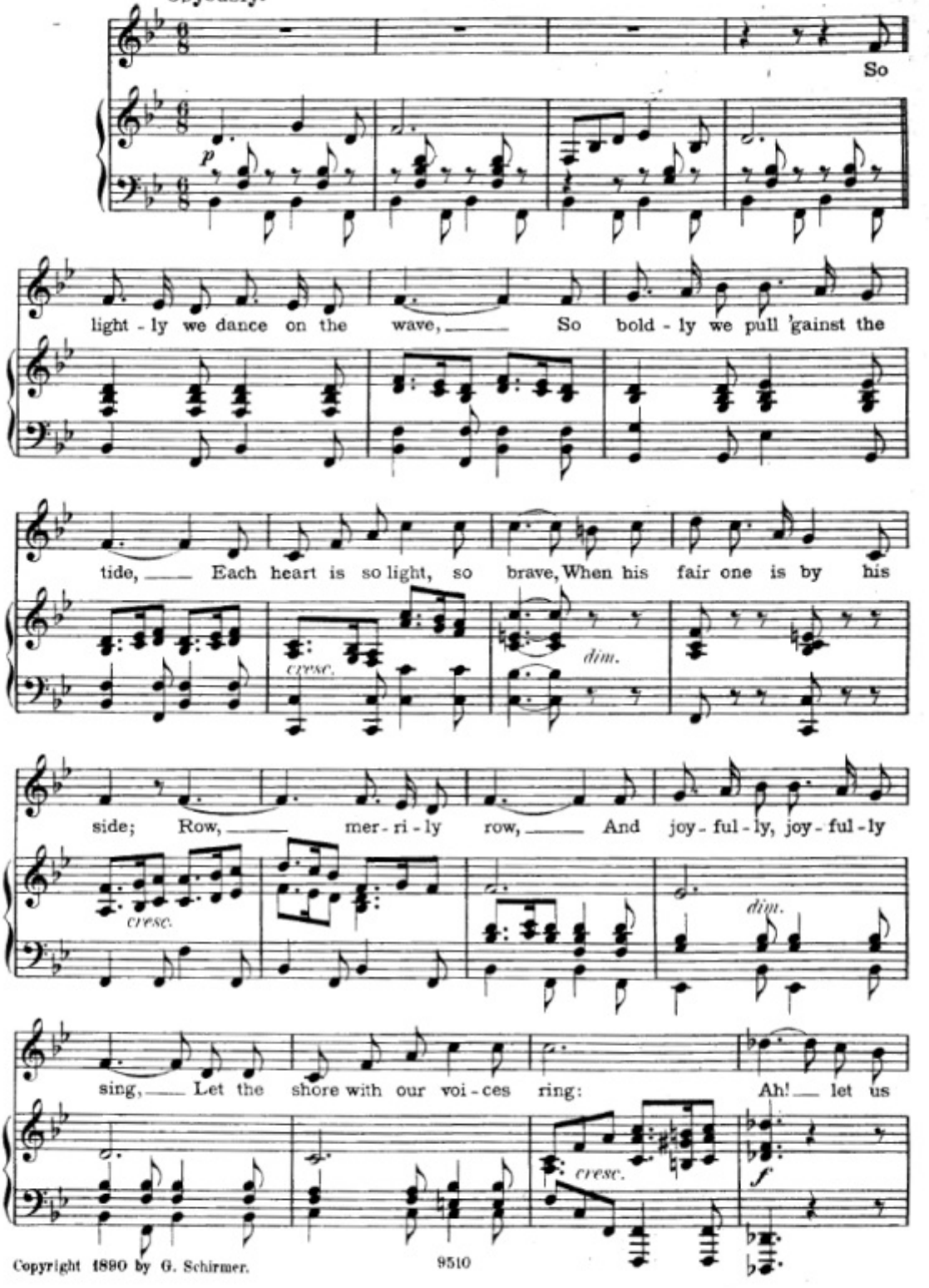

Spring is come! Spring is come!
R.H.
Far o - ver the moun - - - - - tain,
Touch - - - - ing all the hills with green,
Plant - - ing the meadows with flow - - - - - ers, O'er
moun - - - - - tain and mea - - - - - dow,


Spring is come! O'er
moun - - - - - tain and mea - - - - - dow,
Spring is come!
rit.
Spring is come!
Spring is come!
Ped.

To Mr. FRANCIS FISCHER-POWERS.

Boat Song.

Joyously.



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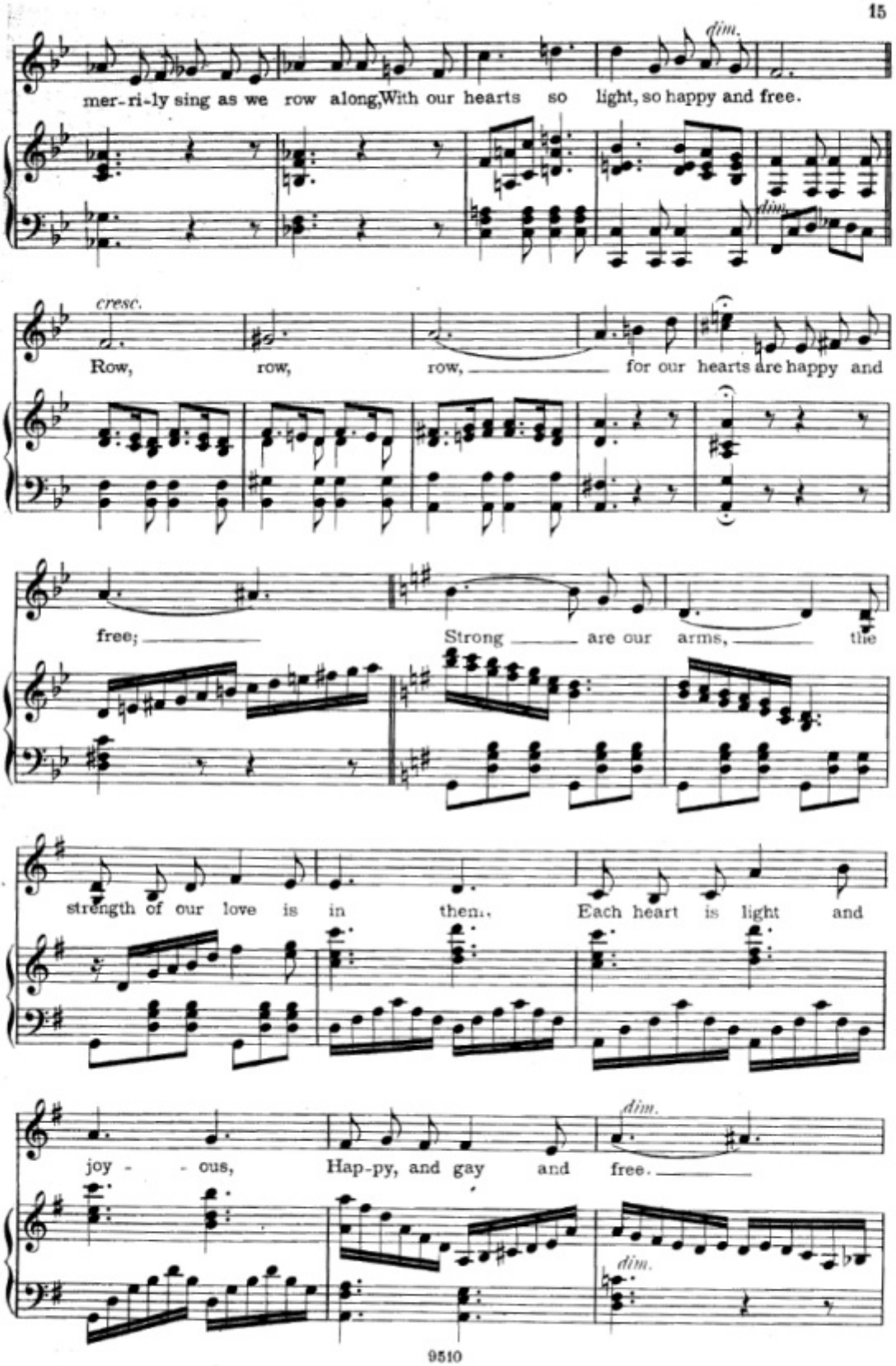
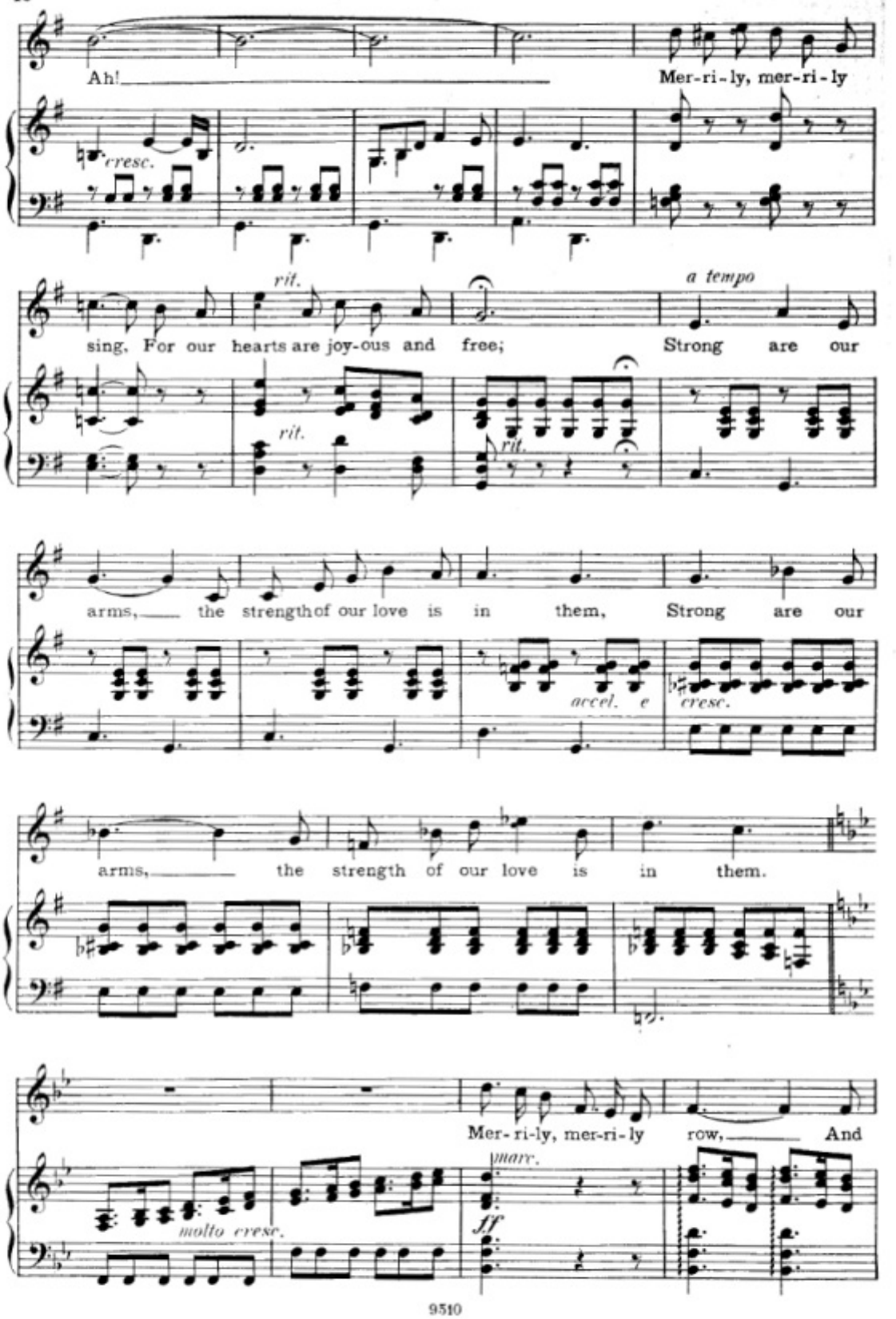
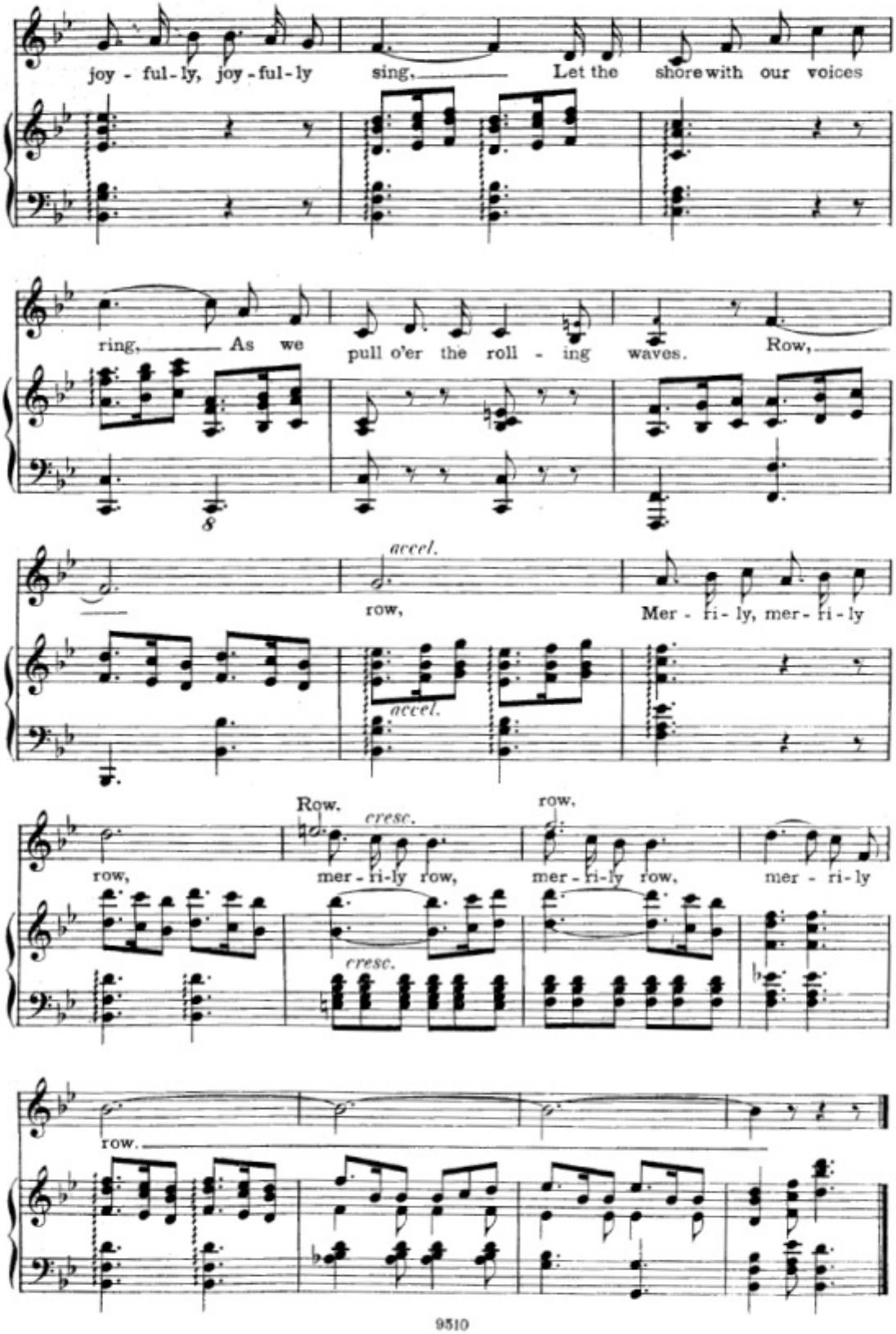
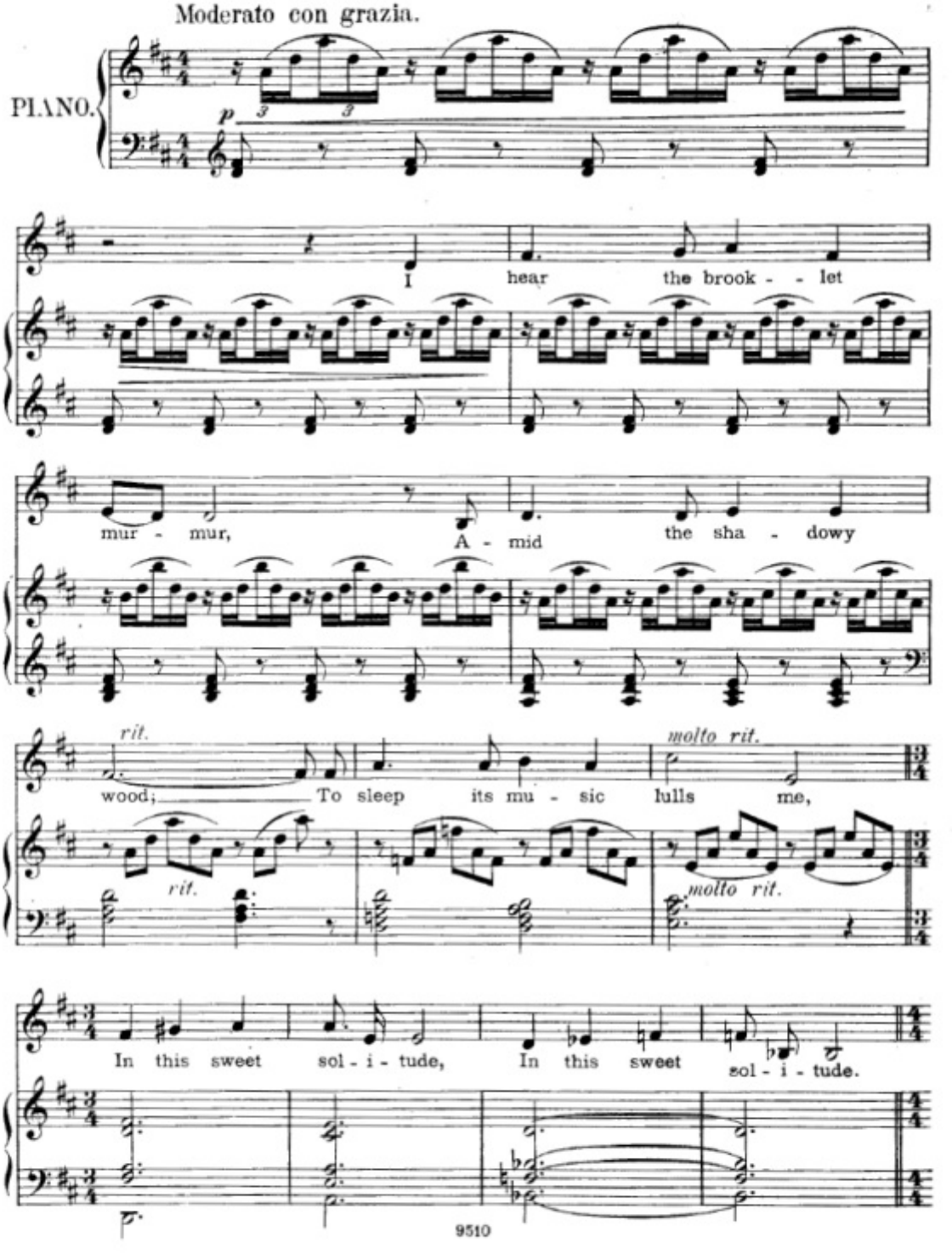

dim.
mer-ri-ly sing as we row along, With our hearts so light, so happy and free.
dim.
cresc.
Row, row, row, for our hearts are happy and
free; Strong are our arms, the
strength of our love is in them. Each heart is light and
joy - ous, Hap-py, and gay and free.
dim.
dim.

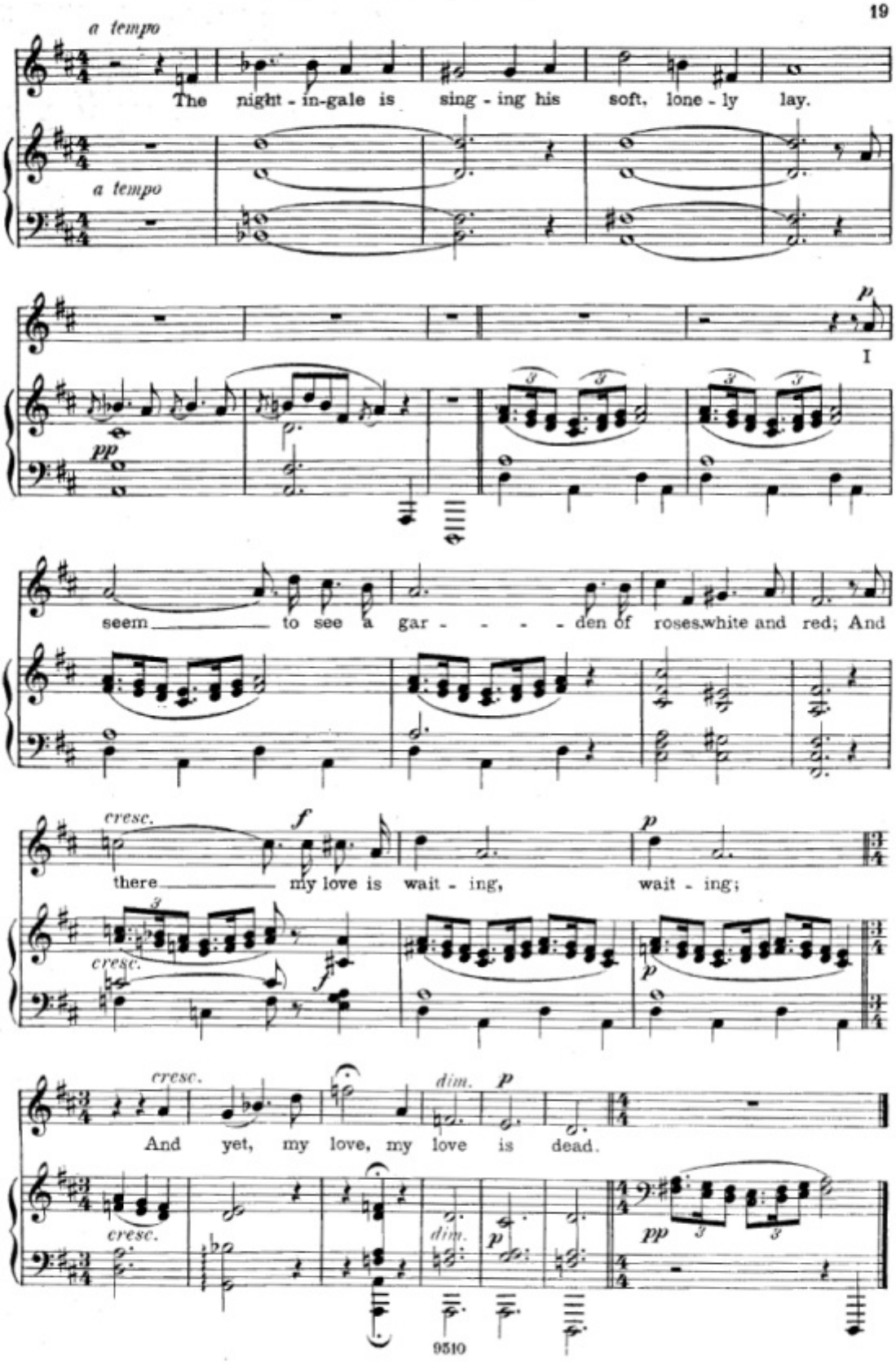

Ah!
Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly
cresc.
rit.
a tempo
sing. For our hearts are joy-ous and free;
Strong are our
rit.
rit.
arms, the strength of our love is in them,
Strong are our
accel. e
cresc.
arms, the strength of our love is in them.
Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly row, And
molto cresc.
marc.
ff


joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly sing, Let the shore with our voices
ring, As we pull o'er the roll - ing waves. Row,
8
accel.
row, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly
accel.
Row. cresc. row,
row, mer - ri - ly row, mer - ri - ly row, mer - ri - ly
cresc.
row.

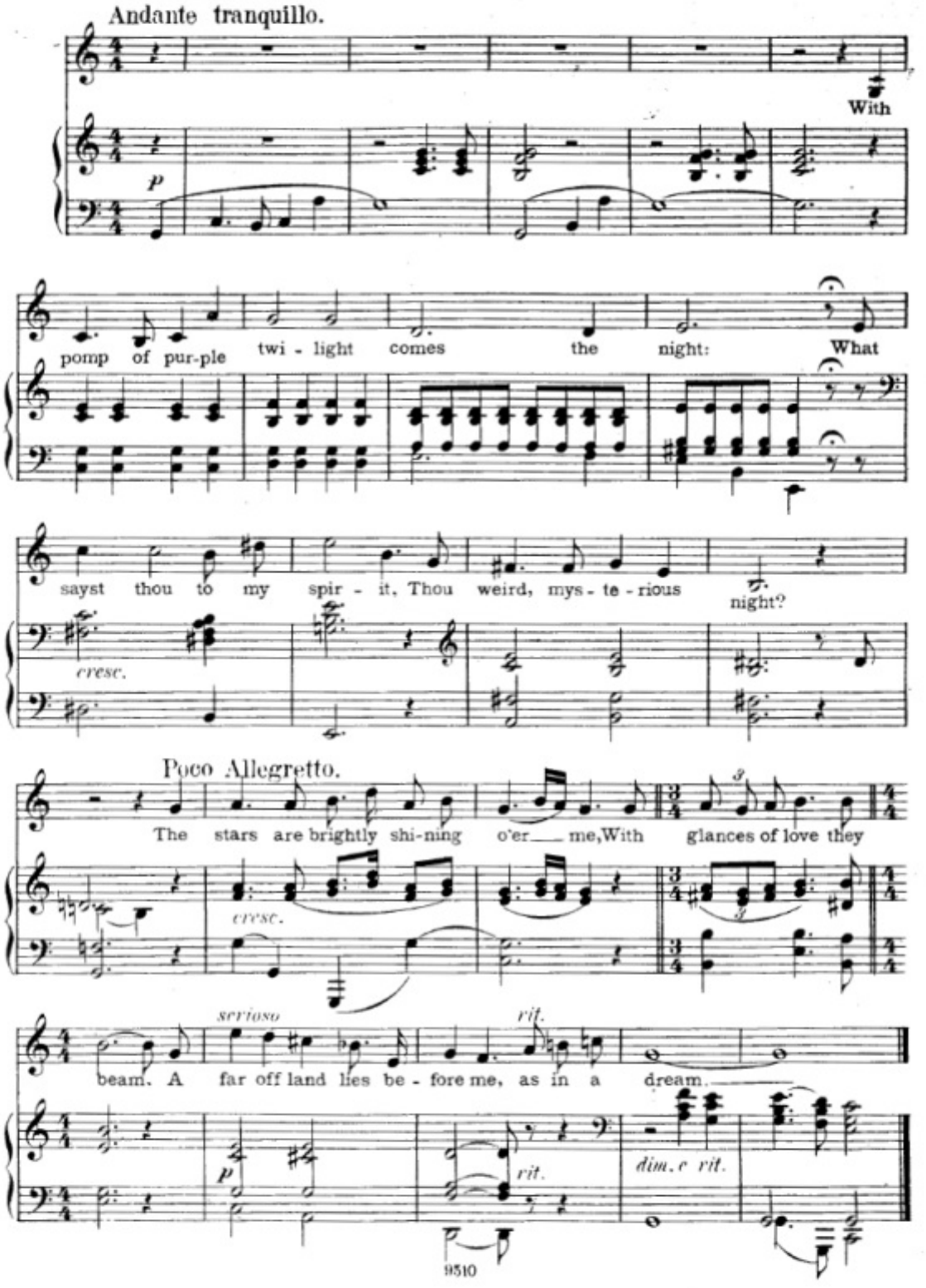
To Mrs BESSIE GROVESTEEN-DUTTON.

Memories.

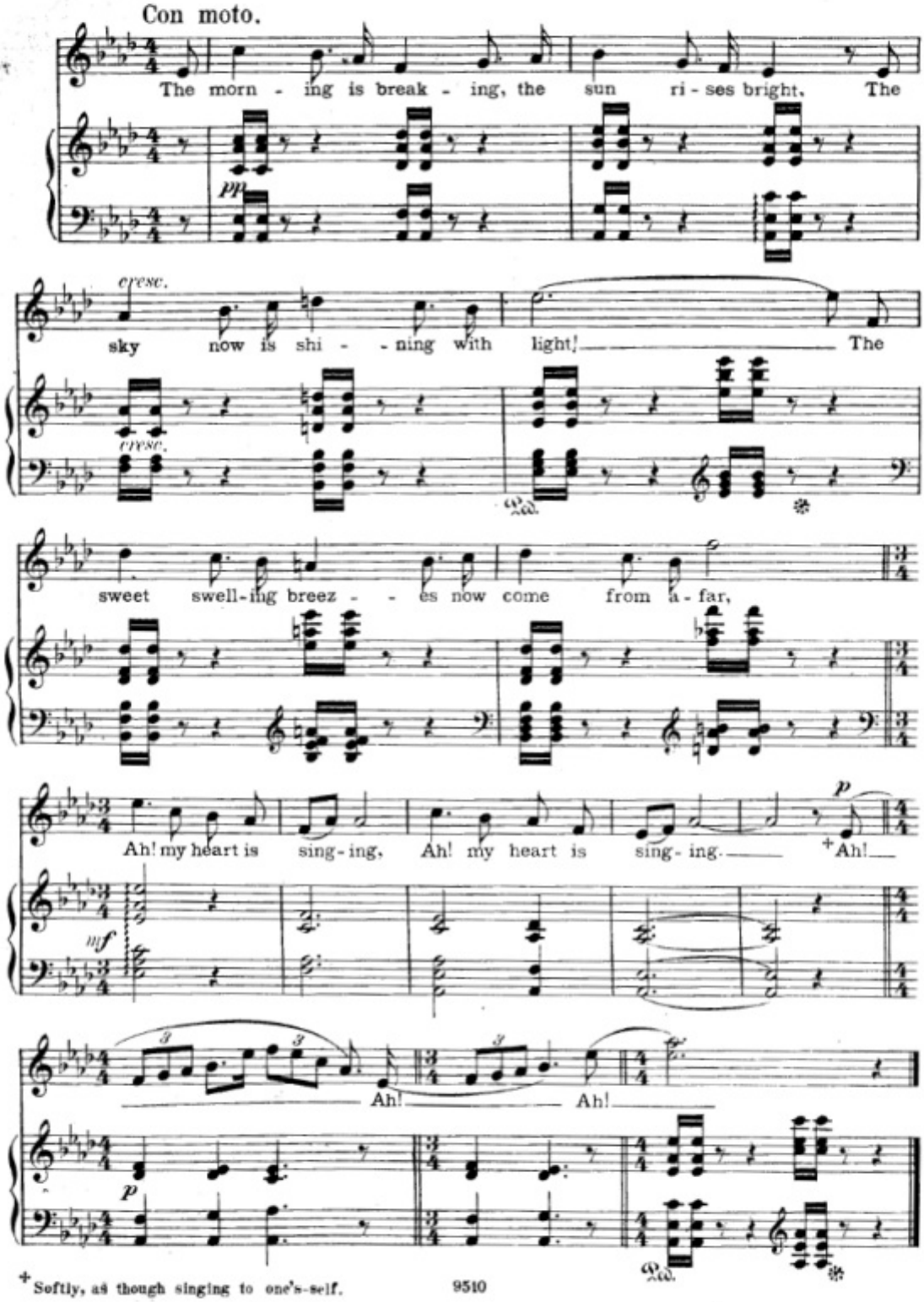



a tempo
The night - in-gale is sing - ing his soft, lone - ly lay.
a tempo
p
I
pp
seem to see a gar - - - - den of roses,white and red; And
cresc.
f
there my love is wait - ing,
p
wait - ing;
cresc.
f
p
cresc.
dim.
p
And yet, my love, my love is dead.
cresc.
dim.
p
pp

Night.


Andante tranquillo.
With
p
pomp of pur-ple twi - light comes the night: What
sayst thou to my spir - it, Thou weird, mys - te - rious night?
cresc.
Poco Allegretto.
The stars are brightly shi-ning o'er me, With glances of love they
cresc.
beam. A far off land lies be - fore me, as in a dream.
sevioso
rit.
p
rit.
dim. e rit.

Morning.

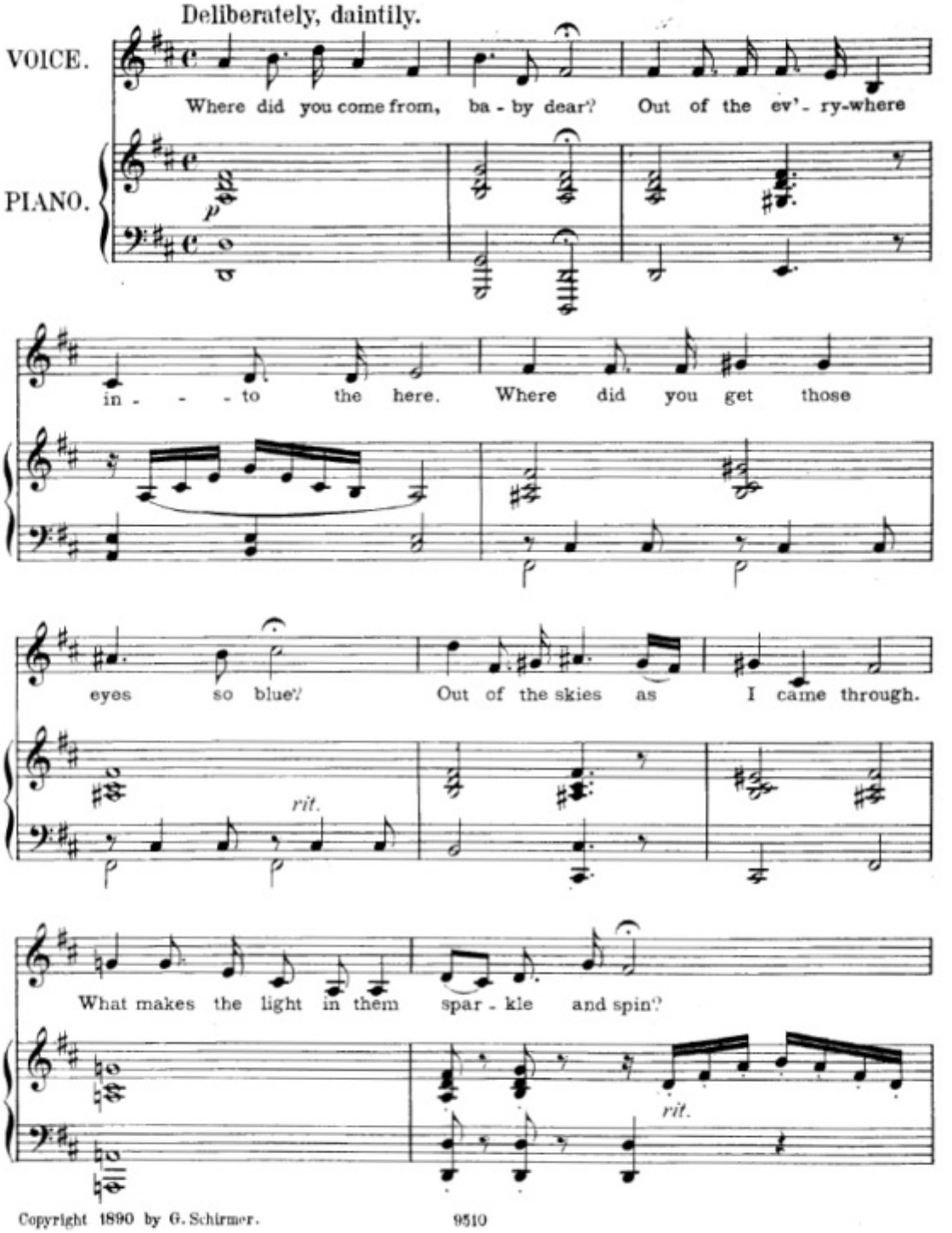


+ Softly, as though singing to one's-self.

To Miss NONIE HAYDN.

Where did you come from, baby dear?

Words by
GEORGE MACDONALD.



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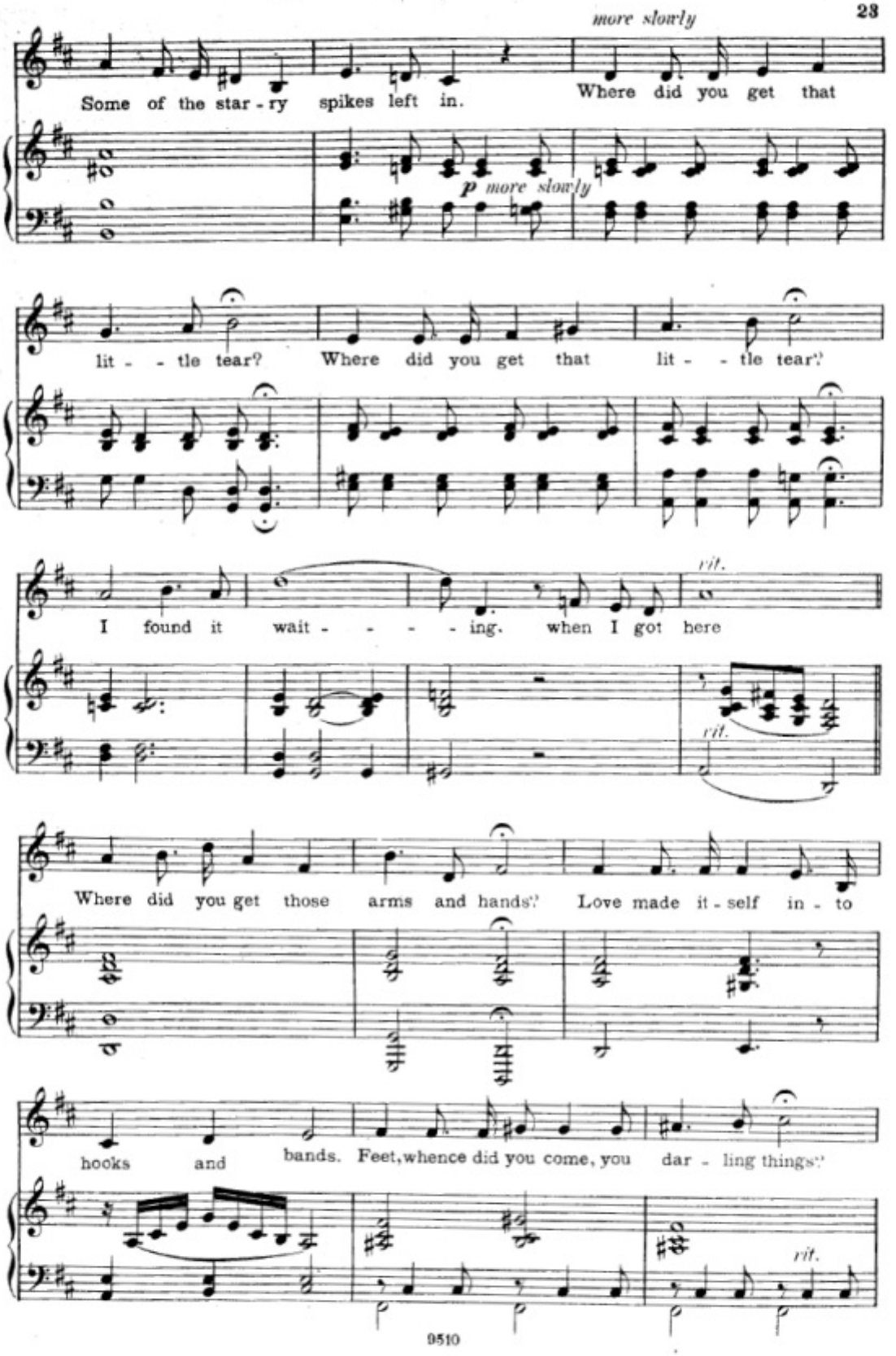
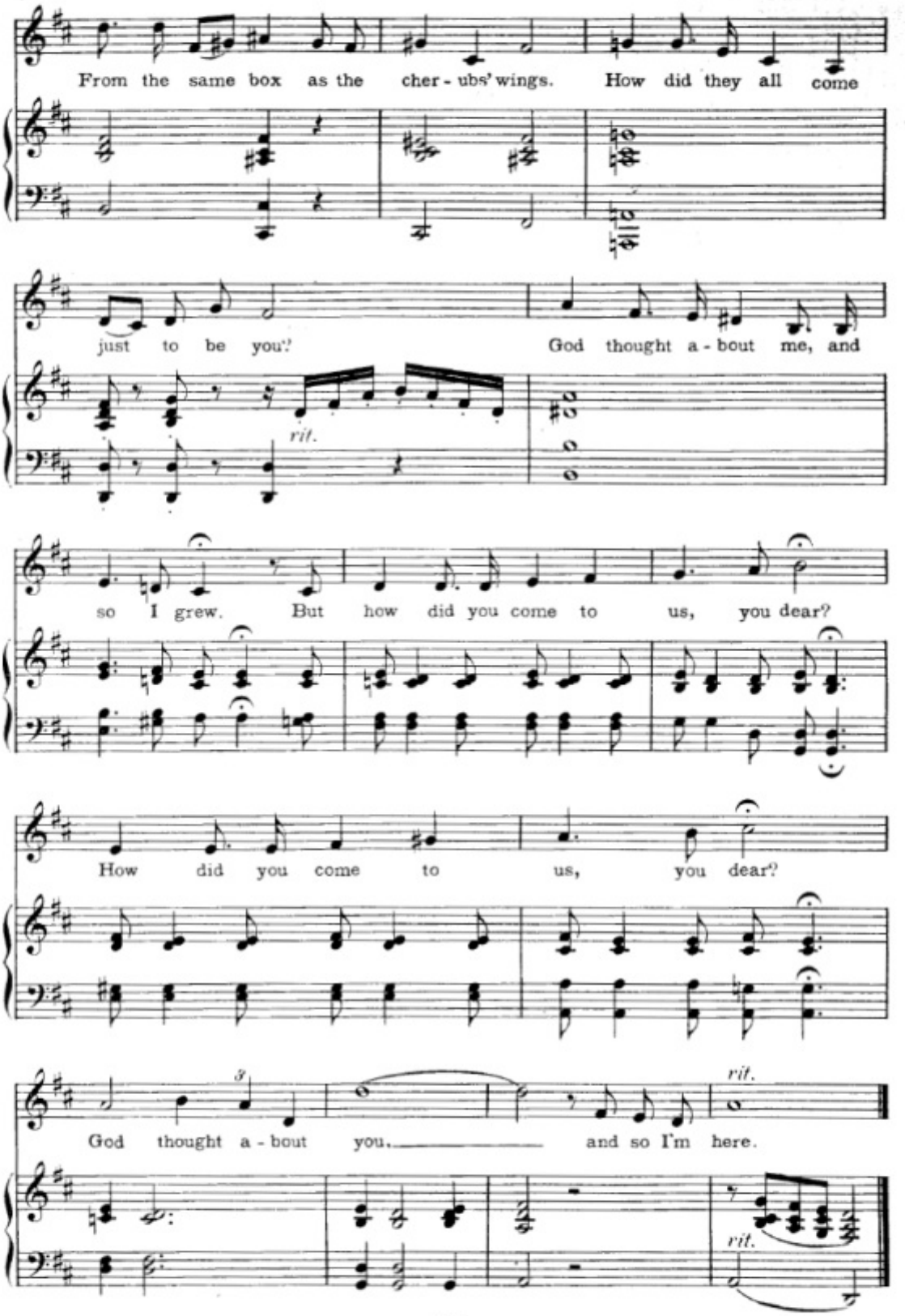
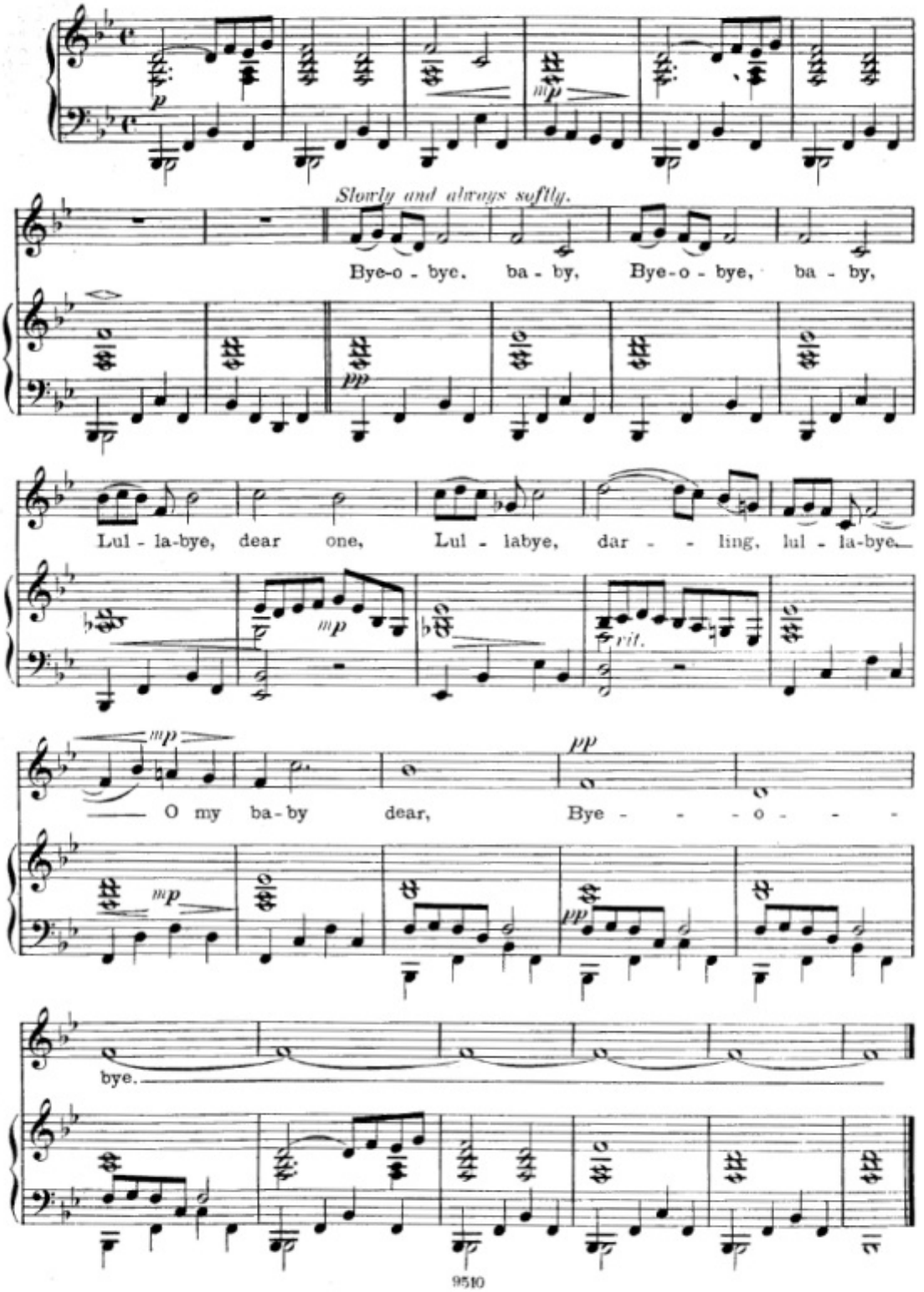

more slowly
Some of the star - ry spikes left in.
Where did you get that
p more slowly
lit - - tle tear?
Where did you get that
lit - - tle tear?
rit.
I found it wait - - - - ing. when I got here
rit.
Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made it - self in - to
hooks and bands. Feet, whence did you come, you dar - ling things?
rit.

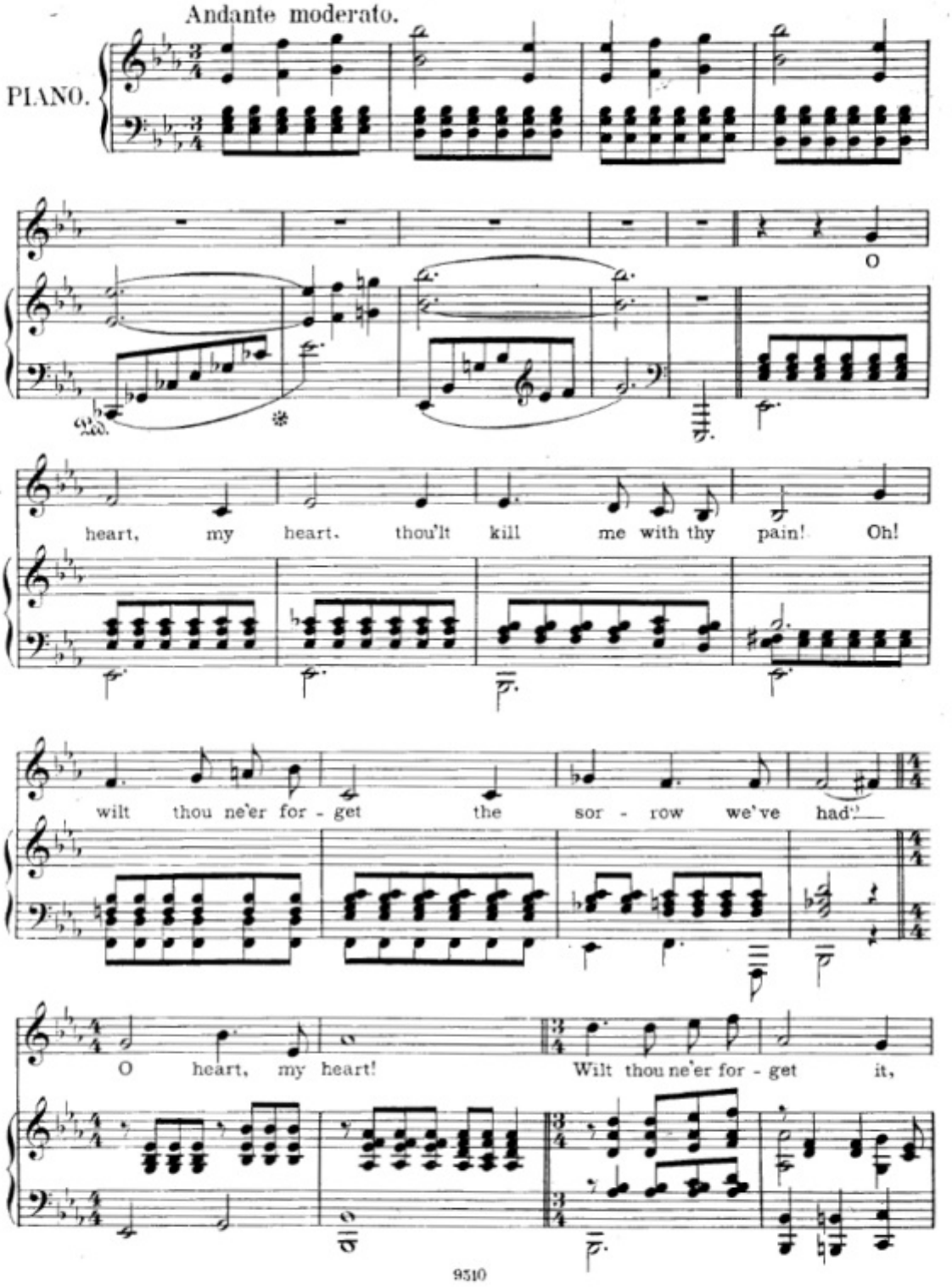

From the same box as the cher - ubs' wings. How did they all come
just to be you? God thought a - bout me, and
rit.
so I grew. But how did you come to us, you dear?
How did you come to us, you dear?
God thought a - bout you, and so I'm here.
rit.
rit.

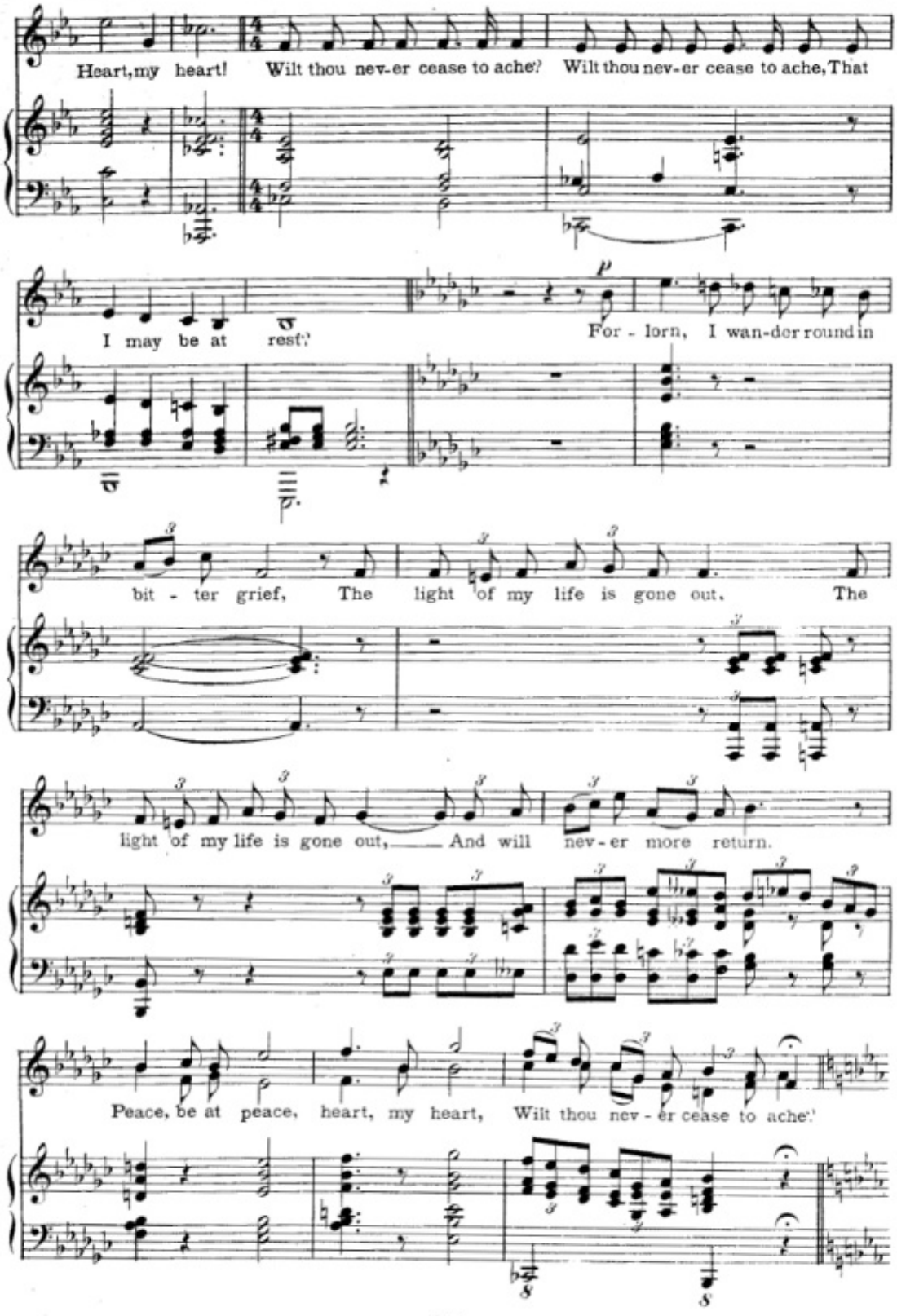
Cradle Song.

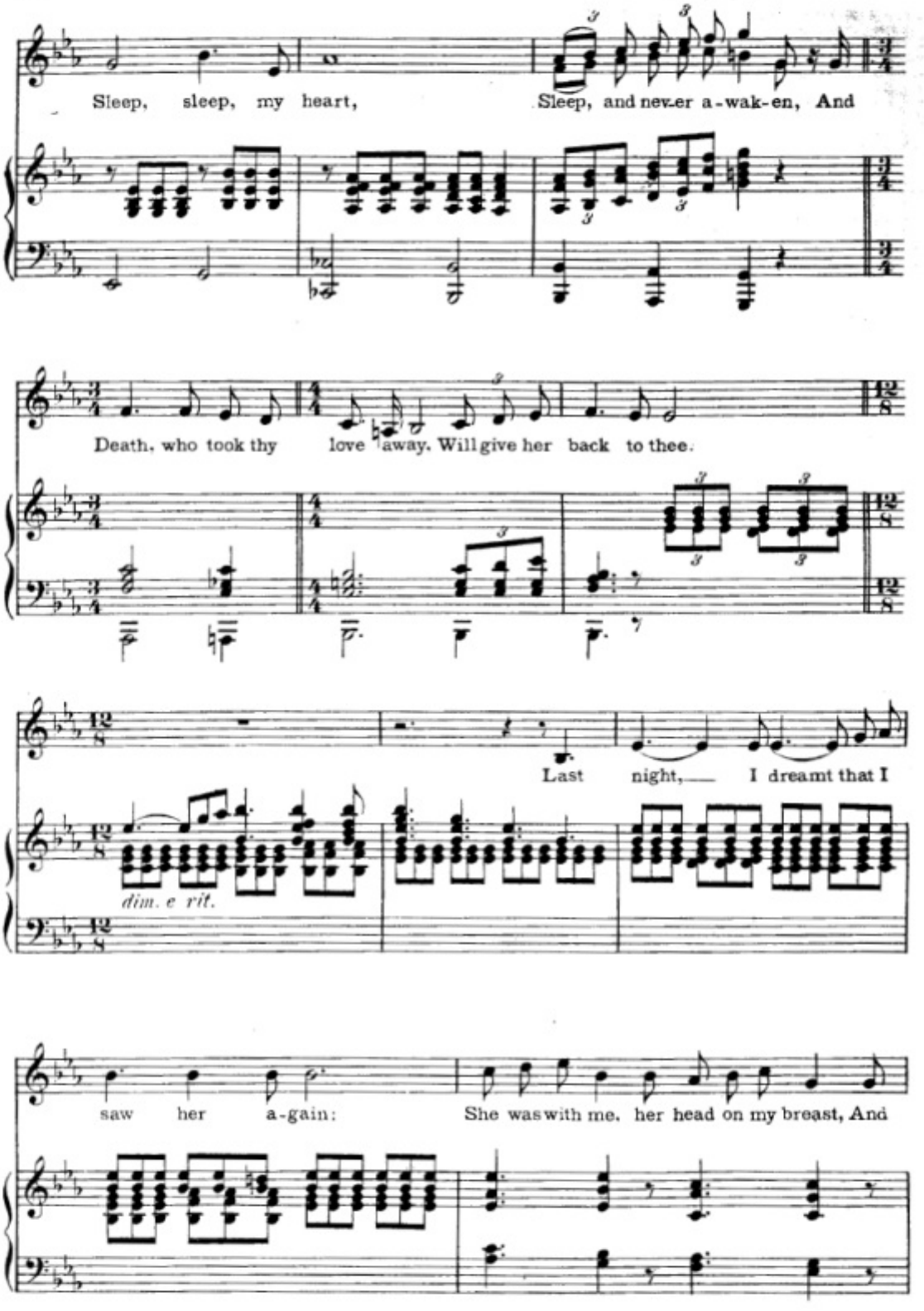

Slowly and always softly.
Bye-o - bye, ba - by, Bye-o - bye, ba - by,
Lul - la-bye, dear one, Lul - labye, dar - - ling, lul - la-bye.
rit.
O my ba-by dear, Bye - - - o - - -
bye.

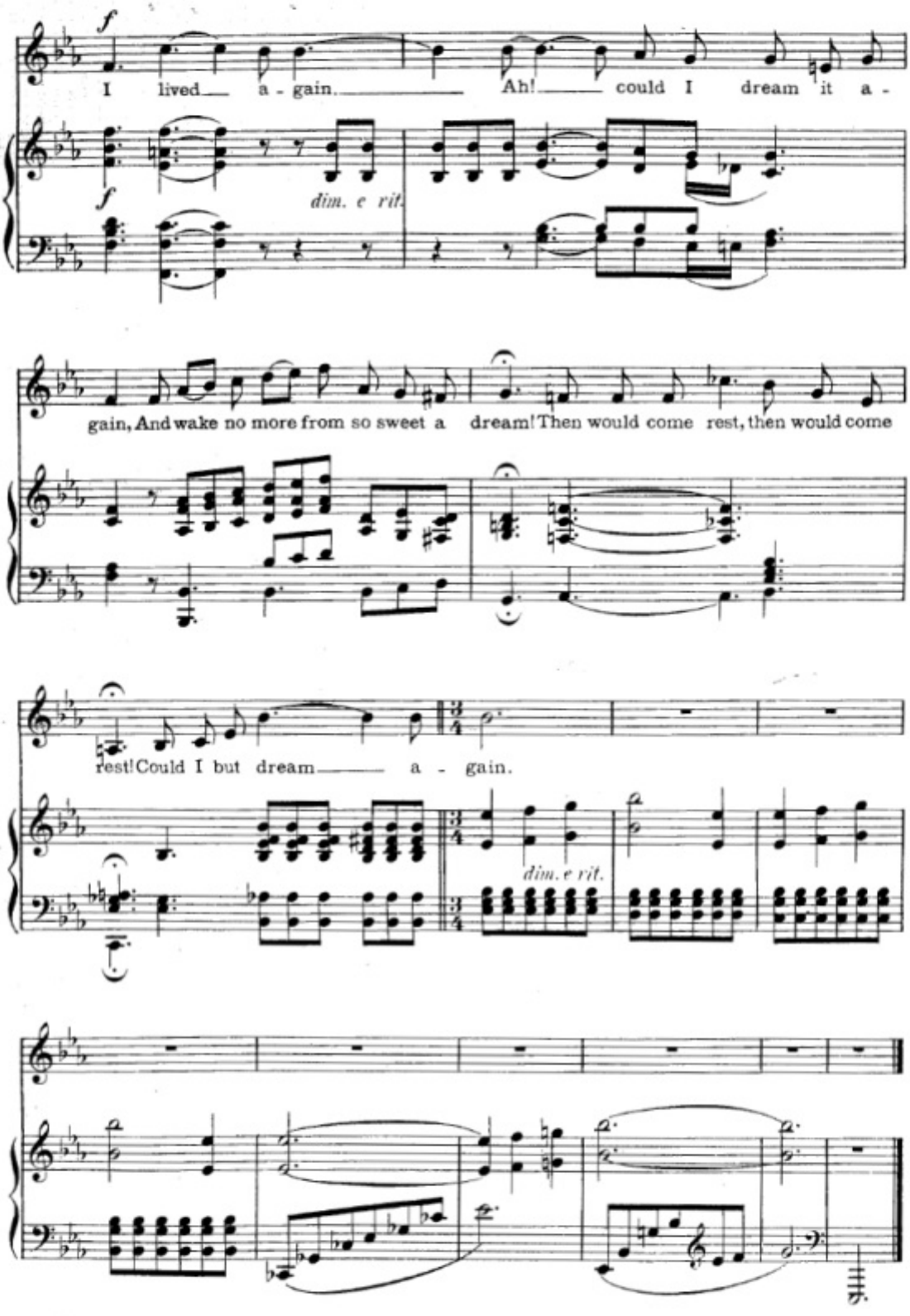
To Mr FRANCIS FISCHER-POWERS.

Reveries.




Heart, my heart! Wilt thou nev-er cease to ache? Wilt thou nev-er cease to ache, That
I may be at rest?
p
For - lorn, I wan-der round in
bit - ter grief, The light of my life is gone out, The
light of my life is gone out, And will nev-er more return.
Peace, be at peace, heart, my heart, Wilt thou nev - er cease to ache?


Sleep, sleep, my heart,
Sleep, and nev-er a-wak-en, And
Death, who took thy
love away, Will give her back to thee.
Last night, I dreamt that I
dim. e rit.
saw her a-gain:
She was with me, her head on my breast, And


f
I lived a - gain. Ah! could I dream it a -
f
dim. e rit.
gain, And wake no more from so sweet a dream! Then would come rest, then would come
rest! Could I but dream a - gain.
dim. e rit.

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