



THE BEST SONGS OF ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

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|--|----|
| Birds in the Night. Lullaby | 40 |
| Alto in E ₃ | |
| Let me dream again | 40 |
| Soprano in E ₃ . Alto in C | |
| My Dearest Heart | 35 |
| Soprano in A ₃ | |
| O my Charmer | 35 |
| Soprano in D ₃ | |
| The Chorister | 40 |
| Soprano in G. Alto in E | |
| The same, with Organ or Harmonium | 50 |
| Soprano in G. Alto in E | |
| Thou art weary | 50 |
| Soprano in F ₃ . Alto in D ₃ | |
| Where is another Sweet | 50 |
| Soprano in G. Mezzo-Sop. in F. Alto in E | |
| The Lost Chord | 40 |
| Soprano in A ₃ . Alto in F | |
| The same, with Organ | 50 |
| Alto in F | |
| Will He come? | 40 |
| Soprano in D | |
| Looking back | 40 |
| Soprano in F ₃ . Alto in D ₃ | |
| Once Again | 35 |
| Soprano in F ₃ | |
| What does little Birdie say? | 30 |
| Soprano in E ₃ | |
| The Snow lies white | 40 |
| Mezzo-Soprano in F | |
| And God shall wipe away all Tears | 35 |
| Alto in E | |
| Orpheus with his Lute | 50 |
| Soprano in B ₃ | |

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THE LOST CHORD.

Words by
ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

Soprano.

Music by
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Andante moderato.

p

cresc.

f

Ped

Ped

Seat - ed one day at the

dim.

p

Ped

or - gan, I was wea - ry and ill at ease, And my fin - gers wander'd i - dly

Ped

Ped

cresc.

O - ver the noi - sy keys ; I know not what I was play - ing, Or

cresc.

what I was dreaming then, But I struck one chord of mu - sic, Like the

dim. *p*

sound of a great A - men, Like the sound of a great A -

cresc. *f* *poco rall.* *dim.*

cresc. *poco rall.* *dim.*

- men. It

p cresc. *f* *dim.*

Ped * *Ped* *

flooded the crimson twi-light, Like the close of an An - gel's Psalm, And it

p *cresc.*

cresc.

Ped *

dim.

lay on my fe-ver'd spi - rit, With a touch of in - finite calm, It

dim.

qui-et-ed pain and sor-row, Like love o-ver-com-ing strife, It

cresc. *dim*

cresc. *dim.*

seenid the har - mo - nious e - cho, From our dis - cord - ant life, It

p *P tranquillo.*

tranquillo sempre.

link'd all per-plex-ed mean-ings, In - to one per - fect peace, And

poco a poco piu animato.

agitato.

trembled a-way in- to si-lence, As if it were loth to cease ; I have

cresc. animato. *f agitato.*

Ped *

Ped *

sought, but I seek it vain-ly, That one lost chord di-vine, Which

f

Ped *

came from the soul of the or-gan, And en-ter'd in-to

s.

Grandioso.

mine. It may be that Death's bright An-gel, Will

s. *f* *ff*

cresc. molto ritard. f ff

Ped *

Ped *

speak in that chord a - gain ; It may be that on - ly in Heav'n, I shall

sempre ff

Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped *

hear that grand A - men, It may be that Death's bright An - gel, Will

sf sf

Ped * Ped * Ped * *sf sf*

speak in that chord a - gain, It may be that on - ly in Heav'n, I shall

ff ritard. con gran

fff ritard. colla voce. con gran

hear that grand A - men.

forza. a tempo. rallentando.

Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped *

FOUR NEW SONGS by OLEY SPEAKS

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June-Time

Oley Speaks

Allegro con brio

Voice

Piano

mf *3* *3* *3*

sempre cresc.

The breath of the eve - ning is sweet with dew, The

sempre cresc.

shad - ows are mer ry the gar den through, The wind, as he plays down the

simile

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PRICE 60 CENTS

Realization

Words by
Marie Beatrice Gannon

Music by
Oley Speaks

A u Moderato

Piano

mp

I nev - er

rit.

dim.

knew the won - der - ment of love, — The rap - turous puls - ing of the moon - lit

p

dim.

sea, — The ten - der - ness of glow with - in the stars, — Un -

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PRICE 60 CENTS

To my good friend Reed Miller

A Little Way to Walk with You

Frank L. Stanton*

Oley Speaks

Andante semplice

Voice

Piano

mp

rit.

mp *ten.*

A lit - tle way to walk with you, my own, On - ly a lit - tle way;

p a tempo

ten.

Then one of us must weep and walk a - lone Un - til Gods day. — A

ten.

* By kind permission

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PRICE 60 CENTS

The Lassie I Love Best

Robert Burns

Oley Speaks

Allegretto grazioso

Voice

Piano

mf

Or

mf *ten.* *rit.*

a' the [airts the wind can blaw, I dear - ly like the west, — For
ways

mf

ten. *mf*

there the bon - nie lass - ie lives, The lass - ie I lo'e best; — Tho'

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