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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High Voice
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At Parting

Frederic Peterson

Non troppo vivo, con anima  

Piano

The sweetest flow'r that blows

dolce egualmente

I give you as we part

con Pedale

For you, it is a rose!

For me, it

Copyright, 1886, by James H. Rogers
Assigned, 1906, to G. Schirmer
is my heart! The fragrance it ex-

dolce
despress.
Which but in dying fails,--

you!
The sweetest flow'r that
Entreaty

(A Love-Song)

Words by IRA ALLEN, JR.

Music by WILSON G. SMITH

Copyright, 1888, by J.H. Rogers
Assigned, 1906, to G. Schirmer
found a resting-place.
I dreamed your girl-ish

Fed. simile

lips met mine,
And that your dew-y breath

Did

whisper thoughts against my cheek,
As would give life to

poco rit.

death,
Did whisper thoughts against my cheek,
As
would, as would give life to death.

a tempo

O little maiden, whose soft lips Are

sweet...er than May...dew, Just lean a moment

on my breast, And make my dream come true! In
dreams last night your golden hair
Lay soft against my face,
And clasped in mine your dainty hands
Had found a resting place.
Oh, lean one moment
on my brest, And make, and make my dream come true!
"Love's sorrow"

"LIEBESLEID"

Ballad

Andantino con moto

The sun's last ray is gone, And dusky twi-light steals up

on me; The village lights are lit, And all is still-ness

round me. The stars are wake-ing one by one To grace the beau-ty

Copyright, 1888, by G. Schirmer
O come to me, my love, O come to me, my

My heart throbs for thee, for thee, and thee alone;

And hasten, sweet, thy coming; My

in anguish yearns for thee, O come to me, my love.

O komm Geliebte komm zu mir, mein ganzes.

Nur dir galt allein, Ach komm, ich habre dein; O

Held de zög're nicht, mich endlich zu befucken, Meine

Herz in bangere Schne suchet saigt, Geliebte komm zu mir.

rit.

a tempo.
Nacht träumt ich von dir.
Doch ach, der Traum war schnell entvunden.
Du

gain thou wert with me.
With rapture I embraced thee, O

why did I from that dream awake, To hear again that last "good bye;"

molto rit.

molto rit.
O come to me, my love, O come to me, my love, My heart throbs for thee, for thee, and thee alone; O speed the lingering hours And hasten, sweet, thy coming; My soul in anguish yearns for thee, O come to me, O come, my love.

O komm Ge-lieb-te komm zu mir, mein ganzes Sehnen Nur dir gilt al-lein, Ach komm, ich har-re dein; O Hol-de zög-re nicht mich end-lich zu be-glü-cken; Mein Herz in ban-ger

Sehnsucht schlägt, Ge-lieb-te komm, o komm zu mir.
Serenade

(Good-night! good-night, beloved!)

ETHELBERT NEVIN

VOICE

Moderato con espressione

Good-night! good - night, be-

loved, I come to watch o'er thee.

To be near thee, to be near thee a -

dolce.

Copyright, 1885, by G. Schirmer
I come to watch o'er thee,

To be near thee, to be near thee, a-

Tone is peace for me.

Good night.
Thine eyes are stars of morning, Thy lips are crimson flowers, Good sight! Good night beloved, While I count the weary hours, Thine
eyes are stars of morning, Thy lips are crimson flowers. Good night! Good night beloved, While I

pin rit. count the weary hours. Good night.
To I. M. C.

In My Beloved's Eyes

Adagio espressivo

Words by
W. M. Chauvenet

G. W. CHADWICK

Voice

I looked into the midnight deep, And saw the steadfast stars, True sentinels that never sleep, Beyond earth's prison bars. I looked in my Beloved's eyes, And saw her radiant soul. Still steadfast in the heav'ly skies Of love's remotest goal.

Copyright, 1891, by G. Schirmer
Joy of the Morning

Words by Edwin Markham

Music by Harriet Ware

Allegro

hear you, little bird, shouting across above the broken wall. Shout louder yet; no

Copyright, 1906, by G. Schirmer
song can tell it all. Sing to my soul in the deep, still wood: 'Tis wonderful, 'tis wonderful, beyond the wildest.
word:

Tis won-
der-

ful:
tis won-
der-ful:

a tempo

I’d tell it, too, if I could, if I could.

a tempo

L.H.
Oft when the white, still dawn

Lifted the skies, and pushed the

hills apart, I've felt it

like a glory in my heart, (The
world's mysterious stir, But had no

throat like yours, my bird. Nor such a listener.

nor such a listener. I hear you, little

bird, Shouting a-swing above the broken
wall. Shout louder yet: no

poco rit.

song can tell it all. Sing to my

colla voce

soul in the deep, still wood: 'Tis

won - der - ful. 'tis won - der-

22694
ful beyond the wildest

Tis wonderful, 'tis

wonderful; I'd tell it, too, if I

could, if I could.
To Mr. Avery Bulver

Highland Mary
Scotch Song

Words by
Robert Burns

Homer N. Bartlett
Op. 224

Allegretto con moto

Vocal

Piano

banks and braes and streams a-round

The castle o' Montgomery, Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,

Your waters ne'er drum-be! There

Copyright, 1908, by G. Schirmer
Summer first unfauld her robes, And there the longest tarry! For

there I took the last fare-weel O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay greenbirk, How rich the hawthorn blossom, As
Underneath their fragrant shade I clasp'd her to my bosom! The

Golden hours on angel wings Flew o'er me and my dear-ie: For

dear to me as light and life Was my sweet High-land Mary—O,

pale, pale sow, those rosy lips I aft hae kissed sae fond-ly;— And

28
closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me so kindly.
And

murdering now in silent dust
That heart that led me

dearly! But still within my bosom's core
Shall

live—my Highland Mary.
A Moonlight Song

Words* by John Proctor Mills

Andante sostenuto

Charles Wakefield Cadman. Op.42, No.2

Piano

mezza voce

PP molto legato

The moon-light shimmers thro' the vine__That

to__my__porch is__clinging;__The__flowers

light-ly nod their heads, Mr. love-filled heart is

singing.

* By permission of the author

Copyright, 1908, by G. Schirmer
The petals of the rose float by like love, her kisses bringing; And all the night is glad to me, I hear thy dear voice ringing!
Her Rose
A Love-Song

Words by
Jeanie Gallup Mottet

C. Whitney Coombs

Andante con estro poetico (d-es)

Rose - bud, you touched her, You breathed with her breath And her

sighs; Fair rose, you kissed her, You
bloomed in the light of her eyes.

Sweet rose, you loved her, you

seemed of herself just a part;

Dear rose, you're mine now, you've brought me the warmth of her heart.
Rose-Time

Joyous, buoyant with motion

Henry Hadley. Op. 48, No. 2

It's rose-time,

rose-time, and the garden is a-glow

With the crimson of the roses on the

trees,

It's rose-time, rose-time!

At the dawn the roses

blow

While the leaves are trembling in the gentle breeze.

Copyright, 1910, by G. Schirmer
Roses in the garden That shame my sweet-heart's lips, 
Red roses blooming here and there, 
Red roses blooming everywhere, 
Un

Til the autumn strips Those roses from the garden That shame my

sweet heart's lips.
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,

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
still the month is June,

The roses gather here and there,

The roses gather everywhere;

They'll vanish all too soon,

Those roses in the garden, Most lovely.

while 'ts June!

rall. ff a tempo

p ritard. 

Wes Cope, Mass.
Sunday, July 27, '98
To G. W., in affection

April

Poem by
William Watson

Music by
Victor Harris

**Voice**

Fast and gaily

_April, April, Laugh thy girlish laughter_,

**Piano**

_senza Ped._


Then, the moment after, Weep thy girlish tears.

_April, April, that mine ears Like a lover greetest_,

Copyright, 1908, by G. Schirmer
If I tell thee, sweetest, All my hopes and fears,

April, April, Laugh thy golden laughter,

But, the moment after, Weep thy golden tears, April,

April, Laugh thy golden laughter.
The Nightingale and the Rose

(Soprano, or Tenor)

R. H. BECK

C. B. HAWLEY

Nightingale bent to a crimson rose, And whispering low in her ear, Made her

Copyright, 1908, by G. Schirmer
near.

Then back up-on a bough he sprang, And sweet, and clear, was the song he sang; And

accel. e cresc. higher and higher the love-notes rang, Till all the world could hear; Then

rall. trilled as low as the winds that blow In the mid-day of the year.
For he sang of love that cannot die, This minstrel of the air; Love

tuned the notes of his melody, And furnished a sonnet rare.

For love will live when the world is dead, And
low-ly lies each maid-en's head, But nev-er a word of this he said, As he
sang with-out a care._ But he sang of the now from the
swing-ing bough, Of the now, And his lady fair._
To Mr. Heinrich Meur

Requiem
(underwoods)

Robert Louis Stevenson

SIDNEY HOMER
Op. 18, No. 2
Original key C major

Voice

Adagio

Under the wide and starry sky Dig the grave and_

let me lie. Glad did I live and_

Music not transcribed.

gladly die, And I laid me down with a will.

Copyright, 1904, by G. Schirmer
This be the verse you grave for me: Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from sea, And the hunter home from the hill.
The Ferry for Shadow-Town

R. de KOVEN, Op. 58

Allegretto

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray, Just as the darkness is closing down;

Always it sails at the end of the day, It is the Ferry for Shadow-Town.
Rest, little head, on my shoulder so, A sleepy kiss is the
only fare; Drifting away from the world we go,

Baby and I, in the rocking chair, To Shadow Town.

Rock to and fro in the twilight gray, Just as the darkness is
clo - sing down; Sail - ing al - way at the close of the day.

This is the Fer - ry for Shad - ow Town. Rock slow, more slow,

This is the Fer - ry for Shadow Town. Tempo I.

See where the fire - logs glow and spark, Glister the light of the Shad - ow - land.
Poco rall.

Feit-ing rains on the win-dow, hark! A-ter ripples lapping up-on his strand.

P a tempo.

S-low, rock slow, in the dusk-y light, And gen-tly low-er the

pp a tempo.

an-chor down; Dear lit-tle Trav-er, say good night,

p poco cres.

Here is the Har-bor of Shadow Town; Of Shadow Town.
Rock to and fro, in the twilight gray, Just as the darkness is closing down; Sailing away at the close of the day;

This is the Ferry for Shadow Town; Rock slow, more slow;

This is the Ferry for Shadow Town.
To Miss LE A LITTLE

I Love, and the World is Mine

Words by
FLORENCE EARLE COATES

(Soprano or Tenor)

CLAYTON JOHNS

Con moto

For me the jasmines

Buds unfold, and sil-verdaisies star the lea, The

Crocus hoards the sunset gold and the wild rose breathes for

me, a tempo.

Feel the sap through the bough returning, I

Copyright, 1894, by G. Schirmer

Words from "Harper's Weekly" Copyright 1894 by Harper & Brothers.
share the skylark's transport fine; I know the fountain's

wayward yearning, I love, and the world is mine.

I love, and thoughts that some time grieved, still

well remembered, grieve not me; From all that darkened
and deceived, Up—soars my spirit free. For

soft the hours repeat one story, Sings the sea one

strain divine, My clouds arise all flushed with glory, I

love and the world is mine.
Dedicated to and sung by Mme. Johanna Gadeki

Like the Rosebud

Andreas Bard

Andantino

Voice

Would, love, I were the

Piano

rosebud, Which on thy bosom

lies;

Short is its day, but

blissful, It buds, and blooms, and

Copyright, 1906, by G. Schirmer
dies.

Thus could I live, for-

get-

- ting

That we for aye must

part,

And live and love and perish So

close-

ly to thy heart.
Verse by
Margaret Deland

The Clover

Edward Macdowell, Op. 26, No. 3

Sturdily, with feeling (§ = 50)

Voice

O rud-dy Lover! O brave red clo-ver!

Piano

Didst think to win her Thos dost a-dore? She will not

love thee, She looks a-bove thee, The Dais-ty's gold

Copyright, 1887, by G. Schirmer
Yet slower

pp

Doth move her more! If gold can win her, Then Love's not in her,

Yet slower

a tempo


If gold can win her, Then Love's not in her, So leave the

ff

Sinner, And sigh no more!

ff rit.

Poco rit.
"For Ever and a Day"

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

Like an improvisation

Voice

Piano

black-bird on the bough

is filling

all the air With his soft crescendo now;

Copyright, 1903, by G. Schirmer
For she is gone a-way, And when she went she took The Springtime in his look, The peach blow on his 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.
It's little that I mind
How the blossoms pink or white
At every touch of wind Fall a-trembling with delight;
For in the leafy lane Beneath the garden
boughs. And thru' the si-lest house, One thing a-lone I seek; Un-

til she comes a-gain, The May is not the May, And

what she calls a week, is for ev-er, for

slower

ev-er and a day.
Serenade

Andante con affezione

1. The wind is whispering low, my love, The

moon is rising slow, my love, and I, love, thy true love, am

keeping watch over thee; so sleep, love, for I am

keeping watch over thee.
2. The stars are shining bright, my love, the
heavens are all a-light, my love, so sleep, love, my true love, thou

A gift of God to me; so sleep, love, for I am

keeping watch o'er thee.
Milkmaid's Song

From Tennyson's "Queen Mary"

Animated

Horatio Parker

Piano

Shame up-on you, Robin, Shame up-on you now! Kiss me, would you? With my

hands Milk-ing the cow? Dai-sies grow a-gain, King-cups

blow a-gain, And you came and kiss'd me Milk-ing the cow.
Robin came behind me, Kiss’d me well, I vow. Cuff him could I? with my

hands Milk-ing the cow? Swal-lows fly a-gain,

Cuck-oos cry a-gain, And you came and kiss’d me
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!
„Auf Wiederseh'n!“

(Soprano, or Tenor)

ARThUR NEVIN

Andante sostenuto

Voice

Auf Wie-d'er-seh'n! she mur- mur'd soft- ly, The
Auf Wie-d'er-seh'n! so sprachst du lei-se, doch

Piano

words were low, yet strangely clear; Above the world's be-wil-d'ring
war's ein Wort, das nie ver-klingt. Im Lärm der Welt zu mir die

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'Midst joy or pain, awake or sleeping,
Hab' ich ein Lächeln oder Tränen,
That promise sweet doth comfort dazwischen klingt das leise

It brightens joy and soothes my weeping, And bears me on hope's wings to the free.
Die Freude dämpft es wie das Sehnen und führt mich in die Ferne

And if 'midst happiness or sorrow
Und sei's im Glücke, sei's im Wehe, auf
Erden oder jenseits erst, ich weiss, dass ich dich wieder

When we shall meet to part no more,

Auf Wieder-seh'n!
Auf Wieder-seh'n!
Let Miss Lindy Pass

Poem by Frank L. Stanton

Winthrop L. Rogers

Con moto, rubato

Voice

Lizard on de fence rail,

Piano

Black-snake in de grass, Rab-bit in de bri-er patch, Oh,

let Miss Lin-dy pass! Let Miss Lin-dy pass, Her

* From "Songs of the Soil," by permission of D. Appleton & Co., Publishers

Copyright, 1902, by G. Schirmer
foot won't bend the grass; Rabbit, Lizard, Black snake,

Oh, let Miss Lin-dy pass!

Squirrel in the confines, Eat ye' brak-fas' fas'

Set up straight an' watch the gate, An' let Miss Lin-dy pass.
Let Miss Lindy pass, lak sunshine on de grass;

Set up straight an' watch de gate, An' let Miss

Poco meno mosso

Lindy pass! White rose in de gar- den walk,

Wid a dew-drap look-in' glass, Bresh dat dew fam
To Mrs Carrie Boeske White

The Pine-Tree

Words and Music by
Mary Turner Salter

Voice
Lento

O pine-tree lonely standing, Outlined against the blue.

Piano

I love thy soft, dark branches, Thy garb of restful hue.

Hast thou ne'er felt im

poco accel.

Allarg.

patience, Ambition's vain desires, The
pain, the joy, the longing, Which mortal love in-
spires? Thou lookest ever upward, E'en when the harsh wind
blows; I long for the strength which upholds thee, I long for
thy repose.
"Yet ah, that spring should vanish"

Yet ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!

That Youth's sweetscented manuscript should close!

The Nightingale, that in the branches sang,

Ah whence, and whither flown again?
Who knows, who knows!

Ah whence, and whither flown

again? Who knows!
Ashes of Roses
Song for High Voice

Words by
Elaine Goodale

R. Huntington Woodman

Andante

Voice

PP

Piano

PP quas: arpa

simile

clos - - es,
Leav - ing, when light doth die,
Pale hues that ming - ling lie,
Ash - es of ros - es,

Copyright, 1909, by G. Schirmer

This song is also published as a Trio for Women's voices
ashes of roses.

When love's bright sun is set, Love's brightness closes;

eyes with hot tears are wet, eyes with hot tears are wet, in hearts there linger yet ashes of roses.
To Clara Louise Jepson

My Laddie

A Scotch Love-song

Words by Princess Troubatsky
Copyright, 1906, by Harper & Brothers

William Armour Thayer

Voice

Andante

Piano

Oh, my laddie, my laddie, I love your very plaidie, I love your very ben-net, Wi' the silver buckle on it; I love your col-lie Harry, I love the kest ye car-ry, But oh! it's past my pow'r to tell, How much, how much I love your-sell!

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dear-ie, my dear-ie, I could luik and never weary at your een sae blue and

laugh-in! That a heart o' stane wad saft-en, while your mouth sae proud and curl-ie Garany

heart gang tir-lie-wirie; but oh! your sel', your very sel', I

lee ten thousand times as well! Oh, my dar-lin', my
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