ANTHOLOGY
OF
AMERICAN SONG

A Collection of Twenty-six Songs
BY
REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN
COMPOSERS

NEW YORK : G. SCHIRMER

Boston : Boston Music Co.

London : Schott & Co.

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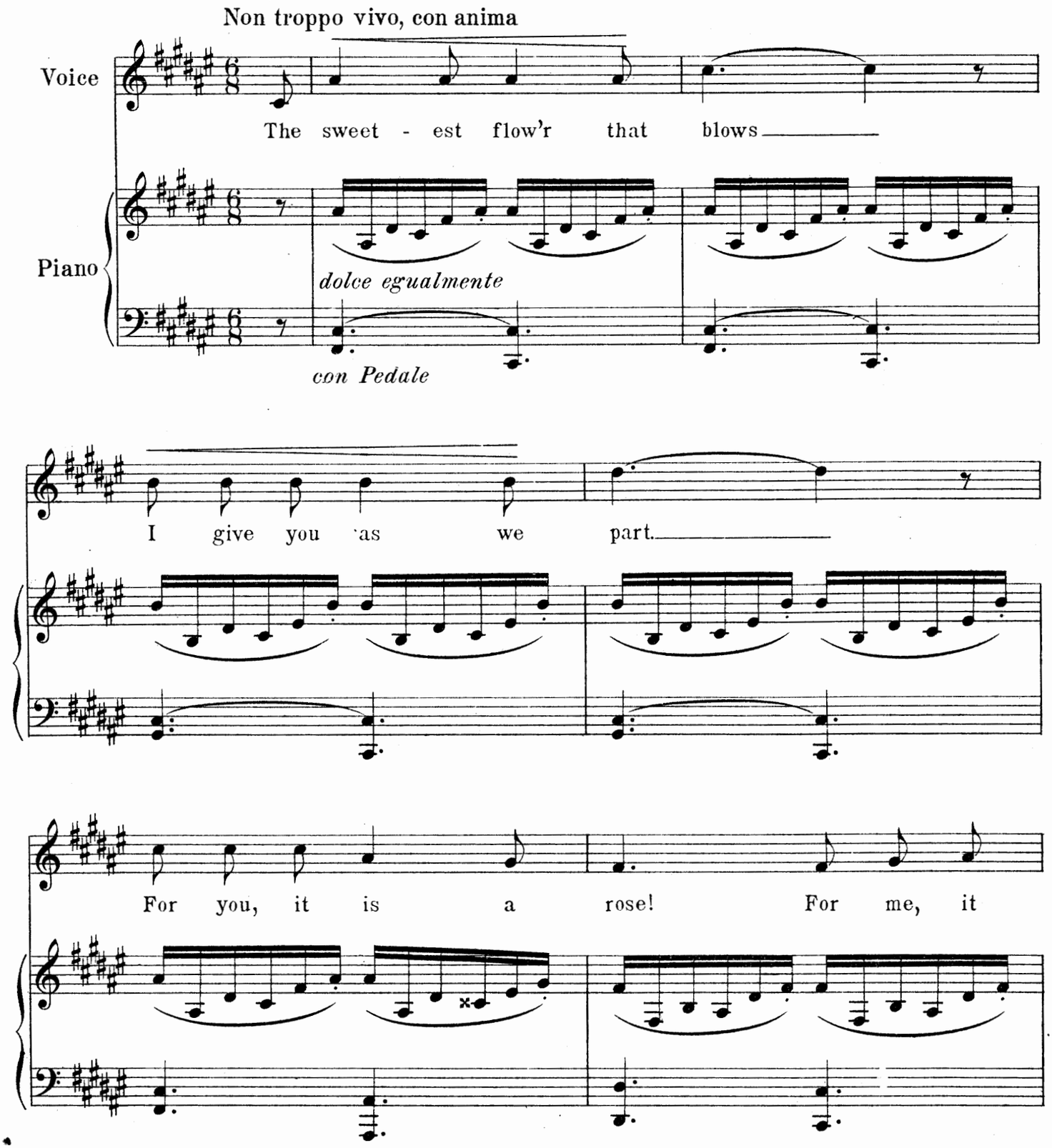
To Miss Dora Henninges,
Cleveland, O.

At Parting

Frederic Peterson — James H. Rogers



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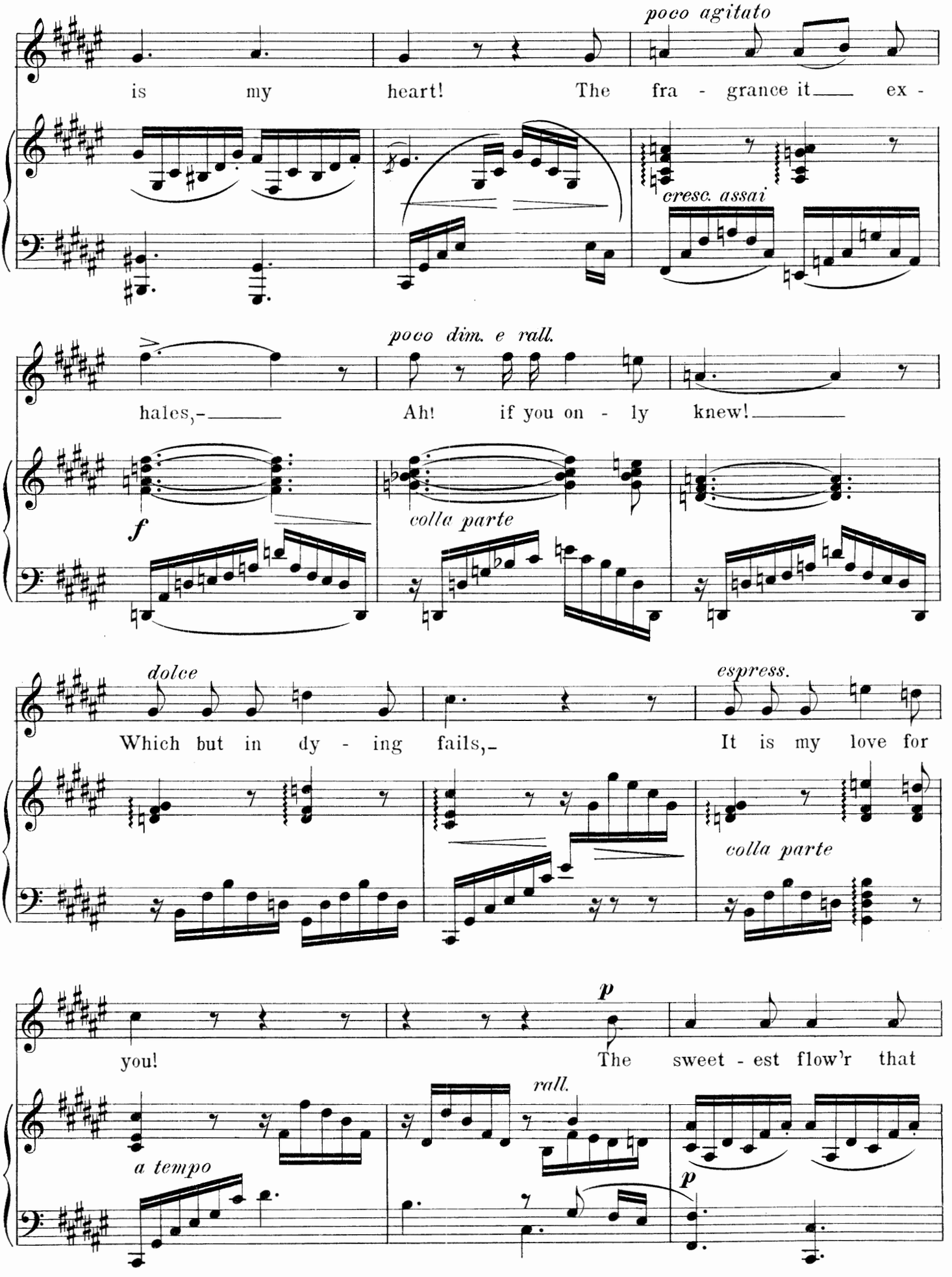
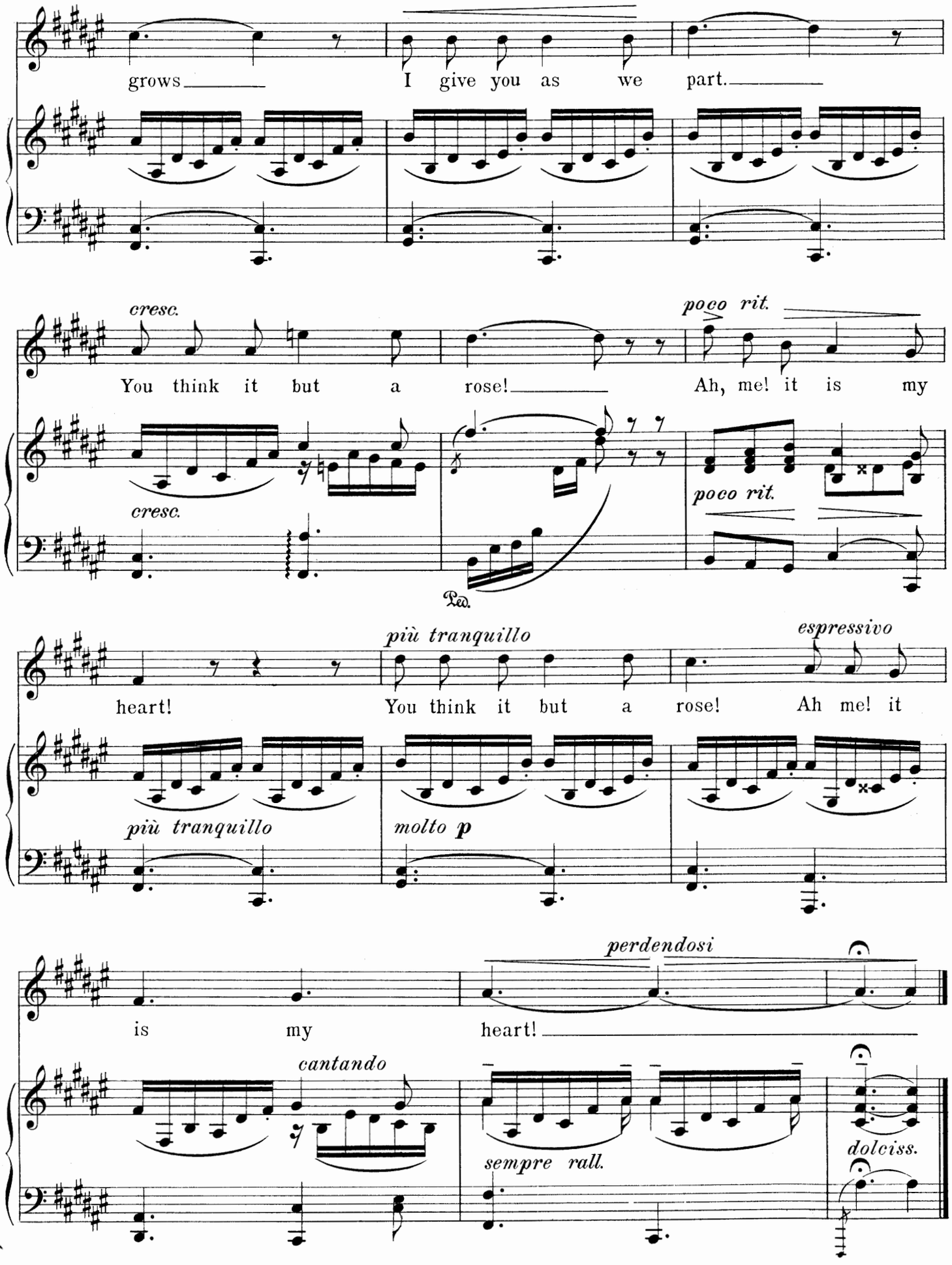

poco agitato
is my heart! The fra - grance it ex -
cresc. assai
poco dim. e rall.
hales,- Ah! if you on - ly knew!
f
colla parte
dolce
espress.
Which but in dy - ing fails,- It is my love for
colla parte
p
you! The sweet - est flow'r that
rall.
a tempo
p


grows
I give you as we part.
cresc.
You think it but a rose!
poco rit.
Ah, me! it is my
cresc.
poco rit.
Ped.
più tranquillo
espressivo
heart!
You think it but a rose!
Ah me! it
più tranquillo
molto p
perdendosi
is my
heart!
cantando
sempre rall.
dolciss.

To Miss Genevra E. Johnston, Chicago, Ills.

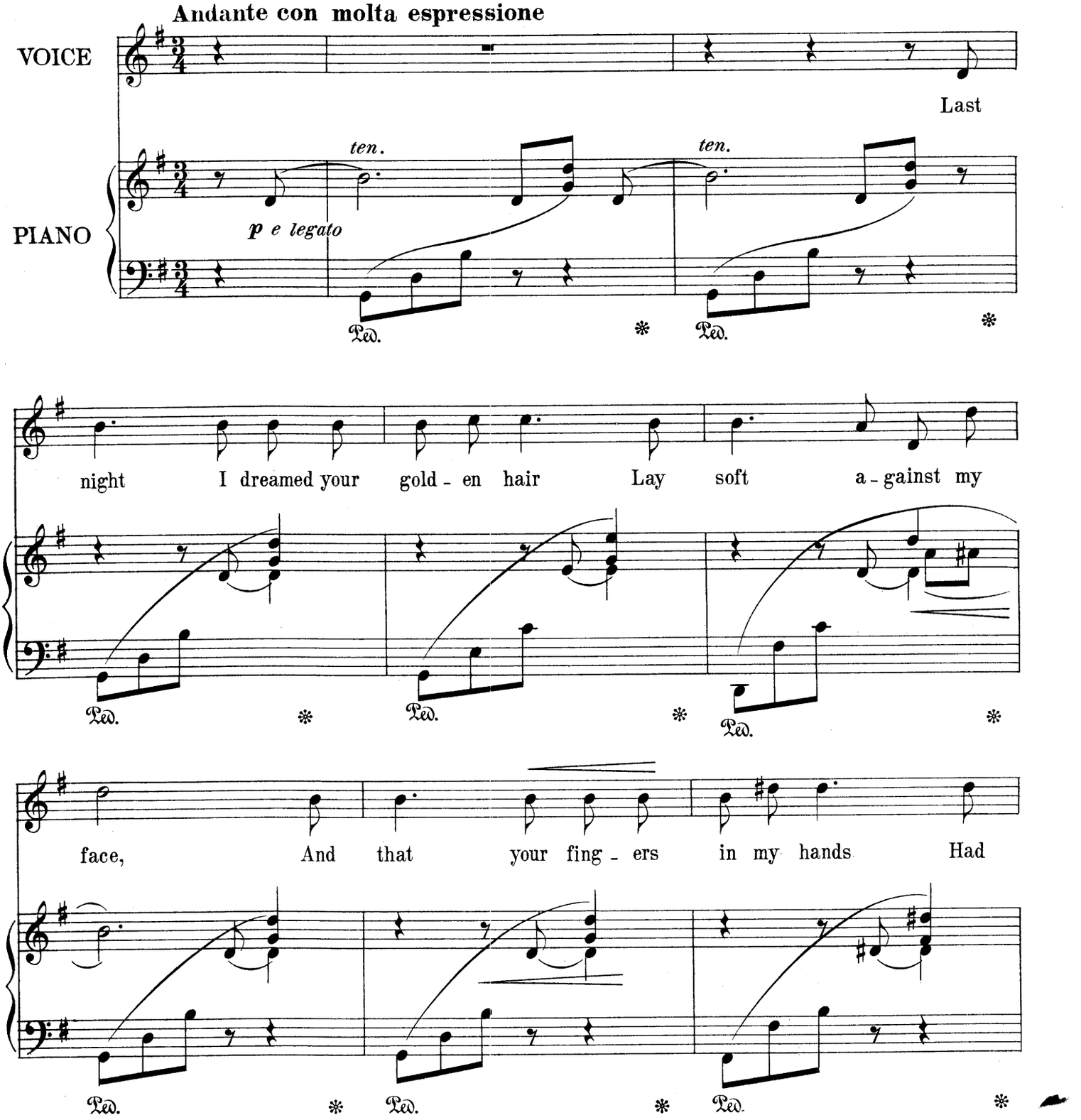
Entreaty

(A Love-Song)

Revised Edition

Words by IRA ALLEN. JR.

Music by WILSON G. SMITH



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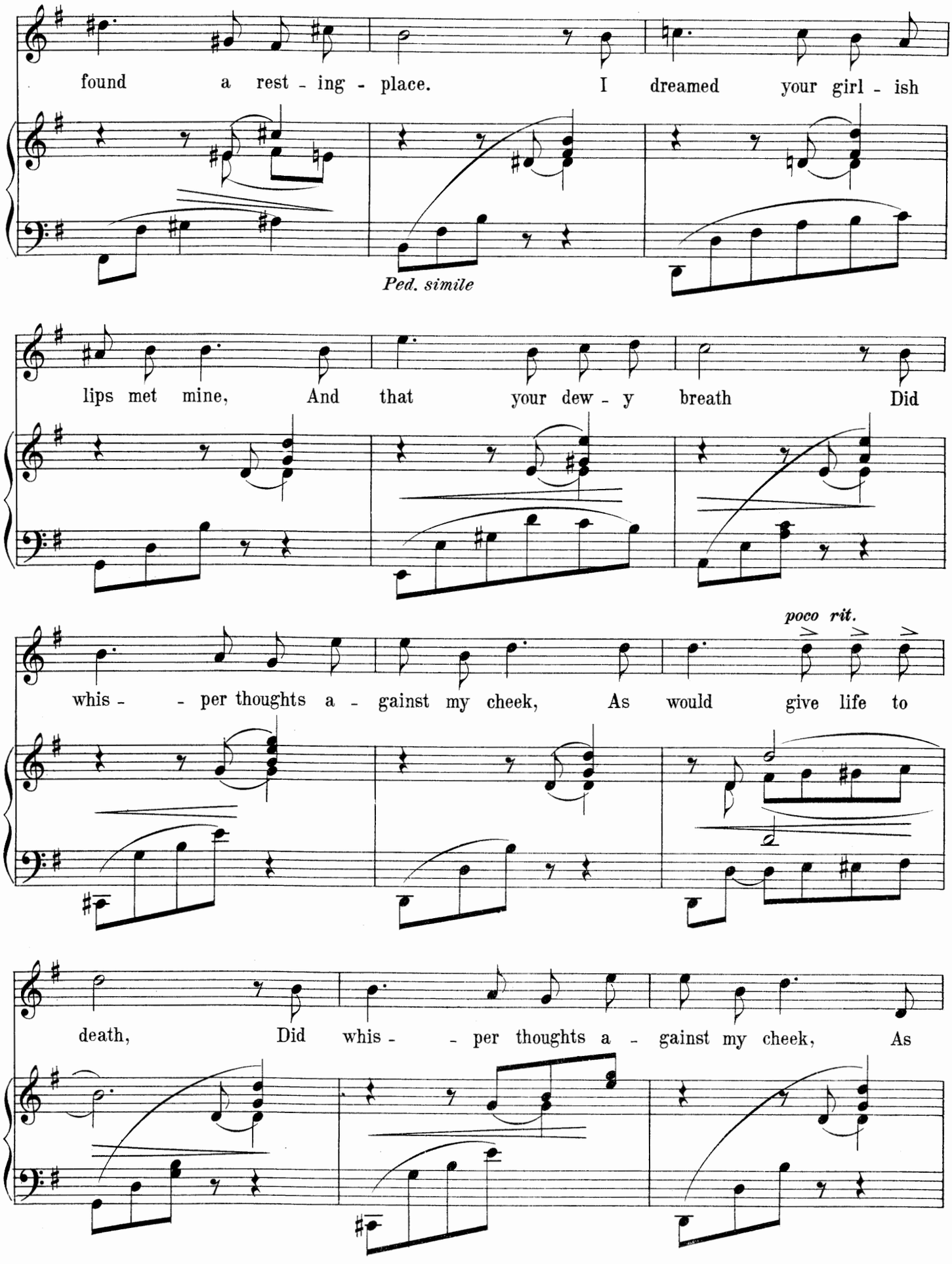
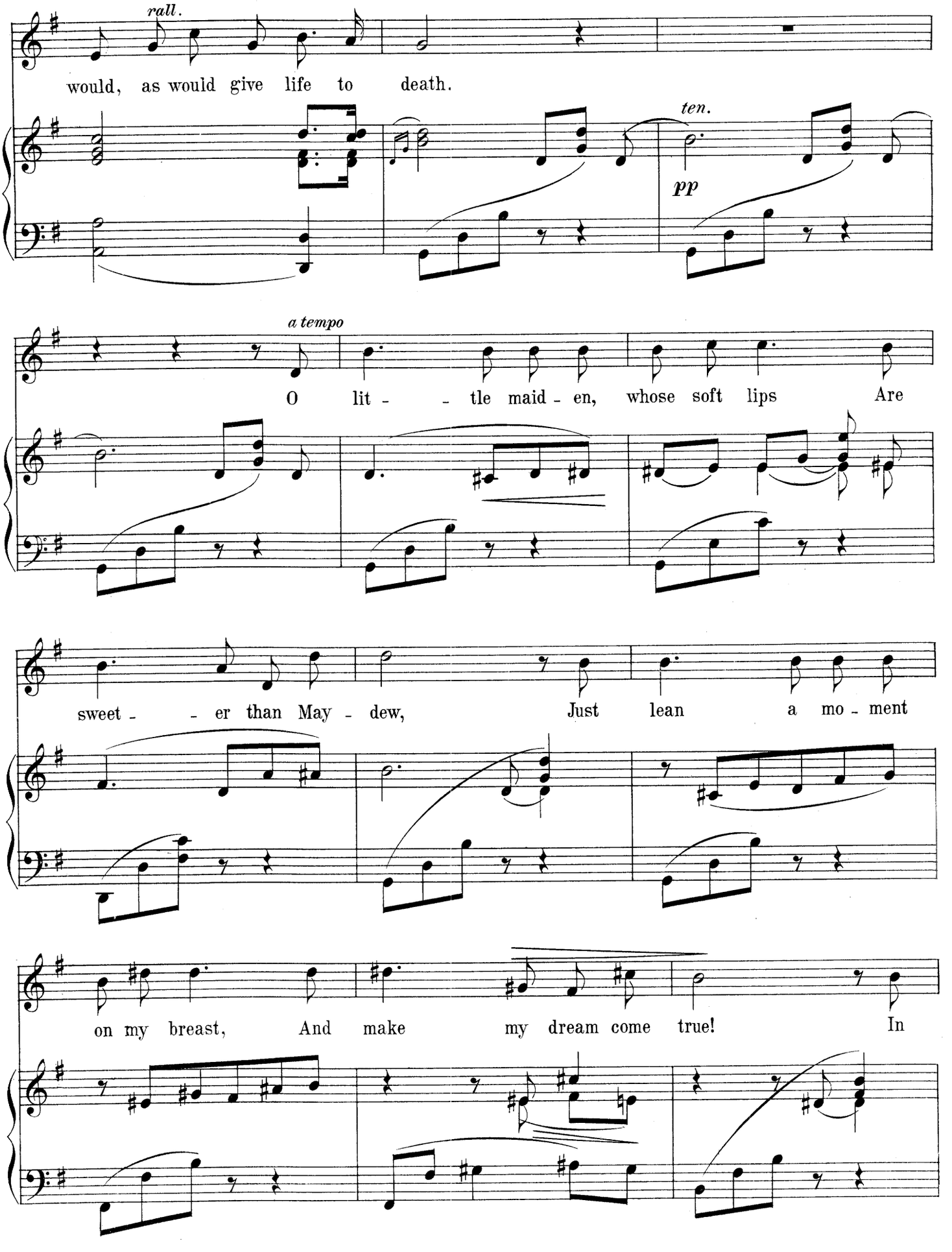
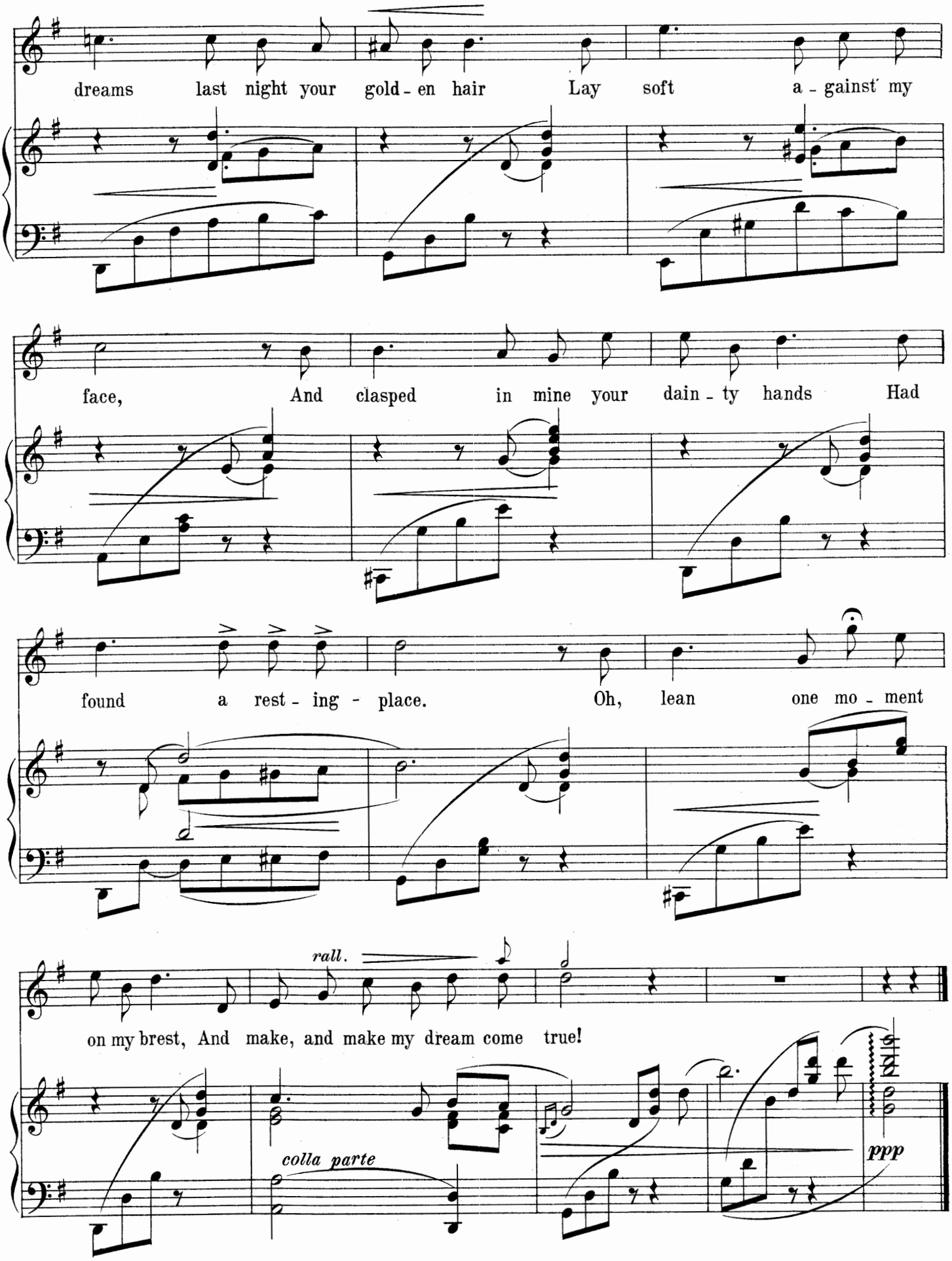

found a rest - ing - place. I dreamed your girl - ish
Ped. simile
lips met mine, And that your dew - y breath Did
poco rit.
whis - - per thoughts a - gainst my cheek, As would give life to
death, Did whis - - per thoughts a - gainst my cheek, As


rall.
would, as would give life to death.
ten.
pp
a tempo
O lit - - tle maid - en, whose soft lips Are
sweet - - er than May - dew, Just lean a mo - ment
on my breast, And make my dream come true! In


dreams last night your gold - en hair Lay soft a - gainst my
face, And clasped in mine your dain - ty hands Had
found a rest - ing - place. Oh, lean one mo - ment
rall.
on my brest, And make, and make my dream come true!
colla parte
ppp

To my friend, Mr. Whitney Mockridge

"Love's sorrow"

„LIEBESLEID"

German version by
HEINRICH KOEKE

Ballad

(SOPRANO or TENOR)

HARRY ROWE SHELLEY

Andantino con moto

PIANO

mf

p

The sun's last ray is gone, And dus-ky twi-light steals up-
Der Son-ne letz-ter Strahl Durch Laub und Zwei-ge zit-tert

p colla voce.

on me; The vil-lage lights are lit, And all is still-ness
wie-der; Auf Flu-ren, Berg und Thal, Die Dämm-'rung sinkt her-

round me. The stars are wak-ing one by one To grace the beau-teous
nie-der; Und hoch im blau-en Ae-ther-meer, Die Ster-ne glän-zen

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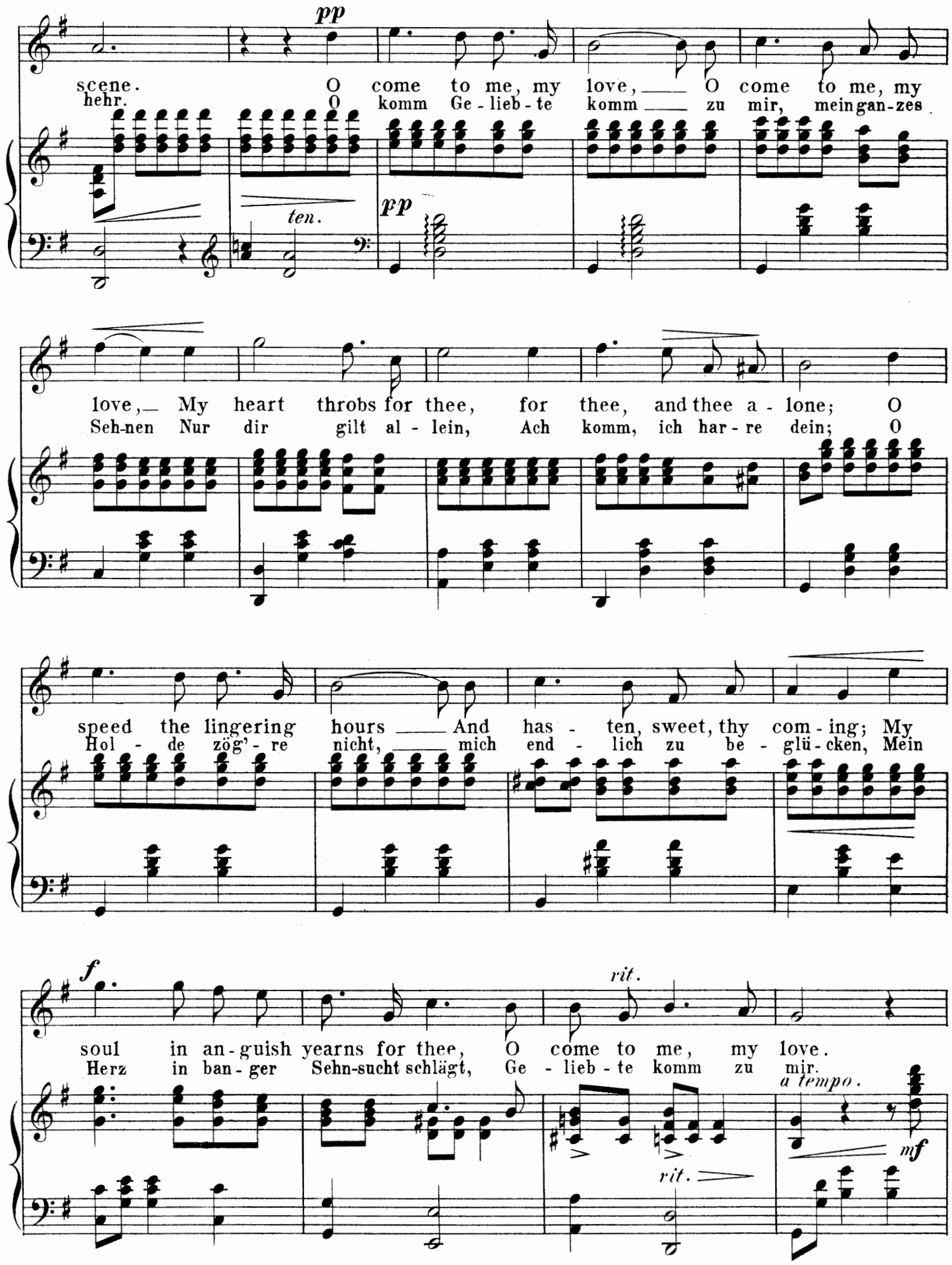
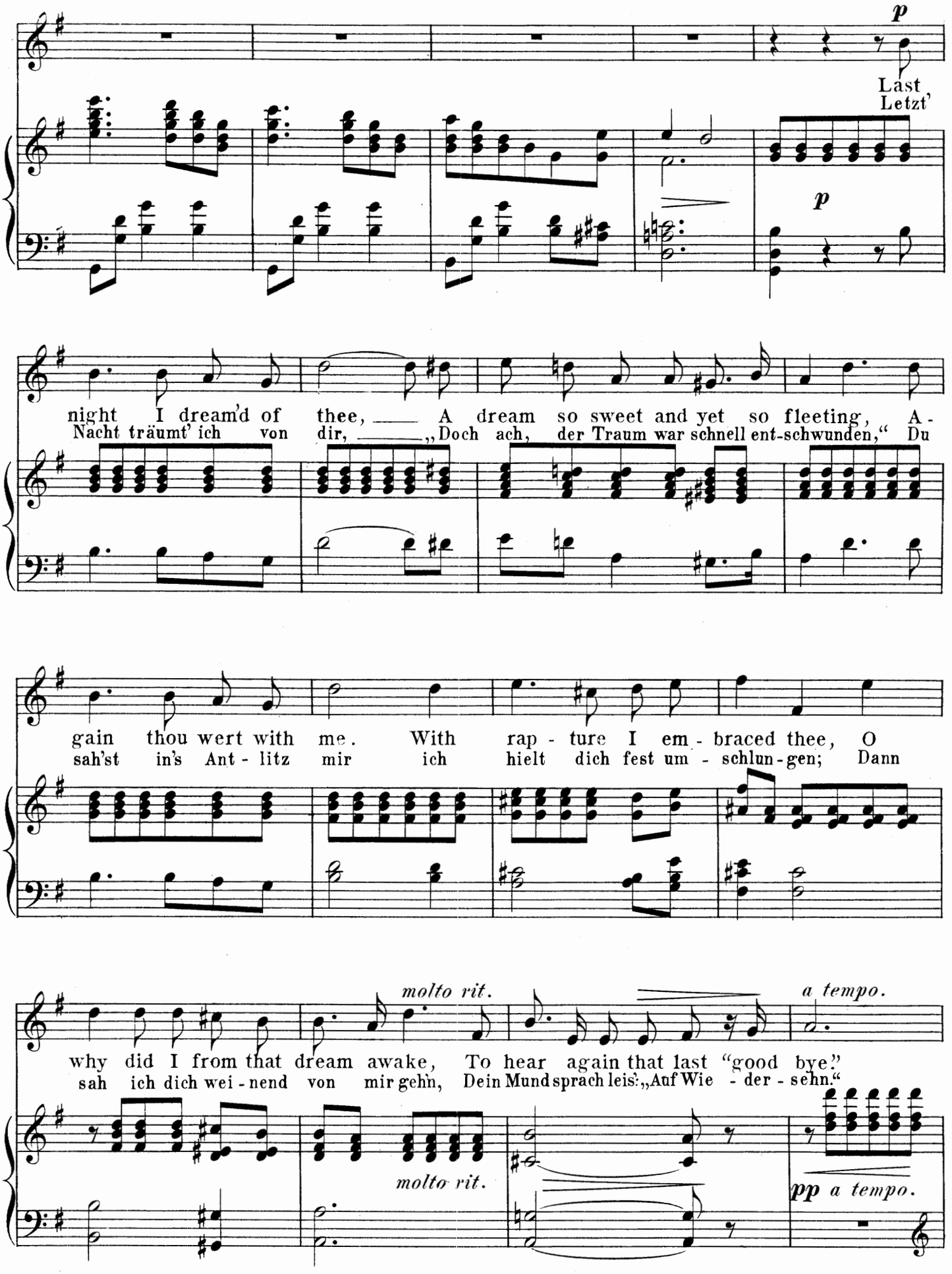
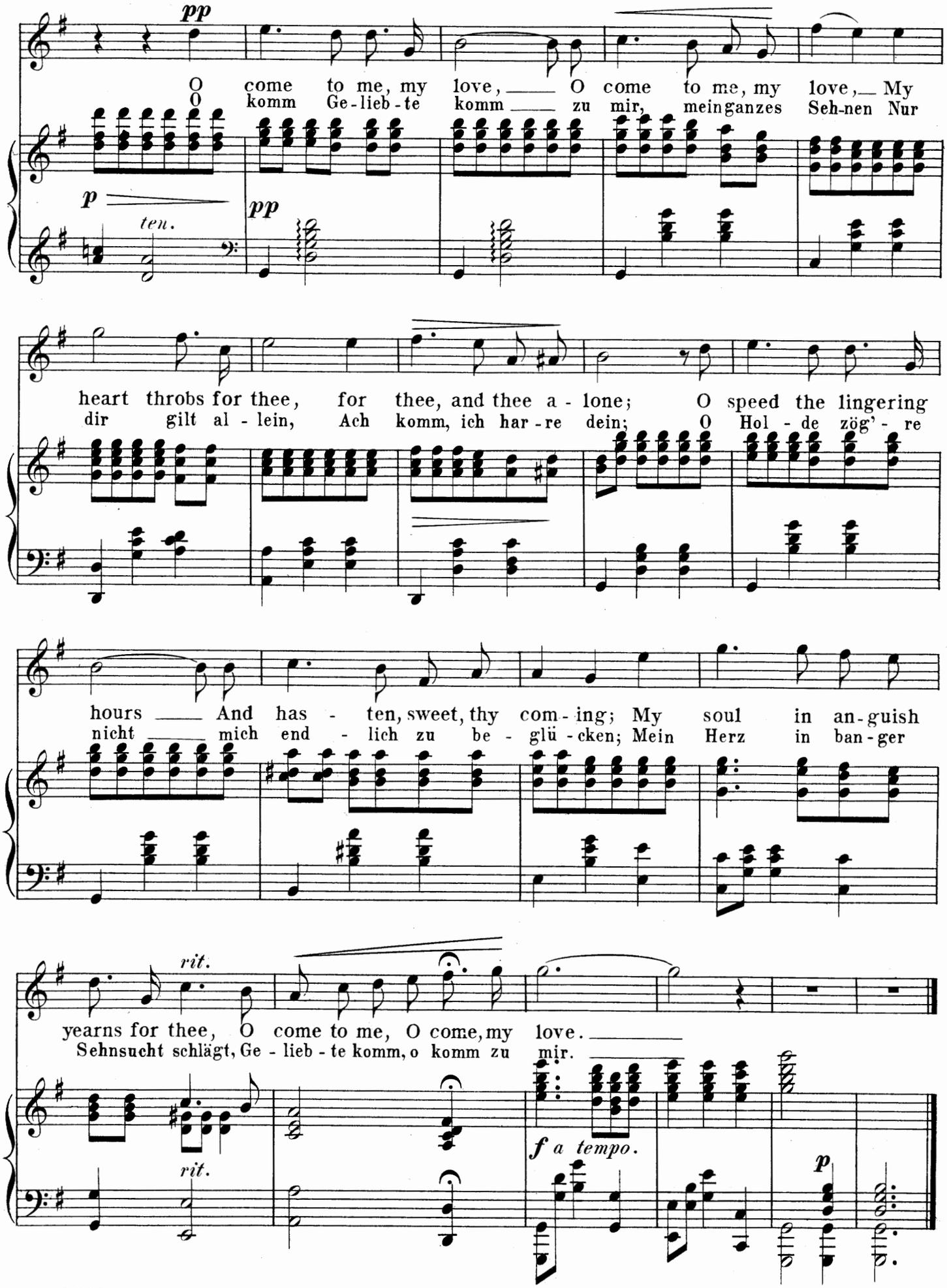

pp
scene. O come to me, my love, O come to me, my
hehr. O komm Ge-lieb-te komm zu mir, mein ganz es
ten.
pp
love, My heart throbs for thee, for thee, and thee a-lone; O
Seh-nen Nur dir gilt al-lein, Ach komm, ich har-re dein; O
speed the lingering hours And has-ten, sweet, thy com-ing; My
Hol-de zög'-re nicht, mich end-lich zu be-glü-cken, Mein
f
rit.
soul in an-guish yearns for thee, O come to me, my love.
Herz in ban-ger Sehn-sucht schlägt, Ge-lieb-te komm zu mir.
a tempo.
mf
rit.

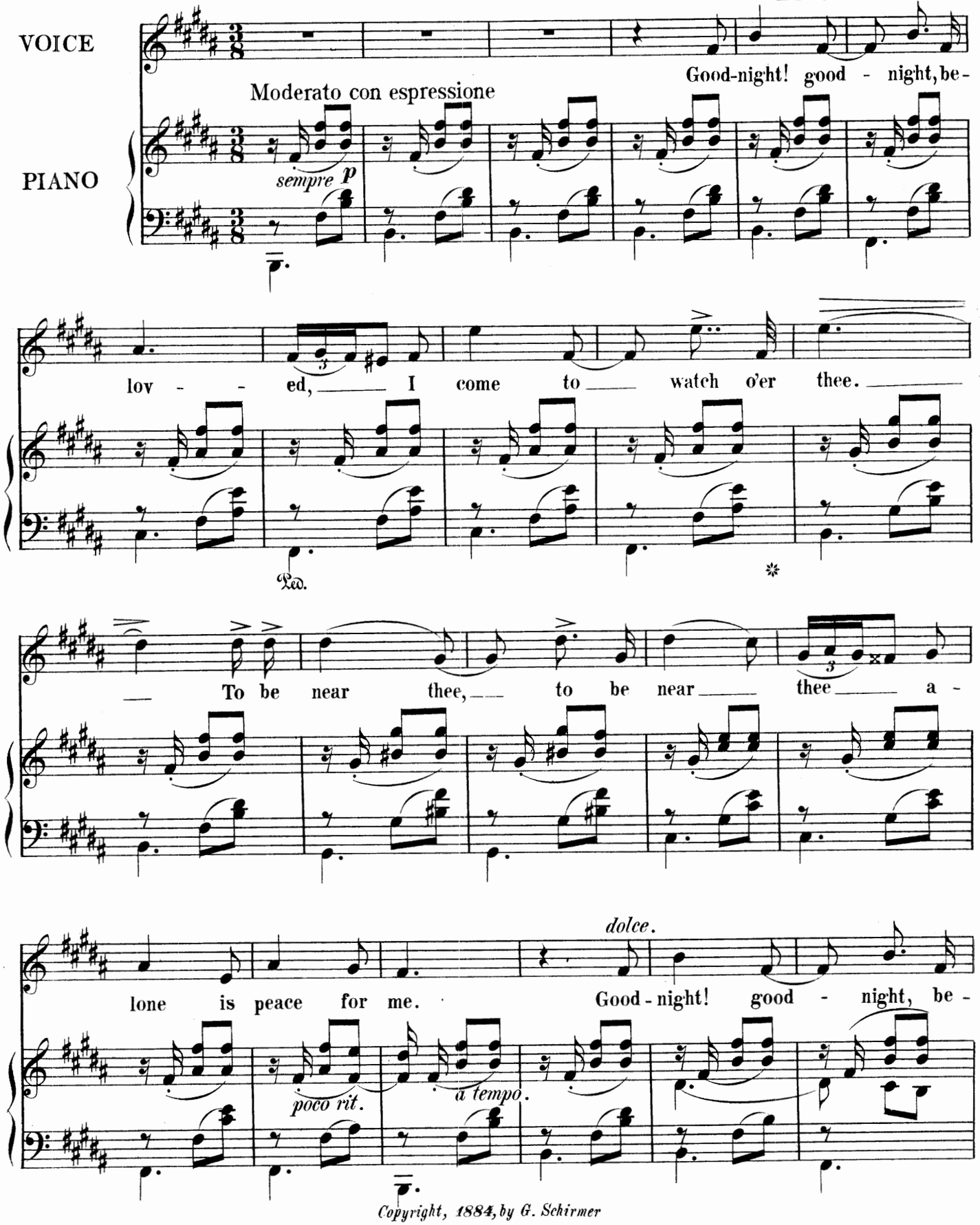

p
Last,
Letzt'
p
night I dream'd of thee, A dream so sweet and yet so fleeting, A-
Nacht träumt' ich von dir, „Doch ach, der Traum war schnell ent-schwunden," Du
gain thou wert with me. With rap - ture I em - braced thee, O
sah'st in's Ant - litz mir ich hielt dich fest um - schlun-gen; Dann
molto rit.
a tempo.
why did I from that dream awake, To hear again that last "good bye."
sah ich dich wei - nend von mir gehn, Dein Mund sprach leis': „Auf Wie - der - sehn."
molto rit.
pp a tempo.


pp
O come to me, my love, O come to me, my love, My
O komm Ge-lieb-te komm zu mir, meinganzes Seh-nen Nur
p
ten.
pp
heart throbs for thee, for thee, and thee a-lone; O speed the lingering
dir gilt al-lein, Ach komm, ich har-re dein; O Hol-de zög'-re
hours And has-ten, sweet, thy com-ing; My soul in an-guish
nicht mich end-lich zu be-glü-cken; Mein Herz in ban-ger
rit.
yearns for thee, O come to me, O come, my love.
Sehnsucht schlägt, Ge-lieb-te komm, o komm zu mir.
rit.
f a tempo.
p

Serenade

(Good-night! good-night, belovèd!)

ETHELBERT NEVIN



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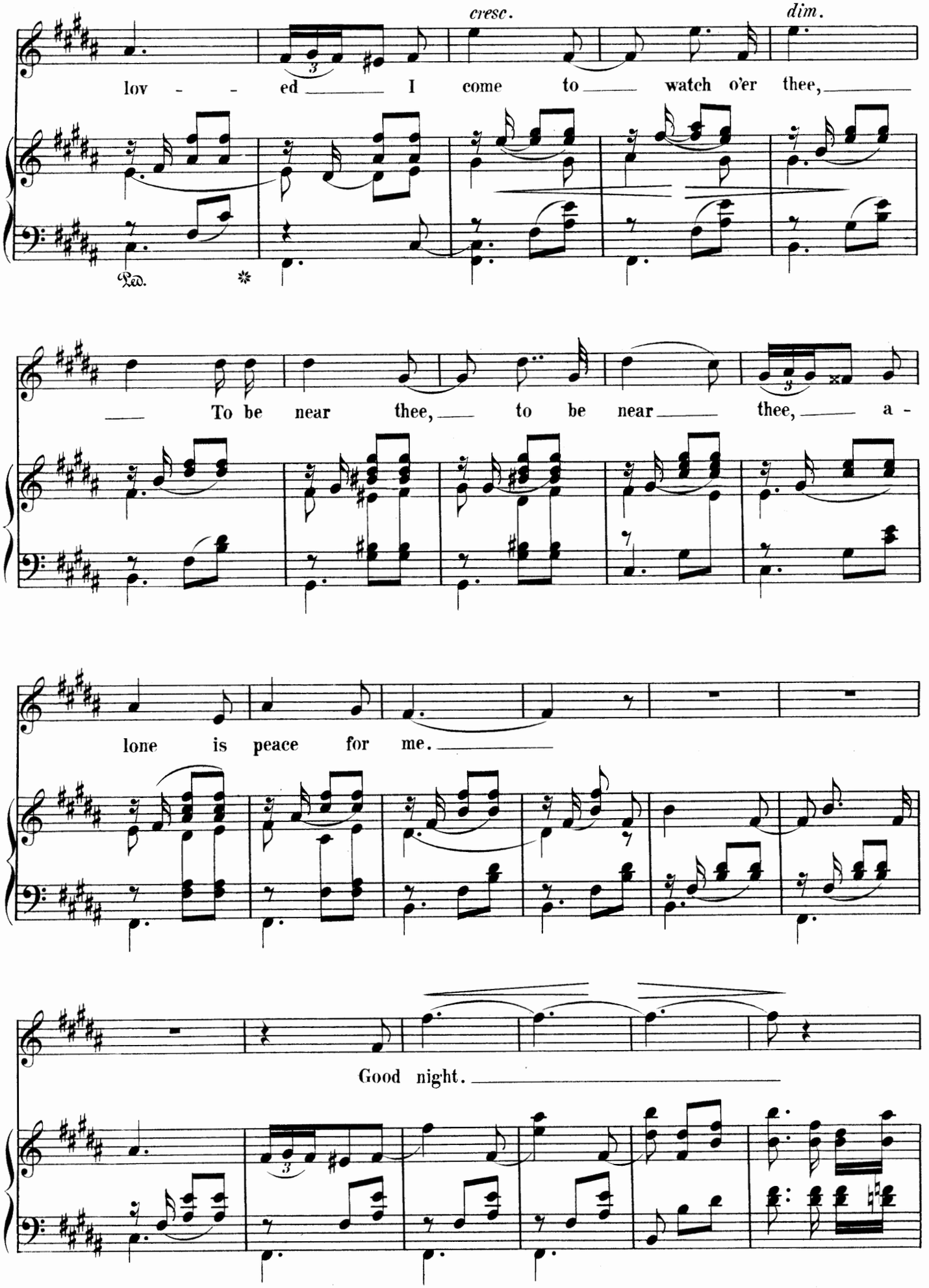
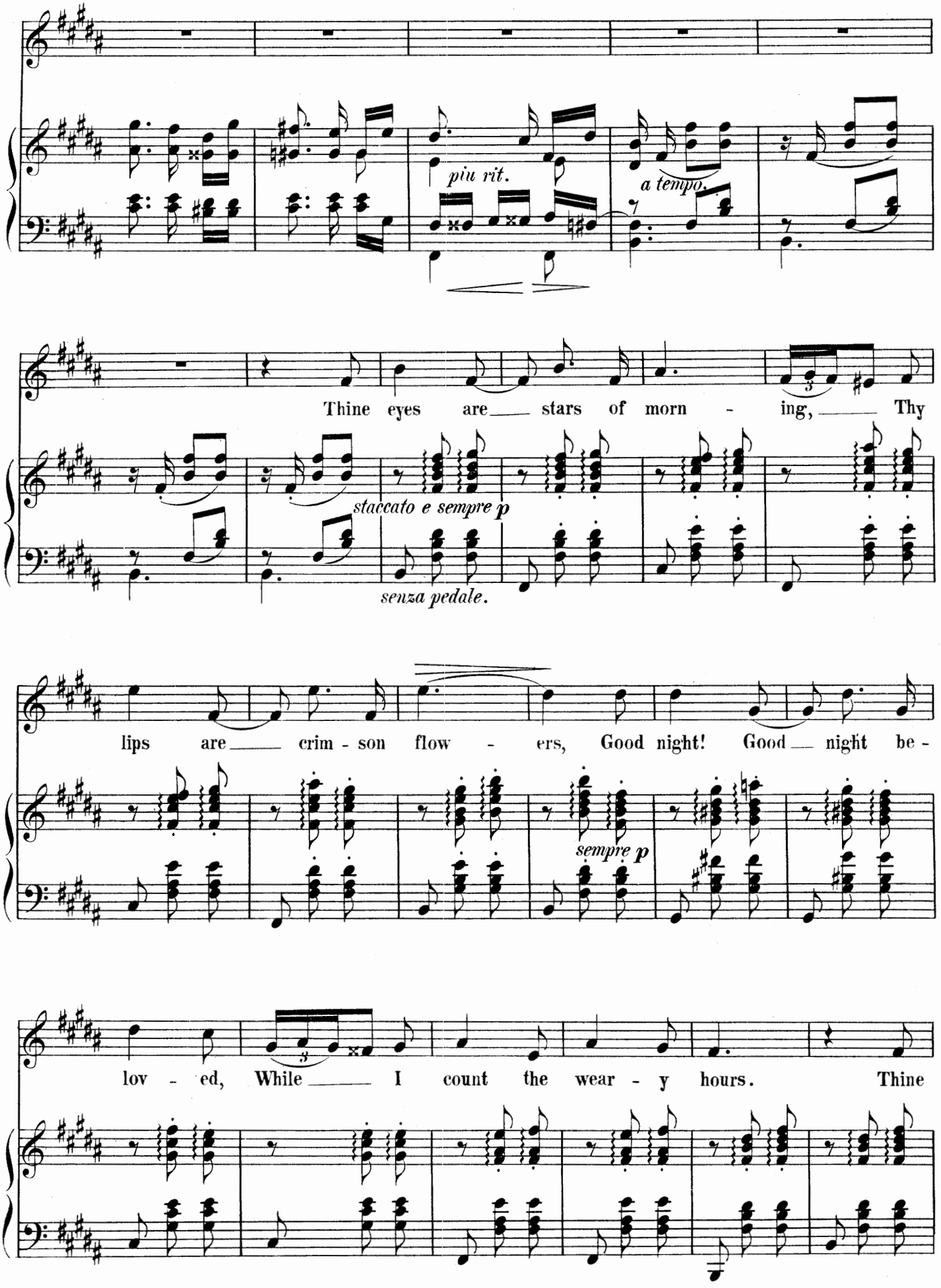
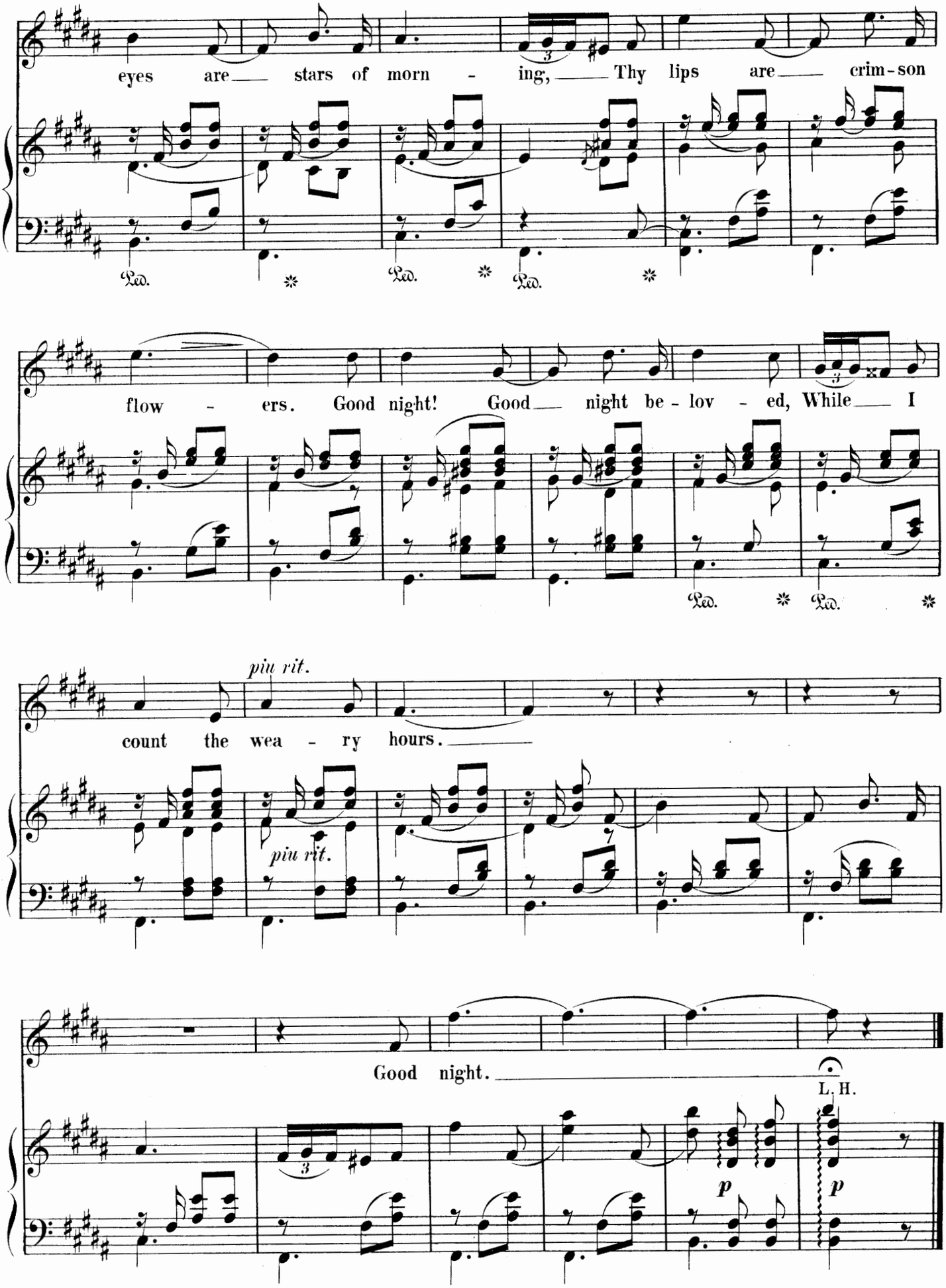

cresc.
dim.
lov - - ed I come to watch o'er thee,
Ped. *
To be near thee, to be near thee, a -
lone is peace for me.
Good night.


piu rit.
a tempo.
Thine eyes are stars of morn - ing, Thy
staccato e sempre p
senza pedale.
lips are crim - son flow - ers, Good night! Good night be -
sempre p
lov - ed, While I count the wear - y hours. Thine


eyes are stars of morn - ing, Thy lips are crim-son
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
flow - ers. Good night! Good night be - lov - ed, While I
Ped. * Ped. *
piu rit.
count the wea - ry hours.
piu rit.
Good night.
L. H.
p
p

In My Belovèd's Eyes

Words by
W. M. Chauvenet

G. W. CHADWICK

Adagio espressivo

Voice

Piano

I looked in-to the mid-night deep, And saw the stead-fast

stars, True sen-tinels that nev-er sleep, Be-yond earth's prison-

bars. I looked in my Be-lov-ed's eyes, And saw her radiant

soul, Still stead-fast in the heav'n-ly skies Of love's re-motest goal.

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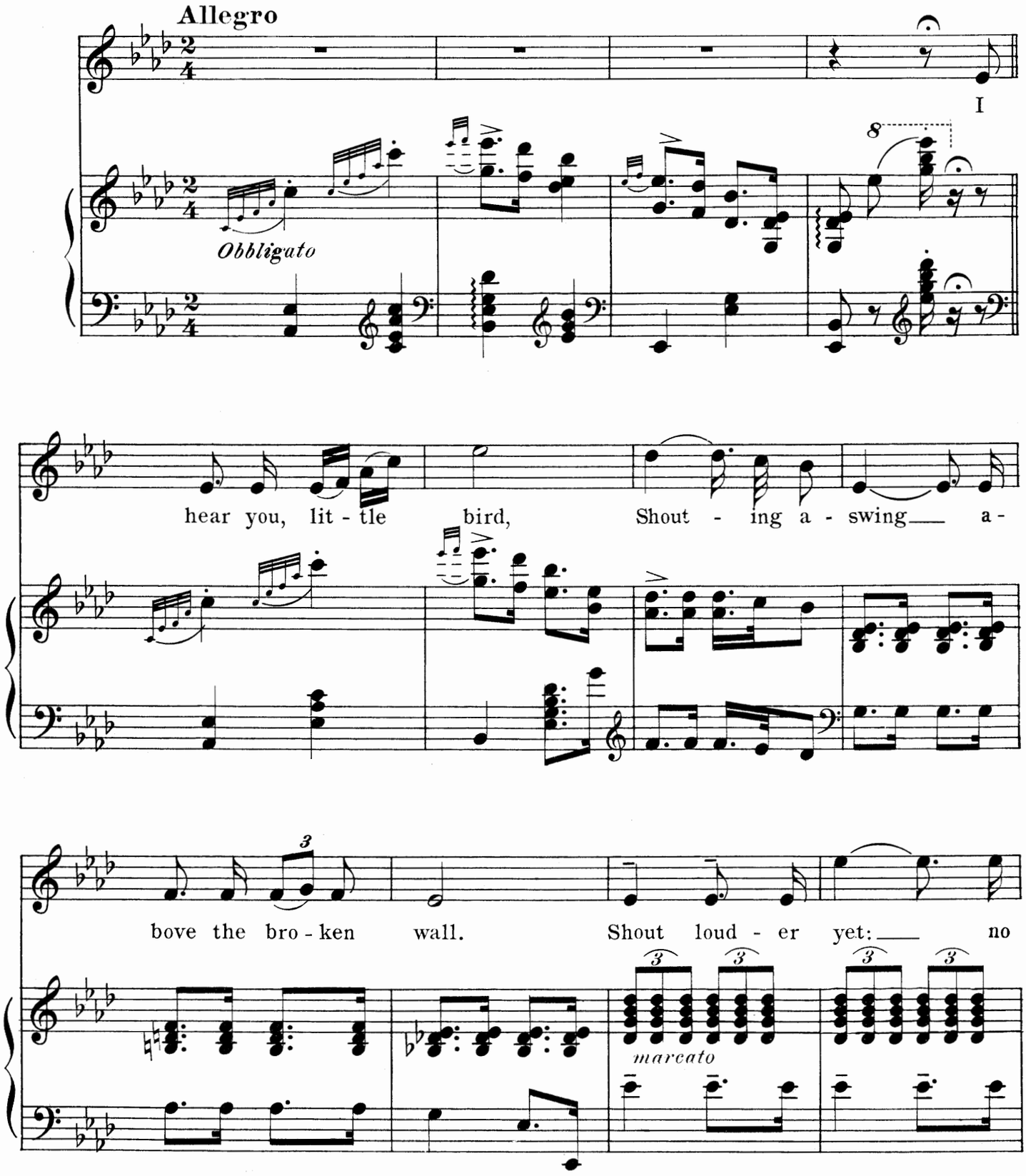
Joy of the Morning

Words by
Edwin Markham

Music by
Harriet Ware



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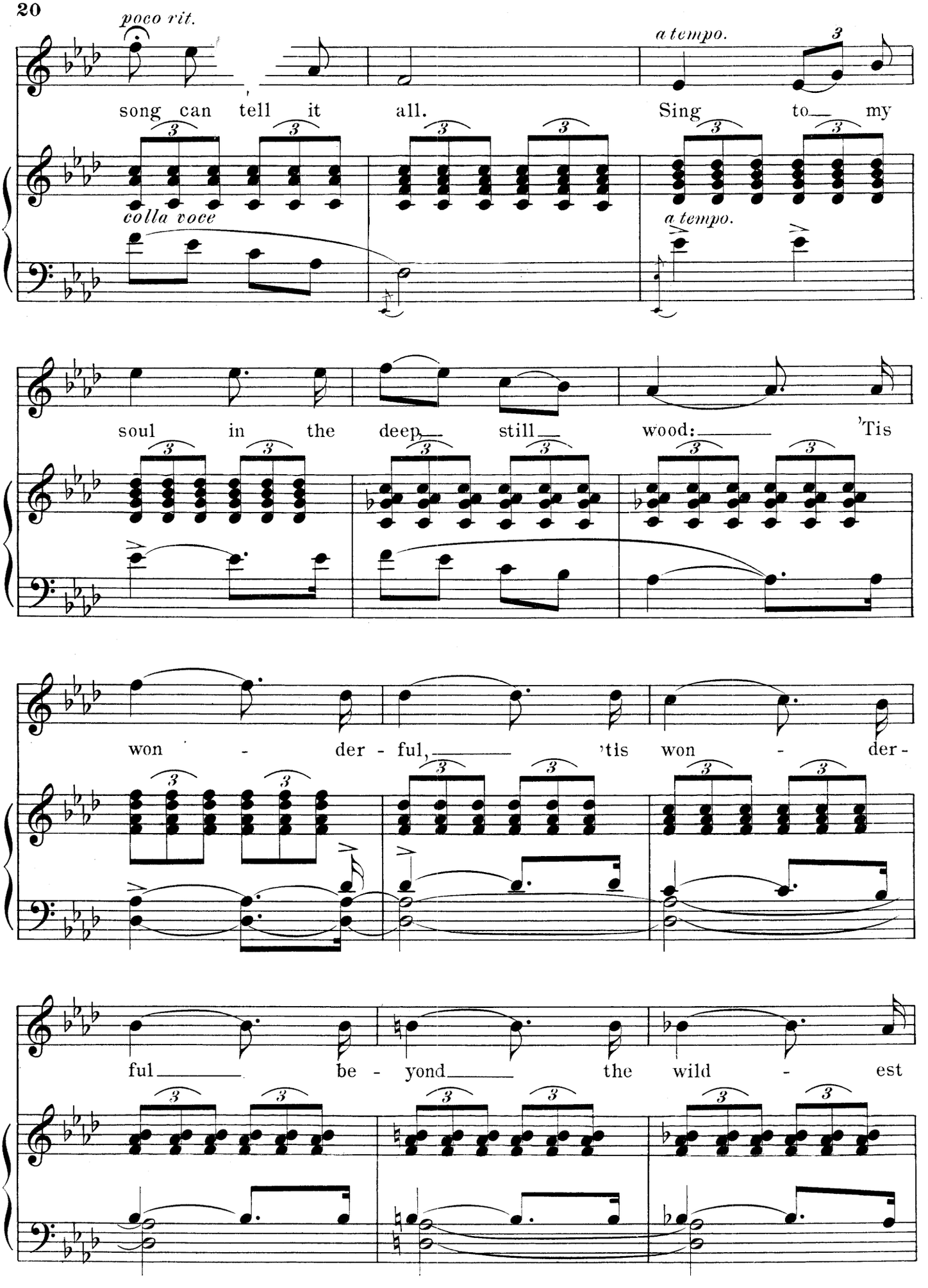
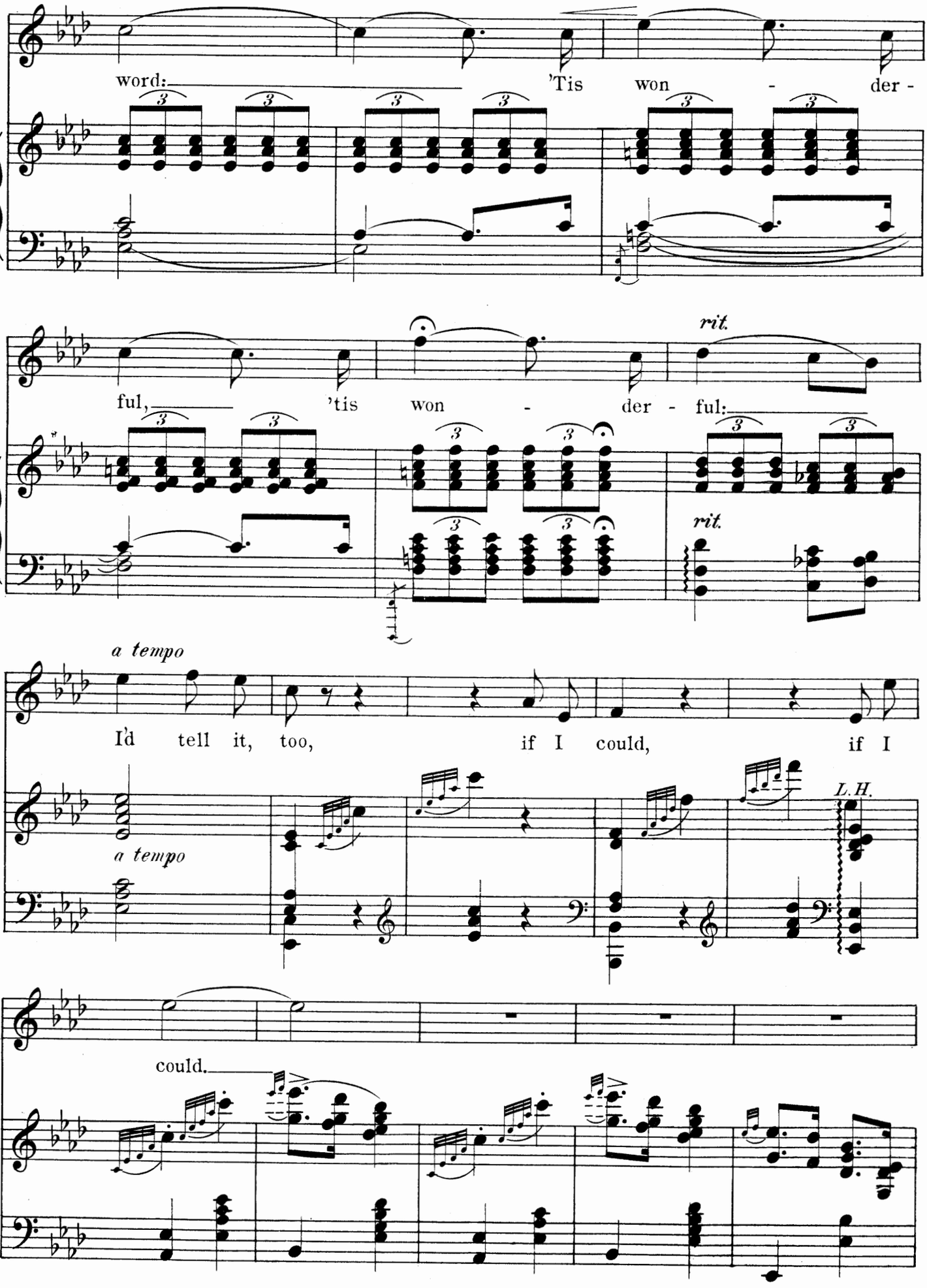
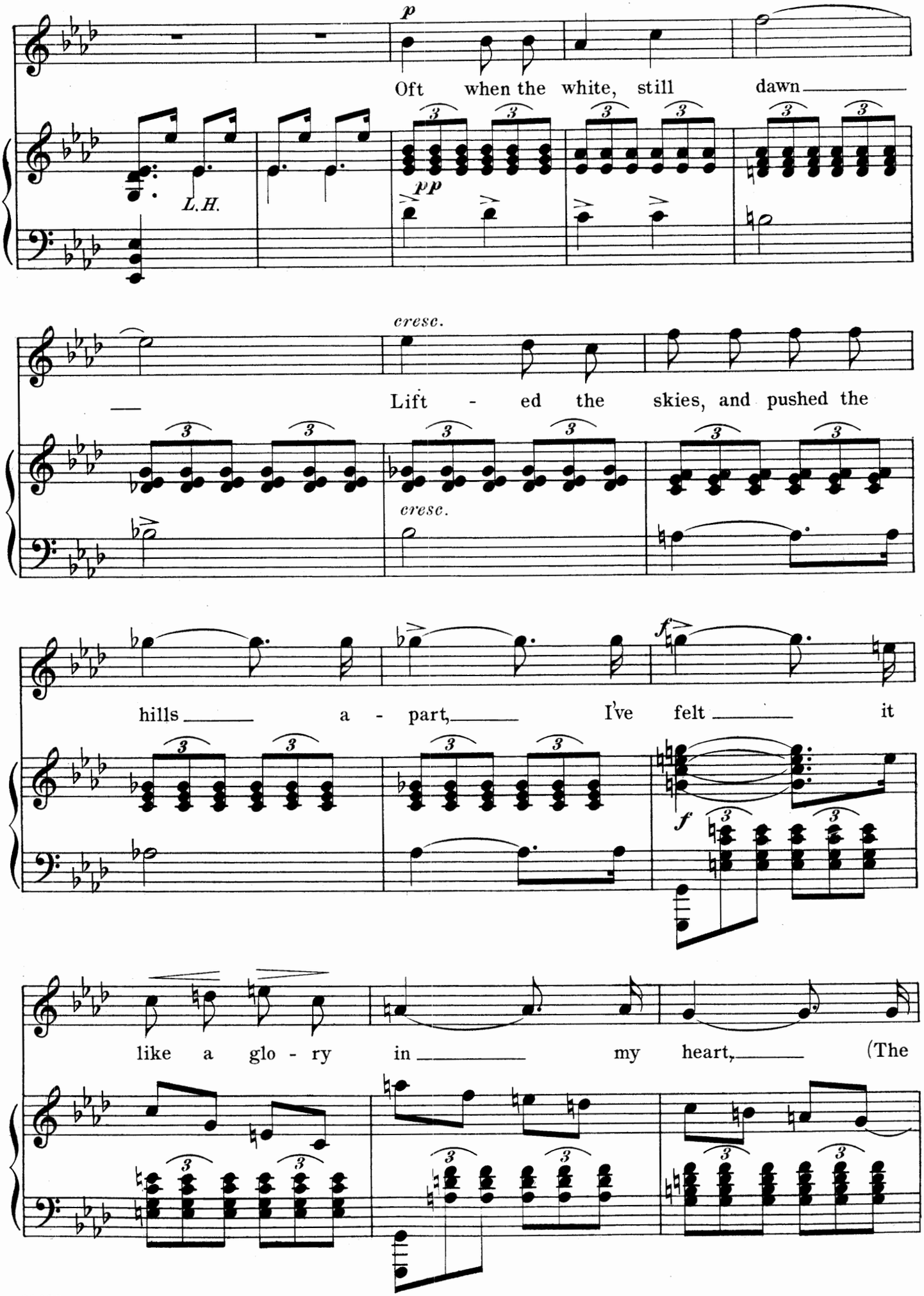
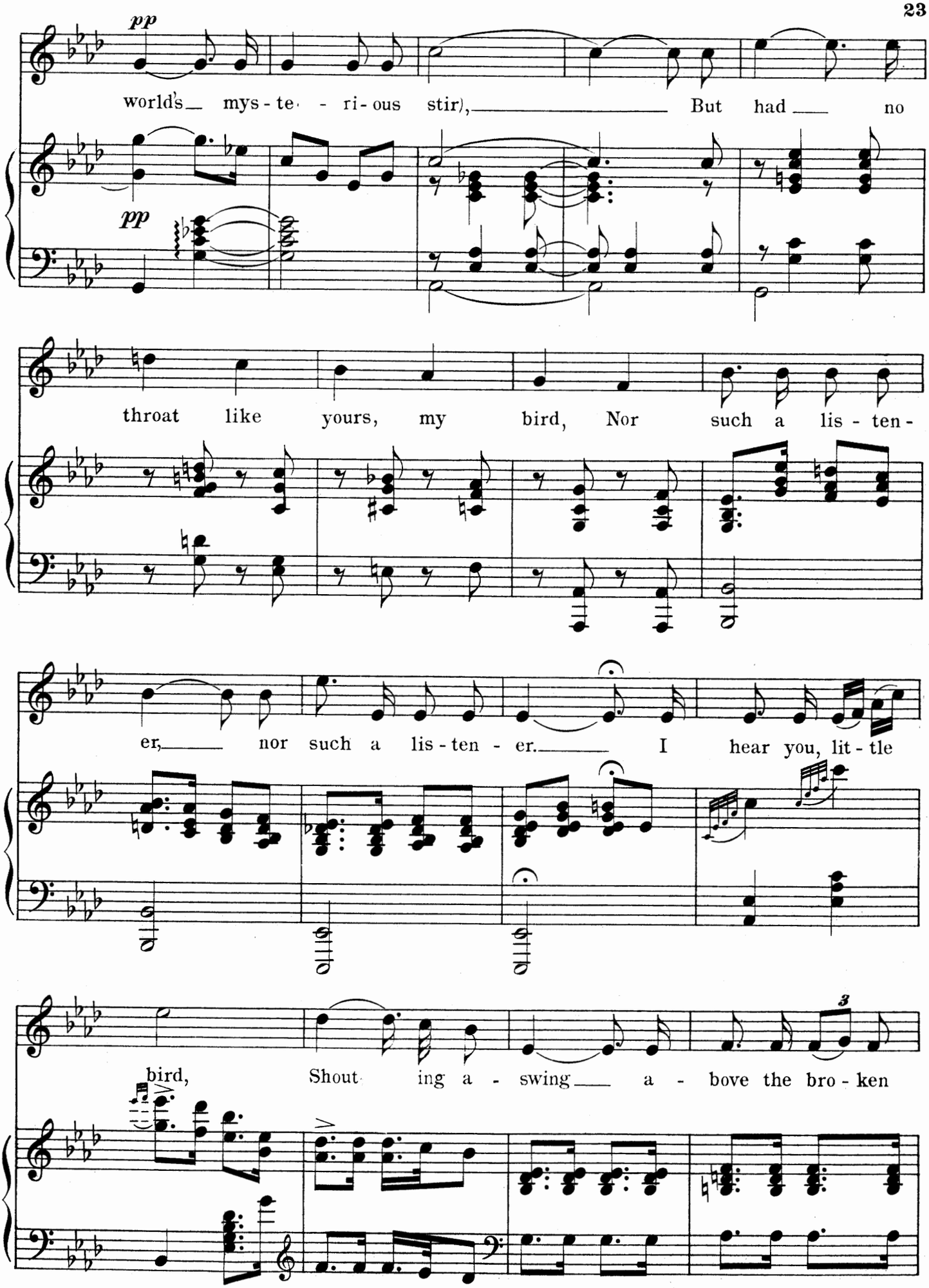
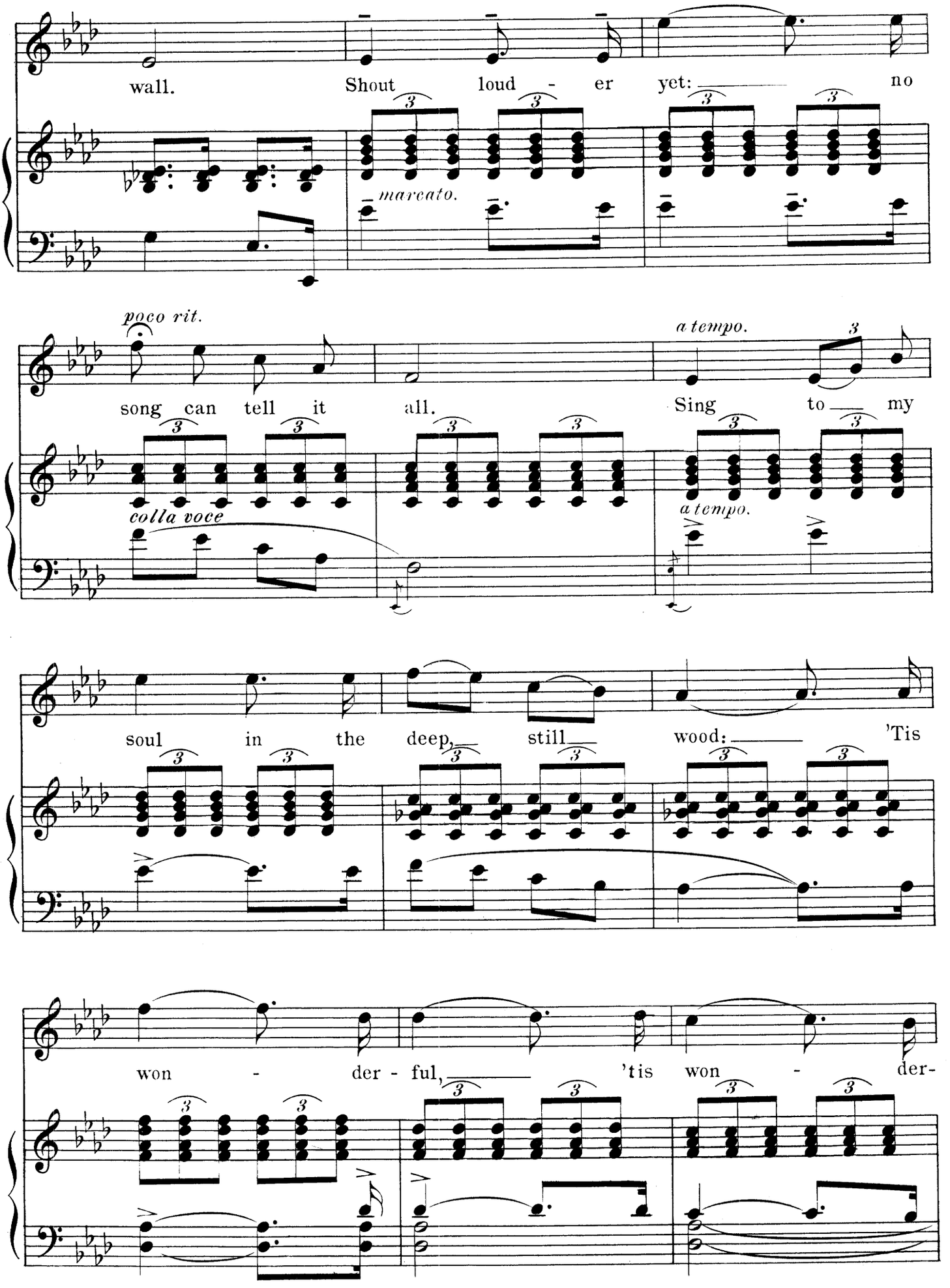
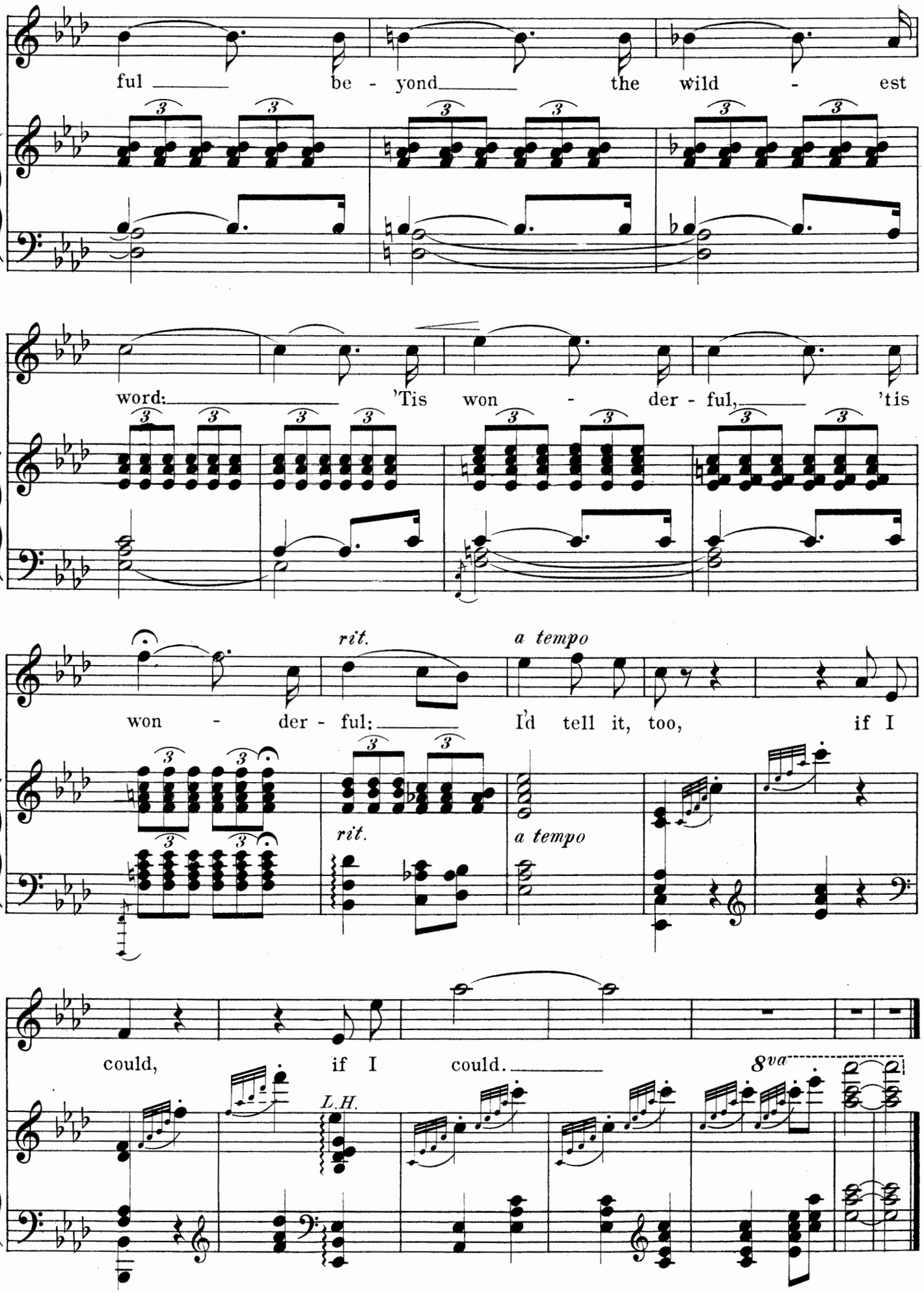

poco rit.
a tempo.
song can tell it all. Sing to my
colla voce
a tempo.
soul in the deep, still wood: 'Tis
won - der - ful, 'tis won - der -
ful be - yond the wild - est


word: 'Tis won - der -
ful, 'tis won - der - ful:
rit.
rit.
a tempo
I'd tell it, too, if I could, if I
a tempo
L.H.
could.


p
Oft when the white, still dawn
L.H.
pp
cresc.
Lift - ed the skies, and pushed the
cresc.
hills a - part, I've felt it
f
f
like a glo - ry in my heart, (The


pp
world's mys - te - ri - ous stir), But had no
pp
throat like yours, my bird, Nor such a lis - ten -
er, nor such a lis - ten - er. I hear you, lit - tle
bird, Shout ing a - swing a - bove the bro - ken
3


wall.
Shout loud - er yet: no
marcato.
poco rit.
song can tell it all.
Sing to my
a tempo.
colla voce
a tempo.
soul in the deep, still wood: 'Tis
won - der - ful, 'tis won - der-


ful be - yond the wild - est
word: 'Tis won - der - ful, 'tis
won - der - ful: I'd tell it, too, if I
rit.
a tempo
could, if I could.
L.H.
8va

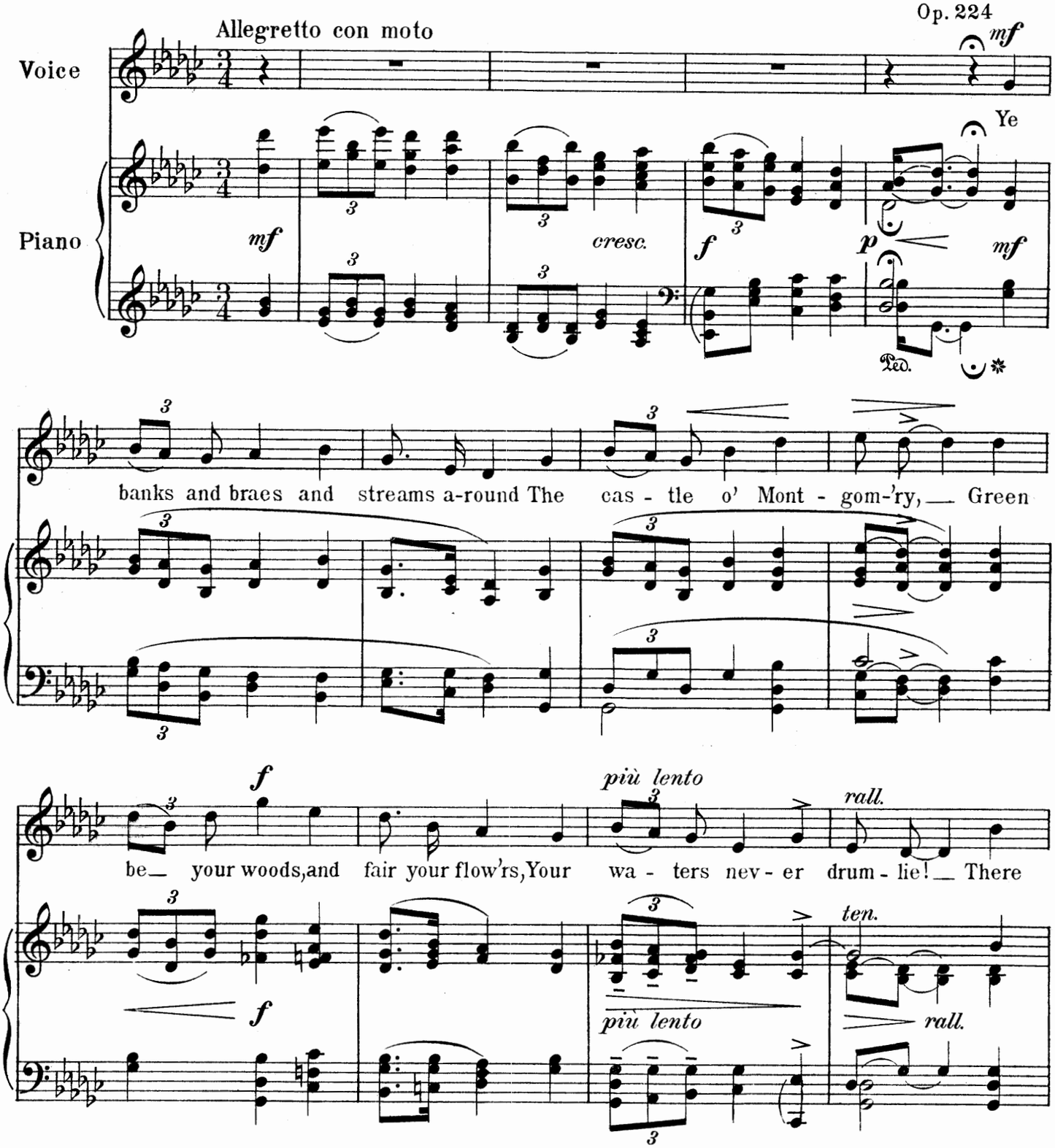
To Mr. Avery Belvor

Highland Mary

Scotch Song

Words by
Robert Burns

Homer N. Bartlett
Op. 224



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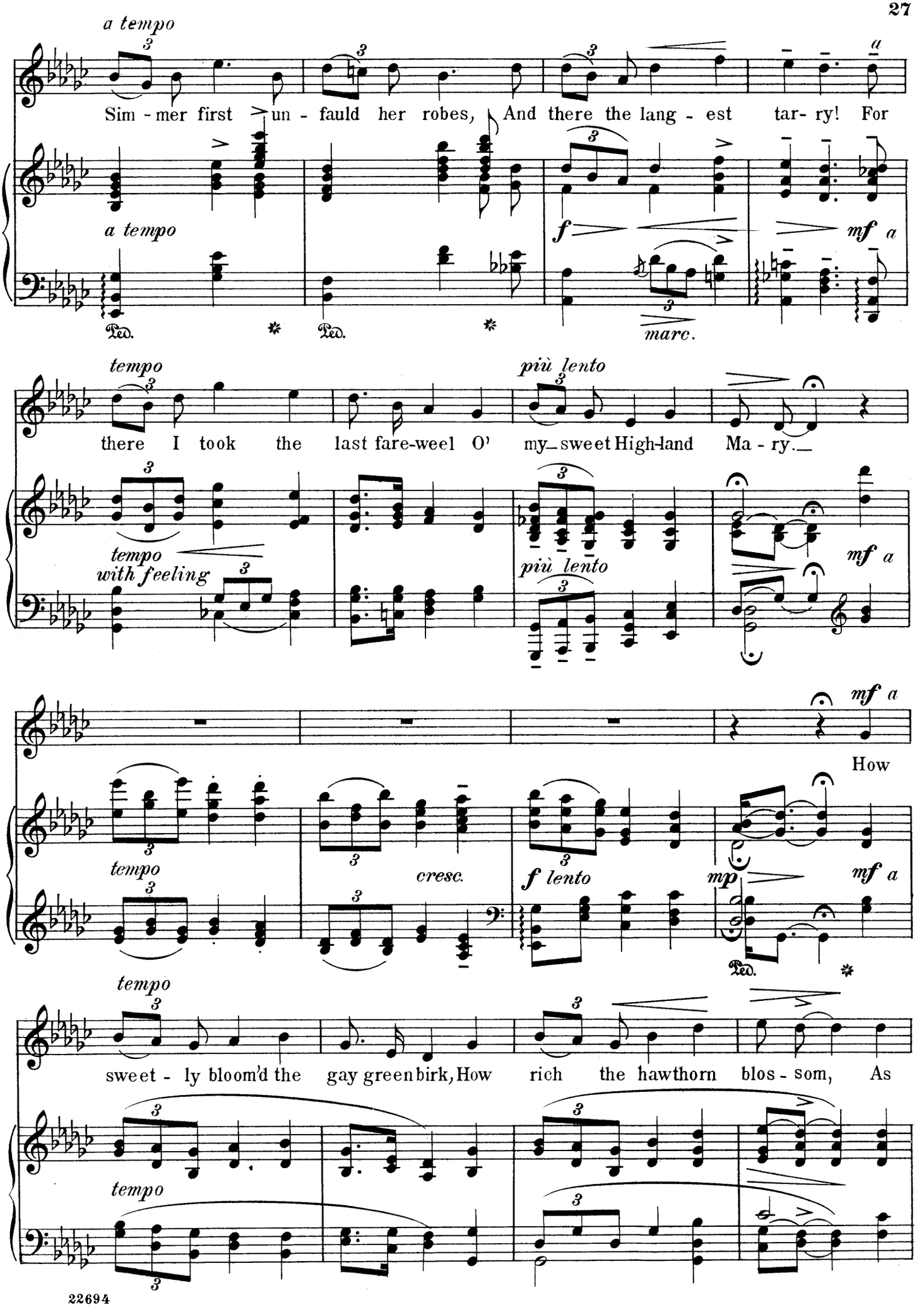
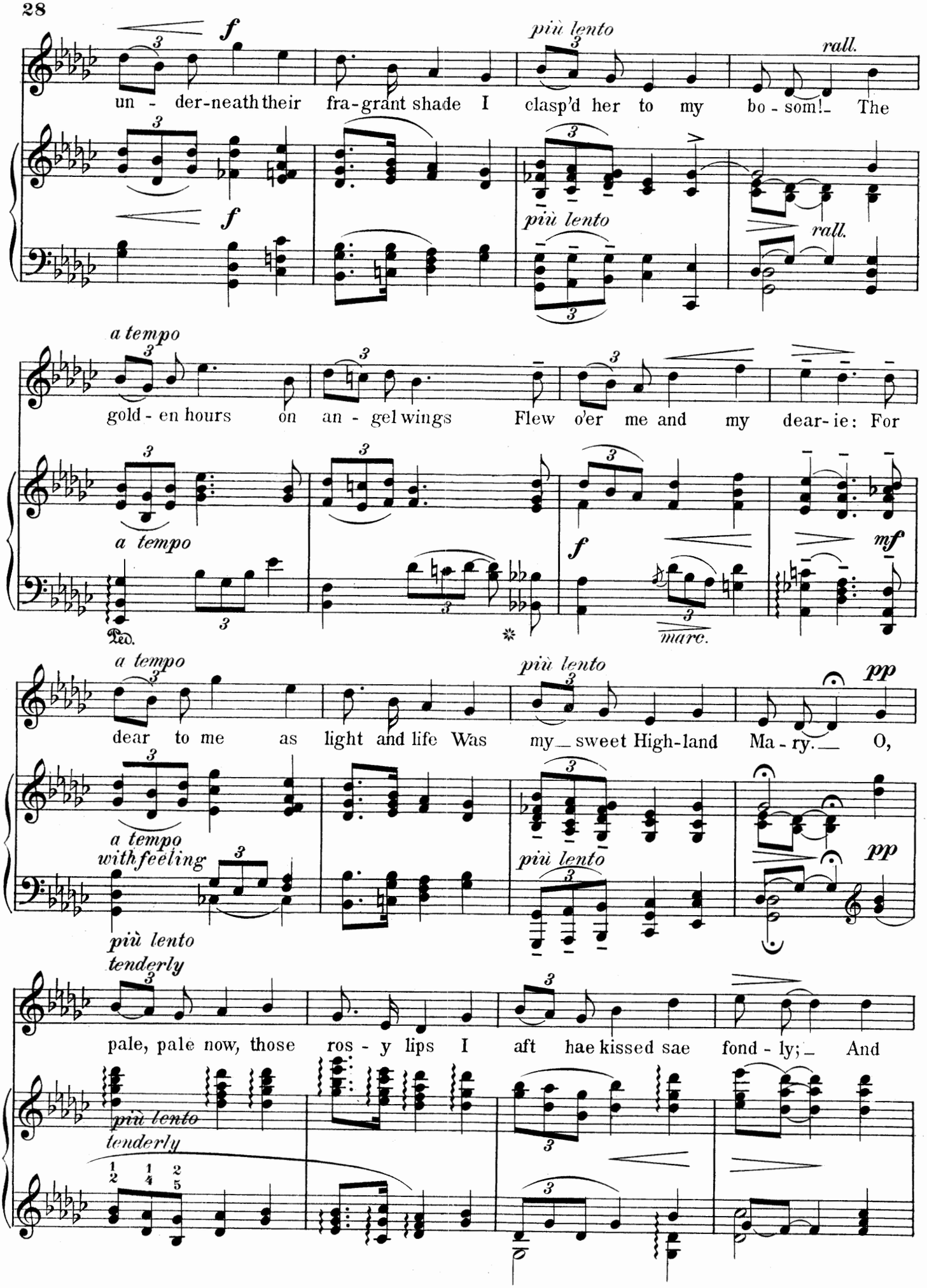
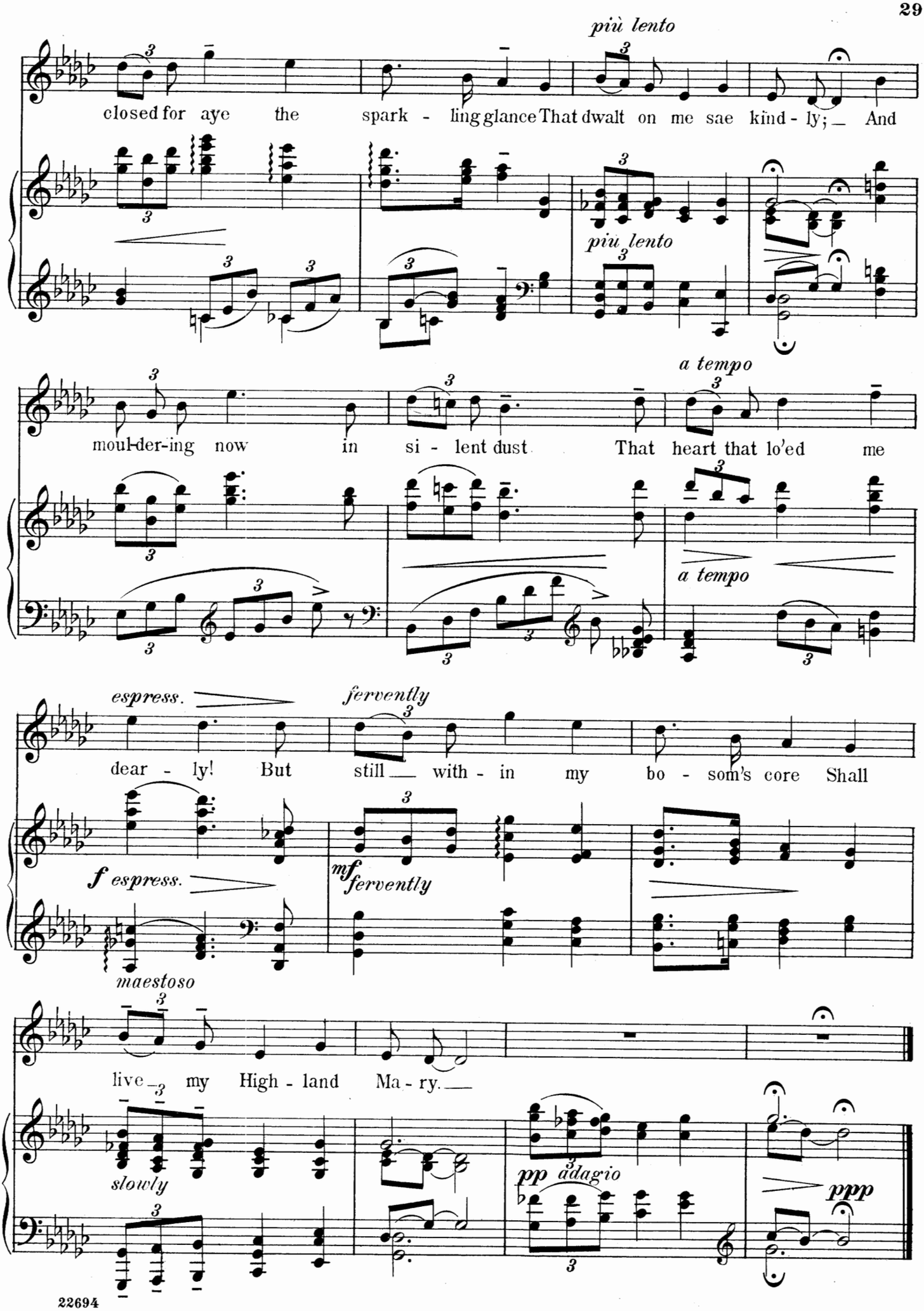

a tempo
Sim - mer first un - fauld her robes, And there the lang - est tar- ry! For
a tempo
f
mf a
marc.
Ped.
tempo
there I took the last fare-weel O' my_ sweet High-land Ma - ry._
più lento
tempo with feeling
più lento
mf a
How
tempo
cresc.
f lento
mp
mf a
sweet - ly bloom'd the gay green birk, How rich the hawthorn blos - som, As
tempo


f
più lento
rall.
un - der-neath their fra-grant shade I clasp'd her to my bo - som!- The
a tempo
gold - en hours on an - gel wings Flew o'er me and my dear-ie: For
Ped.
marc.
mf
dear to me as light and life Was my_ sweet High-land Ma - ry._ O,
pp
a tempo with feeling
più lento tenderly
pale, pale now, those ros - y lips I aft hae kissed sae fond - ly;_ And


più lento
closed for aye the spark - ling glance That dwalt on me sae kind - ly; And
piu lento
a tempo
moul-der-ing now in si - lent dust That heart that lo'ed me
a tempo
espress.
fervently
dear - ly! But still with - in my bo - som's core Shall
f espress.
mf fervently
maestoso
live my High - land Ma - ry.
slowly
pp adagio
ppp

A Moonlight Song

Words* by
John Proctor Mills

Charles Wakefield Cadman. Op.42,№2

Andante sostenuto

pp *mezza voce*

Voice

The moon - light shimmers thro' the vine That

Piano

pp molto legato

to my porch is cling - - ing; The flow - ers

quieto

light - ly nod their heads, My love - filled heart is

sing - - ing.

mp

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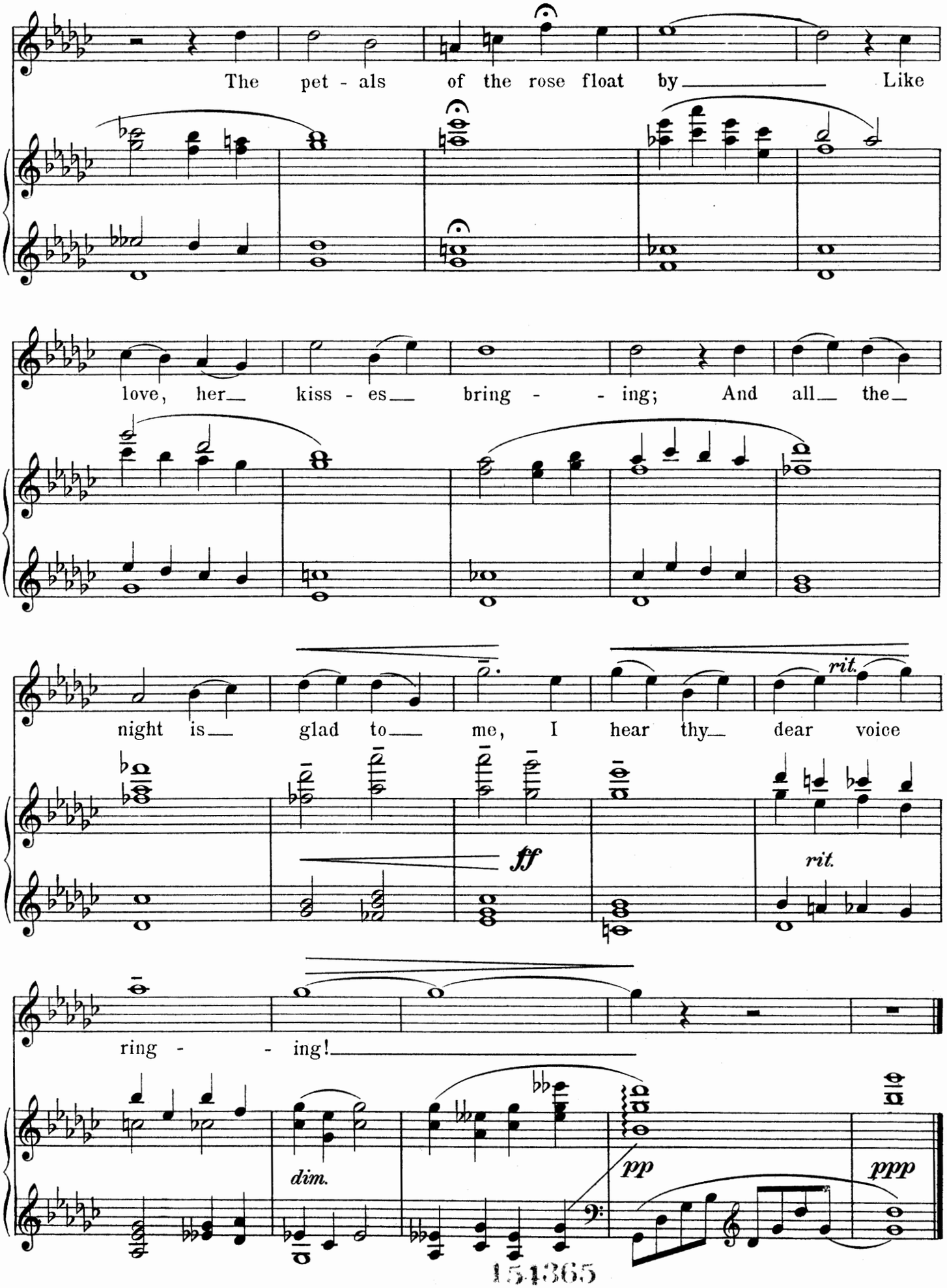

The pet - als of the rose float by Like
love, her kiss - es bring - - ing; And all the
night is glad to me, I hear thy dear voice
rit.
ff
rit.
ring - - ing!
dim.
pp
ppp

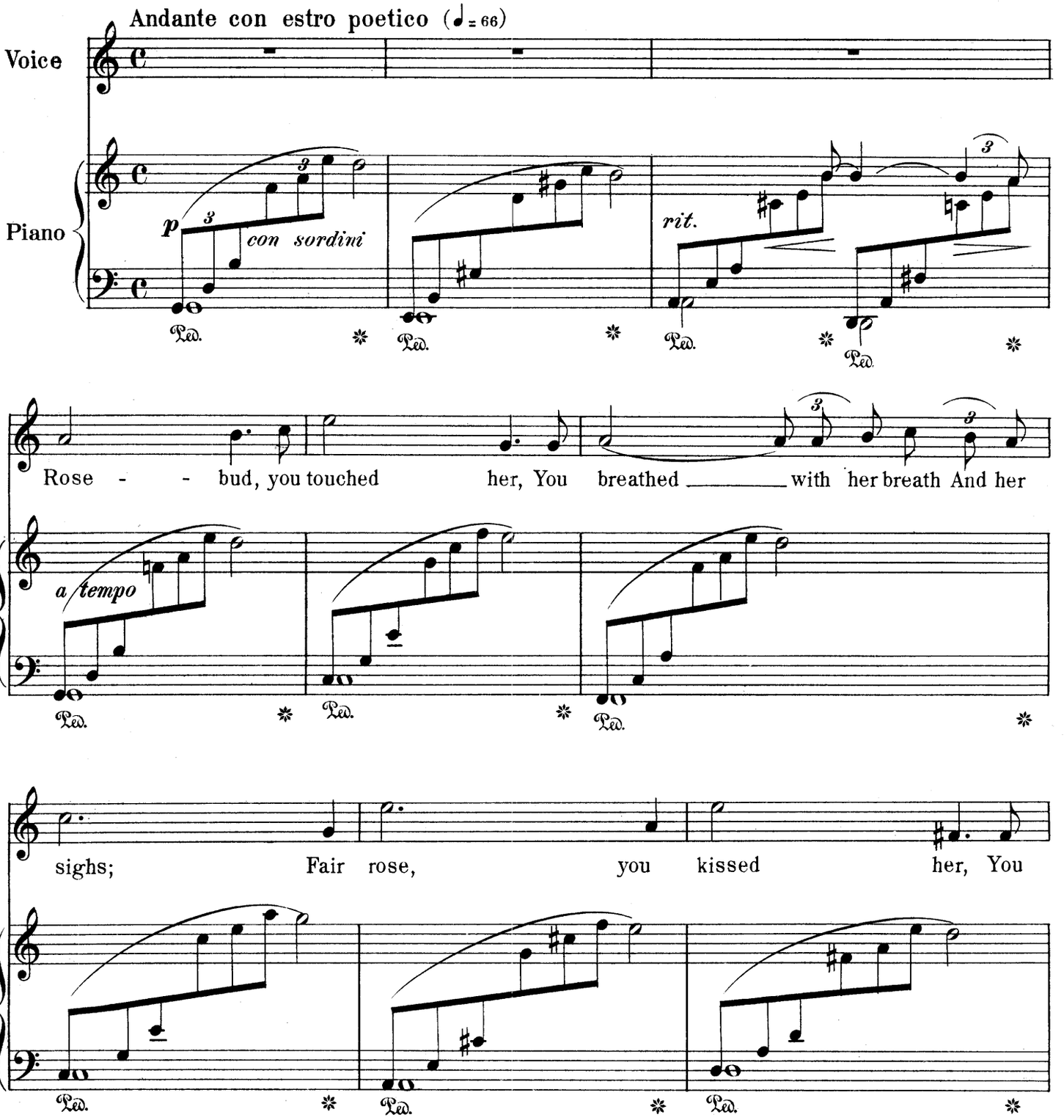
151365

Her Rose

A Love-Song

Words by
Jeanie Gallup Mottet

C. Whitney Coombs



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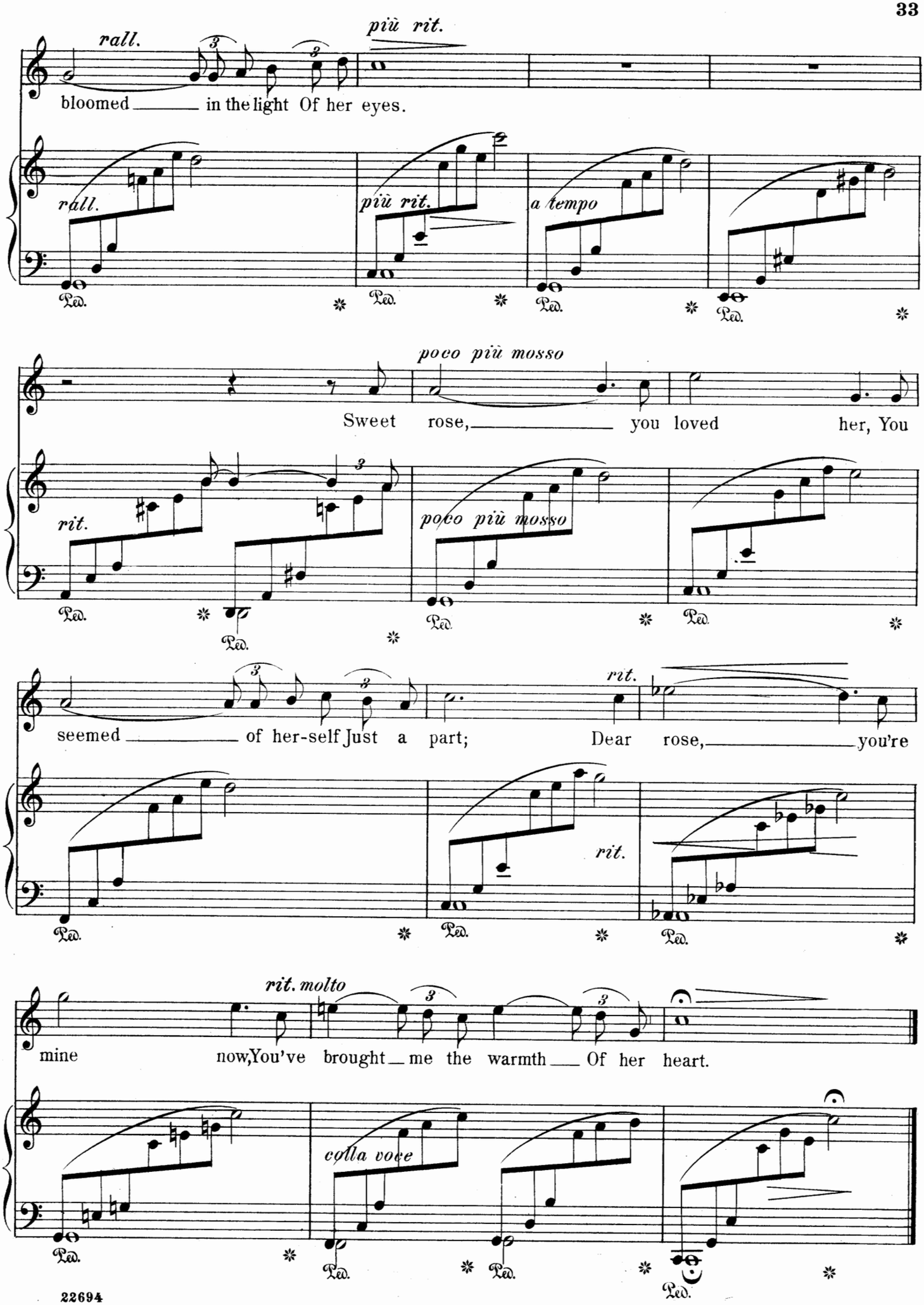

rall.
più rit.
bloomed in the light Of her eyes.
rall.
più rit.
a tempo
poco più mosso
Sweet rose, you loved her, You
rit.
poco più mosso
seemed of her-self Just a part;
rit.
Dear rose, you're
rit.
rit. molto
mine now,You've brought me the warmth Of her heart.
colla voce
Ped.

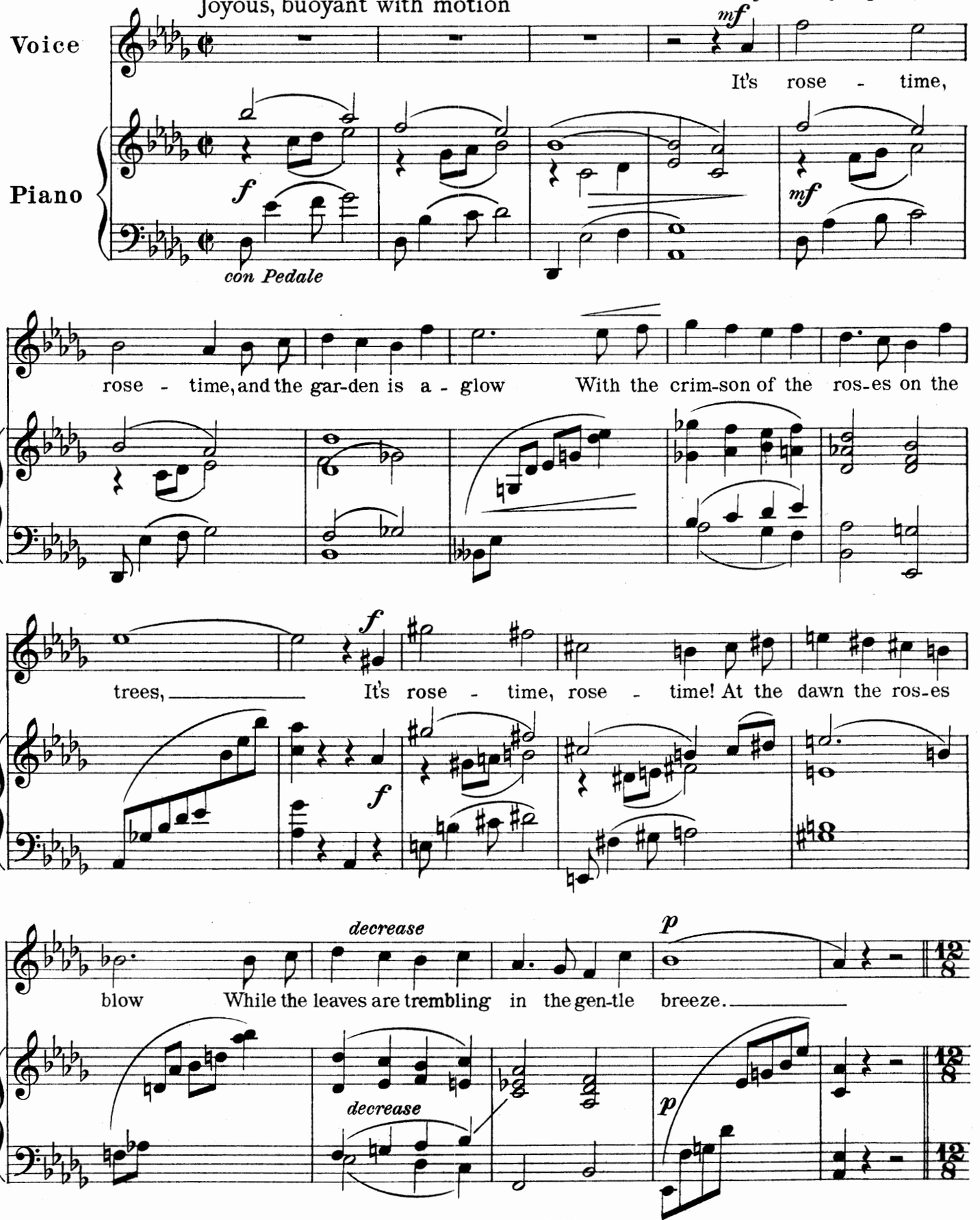
For Vera Cameron Curtis

Rose-Time

C. Eldred

Henry Hadley. Op. 48, No 2

Joyous, buoyant with motion



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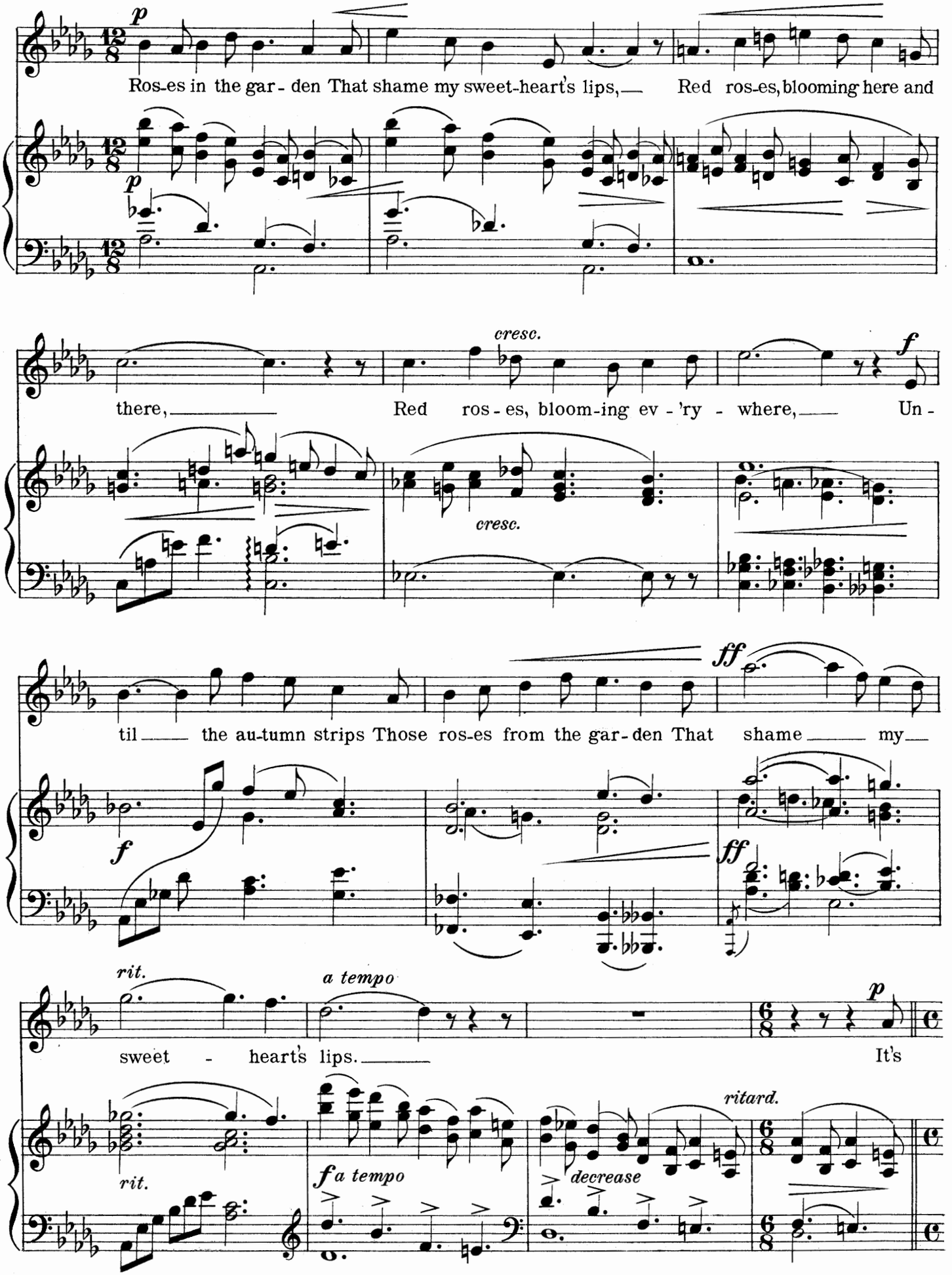
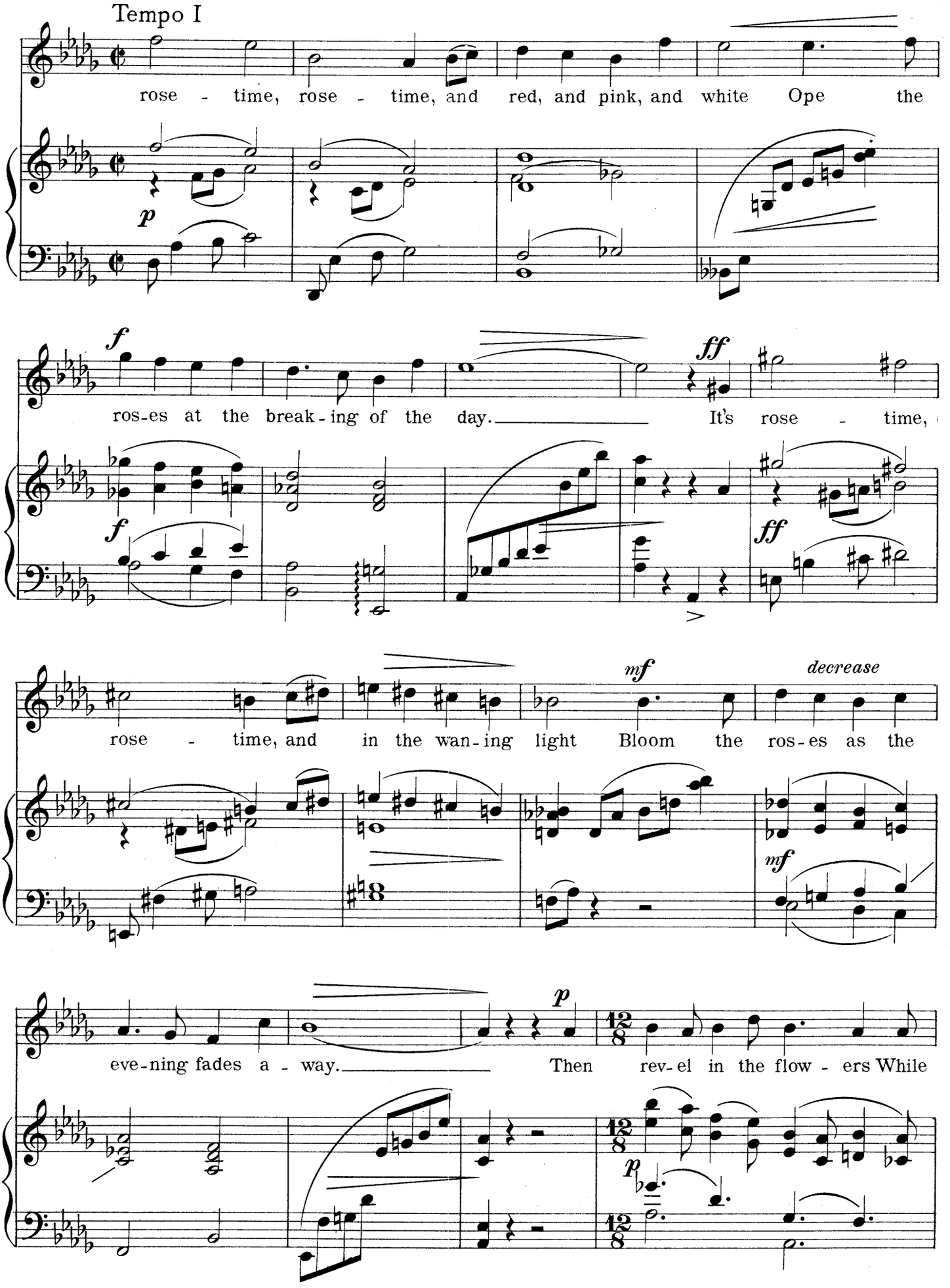
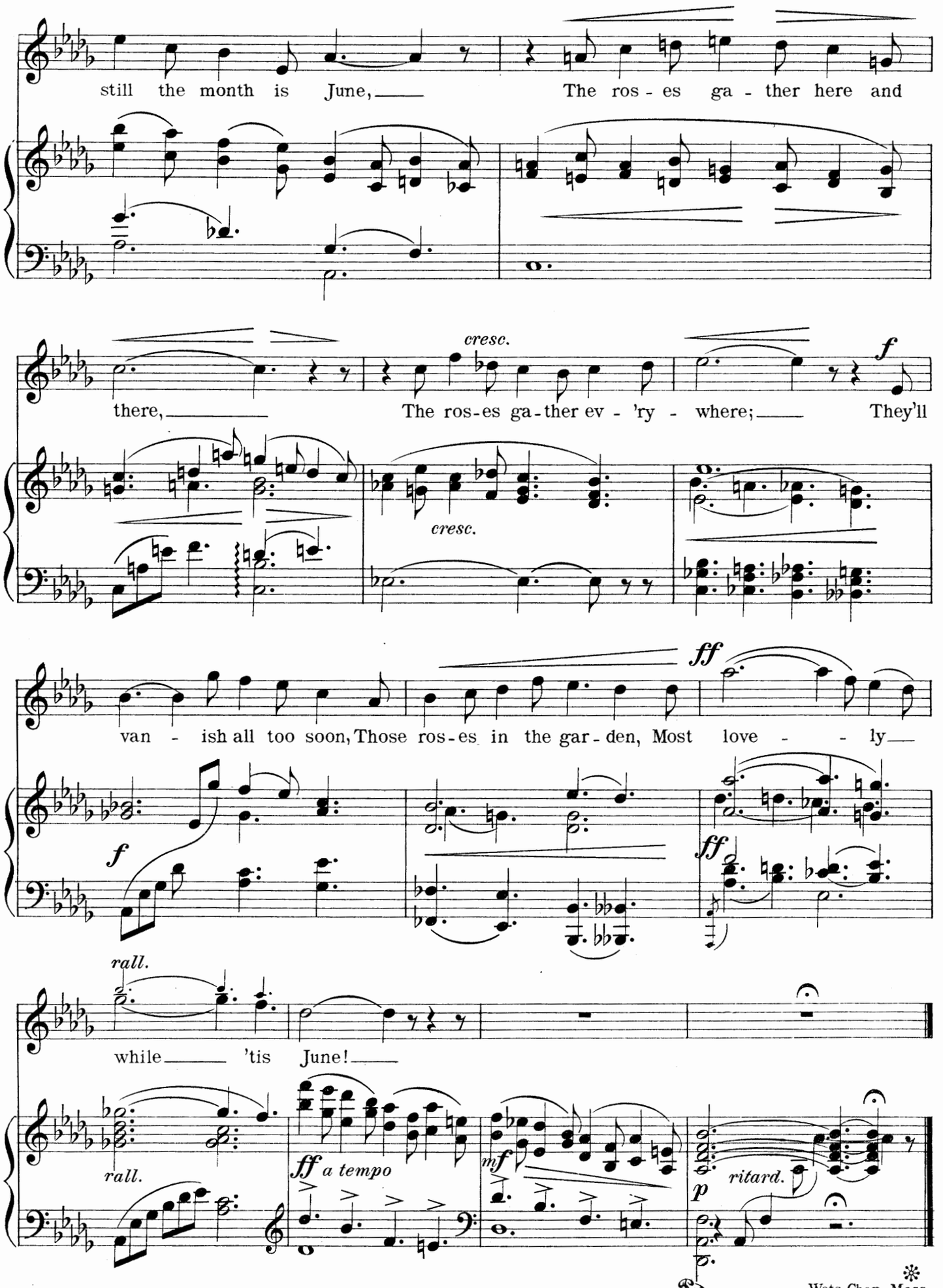

p
Ros-es in the gar - den That shame my sweet-heart's lips, Red ros-es, blooming here and
cresc.
f
there, Red ros - es, bloom-ing ev - 'ry - where, Un -
cresc.
ff
til the au-tumn strips Those ros-es from the gar-den That shame my
f
ff
rit.
a tempo
p
sweet - heart's lips. It's
rit.
f a tempo
decrease
ritard.


Tempo I
rose - time, rose - time, and red, and pink, and white Ope the
ros-es at the break-ing of the day. It's rose - time,
rose - time, and in the wan-ing light Bloom the ros-es as the
eve-ning fades a - way. Then rev-el in the flow - ers While
decrease



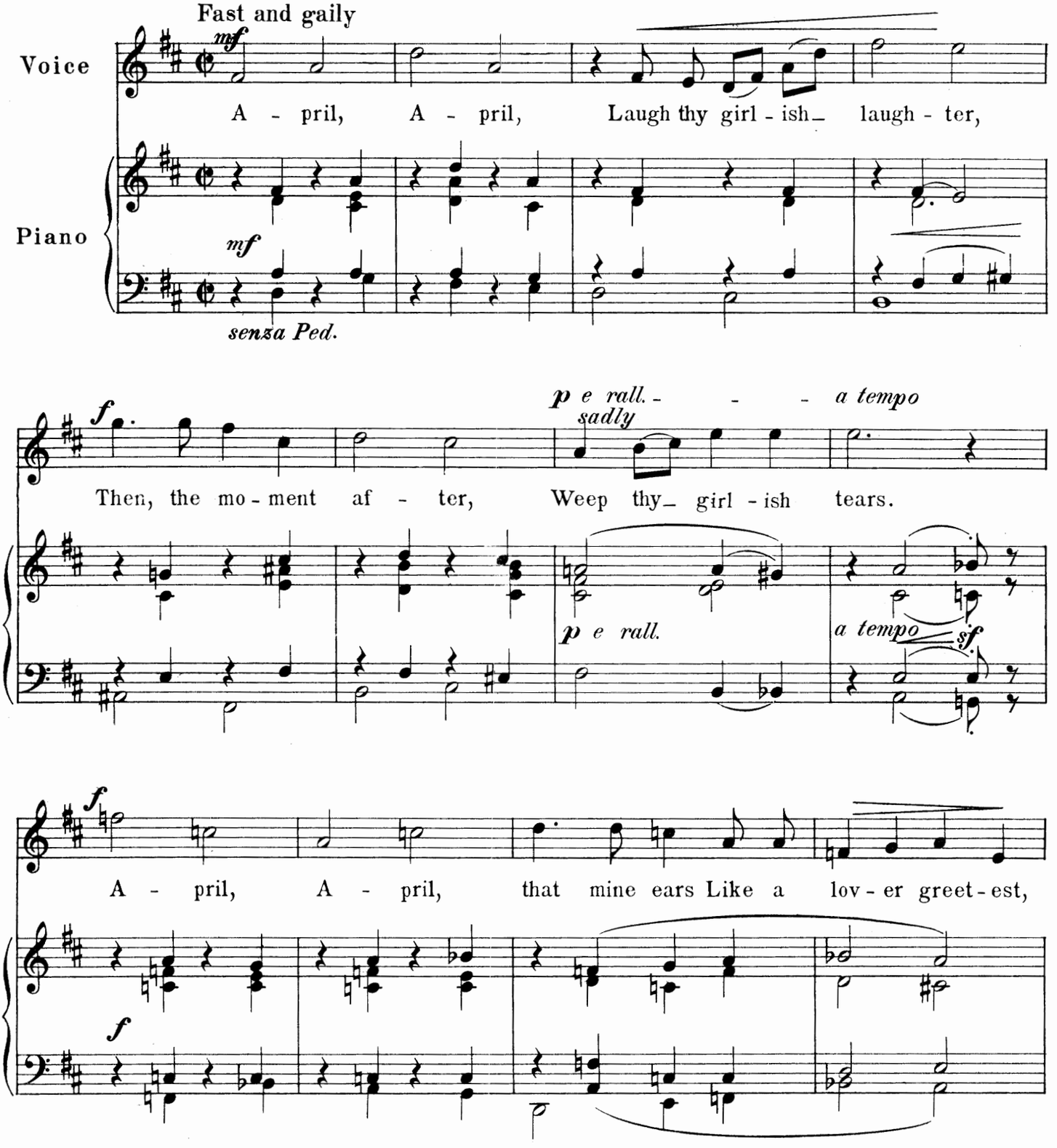
Wets Chop, Mass.
Sunday, June 27, '09

To G.H.W., in affection

April

Poem by
William Watson

Music by
Victor Harris



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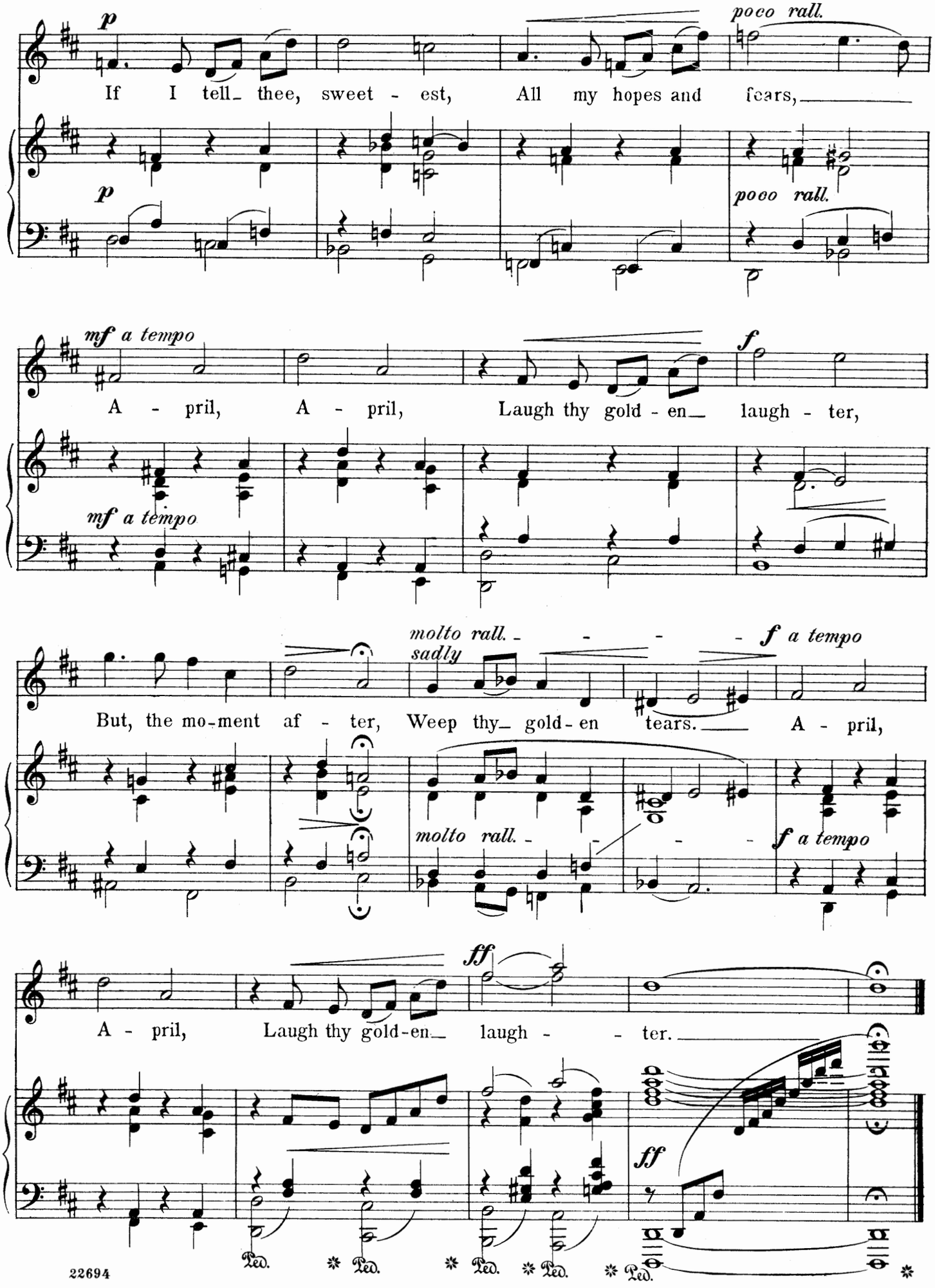
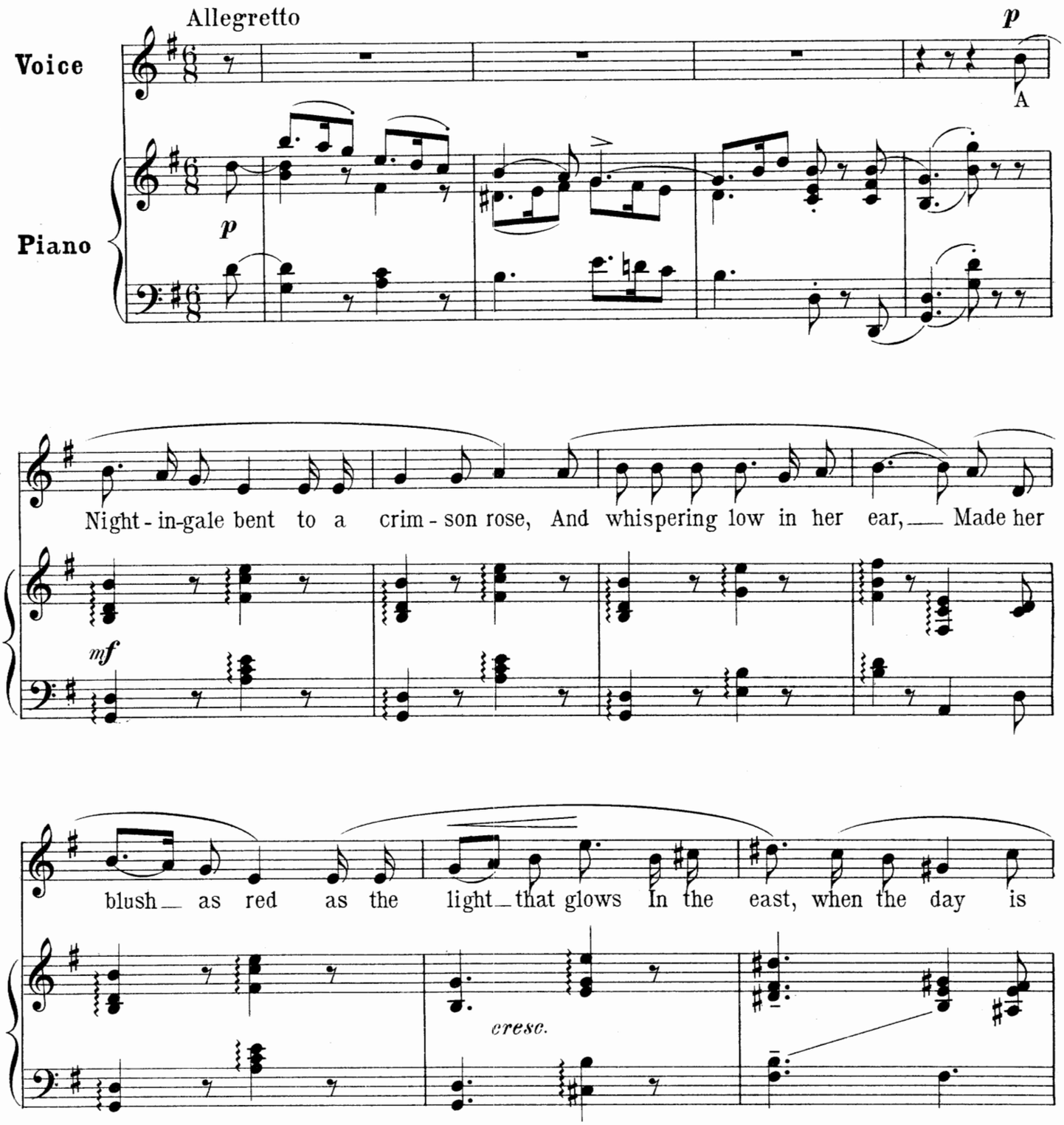

p
poco rall.
If I tell_ thee, sweet - est, All my hopes and fears,
p
pooo rall.
mf a tempo
f
A - pril, A - pril, Laugh thy gold - en_ laugh - ter,
mf a tempo
molto rall. - - - - f a tempo
sadly
But, the mo-ment af - ter, Weep thy_ gold - en tears. A - pril,
molto rall. - - - - f a tempo
ff
A - pril, Laugh thy gold-en_ laugh - - ter.
ff
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

The Nightingale and the Rose

(Soprano, or Tenor)

R. H. BECK

C. B. HAWLEY



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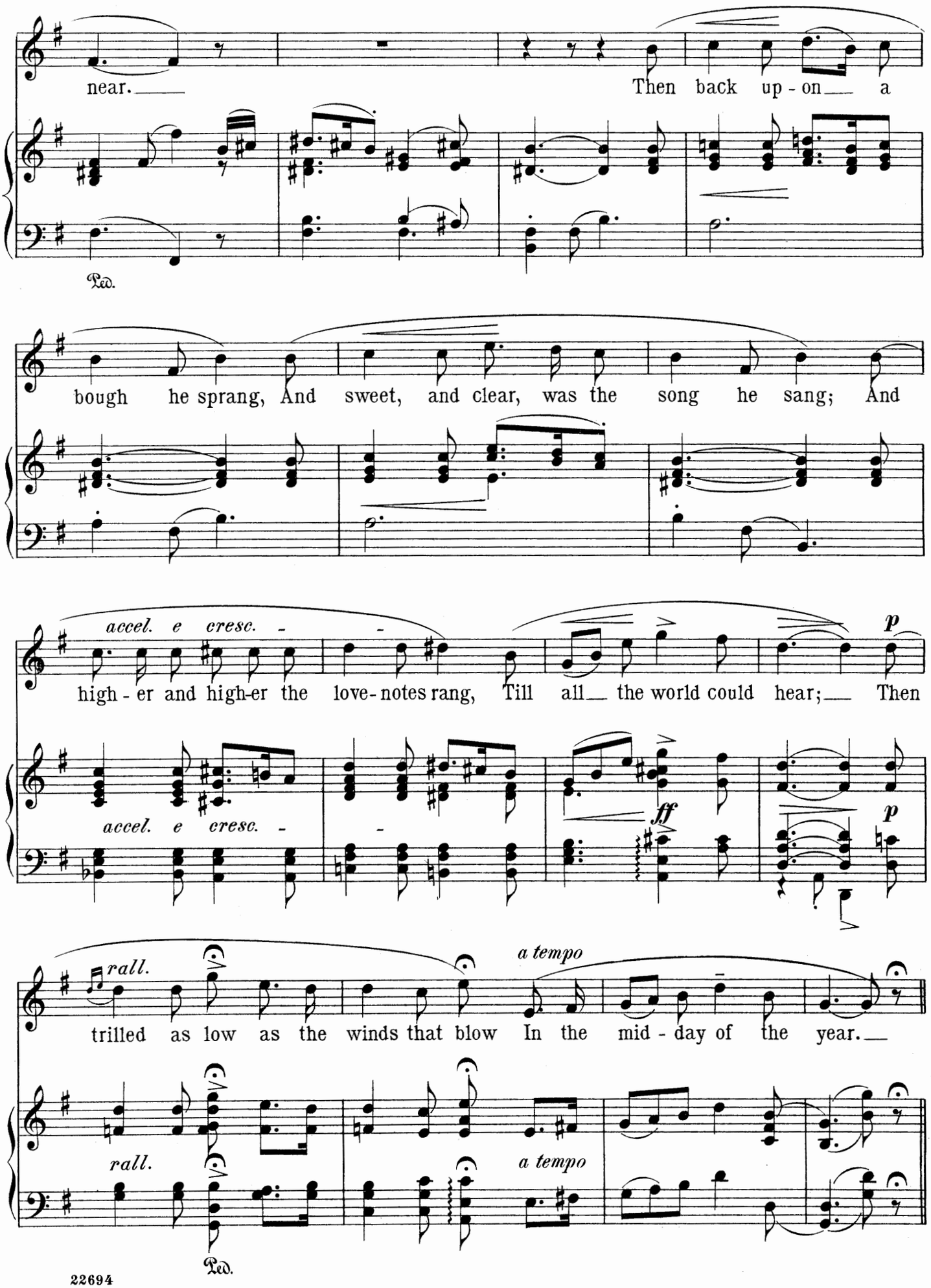
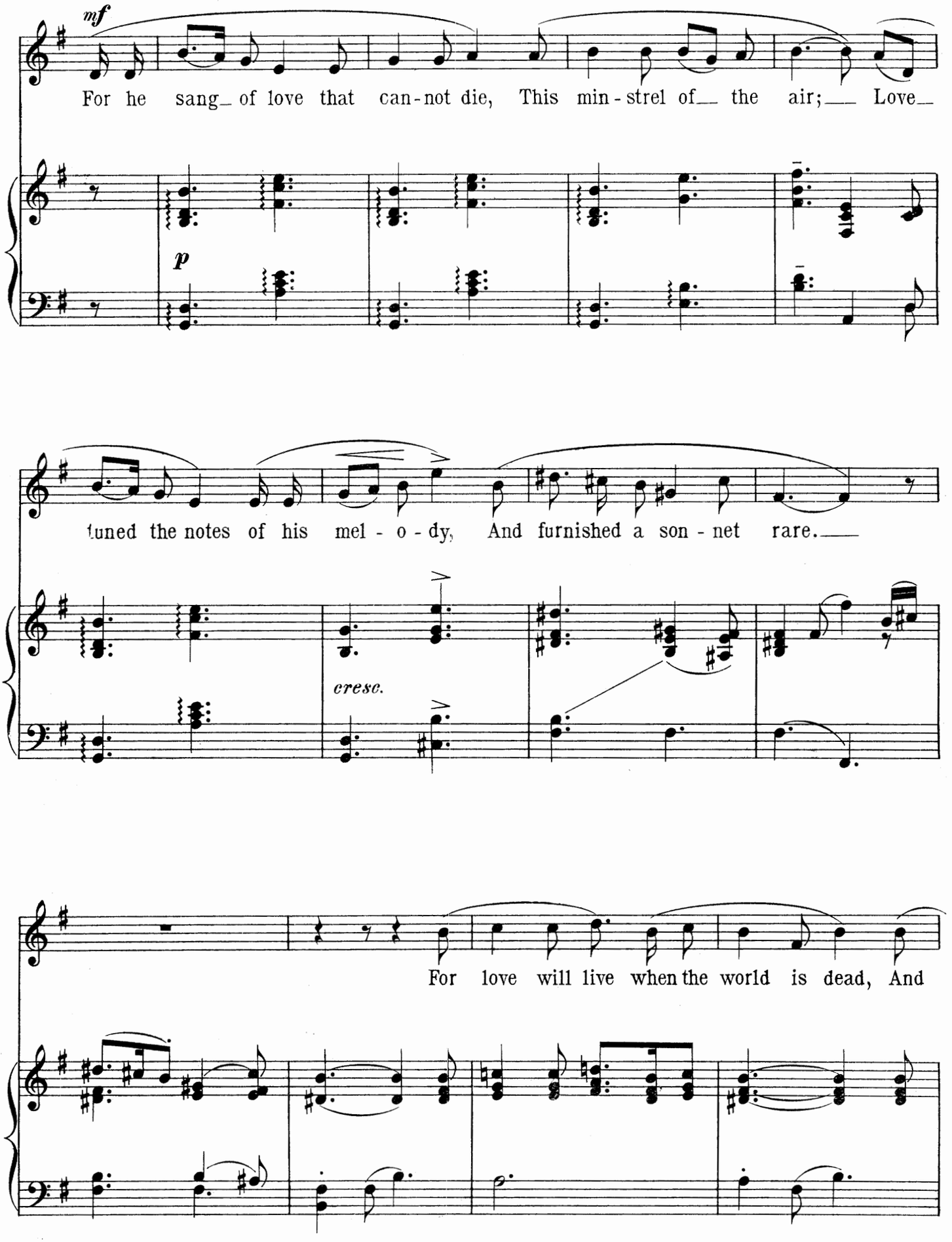
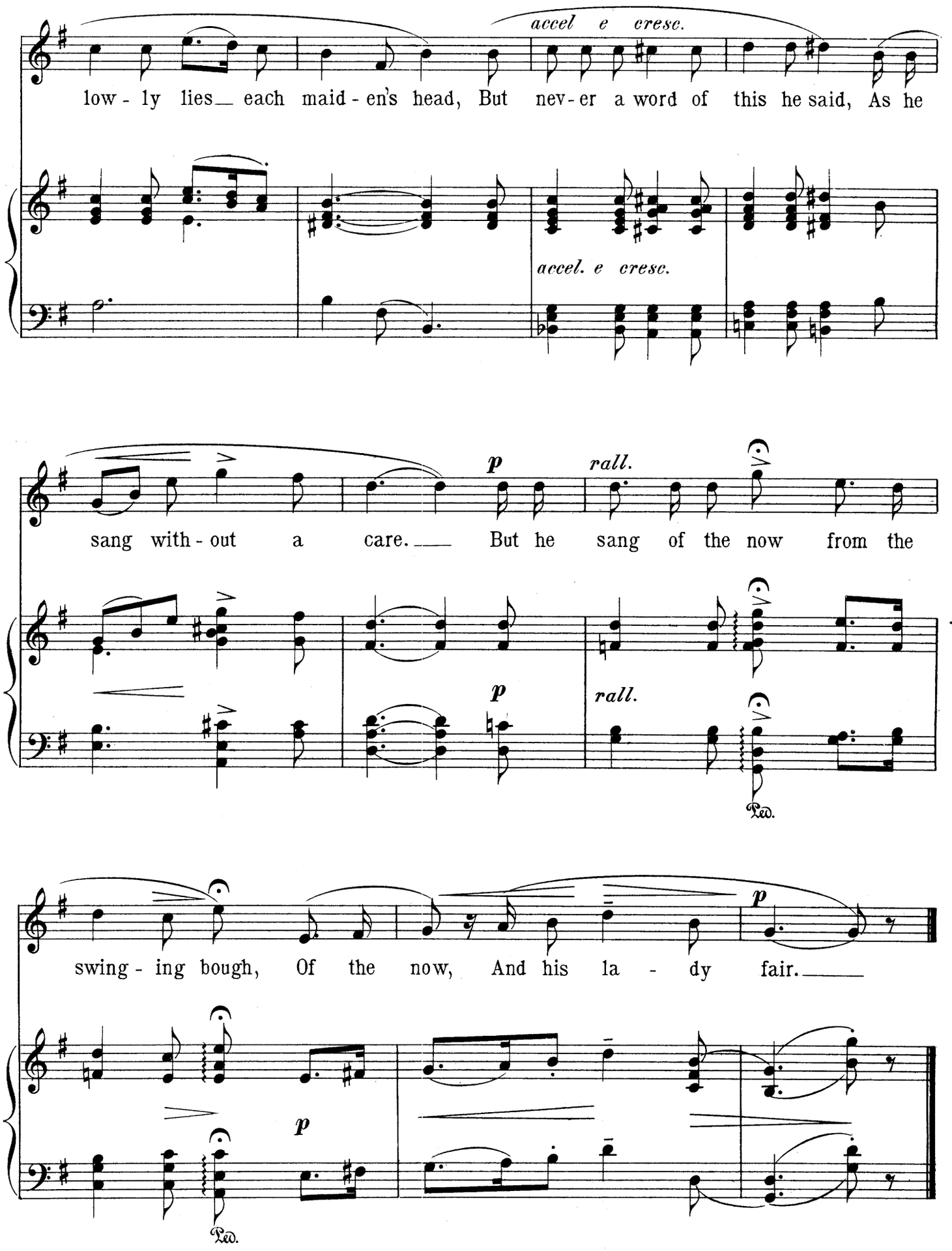

near.
Then back up - on a
Ped.
bough he sprang, And sweet, and clear, was the song he sang; And
accel. e cresc.
high - er and high-er the love-notes rang, Till all the world could hear; Then
p
accel. e cresc.
ff
p
rall.
a tempo
trilled as low as the winds that blow In the mid - day of the year.
rall.
a tempo
Ped.


mf
For he sang_ of love that can-not die, This min-strel of__ the air;__ Love_
p
tuned the notes of his mel - o - dy, And furnished a son - net rare.__
cresc.
For love will live when the world is dead, And


accel e cresc.
low - ly lies_ each maid - en's head, But nev - er a word of this he said, As he
accel. e cresc.
p
rall.
sang with - out a care.___ But he sang of the now from the
p
rall.
Ped.
p
swing - ing bough, Of the now, And his la - dy fair.___
p
Ped.

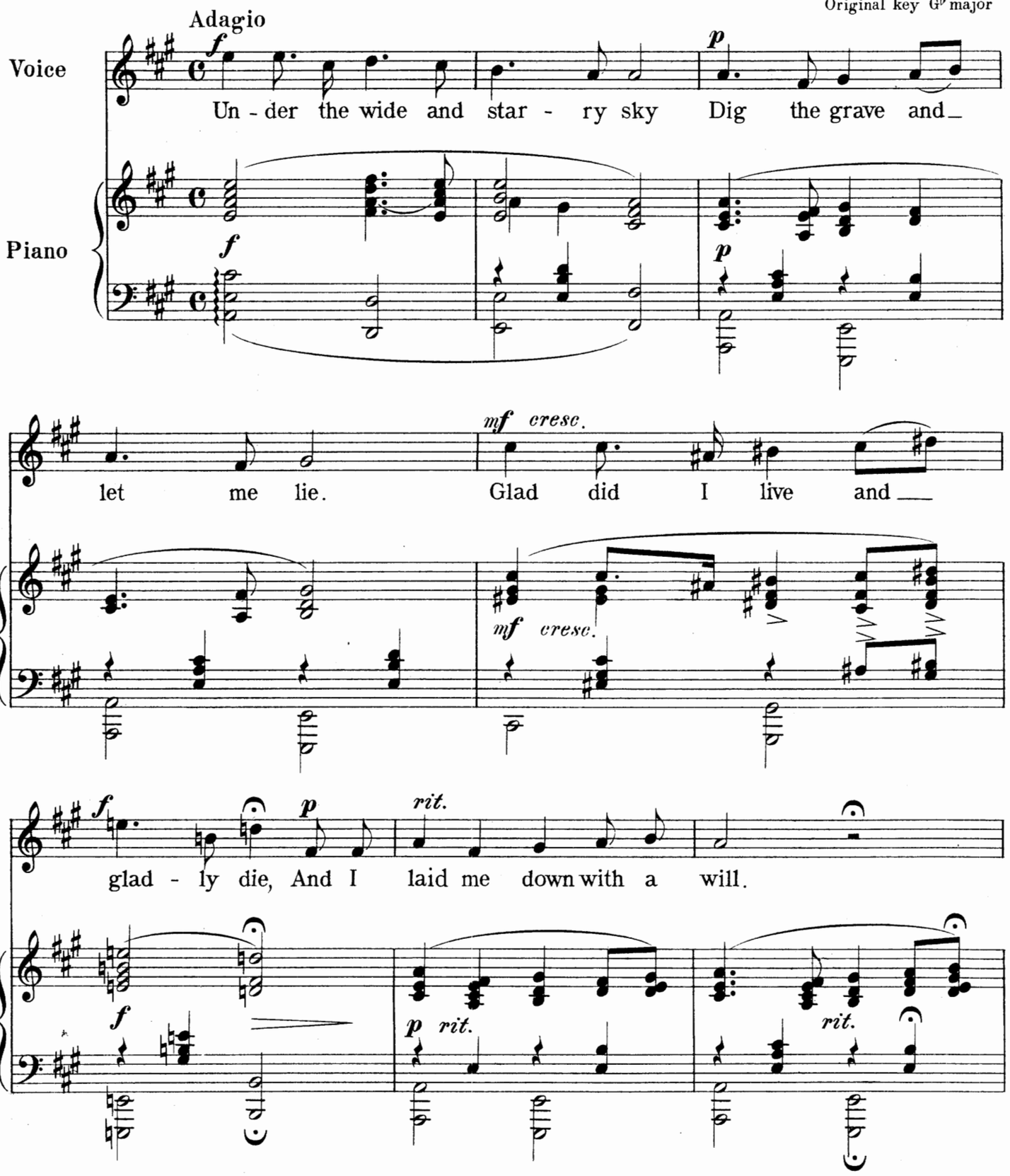
To Mr. Heinrich Meyn

Requiem

("Underwoods")

SIDNEY HOMER
Op. 15, No. 2
Original key G♭ major

Robert Louis Stevenson



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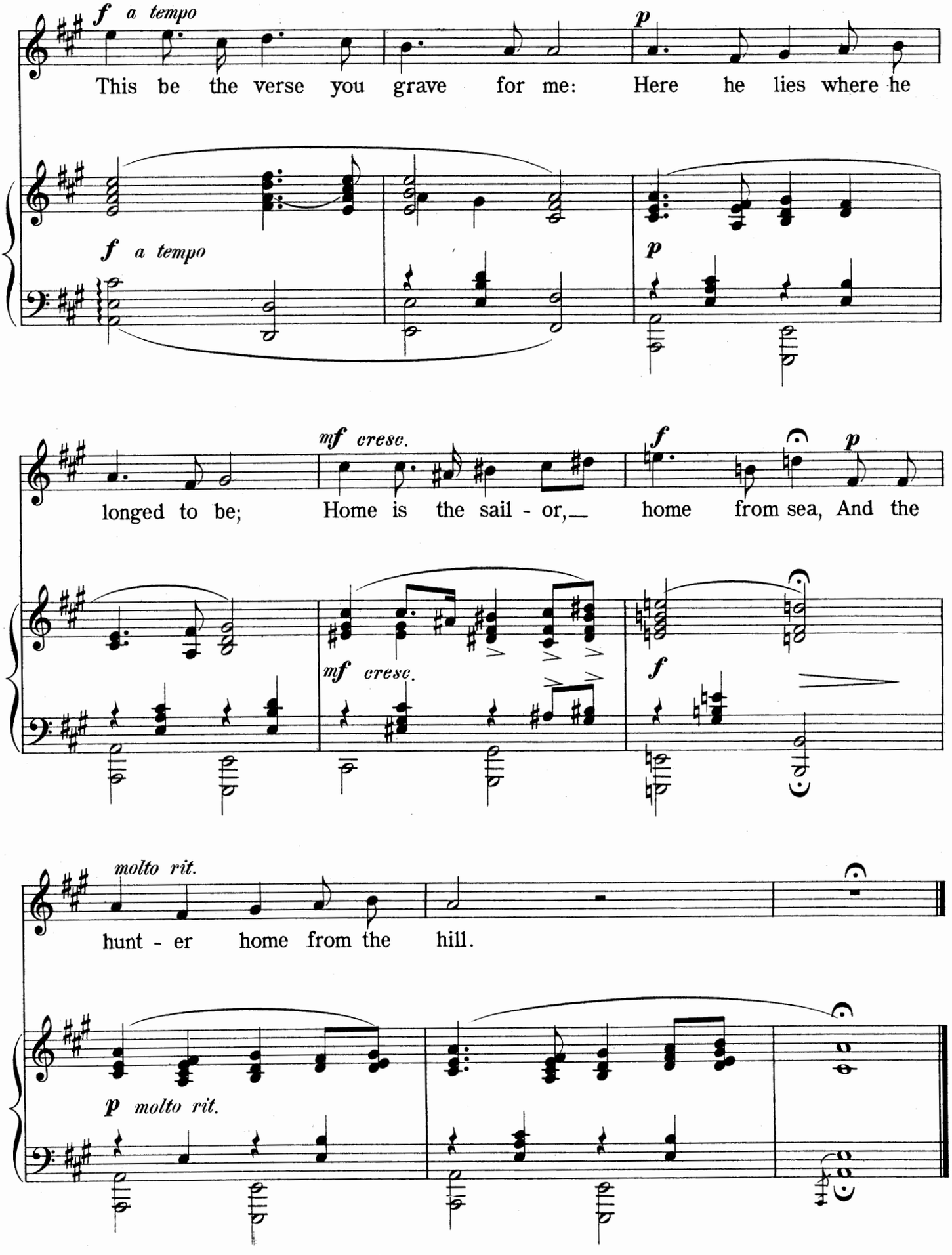
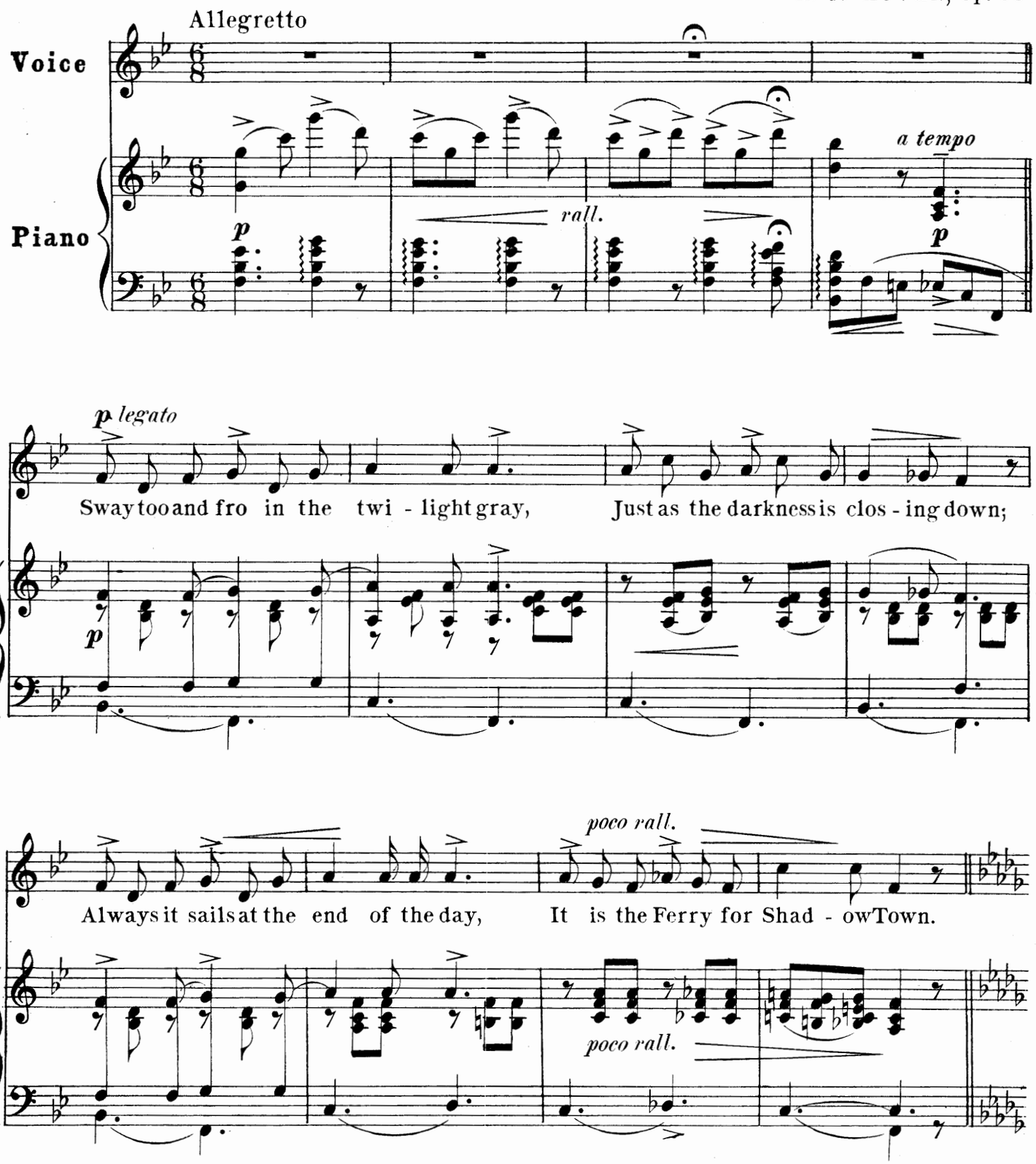

f a tempo
This be the verse you grave for me: Here he lies where he
p
f a tempo
p
longed to be; Home is the sail - or,_ home from sea, And the
mf cresc.
f
p
mf cresc.
f
molto rit.
hunt - er home from the hill.
p molto rit.

The Ferry for Shadow-Town

R. de KOVEN, Op. 58



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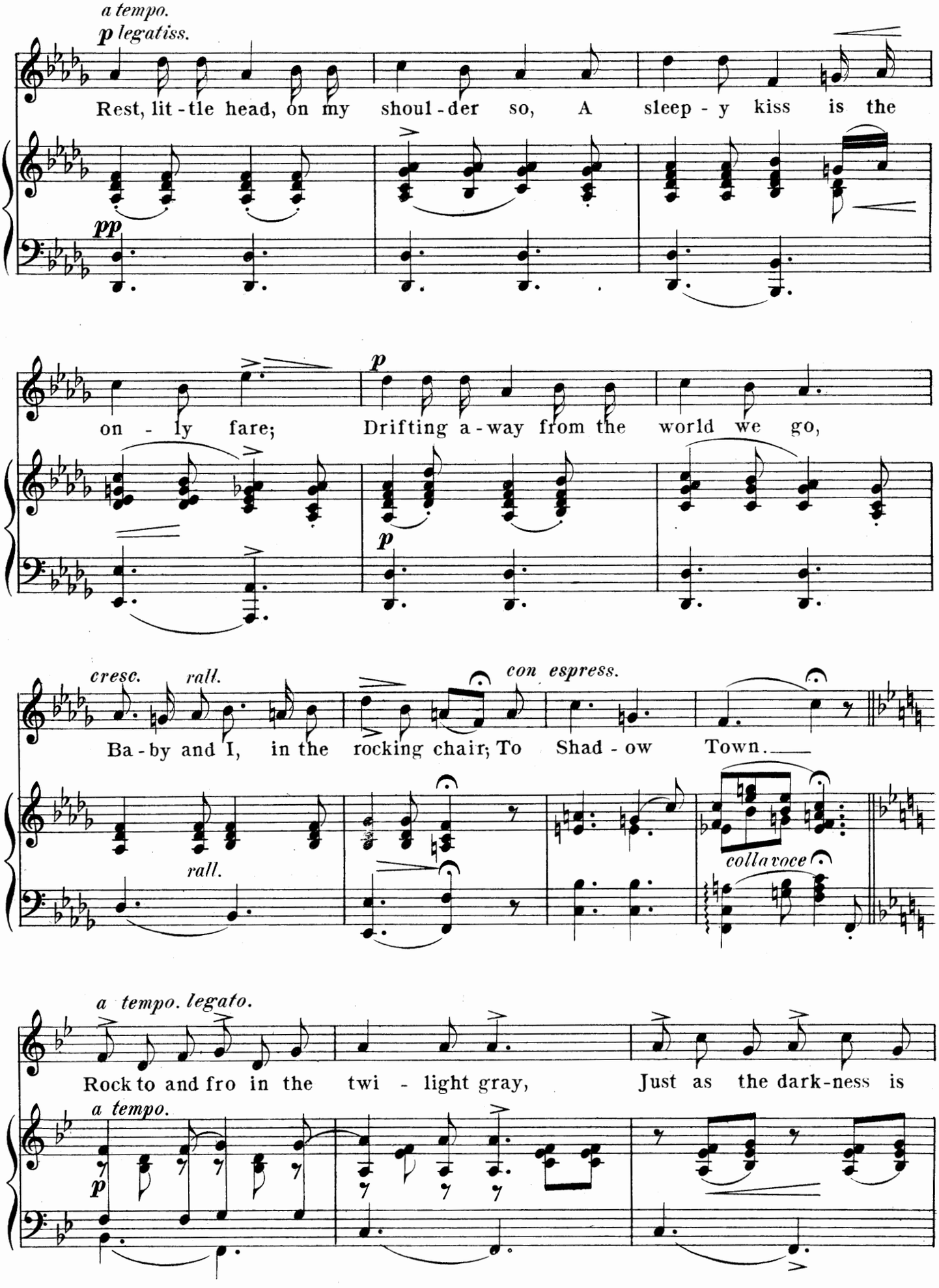
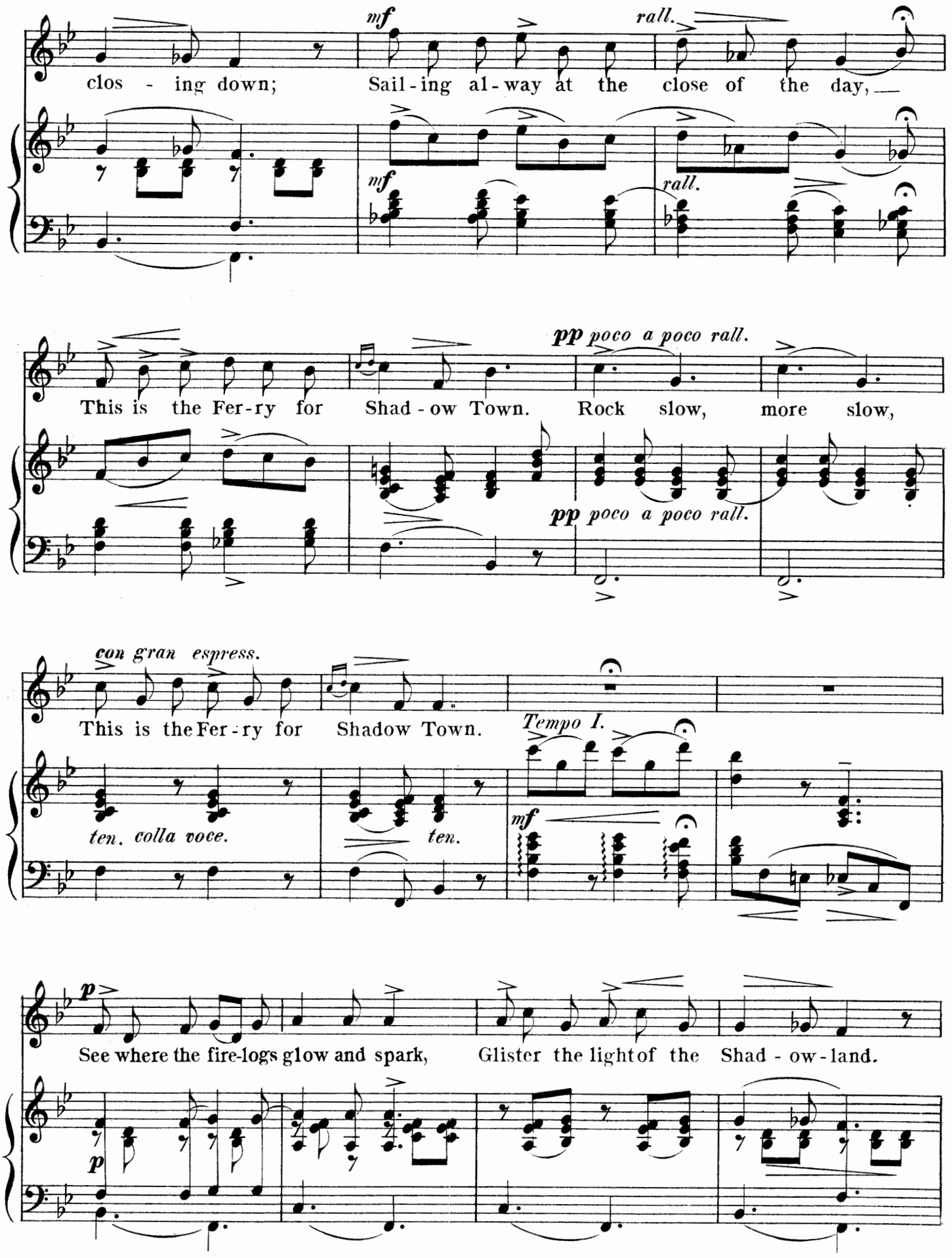
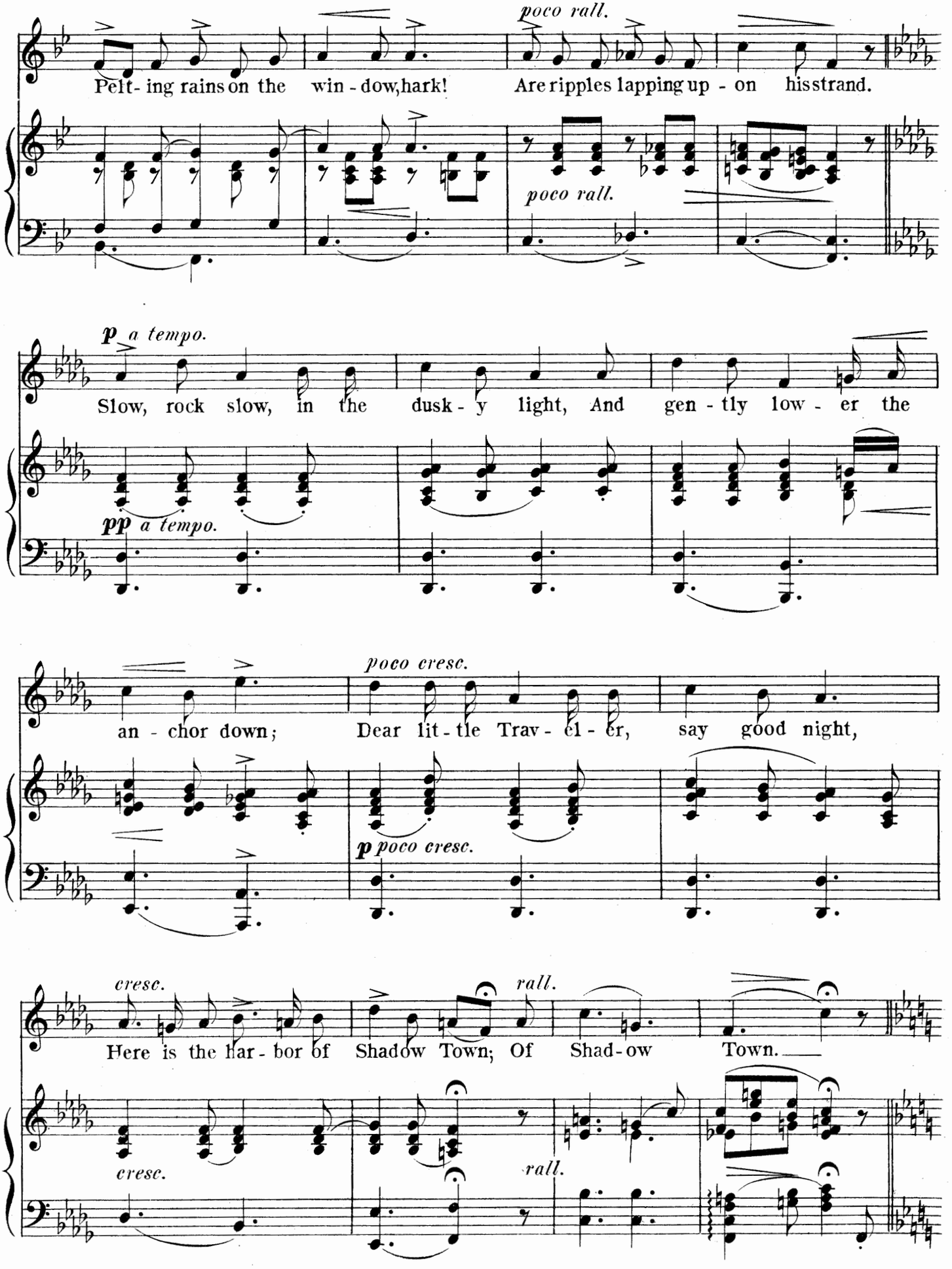
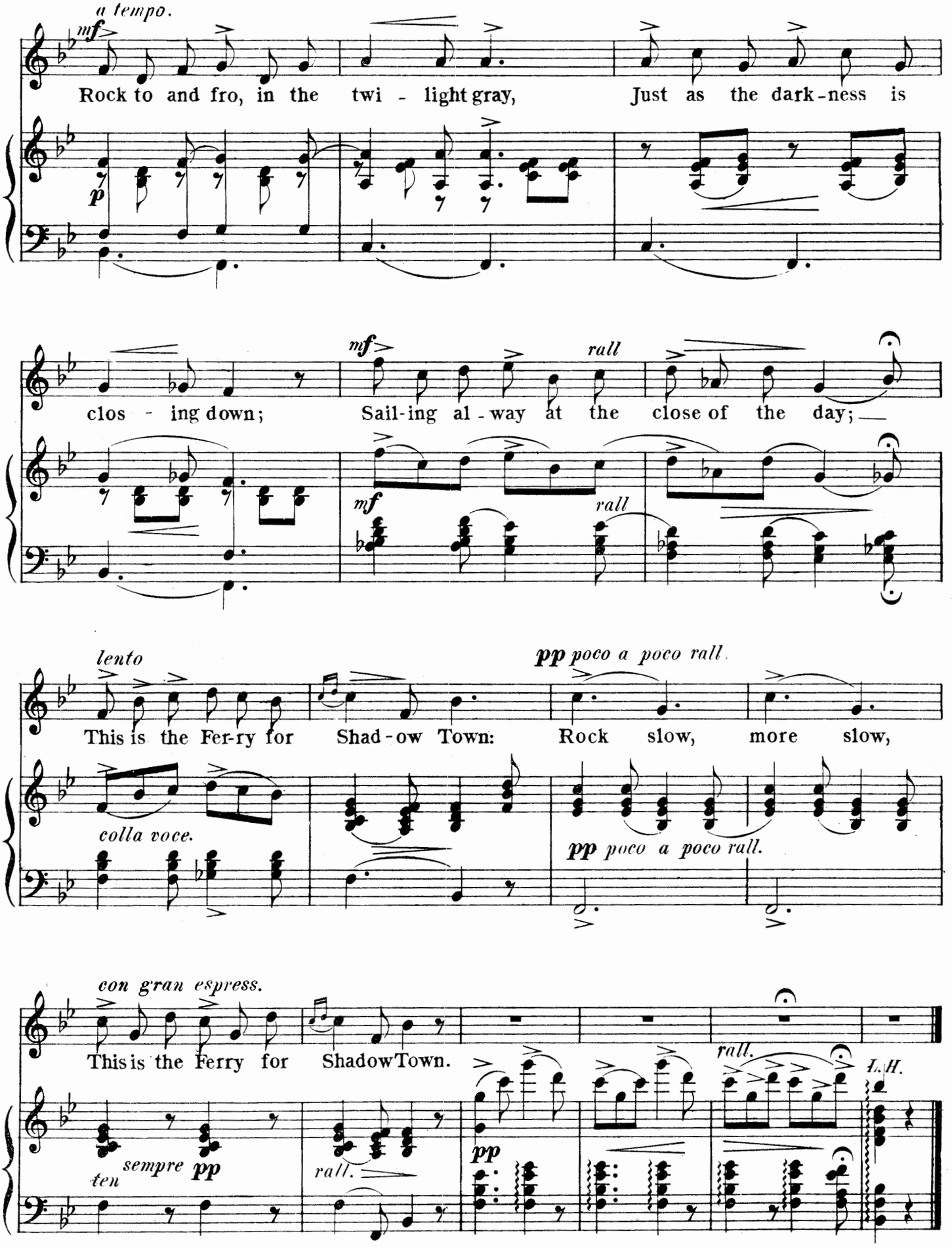

a tempo.
p legatiss.
Rest, lit - tle head, on my shoul - der so, A sleep - y kiss is the
pp
p
on - ly fare; Drifting a - way from the world we go,
p
cresc.
rall.
con espress.
Ba - by and I, in the rocking chair; To Shad - ow Town.
rall.
colla voce
a tempo. legato.
Rock to and fro in the twi - light gray, Just as the dark-ness is
a tempo.
p


mf
rall.
clos - ing down;
Sail - ing al - way at the close of the day,
mf
rall.
pp poco a poco rall.
This is the Fer - ry for Shad - ow Town. Rock slow, more slow,
pp poco a poco rall.
con gran espress.
This is the Fer - ry for Shadow Town.
Tempo I.
ten. colla voce.
ten.
mf
p
See where the fire-logs glow and spark, Glister the light of the Shad - ow - land.
p


poco rall.
Pelt- ing rains on the win - dow, hark! Are ripples lapping up - on his strand.
poco rall.
p a tempo.
Slow, rock slow, in the dusk - y light, And gen - tly low - er the
pp a tempo.
poco cresc.
an - chor down; Dear lit - tle Trav - el - er, say good night,
p poco cresc.
cresc.
Here is the har - bor of Shadow Town; Of Shad - ow Town.
rall.
cresc.
rall.


a tempo.
mf
Rock to and fro, in the twi - light gray, Just as the dark-ness is
p
mf
rall
clos - ing down; Sail-ing al-way at the close of the day;
mf
rall
lento
pp poco a poco rall.
This is the Fer-ry for Shad-ow Town: Rock slow, more slow,
colla voce.
pp poco a poco rall.
con gran espress.
This is the Ferry for Shadow Town.
rall.
L.H.
ten
sempre pp
rall.
pp

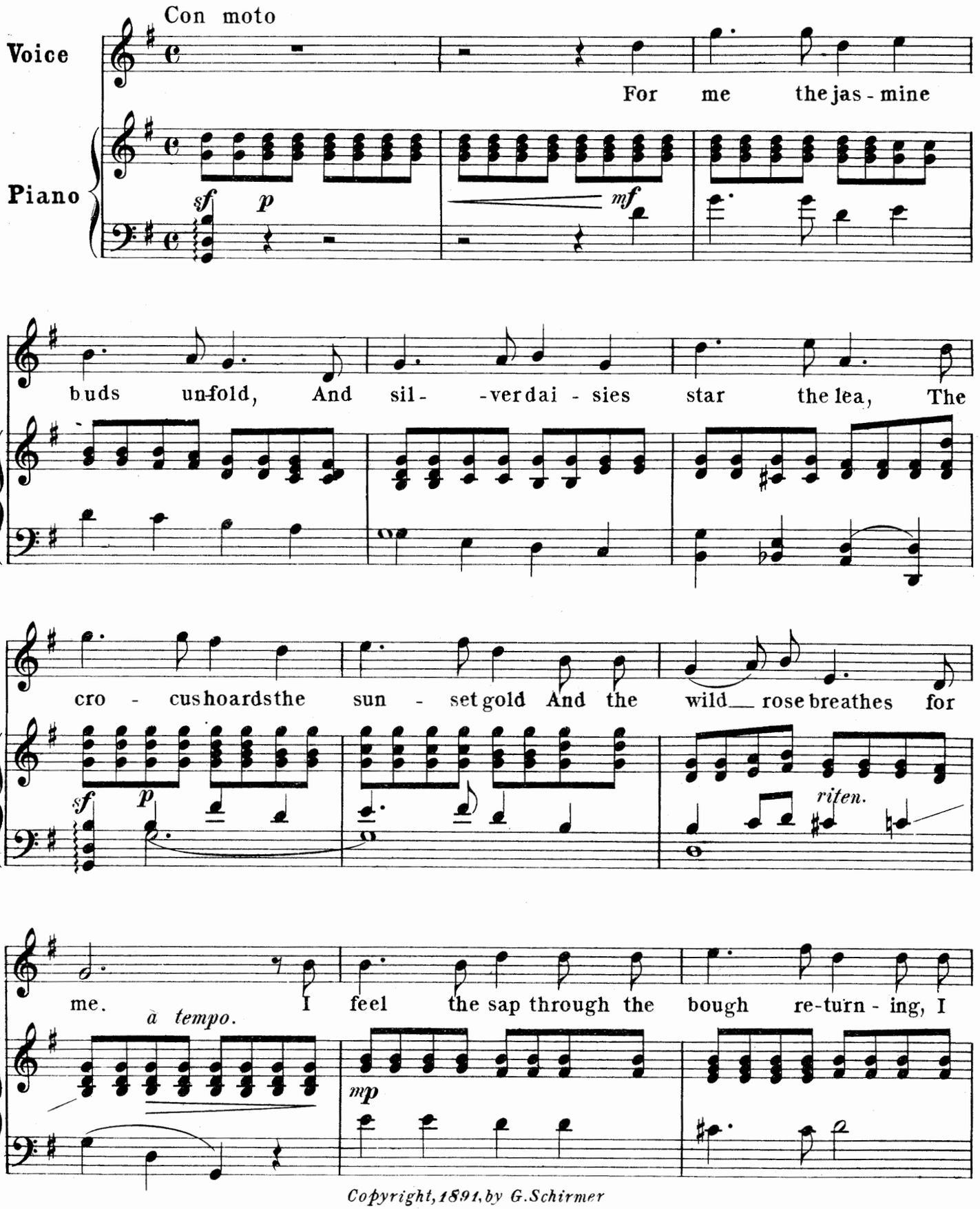
To Miss LENA LITTLE

I Love, and the World is Mine

(Soprano or Tenor)

Words by
FLORENCE EARLE COATES

CLAYTON JOHNS



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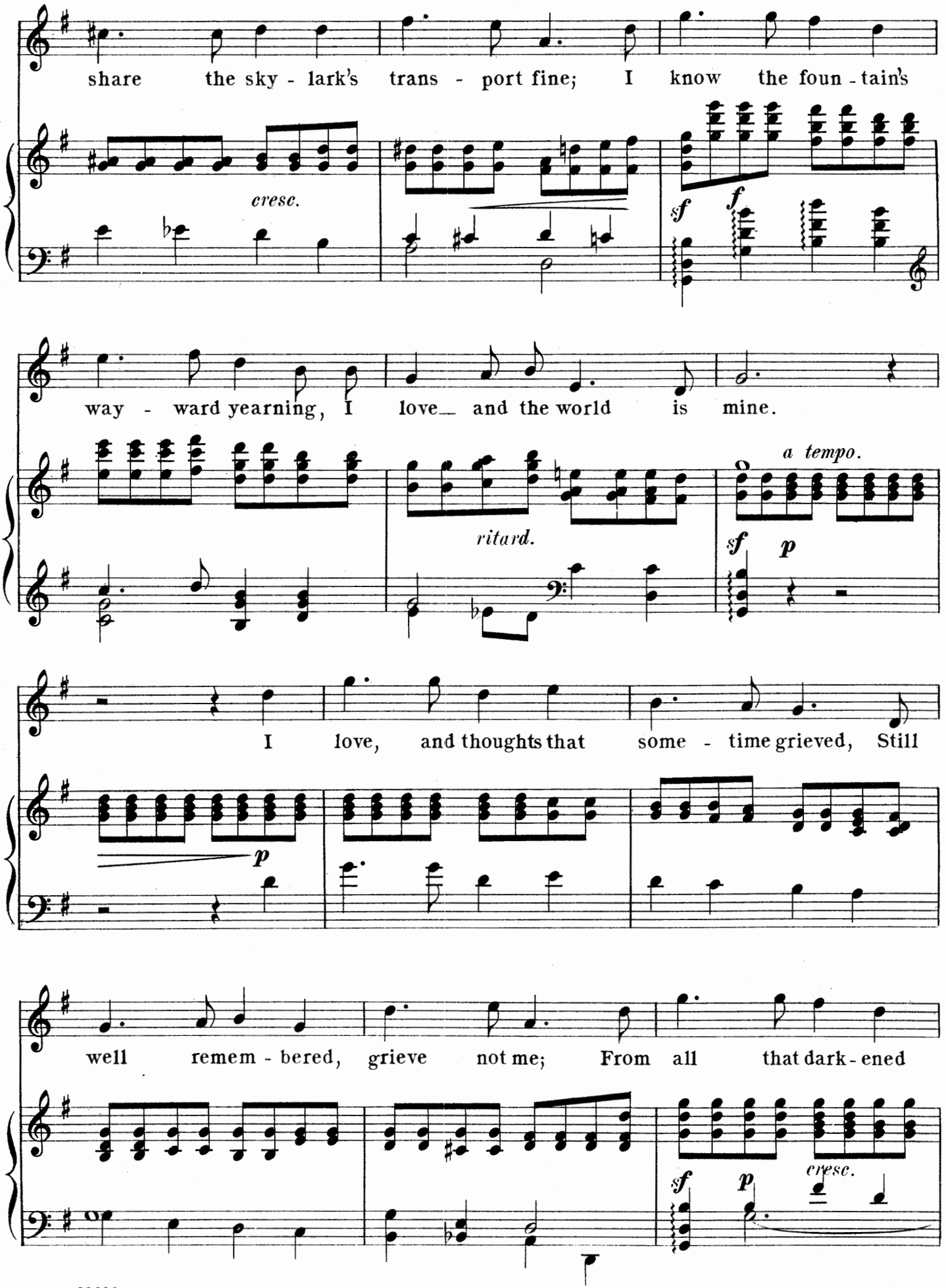
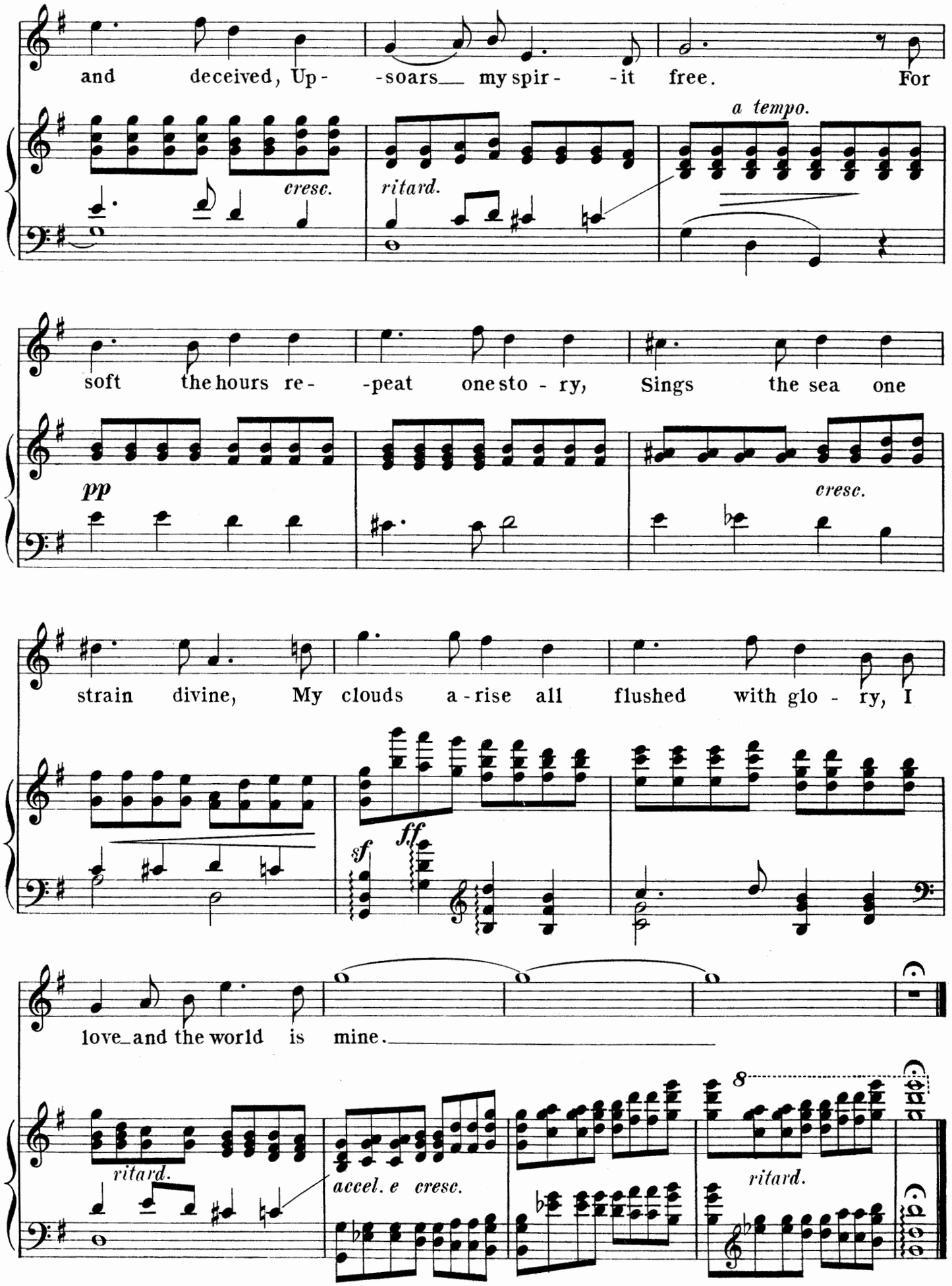

share the sky - lark's trans - port fine; I know the foun - tain's
cresc.
sf
f
way - ward yearning, I love and the world is mine.
ritard.
a tempo.
sf
p
I love, and thoughts that some - time grieved, Still
p
well remem - bered, grieve not me; From all that dark - ened
sf
p
cresc.


and deceived, Up- -soars my spir- -it free. For
cresc.
ritard.
a tempo.
soft the hours re- -peat one sto - ry, Sings the sea one
pp
cresc.
strain divine, My clouds a - rise all flushed with glo - ry, I
sf
ff
love and the world is mine.
ritard.
accel. e cresc.
8
ritard.

Dedicated to and sung by Mme. Johanna Gadski

Like the Rosebud

Andreas Bard

Frank La Forge

Andantino

Voice

Piano

mp

Would, love, I were the

rose- - - bud, Which on thy bo - - som

cresc.

lies; *p dolce* Short is its day, but

p

bliss- - - ful, It buds, and blooms, and

p

p

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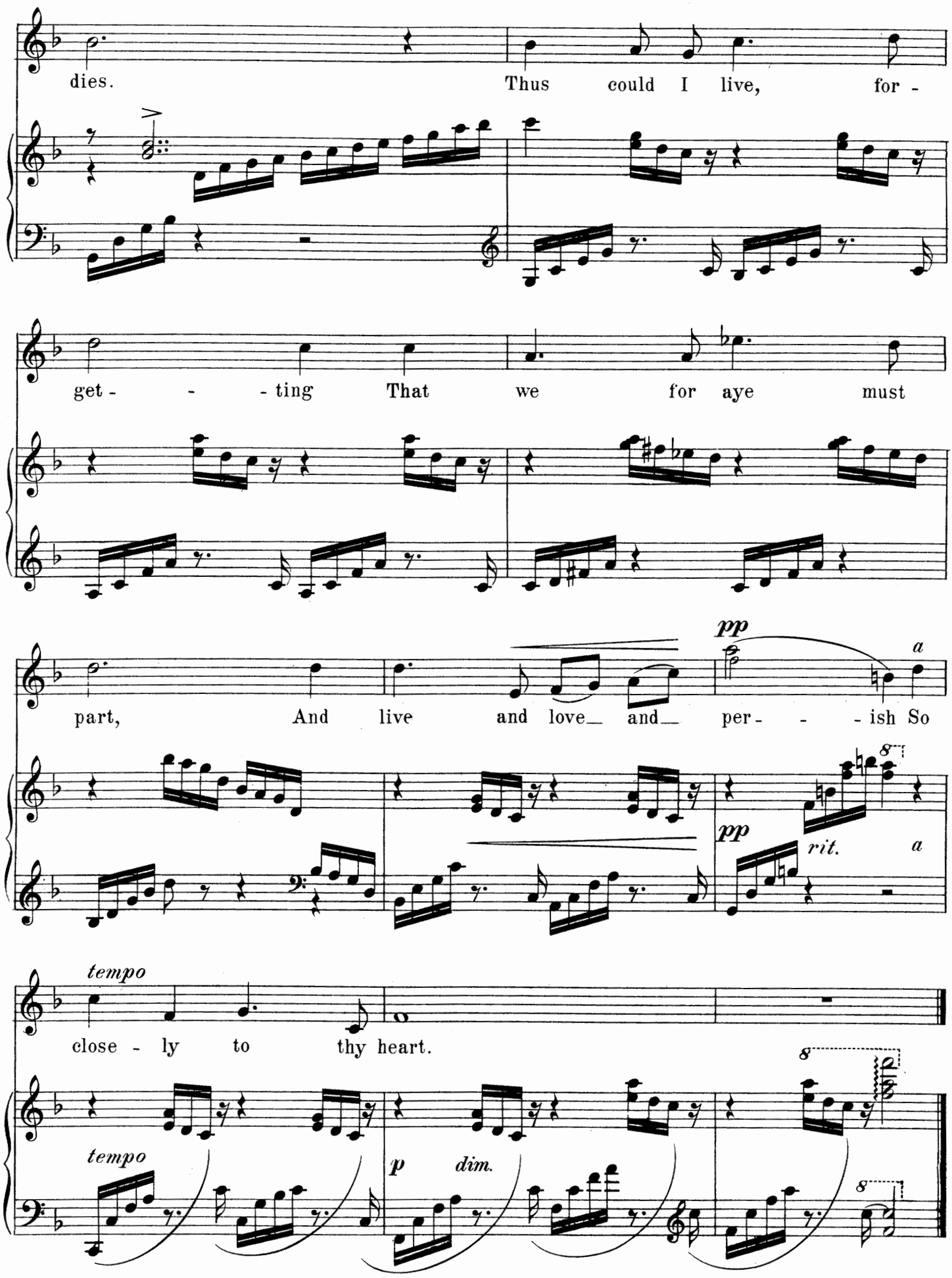
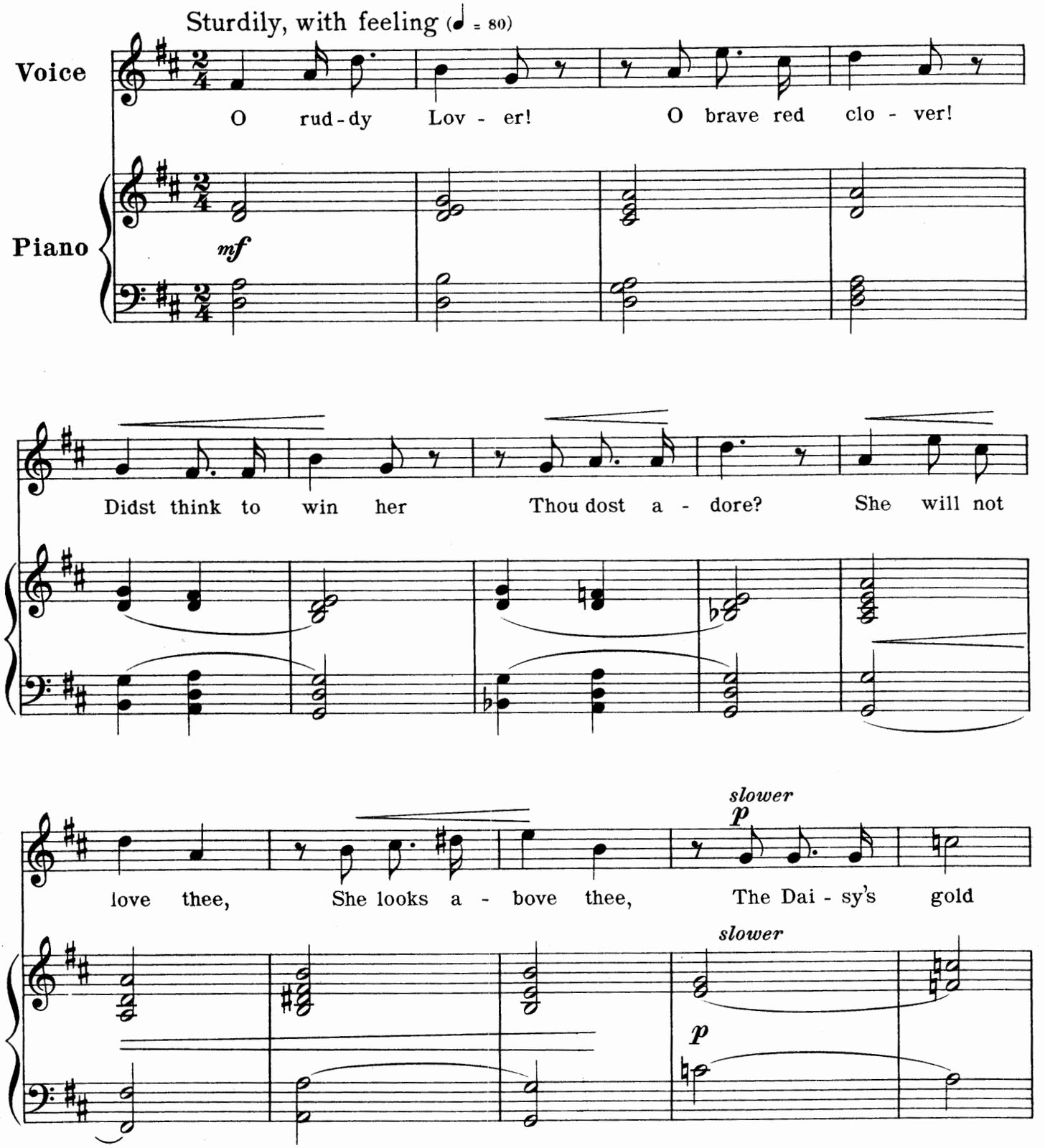

dies.
Thus could I live, for -
get - - - ting
That we for aye must
part,
And live and love and per - - - ish So
pp
a
pp
rit.
a
tempo
close - ly to thy heart.
tempo
p
dim.

The Clover

Verse by
Margaret Deland

Edward Macdowell. Op. 26, No 3



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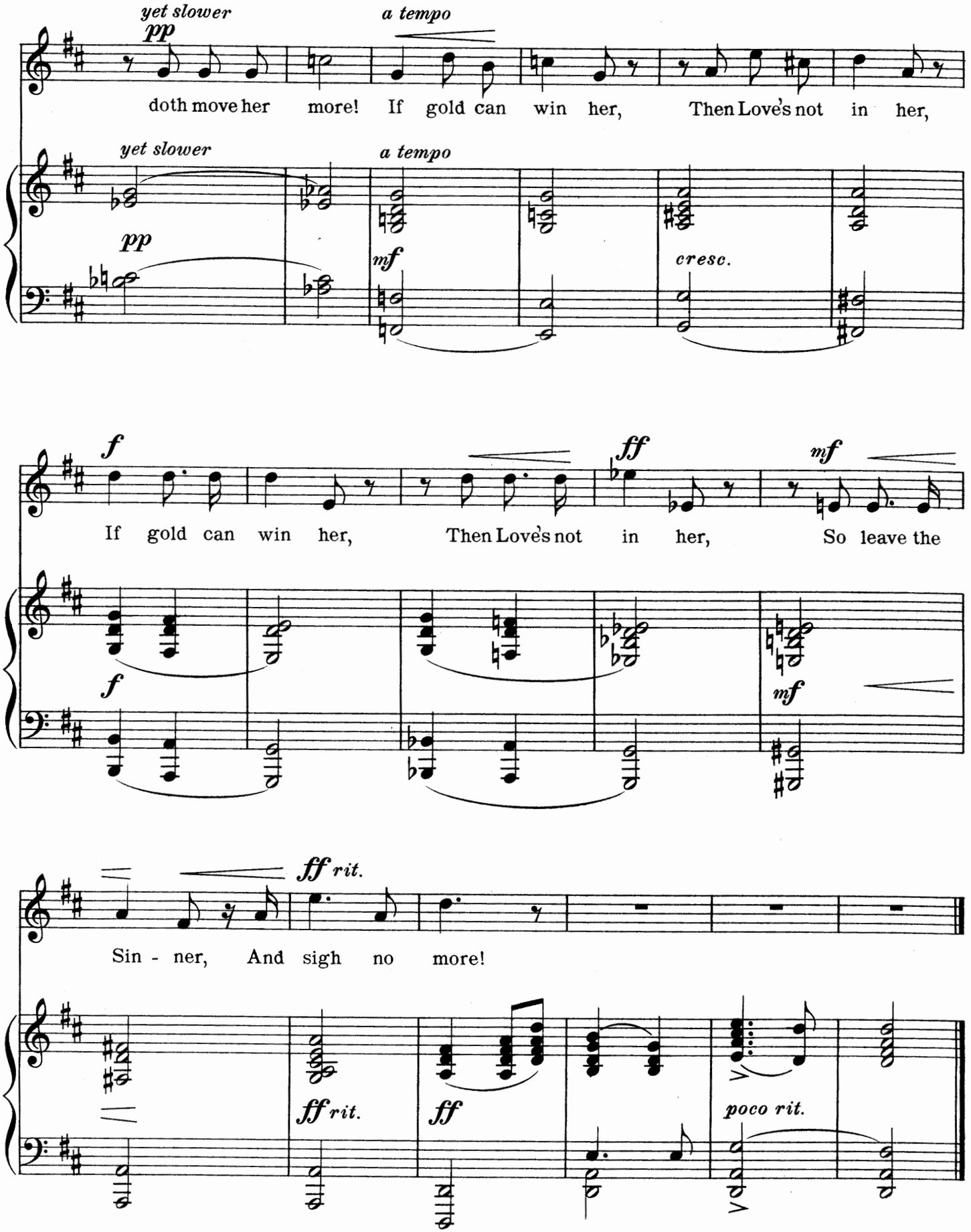
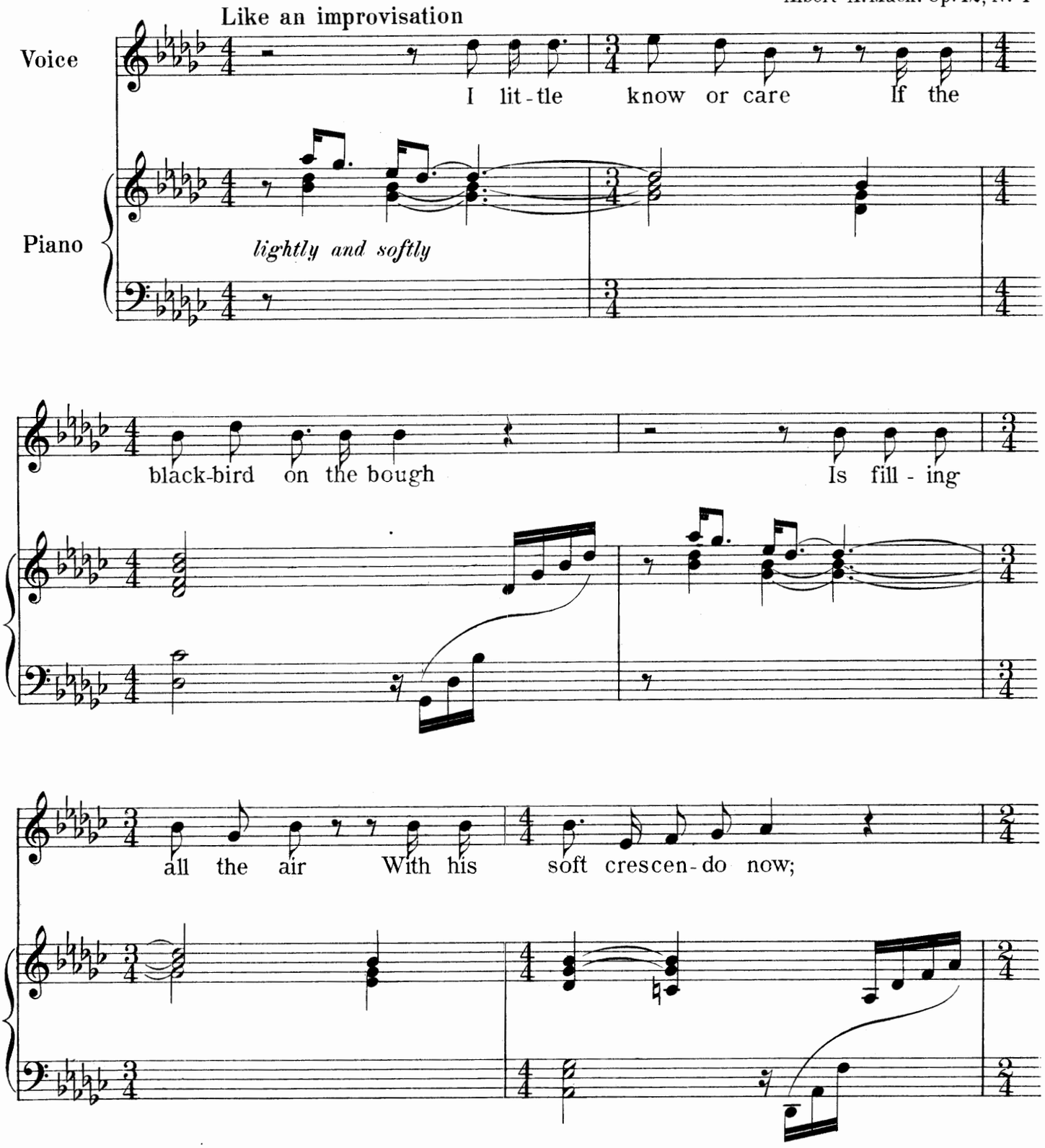

yet slower
pp
a tempo
doth move her more! If gold can win her, Then Love's not in her,
yet slower
a tempo
pp
mf
cresc.
f
ff
mf
If gold can win her, Then Love's not in her, So leave the
f
mf
ff rit.
Sin - ner, And sigh no more!
ff rit.
ff
poco rit.

To
LIZZETTE M. MACK

"For Ever and a Day"

Poetry by Thomas Bailey Aldrich
Used by permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the publishers

Albert A. Mack. Op. 12, № 1



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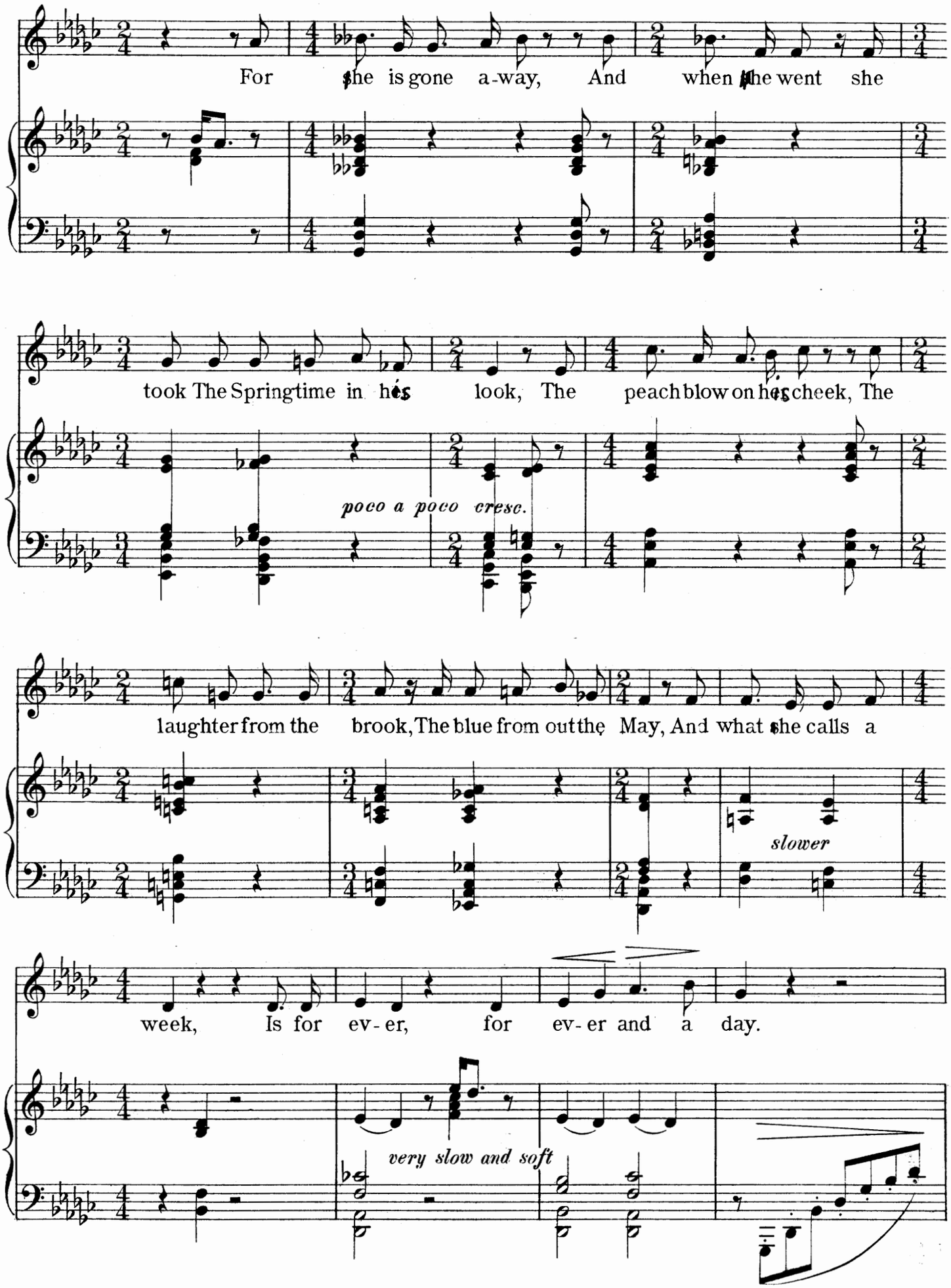
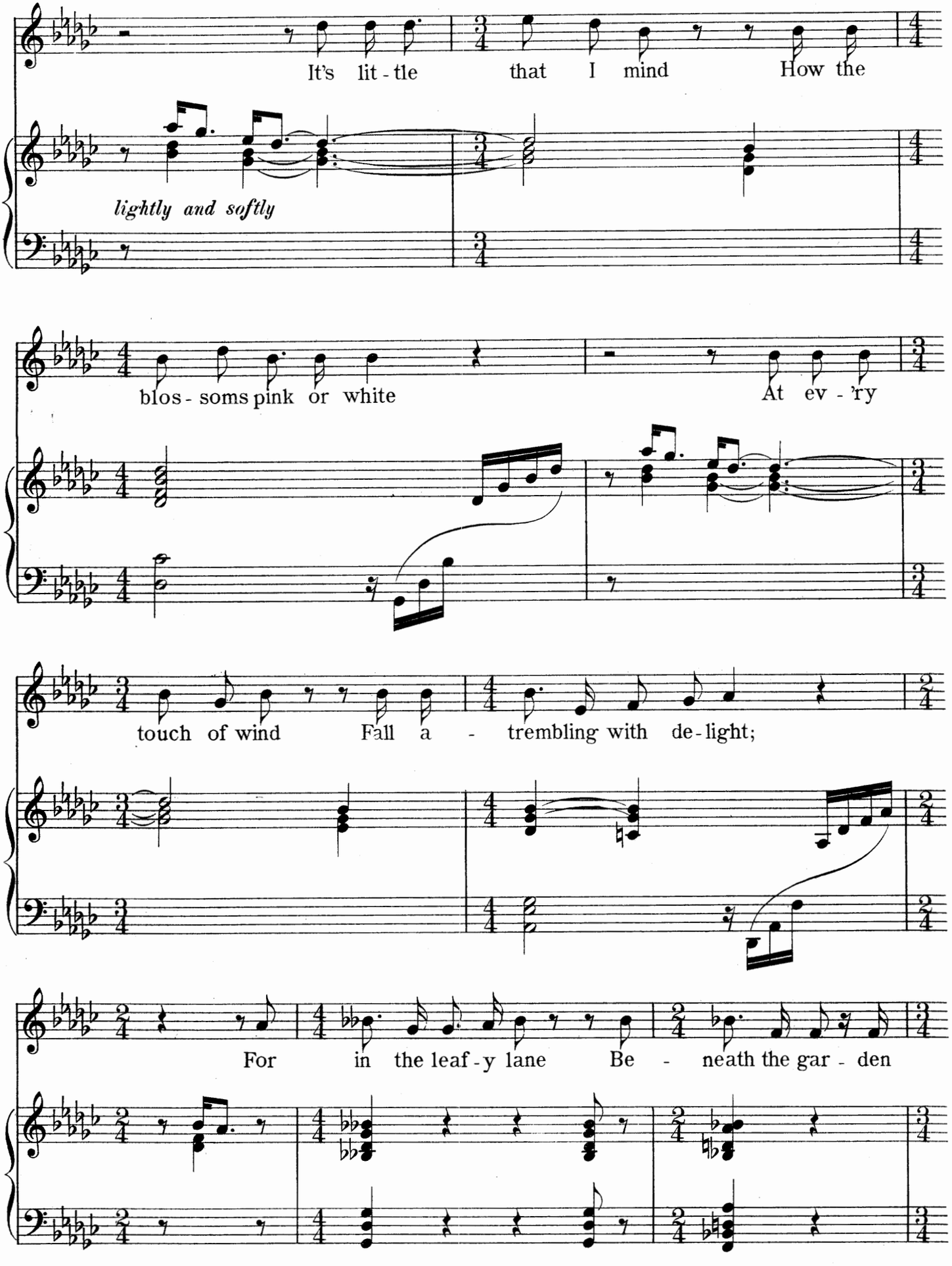
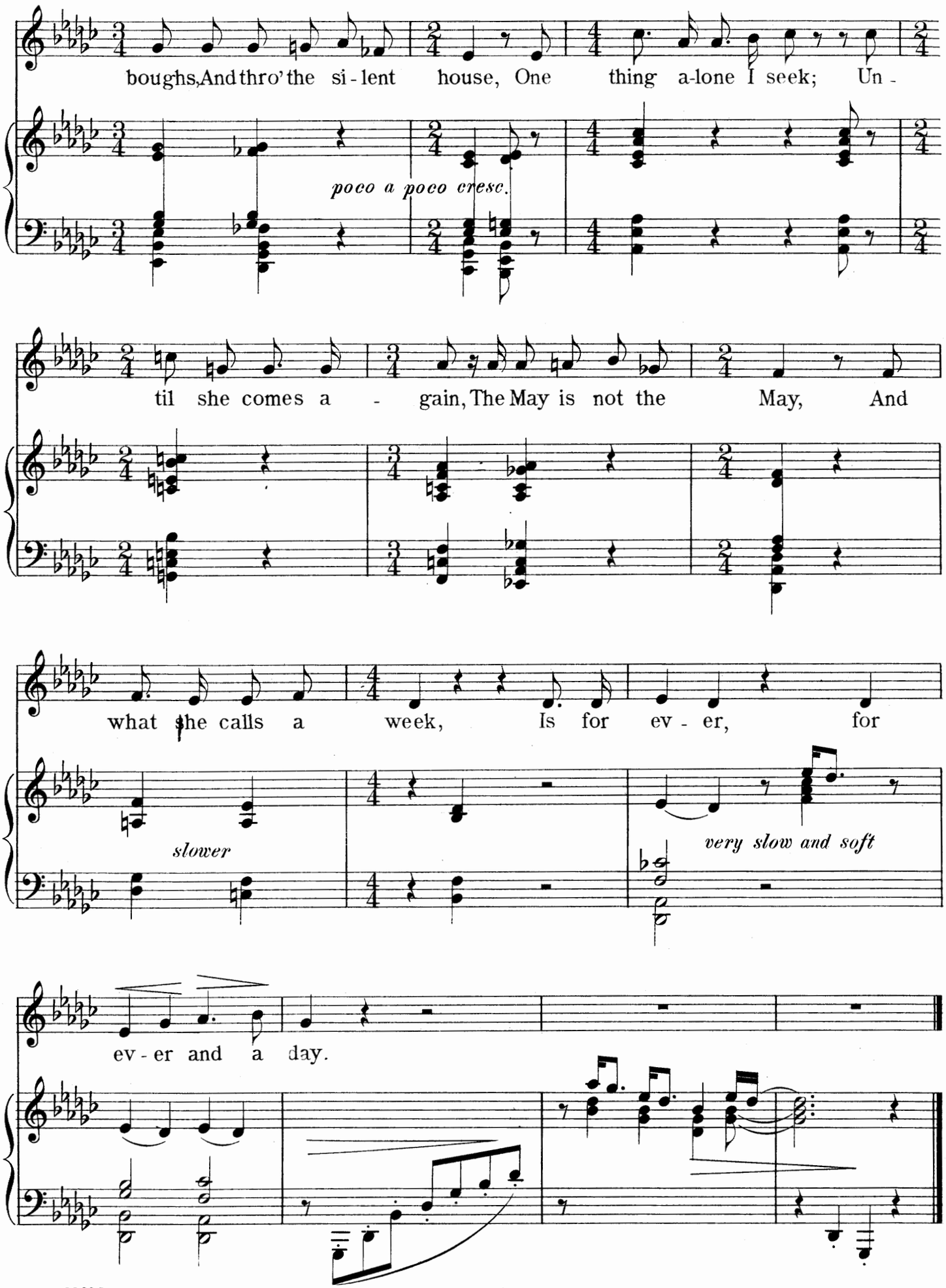

For she is gone a-way, And when she went she
took The Springtime in her look, The peach blow on her cheek, The
poco a poco cresc.
laughter from the brook, The blue from out the May, And what she calls a
slower
week, Is for ev-er, for ev-er and a day.
very slow and soft


It's lit - tle that I mind How the
lightly and softly
blos - soms pink or white At ev - 'ry
touch of wind Fall a - trembling with de - light;
For in the leaf - y lane Be - neath the gar - den


boughs, And thro' the si - lent house, One thing a-lone I seek; Un -
poco a poco cresc.
til she comes a - gain, The May is not the May, And
what she calls a week, Is for ev - er, for
slower
very slow and soft
ev - er and a day.

To Mr. Francis Fischer Powers

Serenade

W. H. NEIDLINGER

Andante con affezione

Voice

Piano

1. The wind — is whisp'ring low, my love, The moon — is ris-ing slow, my love, — and I, love, — thy true love, — am keep - ing watch o'er thee; — so sleep, love, — for I — am keep - ing watch o'er thee. —

p

L.H

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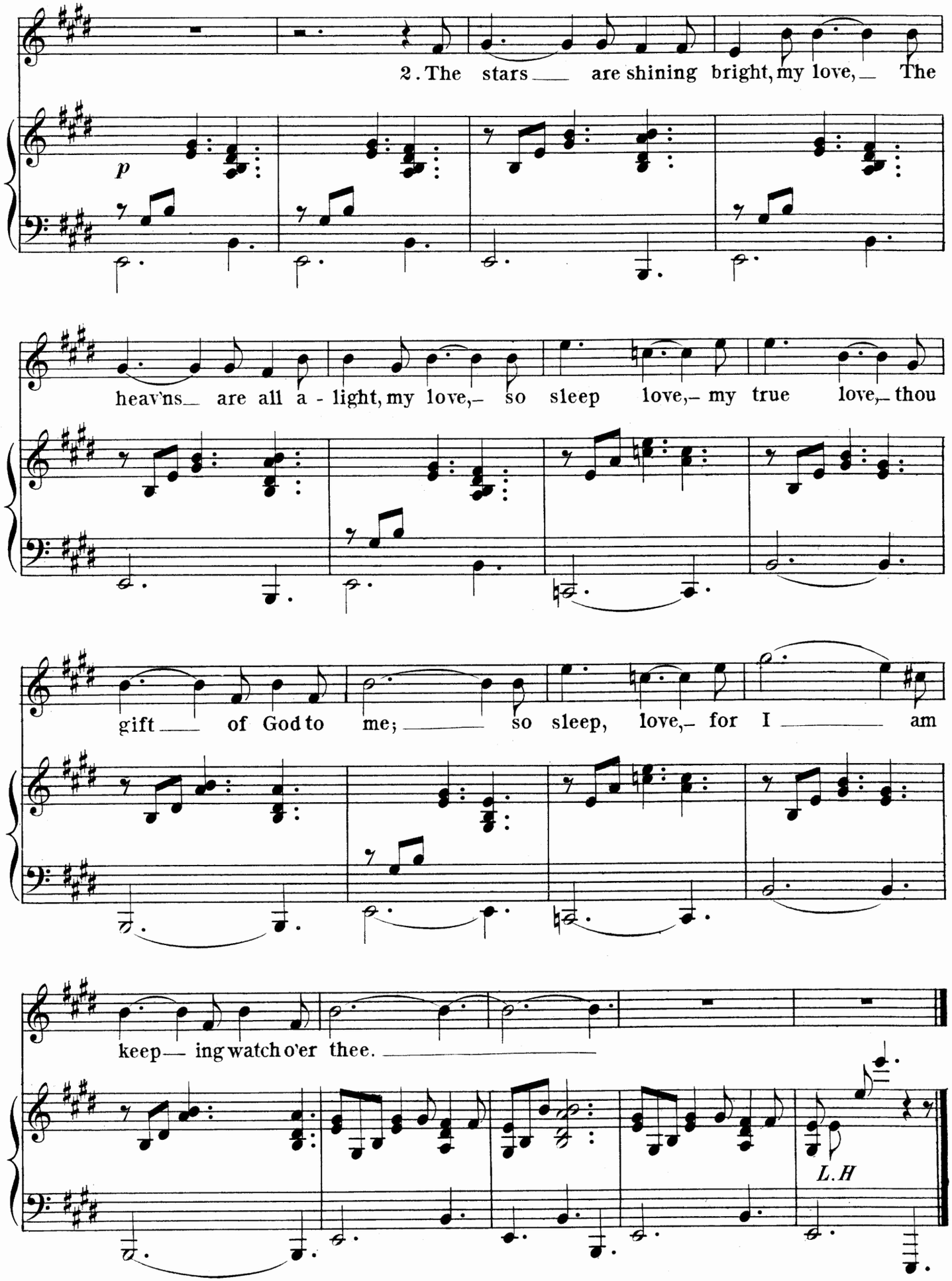
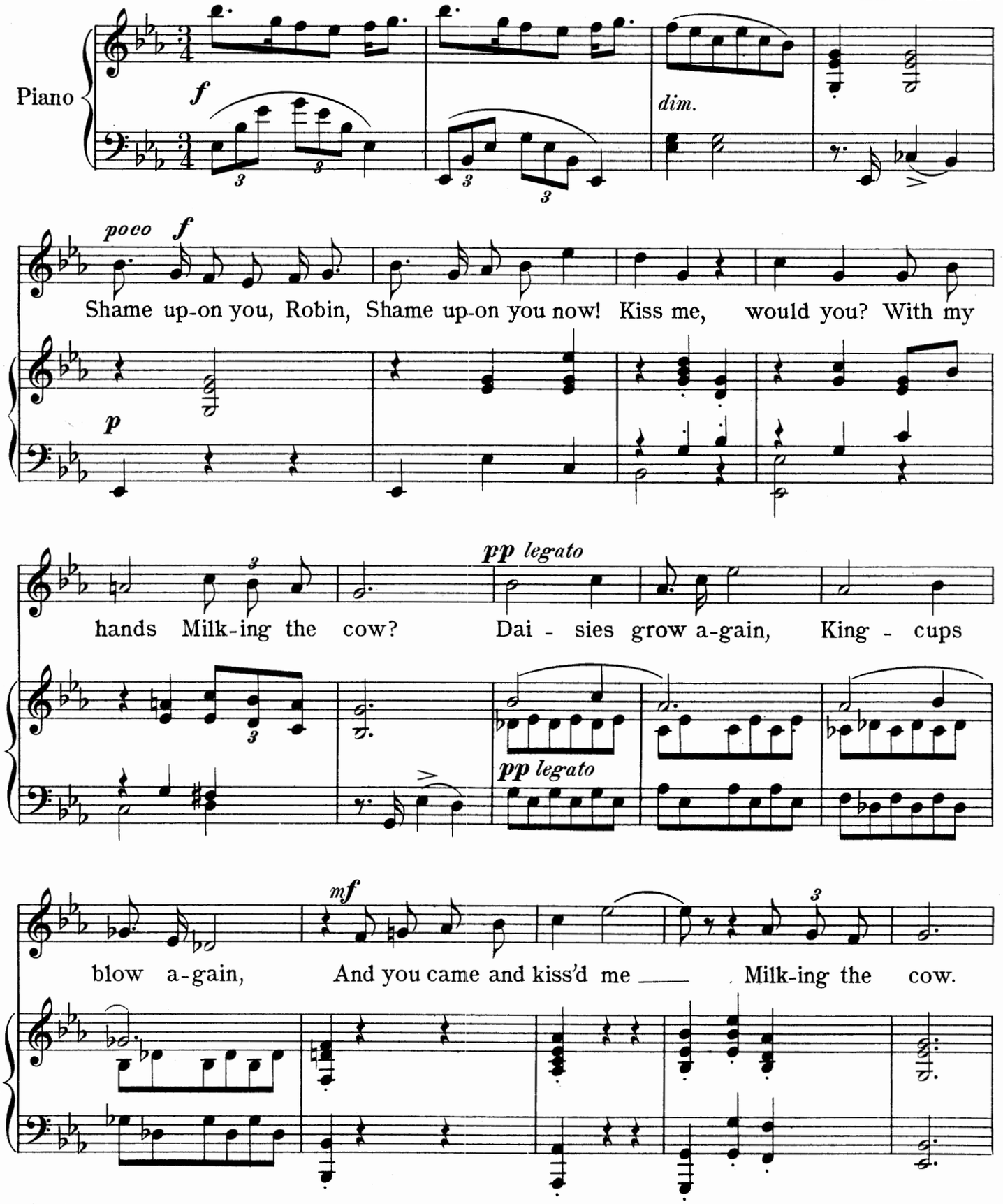

2. The stars are shining bright, my love, The
p
heav'ns are all a - light, my love, so sleep love, my true love, thou
gift of God to me; so sleep, love, for I am
keep ing watch o'er thee.
L.H

Milkmaid's Song

From Tennyson's
"Queen Mary"

Animated

Horatio Parker



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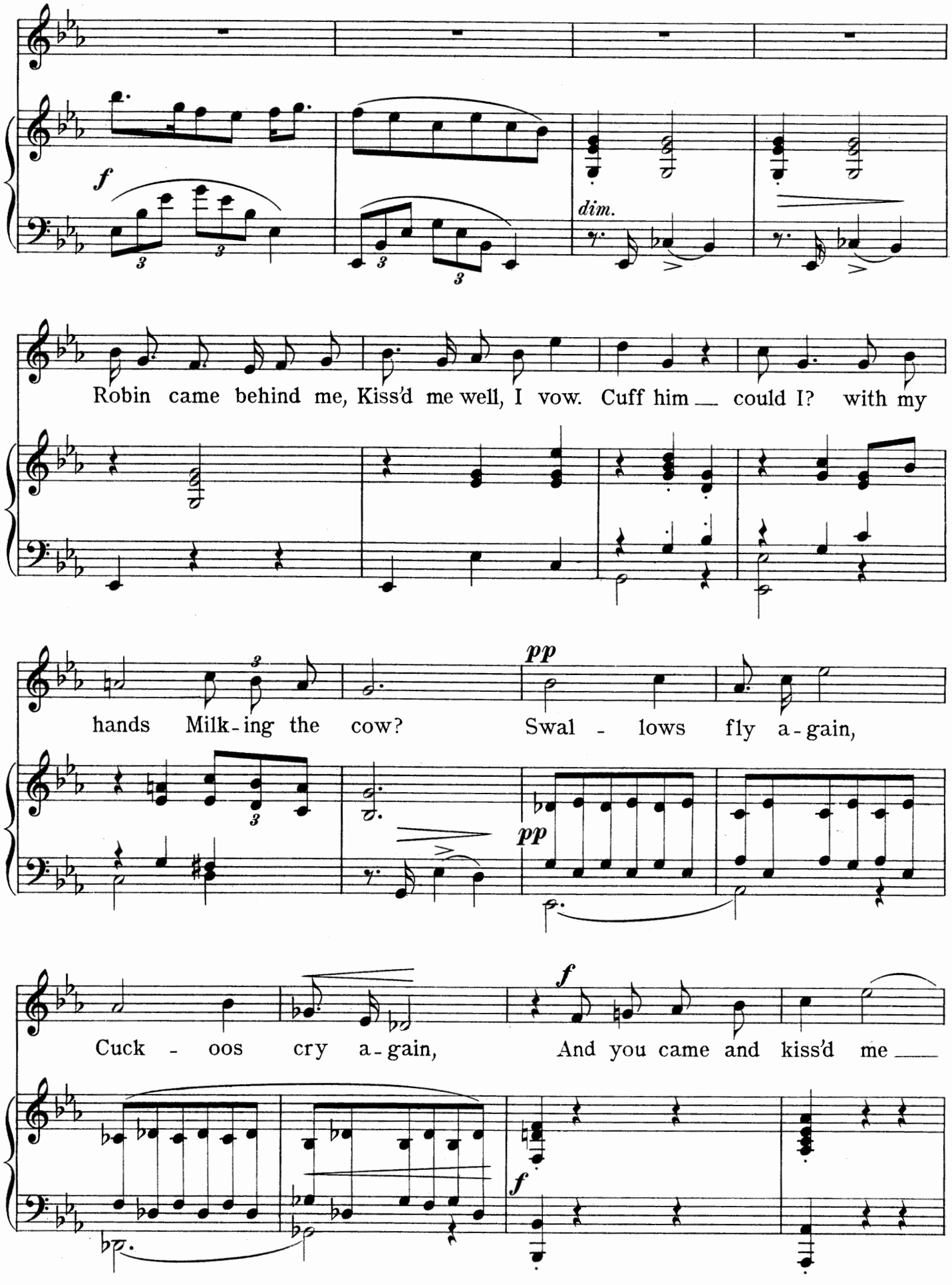
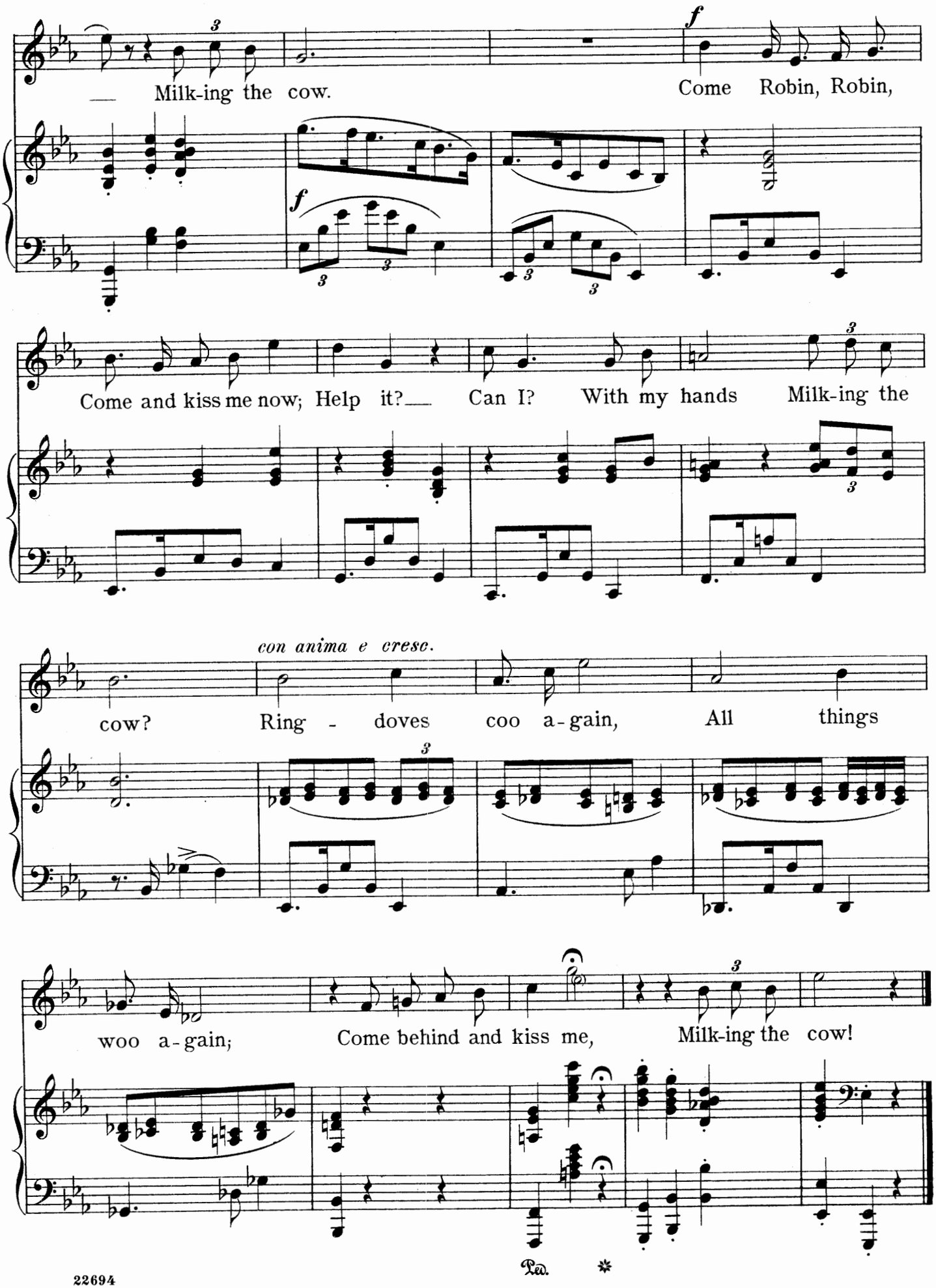

f
dim.
Robin came behind me, Kiss'd me well, I vow. Cuff him __ could I? with my
pp
hands Milk - ing the cow? Swal - lows fly a - gain,
pp
f
Cuck - oos cry a - gain, And you came and kiss'd me __
f

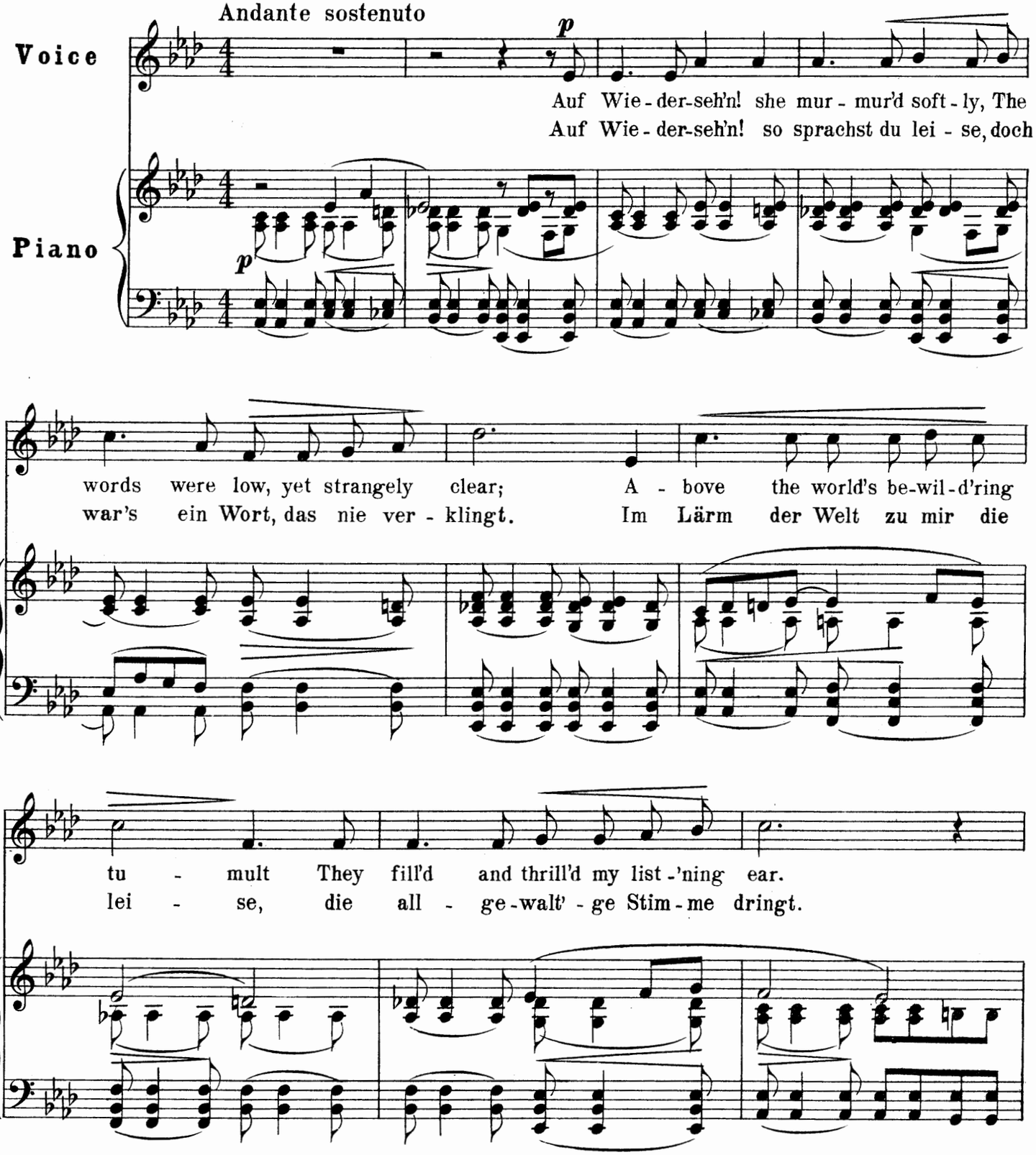

Milk-ing the cow.
Come Robin, Robin,
Come and kiss me now; Help it? Can I? With my hands Milk-ing the
con anima e cresc.
cow? Ring - doves coo a-gain, All things
woo a-gain; Come behind and kiss me, Milk-ing the cow!
Ped.

„Auf Wiederseh'n!"

Poem by R. Dietrich
English translation by
Mrs. O. B. Boise

(Soprano, or Tenor)

ARTHUR NEVIN



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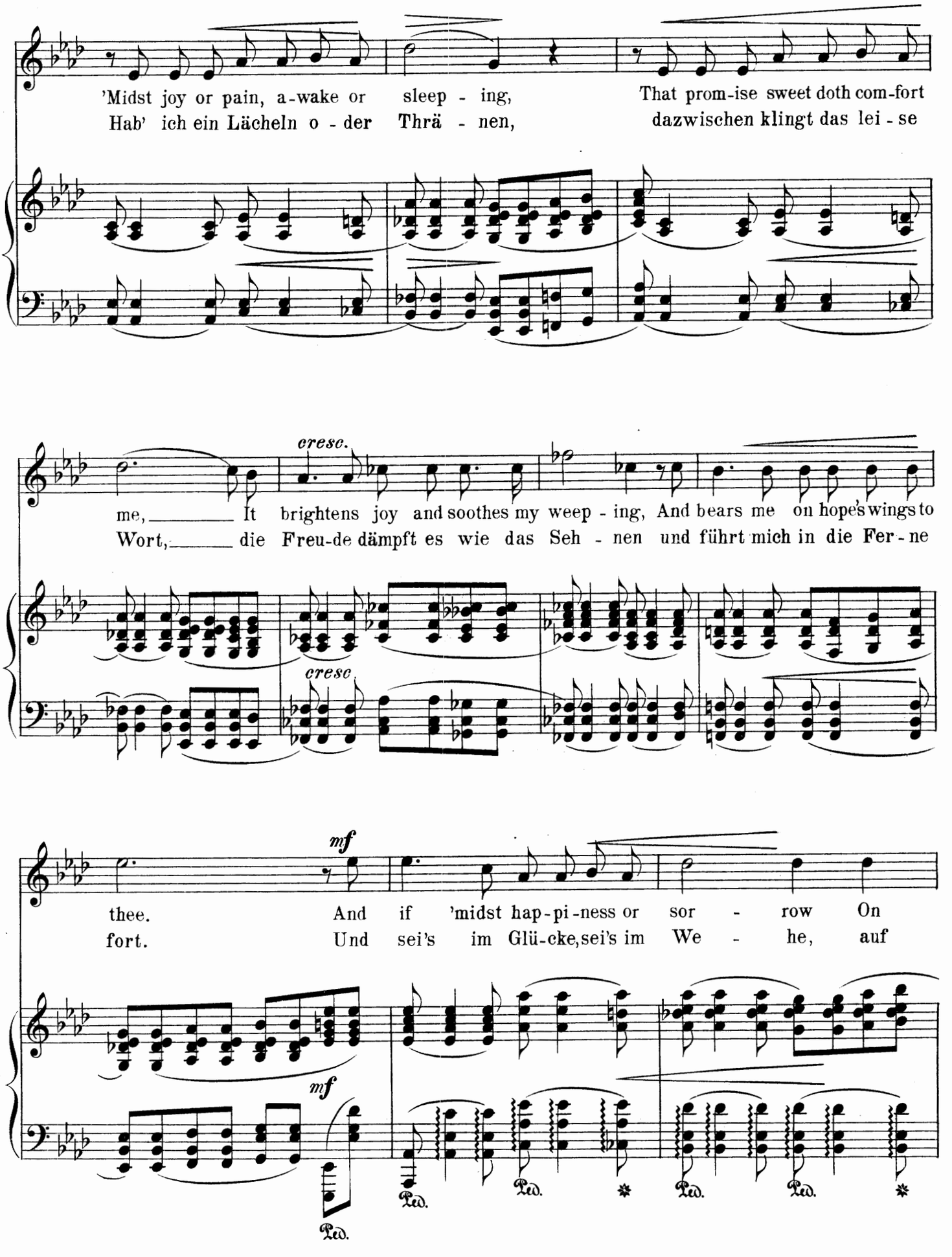
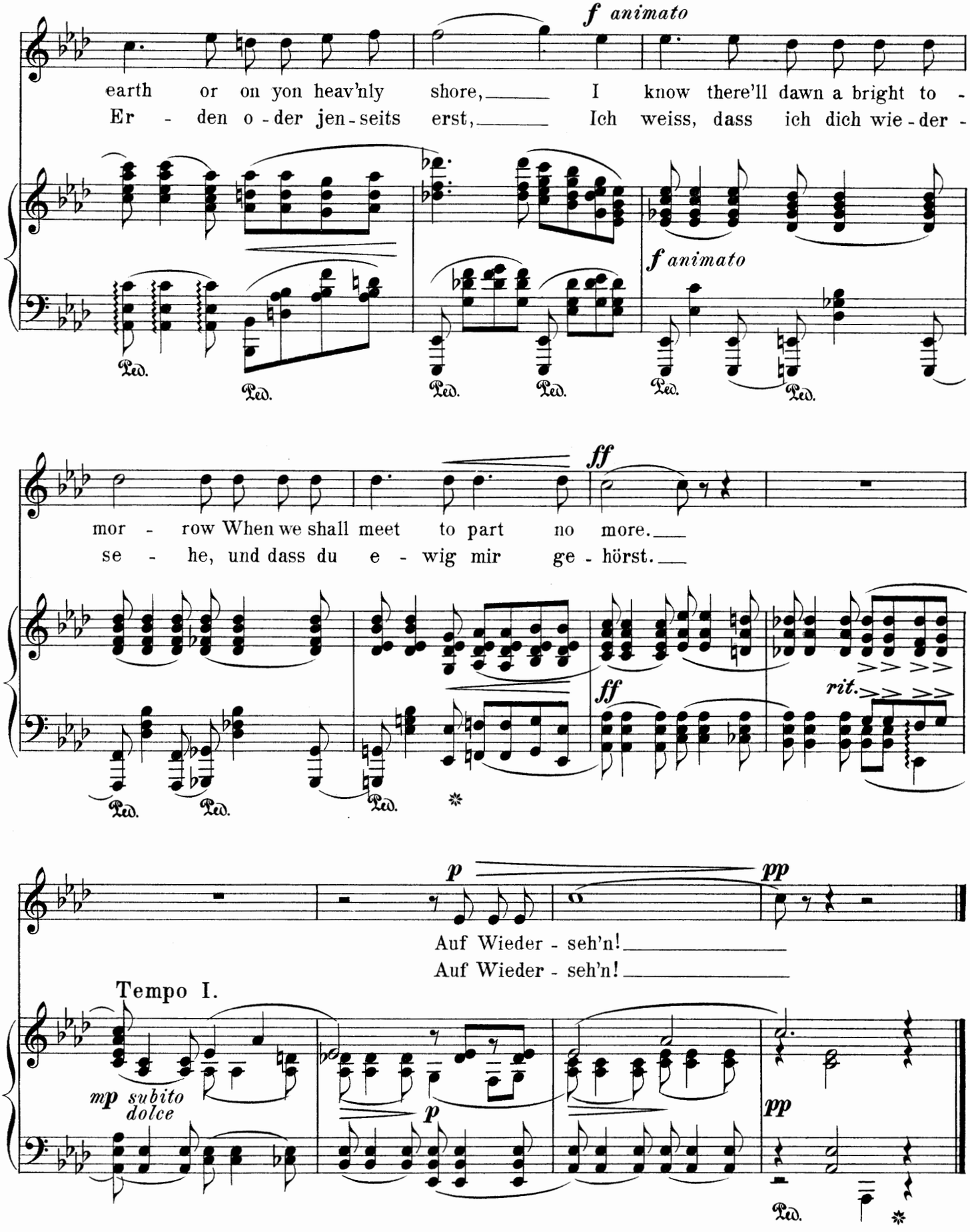
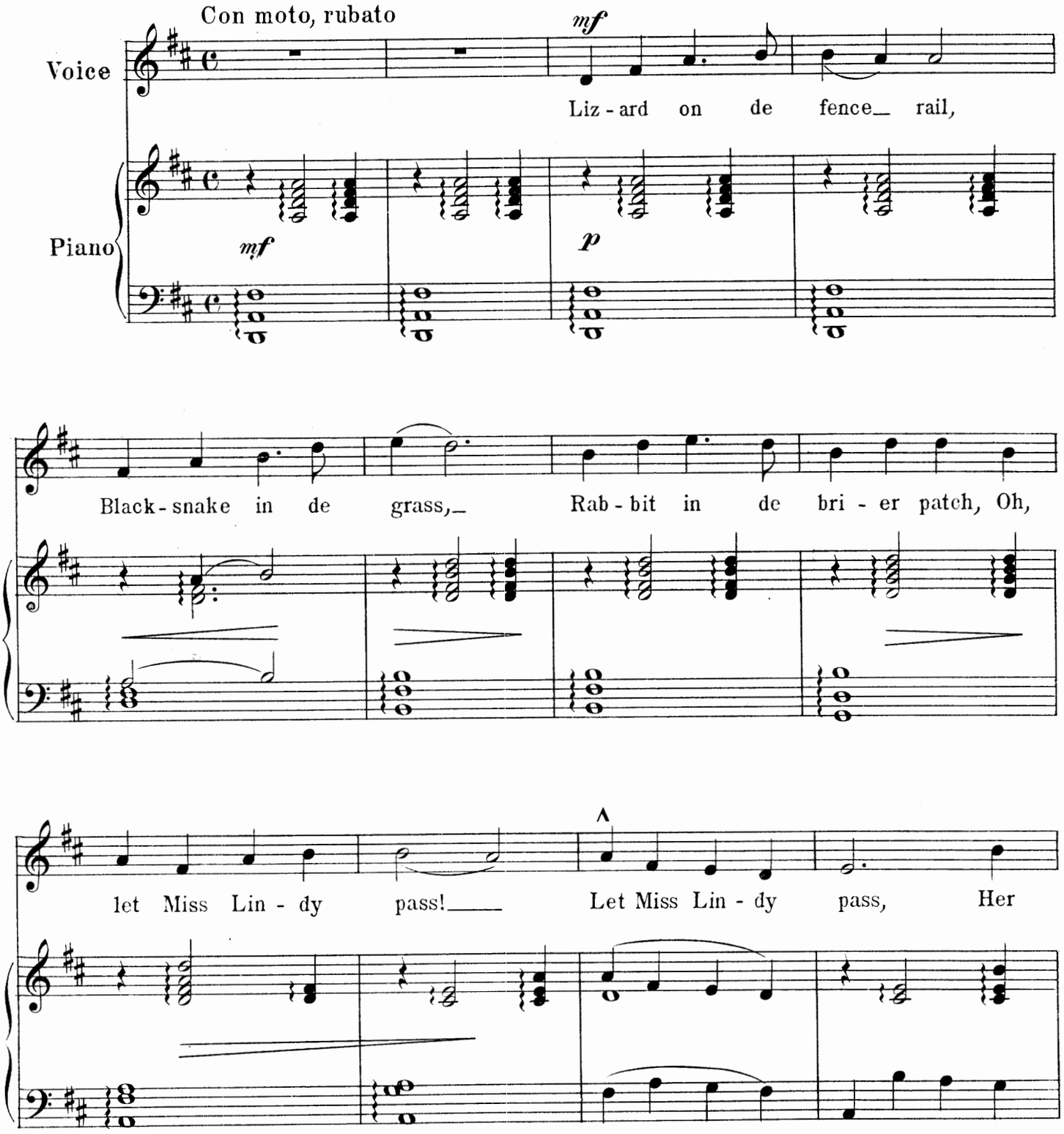

'Midst joy or pain, a-wake or sleep - ing, That prom-ise sweet doth com-fort
Hab' ich ein Lächeln o - der Thrä - nen, dazwischen klingt das lei - se
cresc.
me, It brightens joy and soothes my weep - ing, And bears me on hope's wings to
Wort, die Freu-de dämpft es wie das Seh - nen und führt mich in die Fer - ne
cresc.
mf
thee. And if 'midst hap-pi-ness or sor - row On
fort. Und sei's im Glü-cke, sei's im We - he, auf
mf
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


f animato
earth or on yon heav'nly shore, I know there'll dawn a bright to -
Er - den o - der jen - seits erst, Ich weiss, dass ich dich wie - der -
f animato
Ped.
ff
mor - row When we shall meet to part no more.
se - he, und dass du e - wig mir ge - hörst.
rit.
p
pp
Auf Wieder - seh'n!
Auf Wieder - seh'n!
Tempo I.
mp subito dolce
p
pp

Let Miss Lindy Pass

Poem* by Frank L. Stanton

Winthrop L. Rogers



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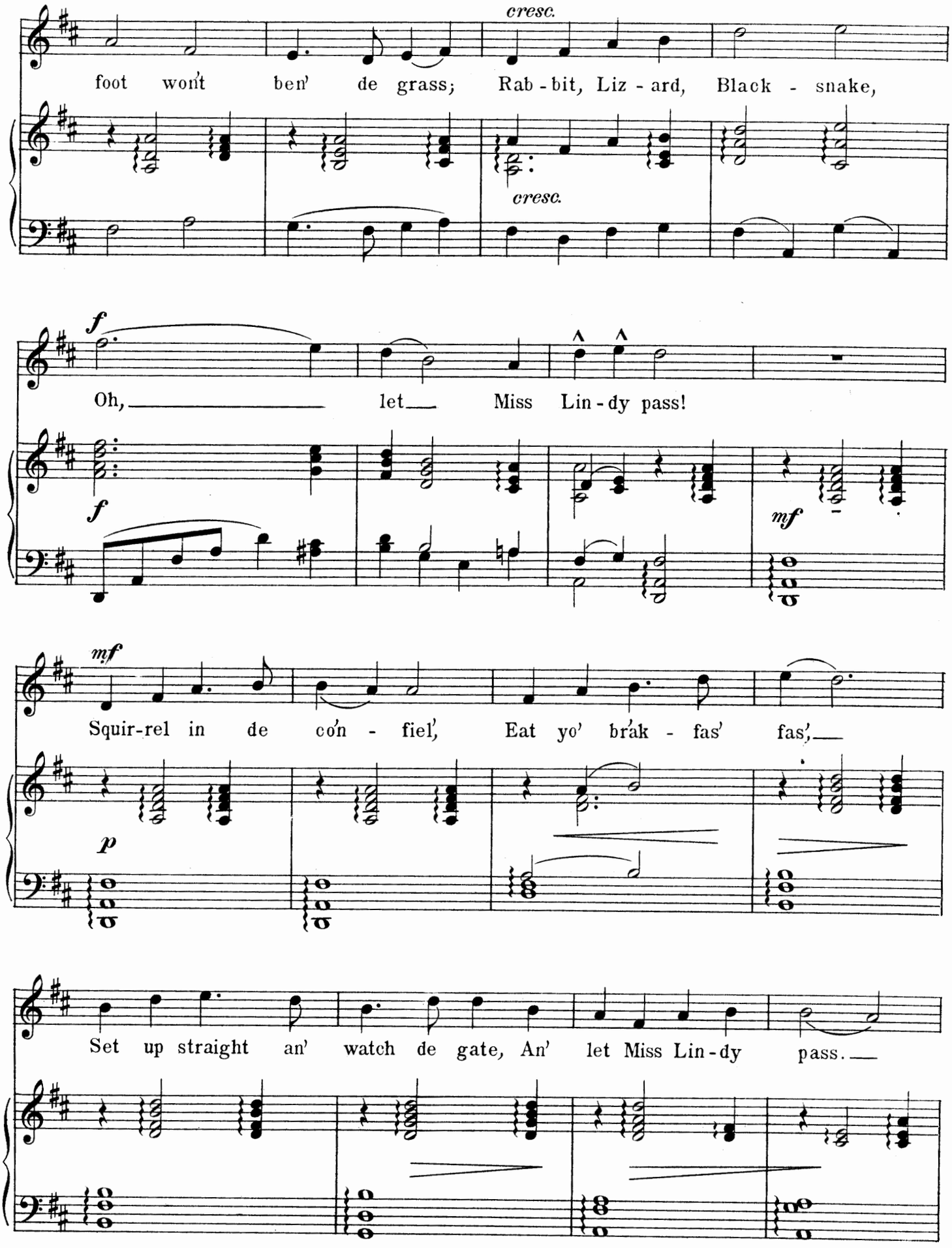
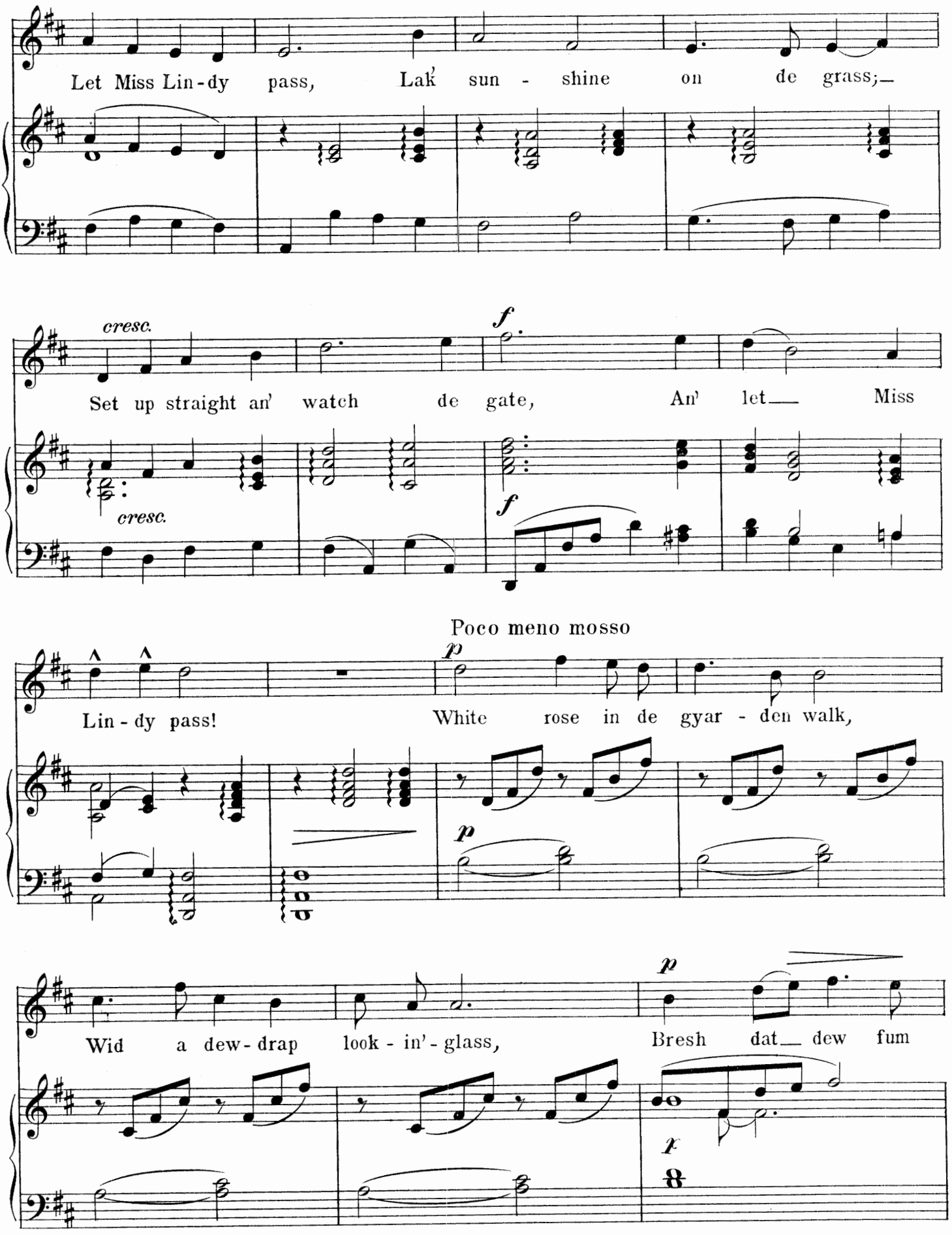
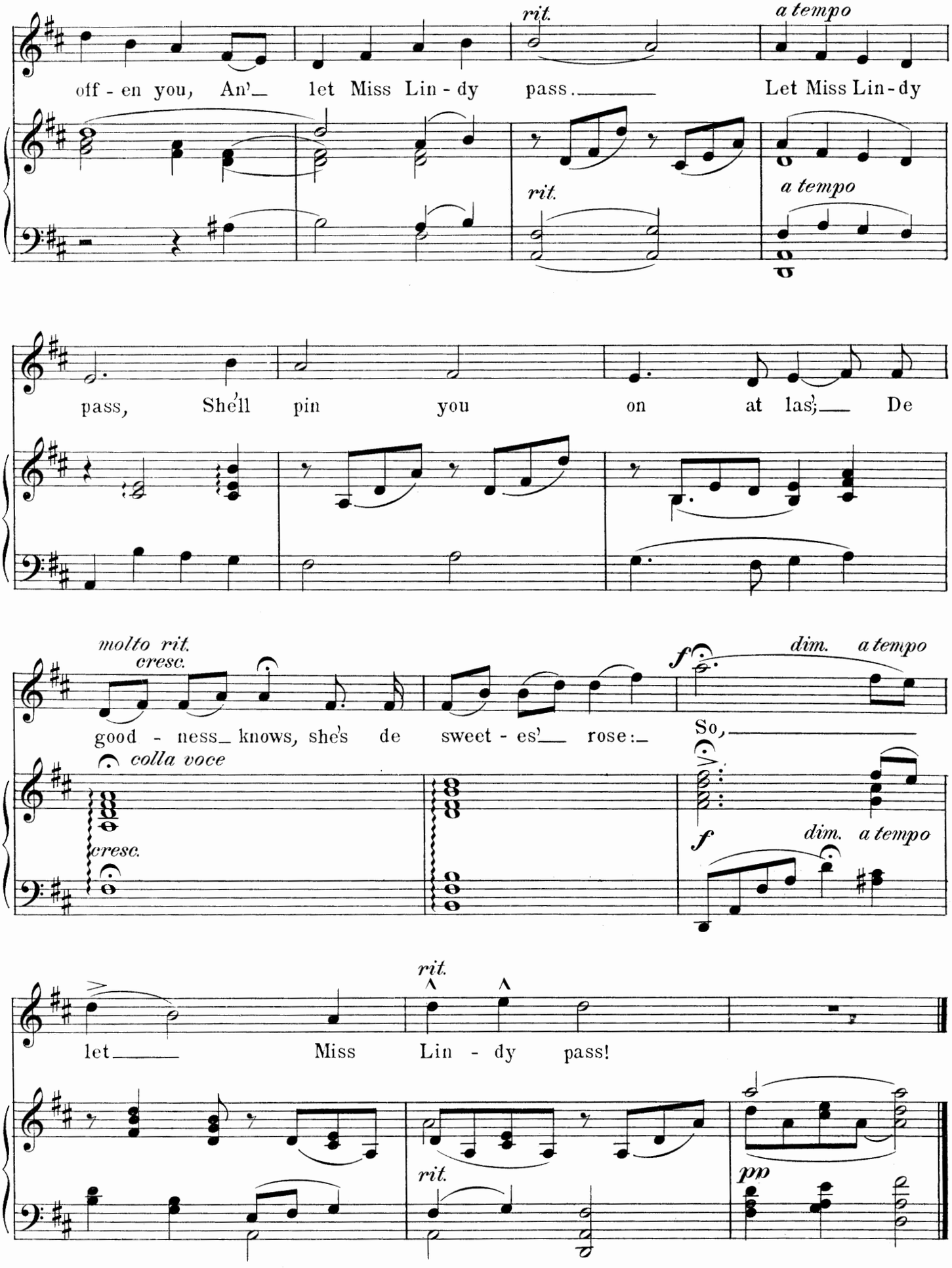

cresc.
foot won't ben' de grass; Rab - bit, Liz - ard, Black - snake,
cresc.
f
Oh, let Miss Lin - dy pass!
f
mf
mf
Squir-rel in de co'n - fiel', Eat yo' brak - fas' fas',
p
Set up straight an' watch de gate, An' let Miss Lin - dy pass.


Let Miss Lin-dy pass, Lak' sun - shine on de grass;—
cresc.
f
Set up straight an' watch de gate, An' let— Miss
cresc.
f
Poco meno mosso
p
Lin-dy pass! White rose in de gyar - den walk,
p
p
Wid a dew-drap look - in'-glass, Bresh dat— dew fum
f

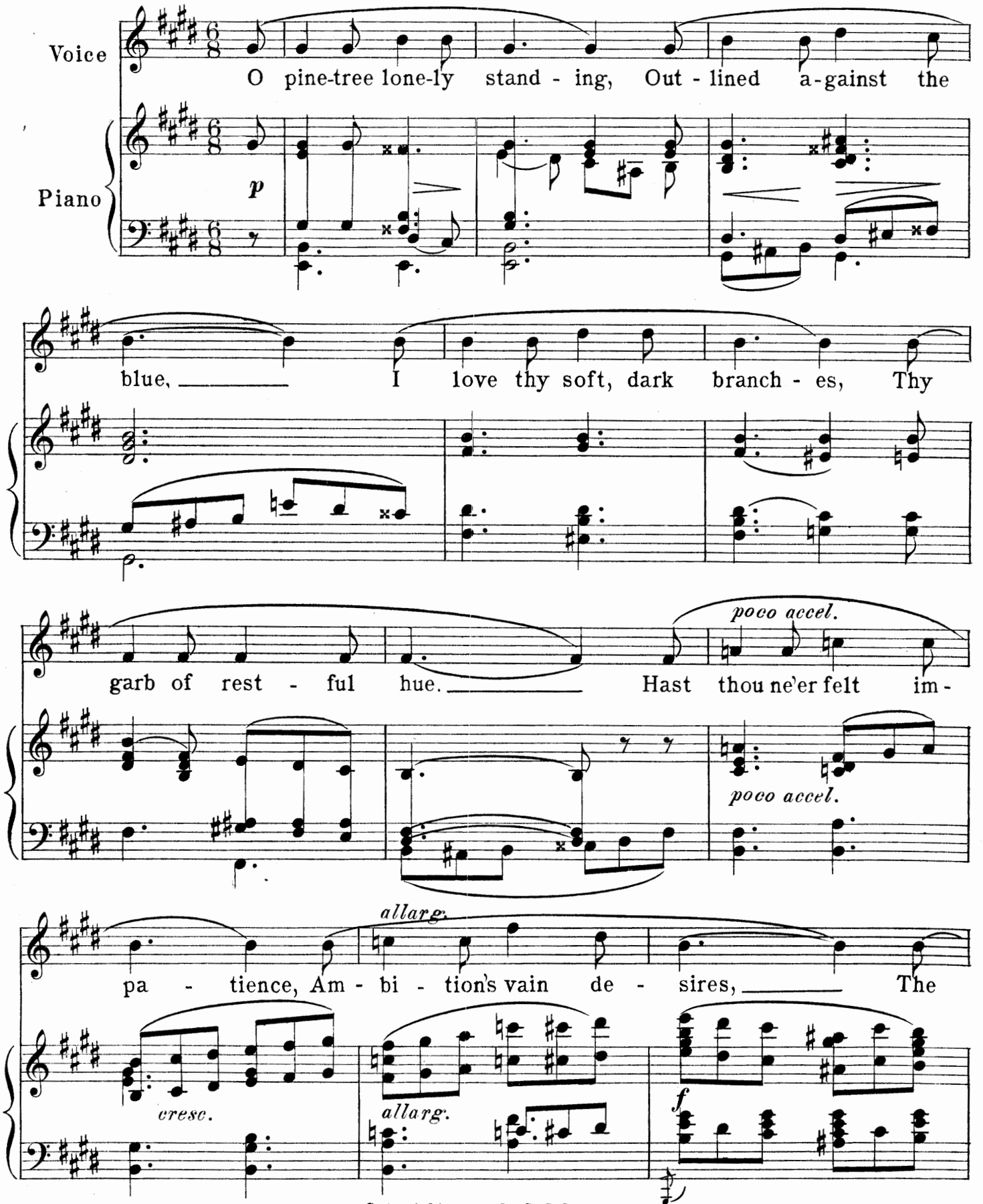

rit.
a tempo
off - en you, An'_ let Miss Lin - dy pass._____ Let Miss Lin - dy
rit.
a tempo
pass, She'll pin you on at las',___ De
molto rit.
cresc.
good - ness_ knows, she's de sweet - es'___ rose:_
f
dim. a tempo
So,
colla voce
cresc.
f
dim. a tempo
rit.
let_____ Miss Lin - dy pass!
rit.
pp

To Mrs Carrie Boeckh White

The Pine-Tree

Words and Music by
Mary Turner Salter

Lento



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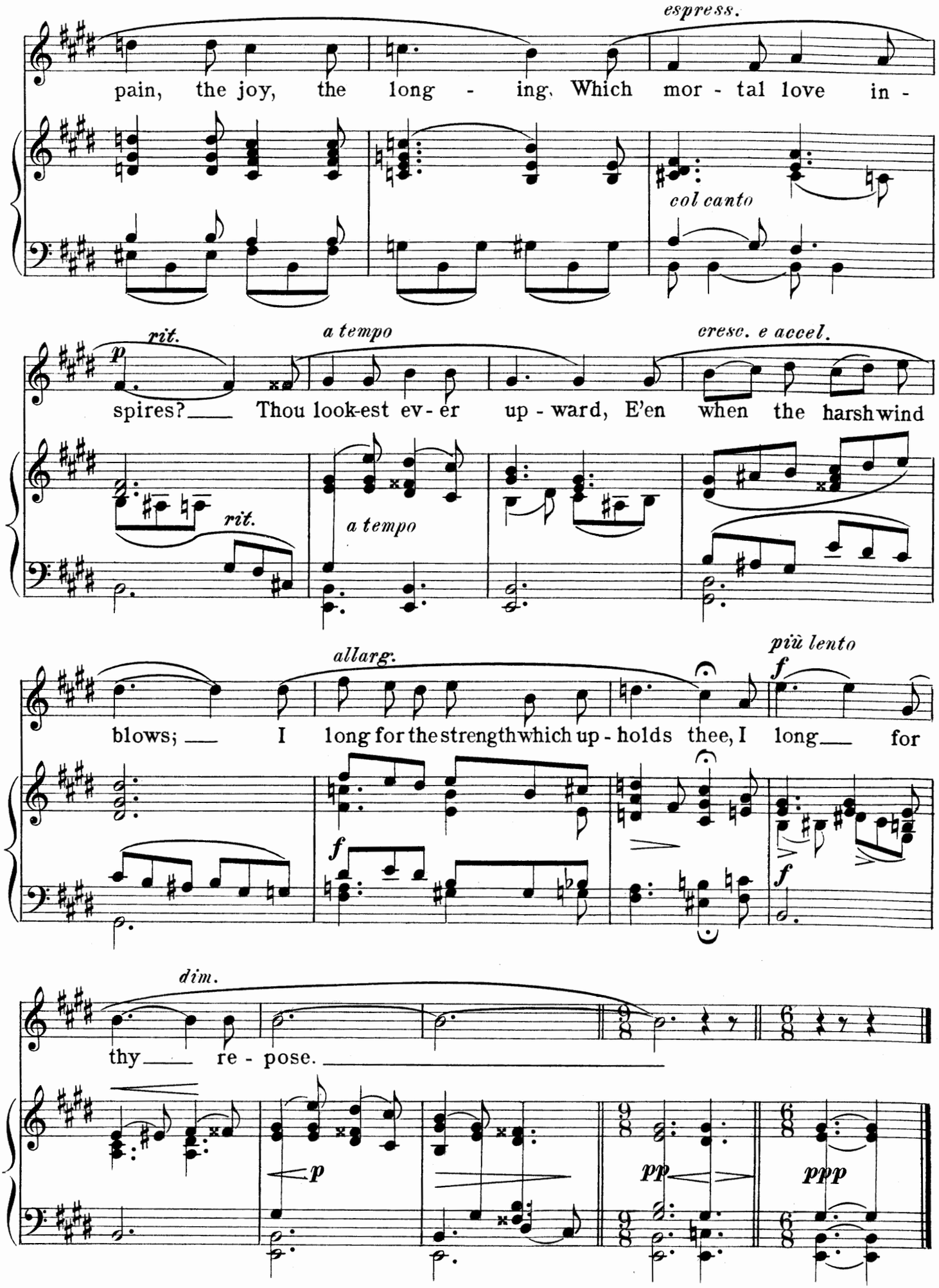
espress.
pain, the joy, the long - ing, Which mor - tal love in -
col canto
rit.
a tempo
cresc. e accel.
spires? Thou look-est ev - er up - ward, E'en when the harsh wind
rit.
a tempo
allarg.
più lento
blows; I long for the strength which up - holds thee, I long for
dim.
thy re - pose.
pp
ppp

"Yet ah, that spring should vanish"

From the Rubáiyát of
Omar Khayyám

Arthur Whiting

Moderato e semplice.

p

Yet ah, that Spring should van - ish with the

Rose! That Youth's sweetscented man - u-scriptshould close!

cresc.

più *f*

The Night - in - gale, that in the branch-es sang,

mf

Ped. *legato* * Ped.

(>)

Ah whence, and whith-er flown a - gain?

(>)

*

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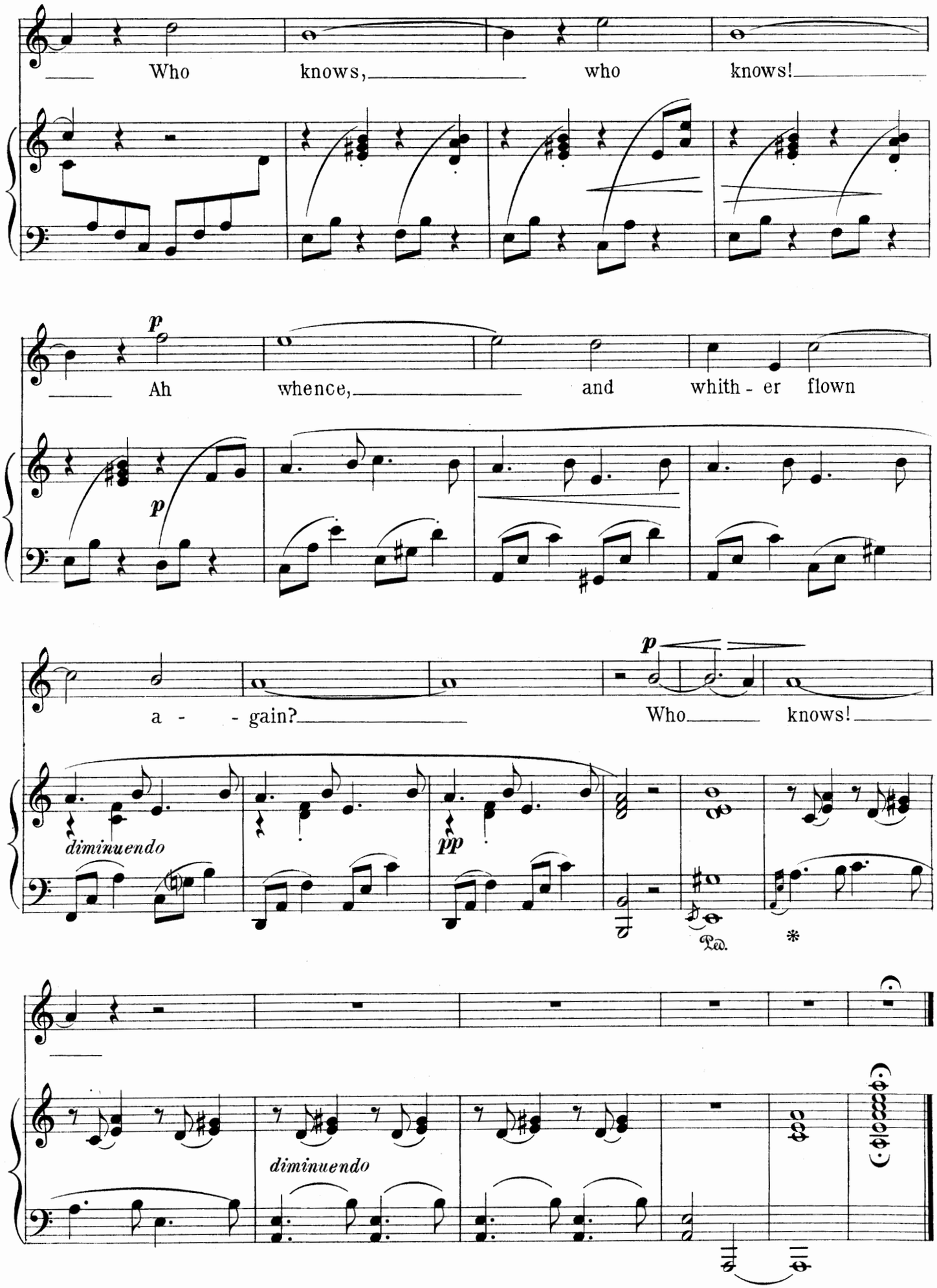
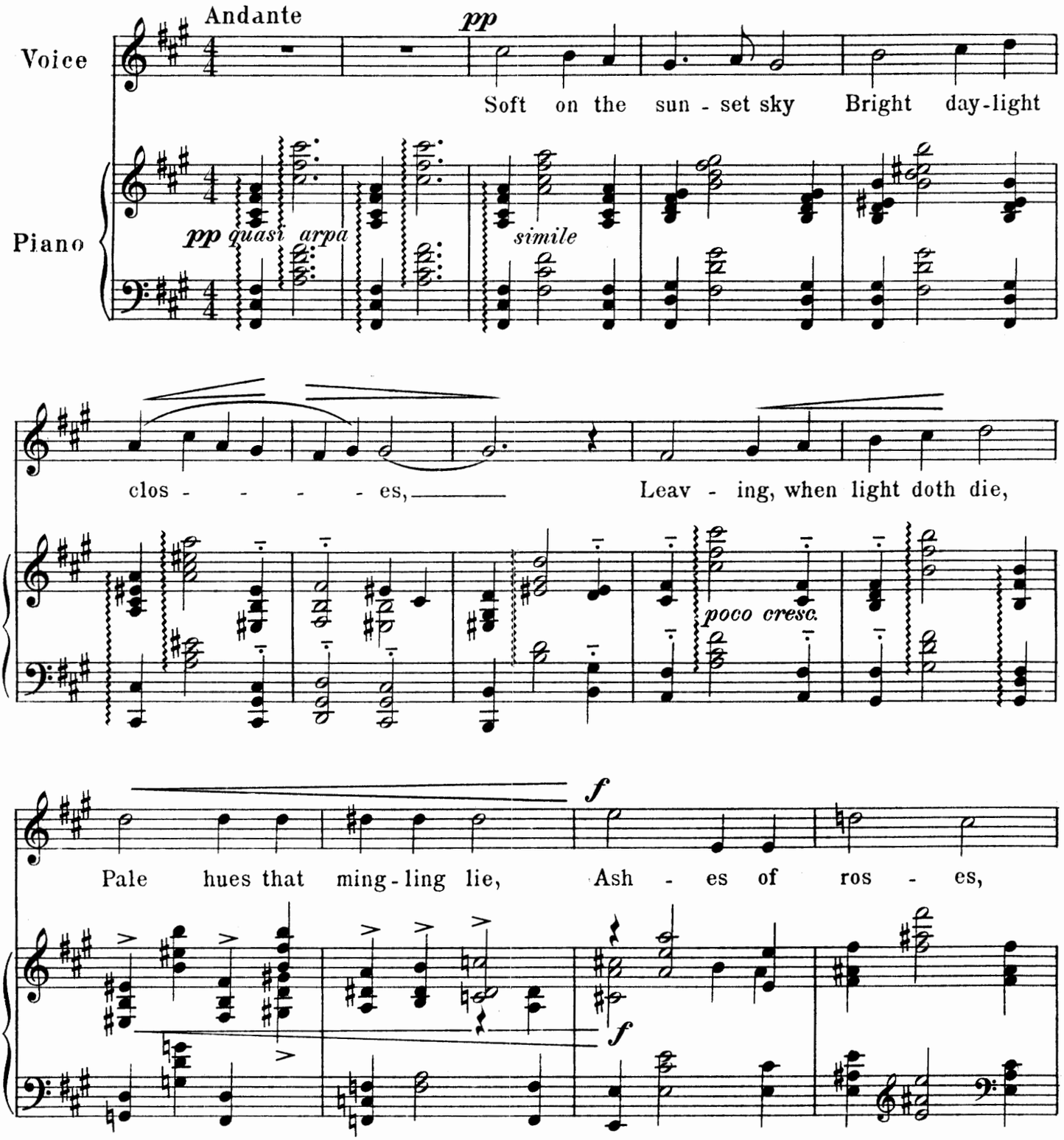

Who knows, who knows!
p
Ah whence, and whith - er flown
p
a - - gain? Who knows!
p
diminuendo
pp
Ped.
*
diminuendo

Ashes of Roses

Song for High Voice

Words by
Elaine Goodale

R. Huntington Woodman



This song is also published as a Trio for Women's voices

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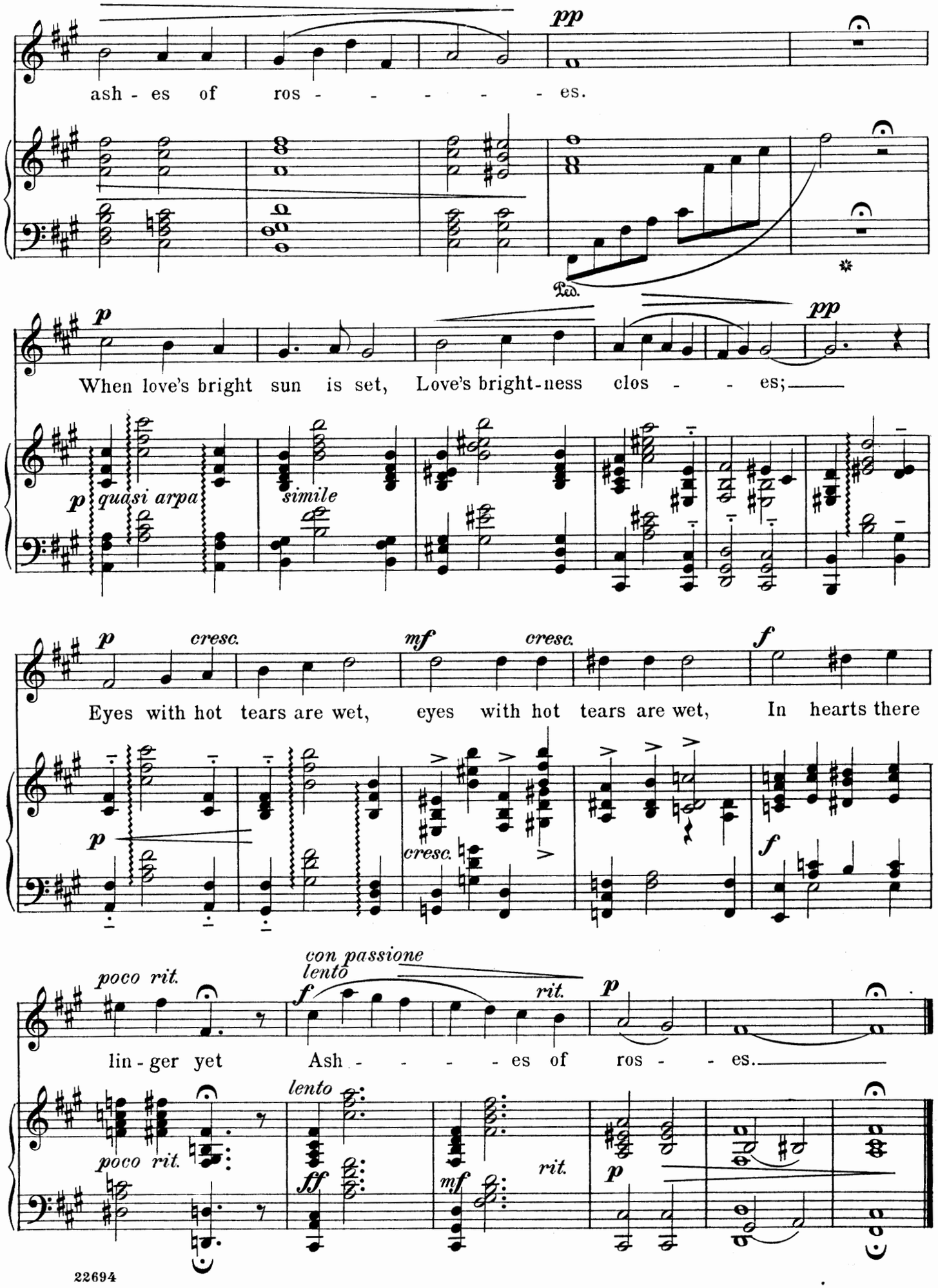

pp
ash - es of ros - - - - - - es.
Ped.
p
When love's bright sun is set, Love's bright-ness clos - - es;
pp
p quasi arpa
simile
p cresc.
mf cresc.
f
Eyes with hot tears are wet, eyes with hot tears are wet, In hearts there
p
cresc.
f
poco rit.
con passione
lento
f
rit.
p
lin - ger yet Ash - - - - es of ros - - es.
poco rit.
lento
ff
mf
rit.
p

To Clara Louise Jepson

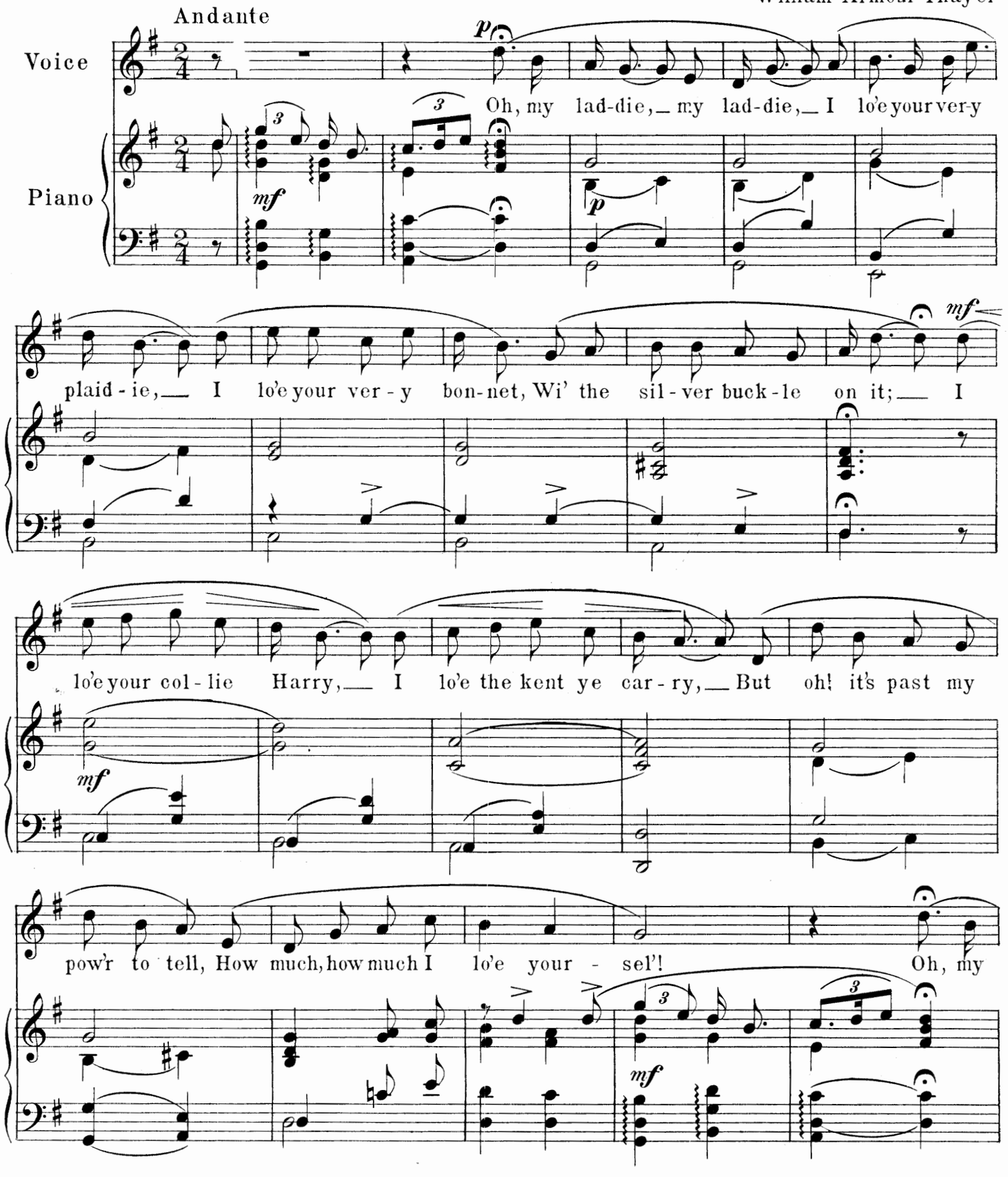
My Laddie

A Scotch Love-song

Words by Princess Troubetzkoy

Copyright, 1889, by Harper & Brothers

William Armour Thayer



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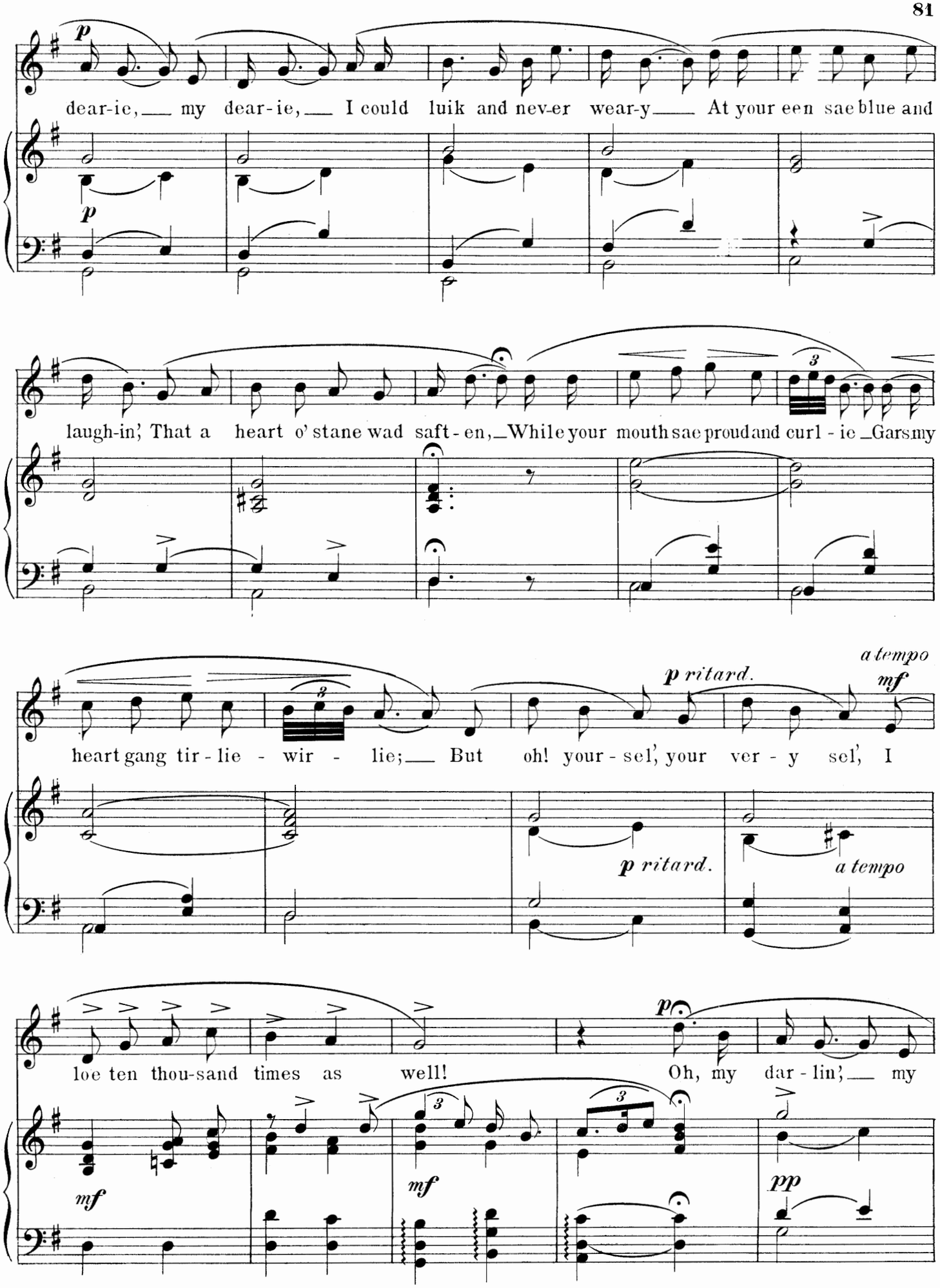
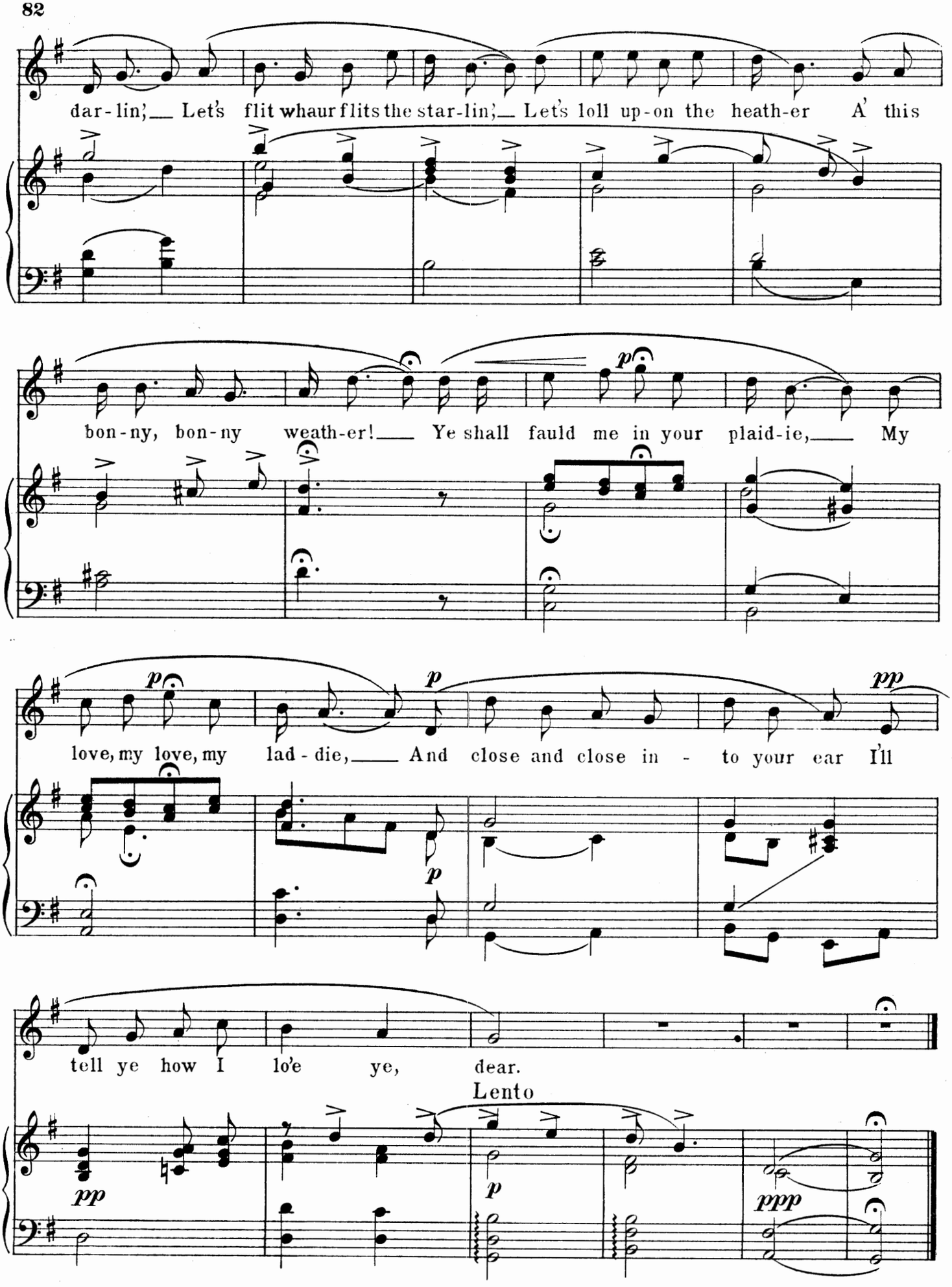

p
dear-ie, my dear-ie, I could luik and nev-er wear-y At your een sae blue and
laugh-in', That a heart o' stane wad saft-en, While your mouth sae proud and curl-ie Gars my
a tempo
p ritard.
mf
heart gang tir-lie-wir-lie; But oh! your-sel', your ver-y sel', I
p ritard.
a tempo
loe ten thou-sand times as well! Oh, my dar-lin', my
mf
mf
pp


dar-lin',— Let's flit whaur flits the star-lin',— Let's loll up-on the heath-er A' this
bon-ny, bon-ny weath-er!— Ye shall fauld me in your plaid-ie,— My
love, my love, my lad-die,— And close and close in - to your ear I'll
tell ye how I lo'e ye, dear.
Lento