SONG MISCELLANY

VOL. I.
FOR SOPRANO

VOL. II.
FOR ALTO

VOL. III.
FOR TENOR

VOL. IV.
FOR BASS

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Faithfu' Johnie.


When will you come a - gain, my faith - fu' Joh - nie,
Then win - ter's wind will blow, my faith - fu' Joh - nie,
Then will you meet me here, my faith - fu' Joh - nie,

O come na by the muir, my faith - fu' Joh - nie,
And shall we part a - gain, my faith - fu' Joh - nie,

When will you come a - gain?
Then win - ter's wind will blow:
Then will you meet me here?

O come na by the muir.
Shall we then part a - gain?

When the corn is
Though the day be
Though the night were
Though the wraiths were
So lang's my eye
gathered, And the leaves are withered, I will come again,
dark wi' drift, That I can not see the lift, I will come again,
hallow-e'en, When the fearfu' lights are seen, I would meet thee here,
glist'ning white, By the dim elf-candles' light, I would come to thee,
can see, Jean, That face so dear to me, Jean, We shall not part again,

my sweet and bonny, I will come again.
my sweet and bonny, I will come again.
my sweet and bonny, I would meet thee here.

my sweet and bonny, I would come to thee.
my sweet and bonny, Shall not part again.

*
Heart Throbs.
Wie berührt mich wundersam.

English version by
F. W. ROSIER.

FRANZ BENDEL.

Slowly and dreamily.

Voice.

Ah! 'tis wonderful to feel, What thy words impart;
Wie berührt mich wundersam, oft ein Wort von dir,

Piano.

When thy lips the thoughts reveal, of my inmost heart.
das von deiner Lippe kam, und vom Herzen mir!

a tempo.

1. Is the spell in me or thee? Ah! 'tis vain to seek!
2. Oh! how deep a mystery, Binds our souls as one.
1. Was ist mein, und was ist dein, ach! du weisst es nicht,
2. O welch' tief Geheimniss trägt still der Seele Band,
1. It must be thy sympathy, Makes my soul to speak.
2. For our hearts by fate's decree, Beat in unison!
1. *Wie aus dir in Lust und Pein meine Seele spricht.*
2. *dass aus beiden Herzen schlägt, was ein Herz empfand.*

*a tempo.*

Ah! 'tis wonderful to feel What thy words impart;
Wie be-rührt mich wun-der-sam oft ein Wort von dir,
dolceissimo.

*a tempo.*

when thy lips the thought reveal Of my inmost heart.
*das von deiner Lippe kam und vom Herzen mir.*

mir. *a tempo.*

*pp rit.*

1. 2.
The little Dustman.
(SANDMÄNNCHEN.)

Joh. Brahms.

Andante.

VOICE.

1. The flow-rets all sleep sound-ly
    Birds that sang so sweet-ly
    See, the lit-tle dust-man
    Ere the lit-tle dust-man

GESANG.

1. Die Blü-me-lein sie schlafen schon
    Vö-ge-lein sie san-gen so
    männ-chen kommt ge-schlief-fen
    aus dem Zim-mer es

PIANO.

molto p e dolce una corda.

ray,
    They nod their heads to-geth-er
    high,
    With-in their nests are sleep-ing,
    head,
    And looks for all good chi-l-der,
    way,
    Thy pret-ty eyes, my dar-ling,

schein,
    sie ni-cken mit den Kö-pfen auf ih-ren Sten-ge-lein.

schein,
    sie sind zur Ruh ge-gan-gen in ih-re Nestchen klein.

lein,
    ob ir-gend noch ein Lieb-chen nicht mag zu Bet-te sein.

fein,
    es ist gar fest ver-schlos-sen schon sein Guck-äu-ge-lein.
The budding trees wave to and fro, And murmur soft and
The cricket as it moves along alone gives forth its
And as each weary pet he spies Throws dust into its
But they shall open at morning's light And greet the sunshine

Es rüttelt sich der Blüh-thenbaum, er sün-selt wie im
Das Heim-chen in dem Aeh-ren-grund, es that allein sich
Und wo er nur ein Kind-chen fand, streut er ihm in die Augen
Es leuchtet Morgen mir Willkomm das Aug-e-lein so

Sleep on! sleep_on, sleep on, my little one!

Schla-fe, schla-fe, schla' du mein Kin-de-lein!

one!

2. The
3. Now
4. And
"I doan' want fu' t' stay hyeah no longah."

Tune: Danville Chariot.

Words by
R. E. Phillips.

Boldly, fervently.

H. T. BURLEIGH.

1. Oh! swing low, sweet chari-ot! Pray let-a me en-ter in, An' I
doan' want fu' t' stay hyeah no lon-gah!  Yes, I

2. Oh, sweet hohn ob Ga-bri-el! Blow, trum-pet, an' call me home, An' I
doan' want fu' t' stay hyeah no lon-gah!  Oh, I'se
done bin tempted, done bin tried, I bin to de wa-tahs An' I
tired o' strummin' de ol' ban-jo, Whar de an-gels is hum-min' I'se er-

bin batiz'd, An' I doan' want t' stay hyeah no lon-gah! Yes,
gwine to go, An' I doan' want t' stay hyeah no lon-gah! Yes, I

down to de wa-tahs-a I wuz led, An' ma soul wuz fill'd-a wid de
done bin read-y fu' t' chune ma lyre Fu' t' join de mu-sic ob de
heab'n-ly bread, An' I
doan' want t' stay hyeah no lon-gah! Oh!
heab'n-ly choir, An' I
doan' want t' stay hyeah no lon-gah! Oh,

swing low, sweet cha-ri-ot! Pray let-a me en-ter in, An' I
sweet hohn ob Ga-bri-el, Blow, trum-pet, an' call me home, An' I

doan' want fu' t' stay hyeah no lon-gah!
doan' want fu' t' stay hyeah no lon-gah!
To Miss MARGUERITE CLAYTON.

Lov'd by thee.

Words by BROWNING.  (Mezzo-Soprano, or Baritone.)

Allegro strepitoso.  OTTO CANTOR.

Voice.

Be a God and hold me with a charm, Be a man and fold me with thine arm;

Piano.

Teach me, only teach, love, as I ought, as I

16292
ought;  I will speak thy speech, love,

a tempo  

marcato  

think thy thought, Meet, if thou re-

più mosso  

quire it, both demands,  

poco accel. e cresce.

Laying flesh and spirit in thy hands;  

poco accel. e cresce.
Marszalek assai.

Meet, if thou require it, both demands,

Laying flesh and spirit in thy hands.

Molto meno quasi adagio

That shall be tomorrow, not tonight;

Dolce

I must banish sorrow out of sight;
Must a little weep, love, foolish me!
And so fall asleep, love, And so fall asleep, love,
And so fall asleep, love, And so fall asleep, love,

lovd by thee!
Rosemunde.

English words by CLIFTON BINGHAM.

(Alto or Bass)

C. CHAMINADE.

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

Comes he not, my heart, tell me why,
Pour-quoi tar-det-il à venir

Why so long is he delaying!
Ah, does he fear to

Quand je suis à l'attendre?
Craint-il, hélas!

16292
p dolce.

list to my praying, To hear my tender sigh!
mon regard tendre Et mon premier soupir!

Heav'n, that deigns to watch above, O pity me, because I love!
Dieu qui daigne nous bénir, Pitié, pitié pour mon martyr!

dim.

Heav'n, that deigns to watch above, O pity, for I love!
O Dieu qui daigne nous bénir, Pitié pour mon martyr!

Resting from the labor of day, All the world lies in slumber deep,
Oubliant les travaux du jour, Au village on sommeil.
A lone here vigil keep,
Waiting one still far away!
Ah,

Quand moi seul je ici je veille Conduite par l'amour! Faut-

must I wait always in vain Tho' my heart may
il attendre son retour Dans ce triste

break for pain? Ah, must I wait always in vain, Tho' my
sejour! Faut-il attendre son retour Dans

heart may break for pain? Ah! mine eyes are
ce triste sejour! Ah! des larmes
blind-ed with tears, Shall I faith-less fear him; Is there one fair-er, 
viol-ent mes yeux! m'est-il in-fi-di-le! Peut-être, hé-las

dear-er, a-near him, One who his vows now hears? Ah, if they love tru-ly a-
une au-tre bel-le É-cou-te ses a-veux? Ah! si là-haut l'on ai-me

bove, Let me die, then, for I love; Ah! if they love tru-ly a-
mieux, Je veux mon-ter aux cieux; Ah! si là-haut l'on ai-me

bove, Let me die, then, for I love; I love, I love, I love!
mieux, Je veux mon-ter aux cieux, mon-ter aux cieux!
In the chimney corner.

Words by F.E. WEATHERLY.

Lento con moto.

What do you see in the fire, my darling, Gold-hair'd lassie beside my knee? Is it a castle in Eldorado,
Is it a lover from o'er the sea? Leave the castle to others, lassie, Let the lover come whence he may,

Love is love in the humblest cottage, Never mind what the world will say. a tempo.

poco rit.
What is it there in the flames, my darling,

Do you wonder what I can see? The

old white house and the little garden,

Oh, how it all comes back to me!
Oh, the sound of the mill-wheel turning! Oh the scent of the lilac tree! When I was a girl like you, my darling, When your grandfather courted me.
You will grow old, like me, my darling; Time will whiten your golden hair; Sitting at eve in the chimney corner,

Dreaming and watching each empty chair. You will not weep as you sit and ponder, You will remember the tales we told, For
while there is love in your heart, my darling, The world will never grow sad or old. For while there is love in your world will never grow heart, my darling, The world, the world will never grow

rall.
Enticement.
("LOCKUNG ")

Con moto ma.tranquillo.

J. DESSAUX.

VOICE.

Piano.

branches rustic There beside the quiet vale. It allure you to look
Bäume rau schen draussen durch die stille Rund? Lockte deh nicht hinab zu

downward, From the valley to the dale,
lauschen von dem Süßer in den Grund,
Where are many rivulets streaming Sparkling in the moon's sweet light,
wo die vielen Bäche gehen wunderbar im Mondenschein,

And the quiet castles beaming In the flood from rocky
und die stillen Schlösser sehen in den Fluss vom hohen

height? Knowst thou still those erring ballads
Stein? Kennst du noch die irren Lieder

Of the happy, olden days? They return again to
aus der alten schönen Zeit? Sie erwachsen alle
mem'ry By the ev'ning sun's sweet rays!
wieder, Nachts, in Wald's ein-sam-keit,

Dream'ly are the branch-es swing-ing,
wenn die Bäu-me träumend lauschen

Sweet-ly smells the el-der tree;
und der Flie-der duftet schwül,

sing-ing: Come, for here 'tis cool and free,
rausch'en, komm' her-ab, hier ist's so kühl,
Come, for here 'tis cool and free,
komm' her-ab, hier ist's so kühl,

Rallent.

Come, for here 'tis cool and free,
komm' her-ab, hier ist's so kühl,

Molendo

Come, for here 'tis cool and free, 'tis
komm' her-ab, hier ist's so kühl, hier

Rallent.

cool and free!
ist's so kühl!

Rallent.
Old folks at home.

Edited by
H. W. NICHOLL.

Words and Music by
STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Voice. Moderato.

Piano. \( p \) cantabile

\( p \) con espri.

1. Way down upon de Swanee river, Far, far away,
2. All round de little farm I wan-der'd When I was young,
3. One little hut among de bush-es, One dat I love,
Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing ebb-er, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
Den ma-ny hap-py days I squan-der'd, Ma-ny de songs I sung.
Still sad-ly to my mem-ory rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove.

All up and down de whole cre-a-tion Sad-ly I roam,
When I was play-ing wid my brud-der, Hap-py was I,
When will I see de bees a-humming, All round de comb?

Still long-ing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
Oh! take me to my kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and die.
When will I hear de ban-jo tum-ning, Down in my good old home?
Chorus, (or Solo.)

All de world am sad and drea-ry, Eb-ry-where I roam,

Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home.
Im Herbst.
(In Autumn.)
(Wolfgang Müller.)

Allegro maestoso. (Mezzo-Soprano, or Baritone.) ROBERT FRANZ. Op. 17, No. 6.

Die Haide ist braun, einst blühte sie rot; die
The heather is brown, once blooming so red; The

Birke ist kahl, grün war einst ihr Kleid; einst ging ich zu zweien, jetzt
birch-tree, once green, is bared to the blast; Once twain we did roam, I

geh' ich allein, weh über den Herbst und die gramvolle Zeit! o
now am alone; Oh! sorrowful Autumn, oh! would it were past! A-

weh, o weh! weh über den Herbst und die gramvolle Zeit!
Oh! sorrowful Autumn, oh! would it were past! Einst

molto riten. a tempo

molto riten.

a tempo
blüh-ten die Ro-sen, jetzt wel-ken sie all; voll Duft war die Blu-me, nun
tblossom’d the ros-es, now with-er they all, The flow-rets, once fra-grant, are

zog er her-aus; einst pflückt’ ich zu zwei’n, jetzt pflück’ ich al-lein;
fad-ed a-way; To-geth-er we culld, I now culd a-lone;

das wird ein dür-rer, ein duft-lo-ser Strauss! o weh, o weh!
All flow-ers are fad-ed and scent-less to-day! A-las, a-las!

Das wird ein dür-rer, ein duft-lo-ser Strauss!
Yes, all the flow-ers are scent-less to-day!

Die Welt ist so öd; sie
The world is so drear, be-
war einst so schön, ich war einst so reich, so reich,
fore 'twas so fair; I once was so glad, so glad,

jetzt bin ich voll Noth! einst ging ich zu zwei'n, jetzt
now all joys are fled! Once twain we did roam, I

geh' ich allein! mein Lieb ist falsch, o wäre ich
now am alone! My love is false ah! would I were
todt! mein Lieb ist falsch! o wäre ich todt!
dead! My love is false ah! would I were dead!
The Heavenly Song.

(Alto, or Baritone.)

CLAUDE LYTTLETON.

Andante maestoso.

HAMilton gray.

Piano.

'Twas on a summer evening, I heard a song so fair, It

floated through the stillness, And came I knew not where. It seem'd as though the singer Was

ritard. molto

singing but to me  The grand and wondrous melody Of immortality.
Glorify to God in the highest, Swell forth the grand refrain;
Praise Him who brings you salvation,

Hail Him, who comes to reign.

Gain the music of that song Fell on my list’ning ear, The great majestic harmonies Peal’d
forth in tones so clear. A-gain I wondered at the strain That haunted ev'-ry dream, And


long'd the singer's face to see, Be-yond the starry gleam. Glo-ry to God in the


high-est, Swell forth the grand re-frain,


Praise Him who brings you sal-va-tion, Hail Him, who comes to
reign.

And

Andantino.

e'en as I mus'd, the vi - sion Of angels seem'd to rise

Before my raptured

Organ alone (ad lib.)

a tempo

sens - es, Be - fore my long-ing eyes. The harps of the heav'n - ly

ara

min - strels Resound - ed through the night, And
then I knew the song divine Came down from the City of

Grandioso.
Swell forth the grand refrain; Praise Him who brings you sal-

rail.
variation, Hail Him, who comes to reign.

Tempo I.
Light. Glory to God in the highest,
Solvejgs Wiegenlied.
(Solvejg’s Cradle-song.)
From H. Ibsen’s “Peer Gynt”
(Transposed.)
EDVARD GRIEG.
Composed in 1875.

Lento. ($= 72$)

Piano.

Schlaf, du theuer-ster Kna-be mein!
Sleep, my dar-ling my ba-boy!
Ich will wie-gen mein Kind und wa-chen.
I will rock thee, my child, and watch thee.
Still mir im Schoosse hat’s ge-lauscht dem Sang,
Still in my lap he hears me sing my song,
mit
With
mir hat gespielt es all sein Leben lange lang.
me has he sport-ed ev'ry day, all day long;

An seiner Mutter Brust mag sich es sein all sein Leben lange lang.
Gott

Up-on his mother's bosom fain he'd lie ev'ry day, all day long: May

segment es fein!
God bring him joy!

An meinem Herzen lasse ich's gerne ruh'n all sein
gently pillow on my heart his brow Ev'ry

Leb-täge lang; so müd' ist es nun.
day, all day long; so tired is he now.

Schlaf', du theuer ster
Sleep, my darling my
Knabe mein! Schlaf'!
baby boy! Sleep!
ich will wiegen mein
I will rock thee, my

Kind und wachen.
schlaf! du theuerster
child, and watch thee. Sleep, my darling, my

pp cresc.
jouors  Son  é - pi- ne  ou  sa  ro - se  À  ses  a - mours,
morn  For  its  love  ev - er  giv - eth  Or  rose  or  thorn;

Puis-que  l'air  à  la  bran - che  Don - ne  l'oi - seau,  Que  l'aube  à  la  per -
As  the  air  to  the  branches  The  bird  doth  bring,  As  the  sun- shine  e -

ven - che  Donne  un  peu  d'eau,  Puis-que  lorsqu'el - le  ar - ri - ve
staunch - es  The  tears  of  Spring;  As  the  wan - der - ing  bil - low

S'y  re - po - ser  L'on - de  amère  à  la  ri - ve  Don - ne  un  bai -
Finds  rest - ful  peace...  When  the  shore's  yield - ing  pil - low  Re - turns  his
Je te don- ne à cette
So on theewould I
heu-re, Pen- ché sur toi, La cho- se la mei- lleu-re
lav- ish, While thou art near, What all my soul doth rav- ish
Que j'aie en moi. Reçois donc ma pen- sé- e, Tris- te d'ail-
And thrill with fear. 'Tis a thoughtyet un- spo- ken, A trembling
leurs, Qui comme u- ne ro- sé- e Tar- ri- ve en pleurs!
plea, And my tears are the to- ken It bears to thee!
Reçois mes vœux sans nombre, Ô! mes amours! Reçois la flamme et
I would give thee possession Of all my heart, All love's anguish and

l'ombre De tous mes jours; Mes transports pleins d'ivresse,
passion To thine impart; All my tenderest kisses,

Purs de soupçons, Et toutes les caresses De mes chant.
That dream no wrong, And the fondest caresses In this, my

sons! song!
Without Thee.

SANS TOI.

(Alto or Baritone.)

English version by Dr. Th. Baker.

Andante con moto.

Voice.

sempre legato, pesante e molto sostenuto.

Piano.

quoi puis-je voir en - vi - e, De quoi puis-je voir ef - froi,
joye could I ev - er cov - et, What pains could I ev - er fear,

Que fe-rai - je de la vi - e, Si tu n'es plus près de moi?
What were life, that I should love it, If no lon-ger thouwert near?
Que veux-tu que je devienne, Si je n'entends plus ton pas?
What should I do all alone, love? Could I e'er thy sight forego?

agitato

est-ce ta vie ou la mienne Qui s'en va? Je ne sais pas.
Is it thy life or my own, love, That I live? I do not know.

Con passione

qui s'en va? Je ne sais pas.
Thine or mine? I do not know.

a tempo

tu portes dans la lumière, Tu portes dans les buissons
When in sunshine thou art faring, Or shady wood-ways along,

legato

18292
Sur une aile ma prière Et sur l'autre mes chansons,
On one wing my praying, on the other all my song,

De quoi puis-je-voir en vé, De
What joys could I ever covet, What

quoi puis-je-voir efroi,
What were life, that I should love it,
pains could I ever fear,
Si tu n'es plus près de moi?  
If no longer thouwert near?

Que ferai-je seul, farouche, Sans
Life's delight were all untasted, If

toit du jour et des cieux?  
thou didst not share its joys;

De mes baisers sans ta bouche, Et de mes
Love without thy lips were wasted And sight were

pleurs sans tes yeux?  
blind without thine eyes!

Et de mes pleurs
Sight were blind

sans tes yeux?  
without thine eyes!
Ah! 'tis a dream.

Moderato.

C. B. HAWLEY.

VOICE.

PIANO.

My native land again once

meets my eye, The old oaks raise their boughs on high; The
vi-o-lets greet-ing seem:

Ah! 'tis a dream,
Ah! 'tis a dream.

I feel the kiss that was in youth so dear,
The words "I love" fall on my ear;
I see the eyes soft beam:

Ah! 'tis a dream,
Ah! 'tis a dream.
And now, when far in distant
lands I roam, My heart still wanders to my home; But
while these fancies teem, still let me dream,
still let me dream.
"She never told her love."

Largo assai e con espressione.

Piano.

JOS. HAYDN.
She never told her love, She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.
The Patient on a Monument

Smiling, smiling at grief.

Smiling, smiling at grief.
Nirvana.

(Enrico Pansacchi)

English version by Dr. Th. Baker.

Voce.

Andante. \( \text{p con tristezza} \)

Ho sul l'a-mi-ma il
I am lone-ly here, and

Plano.

me-dio; sui pia-ni di gen-na-io stan lom-bre e lal-
wea-ry; in shad-ows Of mid-win-ter lie plains cold and

gor; E al-le ei-me dei mon-ti lon-ta-ni Vajl ra-
bare; And a-broad, o-ver moun-tains and mead-ows, Fly my
Poco più lento. (dolce)

mi-o, las-sù te-co io vor-rei. Co-me fal-da di nebbia on-deg-

giar,     E scel-dar-ti di pal-pi-ti
fay;     On my heart I would warm thee a-

miei sotto il ge-li-do sguardo lu-nar;
right, By you chil-ly moon's wan-der-ing ray.
In love's long, tender silence unbroken Gaze a-

See thee smiling in rapture un-

I were fain all delights of e-

Oh co-si tutti gaudì del gain.
senso, tutti i gaudi della alma gioir,
mo\-tion, Ev\-'ry bliss to en-joy for a day,

E poi lie-\-vi per le-te-re in-
Then as air-y o'er billow-y

men-so Co-me fal-da di ne-bia va-nir!
o-cean As a mist-wreath to van-ish a-way!
My Lover is a Weaver.

(Mein Liebster ist ein Weber.)

Allegro con grazia.

EUGEN HILDACH.

Voice.

Piano.

lovers is a weaver, Who works so patiently, And at a piece of linen, intended but for me. The wool of this true love is, The warp is constancy, For love and faith must ever Thus well united.
Tempo I.

yarn have I been spinning, Thro' nights so drear and long, Of him the while oft
Garn hab' ich gesponnen in mancher langen Nacht, und hab'an dich, mein

p sempre stacc.

meno mosso

think- ing, My lover true and strong. And when this piece the loom leaves,
Lieber, gar oft da-bei gedacht. Und kommt das Stück vom Stuhle,

Bleach'd in the sun 'twill be, For but one year in summer, Then will our wed-ding
bleich' ich's im Sonnenschein, denn übers Jahr im Sommer soll uns're Hochzeit
be. And while I sew the linen that all his art displays, Sweet

dreams will I be dreaming of him and future days. My dress and silk-

ribbons all snowy white shall be, When but one year in summer, when

but one year in summer, Our wedding day will be.

Über's Jahr im Sommer, soll uns're Hochzeit sein.
"She never told her love."

Largo assai e con espressione.

JOS. HAYDN.
She nev-er told her love, She nev-er told her love,
But let conceal-ment, like a worm in th
bud, Feed on her dam-ask cheek.

[Music notation]
She sat, like Patience on a monument,

Smiling, smiling at grief,
Nirvana.

(Enrico Panzacchi)

English version by Dr. Th. Baker.

ARTHUR HERVEY.

Andante. ($\text{\textdagger}$ 80)  
$p \text{ con tristezza}$

Voice.

Ho sul la - ni - ma il
I am lone - ly here, and

teo - dio: sui pia - ni di gen - na - io stan l'om - bre e fal -
wea - ry; in shad - ows Of mid-win - ter lie plains cold and

gor; E al - le ci - me dei mon - ti lon - ta - ni Vajl ra -
bare; And a - broad, o - ver moun - tains and mead - ows, Fly my
myn go desio del mio cor. Amor

tender est longings a far. Oh my

Poco più lento. (dolce)

mi - o, las - su te - co io vor - rei. Come fal - da di nebbia on - deg -
dar - ling, wert thou on - ly near to - night. As a mist - y and waver - ing

giar,

fay;

Escal - dar - ti di pal - pi - ti

On my heart I would warm thee a -

miei sotto il gel - li - do sguardo lu - nar;

right, By you chil - ly moon's wander - ing ray.
Mi-rar te-co la vol-ta stel-la-ta, Fi-si-in
In love's long, ten-der si-lence un-bro-ken Gaze a-

lun-ghi si-len-zi da-mor, E ve-der-ti sor-ri-de r be-
far on yon star-ry do-main, See thee smil-ing in rapt-ure un-

a-ta E sor-ri-de r sor-ri-de re an-
spok-en, Ev-er smil-ing, e'er smil-ing a-

oh co-si tut-tij gau-di del
gain. I were fain all de-lights of e-

pp armoni-o-so
sesso, tutti i gaudi dell' alma gioir,
mo-tion, Ev'-ry bliss to en-joy for a day,

E poi lie-vi per le-te-re in-
Then as air-y o'er bil-low-y

meno-so Co-me fal-da di neb-bia va-nir!
o-cean As a mist-wreath to van-ish a-way!
My Lover is a Weaver.
(Mein Liebster ist ein Weber.)

English Version by
by E. BUKK.

Allegro con grazia.

EUGEN HILDACH.

Voice.

My Lover is a weaver, Who works so patiently, And at a piece of linen, Intended but for me, The woof of this true love is, The warp is constancy, For love and faith must ever Thus well united

Piano.

largo.

lento.
Tempo I.

yarn have I been spinning, Thro' nights so drear and long, Of him the while oft

Garn hab' ich gesponnen in mancher langen Nacht, und hab' an dich, mein

p sempre stacc.

meno mosso

think ing, My lover true and strong. And when this piece the loom leaves,

Lieb ster, gar oft da-bei gedacht. Und kommt das Stück vom Stuhle,

Bleach'd in the sun 'twill be, For but one year in summer, Then will our wedding

bleich' ich's im Sun-nen-schein, denn ü ber's Jahr im Sommer soll uns're Hoch-zeit
be. And while I sew the linen That all his art displays, Sweet sein. Ich sitz der-weiß und nähe das Hochzeitskleidchen mir und

più lento

dreams will I be dreaming Of him and future days. My dress and silk-en träume süsse Träume von Liebe und von dir, das Kleidchen weiss von

più mosso

ribbons All snowy white shall be, When but one year in summer, when Linnen, das Band von Seide fein, denn übers Jahr im Sommer, denn

Tempo I.

but one year in summer, übers Jahr im Sommer, Our wedding day will be. soll unsre Hochzeit sein.
The Bird and the Rose.

(Alto or Bass.)

Words by
ROBERT S. HICHENS:

Music by
AMY ELISE HORROCKS.

Andante.

Voice.

A rose that bloom'd in a
desert land Sigh'd in her lone-ness; A little bird that was singing near Was
touch'd by her distress: "Why are you sad, sweet rose?" he said,
"Why do you weep and sigh?" "Ah!" said the rose, "If I had wings...

To other lands I'd fly."

"Why do you linger here, dear bird, When you might fly away?" "Because I love your scent, sweet rose, In this lone land I stay."
I linger in this solitude, To cheer you with my song."

"Ah! little bird, bear me away, Your spreading wings are strong."

The little bird rais'd the sweet rose

And spread his pinions fair; He flew away across the sea
Through the bright summer air,

But when he reach'd his nest at last,

He sang a sadder lay.

His joy was hush'd,
The lovely rose was faded quite a way.
Synnøves Lied.
(Bj. Bjørnsen.)

Synnöve's Song.

Andante.
(Summend vor sich hin und gleichsam seufzend.)
(‘Humming to herself, half-sighing.’)

Sei nun gedankt für der Kindheit
Oh! to remember the happy hours,

fröhlich in Wald und Hause.
childhood we spent together,

Zeit, bis in die grauen Tages.
flow'r's, What did we know of wintry weather?

H. KJERULF.
Spiel, dimm-er wär' es aus, wo Bir-ken-laub grün im Wal-de
harrt oft bei A-bendzeit, und schaut hin-ab oft zu Tan-nen-
play-ing must nev-er cease, We thought our flow'rs would bloom for-
gar-den is white with snow, At night I wait and I stand and

flimmert, bis wo das son-ni-ge Bal-ken-haus, roth auch das
grün-den, der Fels doch schreck-te die ban-ge Maid, du nie den
ev-er, Our world was bounded by the gar-den trees, Then came the
shi-ver, The place is fros-ty, the cold winds blow', Oh! love, my

Kirch-lein er-schim-mert. Ich sass und
Weg konntest fin-den. Oh! now the
churchyard and the riv-er. love, but you came nev-er.
L'Esclave.
Théophile Gautier.
The Bondmaid.

ÉDOUARD LALO.

Alto, or Baritone.

Andante non troppo.

Voice.

Piano.

ti-ve, et peut-être oubliee,
Je bondmaid, and perchance unremem-berd,

una corda

songe à mes jeunes amours,
Dream on my spring-time of love,

À mes beaux jours!
My days of joy!

a mes beaux jours!
My days of joy!
Et par la fenêtre grille
And, thro' the bars of my window,

Je regarde l'oiseau joyeux
see afar the joyous bird

Au près de lui,
A-wak'ning hope!

belle espérance,
joy-fuIy bear me

Por-temoi sur tes
unto him, on thy
ai - les d'or,  
S'il m'aime en - cor,
gold - en wing,  
if yet he love

f

Si l'm'aime en - cor!
me,  
if yet he love me!

Et pour en-dor-mir ma souf-fran - ce,  
Sus-pens mon â - me
And wilt thou al-lay my love-an - guish, then lay my spir-it

Sur son cœur  
Comme u-ne fleur!
on his heart,  
as 'twere a flow'r!
Serenade.
Good night! good night beloved!

Moderato ed espressivo.

E. W. NEVIN.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Good night, good night, beloved,

I come to watch o'er thee.

To be near thee, to be near thee a-

lone is peace for me.

Good night, good night, beloved.
loved, I come to watch o'er thee,

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

lone is peace for me.

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

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

Good night.
Verwelkt!

Withered Rose.

Andante cantabile.

H. PROCH.

Er gab mir eine Rose, und
A rare, red rose he brought me To

nann-te sie mein Bild; sie ruht an meinem Herzen, und
wear up-on my breast, Its fra-grance float-ed 'round me, Its

duftet süß und mild. Er sprach zu mir von Liebe, von
bloom my lips ca-ress'd. My rose art thou, he whis-per'd, O

Lust und Seligkeit; von Liebe,
give thy-self to me! I love thee!
von Liebe, dass treu er stets mir bleibe in
I love thee! I'll wear thee on my bosom Thro'

sun - shine, his words of fer - vent feel - ing like sun - shine warm my heart. A.

welkt doch ist die Ro - se, er - lo - schen ist die Lieb;

las! my rose is fad - ed, The warmth of day is fled,

und aeh! von all' der Won - ne nur ei - ne Thrän mir blieb, nur

And loves pale, with - erd bloss - soms Un - tend - ed all are dead, un -

ei - ne Thrän mir blieb.
tend - ed all are dead.
"Lasciali dir, tu m'ami!,,
"Let say, who will: you love me!"

English version by
Dr. Th. Baker.

FRANCESCO QUARANTA.

La - scia - li dir, tu m'a - mi, tu
Let say, who will, you love me, you

m'a - mi, Tu che mi stai nel co - re,
love me! Shrine of my hearts e - mo - tion;

m'a - mi, Né per ca - lun - nie in - fa - mi
love me! No shame - ful word shall move me

Pot - trai fug - gir da me,
E'er to be - tray your heart.

Né per ca - lun - nie in -
No shame - ful word shall
mil me!

Tho da - to tut - to,
Naught I de - nied thee,

Quasi lento, Tempo I.

Più mosso e con enfasi

Il can - to, La gio - ven - tù, la -
I gave thee my ten - der youth, de -

legato col canto

f rall.

f ten.

col canto
Largamente e con espansione

La scia-lí dir, tu má-mi, Ed io òho da-to la gio-ven-tú, la-
Let say, who will, you love me! Naught I de-nied thee: My ten-der youth, de-

col canto

mo-re...
la gio-ven-tú, la-
vo-tion, my ten-der youth, de-

vo-tion, de-

marcato il basso

esansivo

Tempo I.

mo-re. La-scia-lí dir, tu
vo-tion! Let say who will, You

portando la voce con espansione

má-mi, tu má-mi, tu má-mi, tu má-mi!
love me, you love me, you love me!
Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix.
(MY HEART AT THY SWEET VOICE.)
Cantabile from "Samson et Dalila."  
(ALTO.)

C. SAINT-SAËNS.

Andantino.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Mon cœur s'ouvre
My heart at

à ta voix
thy sweet voice

comme s'ouvrent les fleurs
Swift unfolds like a flower

Aux baisers
When the dawn

de l'aurore!
first is showing.

Mais, ô mon bien-aimé,
But oh! to stop my tears
pour mieux sé-cher mes pleurs,
Thou hast it in thy pow-er,
Que ta voix
One word more,

parle en-co-re!
love, be-stow-ing.

moi, qu'à Da-li-la
De-li-lah say
Thou re-turnest for ja-

mais,
way!
Re-dis à ma ten-dres-se
Re-peat thy woo-ing ten-der,

mements d'autrefois:

vows once more tell;

Those sweet vows loved so

Ah! come,

Un poco più lento.

Ah! ré-

mais!

well!

Listen to my fond wooing,

'Tis with

moi, vers-moi l'ivresse! Répends à ma ten-

ador my heart imbuing! Listen unto my
dresse, Réponds à ma tendresse!

wooing, Listen unto my wooing.

Ah! verse-moi, verse-moi, livres sel!
Ah! 'tis with ardor my heart imbu ing!

As when across the field
les épis ondu ler
Zephyr soft ly are blow ing

Sous la bri se lé ge re,
While the wheat is gen tly away ing,

Ain si fré mit mon cœur,
'Tis thus my heart is moved;

prêt à se con so ler,
And thus while love 'tis show ing,
À ta voix
To the voice

qui m'est cher
'tis tribute paying

fleche est moins rapide
arrow is less fleet,

à por-
That brings

dec le tre pas,
death in its flight,

que ne
Than thy

l'est
love,

ton a man
who would fain

Rush to thy
A voler dans tes bras!
Rush to thee at thy sight.

Ah! réponds à moi.
Ah! come, list to.

Un peu plus lentement.

Ma tendresse,
Verse-moi vers mon cœur
Fondwooing, 'Tiawith ardo

Mon cœur l'envoie!
Réponds à ma tendre

Listen unto my
dress,  respond to my tenderness!

wooing, listen unto my wooing.

Ah! verse moi, verse moi, l'île.
Ah! 'tis with ardor my heart is imbued.

verse! Samson! My own, Samson!

Je t'ai - me! I love thee!
Loch Lomond.

Traditional Scottish Melody:
Piano accompaniment by
MAX VOGRICH.

Voice. Andante espressivo.

1. By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond;

2. 'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
Steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond;

Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
Where in purple hue the Highland hills we view,

On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.
3. The wee birds sing and the wild flowers spring, And in
sunshine the waters are sleeping, But the broken heart it kens. Nae

second Spring again, Tho' the saefu' may cease frae their greeting.
4. Oh! ye'll tak' the high-road and I'll tak' the low-road, And

I'll be in Scotland afore ye, But me and my true love will

never meet again On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.
Sonnet d'amour.

(A. de Saineville.)

Sonnet.

(Mezzo-Soprano or Baritone.)

FRANCIS THOMÉ.

Largamente. Moderato ma tempo rubato. 

Sous le soleil qui les irises, En dorant leurs reins.
Gilt by the sun, like embers glowing, Lustrous your tresses.

Piano.

fleurs soyeux, Je voudrais dans tes blonds cheveux
gleam with gold. Softly the breeze, fond yet bold, Diffuse their balm, gently

bri-se; Et sur ton cou charmant où frise
blowing; Were I the wind, that long lock flowing, Undulating in rippling

levez, En respirez, voulu-tuex, L'envariant parfum qui me
fold, I'd waft and toss with joy untold, Scent of its perfume round me
Più lento.

Comme au hasard, sans y penser,
Then as the winds and lovers do,

Serait-ce vraiment t'offenser
Si sur tes lèvres de cerise
Hoving about, I'd whisper sue,
Flowerly petals round you strowing;

Je mettais, sachant t'apaiser
Avec l'amour que tu m'as pris,
Would you not yield, if thus I'd woo?
All that I am and have bestowed,

Toute ma vie, Toute ma vie en un baiser?
All that my life is, all that my life is, my love, on you?
Abendlied.  

Even Song.  

(Alto, or Baritone.)

Solenne.  

F. v. WICKEDE.

Piano.

Voice.

A-bend wird es wieder, Stille rings um her, und die Augen-
Ev'ning shades now dark en, nature's links in rest, And the weary-

lie-der sinken schlummer-schwer. Leis' in Blu-then-zwei gen
eye-lids droop with sleep op prest. Faint-ly thro' the wood land

A-bend flü stern wohl, fromme Herzen neig'en sich zum Dank ge-
whispers come and go; Pious-ly, with prayer, lips de vant over.
Più lento.

Undauch meine Seele
My soul too is sunken

espress.

hat sich Gott geweiht:
Watch, oh God, my Father, o'er my life with care!

Viater dir befehle ich mich alle Zeit!

zeit!
