CONTRALTO SONGS.

VOL. I.

IMPERIAL EDITION.

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Contralto Songs.

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THE ENCHANTRESS

Words by
H. F. CHORLEY.

Music by
J. L. HATTON.

Voice.

Piano.

Allegro.

By the

lore of ages far.

By the
rites which cow-ards shun, 1, from grave, and

herb, and star, Have my wand of tri-umph won.

War-riors I have brought to shame, Turn-ing glo-ry to dis-grace, Kings have trem-bled when I came.

ad lib.  

Read-ing doom up-on my face. But for thee, but for thee, My
Andante con espress.

wild hair shall braid be With the rose of

pellélagato.

richest breath, With the jasmine white as Death With the

jasmine white as Death; And my voice in music

flow And mine eyes all gently glow O be-

heve me love like ours Is the powr of magi.

fp

finarcto.
Powers, O believe me, O believe me, love like ours.
Is the pow'r, the pow'r of magic
Powers, of magic powers, O believe me, love like ours.
Is the pow'r of magic
where the storm is born. That shall break the strong Earth's
frame.

From the fierce vol-cano's born

Brim-ming o'er with li-v ing flame! I could name the very

cloud Whence the tem-pest forth did sweep, Which the

strong-est ship hath bowed, Built to
Più lento.

rule the rebel deep But for thee, but for thee. Shall be

colla voce.    Più lento

Andante con espress.
calm on earth and sea, Gentle rivers, teeming

p e legato.

mines, Golden harvests, fragrant vines, Golden

harvests, fragrant vines, And a sunlight bland and warm, And a

moon of dreamy charm, For, believe me, love like

H. 4196.
Our Love is a Power of Magic Power

For, believe me, For, believe me, For, believe me, love like

cresc. cresc. molto.

Our Love is the Power of Magic Power, of Magic Power,

For, believe me, love like ours. Our Love is the

pp

rall. rall.
THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

Words by
LONGFELLOW.

Molto moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

Music by
BALFE.

I shot an Arrow into the air.

It fell to earth I know not where,

For so swiftly it flew,

the sight could not follow it.

The
sight could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a Song into the air. It fell to earth I

know not where, For who has sight so keen and strong,

That it can follow the flight of a song?
For he has sight so keen and so strong

That it can follow the flight of a song?

Long, long afterward

I found in an oak the Arrow still unbrok

And the song from beginning to end
heart of a friend. And the song from beginning to end...

dim.

I found again in the heart of a friend I found again,

dim.
cresc.

I found again, I found again in the heart of a friend!

cresc. riten.

Tempo I.
dim.
THE GREEN TREES WHISPERED LOW AND MILD.

Words by
LONGFELLOW.

Music by
BALFE.

Andantino cantabile.

The green trees whispered low and mild,

was a sound of joy...... They were my playmates when a child, And

H. 4186.
rocked me in their arms so wild,  
Still they look’d at me and

smiled,  
As if I were a boy,  
As

if I were a boy.

And ever whisper’d mild and low.

And ever whisper’d mild and low, mild and low, mild and low.

H. 4136.
Animato molto, quasi Allegro.

Come be a child once more,
more, Come be a child once more,

mf animato molto cresc.

And waved their long arms to and fro, And beck-on'd solemnly and slow.

molto riten.

Animato assai.

Oh! I could not choose but go In to the woodlands hoar,

m' f

dolce assai

The
Tempo I.

green trees whisper'd low and mild, It was a sound of joy. They

were my playmates when a child, And rocked me in their arms so mild,

Still they look'd at me and smiled, As if I were a boy, as

if I were a boy. riten. Still they look'd at me and smiled As

a piuacor cresc. if I were............. a boy.
GOLDEN DAYS.

Words by
LIONEL H. LEWIN.

Music by
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Andante.

Piano.

1. Once in the days of golden weather, Days that were always fair,
   Love was the world we walked together,
   Oh what a love was there.

2. Ah! but the days brought changes after, Clouds in the happy skies,
   Care on the lips that curled with laughter,
   Tears in the radiant eyes.

Fresh as a flow'rt when Part'ed a-sunder,
Rains are falling, Pure as a child that prays,
Worn with grieving, Wearily each one prays.

Once in the days beyond recalling, Once in the golden days;
Ah! for the days beyond retrieving, Ah! for the golden days;

Once in the golden days,
Ah! for the golden days.
LOOKING BACK.

Words by
LOUISA GRAY.

Music by
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

heard a voice long years ago,
A voice so wondrous sweet and low,
That trembling tears unbidden rose
From the depths of love's repose,
It floated thro' my dreams at night,
And made the darkest day seem bright,

Piano.
whisper'd to my heart, "My love..." And nestling there forgot to

rove. O my love, I loved her so, My

love that loved me years ago... O... my

love. O... my love. O... my love, I

loved... her so, My love... that loved me years a...
But ere our summer pass'd away, That gentle voice was hush'd for aye

I watch'd my love's last smile, and knew how well the angels lov'd her
too, Then silent but with blinding tears, I gather'd all the love of

years, And laid it with my dream of old. Where
all I lov'd slept white and cold... O my love, I

loved her so, My love that loved me years ago...

O... my love, O... my love,

con passione

O my love, I loved her so, My love... that loved me years ago.

or the small notes.
THE STORM.

Word: by ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

Music by JOHN HULLAH.

Con moto.

1. The tempest rages wild and high, The waves lift up their thunders roar, the lightnings' glare, Vain is it now to voice and cry, Fierce answers to the angry sky. strive or dare, A cry goes up of great despair.

2. The

H. 4436.
Missere, Domine
Thro' the black night and

colla voce.

Driving rain, A ship is struggling, all in vain; To

of the main, The moaning wind and pelting rain,
cresc.

slentando.

live upon the stormy main; Missere, Domine
Beat on the nursery window pane; Missere, Domine

a piacere.

slentando.
curtained was the little bed, Soft pillow was the little head; The

storm will wake the child," they said. Miserere, Domine.

Cowling among his pillows white, He prays, his blue eyes dim with fright.

"Father, save those at sea to-night!" Miserere, Domine, Miserere.
Domine.

The morning shone all silentando.

clear and gay On a ship at anchor in the bay, And

a piacere.

on a little child at play..... pausa lunga. Glor-a Ti-bi,

Gloria Tibi, Domine.

Gloria Tibi, Domine.
THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING.

Words by
CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Music by
JOHN HULLAH.

Andantino.

Piano.

1. Three
2. Three

fish-ers went sailing out in-to the west, Out in-to the west as the
wives sat up in the light-house tow’r, And they trimm’d the lamps as the

sun went down; Each thought on the wo-man who lov’d him the best, And the
sun went down, They look’d at the squall, and they look’d at the show’r; And the

H. 4186.
Children stood watching them out of the town; For men must work, and
night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown! But men must work, and

women must weep. And there is little to earn, and many to keep; Tho' the
women must weep. Though storms be sudden, and waters deep, And the

harbour bars be moaning.

The tide went down, And the women are weeping and wringing their hands. For
those who will never come back to the town, for men must work, and
women must weep. And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep, and goodbye to the bar and its moaning.

-cresc.

H. 4136.
KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

Words by
Miss CRAWFORD.

Music by
F. N. CROUCH.

Andante e penseroso.

Piano.

Kathleen Mavourneen, the grey dawn is breaking; The

horn of the hunter is heard... on the hill; The
Lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking.

Kathleen, Ma-vournee! what! slum-ber still!

Oh hast thou for-gotten, how soon we must sev-er? Oh expres-sive e ligato

Hast thou for-gotten, this day we must part? It colla voce
may be for years, and it may be for ever, Oh

why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart, It

may be for years, and it may be for ever, Then

why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?
Kathleen Mavourneen! Awake from thy slumbers, The blue mountains glow in the

Sun's golden light, Ah! where is the spell that once hung on thy

numbers? Awake in thy beauty, thou star of my night, A-

rise..... in thy beauty, thou star..... of my night. Tempo I.

sostenuto

Con amore affetto.

Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my
sad tears are falling, To think that from Erin and thee I must
part, It may be for years, and it may be for ever, Then
why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart, It may be for
years, and it may be for ever, Then why art thou silent,
Kathleen Ma- your-moon?
diminuendo e piano
LOVE NOT THE WORLD.
(THE PRODIGAL SON.)

Music by
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Andante tranquillo. \( \text{\textcopyright} \) 76.

Voice.

Piano.

Love not the world, nor the things that are in the world, for the

world passeth away and the lust thereof.

Love not the world, nor the things that are in the

world, for the world passeth a way, for the world passeth a way, and the lust there.

of, But he that doeth the will of

God abideth for ever, abideth for ever,
He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.

Love not the world, nor the things that are in the world, for the world passeth away and the lust there -

H. 4136.
of, But he that doeth the will of
God abideth for ever, abideth dim.
deth, abideth for ever, abideth p tranquillo.
abideth for ever.
THE PRAISE OF GOD.
(DIE EHRE GOTTES AUS DER NATUR.)

The English Words by
PAUL ENGLAND.

Music by
BEETHOVEN.

Andante sostenuto.

Voice.

Piano.

The heavens are telling Jehovah's
Die Himmel rühmen des Ewigen

Glory, the sounding spheres His power proclaim; The earth, the
Ehre, ihr Schall h Menu nen Na men fort. Ihn rühmt der

Oceans are loud with the story; Revere, oh man, His
Erdkreis, ihm pflegen die Meere, beweism, o Mensch, ihr

Awful name!

To Him the

 göttlich Wort!

Wert trägt des

H. 4486.
He clothes the stars their homage render,
Himmels unzählbare Sterne.

When high in heaven he sun with beams of gold,
Sonn' aus ihrem Zeit?

laughs in his splendour, And runs his course, a giant bold, And lacht uns von ferne, und läuft den Weg, gleich als ein Held.

runs his course, a giant bold, läuft den Weg, gleich als ein Held.
O REST IN THE LORD.

(ELIJAH.)

MENDELSSOHN.

Voice.

Voice.

Piano.

Andantino. (d = 72.)

Oh rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desires: Oh rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him, and He shall
give thee thy heart's desires. Commit thy way unto Him, and trust in Him; commit thy way unto Him, and trust in Him, and fret not thyself.... because of evil doers. Oh rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him, wait patiently for Him; Oh rest in the Lord, wait patiently for
Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desires, and He shall give thee thy heart's desires. Oh rest in the Lord, Oh rest in the Lord, and wait, wait patiently for Him.
I LIFT MY HEART TO THEE.
(From E.I.)

Andantino. $\frac{4}{4}$.

This night I lift my heart to Thee, Whose dwelling is in heaven above. O deign to hear and answer me, My Father, God of love!

Art Thou not, Lord, in every place;

COSTA.
Is there a thing beneath Thy care? Though Angels only see Thy face. Yet Thou, O Lord, art everywhere, yet Thou, O Lord, art everywhere. O give Thine Angels charge to keep Their wings spread over me this night; Let them defend me, let them defend me; let me sleep, let me sleep, Till
darkness, till darkness melts in light! Bless the

Lord, my soul; O bless the Lord;

and all that is within me, bless His

holy name! Bless the Lord, O my

soul, bless ... the Lord.
BUT THE LORD IS MINDFUL OF HIS OWN.

RECITATIVE AND AIR.

(St. Paul.)

MENDELSSOHN.

Recit.

And he journey'd with companions towards Damascus, and had authority and com-

mand from the High Priest that he should bring them bound, men and women, un-to Je-ru-sa-lem.

Arioso.

Andantino (l. 66)

But the Lord is mindful of His own, He re-

members His chil-

dren, But the Lord is mindful of His own.
Lord remembers His children. remembers His

children.

Bow down before Him, ye mighty, for the Lord is

near us. Bow down before Him, ye mighty,
for the Lord is near us, Yea, the Lord is mindful of His own, He remembers His children. Bow down before Him, ye mighty, for the Lord is near as.
HARK! WHAT I TELL TO THEE.

(The Spirit's Song.)

Music by
HAYDN.

Piano.

Adagio.

Hark!

Hark! what I tell to thee,

Nor sorrow o'er the tomb, nor sorrow o'er the tomb;
My Spirit wanders free, my Spirit wanders free, And waits, and waits till thine shall come.

All pen...sive and a...one.... I see thee sit and weep. Thy head up...on the stone.
Where my cold ashes sleep, Where my cold ashes sleep.
I watch thy speaking eyes, And mark each falling tear; I catch thy passing sighs, I catch thy passing sighs.
Ere they are lost in air.
Hark!
Hark! what I tell to thee, Nor sorrow, nor sorrow o'er the

tomb; My Spirit wanders free, my Spirit wanders free, And

waits till thine shall come, my Spirit wanders free And

waits, and waits till thine shall come, till thine shall come.
SLUMBER, DEAR MAID!

(OMBRE MAI FU.)

RECIT and AIR.
(HANDEL'S LARGO)

Music by HANDEL.

The English words by PAUL ENGLAND.

RECITATIVE.

Voice.

Can we weep for thee, beloved where in Fron-di le ne-re e bel-le del mio

Piano.

peace thou res-posest? Ah, ne-ver may we de-plore thee pla-ta-so a ma-to, per so ri-splende il fa-to!

South wind, West wind, breathe up-on her! Let the birds of the Tuo-ni, lam-pi e pro-cel-le non vol tra-gi-no

val-ley with mu-sic hul her! But let no sounds of sor-row mai la ca-va fo-ce, ne guin ga a pro-fa-nar vi
break through her dreaming!
au-stro ra-pa-ce!

Adagio.

AIR.

Slum-ber, dear maid!
Omm-bra mai fu!

Green boughs will co-ver thee, Calm airs breathe o-ver thee, Where thou art laid. Slum
di-ve-ge-ta-bi-le ca-va-ed a-ma-bi-le so-a-te più. Om-

H. 4136.
TURN ONCE AGAIN.

(CARO MIO BEN.)

The English words by
PAUL ENGLAND.

Music by
GIORDANI.

Larghetto.

Voice.

Piano.

Turn once again! Heal thou my

Ca - ro mio ben cre - di-mi al -

pain! Parted from thee! My heart is

sen - za di - te lan - guisce il
cor. . . . .
Turn once again! Parted from thee My heart is sore.

Thine must I bide Till life be over.

Ah, to thy side Call me once more! Ah, to thy side Call me once more! Turn once a-

Caro mio ben senza di le languisce il

R' fue fedel so spira o-

Cessa crudel tan to rigor Cessa crudel tan to rigor Caro mio
-gain! Heal thou my pain! Part-ed from thee My heart is
sore. Turn once a-gain! Heal thou my pain! Part-ed from
thee My heart is sore.

N. 4136.
HOW CHANGED THE VISION.
(Cangio d' aspetto)

The English words by
M. X. HAYES.

Music by
HANDEL

Allegro. \( \dot{\text{J}} = 120 \)

Piano

\[ \text{How chang'd the vision Now dawning o'er me,} \]
\[ \text{Cen-gio d'aspetto Il cru-do fa-to} \]

\[ \text{A smiling future Doth shine before me Of bright young joy,} \]
\[ \text{E nel mio pet-to E gia ri-na-to Tut-to il pia-er.} \]
A smiling future Shines before me Of
E nel mio pet-to È già ri-na-to Tut-

bright young joy!
to il pia- cer!

How changed the vision Now dawn-ing o'er me, A smiling future
Can-gio d'as-pet-to Il cru-do fa-to E nel mio pet-to
E' giovinetto, tutto il piacere.
Shines before me, of bright young joy,

A smiling future.

Of bright young joy, tutto il piacere, tutto il piacere.
bright young joy, A smiling future Shines before me Of
to il pia - cer, E nel mio pet - to E già ri - na - to Tut,

Adagio. Tempo.

bright young joy. A smi - ling fu - ture Of bright young joy,
to il pia - cer, E già ri - na - to Tut - to il pia - cer.
I dread no sorrow To cloud the morrow, My happiness is without alloy. I piu non sento Pensiero tormento, Or ch'el mio sen to tor na go der.
ADIEU.

The English words by MILDRED GAUNTLET.

Music by MOZART.

Voice.

Piano.

Fare thee well, o earth's dear
Io ti lascio cara, ad-

daughter, angels watch'd thy sleeping, and stole thy soul to-day!

ah me!

strappa,

K. 4456.
never more thy happy laughter, tender smiling, sweet bestrappa pur del tuo bel core quell' af-feto quel? a-
guil ing, or soft and gentle willing, will drive my
mo-ve; pensa... che a te non li ce il vi cor-
grief... and care away! Life no further joy can-
dar... si di me! Io ti la-soiso ca - ra, ad-
lend me, should thy loving spirit leave... de-so-late my
di-o, vi-vi più fe-li-ce e... scor-da-ti di

H. 4136.
way. Ah then, ah then, let thy sweet compassion
me!

Strappa, strappa, strappa pur del tuo bel

send me loving guidance, nor refusing, leave me
corr quell' affetto e quell' amore:
penso,

lonely, inmournful musings, but in thy gentle pity

Dio, che a te non li ce il ricordarsi di

stay, but in thy gentle pity stay! Till that

me, il ricordarsi di me! Io ti
hour when death shall call me from this world of anguish, be near my soul to
lascio, v'hai - tia - di e, vi più felice e scor - da - ti di

guide! let me feel thy spirit still hovers near my
me! vi più felice e scor - da - ti di

side, till face to face we meet. Farewell then, beloved, farewell then,
me, e scor - da - ti di me. ti lascio, ad - di o, ad - di o,

be - loved!
ad - di o!
PARTED.

(LUNGI DAL CARO BENE)

(From "GIULIO SABINO")

The English words by THEO. MARZIAL.

Music by SARTI.

When two that love are parted,
Never in life to meet again,

Lungi dal caro bene,
Vivere non poss'io,

Piano.

Larghetto.

dolce.

H. 4486.
Even the bravest hearted
So no in un mar di pe ne
But live to languish in bitter
Lun gi dal car ro

An guish, on ly Death,
be ne Sen to,
on ly Death can

Heal, can heal the
sar mi il
car

Had they no hope to

Guided them, Where aught can never divide them,

Son no Se lei mi cer non pon no,

Mi
lives were lived in vain,

Their lives were lived all in vain,

Ah!

When two that love are parted,

Never in life to see

Ah!

Meet again,

Even the bravest hearted
Larghetto
del carro

But live to languish in bitter anguish,

Only Death, only Death can heal, Death can heal the pain.

And only Death can heal the pain.

f

colleg voce.

H. 4136
**WEeping For Ever.**

**(LASCIA CH'IO PIANGA.)**

**(REcit. and AIR From "RINALDO")**

The English words by  
M. X. HAYES.

**HANDEL.**

**Voice.**

Ar-mi-da, cruel sorc-ress! In her might-y re-
Ar-mi-da, di-spie-ta-ta, col-la for-ta d'a-

-sentment, Here brought me from my Heav'n of sweet con-tent-ment, My
bis-so vap-pim-mi al ca-ro ciel de miei con-ten-ti, e

grief doth seem e-ter-nal! Slave she de-tains me, In torment all in-fer-nal!
qui, con duolo e-ter-no, vi-vi mo ti-ne in tomen-to-so in-fer-no.

O Heav'n! For pi-ty's sake, Let this poor heart soon break.
Si-gnor, deh! per pie-tà, lascia-mi piange-re.
ARIA.
Andante larghetto.

Weeping for ever, My lot so dreary,
Lascia ch'io pianga la crude sorte,

I pray Heaven only To set me free, I pray Heaven
E che so spiri la liberata, e che so

only, I pray Heaven only To set me free!
-spiri, e che so - spiri la liberata.

Weeping for ever, My lot so dreary, I pray Heaven
Lascia ch'io pianga la crude sorte, E che so
Could I but sever These chains so weary,
Il duolo infrangga Questi ritortè,
E'en poor and lonely, Blest I should be... E'en poor and
Di miei mar-ri sol per pieta, de' miei mar-

lonely, Blest I should be. Weeping for ever,
-ti-ri sol per pie-tà. Lascia ch'io pian-ga

H. 4136.
My lot so dreary, I pray heaven only To set me free!
la cruda sorte, E che so spiri la liber-

poco accelerando
free, I pray heaven only, I pray heaven only, To
-là, E che so spiri, e che so spiri la

Tempo I.
Weeping for ever, My lot so
lascia ch’io piana la cruda
dreary, I pray heaven only To set me free!
sorte, E che so spiri la liber-là,

H. 4136.
WITH A SWANLIKE BEAUTY GLIDING.

(QUANDO MIRO QUEL BEL CIGLIO.)

The English words by MILDRED GAUNTLETT.

Allegretto.

Music by MOZART.

Piano.

With a swan-like beauty gliding,
Quando miro quel bel ciglio

slowly comes my love to me, with her
nero, pensando dolce ardor e che

H. 4136.
crimson lips deriding all my fond haste her face to

see: Ah I feel the wish to clasp her in one fond and close em.

brace! Best beloved, I am son fe.

willing, ah believe, for thee to die, for thee to ri.to, deh! ri.sto-ra il mio mar-tir, il mio mar-tir, il mio mar.
die! Like a flame my love is burning, scorching
tir! Non temer che questo foco spiri,

like ......... the grass in June; tho' the tides and waves are turning,
colla verdeطا; ogni tempo ed ogni loco

faithful, faithful burns my love for
fidato, fidato a te mi trovo

thee: All the woe that time is bringing cannot change or steal my
râ: άριγορ daversa sorte, non potrà cangiarmia
love, cannot change or steal my love:
Tho' the hand of death were clinging,
ventami la morte, la morte, la morte,
Still my heart would constant prove, Tho'
death's hand were clinging, still my
heart would constant prove, still my heart would constant prove, still my heart would constant prove, still my heart would constant prove,
MARK YONDER TOMB.
(IN QUESTA TOMBA OSCURA.)

The English Words by
JOHN OXENFORD.

Music by
BEETHOVEN.

Lento.

Mark yon-der tomb, half-hid-den, Bur-
In ques-ta tom-ba os-cu-ra, la-

ied there would I be, Thou, while I liv'd, oh, thou false one, Wast
seia-mi ri-po-sar; quan-do vi-ne-vo in-gra-ta, do-
cresc.

forc'd to think of me, to think of me!
ve-via me pen-sar, a me pen-sar.

H. 4136.
ashes with a mockery of
ceneri d'inutille ve-
grief.
Mark yonder tomb, yonder tomb half
len.
In quest'a, in quest'a tomba o-
hidden, Buried there would I be, Thou, while I liv'ti, oh, thou
scura lasciarmi riposar; quando vivevo in-
cresc.
false one, Wast forc'd to think of me, to think of
-gra-la, dovevi a me pensar; a me pen-
me, thou false one, to think of me.
sar, ingrata, ingrata.
GIVE BACK THE HEART YOU STOLE FROM ME.

(AH! RENDI MI.)

Aria dell' Opera MISTRANE.

English words by
PAUL ENGLAND.

Music by
FR. ROSSI.

Andante affettuoso.

Piano.

Give back the heart you stole from me,

Ah! rendi mi quel core.

Give back the love

Ren di mi quell' a
Gave to thee! Give back the heart you stole from me,
more! Ah! rendimi quel core,

Give back the love I gave to thee, the vows we plighted, The vows we
rendimi quell'amore, A me inspiro, a me inspiro,

plighted, The vows we plighted! Give me back my heart!
ra- to, a me inspiro! Rendi mi quel core,

Give me back my love, The vows we plighted!
Rendi mi quell'amore Che mi dosse tii!
sure; But now, alas! thou false of heart, thou false of

heart, All my fair hopes are blighted, My hopes are blighted,

de! perch'è m'hai t'olas-cia-to, ab-ban-do-na-to,

My love is slighted! Where is now all the bliss Thou didst find in my kiss? Canst thou, ab-ban-do-mi-to? Ma qual co-sa sarà Quell-a fe-li-ci-tà Che nell'

bear thus to part, To leave me lone-ly, To leave me

u-nir mi a te mhai ri-ve-la-to, mhai ri-

sli-ght-ed, To leave me lone-

la-to, mhai ri-

cresc.
Tempo I.

Give back the heart you stole from me!
Ah! rendimi quel core,
Rendi mi quell' amore!

Gave to thee, The vows we plighted, The vows we plighted, The vows we plighted!

H. 4186.
Allegro con moto.

Thou wert my

Il tuo fu il

Allegro con moto.

Only treasure,

Thy will alone my

Mi o pensiero,

Tuò sempre il mio so-

pleasure;

But now, alas!....

Ed or, cruel!....

Alas!.... All my fair hopes are blighted.

per che mi hai tu.... las cia... to?

H. 4136.
Onl y treas u re, Thy will a lone my plea
mi o pen sie re, Tuo semp re il mi o vo le

Sure; But now, a las! thou false of heart, thou false of
re ed or, cr u del! ed or, cr u del! ed or, cru

Cresc.

Heart, All my fair hopes are blight ed! My love is slight ed,
-del! per che mhai tu las cia to, mhai tu las cia to,

Cresc.

My hopes are blight ed! Where is now all the bliss, Where is now all the
ab ban do na to? Ma qual co sa sa rà.... Ma qual co sa sa
bliss Thou didst find in my kiss? Canst thou bear thus to part, To
ra Quel-la fe-li-ci-tà Che nell' u-nir mi a le tu

leave me lone-ly, To leave me slight-ed, To leave me
m'hai pro-mes-so, tu m'hai pro-mes-so, tu m'hai pro-

lone-ly, To leave me
m'es-so, tu m'hai pro-

slight-ed?

m'es-so?
VERDANT MEADOWS.

VERDI PRATI

From "ALCINA"

The English Words by
M. X. HAYES.

Music by
HANDELM.

Larghetto.

Piano.

Ver - dant mea - dows, fo - rests bloom - ing,
Ver - di prati e selve a - me - ne,
Yield - ing plea - sant
Per - de - re - te

wel - come shade, Ver - dant mea - dows, fo - rests blooming,
la bel - tà, Ver - di prati e selve a - me - ne
Yielding pleasant welcome shade, Lovely perennial beauty, Vaghe fior correnti rivi, La vaghezza, flowers breezes perfuming, All that's fairest, all that's rarest, Soon 'neath winter's breath must fade, Verdant meadows, forests blooming, rà. Verdi prati e selve amene,
Soon 'neath winter's breath must fade. Magic
Per - de - re - te la bel - tà. E can-

spells that now en - fold you, Will be der
-gia - to il va - go og - get - to, All' or - ror

when I a-gain be - hold you, In your shroud of snow ar-
dei pri - mo as - pet - to, Tutto in voi ri - tor - ne

-ray'd, In your shroud of snow ar - ray'd.
-ra, Tutto in voi ri - tor - ne - rá.
Verdant meadows, forests blooming, Yielding
Verdi prati e selve amene, Perde-

Pleasant welcome shade, Soon 'neath winter's breath must fade.
Reste la beltà, Perde rete la beltà.

H. 4186.
EVENING BOAT-SONG.

(AUF DEM WASSER ZU SINGEN.)

English words by PAUL ENGLAND.

German words by LEOPOLD GRAF von STOLLBERG.

Music by SCHUBERT.

Voice.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

Borne on the mirror of

Mit ten im Schimmer der
clear flowing waters, Gli deth at sun set our bark over the stream,
spie gelin den Wel len gleitet wie Süd ne, der wan ken de Kahn;

So, too, my spirit, on fan cy's clear waters, Gli deth a long in a
ach, auf der Freude sanft schimmernden Wel len gleitet die See le da

heavenly dream. So, too, my spirit, on fan cy's clear wa
ters, kin wie der Kahn, ach, auf der Freude sanft schimmernden Wel len
cresc.

Gli deth a long in a heavenly dream.
gleitet die See le dahin wie der Kahn;
cresc.
p

Bright in the heaven and bright on the waters

Flusheth the sunset with rosetate gleam,

A. b. roth rund um den Kahn.
Over the tree-tops that rise to the heaven

Deepens and darkens the last fiery glow,

Über den Wipfeln des westlichen Haines

Winkel uns freundlich der röthliche Schein;
Stirred by the breezes that stray from the heaven, Rus-tle the reeds on the
banks where they grow. Stirred by the breezes that stray from the heaven,

Rus-tle the reeds on the banks where they grow.

Calm of the sunset and joy of the heaven Call to the spirit a-
Freude des Himmels und Ru-he des Ha-nes a-th-meth die Seele im er-

H. 4136.
Dark on the waters now broodeth the night.

Ah, that my days upon
mor.gen.en.dr. schwin.de mit

Time's fleeting pin. ions, Swift as my fancy, might hasten their flight!

schimmerndem Flü.gel, wie.de rie ge sternund heu.te die Zeit,

Ah, that my days upon time's fleeting pin. ions, Swift as my fancy, might hasten their flight!

mor.gen.en.dr. schwin.de mit schimmerndem Flü.gel, wie.de rie ge sternund heu.te die Zeit,

So would my spirit on
heu.te die Zeit,

bis ich auf hö.rem

H. 4138.
heavenward pinions Soar, with the morrow, to regions of light.
strahlen den Flügel selber entschwindet der wechselnden Zeit.

Soar, with the morrow, to regions of light.
Zeit.

decrese.
TO MUSIC.
(AN DIE MUSIK.)

English words by PAUL ENGLAND.
German words by F. V. SCHOBER.

Music by
SCHUBERT.

Voice:

Piano:

Thou holy art, how oft in hours of...
Du holde Kunst, in wie... viel grauen... 

sadness, When life's wild
Stunden, wo mich des
tumult surged around my way,
Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,

Thy gentle power hath waked my heart to...

 gladness And shown the dawning of a fairer
-zunden, hast mich in eine bess're Welt ent-
cresc.

day, a brighter world, a fairer day!
-rückt, in eine bess're Welt ent-rückt!

H. 4436.
Full oft a strain from thy serene do-
Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf ent-
-minions
-flossen,
Some tender chord of harmony
-ein süßer, heiliger Ak-
-ny... divine
-kord von dir
Hath borne my
-den Himmel
soul a - loft on heav'n-ward pin - iors! Thou
besser re - ver Zei - len mir er - schlo - ssen, du

ho - ly art, my grate - ful praise be thine! My grate - ful
hol - de Kunst, ich dan - ke dir da - für, du hol - de

cresc.

praise... be al - ways thine!
Kunst... ich dan - ke dir!

cresc.

fp

fp

H. 4136.
SERENADE.

(QUAND TU CHANTES)

English words by J. V. BRIDGEMAN.
French words by VICTOR HUGO.

Music by CHARLES GOUNOD.

Moderato.

Piano.

When thou'rt cradled at eve on my breast, Breathing forth the song,

When tu chantes ber. ce e le suis entre mes bras,

Canst not hear my heart whisper: To thee respond tout bas.

Entends tu ma pensée... e Qui

Thy sweet strains are like Ton doux chant me rap-

H. 4436.
sunbeams That round my soul play:

Then sing, yes, sing, beloved one, Nor ever cease thy lay!

Ah!

Yes, sing, sing on, be-

lived, nor cease thy lay! Sing on, sing ever, Ah!

never cease.
When thou smilest so fondly, Love reigns monarch supreme.
Quand tu ris, sur la bouche l'amour s'épanouit.

And suspicion doth vanish. Ah, as would a dream!
Et soudain le faouche Sour.

Yes! that smile proves most clearly Thou couldst never deceive.
Ah! le rêve fii-
Smile on, for while thou smilest, I ever shall believe;
ri - ez, ri - ez, ma bel - le, ri - ez, ri - ez... lou.

Then smile, yes, smile, beloved, for I believe;
ri - ez, ri - ez, ma bel - le, ri - ez... lous.

Smile then, smile then, Ah!
ri - ez, ma... bel - le, ri -

Ah! ever smile,
ri - ez... lous!
When weighed down by soft slumber, Thy bright eyes slowly close,
And I view thee before me so yeaux,
Ton ha lei ne murmu re des

calm in thy repose, mots harm onieux; Thy fair lips murmur
Ton beau corps se rep

gently, Art dreaming, love, of me? Ah!
ve le sans toi le et sans a tours. Ah!

H. 4136.
SAPPHO’S FAREWELL.
(O MA LYRE IMMORTELLE.)

English words by PAUL ENGLAND.
French words by EMILÉ AUGIER.

Music by GOUNOD.

Andante.
Recit

Voice.

Piano.

Where

- am I?
suis je?

a Tempo.

Recit.

Ah me!
I do re-member!

Ah! oui
je me rap-pel-le

a Tempo.

Recit.

Now ev-ery ten-der let-ter is
Tout ce qui mui-ta-chait à la

H. 4196.
Peace in its double

wild est hour.

Vain ly, to thee returning, Seek I balm for my

Nay! for thy sweetest sound.

H. 4136.
Cannot comfort my mourning, Thou canst give no relief!

Ma der.niè.re bliss.sure, Ma bliss.sure est au

Death, that canst heal all my grief,

pas peut fi.nir ma dou.leur,

cresc.

all my grief!
Fare well, thou sun, reclining up on the oceans. Des cends au sein des flots, there, where thy rays are.

Adieu, flambeau du monde.
shining, I, too, shall

find my rest,

Brightly the coming morrow Will

dawn, my love, for thee; Ne'er will a thought of

H. 4136.
me. Touch thy young heart with sorrow.

O - pen wide, hun - gry

wavel - mer. Peace and re -

cresc. dim. pose will be mine in the grave.

mêr "pour tou - jours" dans la mer.
Cresc.

in the grave.

dans la mer.

Un peu plus lent

Cresc.

Ou-vre toi, gouffre a-mer, Ou-vre toi,

Ou-vre toi, gouffre a-mer, Ou-vre toi,

Cut from  to  for Concert performance.

H. 4136.
Largo.

Peace and repose shall be mine.

je vais dormir pour toujours.

Allegro.

in the grave.

dans la mer.

H. 4186.
NOW'S THE TIME TO LOVE!
(CHANT DE LA SORCIÈRE.)
From "Mireille."

English words by PAUL ENGLAND.
French words by M. CARRÈ.

Music by GOUNOD.

Allegretto.

Piano.

Now's the time to love, my darling, Now's the time to
Voi-ci la sai-son mi-gnon-ne, Voi-ci la sai-

love, When ev'-ry lad courts his lass, When ev'-ry lad courts his
son où les ga-lants font leur choix, où les ga-lants font leur
lass; .............................................. 
Cupid, flitting hither, thither, Sports a-
choix .............................................. 
La-mour vo-le et pa-pil-lon-ne Par les

- mong the tender grass, Cu-pid, flitting hi-
ther, thither, Sports a-

mong the tender prés et par les bois, L'amour vo-le et pa-pil-lon-ne Par les prés et par les

grass.............................................. 
Now gal-lants all go a woo-ing, On the
bois.............................................. 
Les jou-ven-ceaux sont en què-te De fil-

maids their eyes are bent; The fair one vows sh'll not mar-
y, Though the

es à ma-ri-er La bel-le fait la co-quet-le, Le pè-
colla voce.
father gives consent; till the ring up-on her finger, The ring up-on her finger, makes her little heart content;

Now's the time to love, my darling, Now's the time to love,
love, When ev'ry lad courts his lass!

Now's the time to love, my darling, Now's the time to

Come, put on your dainty muslin! Make your curtsy in the
glass! Come, put on your dainty muslin! Make your curtsy in the glass!

Met-tiez vô-tre robe blanche, Con-sui-tez vô-tre mi-roir.

Here's brooch and pin! Tie your ribbons! Don your Sunday chain of gold! Where the dancers all assemble Take your place, nor seem too cold.

Au bruit de la faran-do-le Choi-sis sez un amoureux. Et sui-
colla voce.

chance before the morrow, Per-chance before the morrow, Per-
vez la ron-de fol-le, sui-vez la ron-de fol-le, sui-vez la ron-de

H. 4136.
morrow Will the tale of love be told! Ha! ha! ha! ha!
foil-le, Demain vous serez heureux. Ha! ha! ha! ha!
colla voce.

ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Now's the time to love, my darling,
ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Voi-ci la saison mignon-ne,

Now's the time to love, Now's the time to love, When ev'ry ladd courts his
Voi-ci la saison, voi-ci la saison où les galants font leur

lass....
choix....
YE POWERS THAT DWELL BELOW.
DIVINITÉS DU STYX.
(From "ALCESTE")

English words by PAUL ENGLAND.
Music by GLUCK.

Ye Powers that dwell be low,
Di-vi- ni-tés du Styx,
Ye Powers that dwell be low,
Di-vi- ni-tés du Styx,

Ful- fill- ing Death's command! Ne'er on you will I call,
mi-nis-tres de la mort, je n'in-so-que-rai point.
Ne'er on you will I call,
Voitre piéte cruelle,
Ne'er on you will I call,
Jeu n'invoque rai point,
he may live, Safe from your ruthless
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Adagio.

Ful...filling Death's command! Oh

mi...ministres de la mort, mou.

sweeter far than liv...ing, Oh sweeter, sweet...er far to die for... one we...

rir...pour ce qu'on ai...me, pour ce qu'on ai...me est un trop doux ef...

Tempo I. un peu pressé.

love! I long to make the glad sur...render, the glad sur...render! My

fort. un...e...ter-tu si...na...turel-le, si...na...turel-le, mon

heart beats high with pride........ All fear and... pain a...

coeur est a... ni...mé........ du plus no...ble, plus no...ble trans.
Ful·fill·ing Death's com·mand, Ne'er on
Mi·nis·tres de la mort, je n'in-

you will I call, pi·ty or aid to ren·der, Ne'er on
vo·tre pi·tié cru·el·te, Je n'in-

you will I call, née on you will I call, pi·ty or aid to
vo·que·rai point, je n'in·vo·que·rai point vo·tre pi·tié cru.

ren·der, pi·ty or aid to ren·der.
vo·tre pi·tié cru·el·te.

*
HAVE I LOST THEE?

(CHE FARÒ.)
(From "ORFEO")

English Words by
PAUL ENGLAND.

Music by
GLUCK.

Recit, Allegro.

Dear one,
Spo - sa!
do not
Eu - ri -

leave me!
- di - ce!
Do not leave me,
Eu - ri - di - ce!
be
Con -

loved!
sor - te!
Ah! but she hears not! My cries are vain!
Ah! più non vi - ce, la chiamo in van!

H. 4136.
-gain to see thee! Never more to wait thy coming! To lose thee for ev'er! Oh! the
tought is despair! No hope sus-tains me, there is none to con-sole me! I gaze before me. Oh!
cor-do cru-del! Non ho soo-cor-so, non mia-van-za con-siglio; Io veg-go so-lo, oh

fear-ful vi-sion! There in the gloom a-wait me Long
fier-a vi-sta! 'il lut-tu-o so-as pet-to del-

years of lone-ly anguish. Fate! Thou hast done thy worst! Now make an end-ing!
or-ri-do mio sta-to. Sa-zia-ti, sor-te rea! Son di-spe-ra-to!
Andante.

Have I lost thee, love, for ever? Shall I see thy face no more? Tears will fall...... While I call...... On the name that I adore, to the place where I adore....... Che farò senza il mio ben?

H. 4136.
lost thee, love, for e-ver? Shall I see thy face no more? Tears will
rò senza Eu-ri-di-ce? Do-ve andrò senza il mio ben? Che fa-

fall... While I... call... On the name that I... a-dore, On the
-ro,... do-ve andrò,... Che fa-ro senza il mio ben? Do-ce an-

name that I... a-dore. Ah, be-loved, hear and answer! To help is
-drò senza il mio ben? Eu-ri-di-ce! Eu-ri-di-ce!

near me,...No voice to cheer me,...None to hear me! Earth is si-lent,
van-ta... Più soccor-so, più speran-zza, Ne dal non-do nè dal

cresc.

Poco lento.

H. 4136.
Tempo

more? Tears will fall.... While I.... call On the name that I .... a -

-dore; Tears will fall While I... call On the name that I a - dore.

ben? Che fa - rò, do - ve an - drò, Che fa - rò sen - za il mio ben?
O ARABY! DEAR ARABY!

Words by PLANCHE.  
Music by WEBER.

Voice. Andante con moto.

A . ra . by! dear A . ra . by! My own, my na . tive land;

Methought I cross'd the dark blue sea, and trod a gain thy strand; And

H. 4136.
there I saw my father's tent Beneath the tall date trees: And the sound of music and merri-

ment Came sweetly on the breeze; And thus, to the light...ly
touch'd guitar, I heard a maiden tell Of one who fled from a proud Ser-
dar. With the youth she lov'd so well!

H. 4136.
Allegro.

Al, al, al, al, al, al! Though the night star be high,

Tis the morning of love for my Yusuf and I;

Tho' the flowers of the garden have closed every one, The rose of the heart blooms in love's rising sun.
Al, al, al, al, al! soon will Zeen-\text{ab} be far From the drear An-de-run of the cru-el Ser-dar! From the drear An-de-

2nd Verse.

Ah, ah, ah, ah! 'Tis the neigh of his steed!

Ah, ah, ah, ah! O! prove, my good barb, thou art worthy thy breed!

Now o'er the salt desert we fly like the wind, And our fears fade as fast as the turrets behind.

H. 4136.
Al, al, al, al, al, all we the frontier have won. And may

laugh at the Lord of the drear And... run. And may laugh at the

Lord of the drear And... run. Al, al, al, al, al, al, al, al, al,

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

TRADITIONAL.

Voice.

Allegretto.

Piano.

1. There was a youth, And a well-belov-ed youth, And
   he was a squire's son, He... loved the bailiff's
   put on mean at-tire And straight to Lon-don:

2. When se-ven years had pass'd a-way She
   daugh-t'er dear, That liv'd in... Is-ling-ton. But...
   she would go A-bout him to enquire. And...

H. 4136.
she was coy and—never would On him her heart be—
as she went a—long the road Through wea-ther hot and

stow Till—he was—sent to— London town Be—
dry She—rest—ed on a— gras sy load And her

—cause he—lovd her so. love came ri—ding—by.

3.
"Give me a penny, thou prentice good, Relieve a maid forlorn;"
"Before I give you a penny, sweetheart, Pray tell me where you were born?"
"Oh I was born at Islington;" "Then tell me if you know The bailiff's daughter of that place"
"She died, Sir, long ago."

4.
If she be dead then take my horse, My saddle and bridle also,
For I will to some distant land, Where no man shall me know."
"Oh stay, oh stay, thou goodly youth, She standeth by thy side, She's here alive, she is not dead, But ready to be thy bride.

H. 4136.
BARBARA ALLEN.

OLD ENGLISH.

Voice. Andante.

Piano.

1. In Scarlet town, where I was born, There
2. And death is printed on his face, And

was a fair maid dwell in', Made every youth cry,
o'er his heart is stealing, Then haste away to,

"Well-a-day" Her name was Barbara Allen. All
comfort him, Oh! lovely Barbara Allen. So
in the mer-
ry month of May, When green buds they were
slow-ly, slow-
ly she came up, And slow-ly she came
swel-lin', young Jem-my Grove on his death-bed lay, For
ough him; And all she said, when there she came, "Young
love of Bar-
bra Al-
man, I think you're dy-ing."

When he was dead and laid in grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrow;
O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die to-morrow.
Farewell, she said, ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in;
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.

H. 4136.
NEAR WOODSTOCK TOWN.

17th. CENTURY.

Voice. Andante.

Near Wood stock

Town... in Ox ford -shire, As I walk'd forth... to take the

air... To view the fields and meadows round... Me - thought I

H. 4186.
heard a mournful sound. Down by a crystal river.

A gallant bower I espied, Where a fair lady made great moan, With many a bitter sigh and groan.

2.
"Alas!" quothe she, "My love's unkind, My sighs and tears he will not mind! But he is cruel unto me, Which causes all my misery.
Soon after he had gain'd my heart, He cruelly did from me part; Another maid he does pursue, And to his vows he bids adieu!"

3.
The lady round the meadows ran, And gather'd flowers as they sprang; Of ev'ry sort she there did pull, Until she got her apron full.
The green turf served her as a bed, And flowers a pillow for her head; She laid her down and nothing spoke, Alas! for love her heart was broke.
OH! THE OAK, AND THE ASH.

17th CENTURY.

1. A north-country maid up to

2. While sadly I roam I re-

London had stray'd, Although with her nature it

great my dear home, Where lads and young lasses are

did not agree, She wept and she sigh'd, and she

making the hay; The merry bells ring, and the
bitterly cried, "I wish once again in the birds sweetly sing, And maidens and meadows are north I could be."
Oh! the oak, and the ash, and the pleasant and gay. Oh! the oak, and the ash, and the

bony ivy tree, They flourish at home in my own country.

riven.

own country.

3.
No doubt, did I please, I could marry with ease;
Where maidens are fair many lovers will come;
But he whom I wed must be north-country bred,
And carry me back to my north-country home.
Oh! the oak, and the ash, &c.
THE THREE RAVENS.

OLD ENGLISH.

Slowly with expression.

Piano.

1. There were three Ravens sat on a tree, Down a down hey down hey down, They
2. His hawks a bout him e ver fly, Down a down hey down hey down, There's
3. were as black as they might be, With a down; And
not a bird that ven tures nigh, With a down; Now
one of them said to his mate, "Where shall we our break fast take?" Witha
yonder comes a fal low doe, To the Knight she straight doth go, Witha

down der.ry der.ry derry down down.
down der.ry der.ry derry down down.

H. 4136.
2. Ah, well a day! in yon·der field, Down a down hey down hey down, A

4. She lift·ed up his life·less head, Down a down hey down hey down, And

knight lies·slain be·neath his shield, With a kiss·d his wounds that were so red, With a

down; down;

A-

She

gainst his feet his hounds you see, They guard their lord right faith·ful·ly, With a
ten·der·ly the corse did take, She ne·ver would her lord for·sake, With a

down der·ry der·ry der·ry down down.
down der·ry der·ry der·ry down down.

H. 4136.
5. She buried him before the prime, Down a down hey down hey down, She died herself ere even-song time, With a down, So ever pray that Heav'n may send Such hawks, such hounds, and such a friend, With a down der, ry der, ry der, ry down down, With a down der, ry der, ry der, ry down down.
HOME, SWEET HOME.

Words by
J. HOWARD PAYNE.

Music by
SIR. H. R. BISHOP.

Andante Larghetto.

Piano.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,........ Be it

ever so humble, there's no place like home!........ A

Charm from the skies seems to hollow us there,........ Which,
seek thro' the world, never met with else -

p express.

where. Home! home! sweet, sweet

there's no place like home. There's no place like

largo.
colla voce

Tempo I.

Più animato.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain. Oh!
give me my lowly thatched cottage again!

The birds singing gaily that came at my call, Give me

them with the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home! There's

no place like home! There's no place like home!
THE MINSTREL-BOY.

Air—"THE MOREEN."

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

With spirit.

Minstrel boy the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His
father's sword he has girded on, And his wild harp slung behind him.

"Land of song!" said the warrior bard, "Tho' all the world betrays thee, One
sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faithful harp shall praise thee!"
The Minstrel fell but the man's chain
could not bring his proud soul under:
The harp he loved never spoke again.
For he tore its cords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall
sully thee; Thou soul of love and bravery! Thy songs were made for the
pure and free; They shall never sound in slavery!"
SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

Words by HAYNES BAYLY. Music by J. P. KNIGHT.

Andante.

1. She wore a wreath of roses. That night that first we met, Her
   love-ly face was smiling. Beneath her curls of jet; Her

2. A wreath of orange blossoms. When next we met she wore, The
   pression of her features was more thought-ful than before; And
footstep had the lightness, Her voice the joyous tone, The
standing by her side was one Who strove, and not in vain, To

tokens of a youthful heart Where sorrow is unknown. I saw her but a
sooth her leaving that dear home She ne'er might view again.

moment, Yet me-thinks I see her now, With the wreath of summer flowers Up.
on her snowy brow.
3. And once again I see that brow, No bridal wreath was there,

The widow's sombre cap conceals Her once luxurious hair; She weeps in silent solitude. And there is no one near To

H. 4136.
press her hand with - in his own And wipe a way the tear; I

saw her bro ken heart ed! Yet me. thinks I see her now In the

pride of youth and beau ty With a gar land on her brow.
THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

THOMAS MOORE.

Andante con espress.

Voice.

"THE GROVES OF BLARNEY!"

Piano.

last rose of summer, Left blooming alone; All her

lovely companions Are fades and gone; No.

flow'r of her kinsm, No. rose bud is nigh To re.

fleec back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh...
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; Since the lovely are fol low, When friend ships decay, And from Love's shining circle The gems drop away! When true hearts lie...

Thus kindly I... sleeping, Go... sleep thou with them... Thy leaves o'er the bed... Where thy mates of the garden Lie withered, And fond ones are flown... Oh!... who would in habit This scentless and... dead, bleak world a... lone?
CALLER HERRIN:

Wha'll buy caller her rin? Th'ere bon nie fish and hale-some far-in';

Buy my caller her rin, New drawn frae the Forth. When

ye were sleeping on your pillows, Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fellows,

Darkling as they face the billows, 'N to fill our wo-ven willows.
Buy my caller her-rin'; They're bon-nie fish and hale-some far-in';

Buy my caller her-rin' New drawn frae the Forth. Call-er her-rin'; Call-er

coll'a voce

her-rin'. An' when the creel o' her-rin' passes,

La-dies clad in silks and la-ces, Ga-ther in their braw pe-lis-ses,

Toss their heads and screw their la-ces; Buy my Call-er her-rin' They're
bonnie fish and hale-some farin', Buy my Caller herrin', New

drawn frae the Forth

nee-bor wives, come, tent my tell in', When the bonnie fish yere sel-lin'

At a word be aye your deal in', Truth will stand when a' things fall in'

Buy my Caller herrin', They're bonnie fish and hale-some farin';
Buy my Caller her rin; New drawn frae the Forth. Wha'll buy my Caller her rin? They're
no brought here without brave dar'in; Buy my Caller her rin; Ye
little ken their worth. Wha'll buy my Caller her rin? O ye may ca' them vulgar her rin;
Wives and mither's maist despair in; Ca' them lives o' men. Caller
her rin; Caller her rin;
colla voce.
YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNY DOON.

BURNS.

Andante cantabile

Voice.

Piano.

Ye banks and braes o' bon-nie Doon, How can... ye bloom sae fresh an' fair? How can ye chaunt, ye lit-tle birds, And
Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
By morning and by evening shine
To hear the birds sing o’ their loves
As fondly once I sang o’ mine.
Wi’ lightsome heart I stretch’d my hand,
And put a rosebud from the tree;
But my fause lover stole the rose,
And left the thorn wi’ me.
THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

Words by
M. G. LEWIS.

Music
ANONYMOUS.

On the banks of Allan Water, When the sweet spring-time did fall, Was the

On the banks of Allan Water, When brown au - tumn spreads its store There I

mil - ler’s lovely daugh - ter— Fair-est of them all. For his

saw.... the mil - ler’s daugh - ter, But she smild no more; For the

bride.... a sol - dier sought her, And a win - ning tongue had he.... On the

sum - mer grief had brought her, And the sol - dier, false was he;.... On the

collae voce.

banks of Allan Wa - ter, None so gay as she....

banks of Allan Wa - ter, None was sad as she....

H. 4196.
On the banks of Allan Water, When the winter snow fell fast, Still was seen the miller's daughter; Chilling blew the blast, But the miller's lovely daughter Both from cold and care was free... On the banks of Allan Water, There a corse lay she...
AULD ROBIN GRAY

LADY ANN LINDSAY.

Andante

Piano.

Young Jamie loved me weel, and sought me for his bride,
But saving a crown, he had naething else beside;
To make the crown a pound my

Jamie gaed to sea, And the crown and the pound were baith for me. He
had na been gane a week but on-ly twa, When my fa- ther brake his arm, and our con dolore.

cow was stown a-wa; My mith-er she fell sick, and my Ja-mie at the sea, and my criss.

auld Ro-bin Gray cam’ a- courting me.

2.
My father couldna work, my mither couldna spin;
It still day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain’d thes baith, and, wi’ tears in his eye,
Said, ’Jenny, for their sakes, will you no marry me?”
My heart it said na, for I looked for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
The ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jenny dee?
Oh why do I live to say, O wae’s me!

3.

My father argued sair—my mither didna speak,
But she look’d in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, the my heart was at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.
I hadn’a been a wife, a week but only four,
When mournful, as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie’s ghost—I couldn’a think it he,
Till he said, ’I’m come hame, my love, to marry thee!’

4.
O sair did we greet, and nicker did we say,
We took but as kiss, and we tore ourselves away.
I wish that I were dead, but I’m no like to dee;
Oh why do I live to say, O wae’s me!
I gang like a ghost, and I carena to spin;
I carena think o’ Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

BURNS.

Andante.

SCOTCH.

Piano.

John Anderson, my jo, John, When we were first acquainted, Your locks were like the raven.

Your bonnie brow was bount, But now your brow is bald, John.

Your locks are like the snow, Yet blessings on your frosty brow, John.

Anderson, my jo.

2

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.
THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'

SCOTCH.

Voice. 

Moderato.

Here's to the year that's a-

Piano.

-wa! We'll drink it in strong and in sma'; And here's to ilk bonnie young

lassie we lo'ed, While swift flew the year that's a - wa! And here's to ilk bonnie young

2.

Here's to the soldier who bled—
To the sailor who bravely did fa'!
Their fame is alive, though their spirits have fled
On the wings of the year that's awa.

Here's to the friends we can trust
When the storms of adversity blow!
May they live in our song, and be nearest our hearts,
Nor depart like the year that's awa.

Their fame is alive, etc.

May they live in our song, etc.
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

Words by
WALTER MAYNARD.

OLD WELSH AIR.

With expression.

1. Love, fear not if sad thy dreaming
2. Angels watching ever round thee

All through the night,
Though o'ercast bright stars are gleaming All through the night.
All through the night,
In thy slumbers close surround thee All through the night.

Joy will come to thee at morning. Life with sun, ny hope a-dorn ing. Though sad dreams may
They should of all fears disarm thee. No forebodings should a-larm thee, They will let no

give dark warning All through the night.  
per il harm thee, All through the night.
THE ASH GROVE.

The English words by
JOHN OXENFORD.

WELSH.

Andante.

Voice.

Piano
dolce con espressione.

The ash grove how grace-ful, how plain-ly 'tis speak-ing, The

harp thro' it play-ing has lan-guage for me; When ev-er the light thro' its

branch-es is break-ing, A host of kind faces is gaz-ing on me.
The friends of my childhood again are before me, Each step wakes a

memory, as freely I roam, With soft whispers laden, its

leaves rustle o'er me, The ashgrove, the ashgrove alone is my home,

My lips smile no more, my heart

loses its lightness. No dream of the future my spirit can cheer; I
only would brood on the past and its brightness. The dead I have mourned are a-

again living here. From every dark nook they press forward to

meet me, I lift up my eyes to the broad leafy dome. And others are

there looking downwards to greet me. The ash grove, the ash grove a-

lone is my home.
WILL HE COME?

Words by
ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

Music by
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Voice.

"I can scarcely hear" she murmur'd, "For my heart beats long and fast, But

surely, in the far, far distance, I can hear a sound at last. It is

tranquillo.

only the reapers singing, As they carry home their sheaves; And the
evening breeze has risen, And rustles the dying leaves, the
dying leaves.

"Listen! there are voices talking;" Calmly still she strove to speak,

Yet her voice grew faint and trembling, And the red flush'd in her cheek. It is
tranquillo.

only the children playing below, now their work is done, And they

laugh that their eyes are dazzled, By the rays of the setting sun, of the

setting sun. Fainter grew her

voice, and weaker As with anxious eyes she cried:

H. 4136.
"Down the avenue of chestnuts I can hear a horseman ride."

It was only the deer that were feeding in a herd on the clover grass. They were startled and fled to the thicket, as they saw the reapers pass.
quasi recit.

Now the night arose in silence, Birds lay in their leafy nest,

And the deer couch'd in the forest, And the children were at rest...There was

p tranquillo un poco più lento.

only a sound of weeping From watchers around a bed, But

rest to the weary spirit, Peace to the quiet Dead!

Peace to the quiet Dead!

W. 4486.
A Golden Treasury of Song.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST VOLUME.

It is a common experience that a love of good music has often been created and fostered in families by the practice of two or more singing in unison the works of the great German song-writers: the co-operation of somewhat unskilful performers enabling them to venture into realms from which, as soloists, they would be excluded. Such efforts may be at times trying to the listener, and, from the point of view of artistic performance, are of course worthless, but for the training of taste they are invaluable.

It is partly with the idea of facilitating this kind of training that the present book is offered to the public, although all these songs were of course written for solo voices. No song has been included which is not undoubtedly of the very best, and although no great skill will be found needful for the personal enjoyment of them, there is unlimited scope for work, if an adequate rendering is aimed at.

The Publishers hope that the wide range of this selection will go far to make the book useful to singers dependent upon a chance accompanist: to those who do not wish to take a large amount of music about with them: and to hostesses, often called upon to supply music to guests of various tastes and requirements.

The selection has not been made to include all, even of the greatest names—as the omission of that of Brahms will show—but with a view to its general usefulness for voices of average compass, and especially for unison singing in schools and colleges.

The difficulty of getting good music for unmixed voices is well known to teachers, and it is suggested that the use of this book might do much to train the taste of pupils. To teach a class to sing these songs, as they should and could be sung, would also give admirable opportunities for getting precision, delicacy, and the highest expression of feeling, which unison singing of National Songs (also excellent for training taste) does not give.

The words of many of the songs have been newly translated, and in other ways no pains have been spared to make the book as complete as possible, although the Publishers regret that they are unable, owing to copyrights, to include many songs for which otherwise a place would have been found.

NOTE TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

The welcome given to the first volume of "A Golden Treasury of Song," and its acknowledged excellence as an educational work, have induced the Publishers, in furtherance of the scheme suggested in the Preface to Vol. I., to issue a second collection of famous songs, which, it is hoped, may prove as valuable as the first.

THE THIRD VOLUME contains DUETS and PART SONGS for FEMALE VOICES.
THE FOURTH VOLUME contains PART SONGS for MALE VOICES.

NET PRICES OF EACH VOLUME:
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