LYRIC FANCIES
A Selection of Songs
by
AMERICAN COMPOSERS

VOLUME I.  VOLUME II.
High Voice  I  Low Voice  High Voice  I  Low Voice.

PRICE $1.25 EACH

THE ARTHUR P. SCHMIDT CO.
BOSTON,  NEW YORK,
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To
MRS. EDITH B. BAYLY.

The Summer Wind.

WALTER LEARNED.

J. W. BISCHOFF

Allegretto.

Softly the summer wind woos the rose.

Like a fickle lover

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kisses her petals, then off he goes

The fair fields over, The fair fields

Yet since he has kissed her forever

since he has kissed her forever the rose her
heart uncloses; And he breathes there-

after, where ever he goes

he breathes there after, where ever he goes.

The perfume of roses.
To
Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Bassom Dresslar

The Cares of Yesterday

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Molto Andante

sospirando

(very slowly)

The little cares that

fretted me I lost them yesterday,

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mong the fields, a bove the sea, A mong the winds at play,
A mong the low ing of the herds, The rust ling of the trees A mong the sing ing
of the birds The hum ming of the bees.
The foolish fears of what might be
I cast them all away,
Among the clover
Scented grass
Among the new-mown hay.

Tempo I
mf

The foolish fears of what might be
I cast them all away,
Among the clover
Scented grass
Among the new-mown hay.

Tempo I
mf

The foolish fears of what might be
I cast them all away,
Among the clover
Scented grass
Among the new-mown hay.

Tempo I
mf

The foolish fears of what might be
I cast them all away,
Among the clover
Scented grass
Among the new-mown hay.

Tempo I
mf
among the husking of the corn
Where
drowsy poppies nod.
Where
ill thoughts die and good are born
Out in the fields with God, with God.
Te Mr. Gardner Lamson.

ALLAH.
Poem by H. W. Longfellow.

Serioso.

G. W. CHADWICK.

Al-lah gives light in darkness, Al-lah gives rest in pain,

Cheeks that are white with weeping Al-lah paints red again.

The flowers and the blossoms wither, Years vanish with flying feet,
But my heart will live on forever, That here in sadness beat.

Gladly to Allah’s dwelling

Yonder would I take flight, There will the darkness vanish,

There will my eyes have light.
A MEMORY

Words by
MARY LOUISE HUNTLEY

Music by
EDNA ROSALIND PARK

Andante cantabile

Out in a bright sunny

gar - den There blooms a splen - did rose,

pet - als fair are sweet and rare, And the blos - som stays in the
scattered air Like a star that gleams and glows,
Like a

star that gleams and glows.

Down in my heart's sunny garden There blooms a mem'ry
dear,

It sweeter grows like a splendid rose, and

all through my life it sparkles and glows, like a dewdrop pure and

clear, like a dewdrop pure and clear.
Non troppo allegro, ma con moto.

Pale leaves wave and whisper low,

Silvered leaves of the poplar tree;

Waters wander and

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A.P.S. 2471
willows blow in Picardie, in

Picardie. Misty green of the

orchard grass, Grass-grown lanes by the

sedge-fringed lea; Pleasant ways for the
feet that pass Through Picardie, through Picardie.

Long lagoons where the lilies lie, (Blossoms and buds of

ivo-ry.) Sweet the meadows, and fair the sky, In

Picardie, in Picardie. Where be the waters to
drowned regret?

Where be the leaves of

tre corde

voice molto espr.

sleep's own tree?

Nowhere else in the

world, Nor yet in Picardie, in

Picardie.

una corda
O lovely Rose

Slowly, with great simplicity

O lovely rose, No flower that grows, Is

as softly as possible

with two pedals throughout

half so fair— as thou, as thou, Thy beauty rare be—

always softly

slightly retard

yond compare, Makes me in homage bow.

slightly retard
O cruel rose, Thou dost disclose, A

love-liness divine. But had I seen, Thy

thorns, I ween, I'd all thy love decline.
A Garden Romance

Words from
KATE FIELD'S "WASHINGTON"

G. A. GRANT-SCHAFFER

Moderato

A violet once in a garden grew
At the foot of a sunflower bold;

He fell in love with her.
eyes of blue, She with his crown of gold,

She with his crown of gold: But he never could stoop to
tell his love, Tho' again and again he tried, And her
voice could not reach to the heights above, So they yearned for each other and died. Yearned for each other and died. They yearned for each other and died.
To
Mrs. ANNIE SOULE LEWIS

My Dear

ALFRED H. HYATT

Andante espressivo

MARY TURNER SALTER

One deep and loving thought of you
To stay with me the

cresc.

long hours thro', To bright-en day that else were drear,
a tempo

my dear. And since your love was
giv'n to me. It is my all sufficiency. My

faith in doubt, my trust in fear: my dear.
mf poco più mosso

And should perchance the world go wry, And time bring sorrow,

What care I? 'Tis joy enough that

you are near, my dear.
Hark! the Robin's Early Song

(SPRING SONG)

Words by
W.W. CALDWELL

FRANK LYNES
Op. 12, No. 1

Allegro con brio

From the elm-tree’s top-most bough, Hark! the
out-der hill and plain, Through the

rob-in’s ear-ly song, Tell-ing one and all, that now
gar-den’s lone-ly bower, Till the green leaves dance a-gain,

spring-time hastes a-long, Wel-com-e ti-dings thou dost bring,
air is sweet with flowers, Wake the cow-slip by the mill,

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har - bin- ger of spring! Wel - come ti - dings dost thou bring,
yellow daff - o - dill. Wake the cow - slip by the rill,

Little har - bin- ger of spring!} Rob - in's come, 
Wake the yellow daff - o - dill. 
Rob - in's come, 

Rob - in's come, Rob - in's come, Rob - in's come, has come.

Ring it
Moderato espressivo

Then, as thou wert wont of yore, Build thy nest and

rear thy young, Close beside our cottage door,— In the wood-bine.
leaves among; Hurt or harm thou need'st not fear;

Nothing rude shall venture near.

Tempo I
Swinging still o'er yonder lane, Robin answers merrily; Ravished
by the sweet refrain, Alice claps her hands in glee,

Shouting from the open door, With her clear voice o'er and o'er,

Shouting from the open

A.P.B. 7469-c
door, With her clear voice o'er and o'er, Robin's come,

Robin's come, Robin's come, Robin's come,

Robin's come, has come.
To CARL.

My Heart and the Rain.

CARL LINDEN.

W. H. NEIDLINGER.

Andante Sostenuto.

The rain has been falling all day long, With a

sorrowful, dripping sound, Like the sad refrain of an old-time song, It has

dripped on my heart's deep wound.

I think of one who was all to me, But my thoughts are e'er in
vain, With the crying wish that is never to be I mingle my

tears with the rain. The sun will be shining

presently With a shimmering joy of delight, But I will be thinking

dreamily Of my lifelong, loveless, loveless night.
Shena Van

Words from "Yolande" by WILLIAM BLACK

Moderato capriccioso

Her

eyes are dark and soft and blue, She's light-stepped as the roe: O

expressivo

She-na Van, my heart is true To you wher-e'er you go! I

colla voce

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wish that I were by the rills
Above the Allt-cam-bàn;
And

wand'ring with me o'er the hills
My own dear She-na Van!

Ah,
Ah,
Her

eyes are dark and soft and blue,
She's light-stepped as the roe,
She na Van, my heart is true To you wher e'er you go!

I wish that I were by the rills Above the Alt cam bán, And

wand'ring with me o'er the hills My own dear She na Van! Far

other sights and scenes I view; The year goes out in snow, O
She nano Van, my heart is true
To you, wher e'er you go!

Ah, Ah, Her

eyes are dark and soft and blue,
She's light-stepped as the roe;

She nano Van, my heart is true
To you, wher e'er you go!
To Miss Ellie Long.

The Night has a thousand Eyes.

The Poem by FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON.  

Andante espressivo. (d.)

The night has a thousand eyes, And the day but one; Yet the

light of the bright world dies, With the dying sun. The

mind has a thousand eyes, And the heart but one; Yet the

light of a whole life dies, When love is done.

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A. P. S. 7472
To Mrs. Annie P. Vinton

THE MAIDEN AND THE BUTTERFLY

Capriccioso e semplice

There wandered once a maiden a-

mid the forest shade,

And where the flowers grew thickly

She stooped to pick them quickly:

G.W. CHADWICK

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Just then a butterfly came by her and kissed this little maid.

"Forgive me," said he humbly, "twas honey that I sought.

Forgive me for assuming your rosy lips so blooming

Were sweet and dewy roses, but so I truly thought."
Then arch-ly said the
maid-en, "this time I'll pass it by;

Let not my fa-vor blind you with van-i-ty, but mind you,

These ros-es do not blos-som for ev'-ry but-ter-fly."
LYRIC FANCIES
A Selection of Songs
BY
AMERICAN COMPOSERS
FAVORITE SONGS BY
Beach, Branscombe, Chadwick, Daniels, Foote, Hadley, Lang, Lynes,
MacDowell, Metcalf, Neidlinger, Park, Salter,
Ward-Stephens and others

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FAIRY LULLABY.

Words by SHAKESPEARE.

Music by Mrs. H. H. A. BEACH,
Op. 37, No. 3.

Allegro ma non troppo.

Phil-o-mel, with

Con Pedale

mel-o-dy, Sing in our sweet lull-a-by;

Phil-o-mel, Phil-o-mel, Sing in our sweet lull-a-
by,

Phil-o-mel, with melody,

Sing, sing in our sweet lullaby, Lull-la,

lul-la, lull - a-by, lul-la, lull-

a tempo

poco rit.

A. P. N. 4410-4
Never harm, Nor spell nor charm Come our lovely lady nigh; Never harm, Never harm

come our lady nigh, Never harm, Nor

spell nor charm Come our lovely lady

A. P. S. 4410-4
So, good night, with lulla-
by, So, Good night, with lulla, lulla-
by.
To
Mrs. CLARA TIPPEIT

The Sweet o' the Year

Koito animato

Cherry boughs are snowy white,

Love tis the sweet o' the year

Apple blooms are

Words and Music by
MARY TURNER SALTER

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drifting light drifting about, Birds in and out,

Love, 'tis the sweet of the year—— Balmy breath of lilac buds Daffodils golden appear—— My heart is singing a dear message bringing, Love.

a tempo accel. col canto a tempo accel.
Love,

Tis the sweet o' the year.

Mellow winds blowing,

Green things a growing, growing,

Happy birds winging, gay songs are singing, singing,
Voice of the dawn in silver song. The

robin's note I hear—My heart is singing, a

dear message bringing. Oh! Love! Love! Love, 'tis the

sweet o' the year.
O Heart of Mine!

Lento Andante.

I wonder where the morning lies, O

Heart of mine! I think it lies with in your eyes, O

Heart of mine! Within the meshes of your hair, A

A.P.S. 6476-3 International Copyright Secured Copyright 1908 by Arthur P. Schmidt.
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mong your curls, it bid-eth there, 'Tis buried in your

warm caress, The morning is your tender-

ness, O Heart of mine, O Heart of mine!
To Miss Anna Miller Wood.

"On the Way to Kew."

The Poem by WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY. ARTHUR FOOTE.

Moderato con moto.  

\begin{align*}
&\text{dolce} \\
&\text{On the way to Kew, By the} \\
&\text{p dolce e legato} \\
&\text{river old and gray, Where in the Long Ago} \\
&\text{mf} \\
&\text{We laughed and loitered so, I met a ghost} \\
&\text{una corda}
\end{align*}

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A.P.S. 7471
day:
A ghost that told of you, A ghost of low replies, And sweet in-

poco rit. a tempo
scruta-ble eyes; Com-ing up from Rich-
mond, As you used to
cresc. a tempo
dim.
una corda

de. By the riv-er old and gray, The en-
chant-ed Long A-go

pp p cresc.
tre corde

Mur-
mured and smiled a-new, On the way to Kew, March had the laugh of May;
cresc.

A. F. S. 2771
The bare boughs looked a-glow,
And old immortal words

Sang in my breast like birds, Coming up from Richmond,
As I used with

you. With the life of Long Ago Lived my thought of you

By the river old and gray Flowing his appointed way,
As I watched, I knew
What is so good to know;
Not in vain, not in vain,

I shall look for you again
Not in vain, not in vain, I shall look for you again,

On the way to Kew!

Com- ing up from Rich- mond,
To Mr. Putnam Griswold

The Sunshine of Thine Eyes

Words by
George Parsons Lathrop

Allegro moderato

The sunshine of thine eyes, Oh

still celestial beam, What ever it touches, it fills with the light, it

fills with the light Of its radiant gleam.

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The sunshine of thine eyes, Oh let it fall on me, Tho' I be but a mote, but a mote in the air, I could turn to gold I could turn to gold for thee.
Merry Maiden Spring.

Edwurd Mac Dowell

(op. 38. No. 3)

Lightly, gracefully. (about 100.)

A win-some morn-ing

measure Trips mer-ry mai-den Spring, O'er
daf-fo-dils and dai-sies, To crown the Sum-mer
king. A win-some morn-ing mea-sure Trips

mer-ry, mer-ry mai-den Spring. Trips

mer-ry mai-den Spring.

And once the king is crowned, And
gradually
slower — and — slower —
twilight 'gins to fall, Brown Autumn slips the
postern gate At grim old Winter's call
As at

As at the beginning.

...But soon the rosy

morning With joyous songs shall ring And

A. P. S. 54927-9
Daffodils and daisies will welcome merry Spring,
And daffodils and daisies Will welcome merry, merry maiden Spring.
Will welcome Spring...
PROMISE

Poem by
FRANZ CHRISTIAN

Andante Moderato

Silently the night
Ushers in the morrow

Stars with twinkling light
Laugh at past days sorrow

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So, my love, your coming brings forgetfulness of lonely days. And fills with promise my tomorrow.

Quietly you came.

Came as one returning gladly to her own,
Eyes with promise burning. Life's long

Hopelessness for me has vanished with your

Coming dear, No more will days be filled with yearning.
To Mr. W.H. DUNHAM

Thou art so like a Flower
Du bist wie eine Blume

HEINE

G.W. CHADWICK
Op. 11, No: 3

Dolce Semplice

Thou art so like a flower, So
Du bist wie eine Blume. So

pure, and fair, and kind; I gaze on thee, and
schön, so hold so rein; Ich schau dich an und

A P R 382
Copyright 1883 by Arthur & Schmidt Co.
Copyright 1911 by G.W. Chadwick
sorrow Then in my heart I find,
It

seems as though I must lay then My

hand upon thy brow,
Haupt dir legen soll.E.
Praying that God may preserve thee,
Be-tend, dass Gott dich er-hal-te,

As pure and
So schön so

cantabile

fair as now,
hold so rein.
To Miss Elsie Chester.

FIVE LITTLE WHITE HEADS.

Walter Learned.  

J. W. Bischoff

Allegro non troppo.

Five little white heads peeped out of the mold,  
When the dew was damp and the night was
cold, And they crowded their way thro' the soil with pride:
Hurra! we are going to be
mushrooms! they cried.

But the sun came
up, and the sun shone down, And the little white

con espress.

heads. — were with' er'd and brown; Long were their

faces, their pride had a fall — — — — — — — A

last! they were nothing but toad-stools, after all. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — a tempo

A.F.S. 7847-4
To Mr. ARTHUR PHILIPS

Be ye in love with April-tide?

CLINTON SCOLLARD

Allegretto grazioso

WARD-STEPHENS

Be ye in love with April-tide?

I' faith in love, I' faith in love,

I' faith in love in love am I!

* By permission
For now 'tis the sun, And now 'tis shower
And now 'tis frost, And now 'tis flow'r
And now 'tis Laura laughing eyed, 'tis shy
Ye doubtful days, O slower glide
Slow-er, slow-er, slow-er glide
Still smile and frown, still smile and frown,

still smile and frown still smile and frown O

sky still smile and frown O sky.

Some beauty un-foreseen I trace
In ev'ry change of Laura's face
Some beauty unforeseen I trace
In every change of Laura's face;
Some beauty unforeseen I trace
In every change of Laura's face.

Be ye in love with:
A - pril-tide? Be ye in love with A - pril-tide?

a tempo

Be ye in love with A - pril-tide?

I' faith in love, I' faith in love, I' faith in love

rit.

in love am I...
A Spanish Romance

Allegretto con moto

When the stars in the sky are twinkling bright,

When the pale jessamine its perfume breathes out on the night.
Then 'tis I touch my light gui-tar,
And some love-song sing, Fraught with rap-ture,
Francisco's heart to cap-ture. Ah!

Scherzando

Ah! Light-ly danc-ing, Bright eyes glanc-ing,

Joy-ful, Mirth-ful, My heart is beat-ing; When my hand I kiss,
Thou canst not resist, Wild-ly, Mad-ly, Thou wilt be en-
treat-ing, Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah, Fran-cis-co I

love thee!

Tempo Primo
When I hear neath my window sounds as of light tread- ing

feet, Then my heart with excite-ment wild

doth beat. Then I throw a bloss-om down,

Just to urge him on, Light-ly he climbs the sway-ing vine, And then he is
mine, Ah! Ah! Ah!

Scherzando

Ah! Ah! Light.ly danc.ing,

staccato

Bright eyes glanc.ing, Joy.ful, Mirth.ful, My heart is beat.ing.

When my hand I kiss Thou can't not re-sist. Wild.ly, Mad.ly,
Thou wilt be entreated. Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah! Fras.

I love thee! I love thee!
ROSES.

Words by
MARY MC NEIL FENELLOSA.

FRANK LYNES.
Op. 43. No. 5.

Allegretto Moderato. \( \text{\textit{\textbf{a tempo}}} \)

What shall I send to my

sweet to-night?

Tell me sweet flower?

Roses of yellow, or pink, or white?

What shall I send?

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Gold for her smile, and her sunny hair? Pink for the flush that her cheek will wear? White for her soul, and the secrets there?

What shall I send, sweet Roses? Which shall she lay on her breast of snow?

Tell me sweet flower? Is it a prophecy? Weal, or woe?
What shall I send? Yellow for gold and the world's decree!

Pink for a love and its ecstasy! White for the robe of a saint to be!

What shall I send? What shall I send?

What shall I send to my sweet to-night? Tell me, oh tell me, my Ros-ces.
EDWARD MACDOWELL
VOCAL COMPOSITIONS

SIX SELECTED SONGS
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