

154782

SONGS AND BALLADS
BY AMERICAN
COMPOSERS

THE
TWA CORBIES

By
FREDERIC AYRES

Op. 5, No. 1



Price, 60 cents net

New York · G. SCHIRMER · Boston

The Twa Corbies

Anonymous

Frederic Ayres. Op. 5, No. 1

Andante con moto

p

Voice

As I was

Piano

p

walk - ing all a - lone, I heard twa cor - bies mak - ing a mane; The

cresc.

mf

dim.

tane un - to the toth - er say, "Where sall we gang and

cresc.

mf

dim.

(corbies = crows)

28006 c

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dine to - day?"—

p

p

"In be - hint yon auld fail dyke, I wot there lies - a

pp *cresc.*

new - slain knight; And nae - bod - y kens that he lies there, But his

pp *cresc.*

(fail-turf)

f dim.

hawk, his hound, and his la - dy fair.

f dim. *p*

p *p*

"His hound is to the hunt-ing gane, His hawk to fetch the wild fowl hame, His

f

la - dy's ta'en an - oth - er mate, So we may mak' our din - ner sweet.

p *f*

pp

"Ye'll sit on— his white hause-bane, And I'll pick out his bon-nie blue

pp *pp*

p *cresc.* *accel.*

een: Wi' ae lock o' his gow-den hair We'll theek our nest when it

p *cresc.* *accel.*

f

grows — bare.

f *p rit.* *pp* *ritenuto*

(hause-bane= neck bone)

(theek = thatch)

28006

Più sostenuto

pp cresc. sempre poco a poco

“Mon - y a one for him - makes mane, But nane - sall

pp cresc. sempre poco a poco

ken where he is gane; O'er his white banes, when they are bare, -

p cresc.

p cresc.

The wind sall blaw - for ev - er - mair” -

mf f dim. mp rit. p

rit. più rit. a tempo

mp mf dim. mp p ppp pp p

THREE SCOTCH POEMS

By Sidney Homer

"Dinna ask me"

Andante
p *sempre*

Voice

O din-na ask me gin I loe ye Troth, I daur na
tell! Din-na ask me gin I loe ye.— Ask it o your- self! O,
din-na look sae wair at me, For weel ye ken me true, O, gin ye look sae

Piano

p

mf *piu lento*

mf *piu lento*

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Auld Daddy Darkness

Animato (with imagination)

Voice

Auld Daddy Dark-ness creeps frae his hole,
Black as a black-moor, bin' as a mole: Stir the fire till it lowes, let the bairnie sit,
Auld Daddy Dark-ness is no want-it yit.

Piano

p *molto legato*

cresc. *rit.*

cresc. *rit.*

piu lento *dim.* *a tempo*

piu lento *dim.* *a tempo*

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Cuddle Doon

Vivace, non troppo presto
with humor and tenderness, freely

Voice

The bair-nies cud-die doon at nicht Wi'
much-le faucht an' die; "Oh, try an' sleep, ye wauk-rife rogues, Your
bair-ther's com-in' in" They nev-er heed a word I speak; I try to gie a froom. But

Piano

mf *non troppo rigido, colla voce*

cresc.

cresc.

legato

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NEW YORK

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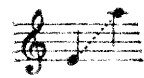
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FOR HIGH VOICE

By
FREDERIC AYRES

When Daffodils Begin to Peer
Opus 5, No. 2



Sunset Wings
Opus 8



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When Daffodils Begin to Peer

(The Winter's Tale)

Shakespeare

Frederic Ayres. Op. 5, No. 2

Allegretto *mp*

Voice

When daf - fo - dils be -

Piano

mp

cresc.

gin to peer, With heigh! the dox - y

cresc.

dim. *mp* *cresc.* *rit.*

o - ver the dale! Why then comes in the sweet o' the year; For the

dim. *mp* *cresc.* *rit.*

a tempo
dim. *rit.* *mp*

red blood reigns in the win - ter's pale. The

a tempo
dim. *rit.* *mp*

cresc.

white sheet bleach - ing on the hedge, With

cresc.

dim.

heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing! Doth

dim.

mp *cresc.* *rit.*

set my pug - ging tooth on edge; For a

mp *cresc.* *rit.*

a tempo *dim.* *rit.* *a tempo* *p*

quart of ale is a dish for a king. But

a tempo *rit.* *a tempo*

dim. *p*

shall I go mourn for that, my dear? The—

cresc.

pale moon shines by night: _____ And when I wan - der

sva

cresc.

rit. *p cresc. più rit.* *a tempo*

here and there, _____ I then do most go

sva

rit. *più rit.* *a tempo*

p cresc.

mp

right. _____

mp *p*

1941

16

1941

1941

1941

1941

1941

1941

1941

1941

1941

1941

1941

NEW YORK

A GROUP OF SONGS BY HENRY HADLEY

For Malena
Love-Song

Lawrence Hope*
 From "Stars of the Desert"

Slowly, tenderly

Voice *mf* Olive me your-self one

Piano *p*

heart, I do not crave for an-y love, or e-ven thought of me,

Come, as a Sei-tan may in-ress a slave, And

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For John McCormack
A California Troubadour

Henry Hadley, Op. 72, No. 1

Piano *mf* My

heart, my heart's a bon-my bird, That car-ols songs the sweet-est

heard. My heart, my heart's a foun-tain fair, That

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For Helen Stanley
Nectar

Clarence Umy

Henry Hadley, Op. 72, No. 2

Allegro vivace

Voice *mf* In a gold-en

Piano *sf* *con pedale*

bowl I brew Leaf of rose and vio-let dew,

And the es-sence-ess- of things Na-tal to Pe-

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For Yvonne de Tréville
"My love the lily used to wear"

David Stevens

Henry Hadley, Op. 72, No. 5

Joyfully, with motion

Voice *mf* My love the li-y used to wear That,

Piano *f*

thro' the mead-ow trip-ping, She ga-thered while the ea-ger wind The

morn-ing dew was sip-ping, But some-thing she has late-ly learned No

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