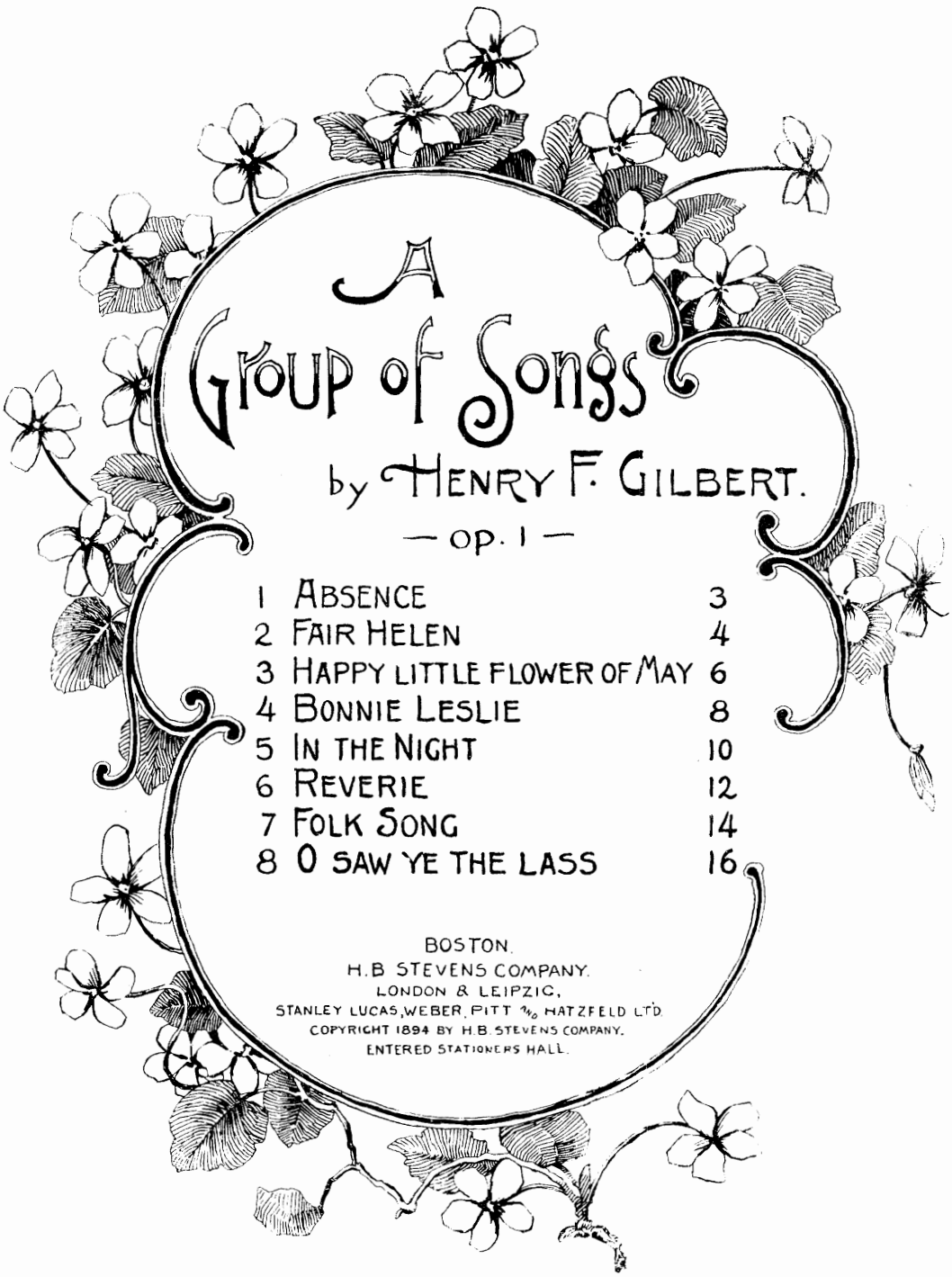
A GROUP OF SONGS

BY

HENRY F. GILBERT.



A Group of Songs

by Henry F. Gilbert.

— op. 1 —

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Boston.
H.B. Stevens Company.
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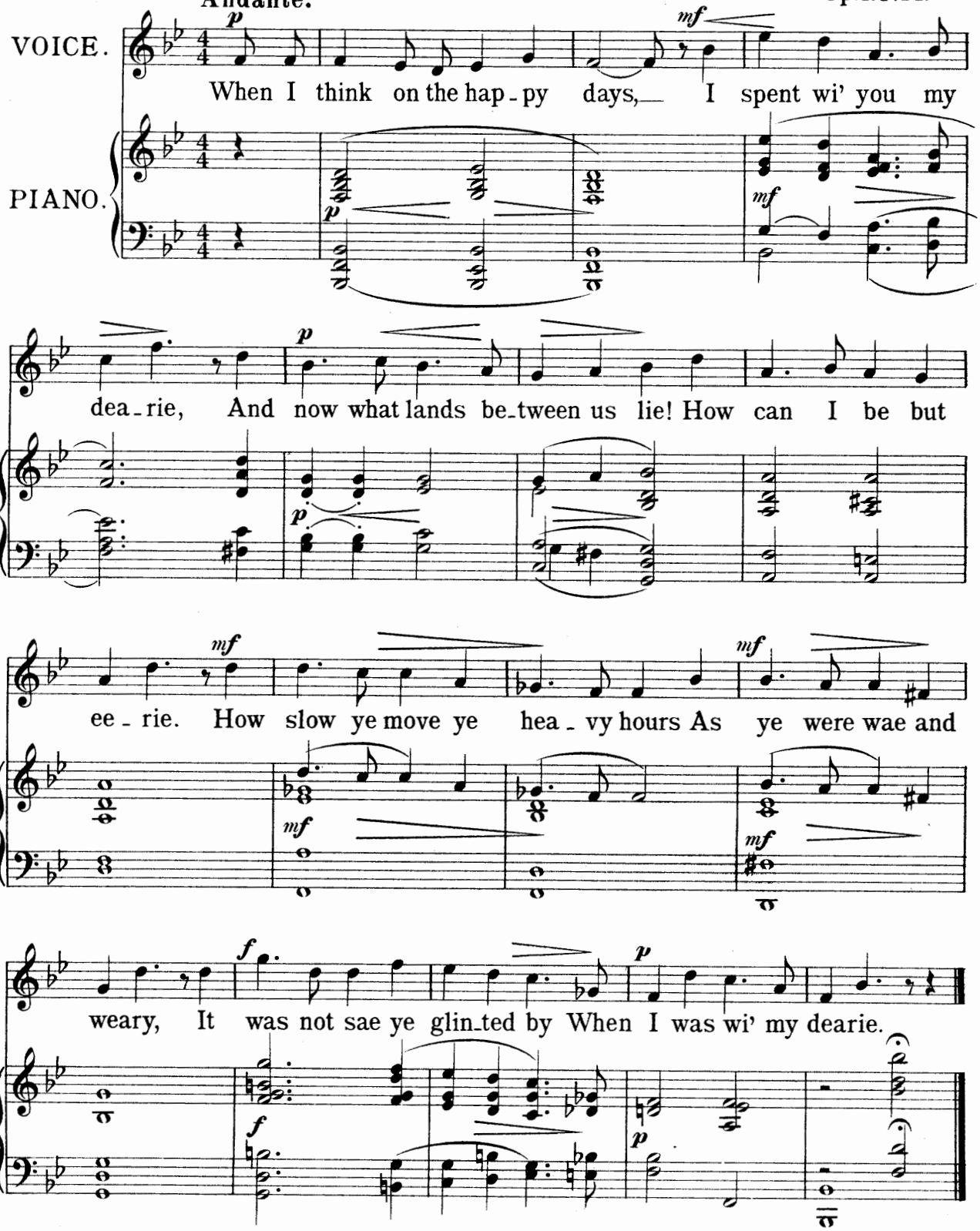
Absence.

Henry F. Gilbert,
Op. 1. No 1.

Andante.



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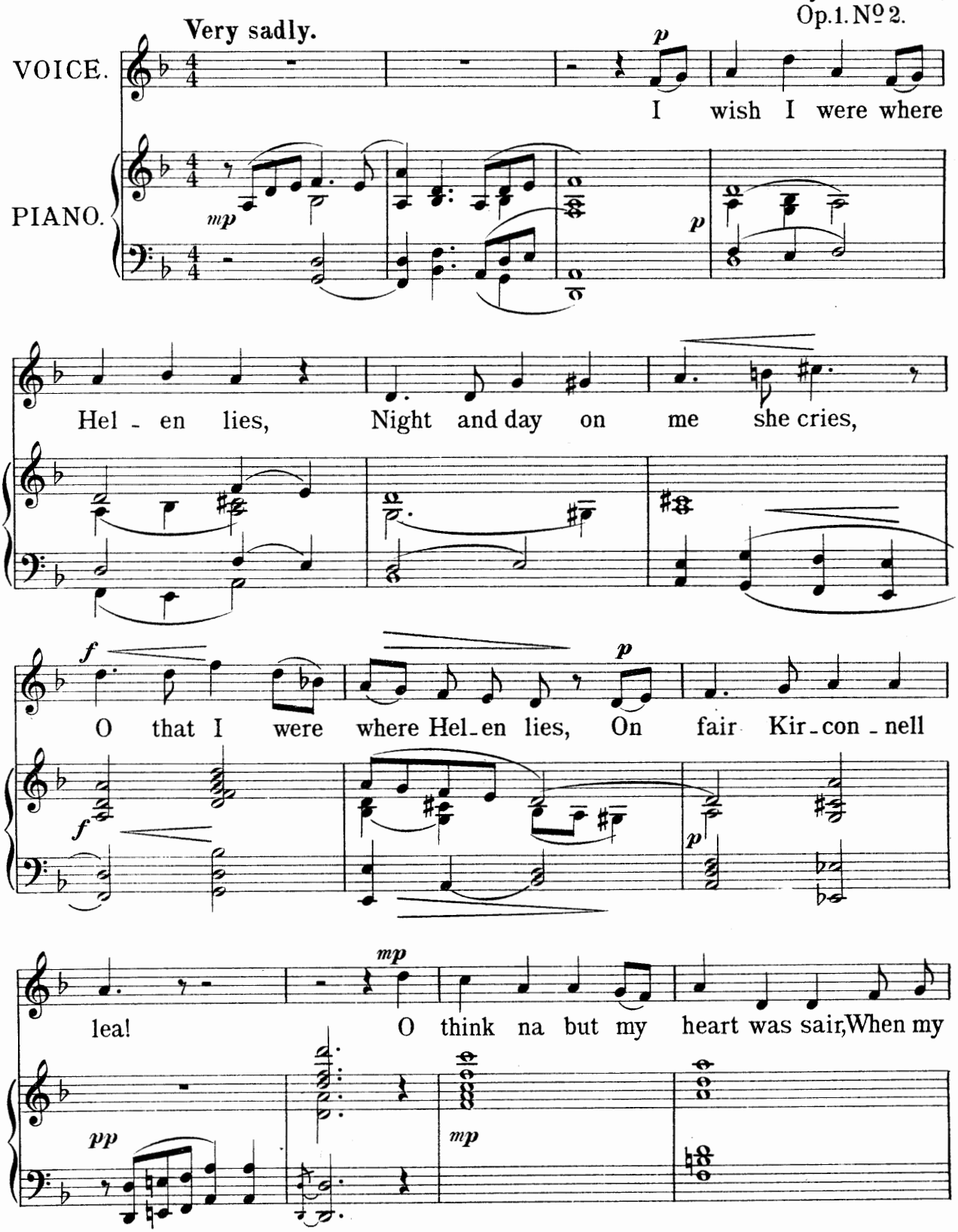
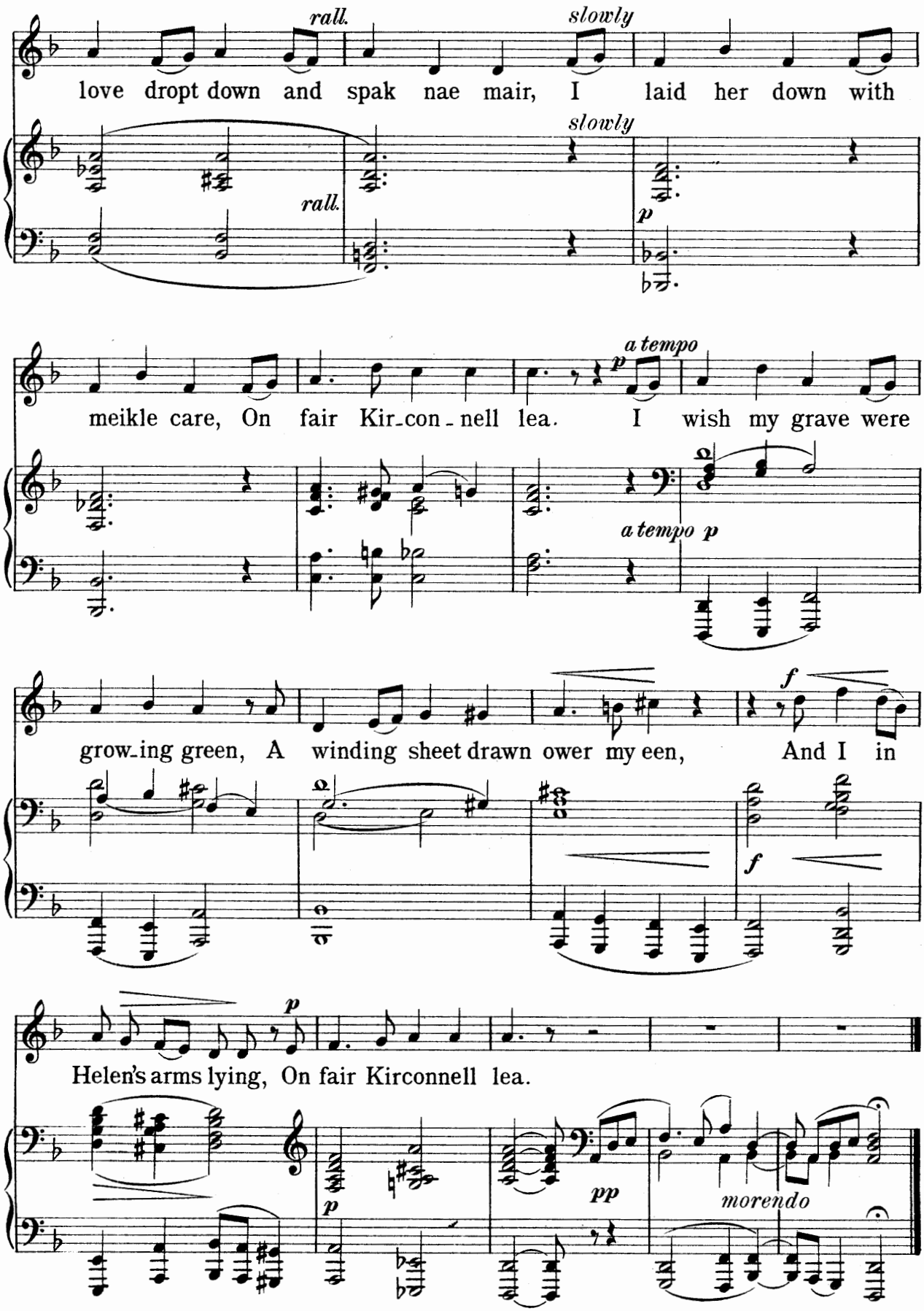
Fair Helen.

Henry F. Gilbert,
Op.1. Nº 2.



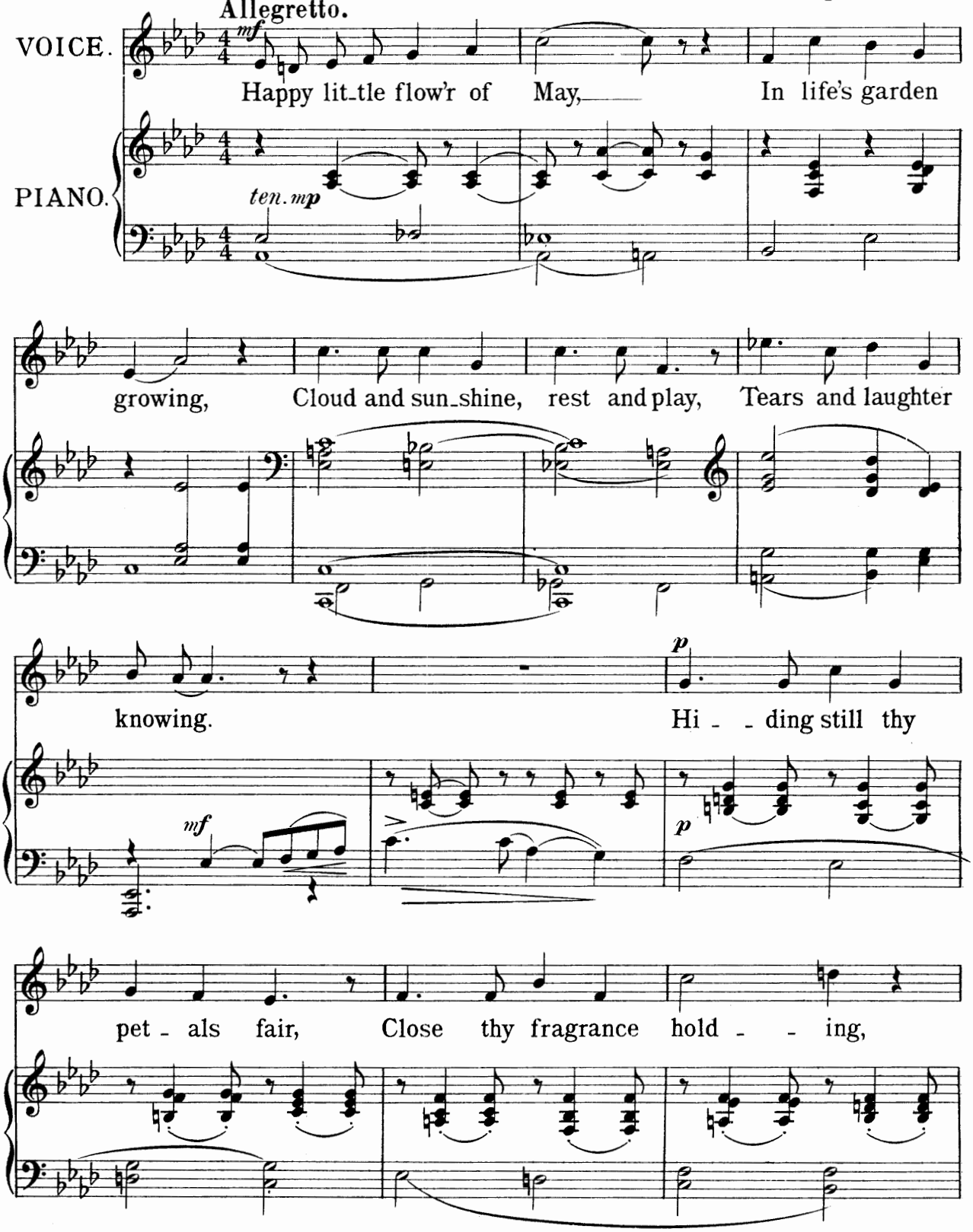

rall.
slowly
love dropt down and spak nae mair, I laid her down with
rall.
slowly
p
a tempo
p
meikle care, On fair Kir-con-nell lea. I wish my grave were
a tempo p
grow-ing green, A winding sheet drawn ower my een, And I in
f
f
p
Helen's arms lying, On fair Kirconnell lea.
p
pp
morendo

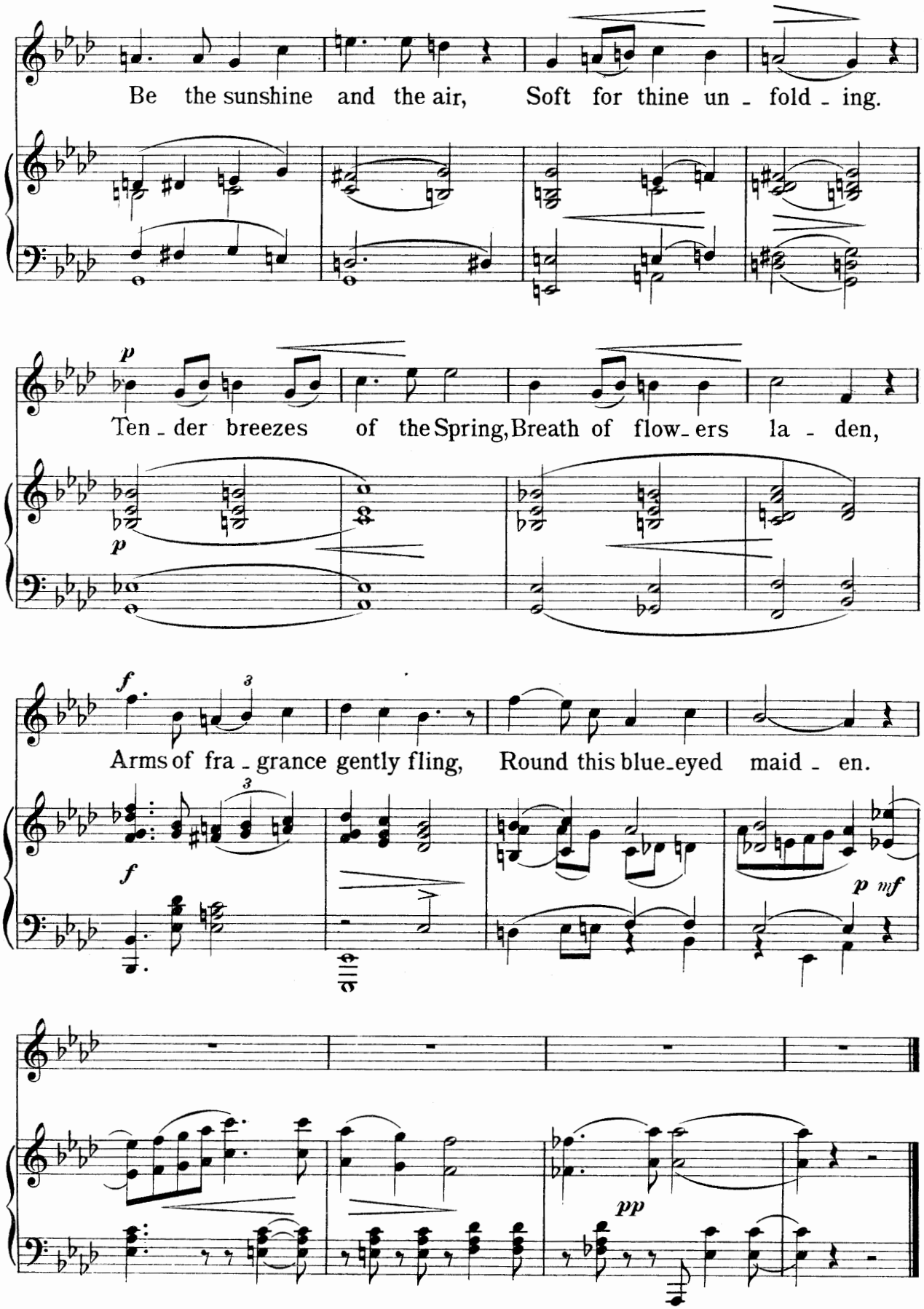
Happy little flower of May.

Words by
Miss H. J. Wescott.

Henry F. Gilbert,
Op. 1. No 3.

Allegretto.




Be the sunshine and the air, Soft for thine un - fold - ing.
p
Ten - der breezes of the Spring, Breath of flow - ers la - den,
p
f
Arms of fra - grance gently fling, Round this blue-eyed maid - en.
f
p mf
pp

Bonnie Lesley.

Words by
Robt Burns.

Henry F. Gilbert,
Op. 1. No 4.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

O

mf

p

saw ye bon-nie Les-ley, As she gaed o'er the bor-der? She's

p

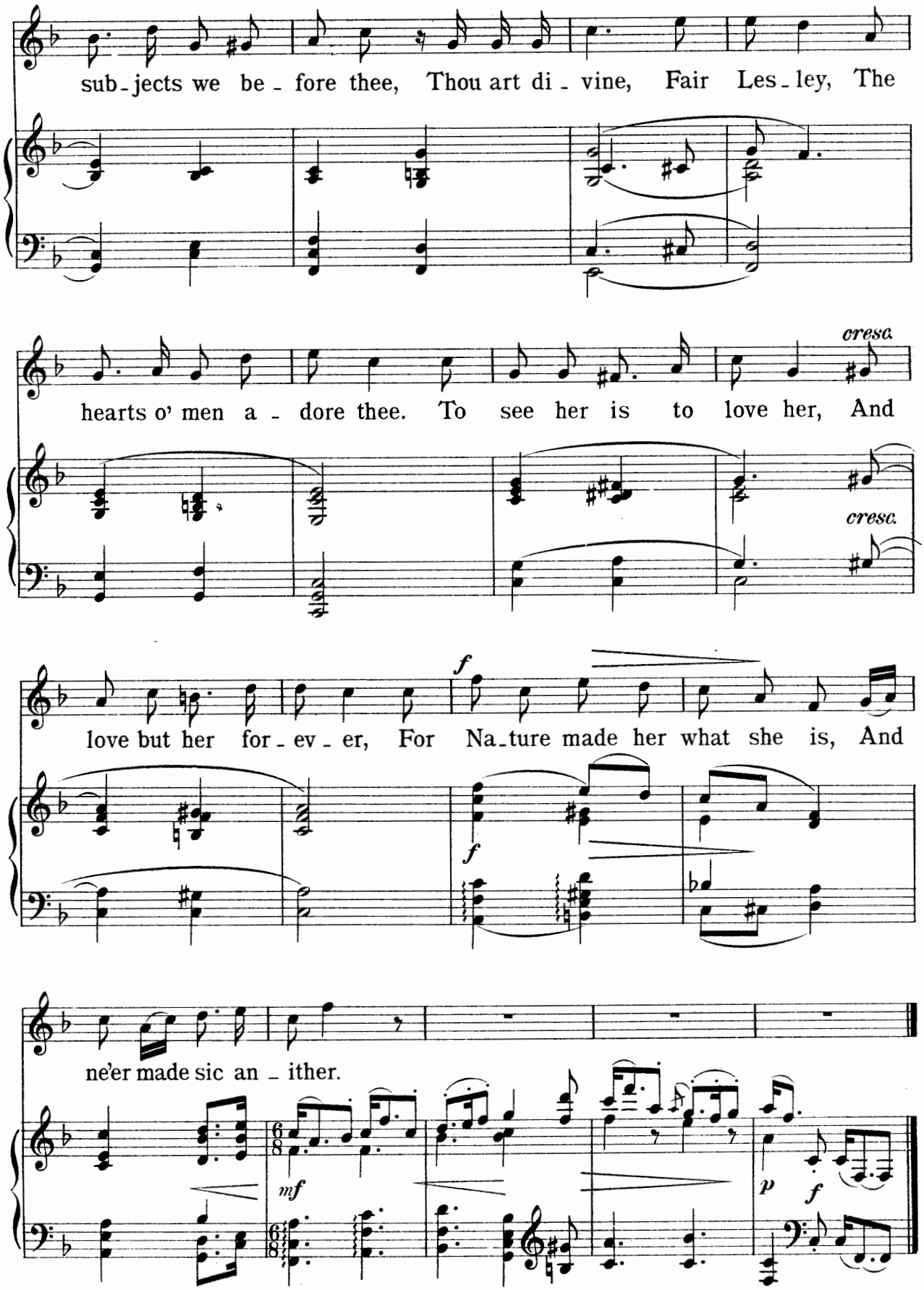
gane like Al-ex-an-der, To spread her conquests far-ther.

mf

p

Thou art a queen Fair Lesley, Thy

p

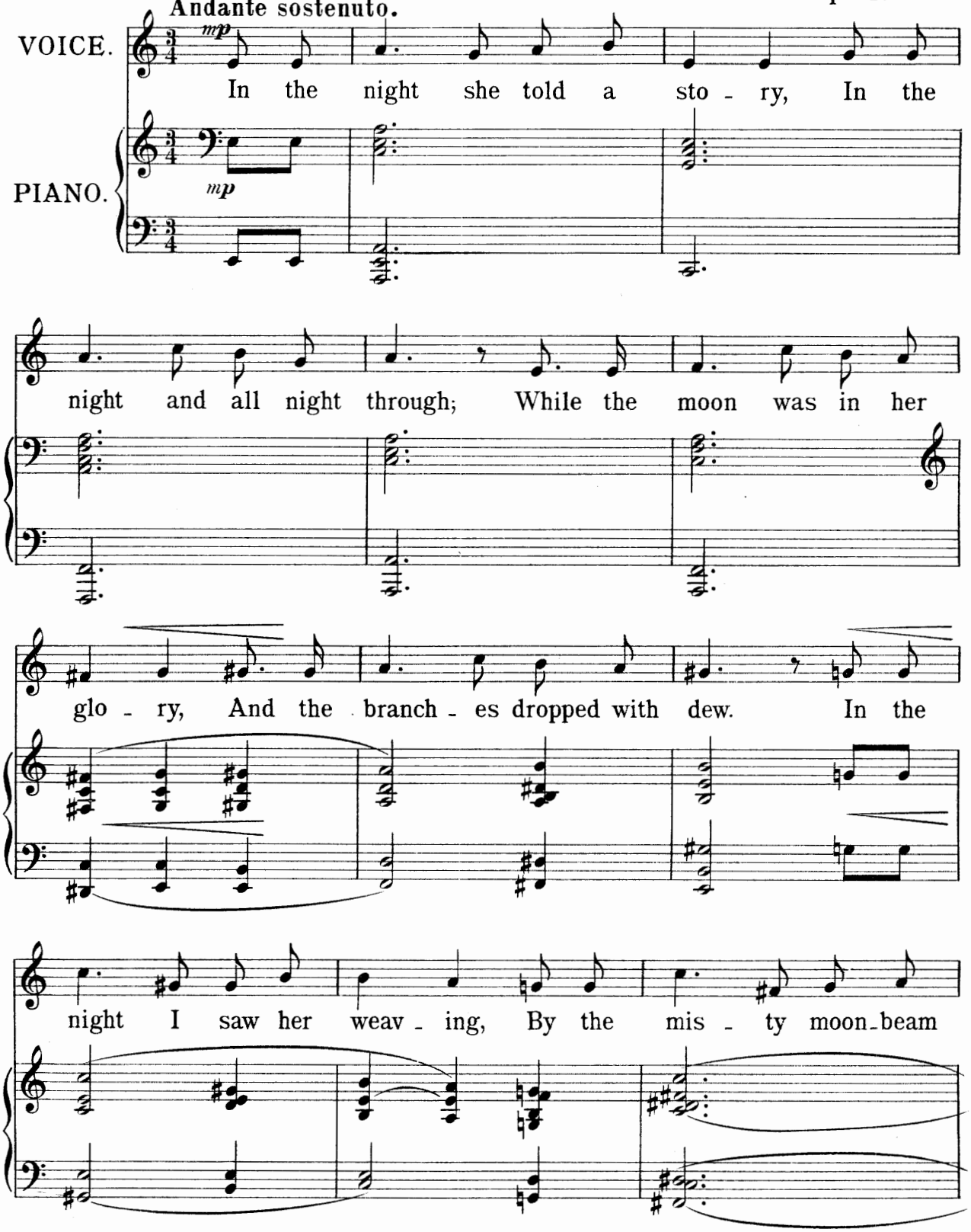

sub-jects we be-fore thee, Thou art di-vine, Fair Les-ley, The
cresc.
hearts o' men a-dore thee. To see her is to love her, And
cresc.
f
love but her for-ev-er, For Na-ture made her what she is, And
f
ne'er made sic an-ither.
mf
p
f

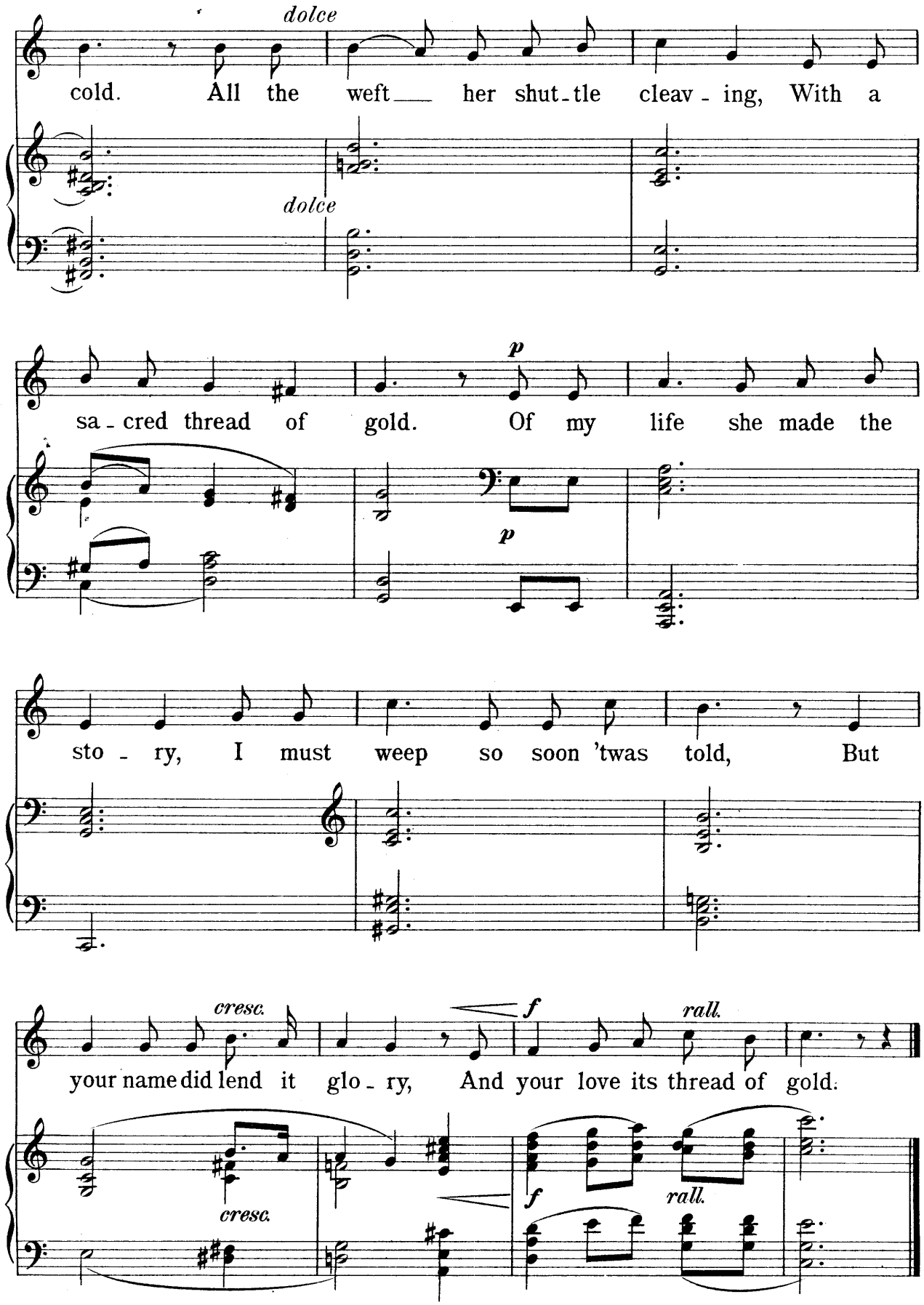
In the Night.

Words by
Jean Ingelow.

Henry F. Gilbert,
Op. 1. No 5.

Andante sostenuto.

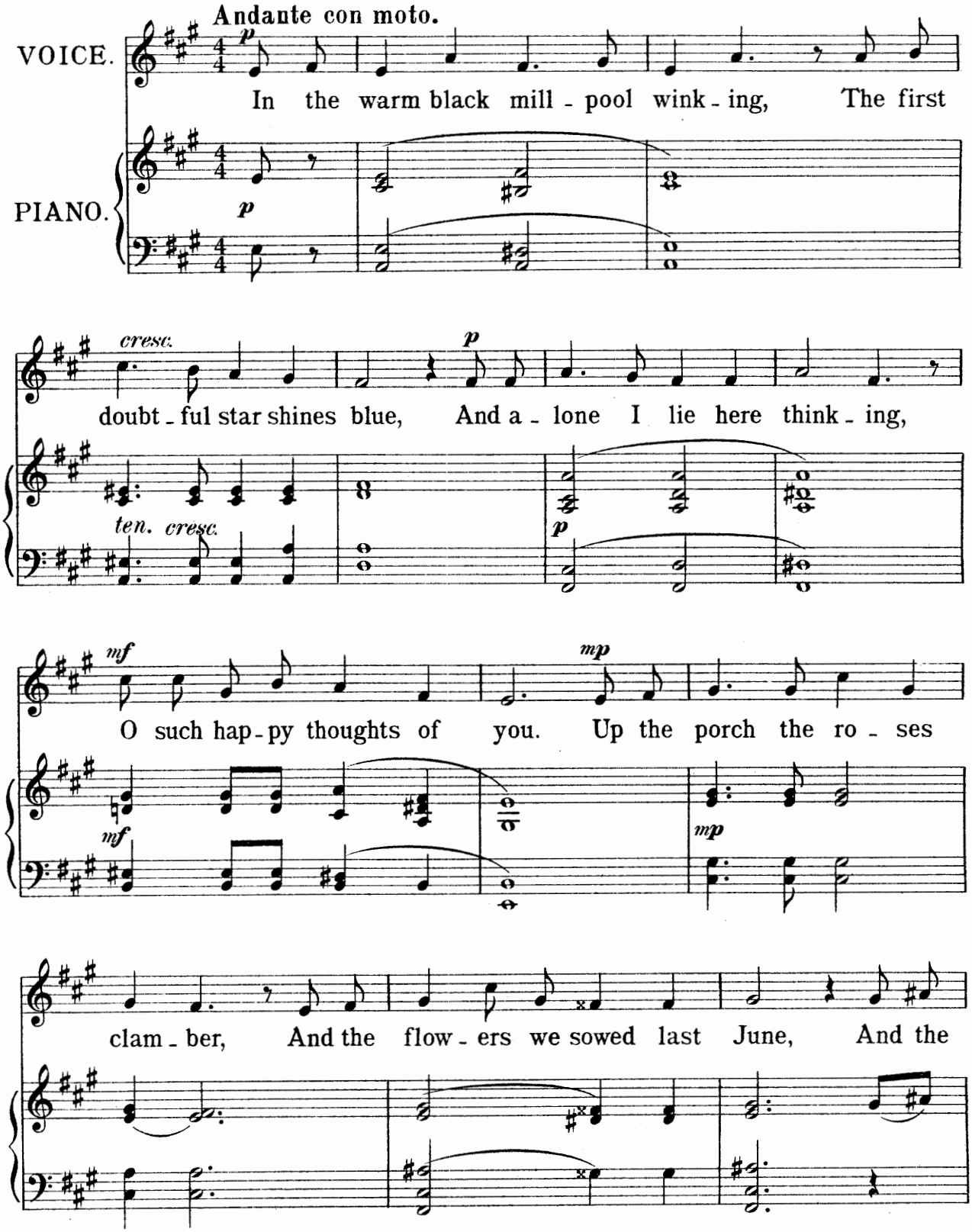


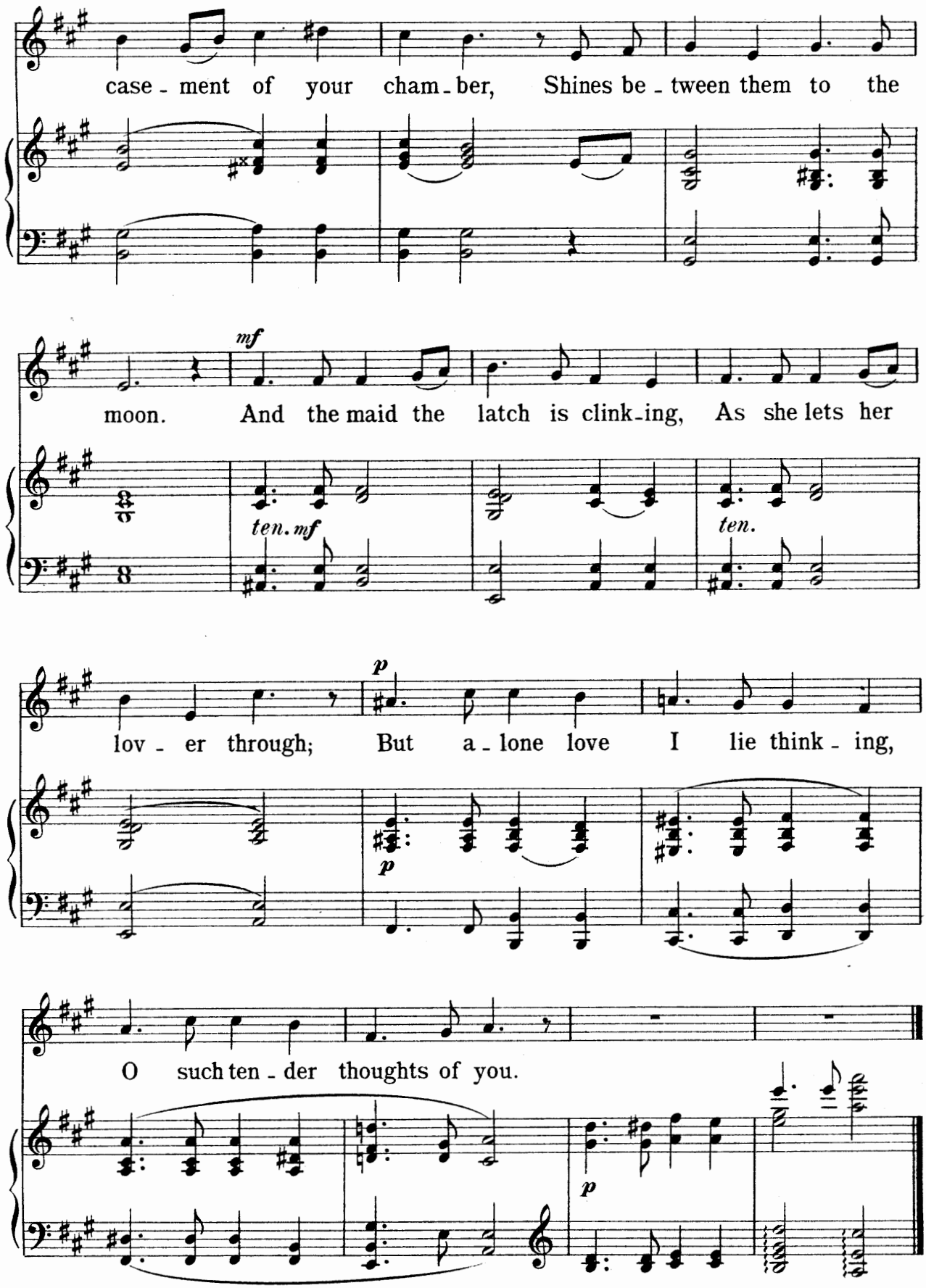

dolce
cold. All the weft her shut-tle cleav-ing, With a
dolce
p
sa-cred thread of gold. Of my life she made the
p
sto-ry, I must weep so soon 'twas told, But
cresc.
f
rall.
your name did lend it glo-ry, And your love its thread of gold.
cresc.
f
rall.

Reverie.

Words by
Owen Meridith.

Henry F. Gilbert,
Op. 1. Nº 6.

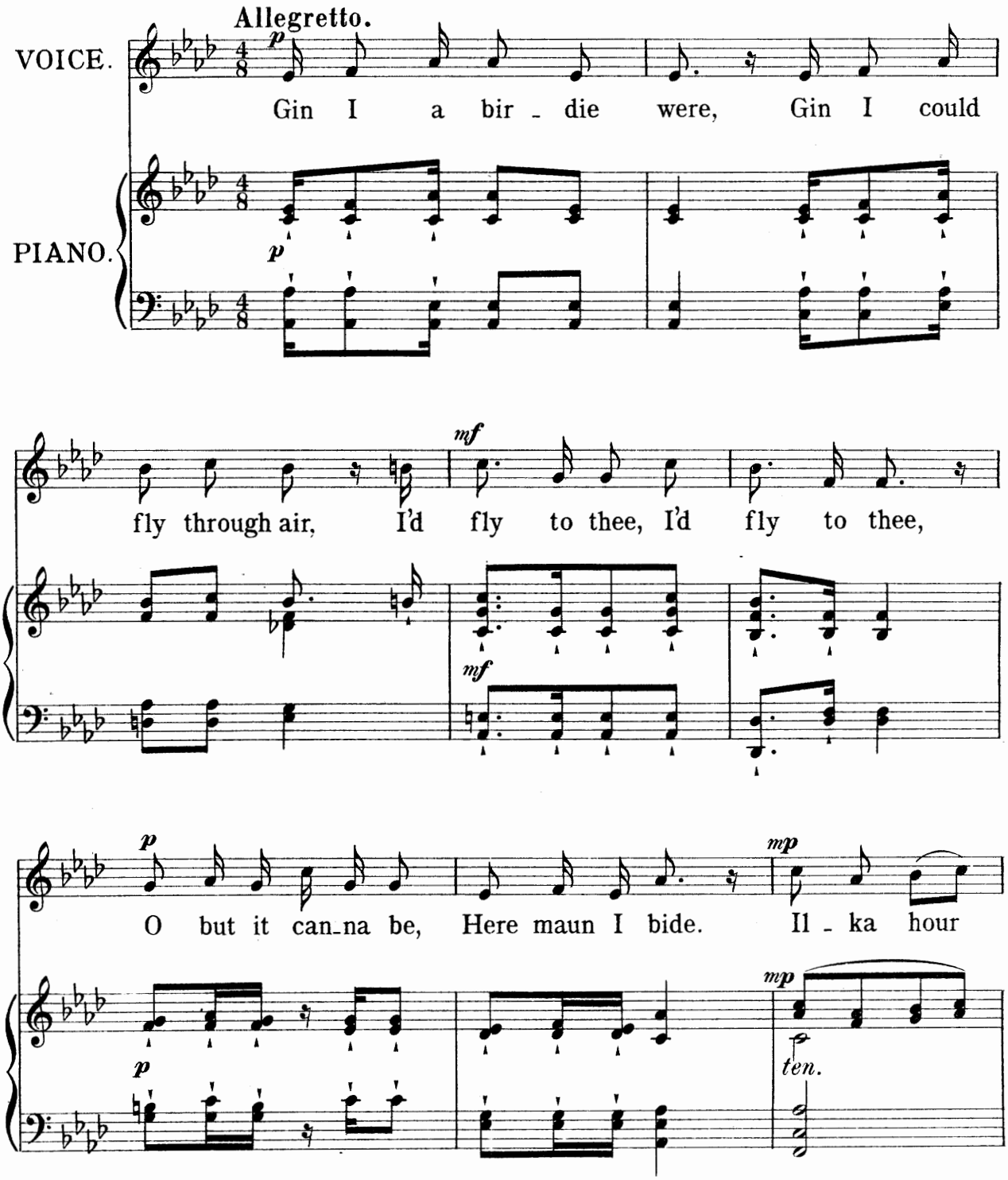


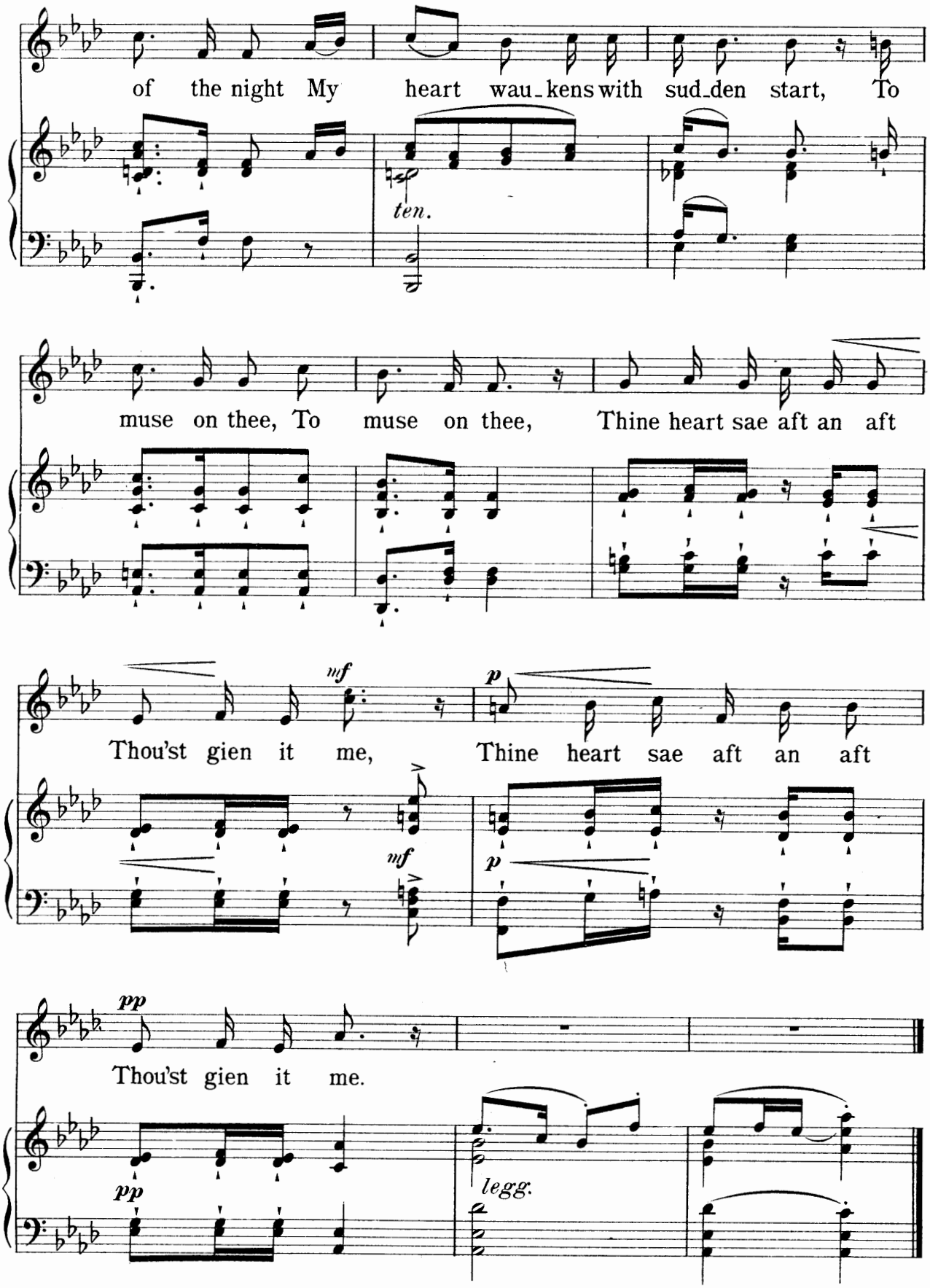

case - ment of your cham - ber, Shines be - tween them to the
mf
moon. And the maid the latch is clink - ing, As she lets her
ten. mf
ten.
p
lov - er through; But a - lone love I lie think - ing,
p
O such ten - der thoughts of you.
p

Folk Song.

Words from
"The Boy's Magic Horn."

Henry F. Gilbert,
Op. 1. No 7.

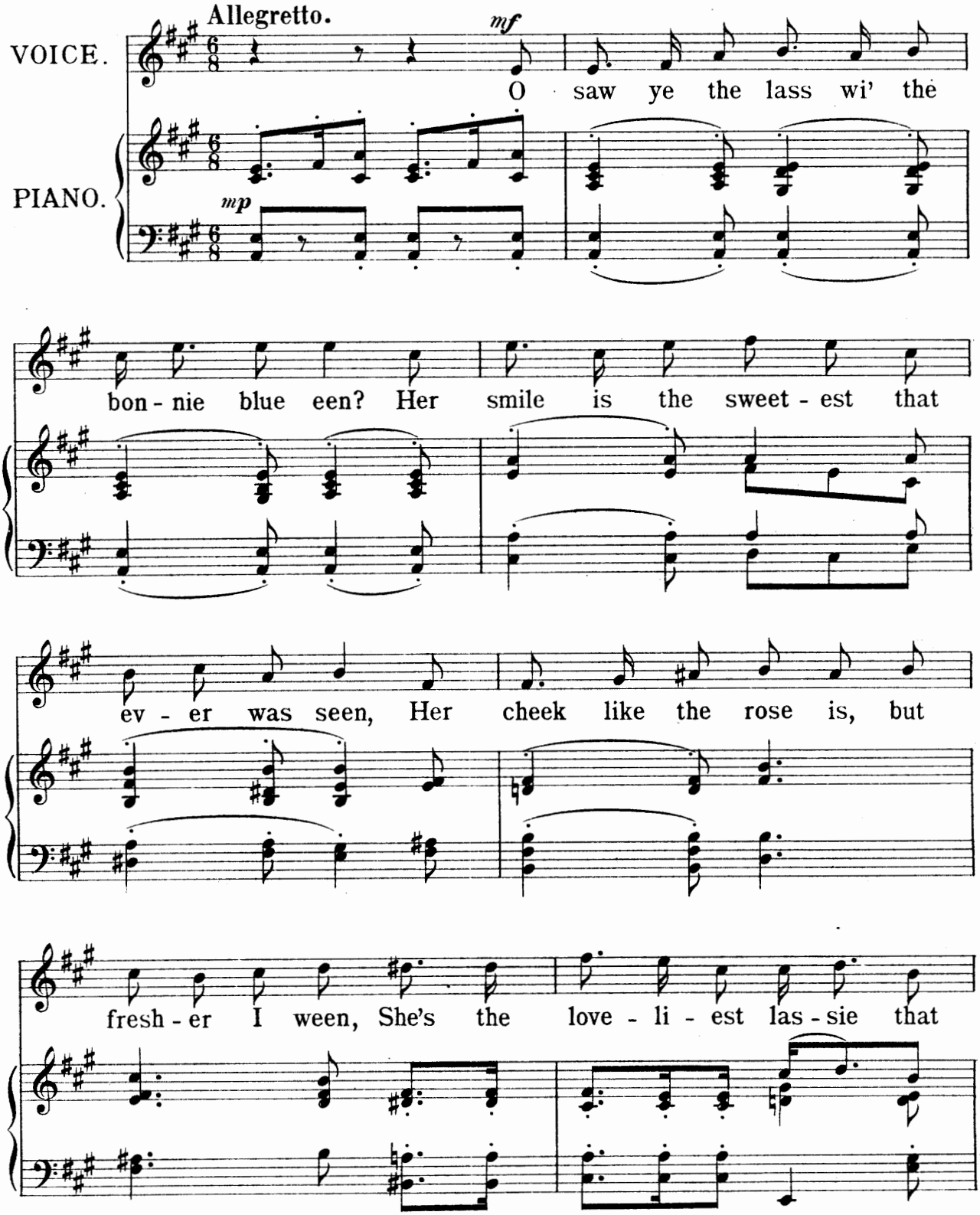


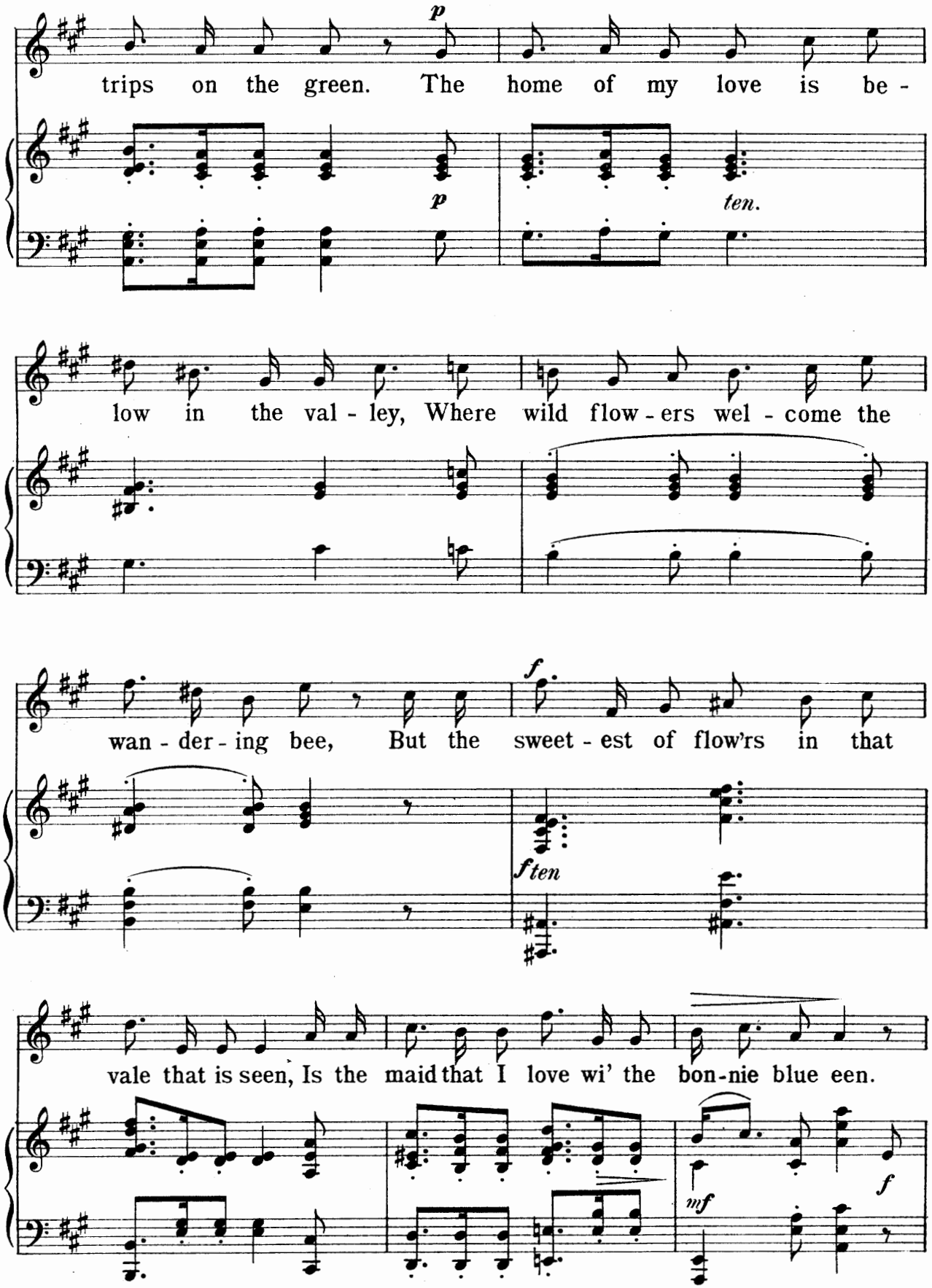

of the night My heart wau-kens with sud-den start, To
ten.
muse on thee, To muse on thee, Thine heart sae aft an aft
mf
p
Thou'st gien it me, Thine heart sae aft an aft
mf
p
pp
Thou'st gien it me.
pp
legg.

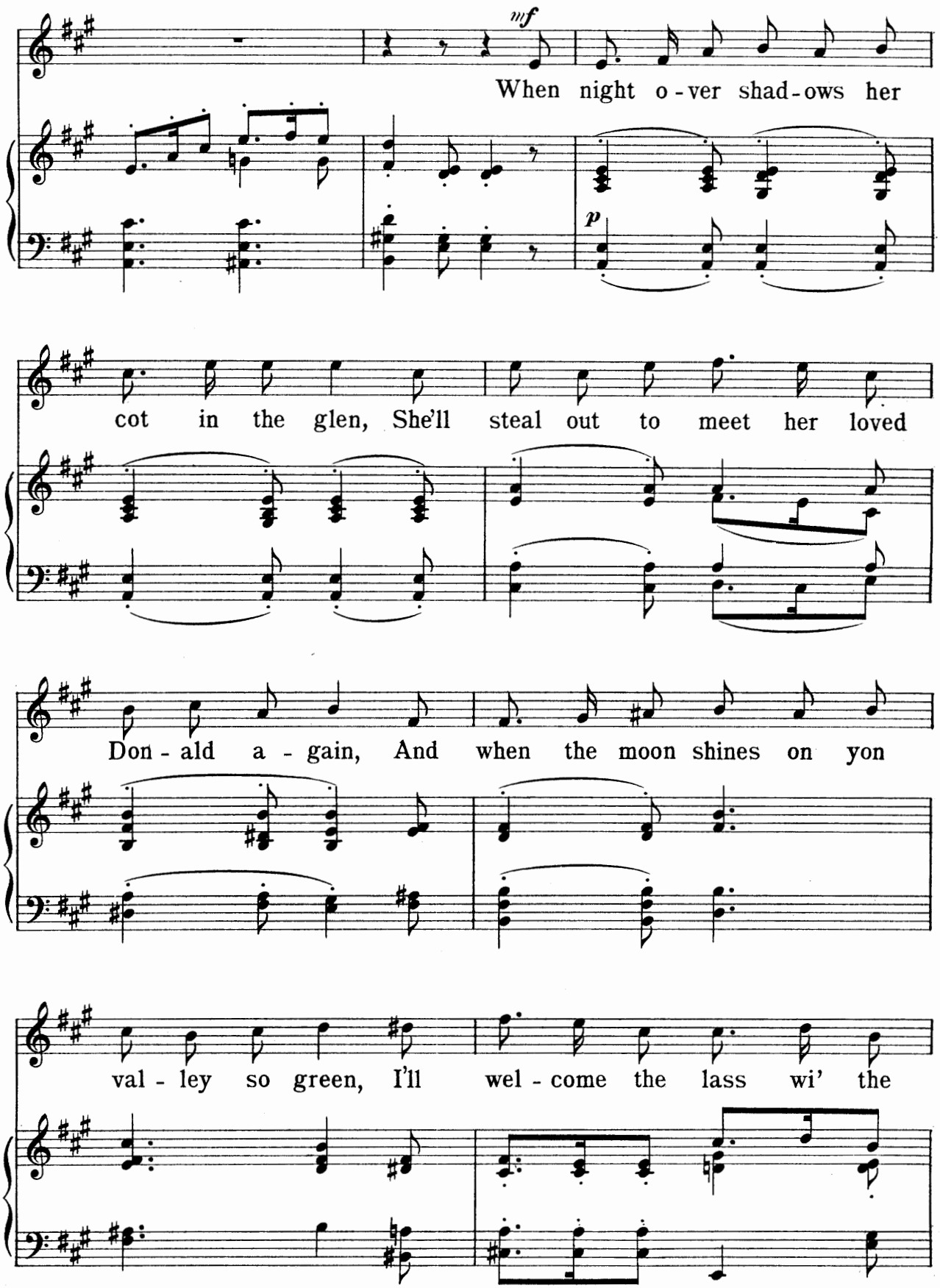
O saw ye the lass.

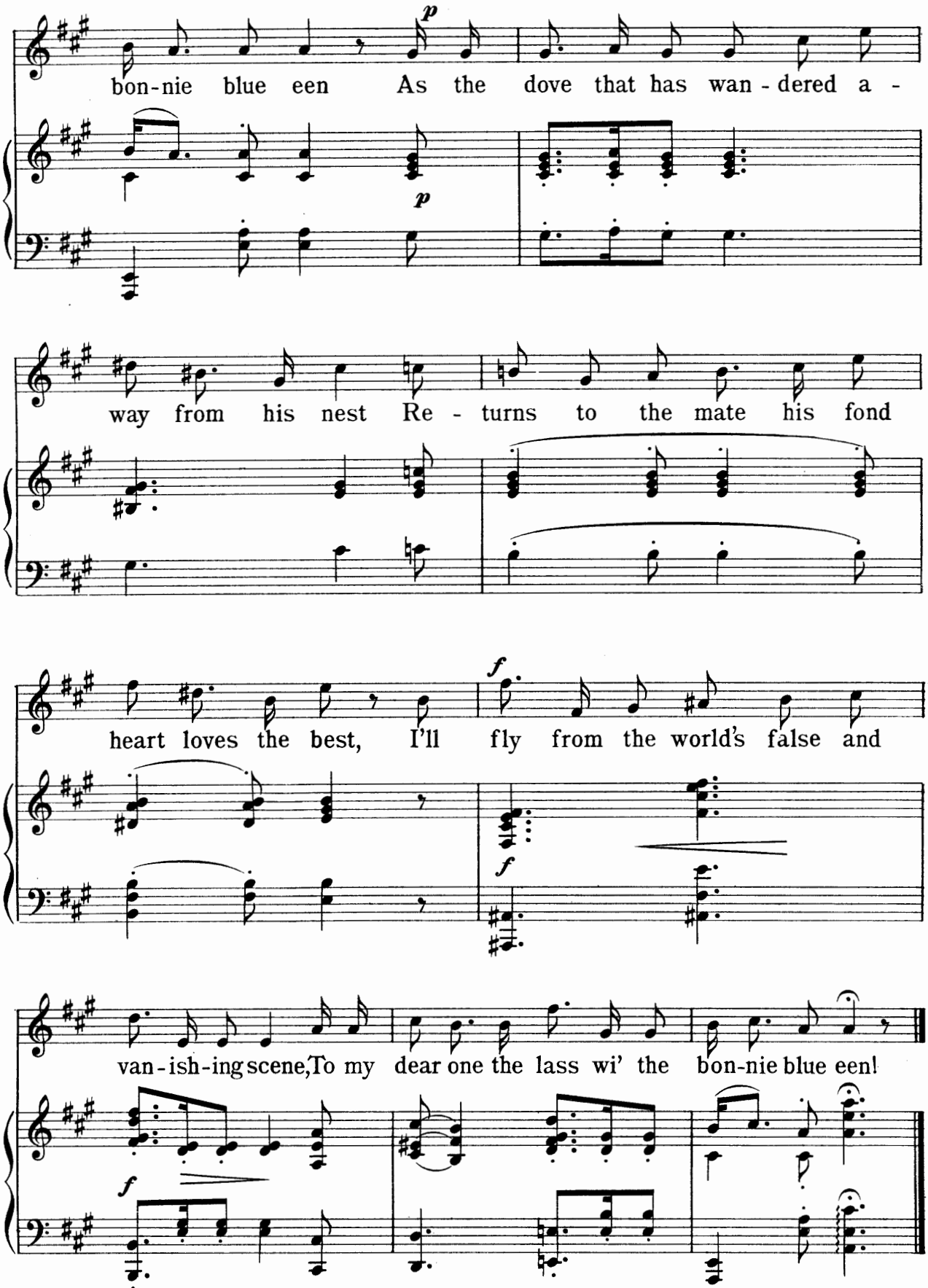
Words by
Richard Ryan.

Henry F. Gilbert,
Op. 1. No 8.




p
trips on the green. The home of my love is be -
p
ten.
low in the val - ley, Where wild flow - ers wel - come the
wan - der - ing bee, But the
f
sweet - est of flow'rs in that
f ten
vale that is seen, Is the maid that I love wi' the bon-nie blue een.
mf
f


mf
When night o - ver shad - ows her
p
cot in the glen, She'll steal out to meet her loved
Don - ald a - gain, And when the moon shines on yon
val - ley so green, I'll wel - come the lass wi' the


p
bon-nie blue een As the dove that has wan-dered a-
p
way from his nest Re-turns to the mate his fond
f
heart loves the best, I'll fly from the world's false and
f
van-ish-ing scene, To my dear one the lass wi' the bon-nie blue een!
f