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To Mr. *Emilio Agramonte*

FROM AN
OLD GARDEN

Six SONGS

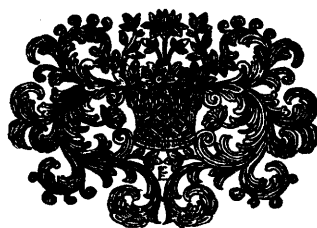
Verfes by *Margaret Deland*

Music by *Edward MacDowell*

Op. 26

Price, net, \$1.00

(In U. S. A.)



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THE PANSY.

Verse by
Margaret Deland.

EDWARD MACDOWELL.

Op. 26, No 1.

Daintily, tenderly. (♩ = 66.)

Voice. *p* O dain - ty Pan - sy! hood - ed all in

Piano. *p* *pp*

blue, _____ With chaste - ly fold - ing cloak of green, A

pp *p*

maid whom E - ros nev - er knew, _____ Nor Love has

p

seen! _____ I yet must fan - cy, scarce dreamt by thee, That,

p

pp

2 Ped.

'neath thy most dis - creet - - est thought, — There lurks a *will* that

pp

p

2 Ped.

may be taught By Love, — and me! _____ By

f

pp

p

Love, and me! _____

pppoco rall.

poco rall.

dolciss.

THE MYRTLE.

Verse by
Margaret Deland.


EDWARD MACDOWELL.


Op. 26, No. 2.

Sadly, wearily. (♩. = 54.)

Voice.  Its

Piano. 

 cling-ing, mourn-ful leaves, I said, Seem made to thatch a grave; A -



 round the roots of cy-press-trees, Too deep in gloom for sun_ or breeze,



It lives to mourn the dead! — But when I

poco rubato.

kissed her name, I saw, A-bove the dear, dead maid, A star-ry flower of

f *poco a poco*

ten-der blue, A bit — of heav-en, shin-ing through The

rall. *Tempo I.* *mf* *p*

rall. *Tempo I.* *p dolce.* *pp*

leaves — up — on — her grave!

lugubre. *pp* *2. Ped.*

THE CLOVER.

Verse by
Margaret Deland.

EDWARD MACDOWELL.

Op. 26, No 3.

Sturdily, with feeling. (♩ = 80.)

Voice. *mf*

O rud - dy Lov - er! O brave red clo - ver!

Piano. *mf*

Didst think to win her Thou dost a - dore? She will not

love thee, She looks a - bove thee, The Dai - sy's gold doth move her

p slower. *pp yet slower.*

slower. *yet slower.*

p *pp*

a tempo.

more! If gold can win her, Then Love's not in her,

mf *cresc.*

f *ff* *mf*

If gold can win her, Then Love's not in her, So leave the

f *mf*

ff rit.

Sin - ner, And sigh no more!

ff rit. *poco rit.*

THE YELLOW DAISY.

Verse by
Margaret Deland.

EDWARD MACDOWELL.
Op. 26, No. 4.

Archly, yet with tenderness. (♩ = 132.)

Voice. *p* What's his heart? *p* Sweet

Piano. *pp* *legg.*

con Ped.

heart! *slower.* *p* What's his heart? What's his heart? *a tempo.* Ver - y oft - en I've been told

slower. *p legato.* *p* *pp legg.*

poco rit. *slower.* *rit.* *a tempo.*
Of his yel-low, shining gold; But the gold's the smallest part Of a

slower. *rit.* *a tempo.*
poco rit. *p* *pp legg.*

hap - py love, Sweet-heart!

Is it true, my dear, Is it true? Is it true, That his heart's a

rusty brown? Nay, my Sweetheart! do not frown! Bet-ter know its brown and sere,

Now, than when too late, my dear!

THE BLUE-BELL.

Verse by
Margaret Deland.

EDWARD MACDOWELL.
Op. 26, N^o 5.

Jocosely. (♩. = 116.)

Voice. In love— she fell, My

Piano. *ten. pp*

much slower. *f* *p lightly.*

shy— Blue-bell, With a stroll-ing Bum-ble-Bee; He whispered low, "I

much slower. *a tempo.*

p legg.

retard

love—you so! Sweet, give your heart to me!"

ten. in time *pp leggieriss.*

pp
"I love but you,—

ppp *legatiss.*

2 Ped.

poco rall. *p* *rall.*
And I'll be true,— Oh give me your heart,— your heart,— I

poco rall. *dolciss.* *pp* *rall.*

Very slowly. *yet slower.* *f* *fast.* *ff*
pray!" She bent her head, "I will!" she said, When lo! _____

Very slowly. *yet slower.* *fast.*

pp *ppp* *f*

1 2 3
3 4 5

ff *fast.*
he flew a - way. _____

ten. *ff* *ten.* *f* *fast.* *m.d.* *m.s.*

THE MIGNONETTE.

Words by
Margaret Deland.

EDWARD MACDOWELL.
Op. 26, No. 6.

Quaintly: à la Menuet. (♩ = 126.)

Voice.

Piano.

p

ten.

A dame of

high degree, Is she, Is she, The gen - tle Mi - gno - nette,

mf

And at her side, In hon - est pride, Stands my sweet Bounc - ing

p

pp

dim.

demurely.

Bet. Her ker - - chief

p *pp* *dolce.* *pp*

folded neat, And sweet, Her bod-ice ro - sy - red;

mf cresc. *f*

My heart she holds, In its soft folds, And yet — we

mf *p* *pp*

do — not wed! For

pp

once I raised mine eye Too high, I loved fair Mi - gnonette! fair

pp

cresc. *mf*

Mi - gnonette. She nev-er knew, She thought me true To hum - ble

p

Bouncing Bet. Sweet, hope - less

p *pp*

Love,— if wise Soon dies, And, "here's a maid," I —

said, "She's low-ly fair, And waits.— I swear"— And yet I

do not wed!

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