

XXXVII

GO TO SLEEP MY DUSKY BABY

A LULLABY

Adapted from Dvořák's "HUMORESKE"

BY

FRANK R. RIX

Price, 60 cents net

G. SCHIRMER

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"Go to sleep, my dusky baby"

Lullaby

Words by Frank R. Rix*)

Adapted from "Humoreske", A. Dvořák
by Frank R. Rix

Poco lento e grazioso

Piano

mf

p

Go to sleep, my dusk - y ba - by, Sleep, an' dream of an-gels, may - be,

'Till yo' mam-my rests a lit - tle while. Shut yo' eyes while I am sing - in',

An' the hum-min' bees are wing - in', Mak - in' hon - ey for my chile.

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mf

There on the riv - er, Where her-ons hov-er, Hy - a - cynth's sweet are float-in' by, An'

mf

p

white or-ange-flow - ers, (Wish they were ours,) Fill the air with sweet-es' per-fume

p

rit. *p a tempo*

for my dear one. Go to sleep, my dusk-y ba-by, Sleep an'dream of an-gels, may-be,

rit. dim. *pp a tempo*

'Till yo' mam-my rests a lit - tle while. Shut yo' eyes while I am sing - in'

rall.

An' the hum-min' bees are wing-in', Mak-in' hon-ey for my dar-lin' chile.

rall.

mf a tempo

Pic-a-nin-ny, sleep, For the shad-ows ga-ther, Lit-tle birds must rest When the

mf a tempo *rit.*

a tempo

night is near. Mam-my watch will keep, An' the bad man can-not get yo',

a tempo

Mam-my holds yo' close, Don't yo' hab no fear. Night-in-gales will soon in the

or - ange grove be sing-in', Fire-flies will flash an' the frogs will drone.—

Now the moon is ris - in' o'er the cy - press in the mead - ow,

p Sleep, my lit - tle babe, my_ chile, my_ own! *rall.* *pp* *a tempo* Go to sleep, my dusk-y ba - by,

Sleep an' dream of an-gels, may-be, 'Till yo' mam-my rests a lit - tle while.

Shut yo' eyes while I am sing - in', An the hum-min' bees are wing - in',

rall. Mak - in' hon - ey for my dar - lin' chile. *a tempo* There on the riv - er,

Where her-ons hov-er, Hy-a-cynths sweet are float-in' by, An' white or-ange-flow-ers,

pp (Wish they were ours,) *dim.* *p* *rall.* Fill the air with sweet - es' per - fume for my chile. *p* *pp*

A GROUP OF SONGS BY HENRY HADLEY

For Muzina
Love-Song

Lawrence Hope* From "Stars of the Desert" Henry Hadley, Op. 72, No. 3

Slowly, tenderly

Voice: Give me your-self one hour, I do not crave for an-y love, or e-ven thought of me, Come, as a Sul-tan may ca-ress a slave, And

Piano: *p*

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For John McCormack
A California Troubadour

Clarence Urmey Henry Hadley, Op. 72, No. 1

Not fast

Voice: My heart, my heart's a bon-ny bird, That car-ols songs the sweet-est heard. My heart, my heart's a foun-tain fair, That

Piano: *p*

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For Helen Stanley
Nectar

Clarence Urmey Henry Hadley, Op. 72, No. 2

Allegro vivace

Voice: In a gold-en bowl I brew Leaf of rose and vio-let dew, And the es-senc-es of things Na-tal to Pi-

Piano: *ff* *con pedale*

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For Yvonne de Tréville
"My love the lily used to wear"

David Stevens Henry Hadley, Op. 72, No. 6

Joyfully, with motion

Voice: My love the lil-y used to wear That thro' the mead-ow trip-ping, She ga-thered while the ea-ger wind The morn-ing dew was sip-ping. But some-thing she has late-ly learned No

Piano: *f*

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