86993

Edition Schmidt No. 35.

Songs by Arthur Foote.

Op. 26.

Sleep, Baby, sleep.
Love me if I live!
The Night has a thousand eyes.
The Eden-Rose.
Summer Longings.
To Blossoms.
I arise from dreams of Thee.
My True-love hath my heart.
In a Bower.
The Water-Lily.
How long, Dear Love?

ARTHUR P. SCHMIDT.
Boston Leipzig New York

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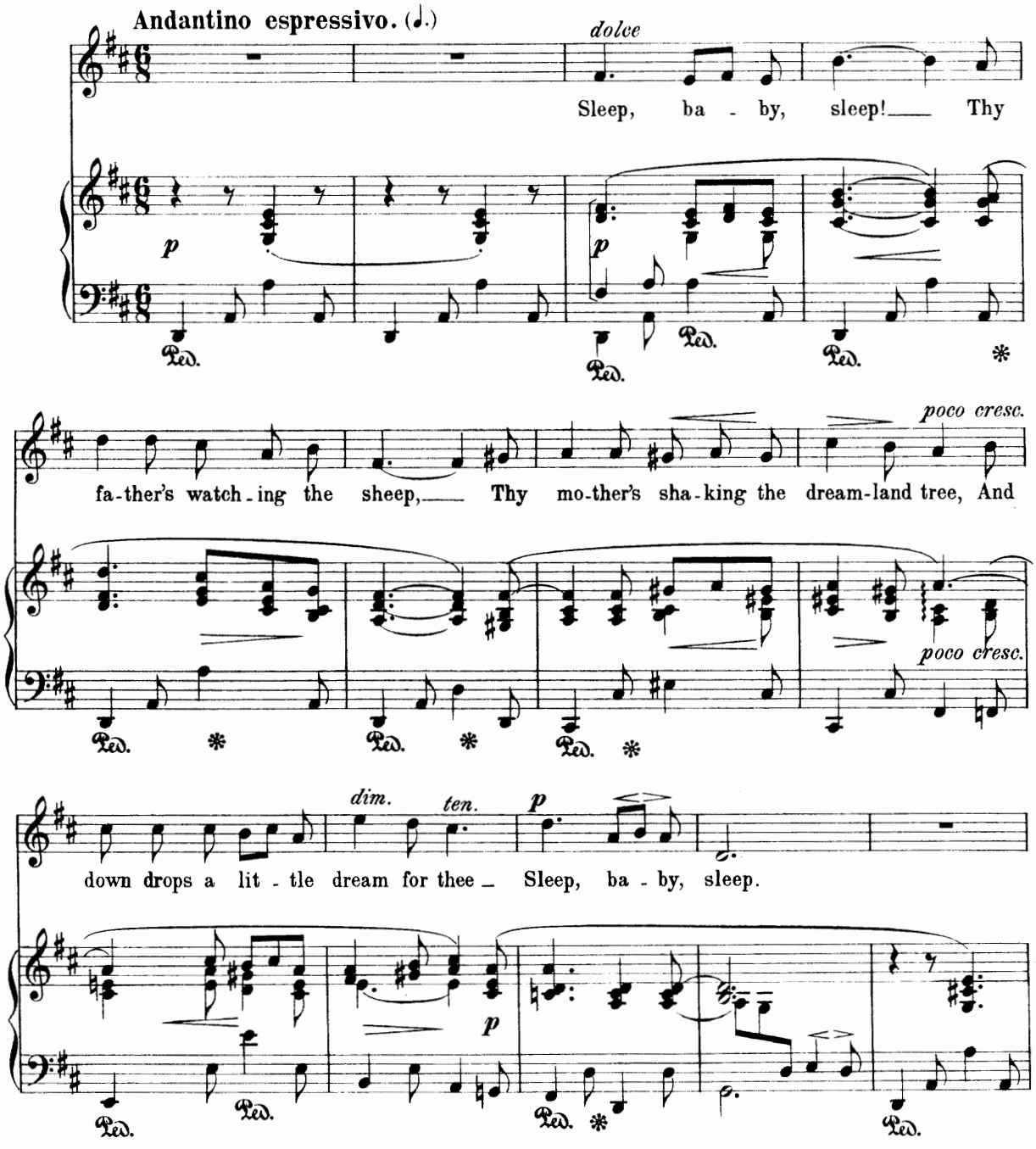
To Mrs. Julie L. Wyman.

Sleep, Baby, sleep.

(From the German by Elizabeth Prentiss.)

ARTHUR FOOTE, Op. 26.



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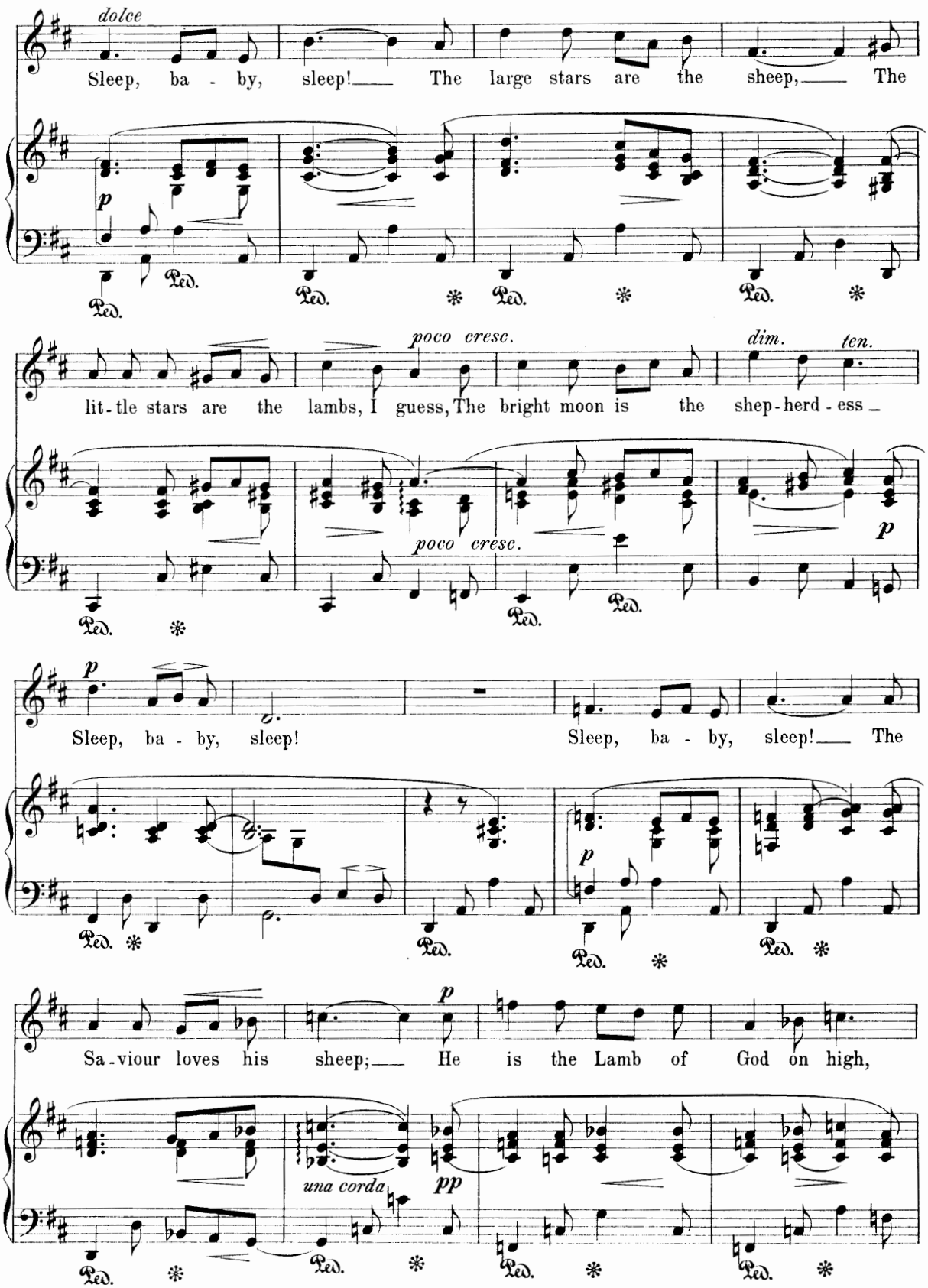
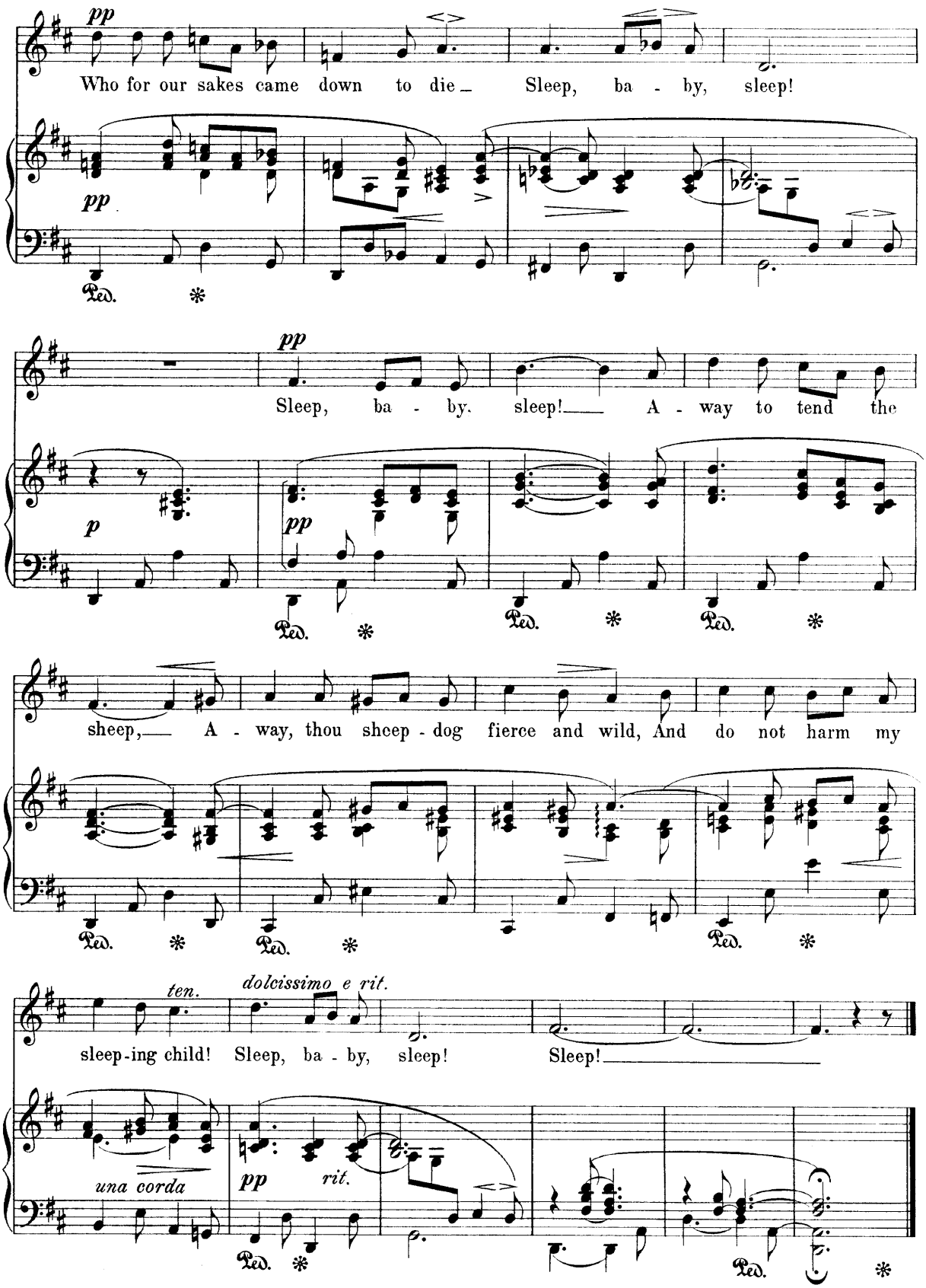
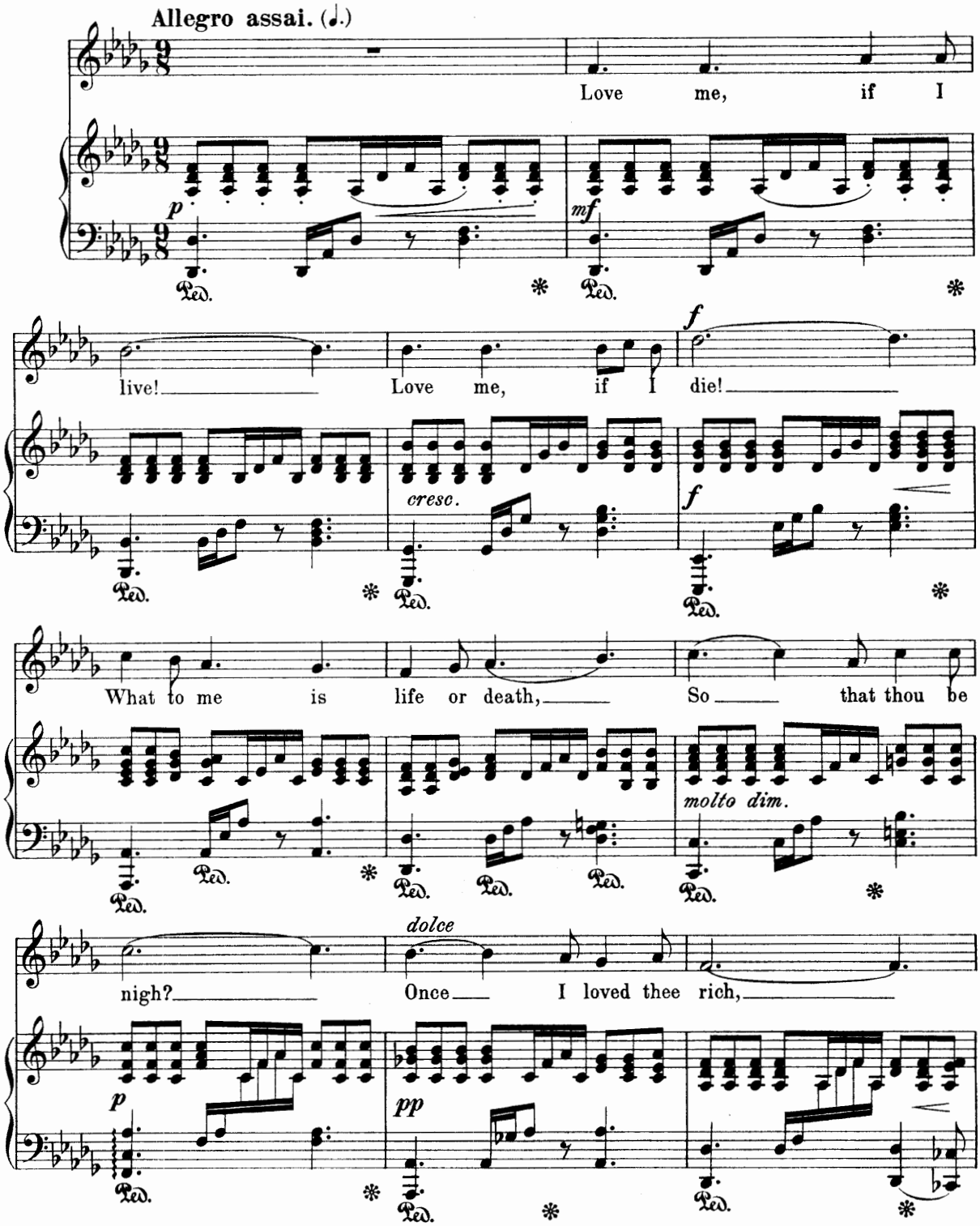

dolce
Sleep, ba - by, sleep! The large stars are the sheep, The
p
Ped.
poco cresc.
dim.
ten.
lit - tle stars are the lambs, I guess, The bright moon is the shep - herd - ess
poco cresc.
p
Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep! The
Sa - viour loves his sheep; He is the Lamb of God on high,
una corda
pp


pp
Who for our sakes came down to die_ Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
pp
Ped. *
pp
Sleep, ba - by. sleep!_ A - way to tend the
p
pp
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
sheep,_ A - way, thou sheep - dog fierce and wild, And do not harm my
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
ten.
dolcissimo e rit.
sleep-ing child! Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep!_
una corda
pp
rit.
Ped. * Ped. *

To Miss Marie Barnard.

Love me, if I live!

(The Poem by Barry Cornwall.)



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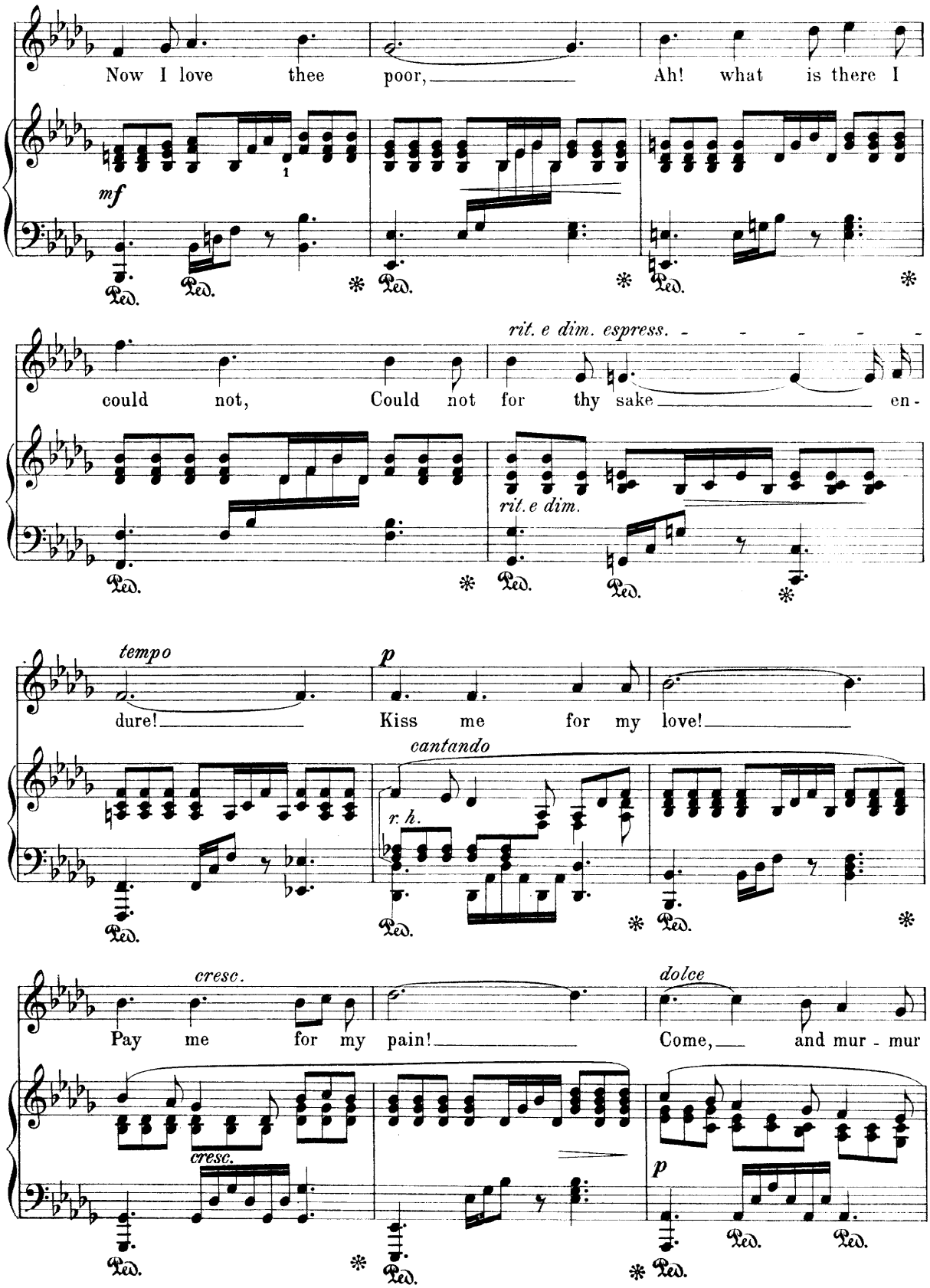
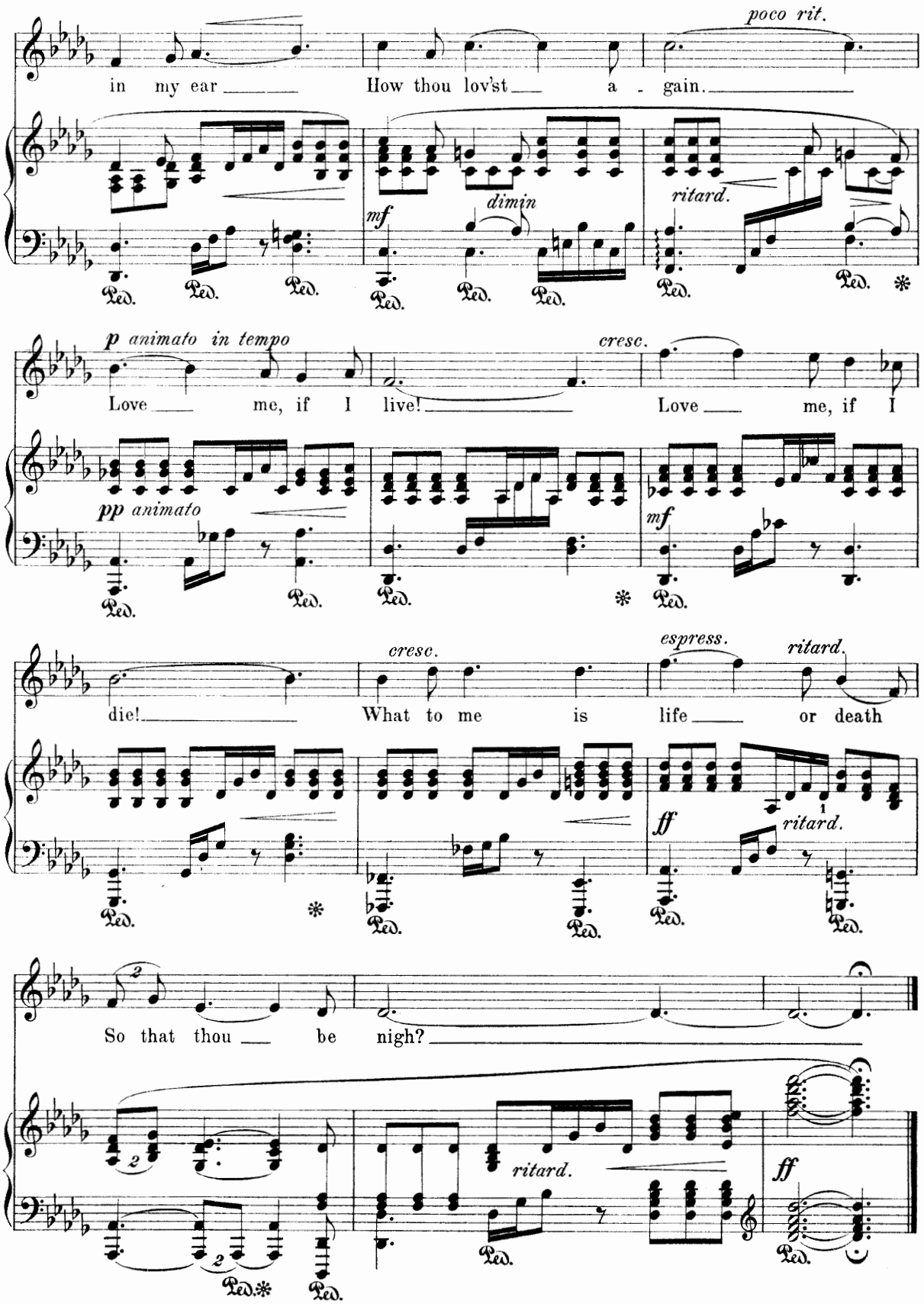
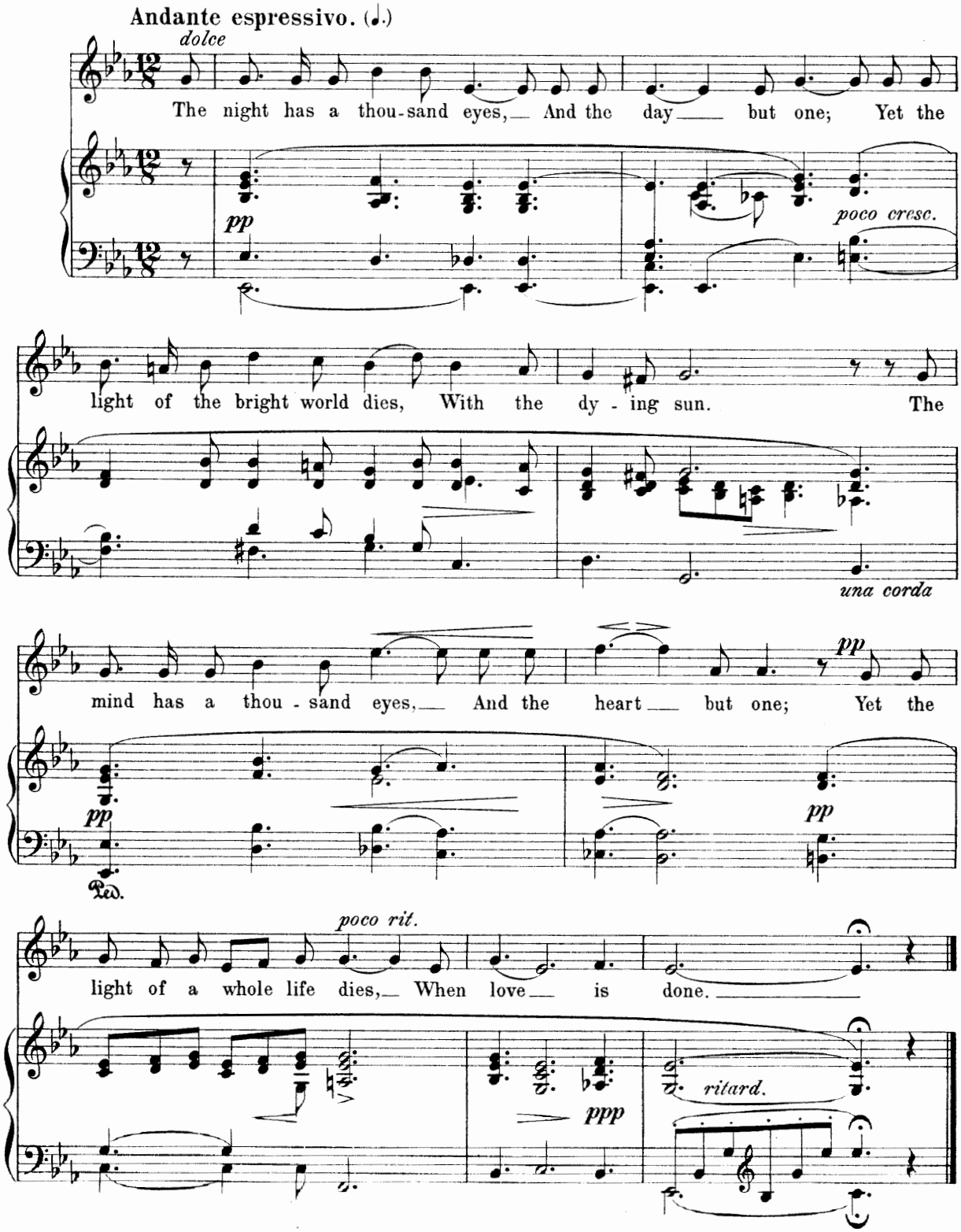

Now I love thee poor, Ah! what is there I
mf
could not, Could not for thy sake en-
rit. e dim. espress.
rit. e dim.
tempo
dure! Kiss me for my love!
p
cantando
r. h.
Pay me for my pain! Come, and mur - mur
cresc.
dolce
cresc.
p
Ped.


poco rit.
in my ear
How thou lov'st a - gain.
mf
dimin
ritard.
p animato in tempo
cresc.
Love me, if I live!
Love me, if I
pp animato
mf
cresc.
espress.
ritard.
die!
What to me is life or death
ff
ritard.
So that thou be nigh?
ritard.
ff

To Miss Ellie Long.

The night has a thousand eyes.

(The Poem by Francis W. Bourdillon.)



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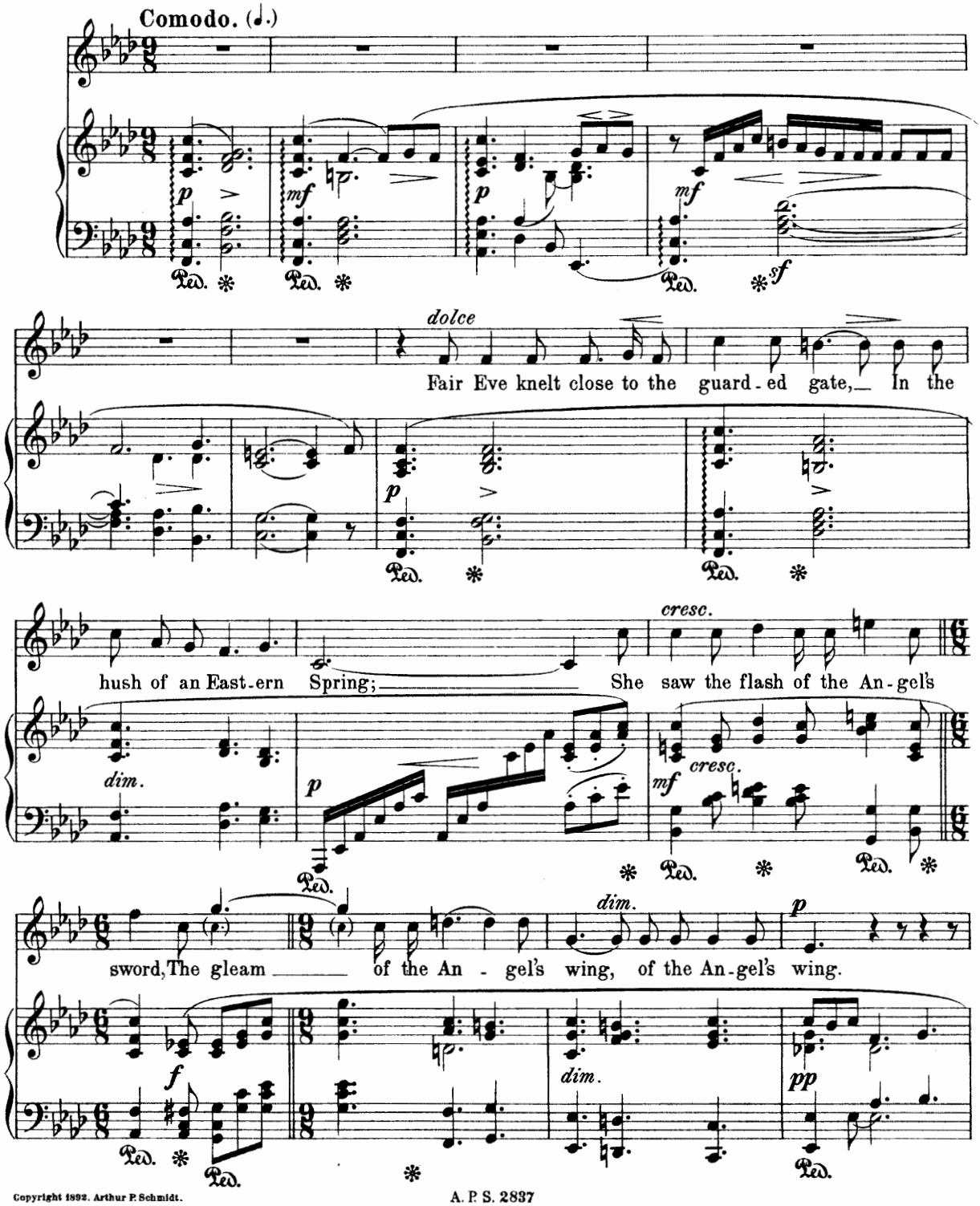
To Mrs. Janet Edmondson Walker.

The Eden-Rose.

(The Poem is quoted by Rudyard Kipling in "Mrs. Hauksbee sits out.")



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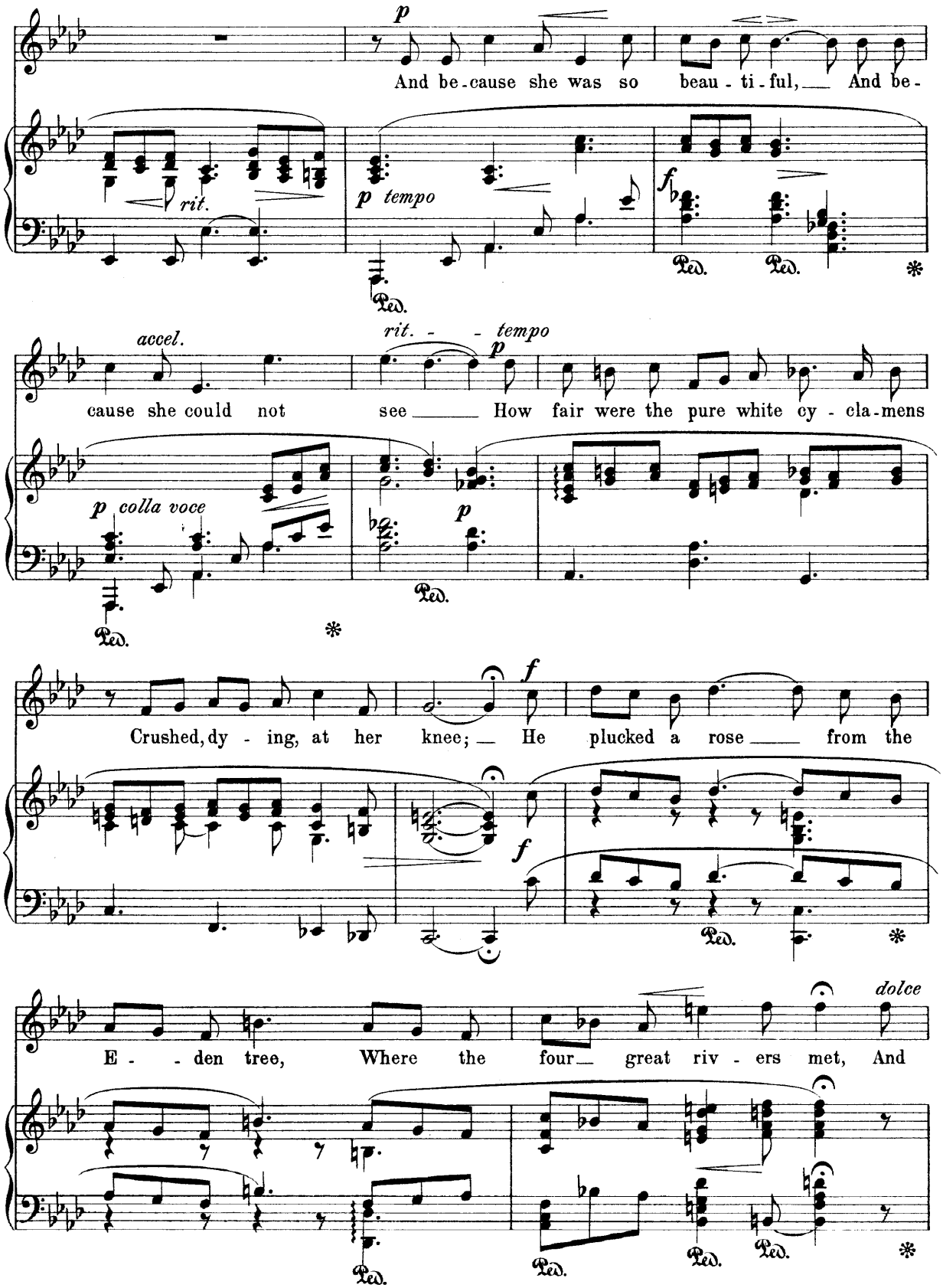
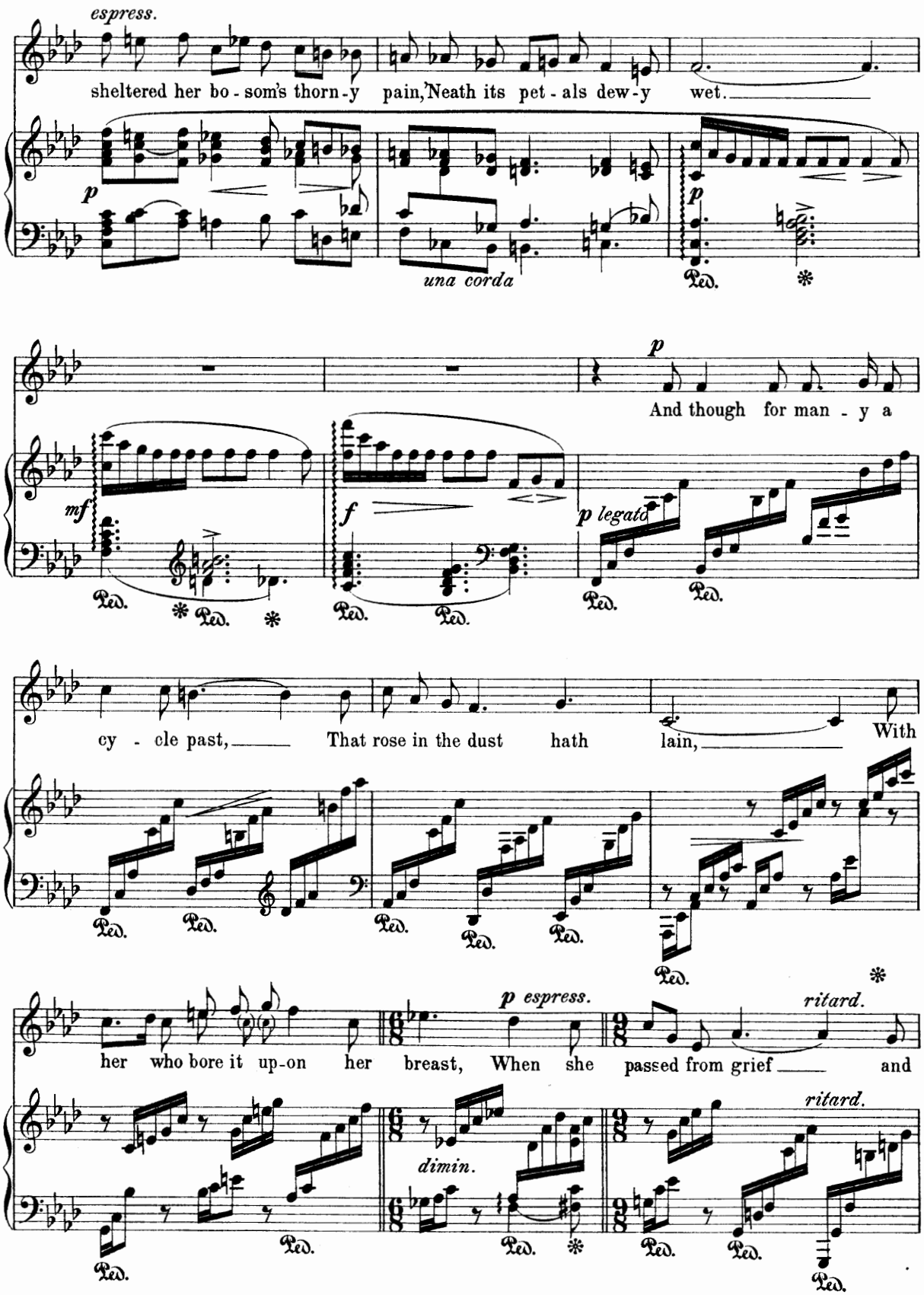
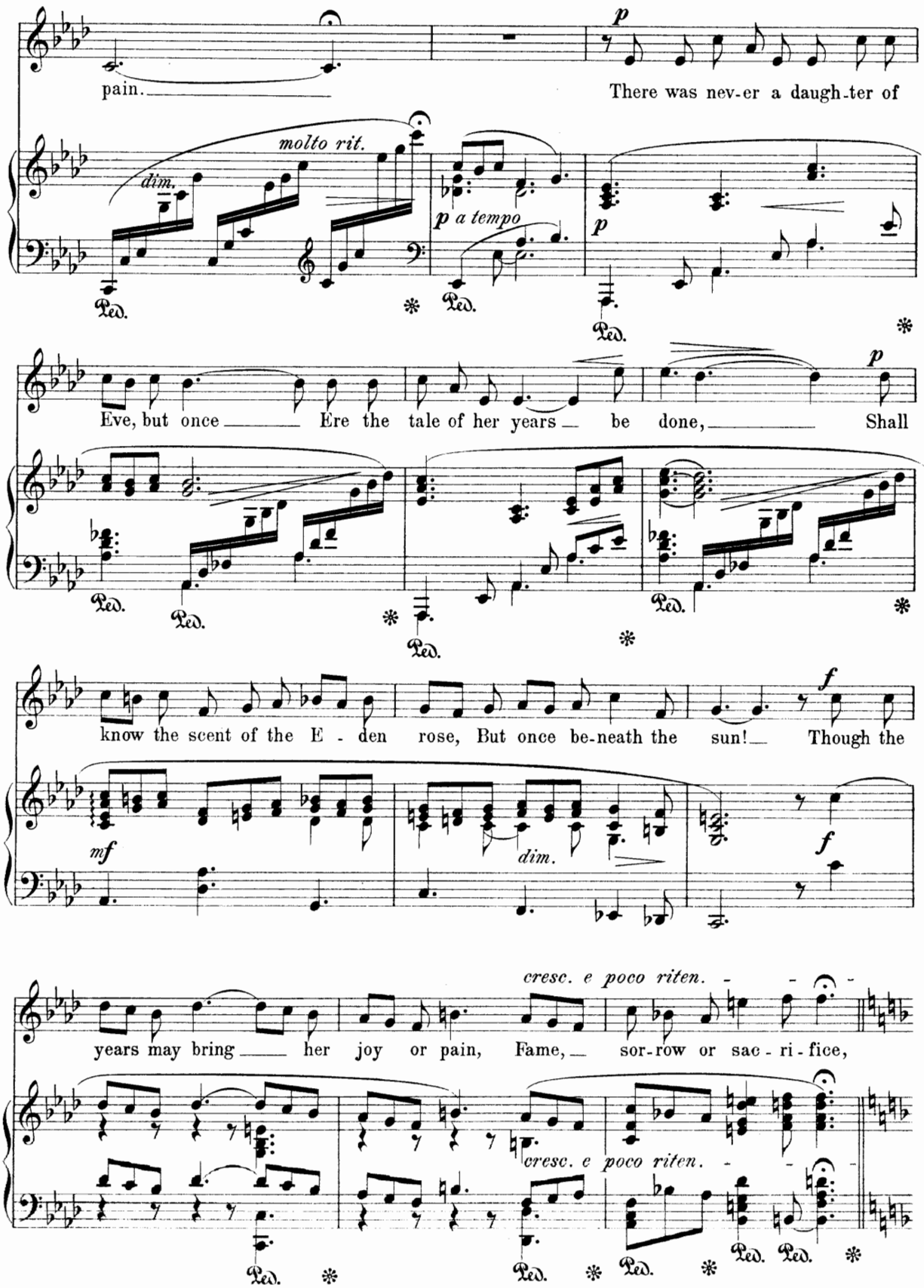
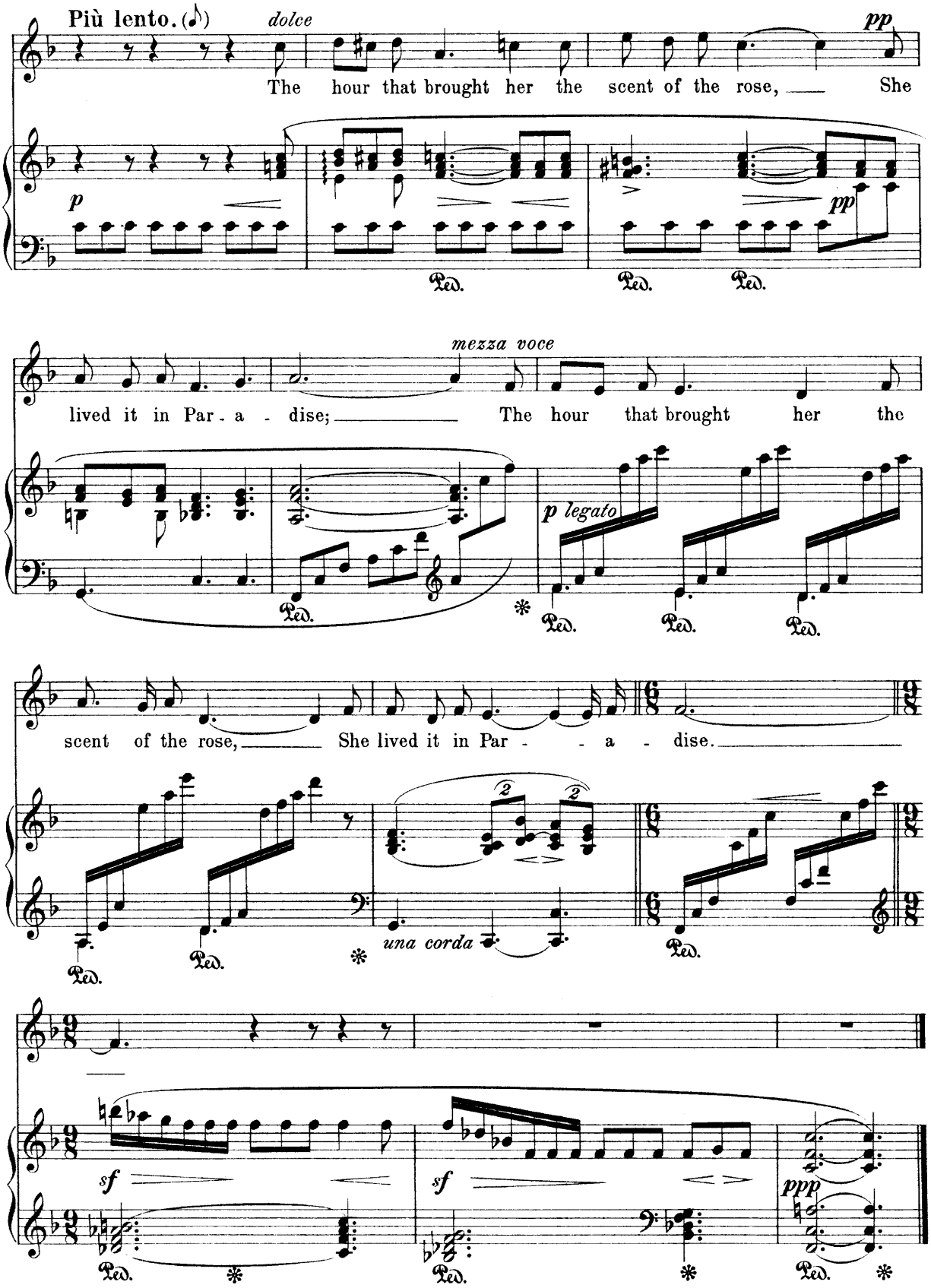

p
And be-cause she was so beau-ti-ful, And be-
rit.
p tempo
f
Ped.
accel.
rit. - - tempo
p
cause she could not see How fair were the pure white cy-cla-mens
p colla voce
p
Crushed, dy-ing, at her knee; He plucked a rose from the
f
f
dolce
E- - den tree, Where the four great riv-ers met, And


espress.
sheltered her bo - som's thorn - y pain, 'Neath its pet - als dew - y wet.
una corda
And though for man - y a
legato
cy - cle past, That rose in the dust hath lain, With
her who bore it up-on her breast, When she passed from grief and
dimin.
ritard.
ritard.

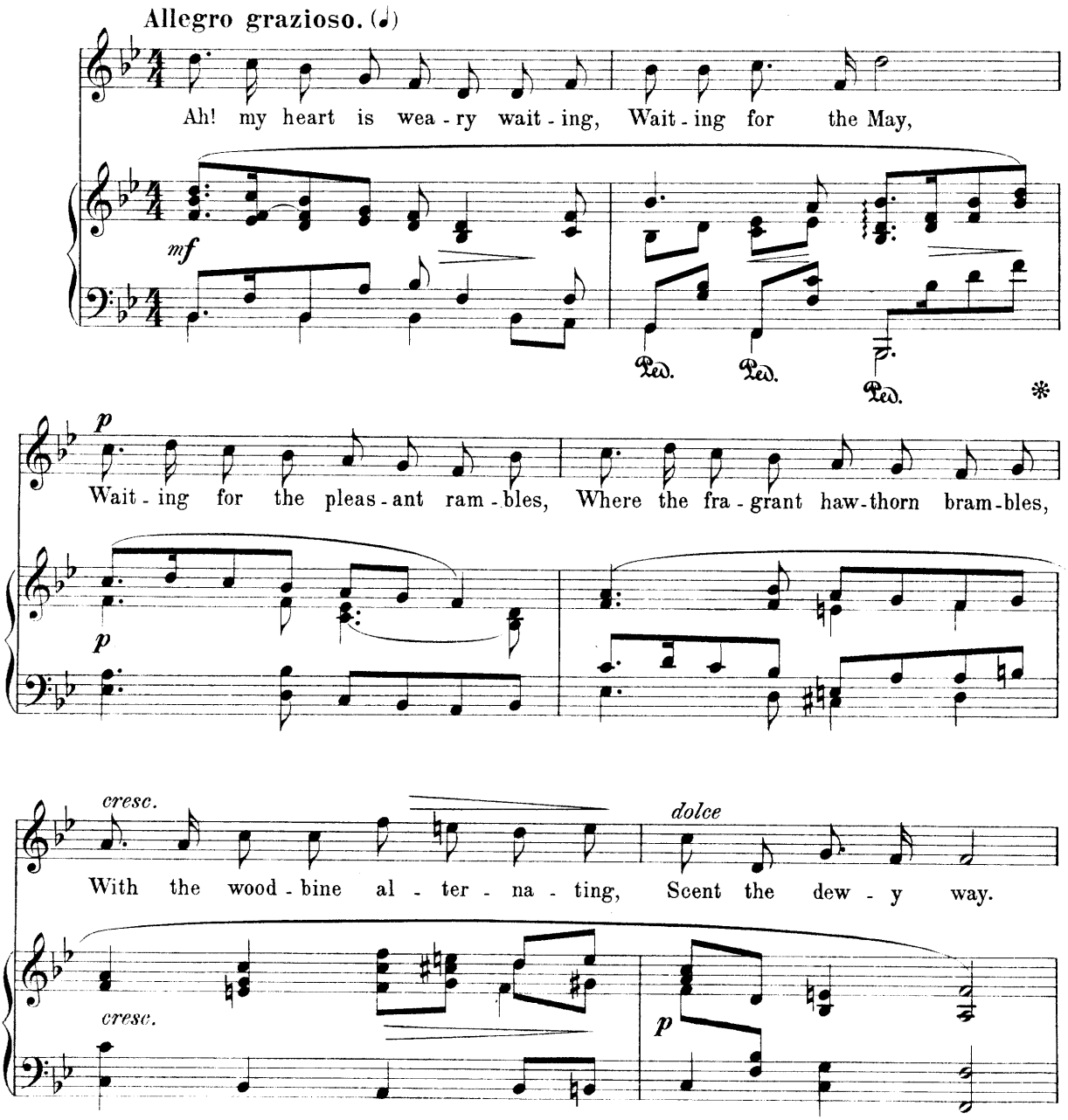

pain.
There was nev-er a daugh-ter of
molto rit.
dim.
p a tempo
Eve, but once Ere the tale of her years be done, Shall
know the scent of the E - den rose, But once be-neath the sun! Though the
mf
dim.
cresc. e poco riten.
years may bring her joy or pain, Fame, sor-row or sac - ri - fice,
cresc. e poco riten.


Più lento.
dolce
pp
The hour that brought her the scent of the rose, She
p
pp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
mezza voce
lived it in Par - a - dise; The hour that brought her the
p legato
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
scent of the rose, She lived it in Par - - a - dise.
una corda
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
sf
sf
ppp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

To Mrs. Seabury C. Ford.

Summer Longings.

(The Poem by Denis Florence Mc Carthy.)



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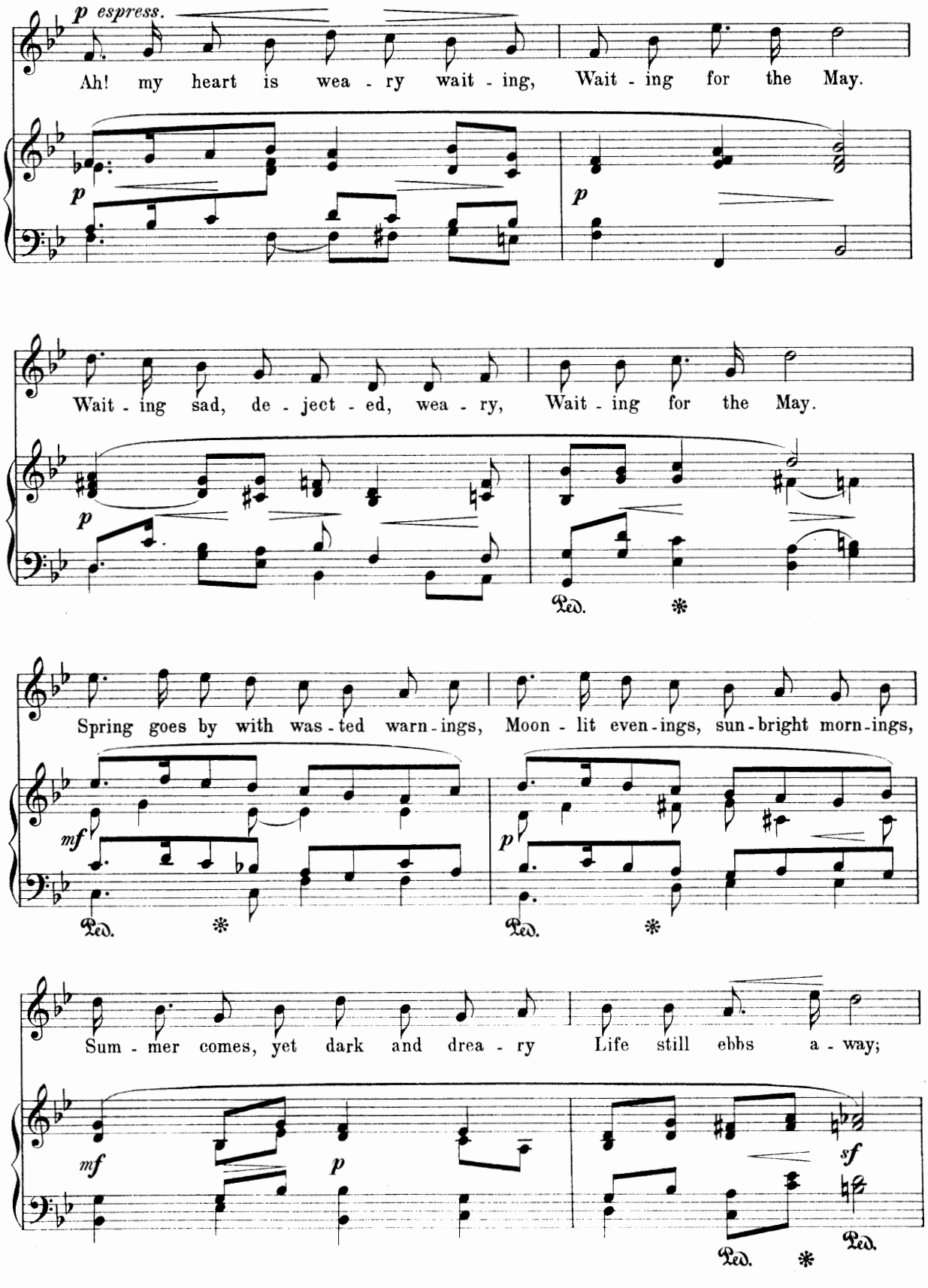
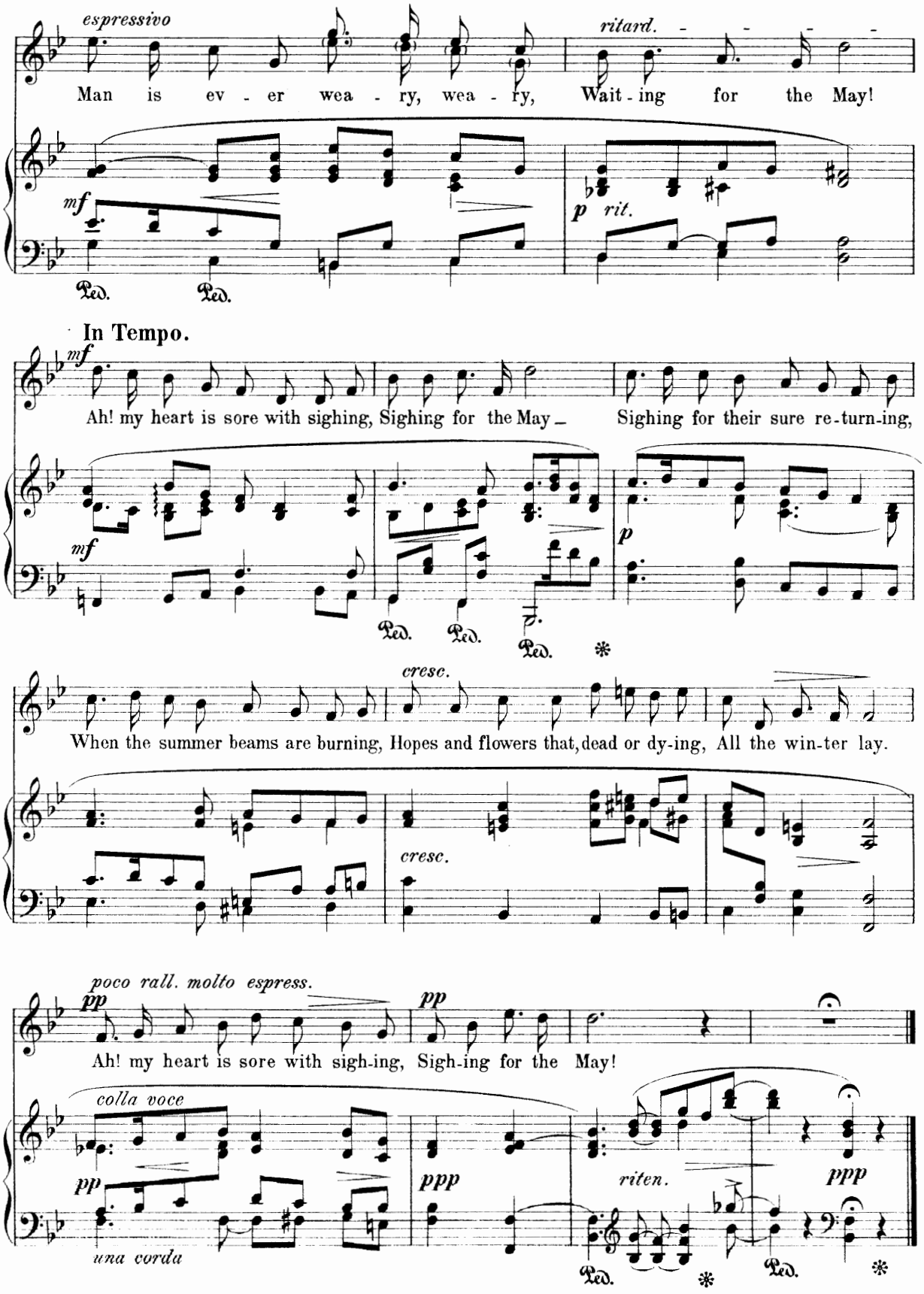
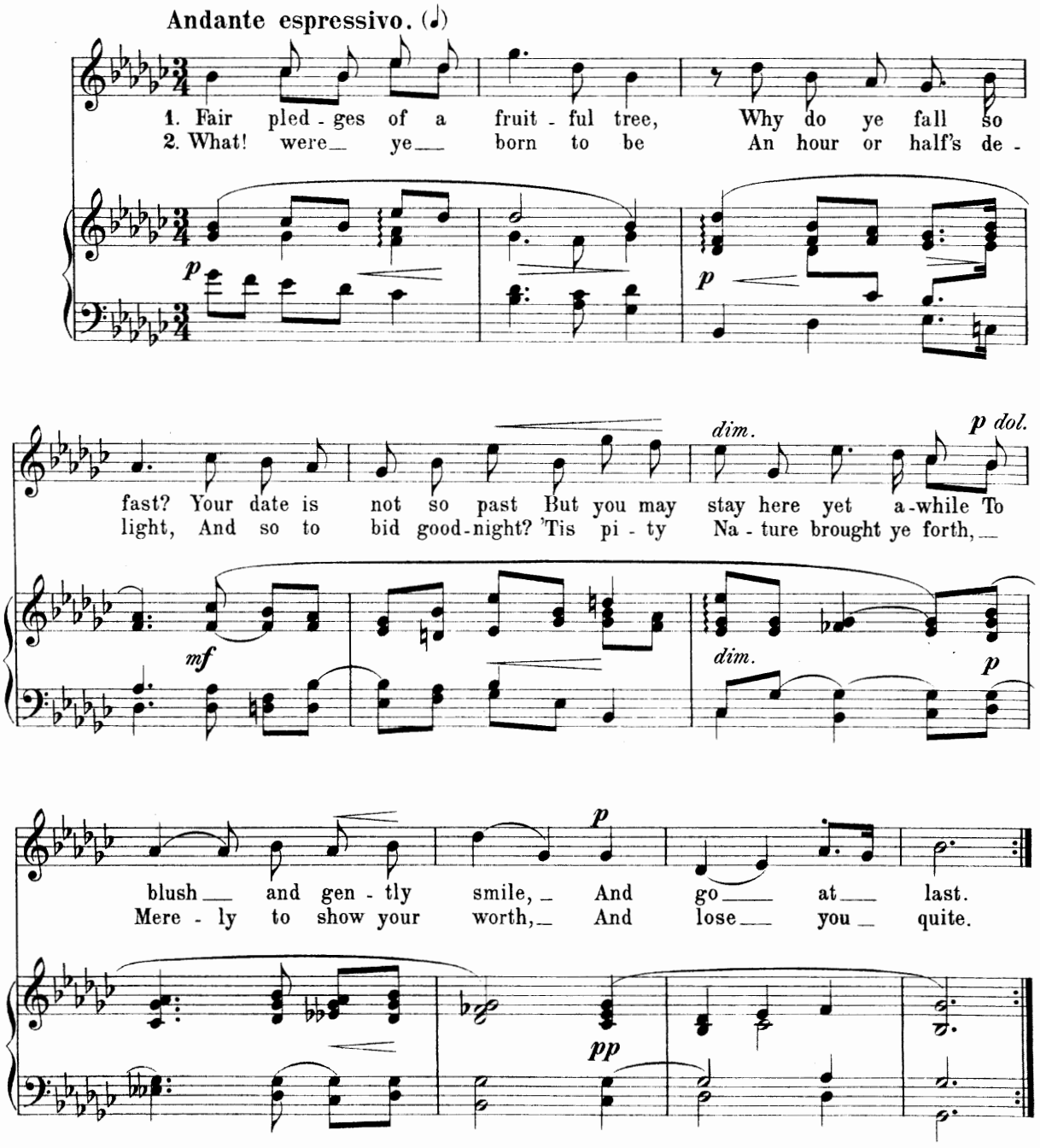

p espress.
Ah! my heart is wea - ry wait - ing, Wait - ing for the May.
Wait - ing sad, de - ject - ed, wea - ry, Wait - ing for the May.
Ped.
Spring goes by with was - ted warn - ings, Moon - lit even - ings, sun - bright morn - ings,
Ped.
Ped.
Sum - mer comes, yet dark and drea - ry Life still ebbs a - way;
Ped.
Ped.


espressivo
ritard.
Man is ev - er wea - ry, wea - ry, Wait - ing for the May!
mf
p rit.
Ped. Ped.
In Tempo.
mf
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing, Sighing for the May _ Sighing for their sure re-turn-ing,
mf
p
Ped. Ped. Ped.
cresc.
When the summer beams are burning, Hopes and flowers that, dead or dy-ing, All the win-ter lay.
cresc.
poco rall. molto espress.
pp
pp
Ah! my heart is sore with sigh-ing, Sigh-ing for the May!
colla voce
pp
una corda
ppp
riten.
ppp
Ped. Ped.

To Mrs. W. F. Hascall.

To Blossoms.

(Poem by Robert Herrick.)



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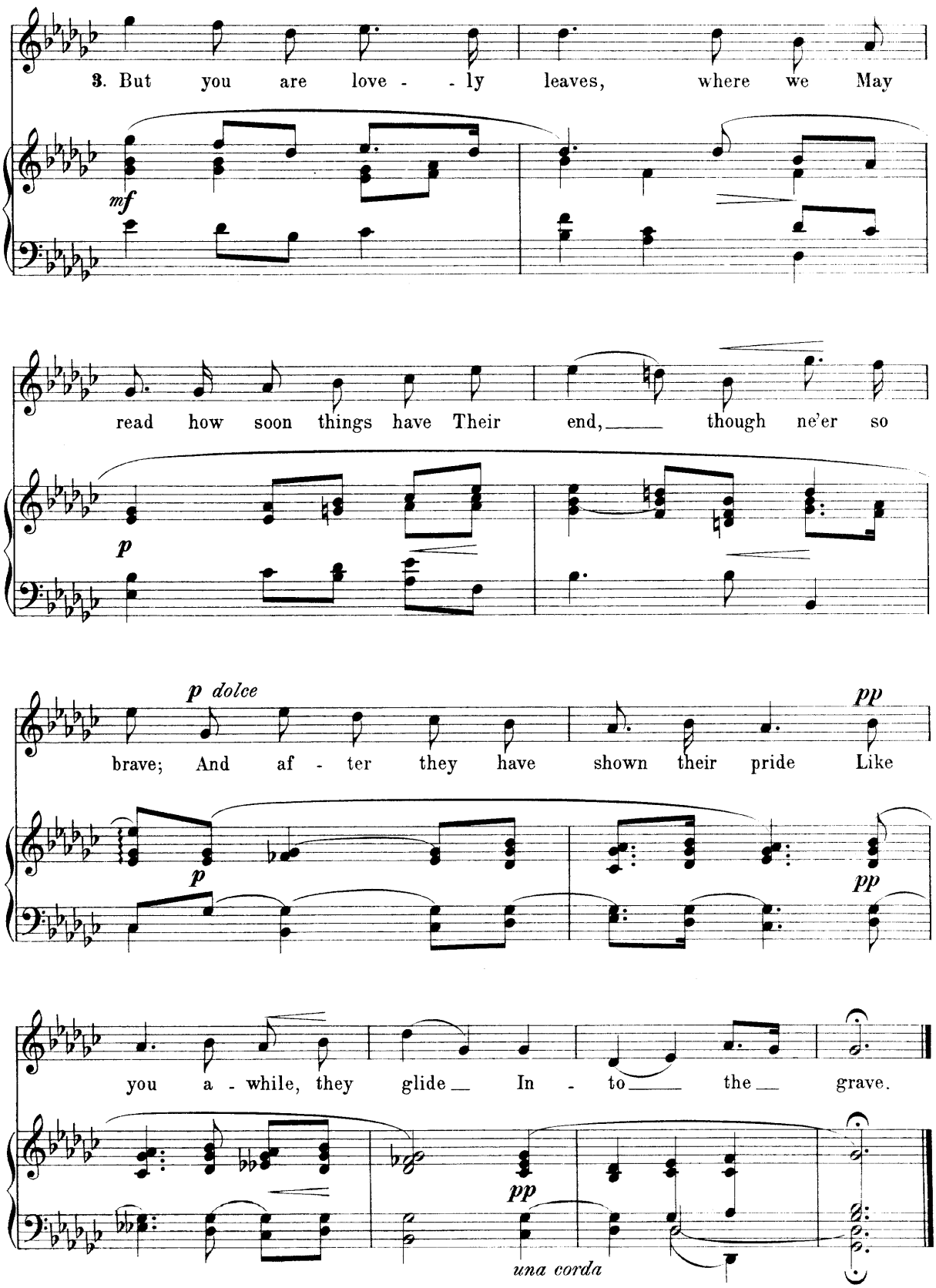
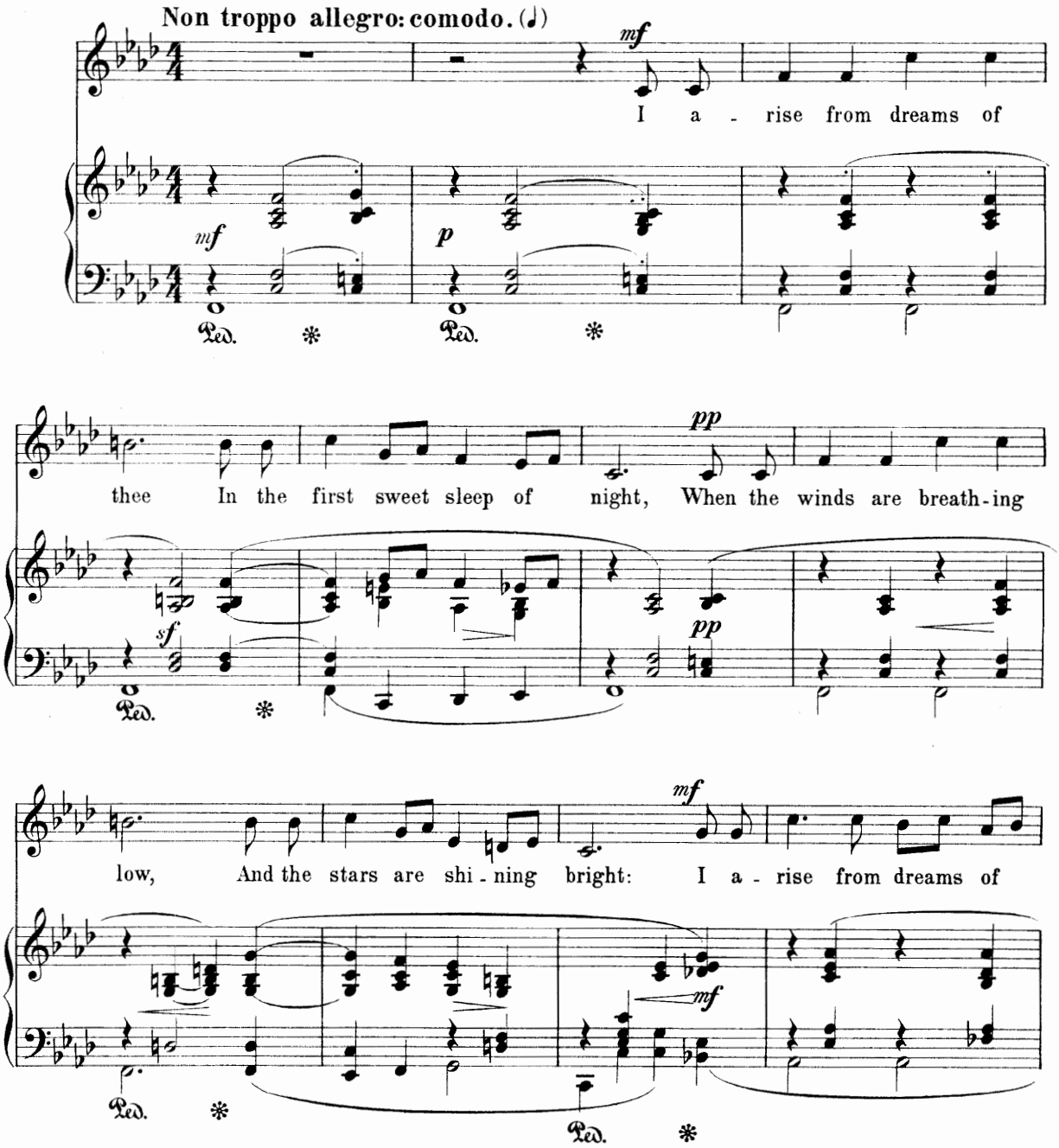

3. But you are love - - ly leaves, where we May
mf
read how soon things have Their end, ___ though ne'er so
p
p dolce
pp
brave; And af - ter they have shown their pride Like
p
pp
you a - while, they glide ___ In - to ___ the ___ grave.
pp
una corda

To Mr. Heinrich Meyn.

I arise from dreams of Thee.

("Lines to an Indian air" Poem by Shelley.)



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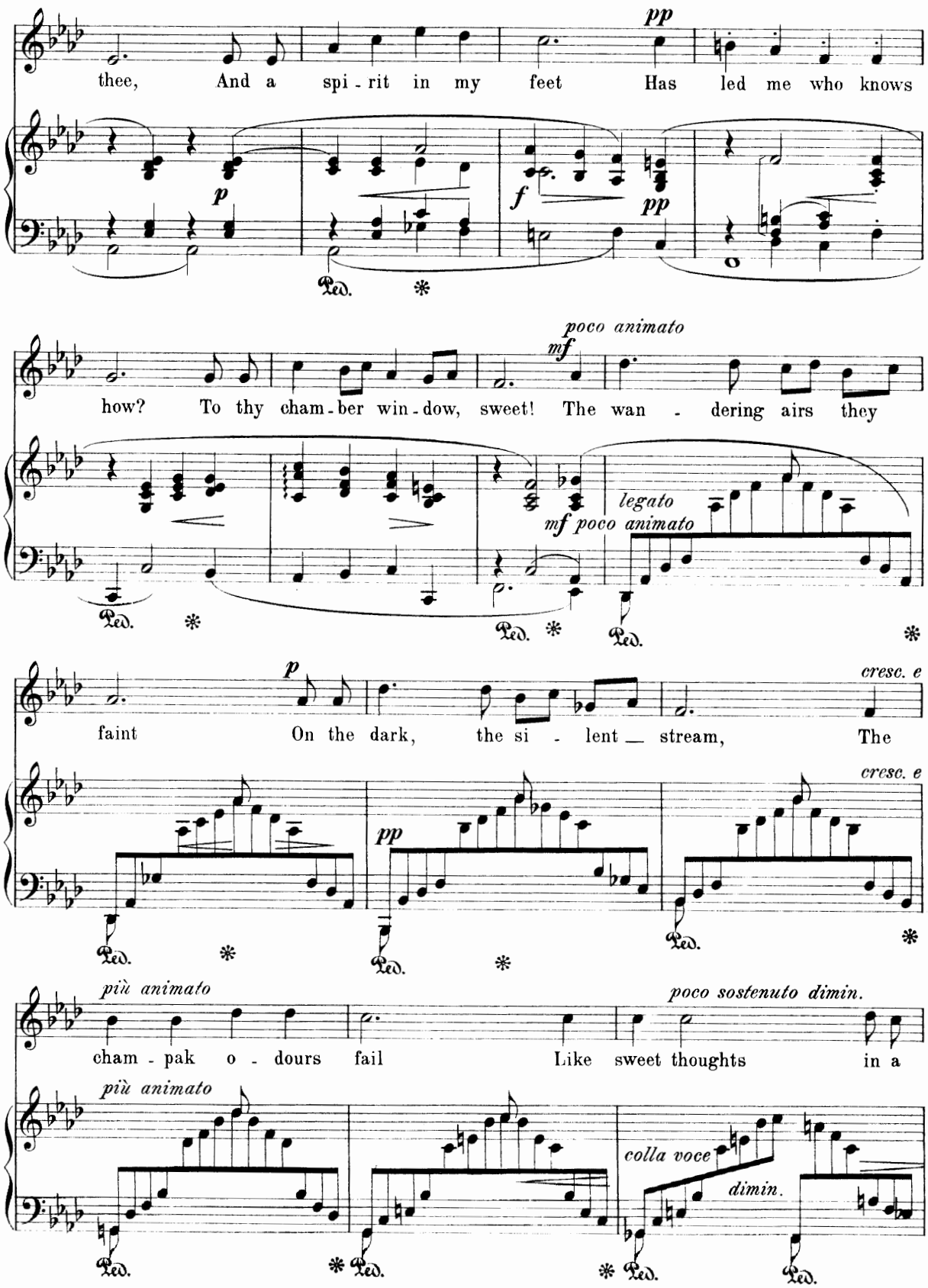
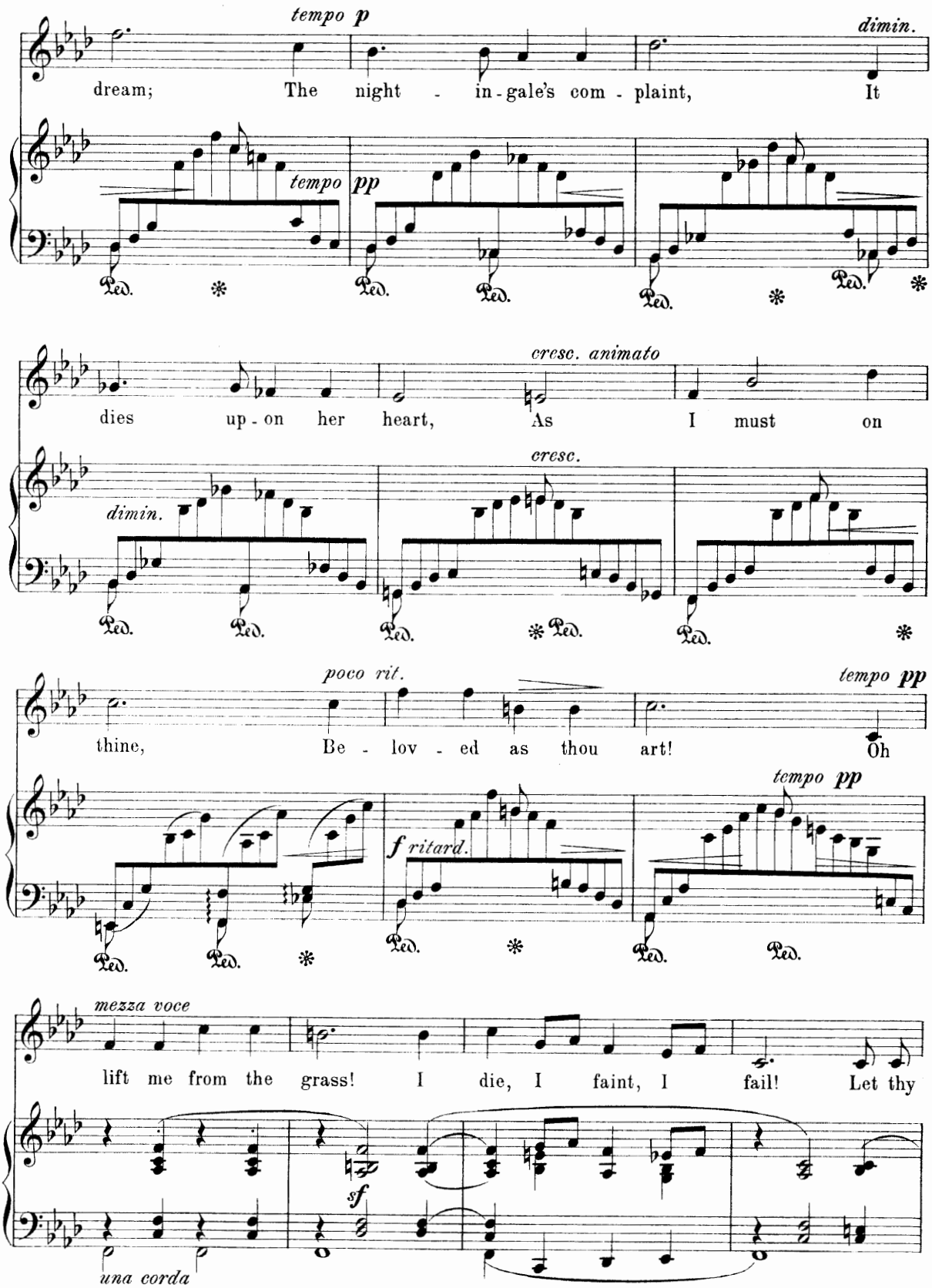
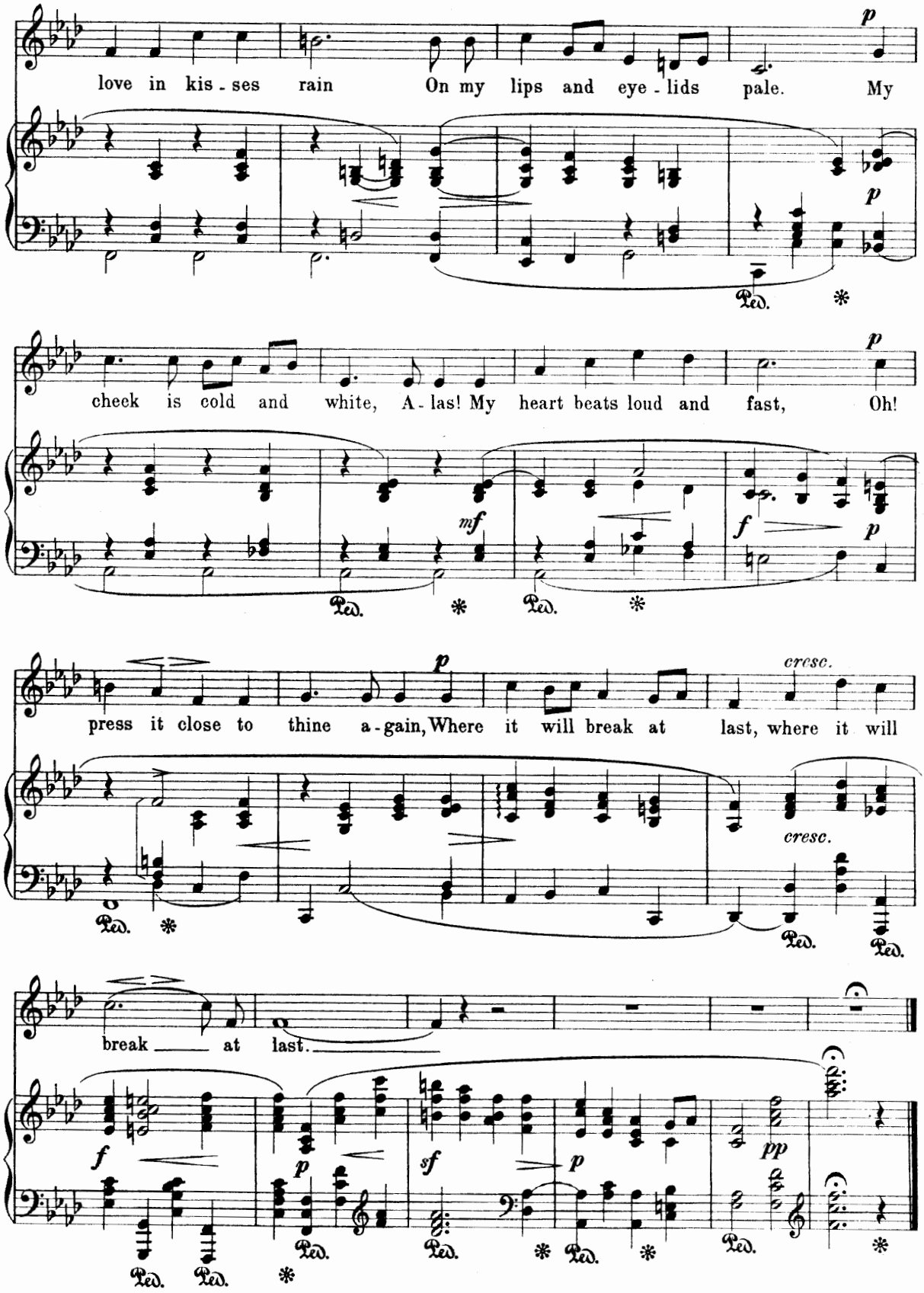

thee, And a spi - rit in my feet Has led me who knows
pp
p
f
pp
Ped.
poco animato
mf
how? To thy cham - ber win - dow, sweet! The wan - dering airs they
legato
mf poco animato
faint On the dark, the si - lent — stream, The
p
cresc. e
pp
più animato
cham - pak o - dours fail Like sweet thoughts in a
poco sostenuto dimin.
colla voce
dimin.


tempo p
dimin.
dream; The night - in-gale's com - plaint, It
tempo
pp
Ped.
cresc. animato
dies up - on her heart, As I must on
cresc.
dimin.
poco rit.
tempo pp
thine, Be - lov - ed as thou art! Oh
tempo pp
f ritard.
mezza voce
lift me from the grass! I die, I faint, I fail! Let thy
sf
una corda

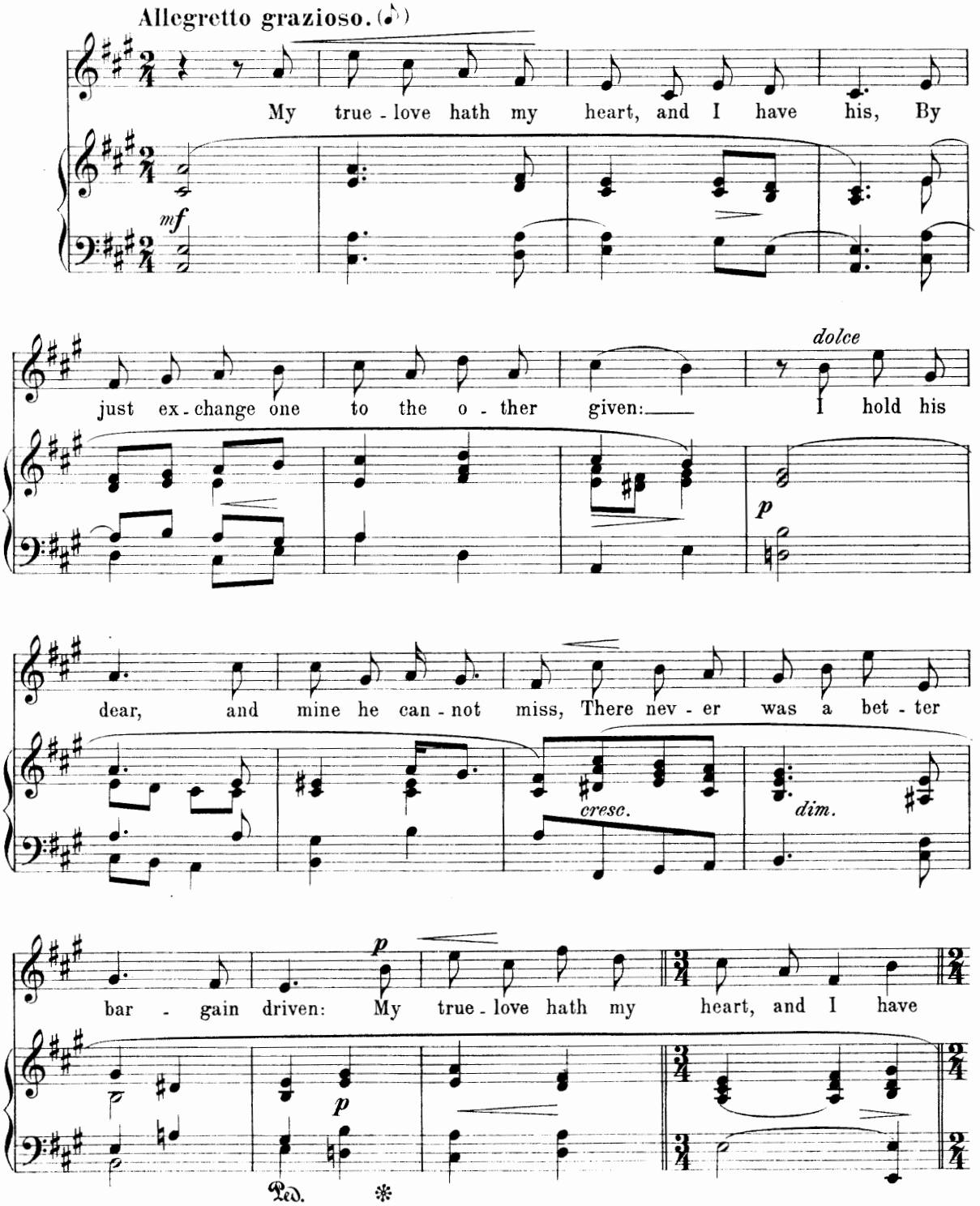

love in kis - ses rain On my lips and eye - lids pale. My
cheek is cold and white, A - las! My heart beats loud and fast, Oh!
press it close to thine a - gain, Where it will break at last, where it will
break at last.
cresc.
cresc.
p
mf
f
sf
pp
Ped.

To Miss Lena Little.

A Ditty.

"My true-love hath my heart, and I have his."

(The Poem by Sir Philip Sidney.)



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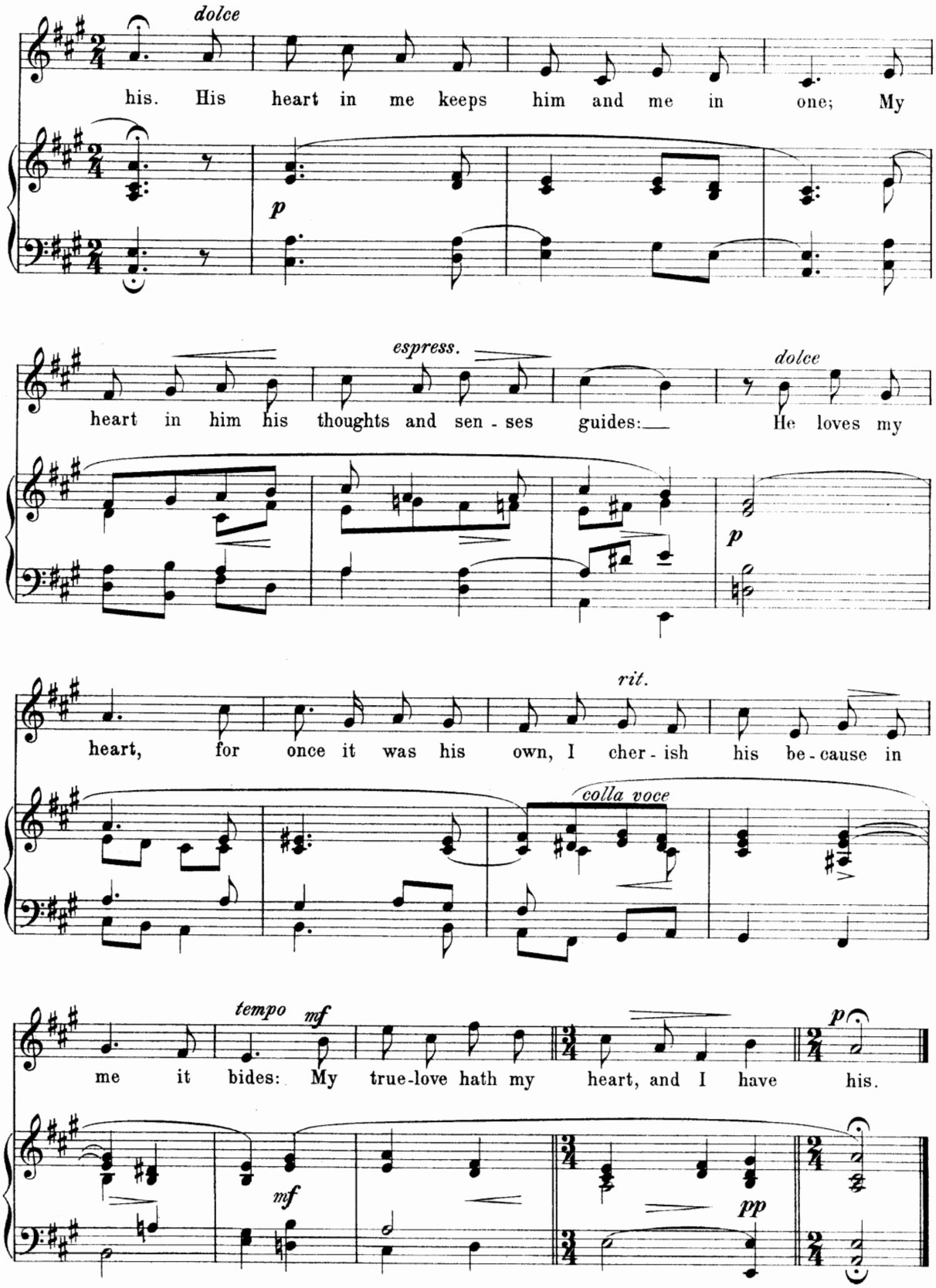
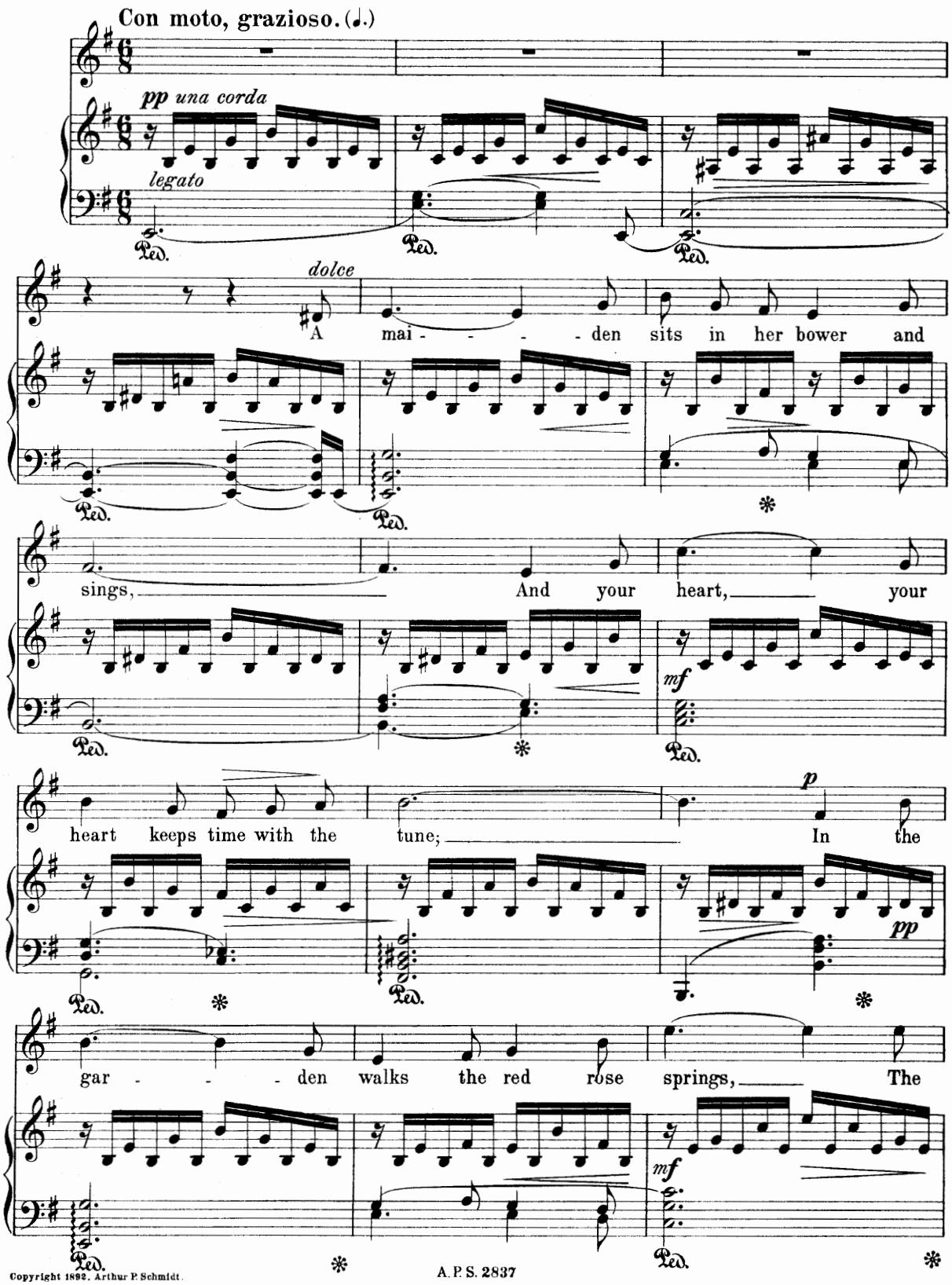

dolce
his. His heart in me keeps him and me in one; My
p
espress.
dolce
heart in him his thoughts and sen - ses guides: He loves my
p
rit.
heart, for once it was his own, I cher - ish his be - cause in
colla voce
tempo
mf
me it bides: My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.
mf
pp
p

To Mrs. J. E. Tippett.

In a Bower.

(The Poem by Louise Chandler Moulton.—By permission of Roberts Brothers.)



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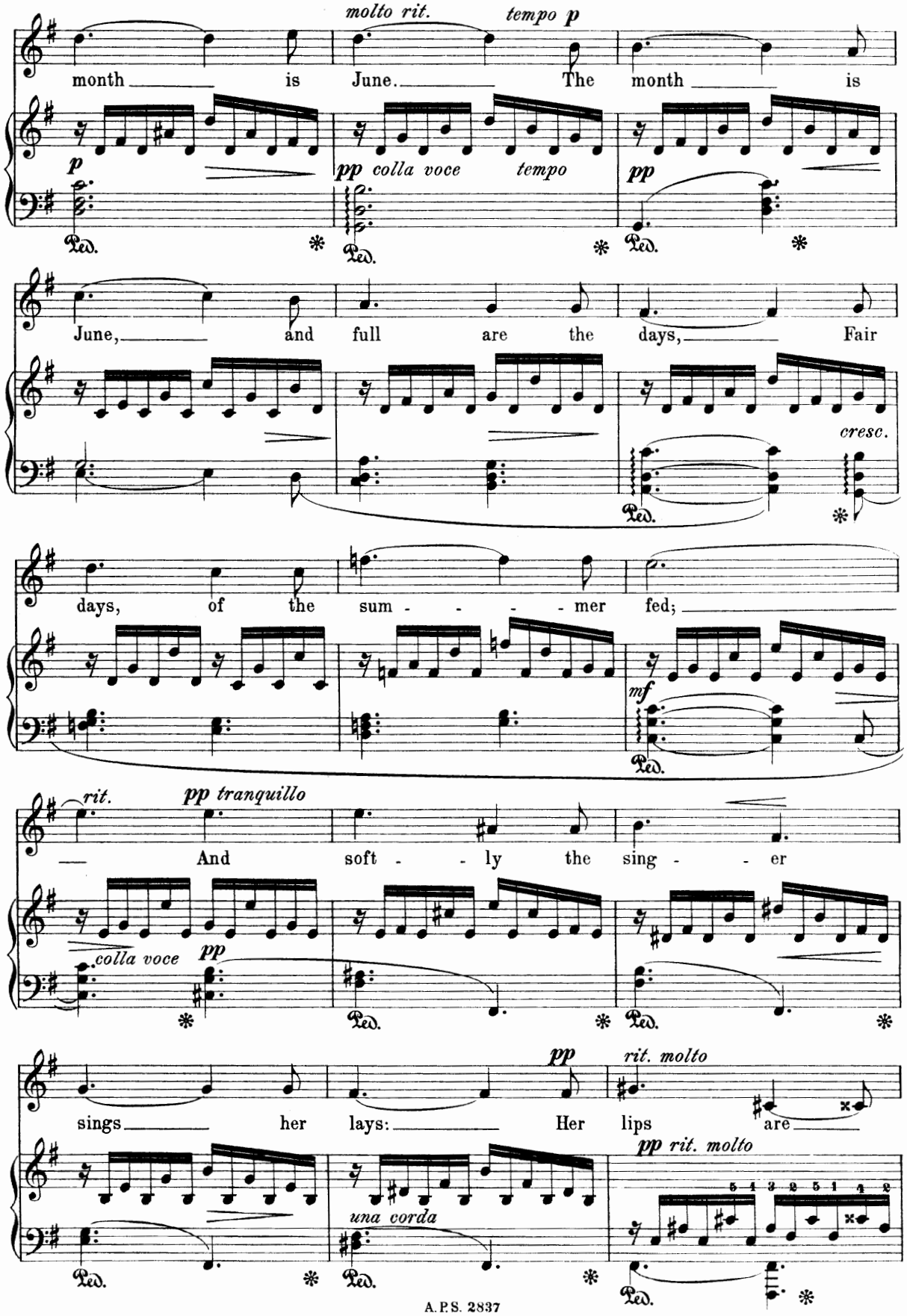
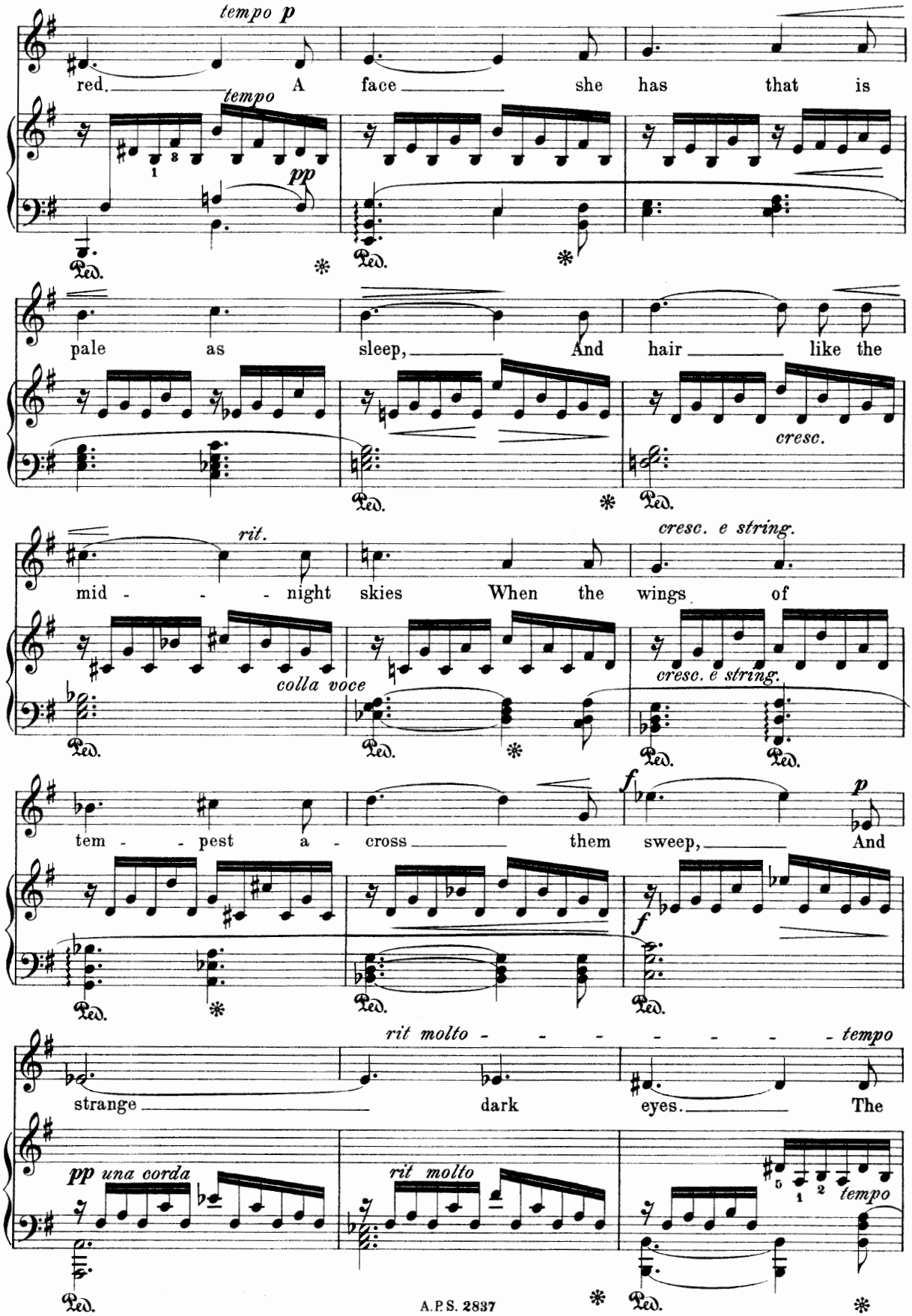
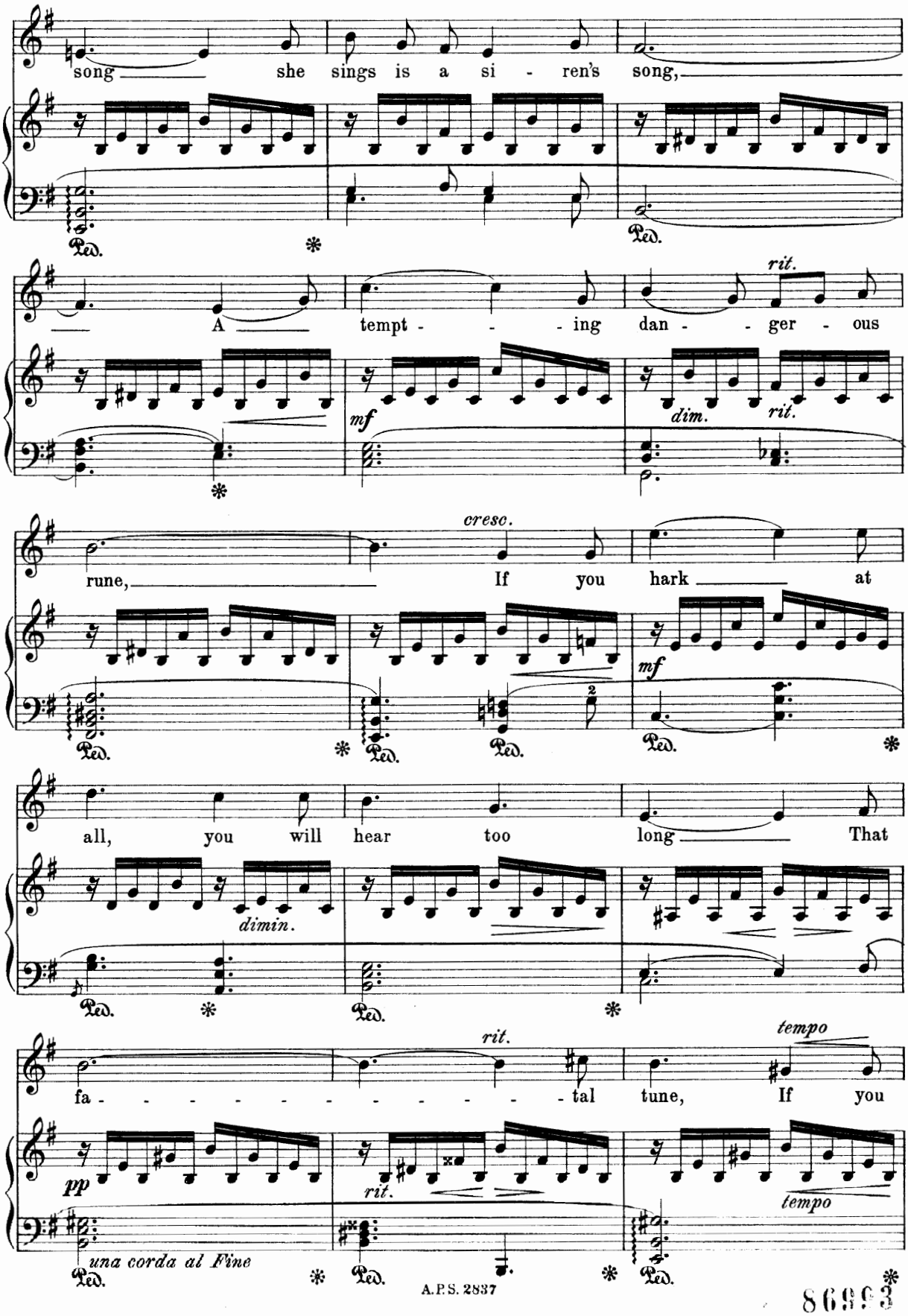
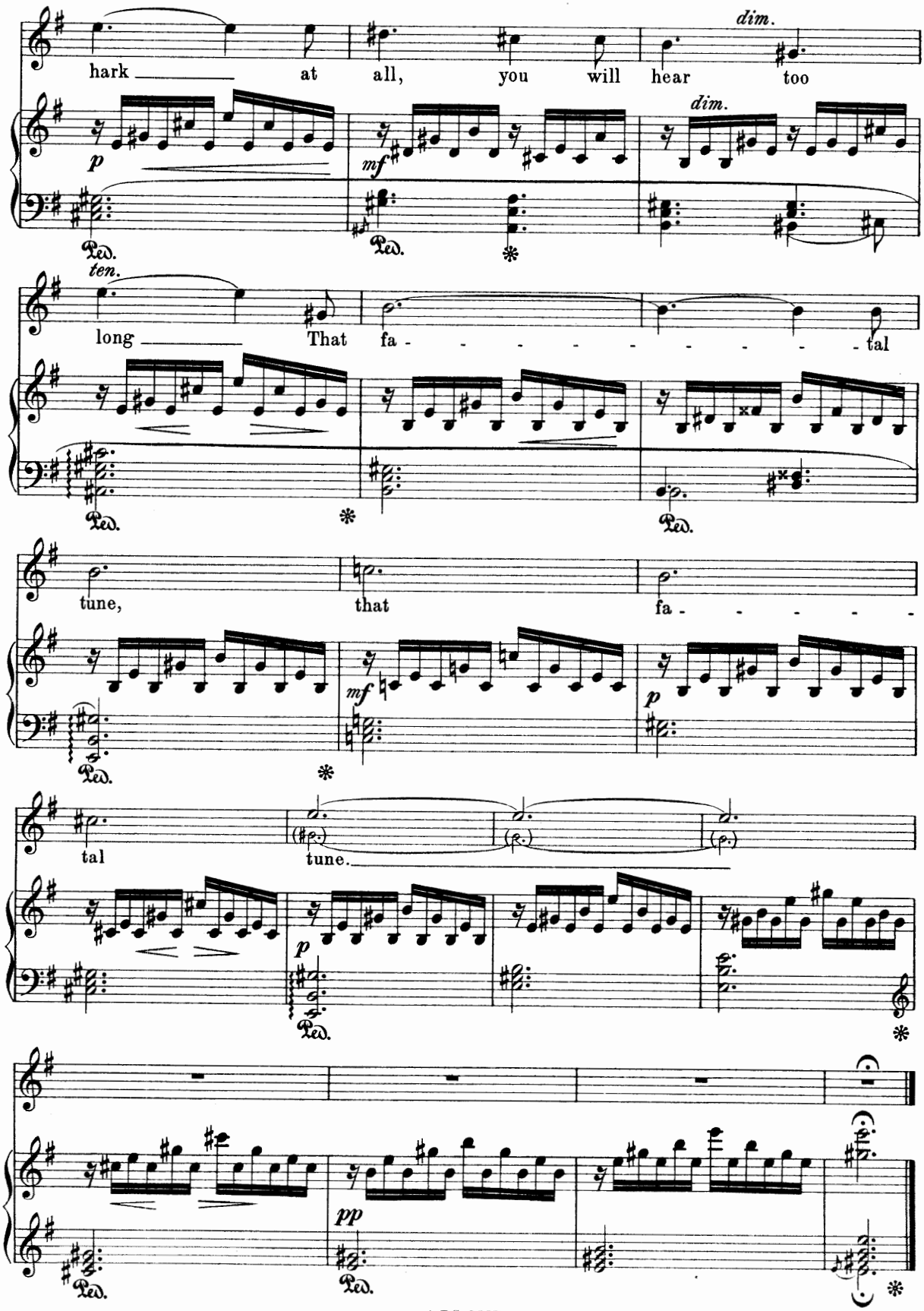

molto rit.
tempo p
month is June. The month is
p
pp colla voce tempo
pp
Ped.
June, and full are the days, Fair
cresc.
days, of the sum - - - - mer fed;
mf
rit.
pp tranquillo
And soft - - ly the sing - - er
colla voce
pp
sings her lays: Her lips are
pp
rit. molto
una corda
pp rit. molto


tempo p
red. A face she has that is
tempo
pp
pale as sleep, And hair like the
cresc.
rit.
cresc. e string.
mid - - - night skies When the wings of
colla voce
cresc. e string.
tem - - pest a - cross them sweep, And
f
p
f
rit molto - - - - - - - tempo
strange dark eyes. The
pp una corda
rit molto
tempo
Ped.
A.P.S. 2837


song she sings is a si - ren's song,
Ped.
A tempt - - - ing dan - - ger - ous
rit.
mf
dim.
rit.
rune, If you hark at
cresc.
mf
all, you will hear too long That
dimin.
fa - - - - - - - - - - tal tune, If you
rit.
tempo
pp
rit.
tempo
una corda al Fine

86993

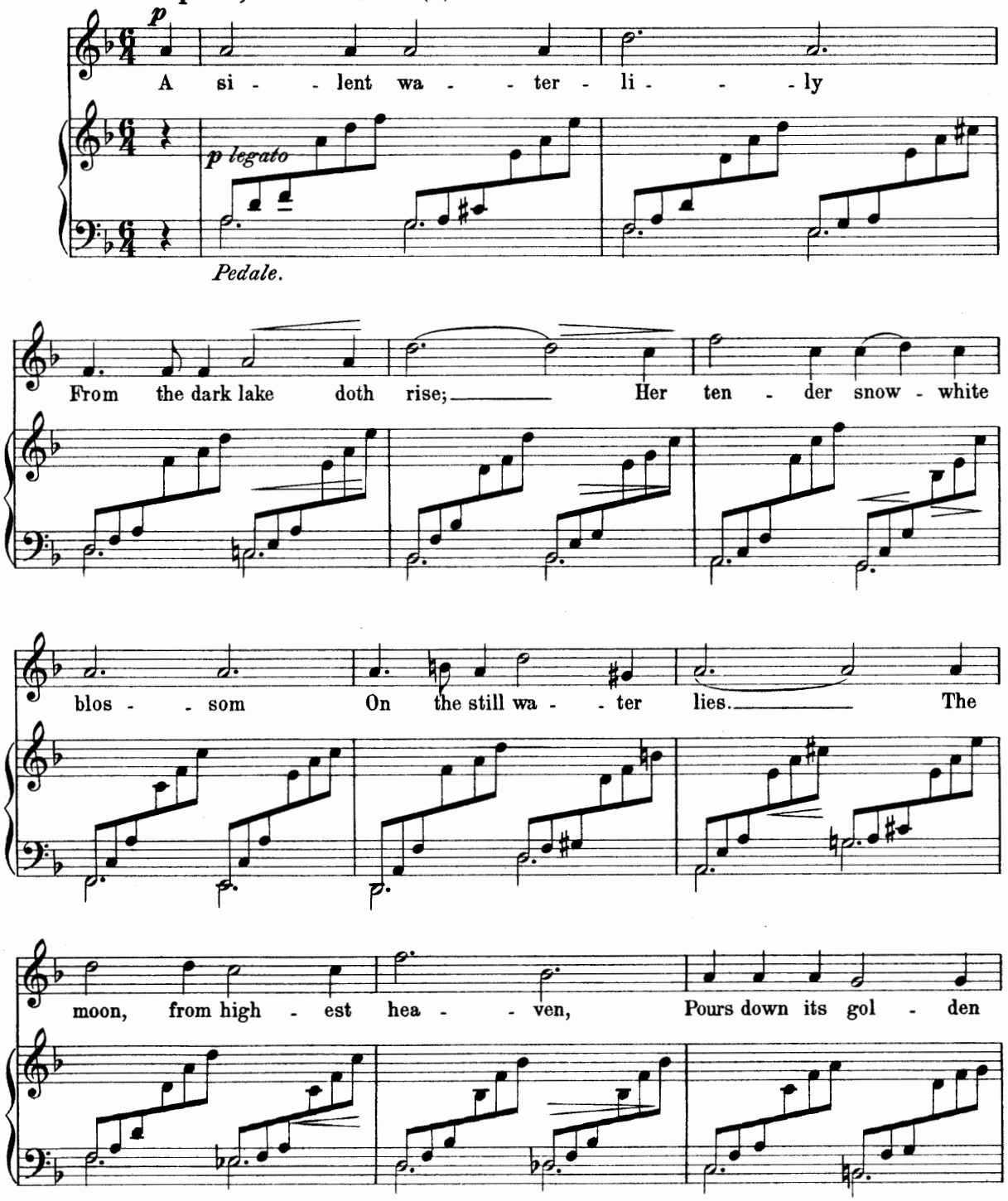

hark at all, you will hear too
dim.
dim.
p
mf
Ped.
ten.
long That fa - - - - - - - - - tal
tune, that fa - - - - -
mf
p
tal
tune.
p
pp

To Mrs. Arthur Nikisch.

The Water-Lily.

(Geibel's „Stille Wasserrose." Translated by L. C. — From "Exotics," by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Tranquillo, ma con moto. (♩.)



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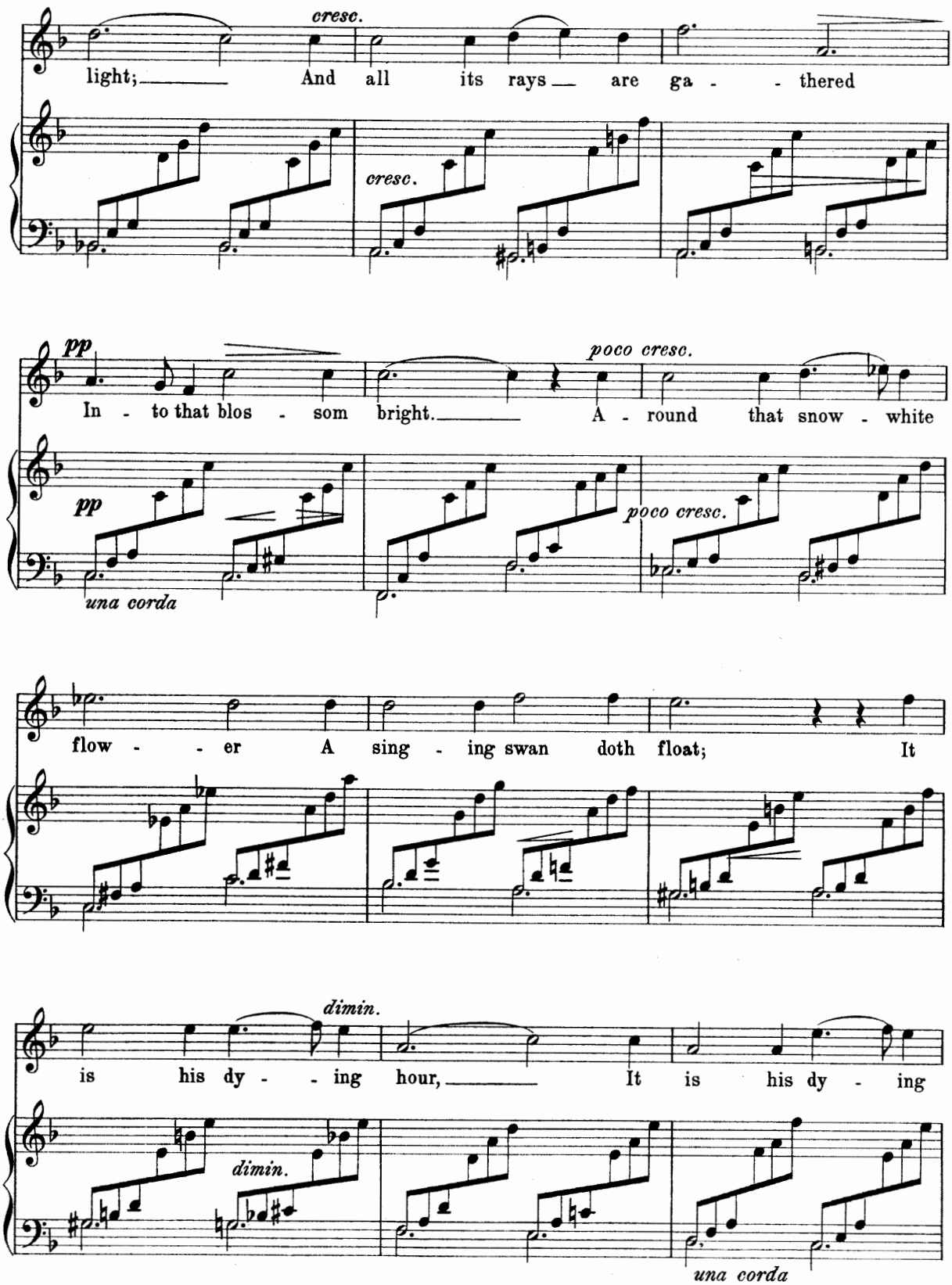
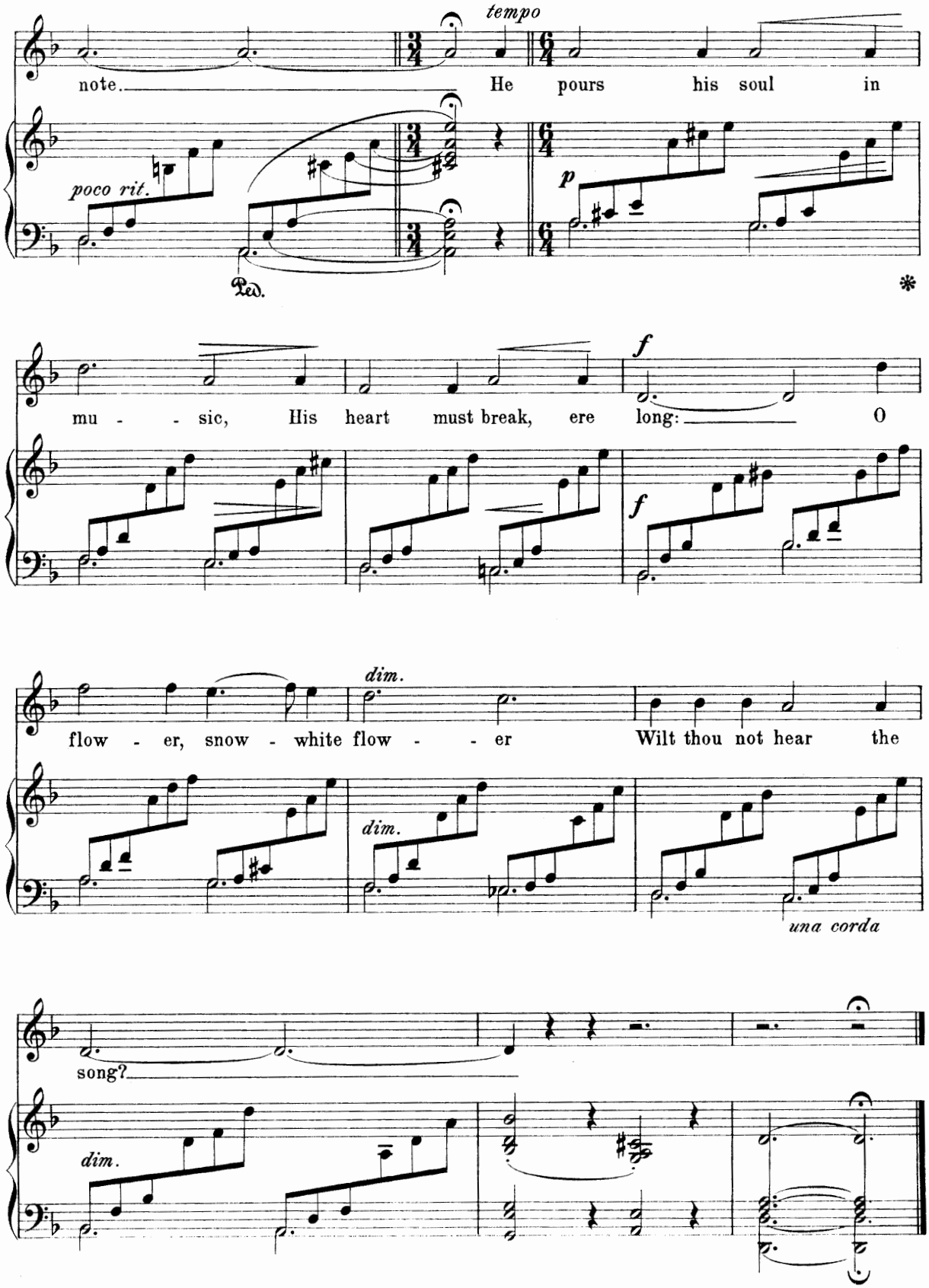
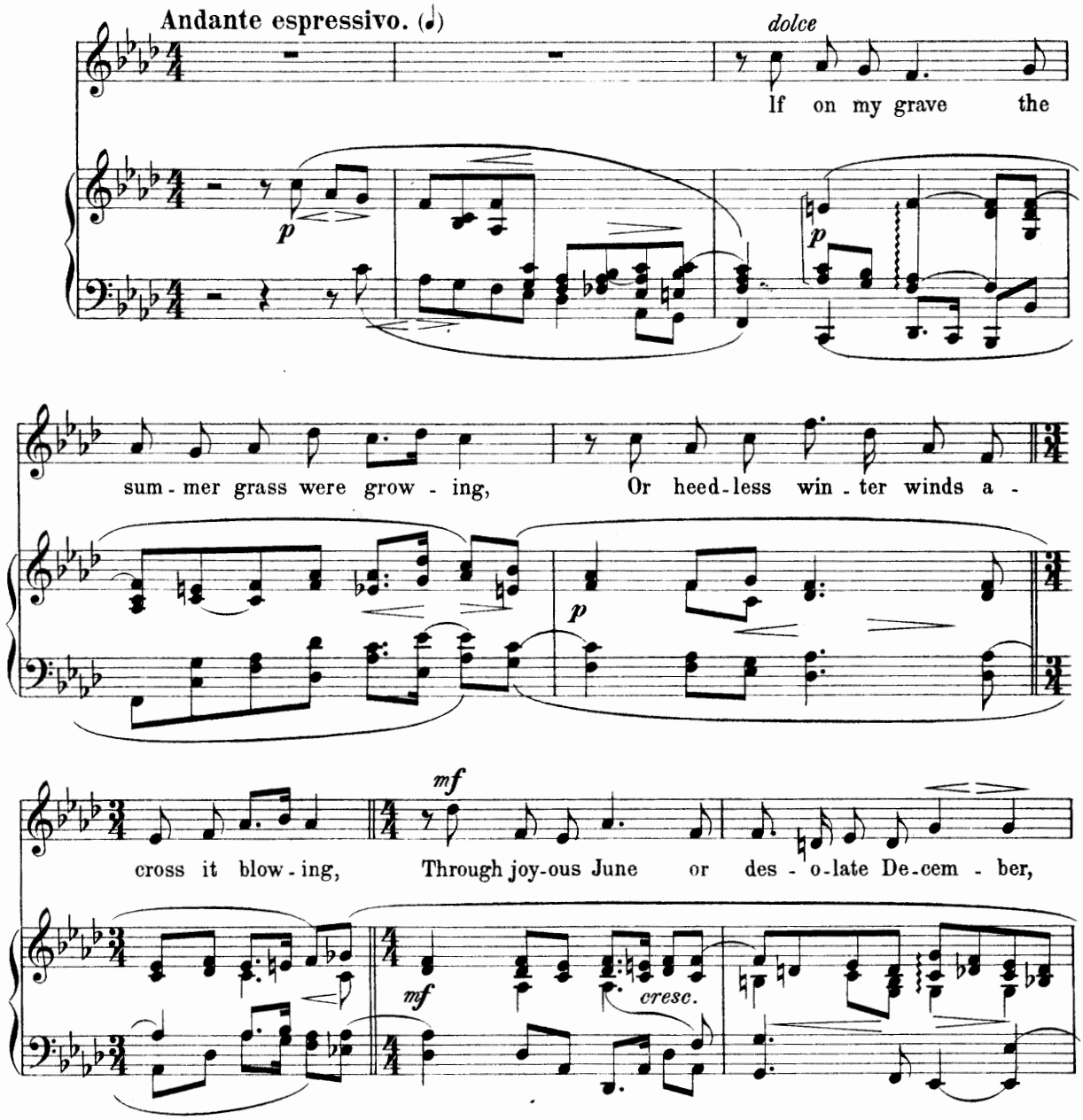

cresc.
light; And all its rays are ga - thered
cresc.
pp
In - to that blos - som bright. A - round that snow - white
poco cresc.
pp
una corda
poco cresc.
flow - er A sing - ing swan doth float; It
dimin.
is his dy - ing hour, It is his dy - ing
dimin.
una corda


tempo
note. He pours his soul in
poco rit.
Ped.
*
p
mu - - sic, His heart must break, ere long: O
f
f
dim.
flow - er, snow - white flow - - er Wilt thou not hear the
dim.
una corda
song?
dim.

To Mrs. Ida Norton.

How long, Dear Love?

(The Poem by Louise Chandler Moulton. — By permission of Roberts Brothers.)



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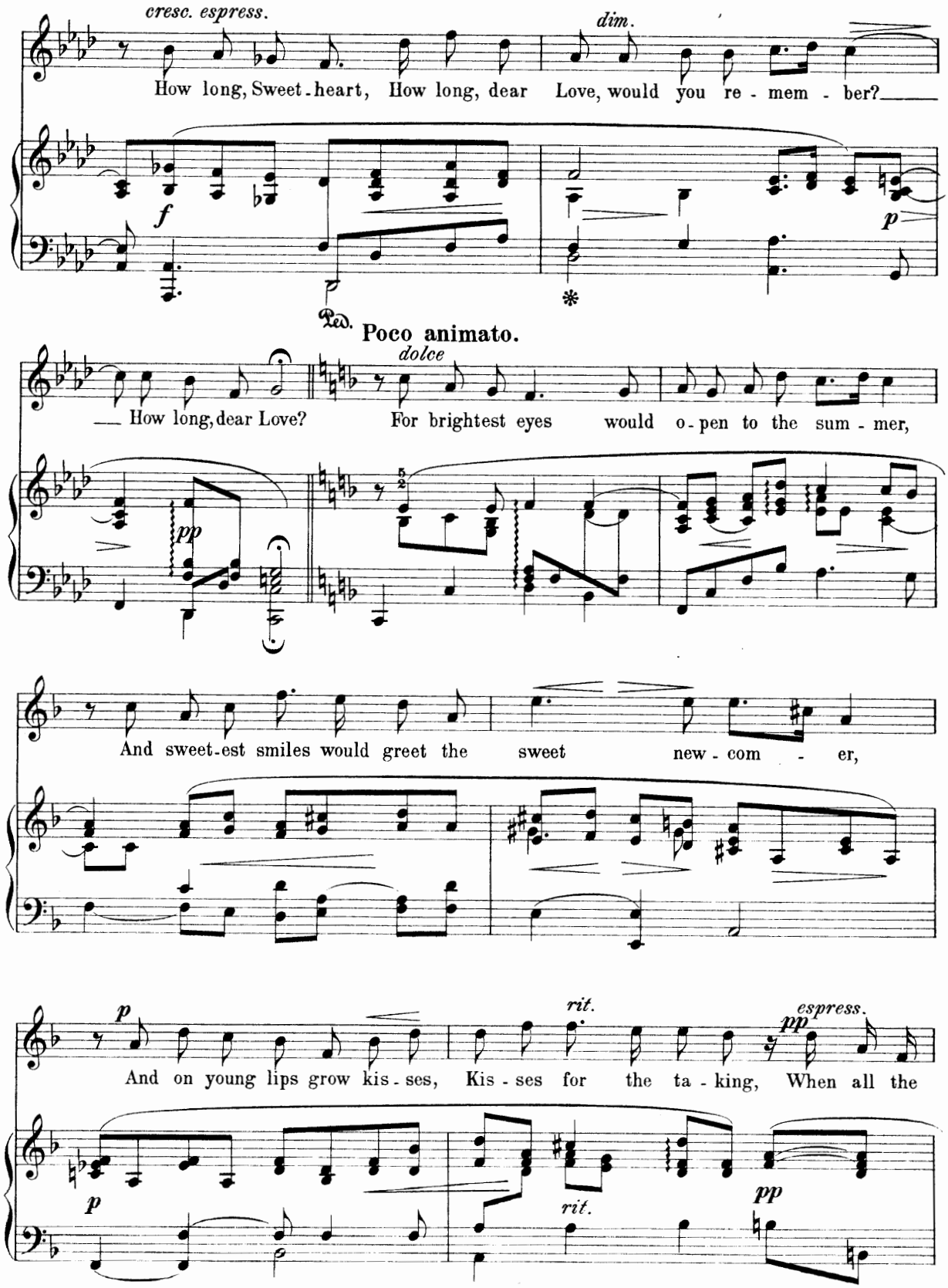
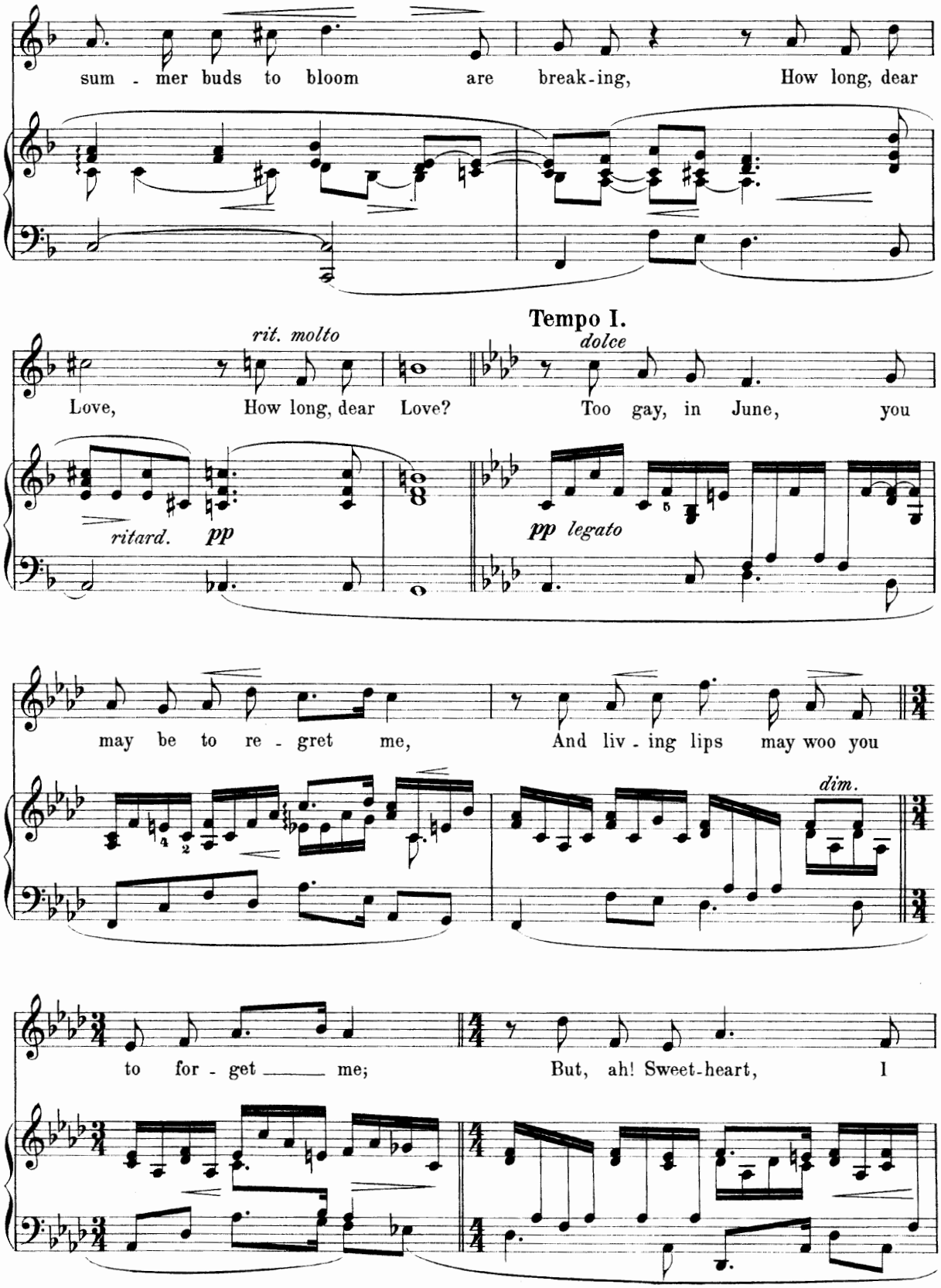
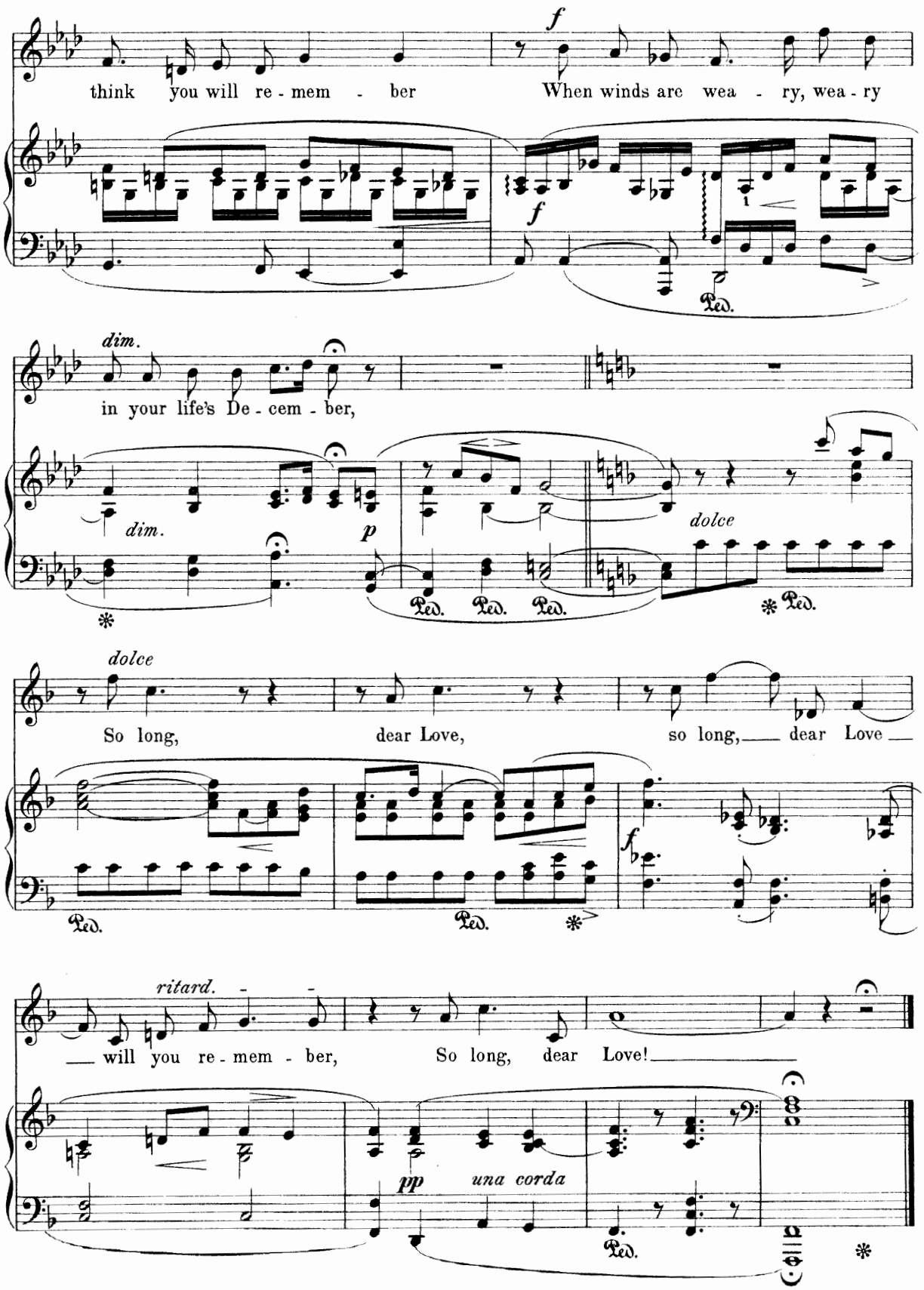

cresc. espress.
dim.
How long, Sweet-heart, How long, dear Love, would you re - mem - ber?
f
p
Ped.
*
Poco animato.
dolce
How long, dear Love?
For brightest eyes would o-pen to the sum - mer,
pp
And sweet-est smiles would greet the sweet new - com - er,
p
rit.
espress.
pp
And on young lips grow kis - ses, Kis - ses for the ta - king, When all the
p
rit.
pp


sum - mer buds to bloom are break-ing, How long, dear
Tempo I.
rit. molto
dolce
Love, How long, dear Love? Too gay, in June, you
ritard.
pp
pp legato
may be to re - gret me, And liv - ing lips may woo you
dim.
to for - get me; But, ah! Sweet-heart, I


think you will re - mem - ber
When winds are wea - ry, wea - ry
dim.
in your life's De - cem - ber,
dim.
p
dolce
dolce
So long,
dear Love,
so long, dear Love
ritard.
will you re - mem - ber,
So long, dear Love!
pp
una corda