

375203

# PETER WARLOCK

*Songs with Piano*



AS EVER I SAW

High Voice Low Voice

LOVE FOR LOVE

High Voice Low Voice

LULLABY

High Voice Low Voice

MOURN NO MOE

High Voice Low Voice

MY GOSTLY FADER

High Voice Medium Voice Low Voice

MY LITTLE SWEET DARLING

High Voice Low Voice

TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY

High Voice Low Voice

THE BAYLY BERITH THE BELL AWAY

High Voice Low Voice

THERE IS A LADY SWEET AND KIND

High Voice Low Voice

WHENAS THE RYE

High Voice Low Voice

For High Voice

DEDICATION

SWEET CONTENT

Each 2/- Net.

WINTHROP ROGERS

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18 BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.1

G. SCHIRMER: NEW YORK

BOSTON MUSIC CO.

BOSTON.

## MY GOSTLY FADER.

My gostly fader, I me confesse,  
First to God and then to you,

That at a window—wot ye how?—  
I stale a cosse of grete sweteness,  
Which don was out aviseness;  
But hit is doon not undoon now.

My gostly fader, I me confesse,  
First to God and then to you.

But I restore it shall doubtless  
Agein, if so be that I mow;  
And that to God I make a vow  
And elles I axe forgefness.

My gostly fader, I me confesse,  
First to God and then to you.

CHARLES D'ORLEANS.  
(written between 1415 & 1440.)

N.B.—Pronounce the vowels broad as in Latin—*e.g.*, 'Me gostly fader, ee may confesse.' 'how,' 'now,' 'mow,' 'vow,' all rhyme with 'you,'—*i.e.*, 'hoo,' 'noo,' 'moo,' 'voo.' Cosse—kiss.

Out aviseness (pron. oot aveezyness)—without advisedness, *i.e.*, on a sudden impulse.

Forgefness—forgiveness, and should be pronounced 'forzhefness' (zh—s in vision.)

# My gostly fader

An early XV Cent. Rondel  
Attributed to Charles d'Orléans

PETER WARLOCK

*Moderato-rubato (declaim confidentially)*

**Voice**

My gost-ly fa-der, I me confesse— First to God, and

**Piano**

*mf*

then — to you — That at a win-dow. (wot ye how?) I

*p* *mf*

stale a cosse of grete — swete-ness — Which don was out a —

*colla voce*

-vis - e - ness; but hit is doon, not un - doon

now. My most - ly fa - der, I me con - fesse,

First to God and then \_\_\_\_\_ to you.

But I re-store it shall doubt - less a -

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

-gein, if so be that I mow. And that to God I

*ritenuto*

make a vow, and elles I ax - è for - gef - ness

*a tempo*

My gost - ly fa - der, I me con - fesse,

First to God and then \_\_\_\_\_ to you.

# If there were dreams to sell

Song

Words by  
THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

Music by  
JOHN IRELAND

**Voice** *Moderato*

If there were

**Piano** *mf* *p*

dreams to sell, — What would you buy? Some cost a

pass-ing bell; — Some a light sigh, That shakes from Life's fresh

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Medium

M. 23

High Voice F. Medium Eb. Low Db. 2/- Net.

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