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MODERN BALLADS.

A SELECTION OF

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FAVOURITE SONGS AND BALLADS

BY THE

MOST EMINENT COMPOSERS.



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Past and Future.

Music by F. H. COWEN.

PIANO-FORTE.

Moderato.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamics are 'piano' (p).

p

What shall I sing thee to-night, my love? Thou art sad, and I fain would cheer thee; There is

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "What shall I sing thee to-night, my love? Thou art sad, and I fain would cheer thee; There is". The piano part consists of chords and moving lines in the left hand.

gloom on the earth, there are clouds above, Still there's sun-shine while I am near thee; Shall I

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "gloom on the earth, there are clouds above, Still there's sun-shine while I am near thee; Shall I".

cresc.

sing of the past, of our joy-ous Spring, When we heed-ed no sun.. nor show - er, When our

cresc.

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sing of the past, of our joy-ous Spring, When we heed-ed no sun.. nor show - er, When our". The piano part features a crescendo, indicated by the 'cresc.' marking.

cresc. *rit.* *dim.* *a tempo.*

hearts were light as a bird on the wing, And we welcom'd each pass - ing hour?..... Shall I

cresc. *rit.* *dim.* *a tempo.*

p espress.

sing of the day when first we knew 'Twas pas - sion, not friend-ship, bound us, Our

p

cresc. *rit.*

hearts were lov - ing, Our souls were true, And all seem'd bliss.. a - round

cresc. *colla voce.*

a tempo.

us?

a tempo.

p

Shall I sing of the fu - ture, nay, love, nay, It brings a shud - der

o'er me, For change, and death, and love's de - cay, In vi - sion flit be -

cresc.

- fore me; And yet.. I feel, oh! my own true love, My spi - rit in Heav'n will

cresc.

rit.

meet thee, And thine will re-joice as it soars a - bove, To know that I there shall

rit.

rit. *sempre rall.*
 greet thee, that I there shall greet thee. Oh my own, my true

a tempo. mf espress.
 love, But I see thee smile, and my art - less lay Has chas'd a - way thy

a tempo.

cresc. *f espress. rit.*
 sor - row, We'll for - get the Fu - ture, love, to - day, And think of the Past, and

or think of the Past, and

cresc. *f*

think of the Past to - mor - - row.

think of the Past to - mor - - row.

colla voce. *f*