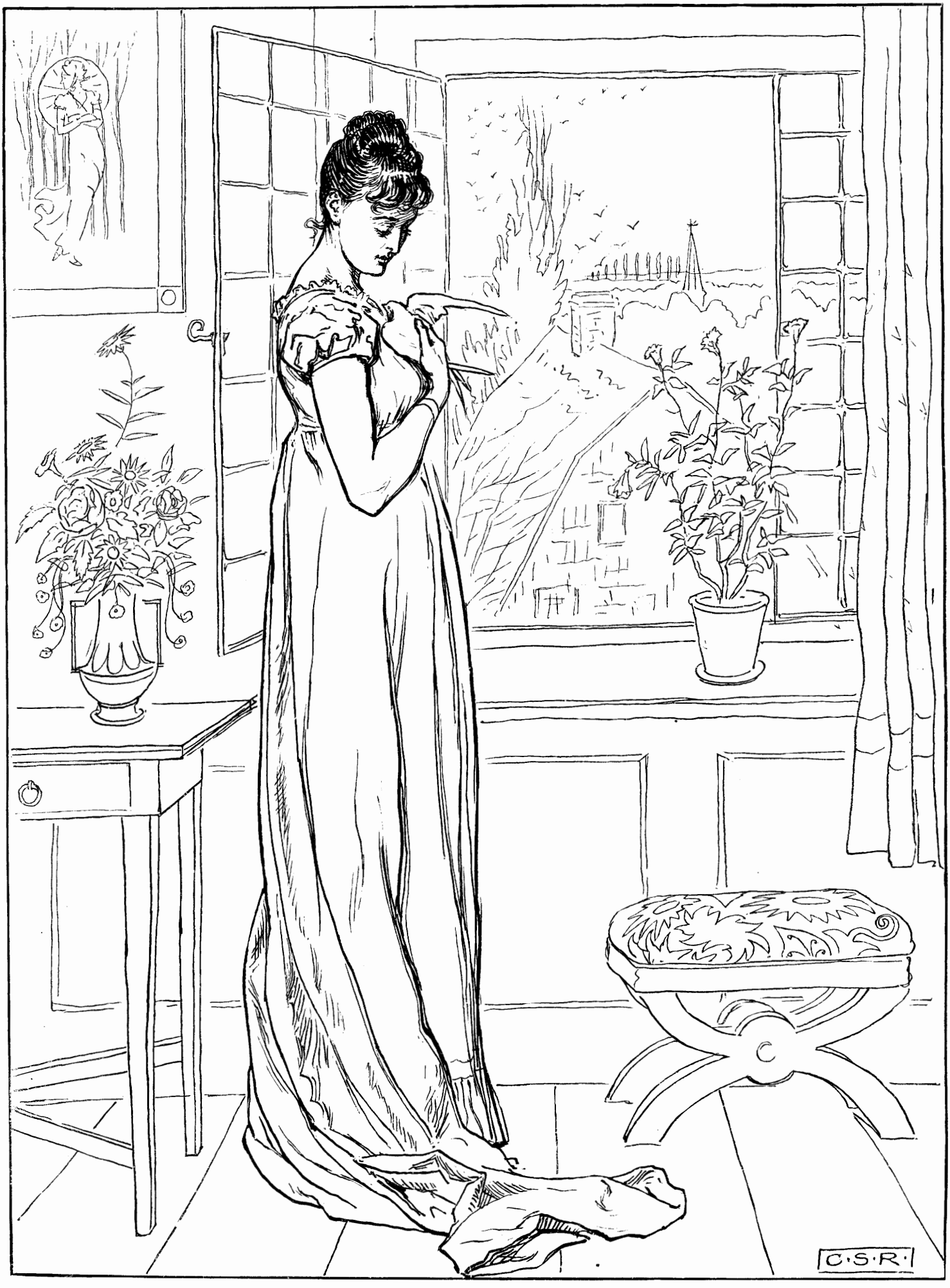

C·S·R·

"O swallow, swallow."

"O SWALLOW, SWALLOW."

O swallow, swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

Oh tell her, swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

O swallow, swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

Oh were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died!

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself when all the woods are green?

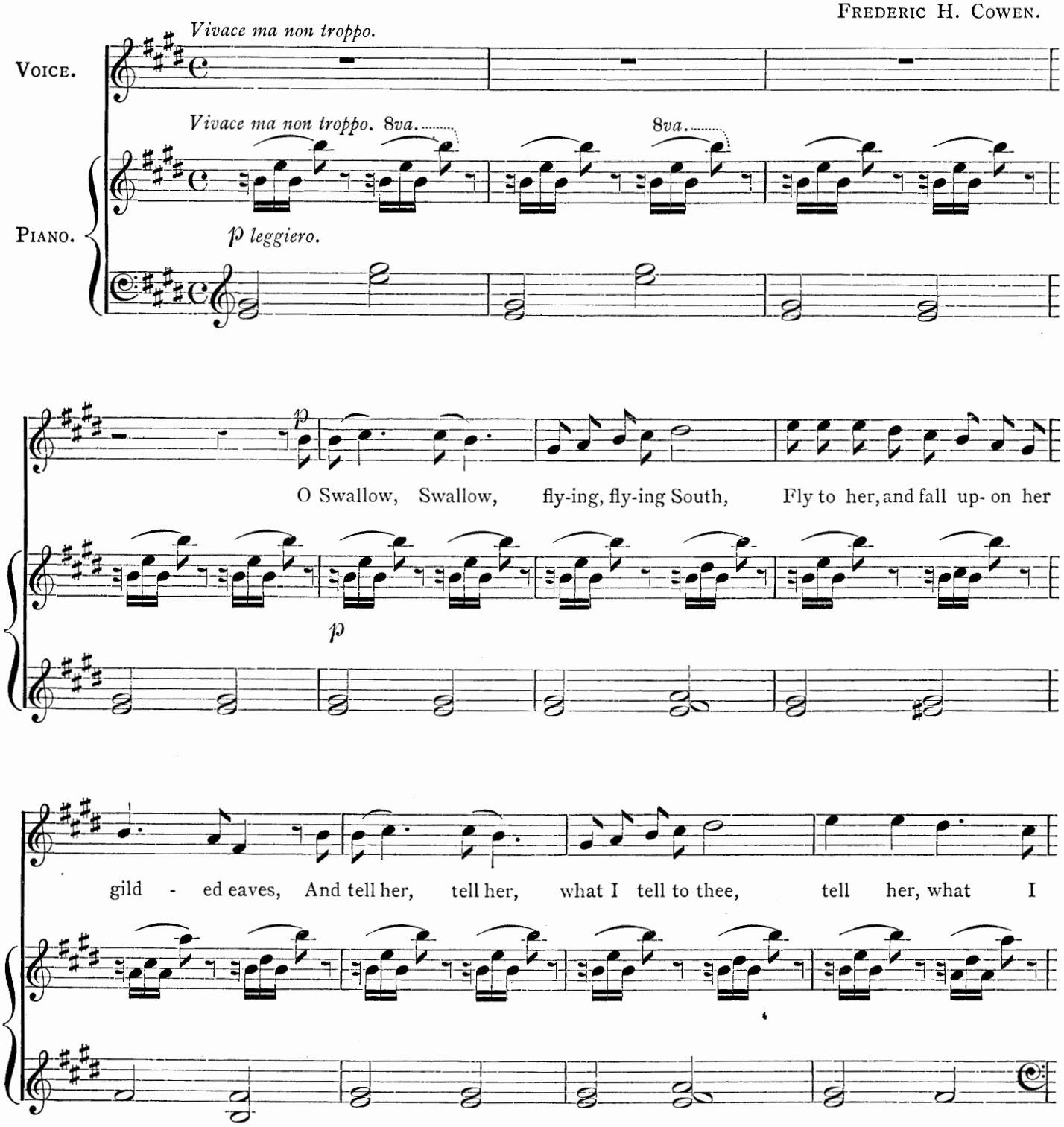
Oh tell her, swallow, that thy brood is flown:
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

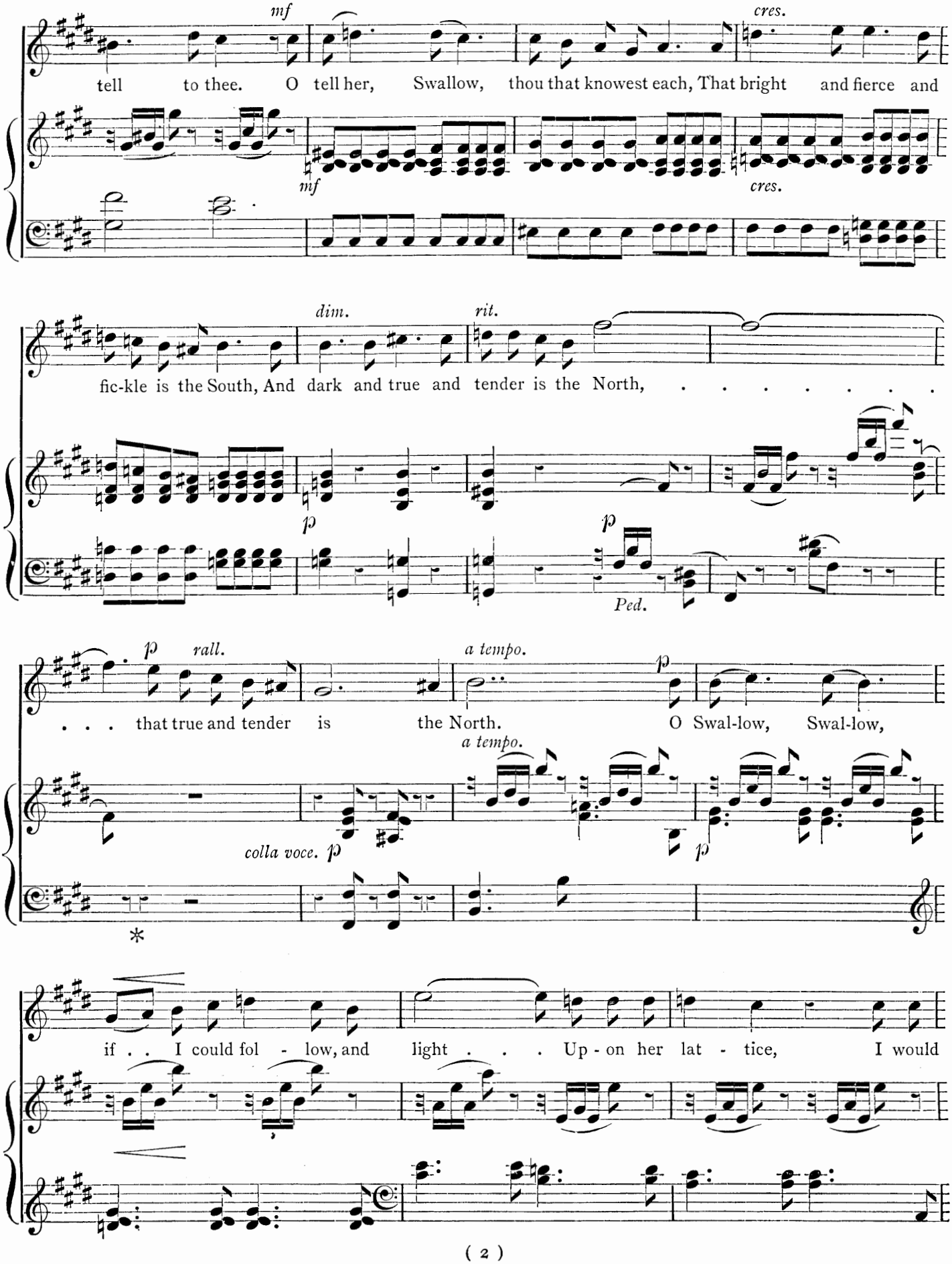
Oh tell her, brief is life, but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

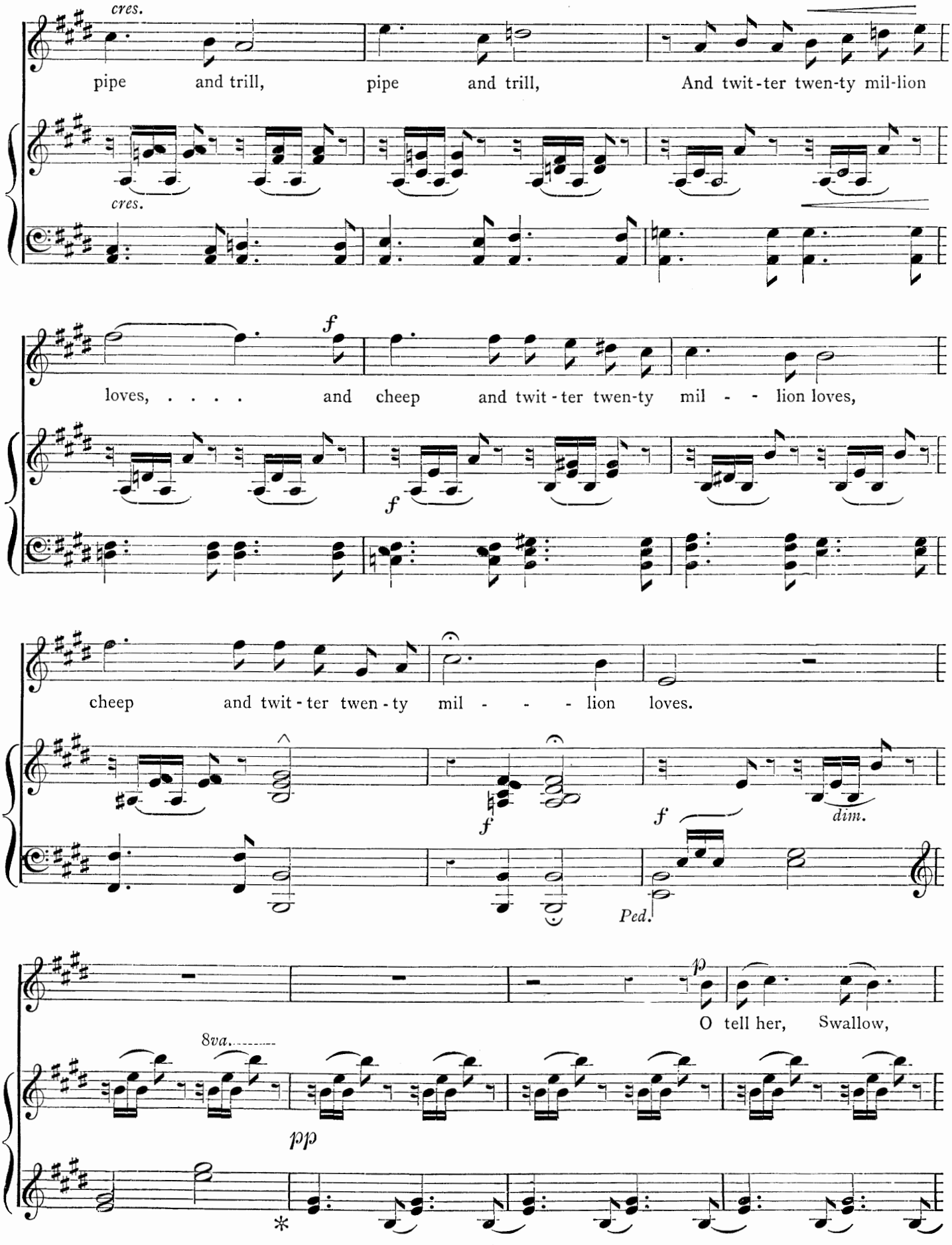
O swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

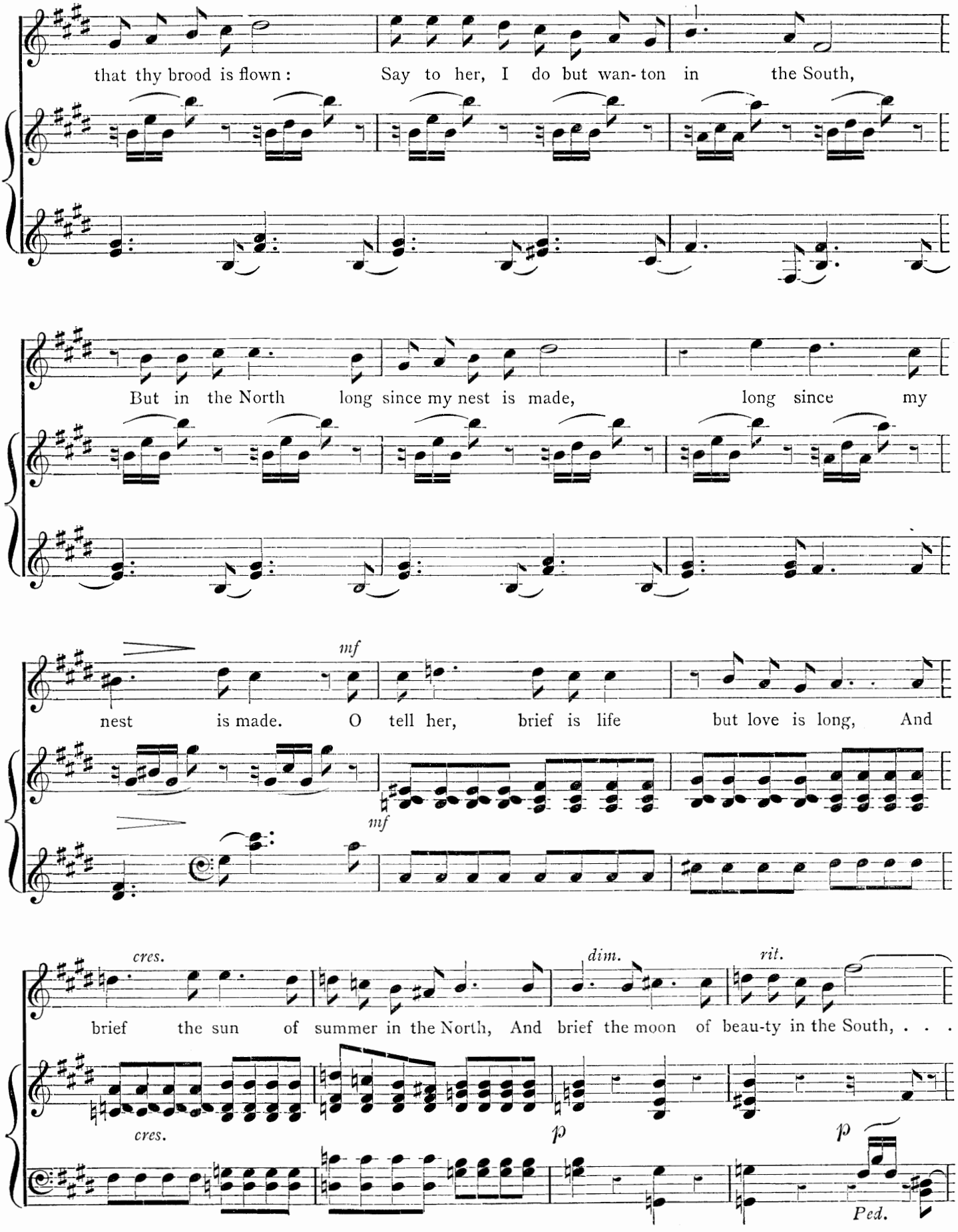
O SWALLOW, SWALLOW.

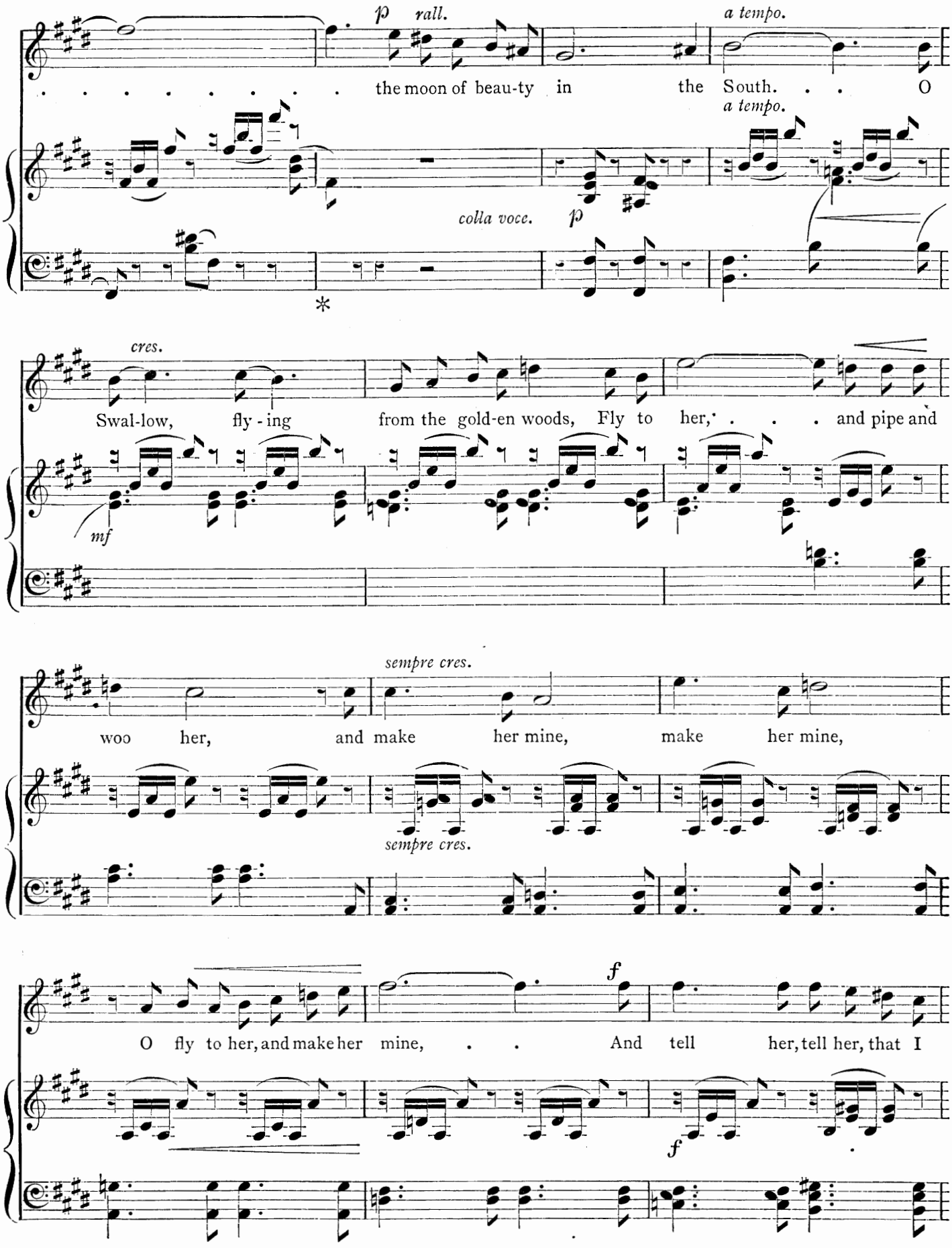
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

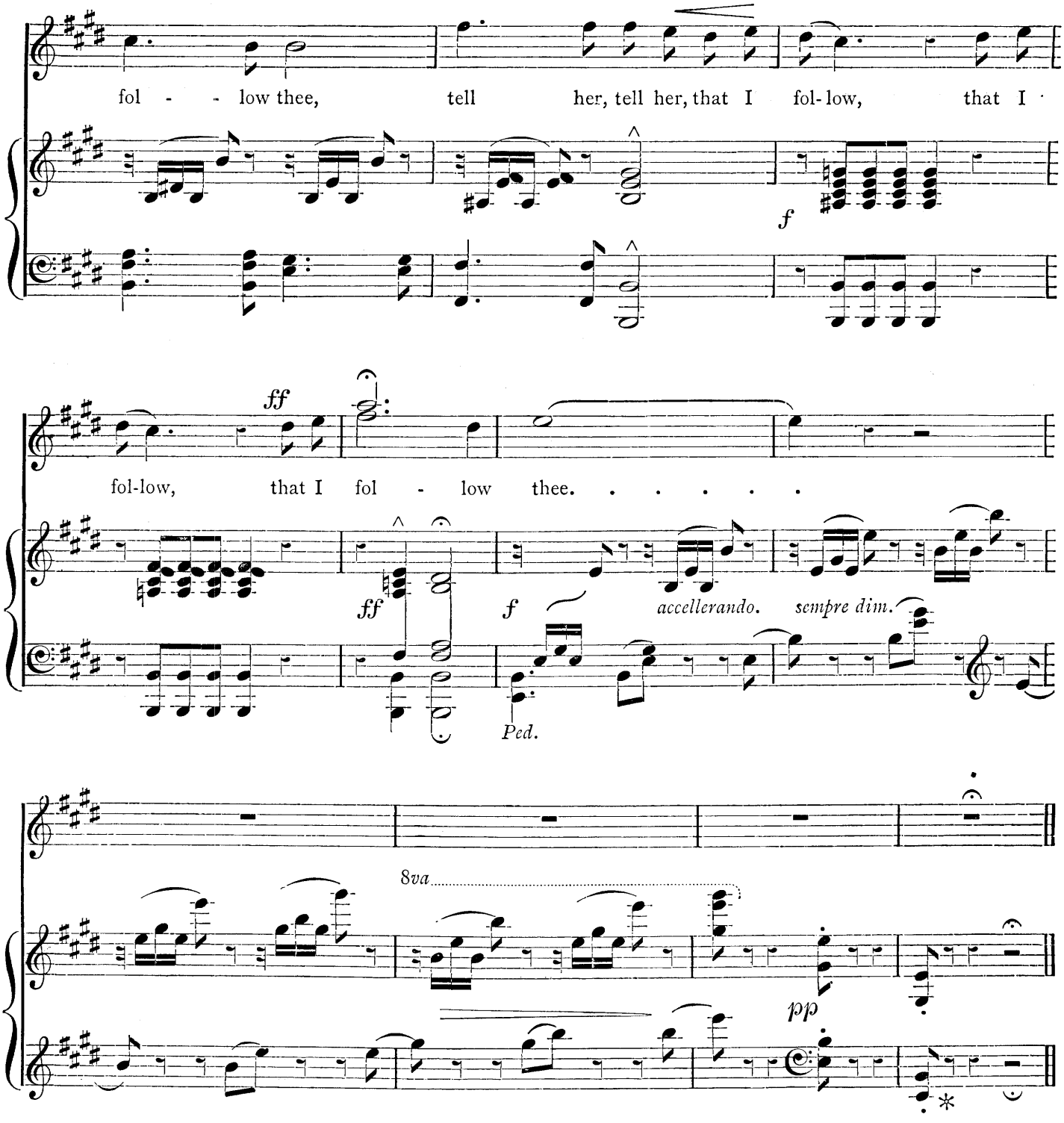



mf
cres.
tell to thee. O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each, That bright and fierce and
mf
cres.
dim.
rit.
fic-kle is the South, And dark and true and tender is the North, ...
p
p
Ped.
p
rall.
a tempo.
. . . that true and tender is the North. O Swal-low, Swal-low,
p
a tempo.
colla voce. p
p
*
if . . I could fol - low, and light . . . Up - on her lat - tice, I would


cres.
pipe and trill, pipe and trill, And twit-ter twen-ty mil-lion
cres.
f
loves, ... and cheep and twit-ter twen-ty mil - - lion loves,
f
cheep and twit-ter twen-ty mil - - - lion loves.
f
f
dim.
Ped.
p
O tell her, Swallow,
8va.
pp
*


that thy brood is flown: Say to her, I do but wan-ton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made, long since my
mf
nest is made. O tell her, brief is life but love is long, And
mf
cres.
dim.
rit.
brief the sun of summer in the North, And brief the moon of beau-ty in the South, . . .
cres.
p
p
Ped.


p rall.
a tempo.
. . . . . the moon of beau-ty in the South. . . O
a tempo.
colla voce.
p
*
cres.
Swal-low, fly - ing from the gold-en woods, Fly to her, . . . and pipe and
mf
sempre cres.
woo her, and make her mine, make her mine,
sempre cres.
f
O fly to her, and make her mine, . . And tell her, tell her, that I
f


fol - - low thee, tell her, tell her, that I fol-low, that I
f
ff
fol-low, that I fol - low thee. . . . . .
ff
f
accellerando.
sempre dim.
Ped.
8va
pp