

375202

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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G. SCHIRMER, NEW YORK

BOSTON MUSIC CO

BOSTON

**THE BAILEY BEARETH THE
BELL AWAY.**

The maydens came
When I was in my mother's bower;
I hade all that I wolde.
The bayly berith the bell away,
The lylle the rose the rose I lay.
The sylver is whit, red is the golde,
The robes thay lay in fold.
The bayly berith the bell away,
The lilly the rose the rose I lay.
And through the glasse wyndow
Shines the sone.
How shuld I love, and I so young?
The bayly berith the bell away,
The lilly the lilly the rose I lay.

ANON

(An extract from a long poem in
Harleian MS. 7578. Printed in
"Early English Lyrics," by E. K.
Chambers and F. Sidgwick.)

The bailey beareth the bell away

ANONYMOUS

PETER WARLOCK

Lento quasi Andantino (♩ = 50)

Voice

The mai - dens came when I was in my mo - ther's

mp

bow'r.

I had all that I would.

The bai - ley

p *mp*

pochiss rit.

a tempo

bear - eth the bell a - way, The li - ly, the rose, the rose I lay.

The sil - ver is white, Red — is the gold —

The robes they lay — in fold. — The

pochiss ritenuto

bai - ly bear - eth the bell a - way, The li - ly, the rose, the

ritenuto *a tempo*

rose — I lay. — And through the glass win - dow

pp *ritenuto molto*

shines the sun. How should I

mf *pp*

a tempo *rit.* *pp*

love and I so young? The

mf

a tempo (ma più lento che tempo I.) *ritenuto*

bai - ley bear - eth the bell - a - way - The li - ly the

pp

li - ly the rose I lay.

p

HAWTHORN TIME

A. E. Housman

John Ireland

Moderato ed espressivo

Voice

Tis time, I think, by

Wen lock town, The gold en broom should blow; The

poco cresc.

haw-thorn sprink - led up and down Should charge the land with snow.

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