Dawsons Pub. Sc.

*The Harpsichord*

*Engraved from a drawing made specially for "Twelve New Songs" by*

*Frank Dicksee, R.A.*

82260

# 12
# NEW SONGS

BY

## SOME OF THE BEST AND BEST-KNOWN
## BRITISH COMPOSERS

---

*JOSEPH BARNBY*
*ALFRED CELLIER*
*F. CORDER*
*FREDERIC COWEN*
*CHARLES H. LLOYD*
*HAMISH MacCUNN*

*A. C. MACKENZIE*
*C. HUBERT H. PARRY*
*ARTHUR SOMERVELL*
*C. V. STANFORD*
*A. GORING THOMAS*
*CHARLES WOOD*

---

EDITED BY HAROLD BOULTON

(WITH WORDS BY THE EDITOR)

*Frontispiece by FRANK DICKSEE, A.R.A.*

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(T. 4,445.)

# *To H.R.H. The Princess Louise*

*(Marchioness of Lorne)*

Princess, this homespun web of song
From our native loom receive;
Twelve minstrels deft have deigned their weft
On warp of my words to weave.

In weary hours when shadows throng,
If ever such be thine,
May memories of these melodies
Like threads of silver shine!

E'en so, from those that love their art,
To one that loves no less,
As workmanship of hand and heart,
Receive our songs, Princess.

H. B.

# *PREFACE.*

IN this volume I have endeavoured to bring together a representative series of new songs by some of the best and best-known British composers, and it may fairly be claimed that the twelve compositions here for the first time set forth are by men whose names are identified with really serious aspirations in the cause of our National Music, and whose labours form a large factor in the great progress their art has made among us at the close of the nineteenth century.

The Puritan era struck a death-blow to the undisputed musical pre-eminence England had hitherto enjoyed in the civilised world. At the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries our countrymen were found as composers, teachers, and performers on all sorts of instruments, occupying the

highest positions in various European courts. English vocal composition had no rival, and while no gentleman's education was considered complete if he could not take his part in catch, canon, or glee, lesser folk were little behindhand in upholding our name as a music-loving nation.

The restoration of Charles II. brought with it a revival of music, but in place of the native art that Puritanism had stifled, the "Merrie Monarch" imported bevies of foreign musicians who had been his companions in exile; and it is suggested by a very high authority on English music that this alien impulse given in high quarters to our national instincts is mainly responsible for the nightmare under which the native Muse has laboured ever since.

Certain it is, that for the last two hundred years our musicians have fought an uphill fight against fashionable prejudice in favour of anything and everything foreign in name or nature. It is only in the last

score of years that the popular voice has encouraged and even clamoured for the products of native talent.

We have in the ancient music of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, an inheritance rich enough to form the beginnings of a future far greater than that of any other nation ; we have, besides, not only in the mother country, but among our kinsmen over the seas, exponents of the musical art known and appreciated by the most critical audiences abroad as well as at home. That famous singers, not only from the British Isles, but as is now the case, from America and Australia, are still content to disguise their origin with foreign prefixes and sham names of foreign savour, is only one of the many proofs how hard it is for even so strong a force as the English-speaking community to break through the false traditions of a slavish past.

The public have it in their own hands to help forward a more healthy condition of affairs, and recent

movements in the direction of improved musical education, together with a growing appreciation for the efforts of composers and singers of our own blood, show that the tide is slowly turning. Fortunately, there is in our midst a sturdy band of minstrels capable of responding to the call of their countrymen, a fact the increased activity of the last few years abundantly proves. Moreover, the respect which British music is beginning to receive abroad also gives ground for the hope that this patriotic awakening will not be in vain.

The royal line of German giants which began with Haydn may be said to have ended with Wagner. Can Italy replace her Verdi; France her Gounod? Whom will the giant's robe fit? On whom will the prophet's mantle fall? Never was there a time when a new impulse in music was more needed, unless indeed finality has been reached, and the doctrine of "nothing new under the sun" is to be applied to the greatest of

all the arts. The devotees of music would be the last to submit tamely to such a conclusion, and citizens of our own race this side and beyond the seas may be excused for hoping that no opportunity will be neglected of regaining our lost laurels, and once more taking the lead ere the twentieth century has grown many decades old. If this should be so, those who live now do but stand on the threshold of the new order of things, and must be content to be the pioneers of an enterprise in which so much leeway has to be made up, so much lost time to be redeemed. Is it extravagant to hope that the day may come when the saying rife in Elizabethan times, "England has become a nest of singing birds," may be truly applied *in extenso* to all who speak our language ?

The setting side by side of detached lyrics is the only possible form in which to collect within reasonable compass the work of various composers, and it seemed out of the question in the present instance to adopt

anything like a sequence of ideas in the twelve songs here given. It has been thought best to settle the order in which they should appear by arranging them alphabetically.

With so much good material to choose from, I have been obliged to make some sacrifice for the sake of congruity, since an attempt to include in one volume all who have made their mark in every school of musical thought would be hopeless. Other groups of composers besides those whose handiwork appears here will easily suggest themselves, and I hope in a subsequent volume to cover other ground.

A few remarks in conclusion as to the question of "words for singing," and their influence on the development of musical ideas. In this respect, also, a great improvement in taste has taken place in the musical world of recent years. The days in which any jargon, preferably in an unknown tongue, would satisfy an English audience as libretto for an opera

or subject matter for a detached song are, it is to be hoped, numbered. For this benefit we have perhaps to thank the pitiful librettos of many an Italian opera on the one hand, and the elaborate structure of Wagner's poems as a revulsion of feeling on the other hand. It is given to few composers to be their own poet, but no English composer worthy the name now troubles to "set" words into the feeling of which he cannot enter, or to imagine that verses are mere fortuitous adjuncts to musical periods. An evidence of our emancipation from a more barbaric condition is the much more frequent printing of song-words in the programmes of modern concerts.

If our greatest poets have not sufficiently laid themselves out for fellowship with the sister art, and indeed some of them have, with occasional exceptions, signally failed in this respect, the deficiency may perhaps be attributed to the unnecessarily low estimation in which song writing, pure and simple, has been

held. Musicians now complain that the supply of really good material for songs is not equal to the demand.

That all the contributors to this collection have been satisfied to set to music words of mine is a circumstance upon which I am naturally precluded from making comment, except as one in which I consider myself most fortunate.

The good fortune of a frontispiece by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A., is shared alike by all who have a hand in this volume.

HAROLD BOULTON.

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# 12
# NEW SONGS.

CONSTANCY.

# CONSTANCY.

* * *

MY heart that burns like the noon-tide,
Has waited the long day through,
And still in the gloaming I long for your coming,
As flowers faint for the dew.

Oh! come in the cool of the ev'ning,
Like a soft wind out of the west;
Oh! come like the swallow that flies o'er the fallow,
Homeward at night to the nest.

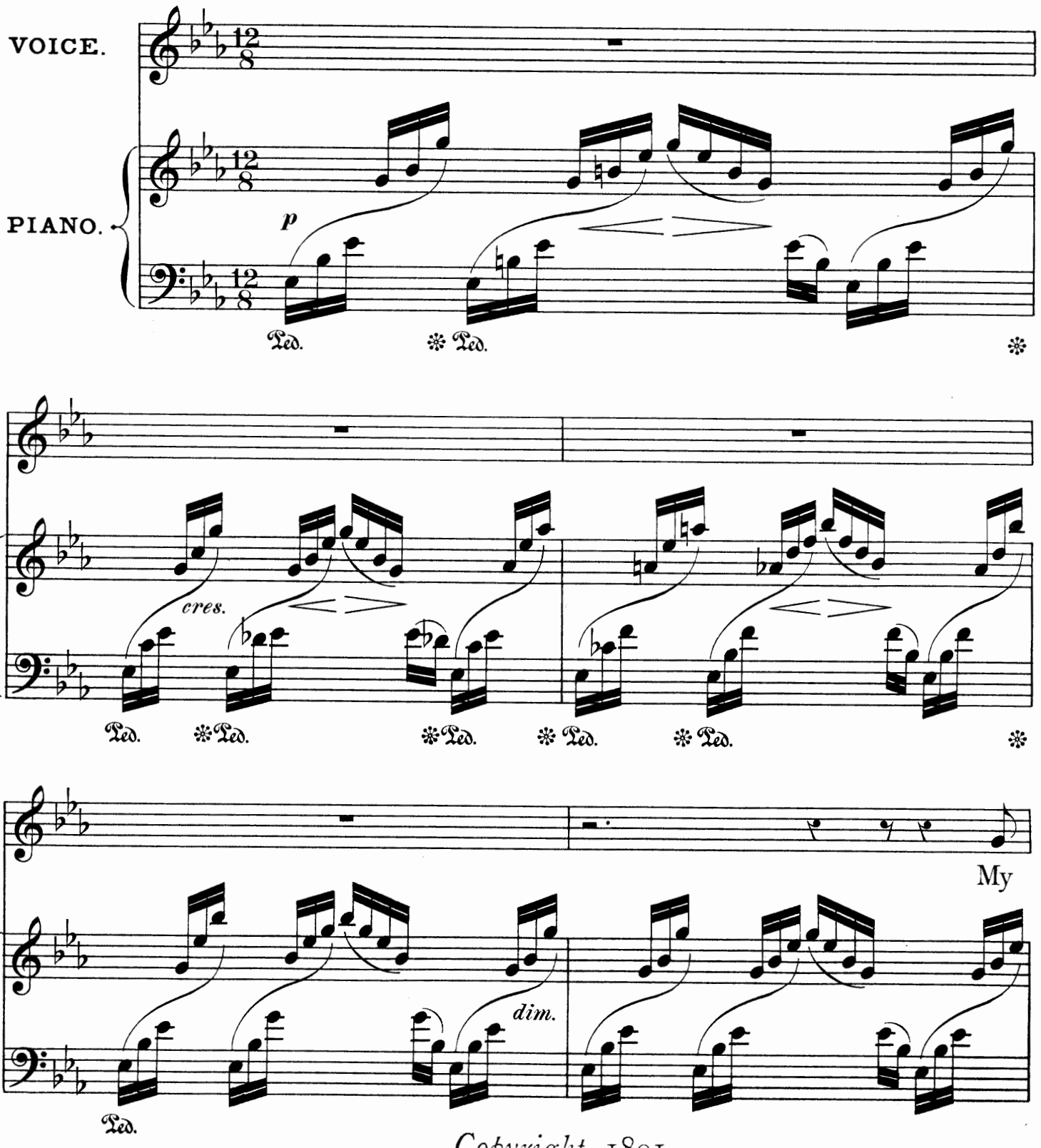
The nightingale in the garden
Cries "Look, look, look, truant love;
The pale stars glimmer, the moonbeams shimmer,
And glide through the leaves above."

Ah me! but the midnight passes,
I linger and know not why;
Though you come never, I hope for ever,
For a lover must hope or die.

# CONSTANCY.

Written by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Composed by
J. BARNBY.

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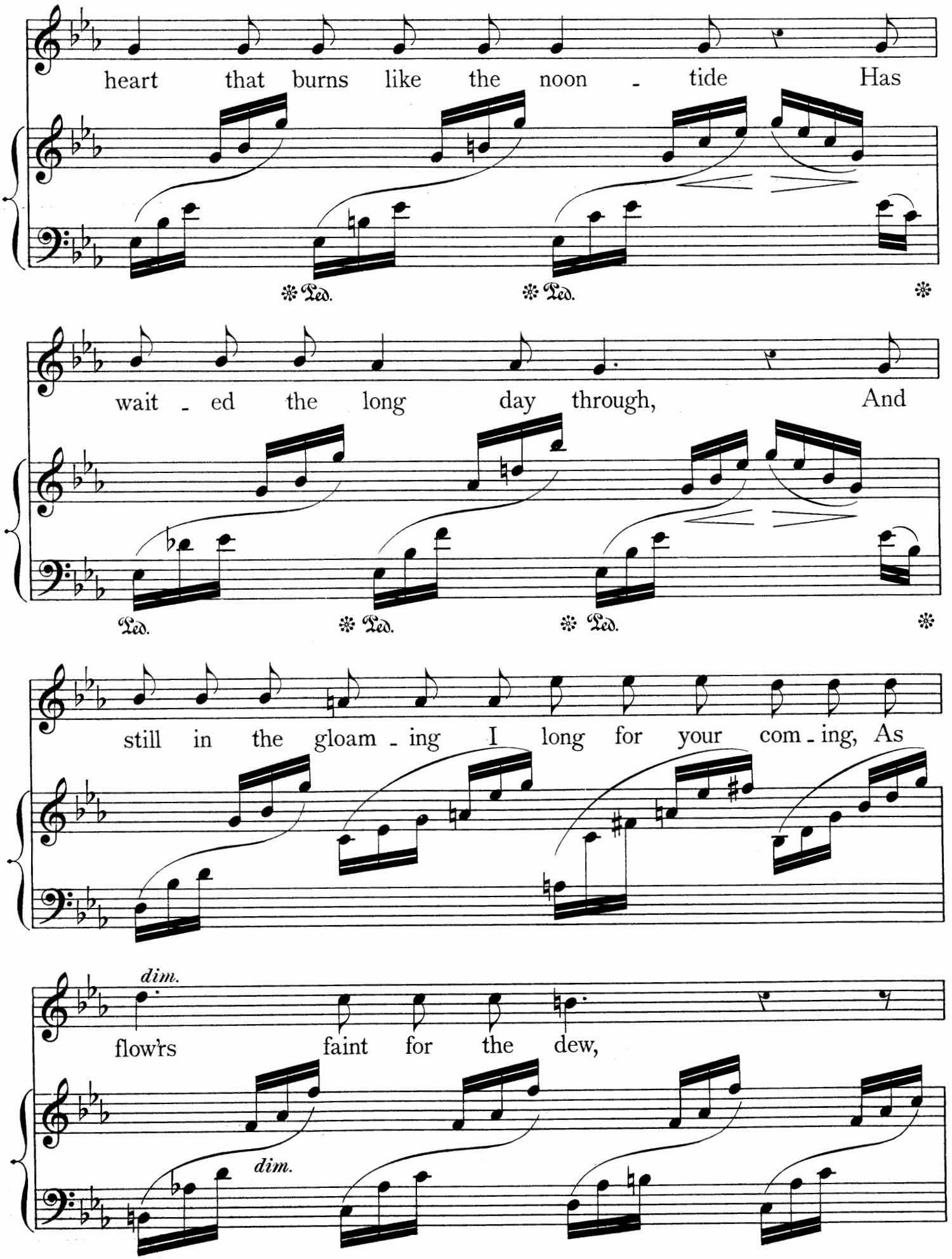
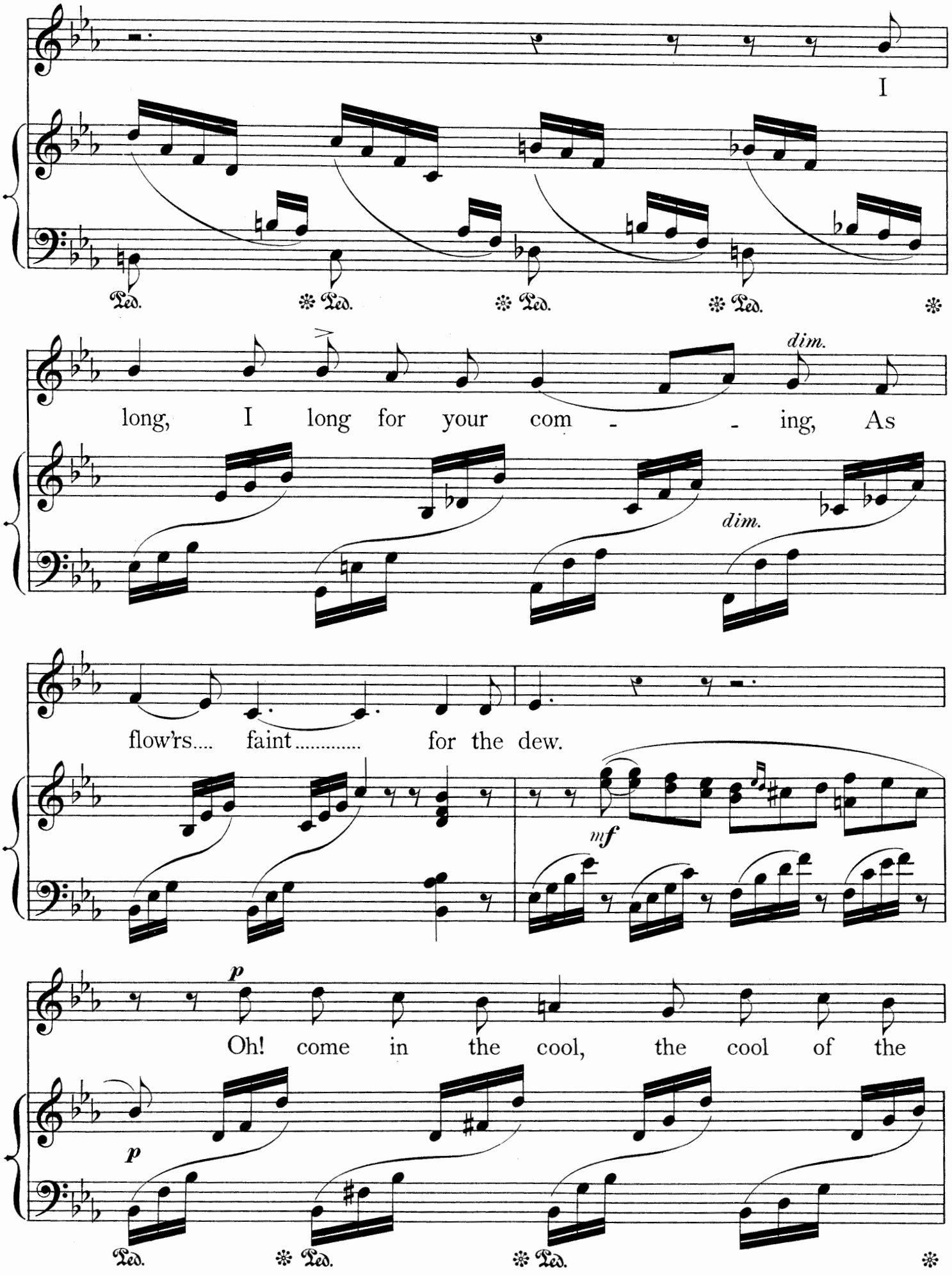
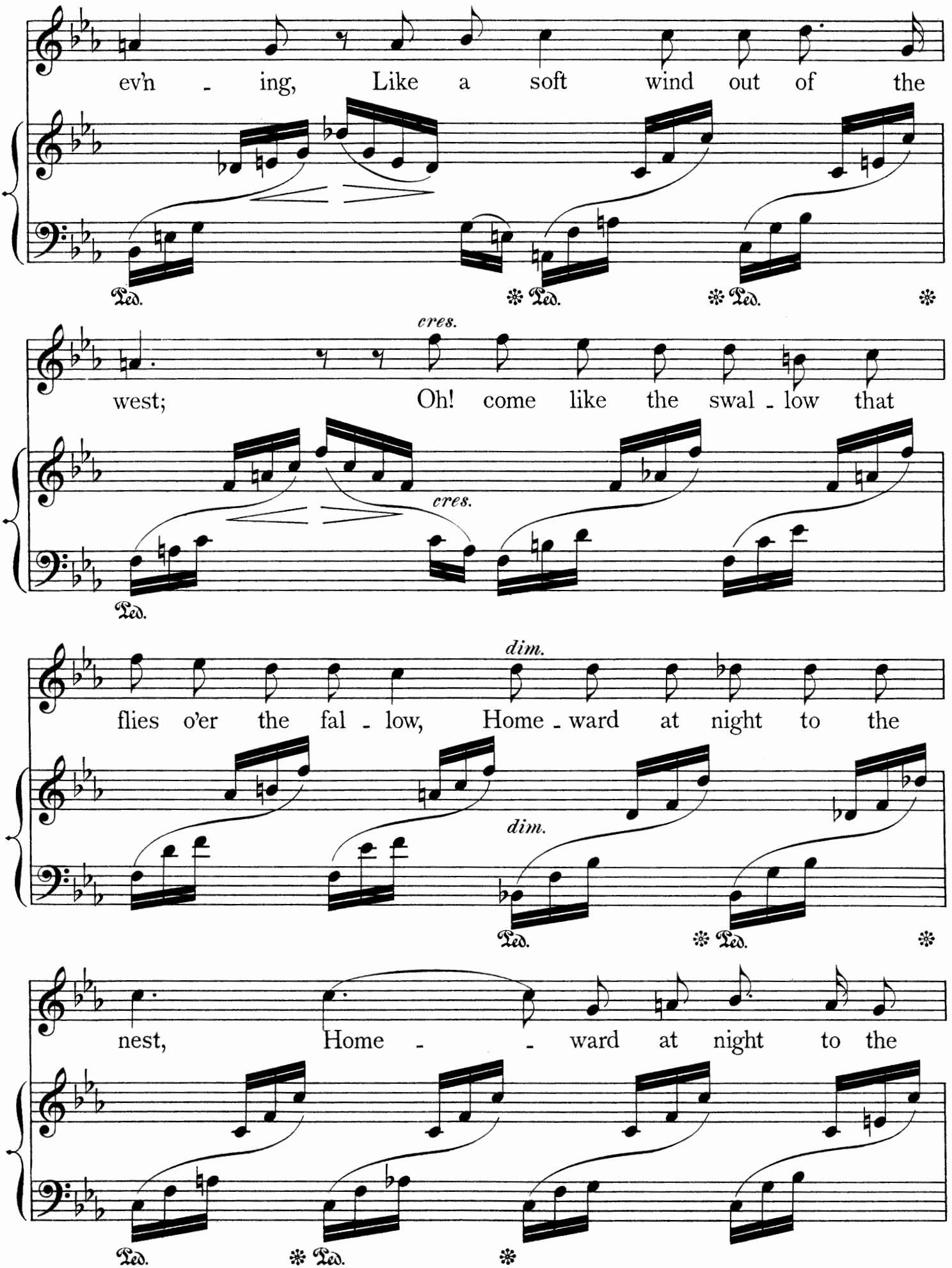
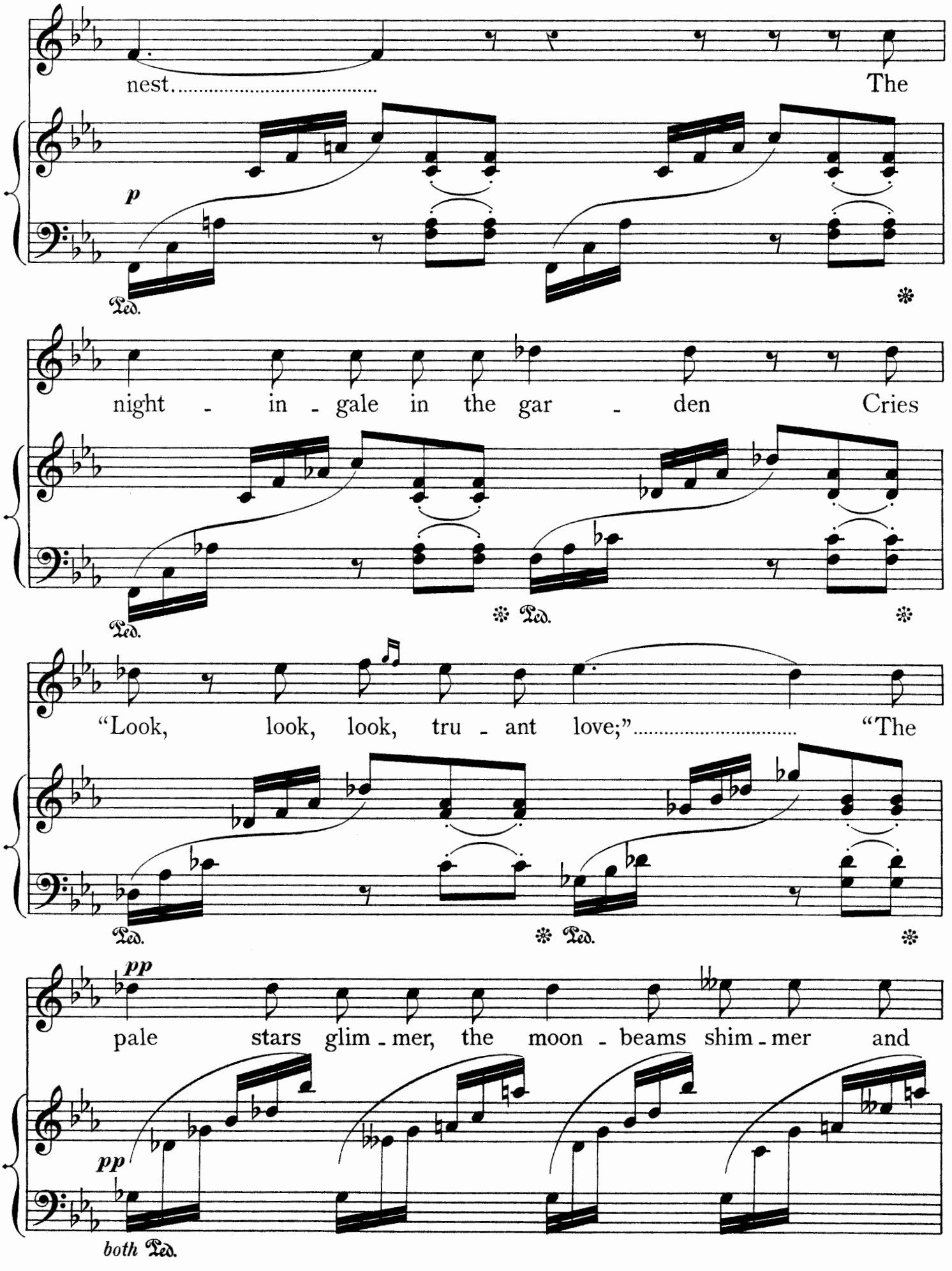
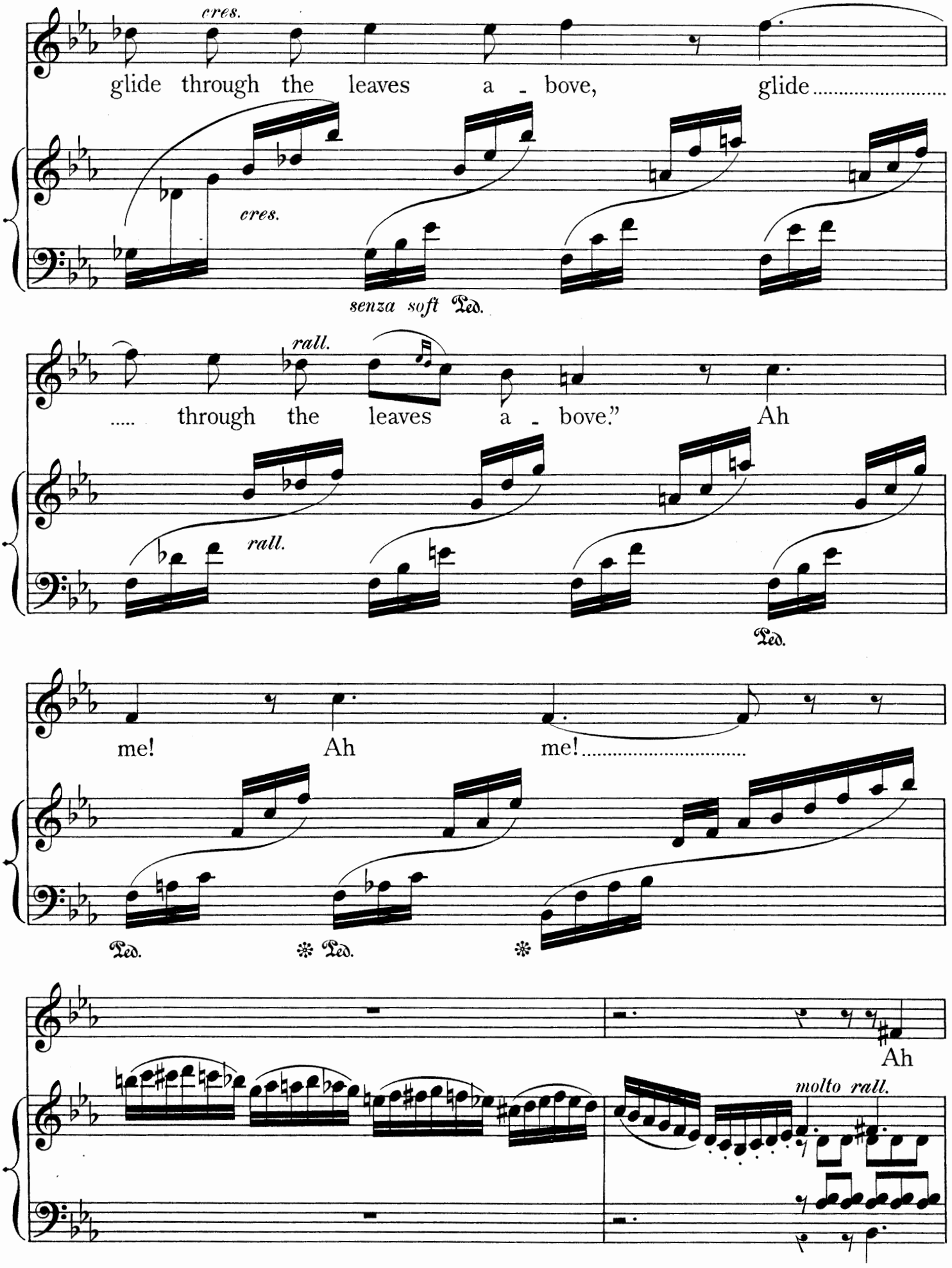
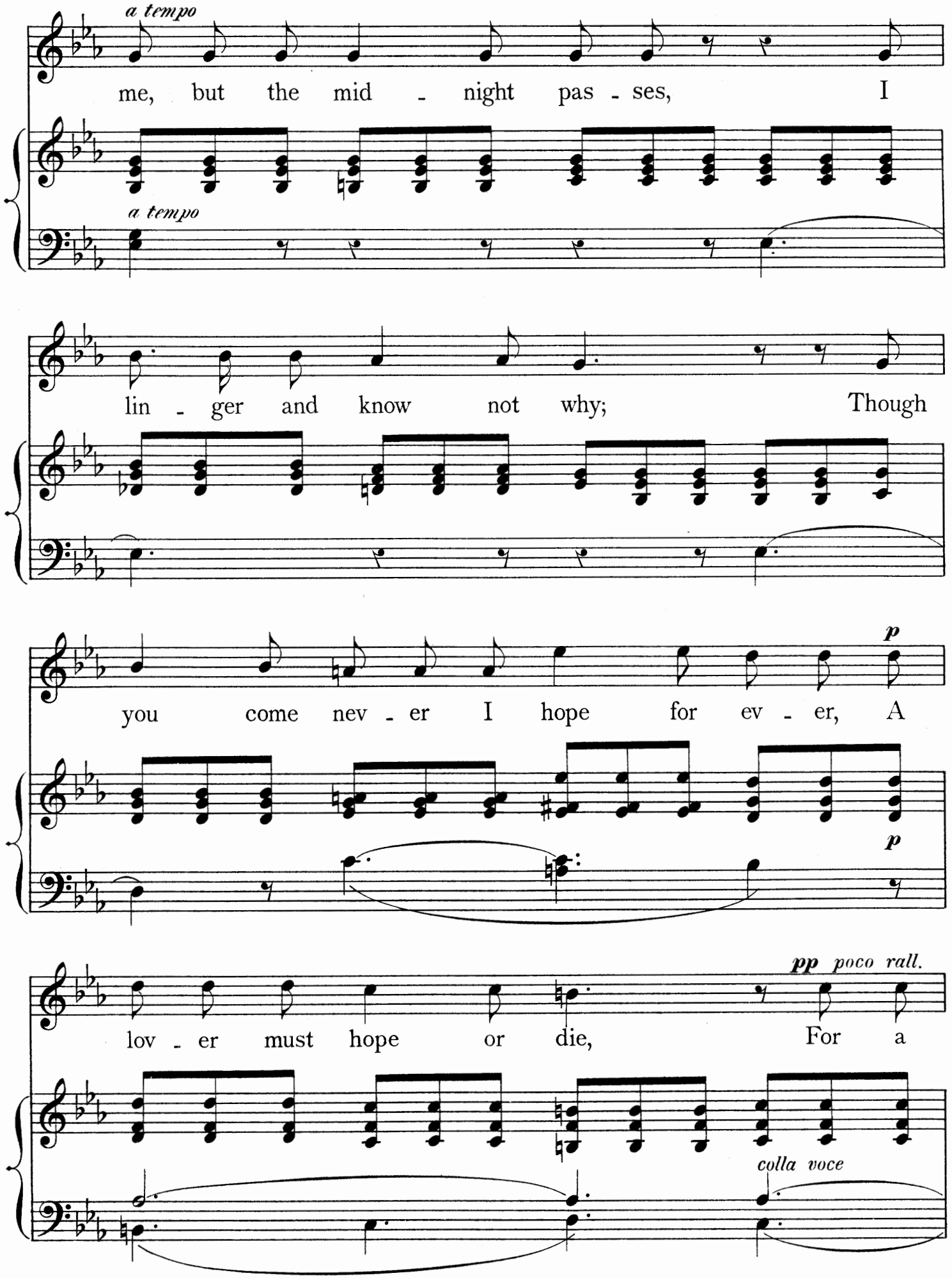

heart that burns like the noon - tide Has
Ped. Ped. Ped.
wait - ed the long day through, And
Ped. Ped. Ped.
still in the gloam - ing I long for your com - ing, As
dim.
flow'rs faint for the dew,
dim.

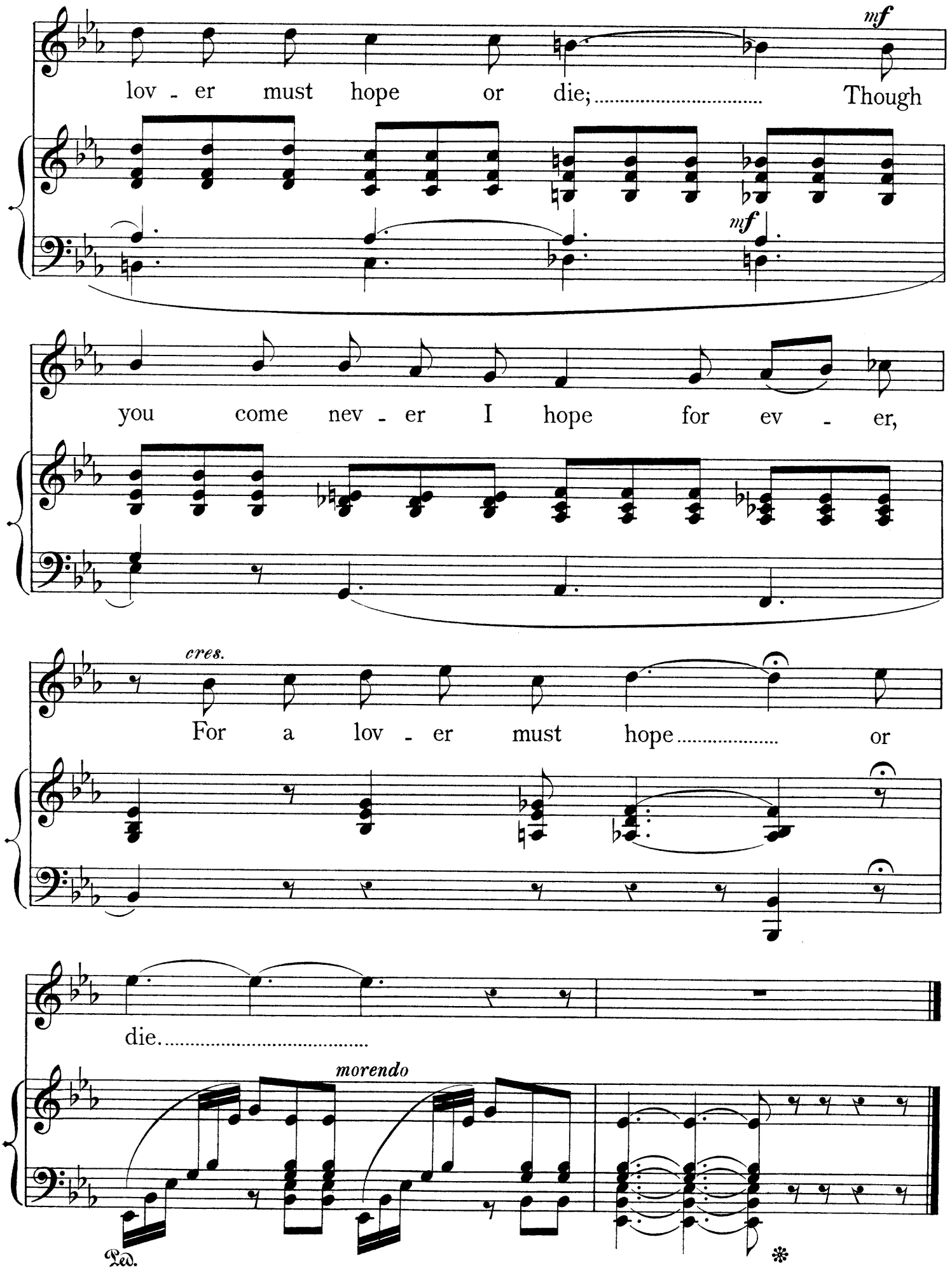

I
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
long, I long for your com - - ing, As
dim.
dim.
flow'rs.... faint..... for the dew.
mf
p
Oh! come in the cool, the cool of the
p
Ped. Ped. Ped.


ev'n - ing, Like a soft wind out of the
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
cres.
west; Oh! come like the swal - low that
cres.
Ped.
dim.
flies o'er the fal - low, Home - ward at night to the
dim.
Ped. * Ped. *
nest, Home - - ward at night to the
Ped. * Ped. *


nest..... The
p
Ped.
night - in - gale in the gar - den Cries
Ped.
Ped.
"Look, look, look, tru - ant love;"..... "The
Ped.
Ped.
pp
pale stars glim - mer, the moon - beams shim - mer and
pp
both Ped.


cres.
glide through the leaves a - bove, glide
cres.
senza soft Ped.
rall.
..... through the leaves a - bove." Ah
rall.
Ped.
me! Ah me!
Ped. Ped.
Ah
molto rall.


a tempo
me, but the mid - night pas - ses, I
a tempo
lin - ger and know not why; Though
p
you come nev - er I hope for ev - er, A
p
pp poco rall.
lov - er must hope or die, For a
colla voce


mf
lov - er must hope or die; ..... Though
mf
you come nev - er I hope for ev - er,
cres.
For a lov - er must hope ..... or
die. .....
morendo
Ped.
*

CRADLE SONG.

# CRADLE SONG.

* * *

SLEEP, child, and may thy cradle be
A ship upon a halcyon sea,
Gliding with silver sail unfurled
Beyond the turmoil of the world.
Sing tenderly, tenderly,
Lullaby, lullaby.

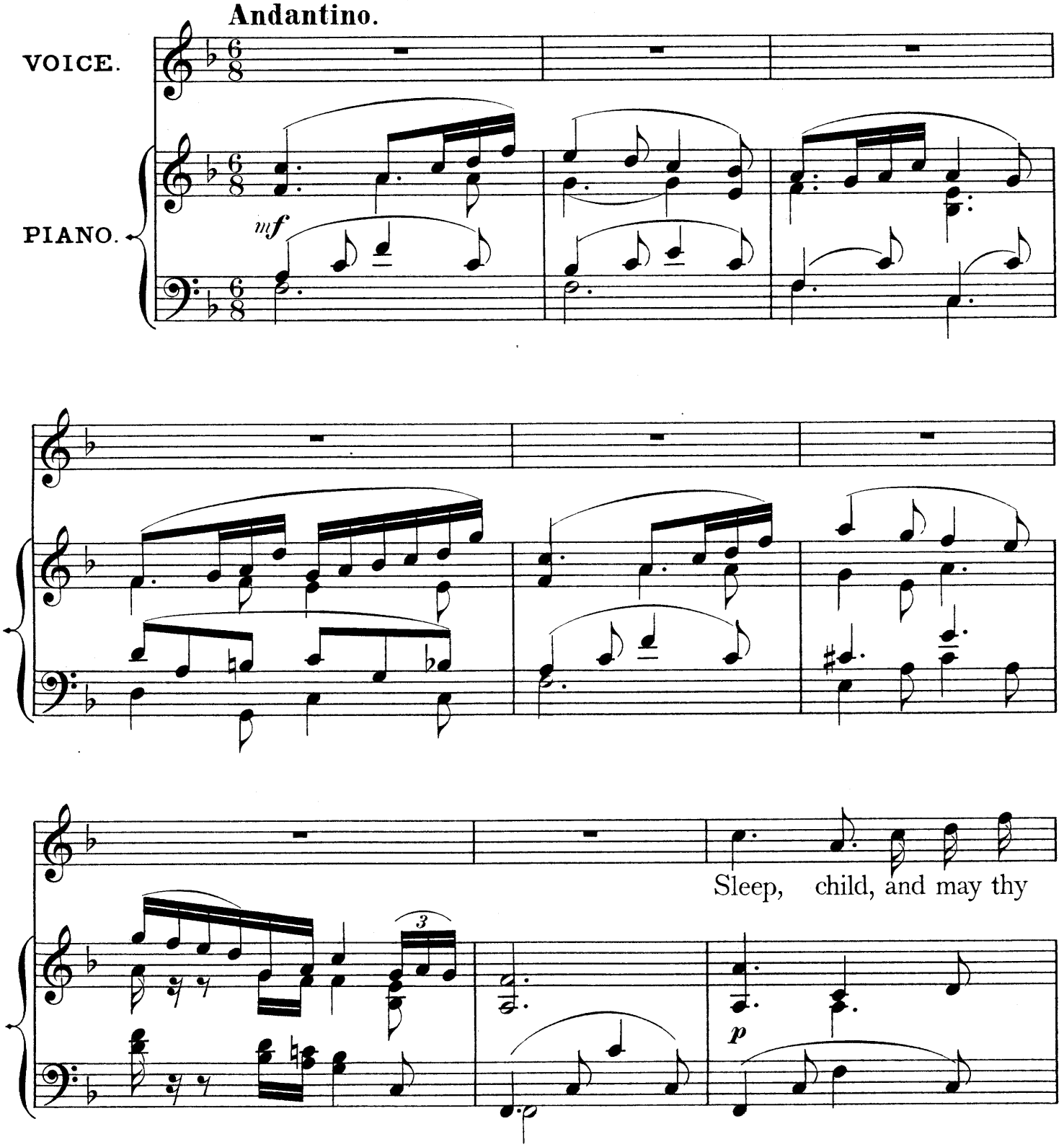
Oh! drift into some drowsy bay,
Where only quiet dreams hold sway,
Where healing herbs no pain allow,
Where golden birds on bended bough
Sing soothingly, soothingly,
Lullaby, lullaby.

Then wake, my babe, and step ashore
Into thy mother's arms once more;
And may life's journeys ever end
Upon the bosom of a friend.
Sing tenderly, tenderly,
Lullaby, lullaby.

# CRADLE SONG.

Written by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Composed by
ALFRED CELLIER.

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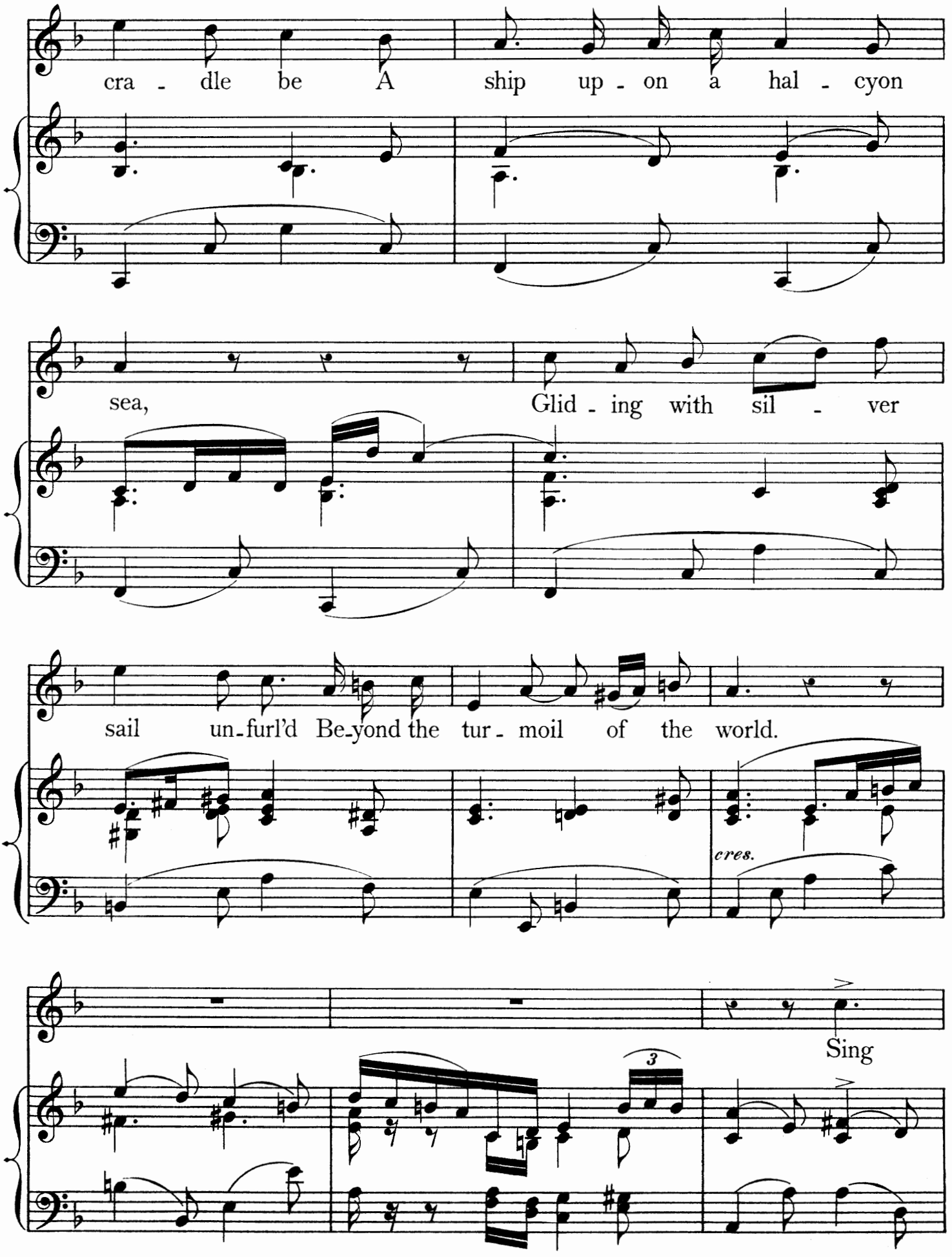
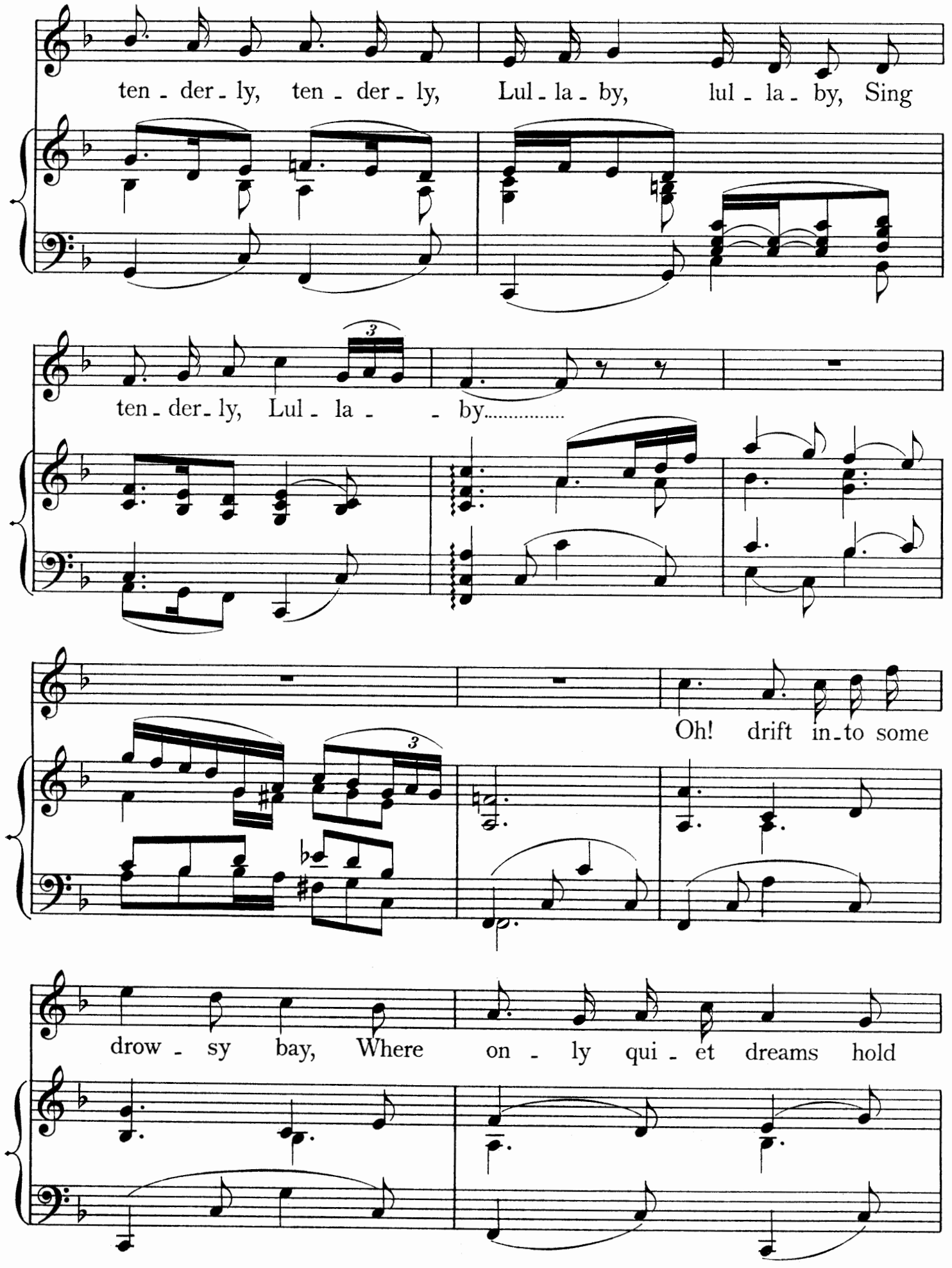
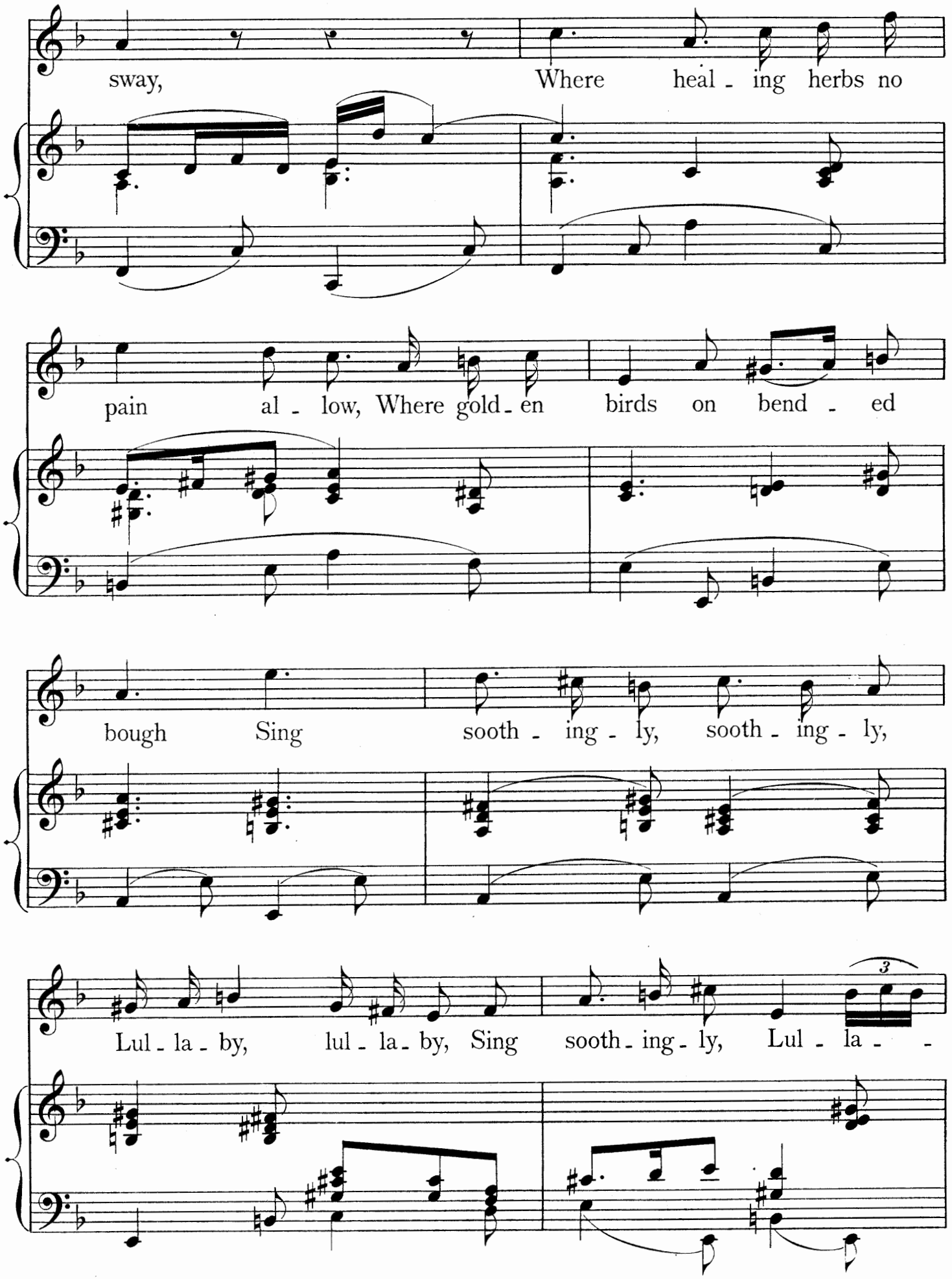
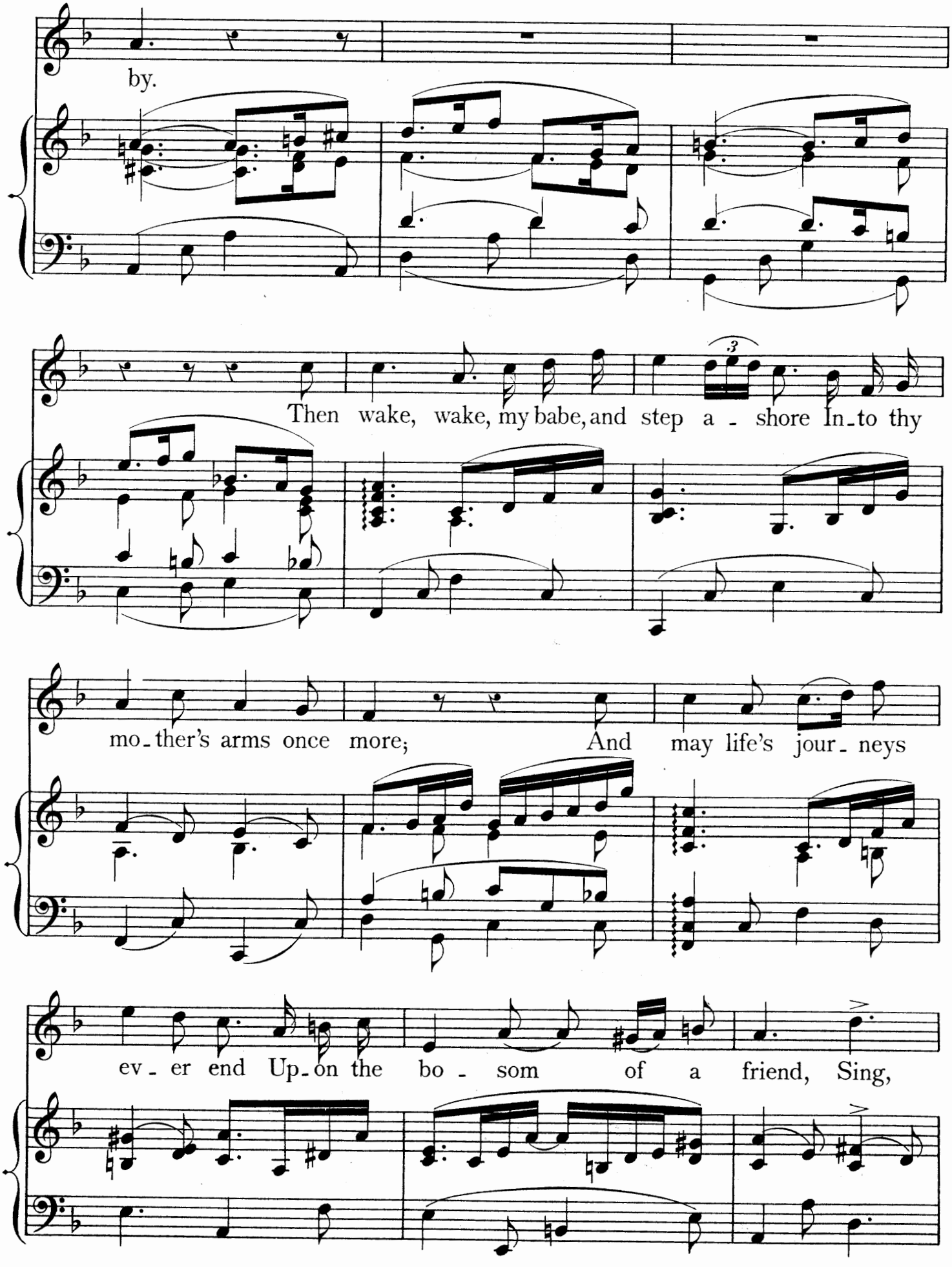
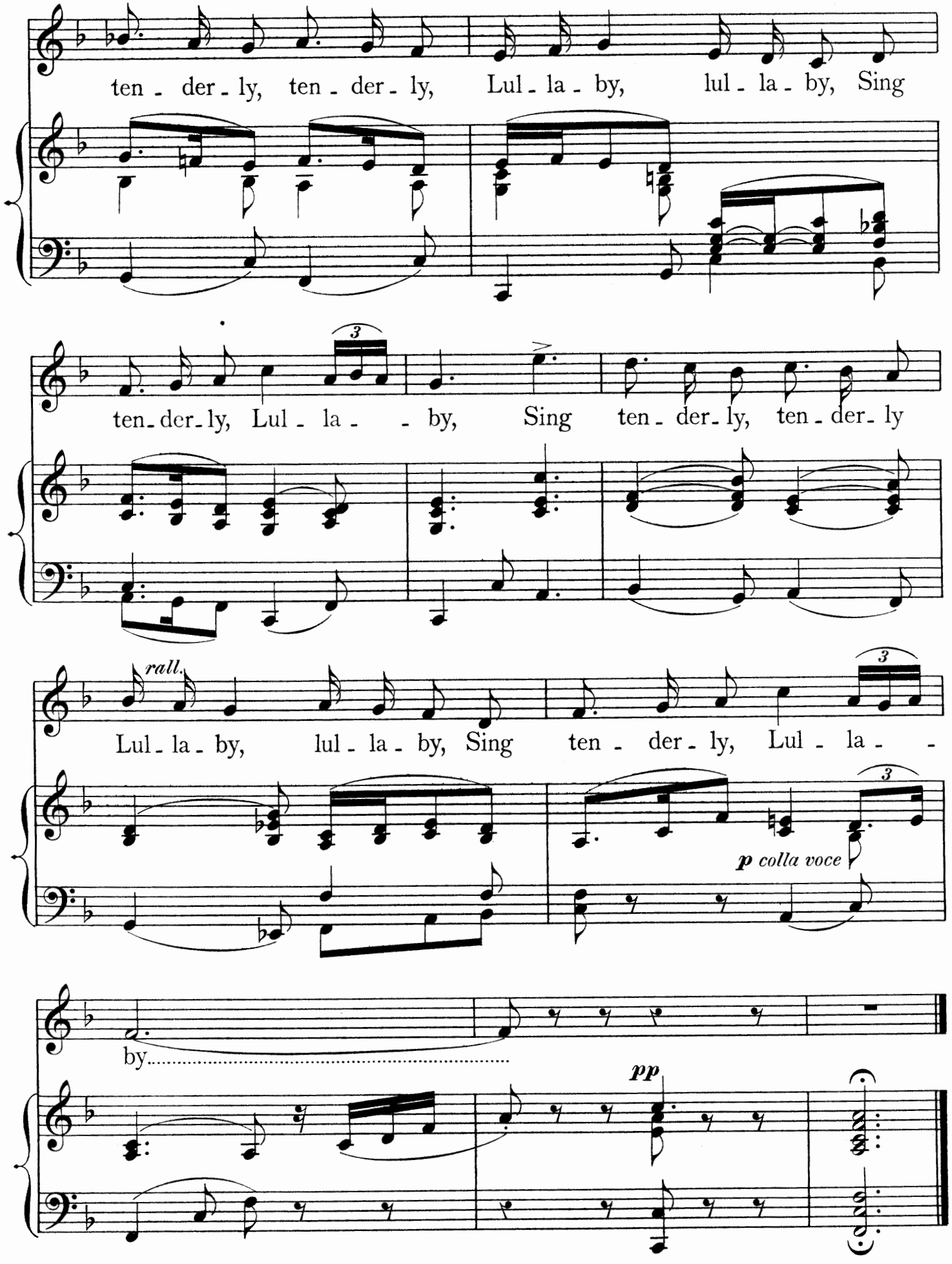

cra - dle be A ship up - on a hal - cyon
sea, Glid - ing with sil - ver
sail un-furl'd Be-yond the tur - moil of the world.
cres.
Sing
3


ten - der - ly, ten - der - ly, Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, Sing
ten - der - ly, Lul - la - by.....
Oh! drift in - to some
drow - sy bay, Where on - ly qui - et dreams hold


sway, Where heal - ing herbs no
pain al - low, Where gold - en birds on bend - ed
bough Sing sooth - ing - ly, sooth - ing - ly,
Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, Sing sooth - ing - ly, Lul - la - -
3


by.
Then wake, wake, my babe, and step a - shore In-to thy
mo-ther's arms once more; And may life's jour-neys
ev-er end Up-on the bo-som of a friend, Sing,


ten - der - ly, ten - der - ly, Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, Sing
ten - der - ly, Lul - la - by, Sing ten - der - ly, ten - der - ly
rall.
Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, Sing ten - der - ly, Lul - la -
p colla voce
by.....
pp

LOVE'S JOURNEY.

# LOVE'S JOURNEY.

* * *

MOONBEAM purest and serenest
That from Heaven's pale vapour leanest,
Shining earthward far away
With thy lustrous silver ray,
Shine on my beloved's home,
Tell her swift as thee I come.

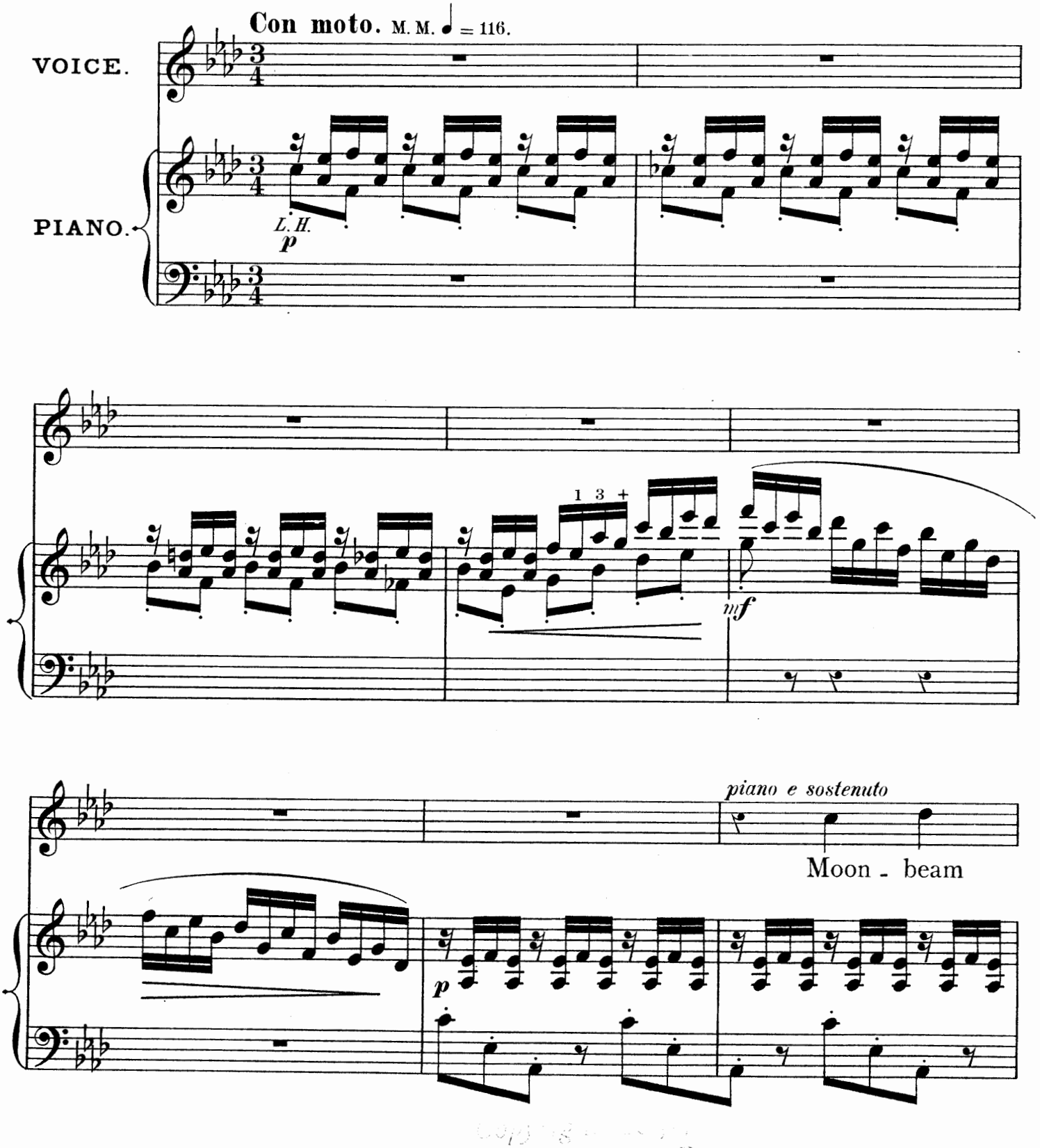
Dawning sun, thou orb of wonder,
Rolling sable clouds asunder,
Shake the dun mist from thy brow,
Rim with gold her dwelling now;
Tell her, glorious messenger,
How I haste to come to her.

Night's long journeyings are over,
I am come to thee, dear lover,
Here I wait at earliest dawn
'Mid the roses on thy lawn,
Open wide thy window, Sweet,
I am kneeling at thy feet.

# LOVE'S JOURNEY.

Written by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Composed by
F. CORDER.

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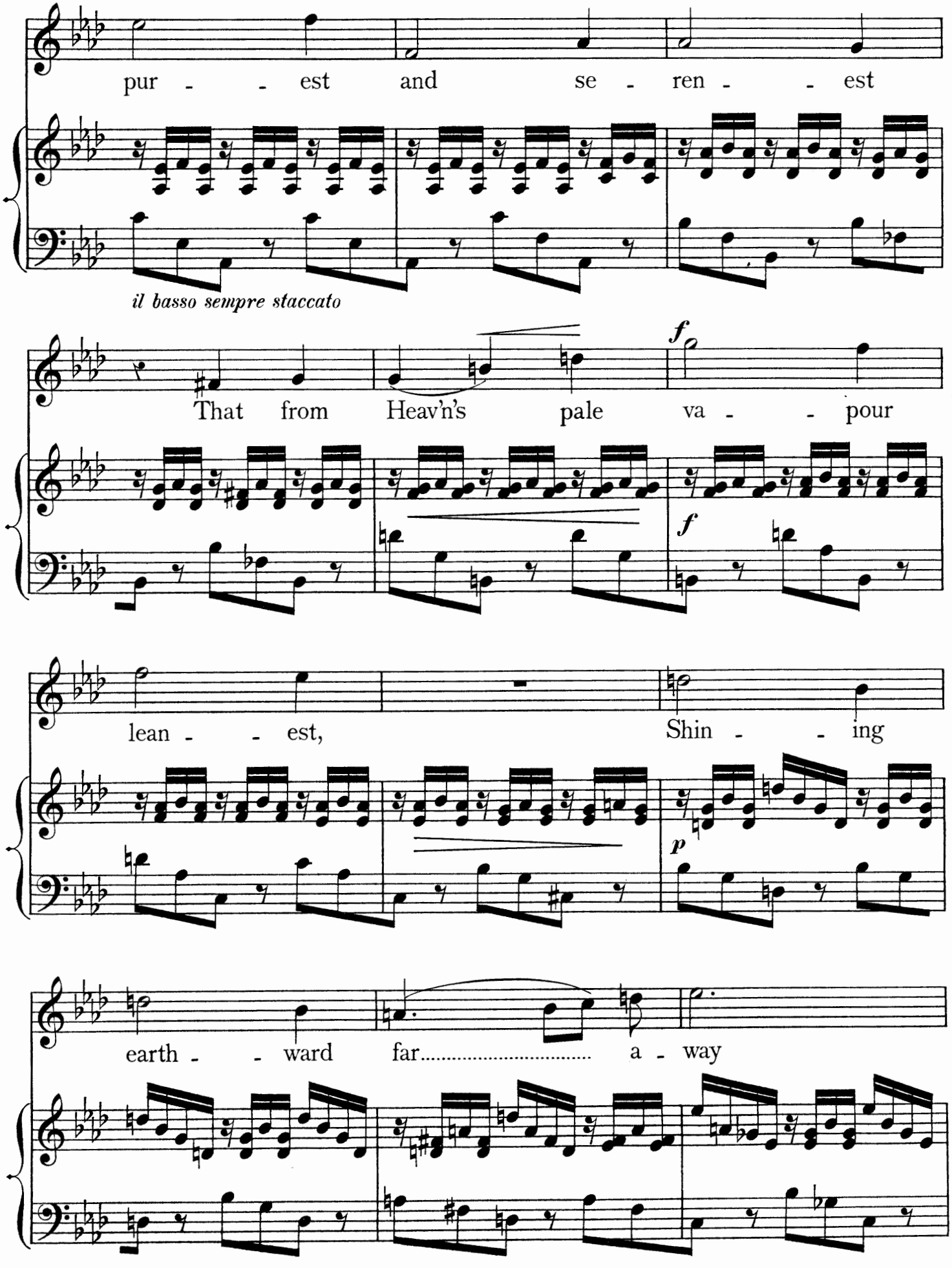
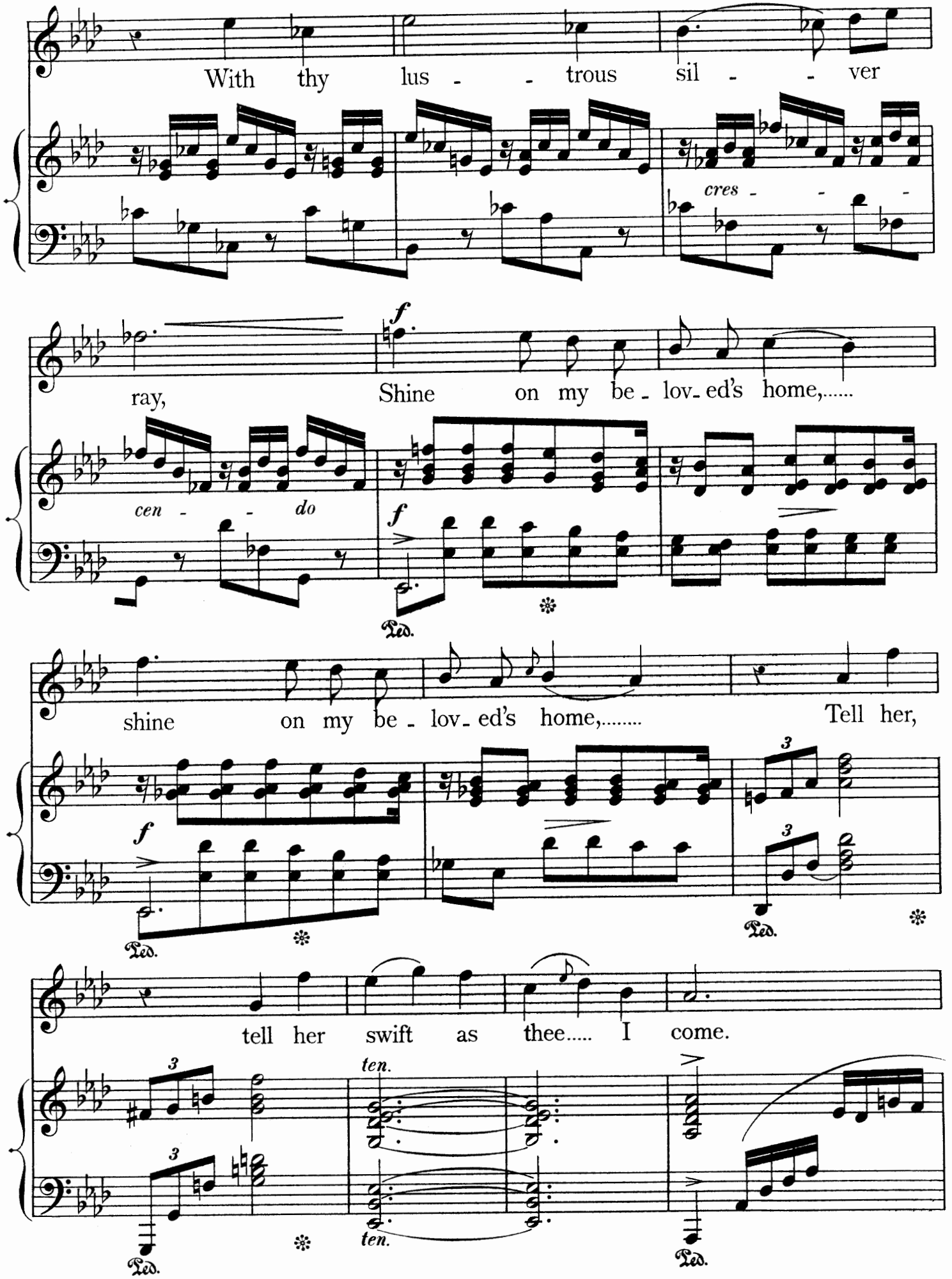
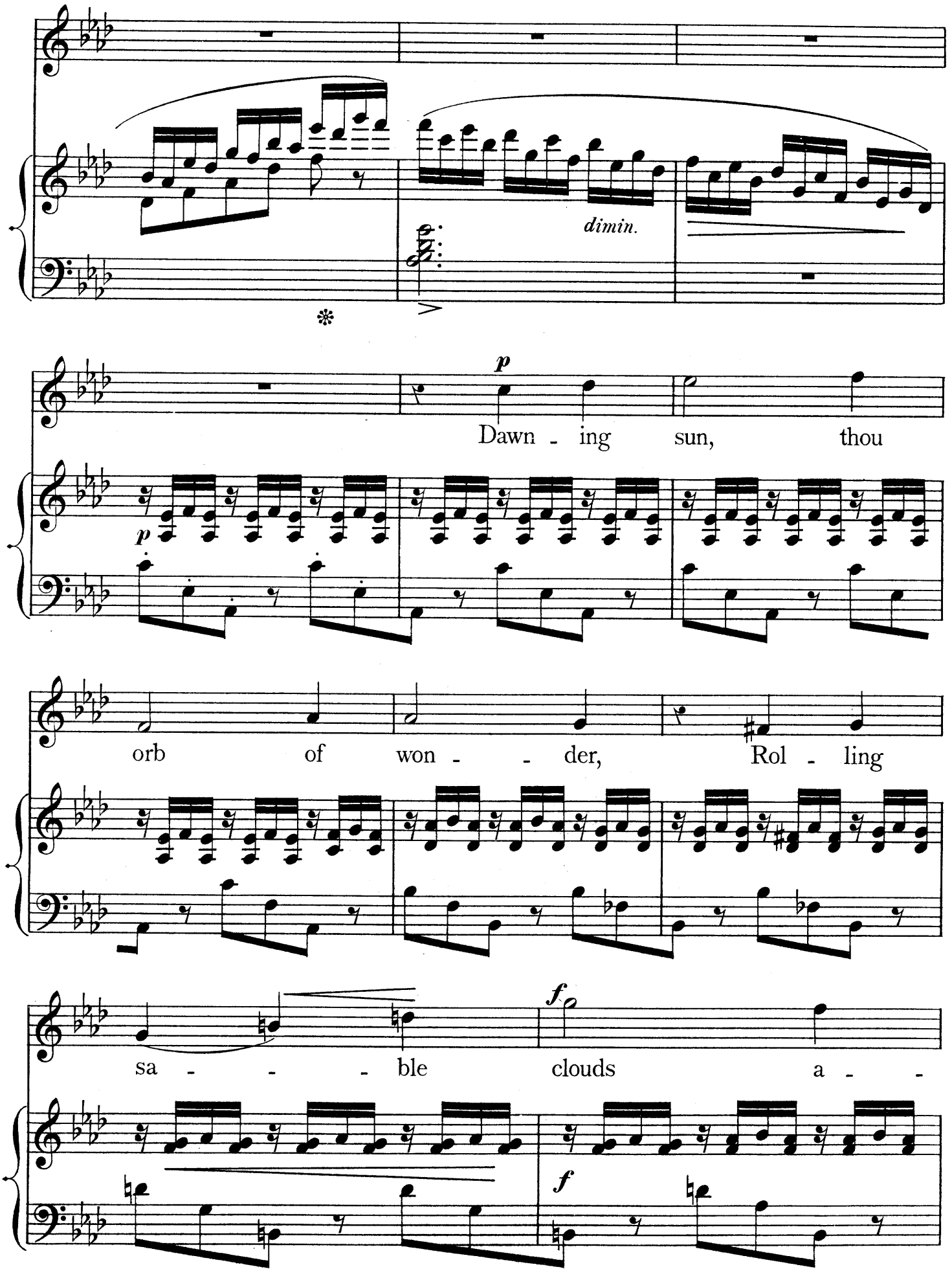
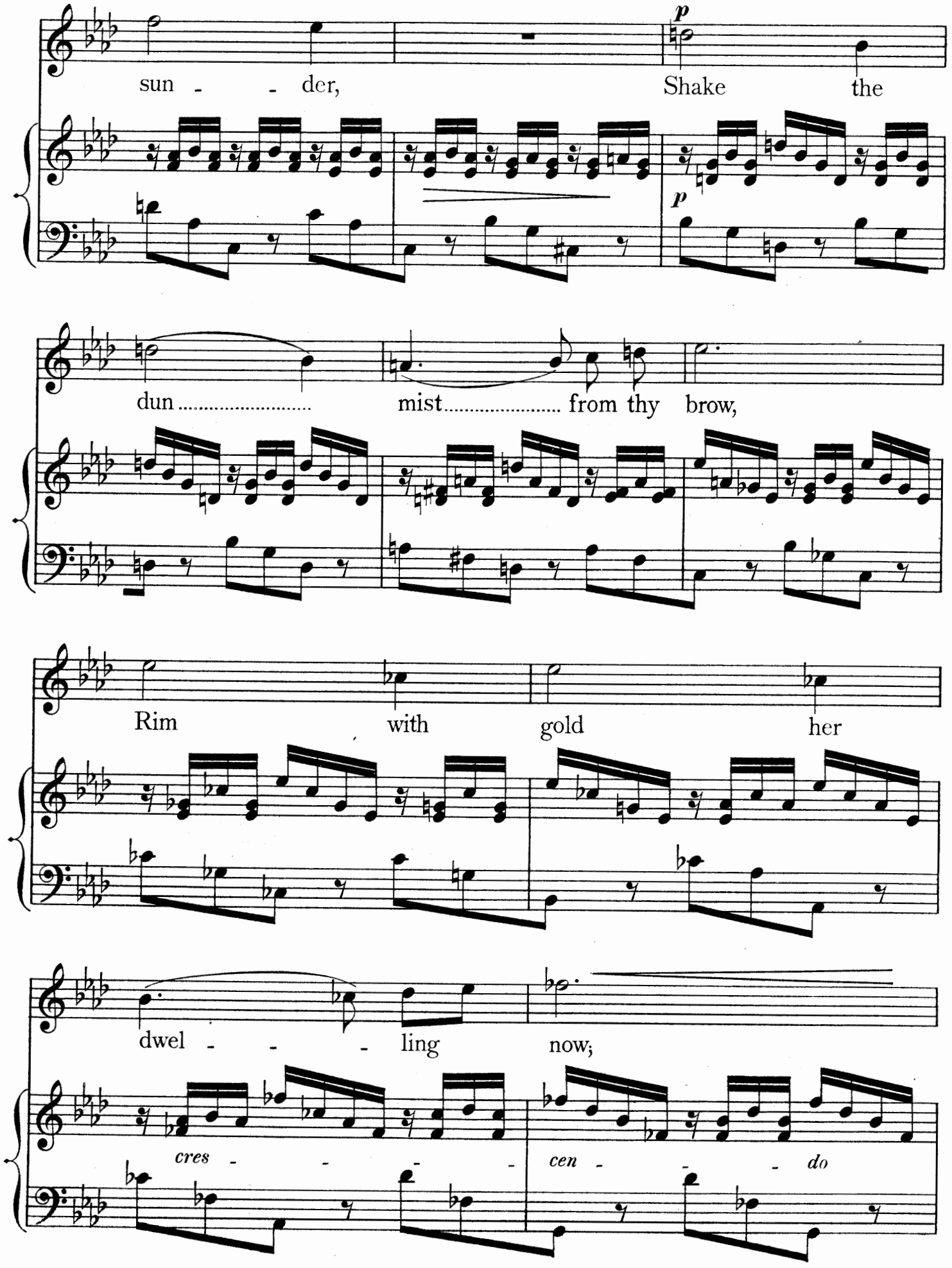
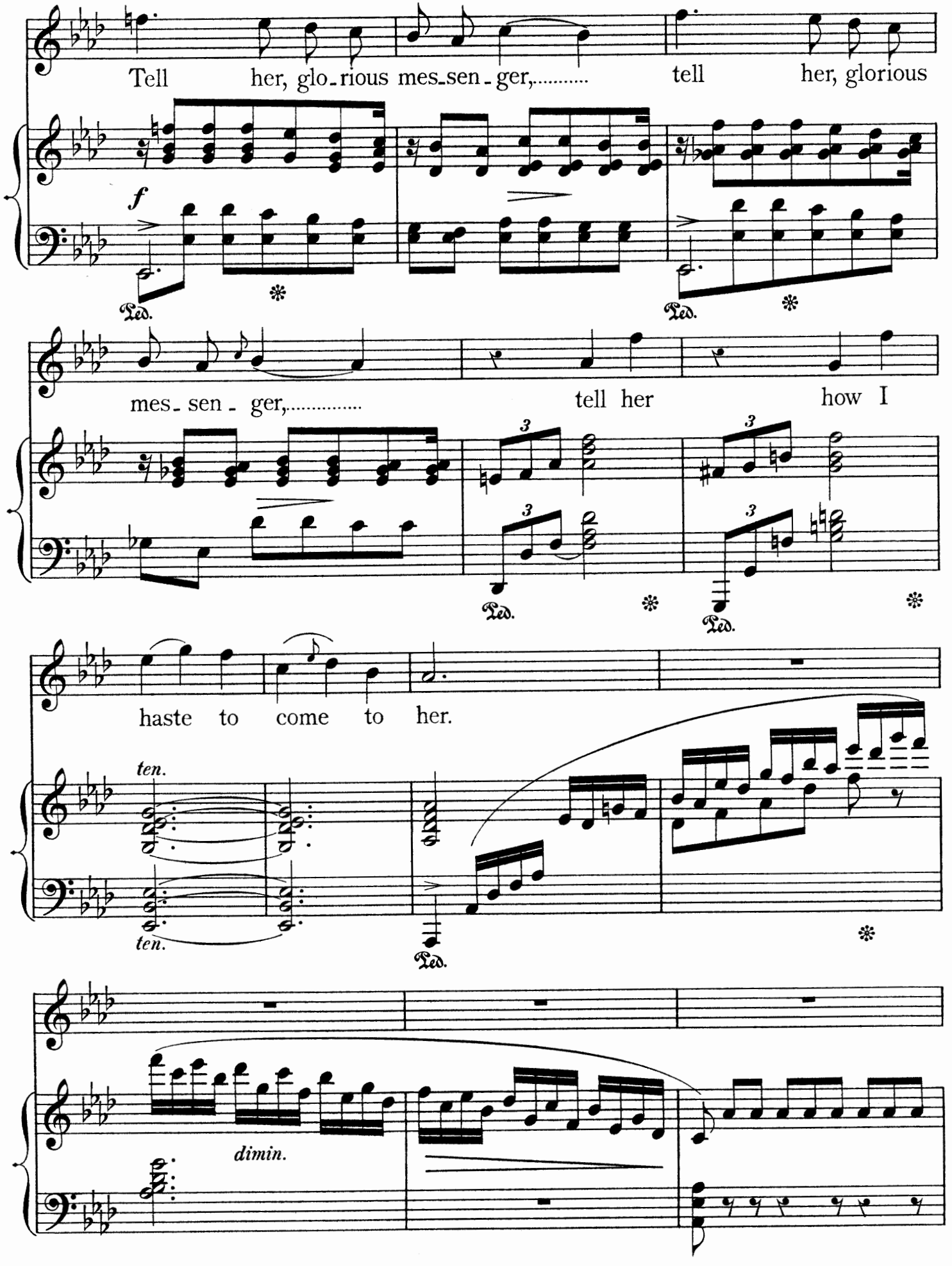
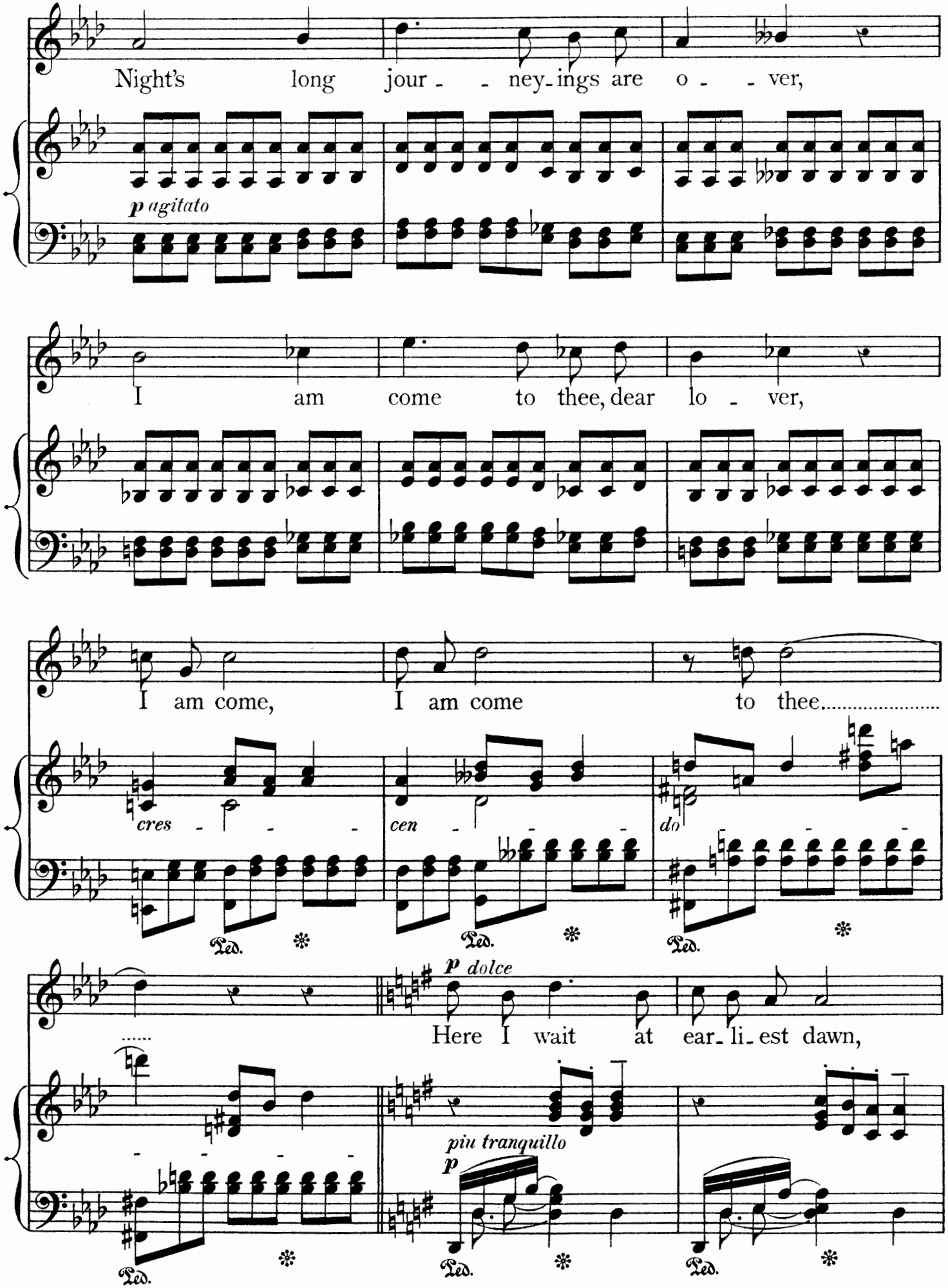

pur - - est and se - ren - - est
il basso sempre staccato
That from Heav'n's pale va - - pour
f
f
lean - - est, Shin - - ing
p
earth - - ward far..... a - way

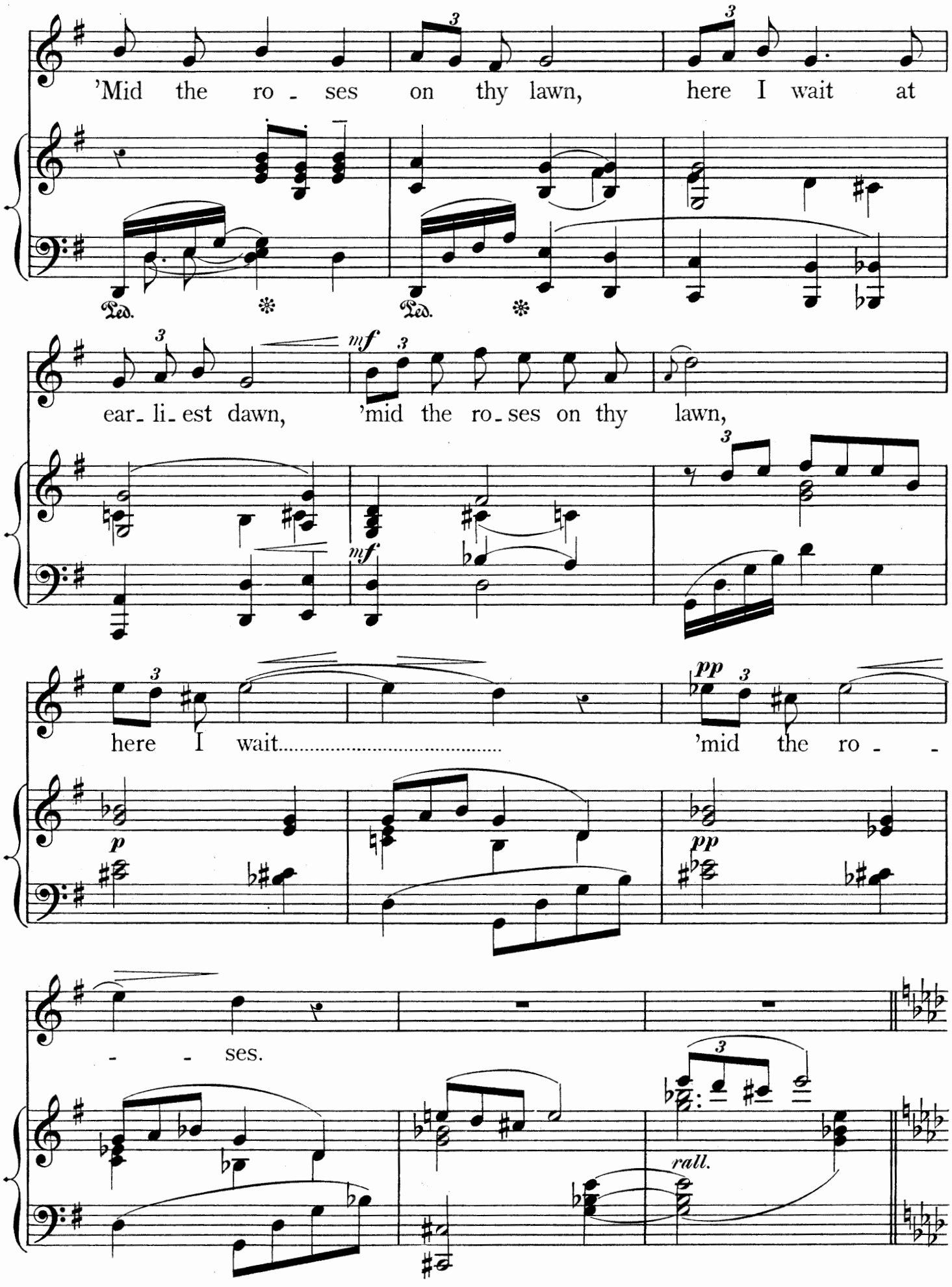

With thy lus - - trous sil - - ver
cres - - -
ray,
Shine on my be - lov - ed's home,.....
cen - - do
f
Ped.
shine on my be - lov - ed's home,.....
Tell her,
tell her swift as thee..... I come.
ten.
ten.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


dimin.
p
Dawn - ing sun, thou
orb of won - - der, Rol - ling
f
sa - - - ble clouds a - -
f


p
sun - - der,
Shake the
p
dun .....
mist..... from thy brow,
Rim with gold her
dwel - - - ling now;
cres - - - -
cen - - - do


Tell her, glo-rious mes-sen-ger,..... tell her, glorious
f
Ped.
mes-sen-ger,..... tell her how I
haste to come to her.
ten.
dimin.


Night's long jour - - ney-ings are o - - ver,
p agitato
I am come to thee, dear lo - ver,
I am come, I am come to thee.....
cres - - -
cen - - -
do
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
p dolce
Here I wait at ear-li-est dawn,
piu tranquillo
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


'Mid the ro - ses on thy lawn, here I wait at
Ped. * Ped. *
ear- li- est dawn, 'mid the ro- ses on thy lawn,
mf mf
here I wait..... 'mid the ro - -
pp
p pp
- - ses.
rall.

**Tempo I.**

*f* *con fuoco*

O - - pen wide thy win-dow, Sweet,..... o - - pen wide thy

win - dow, Sweet,..... O - pen wide,

*ff*

o - pen wide! I am kneel - ing

*passionato*

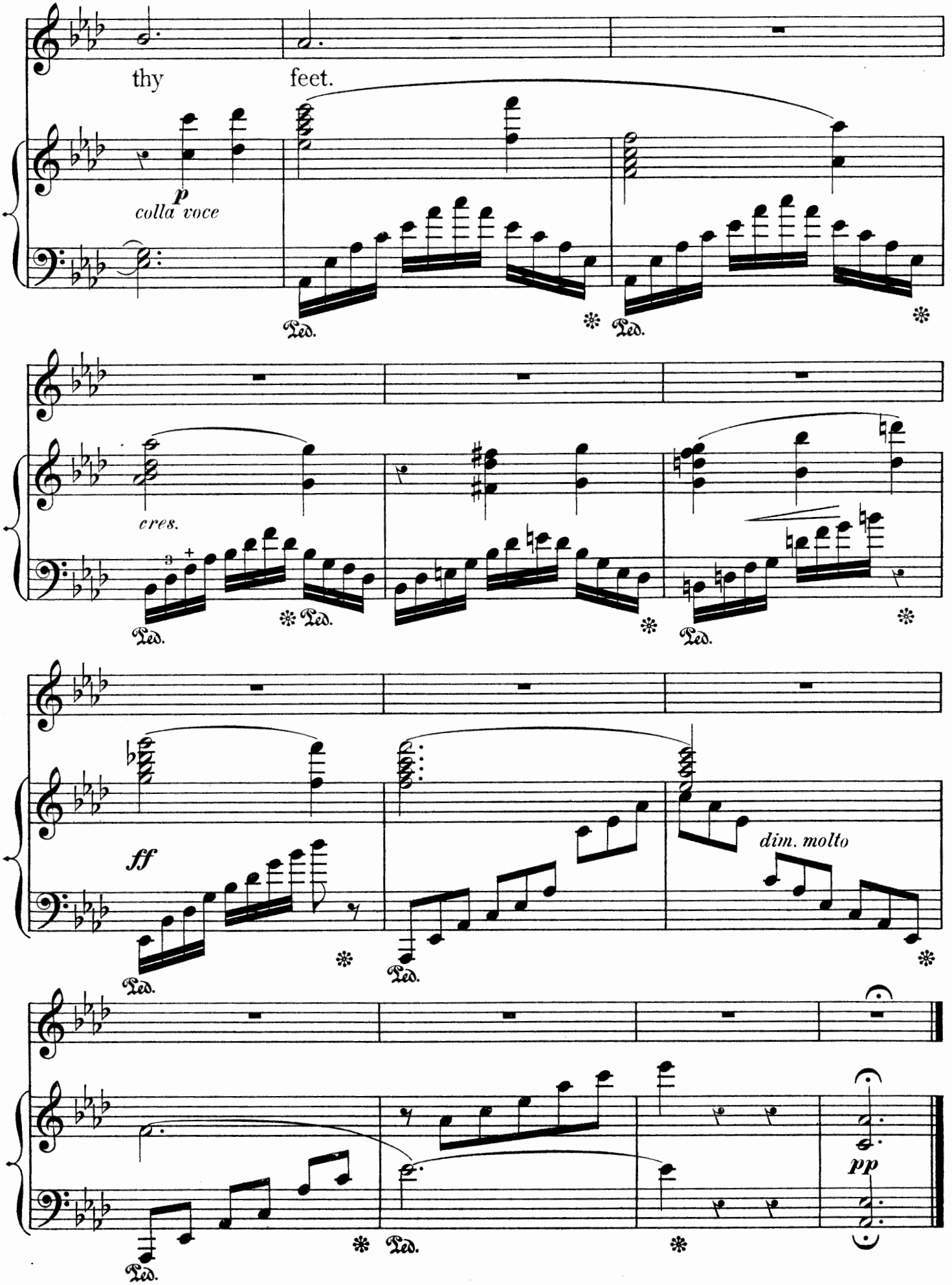
*ten.*

*dim.*

at thy feet, I am kneel - ing at

*dim.*

*p*


thy
feet.
p
colla voce
Ped.
cres.
ff
dim. molto
pp

TRUANT WINGS.
W.C.B.

# TRUANT WINGS.

* * *

COME, swallow, come, for thee we wait;
Come seek thy northern home anew,
Where pale spring-flowers are delicate,
And winter skies are changed to blue.
Come, swallow, come, for thee we wait.

Come, swallow, come, for thee we wait;
The thatch is warm beneath the sun,
Here tell of love to thy fond mate,
To-day should see thy nest begun.
Come swallow, come, for thee we wait.

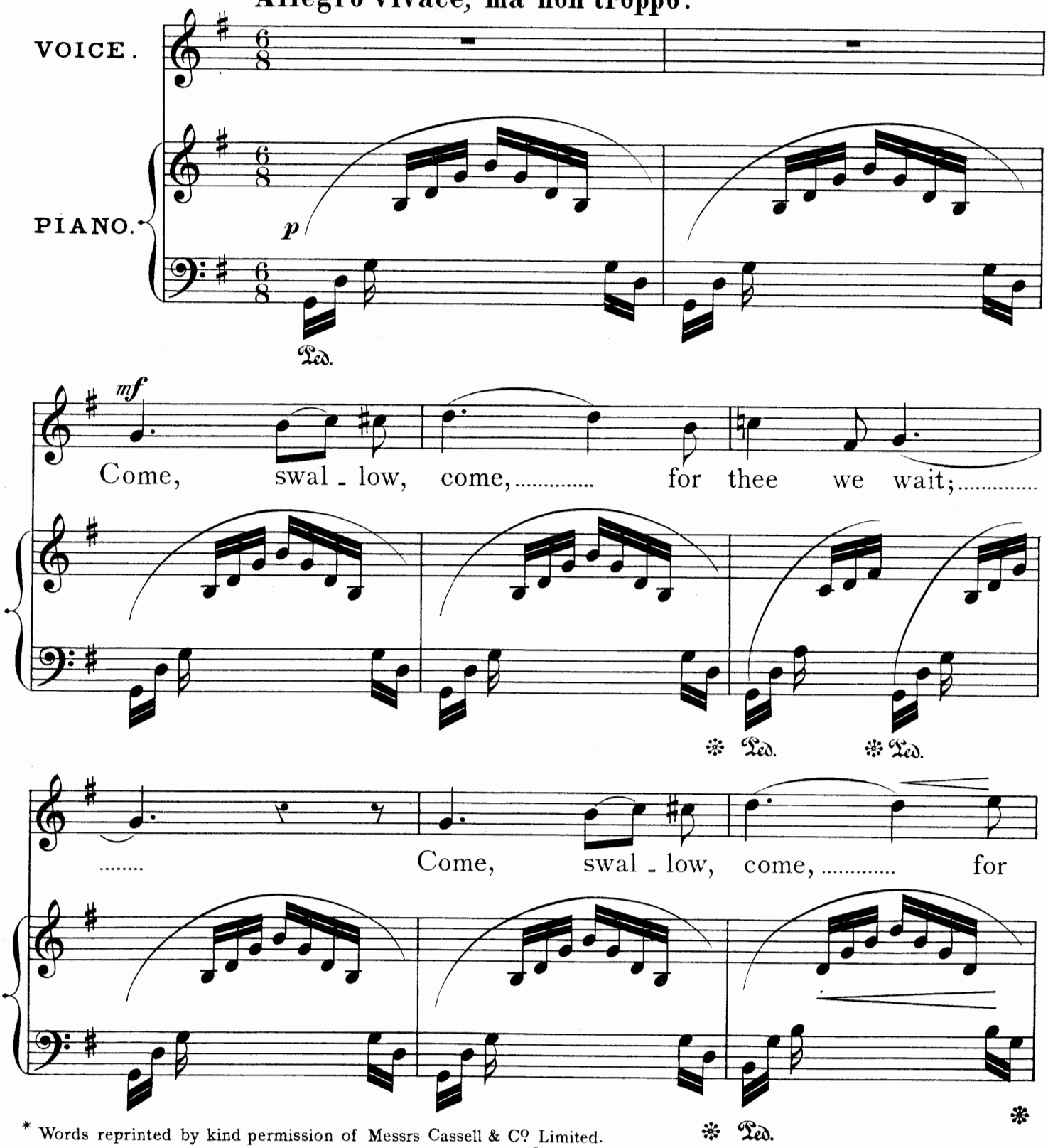
Come, swallow, come, for thee we wait;
The spring is perfect but for thee,
Ah! welcome, though thou speedest late
Thy truant wings from o'er the sea.
Welcome, for not in vain we wait.

# TRUANT WINGS.

Written by
*HAROLD BOULTON.

Composed by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

**Allegro vivace, ma non troppo.**

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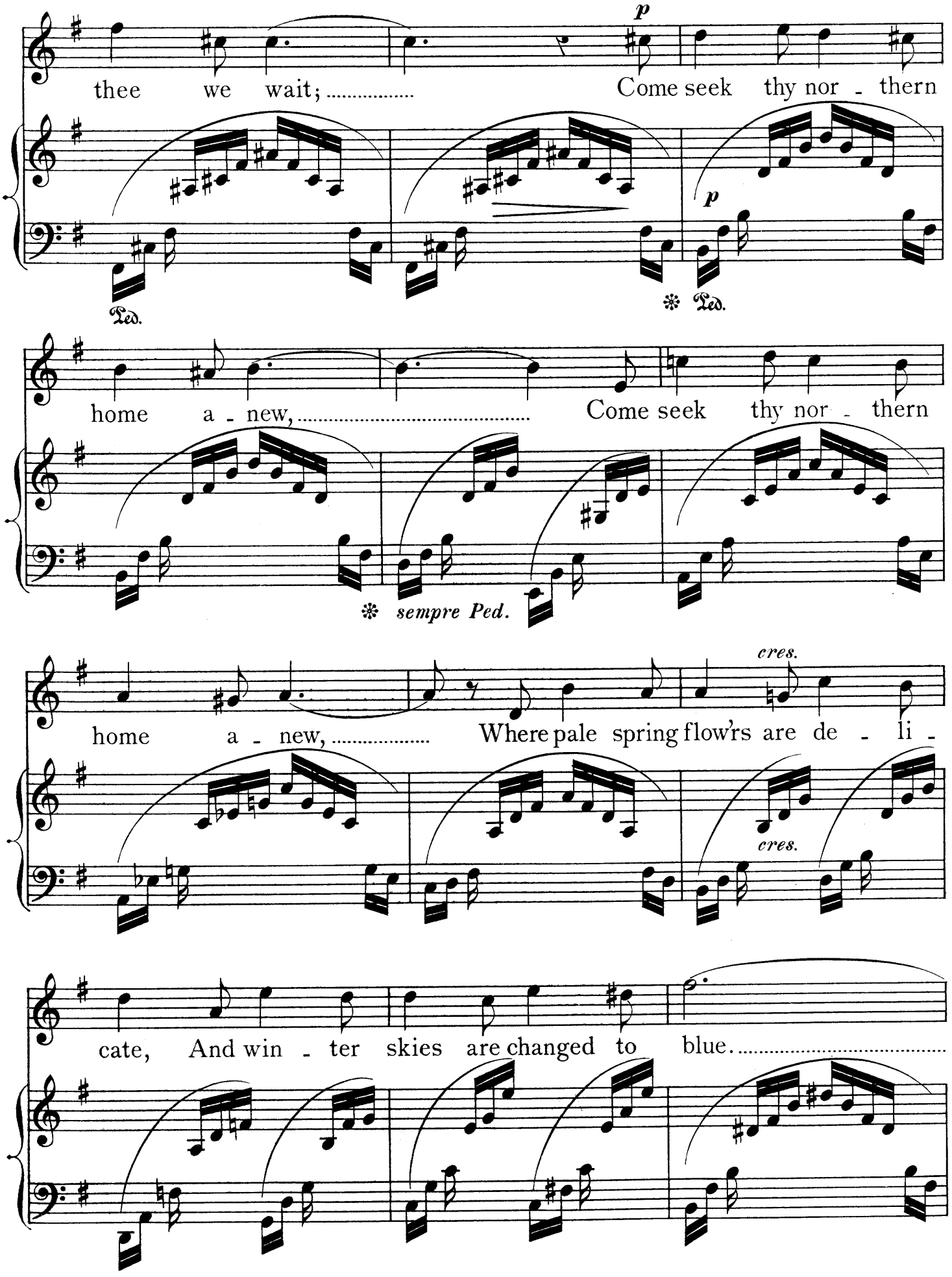
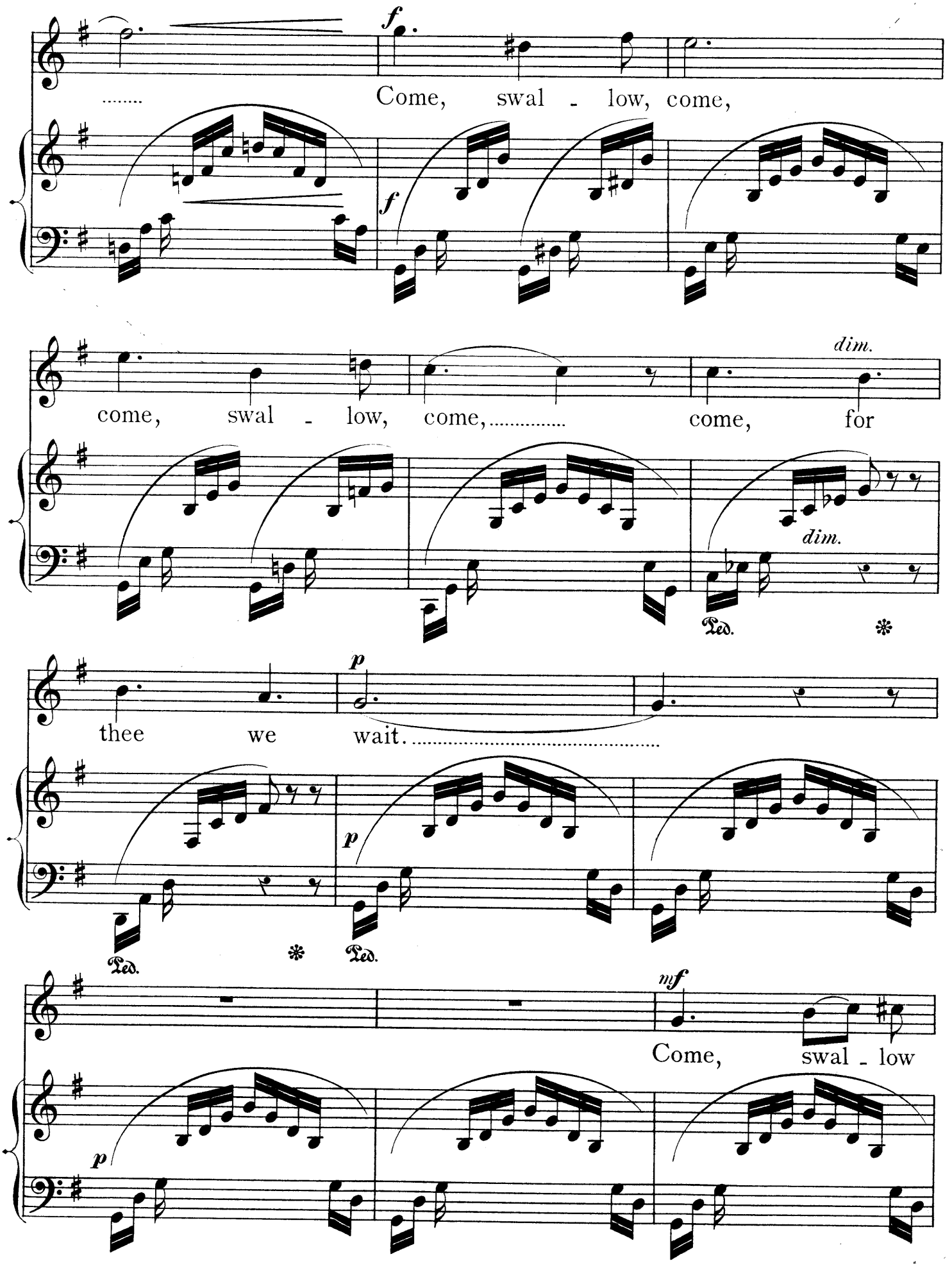
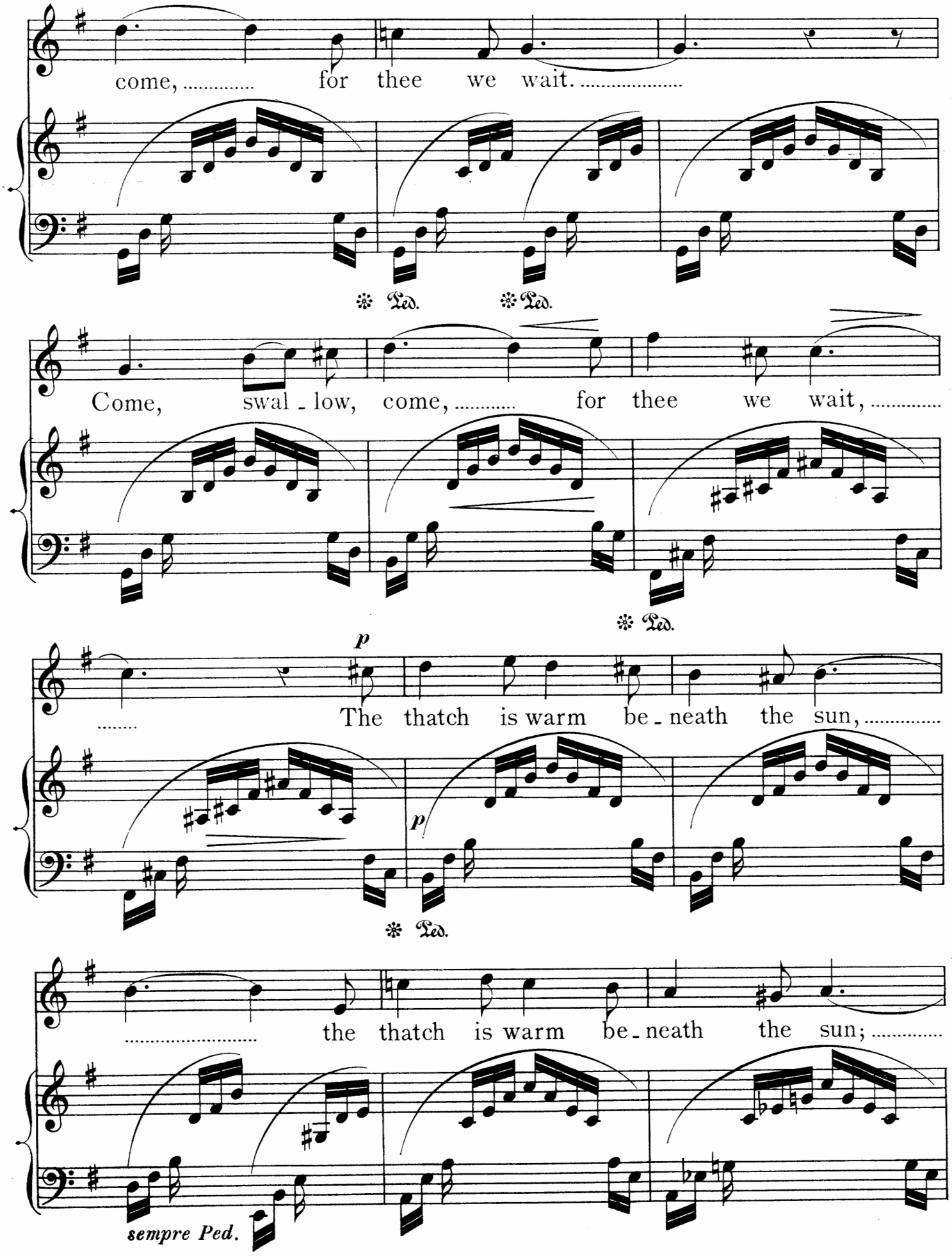
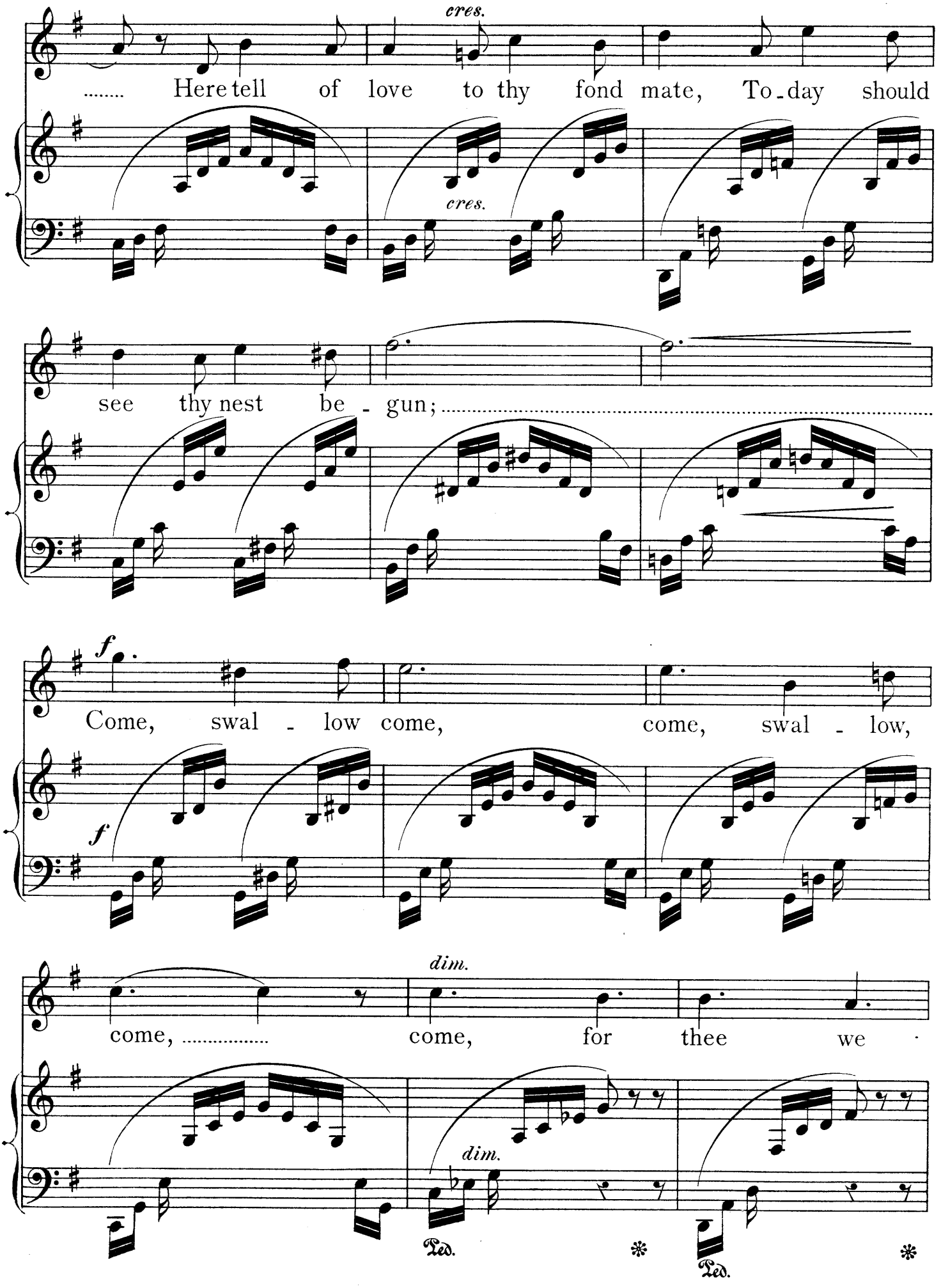
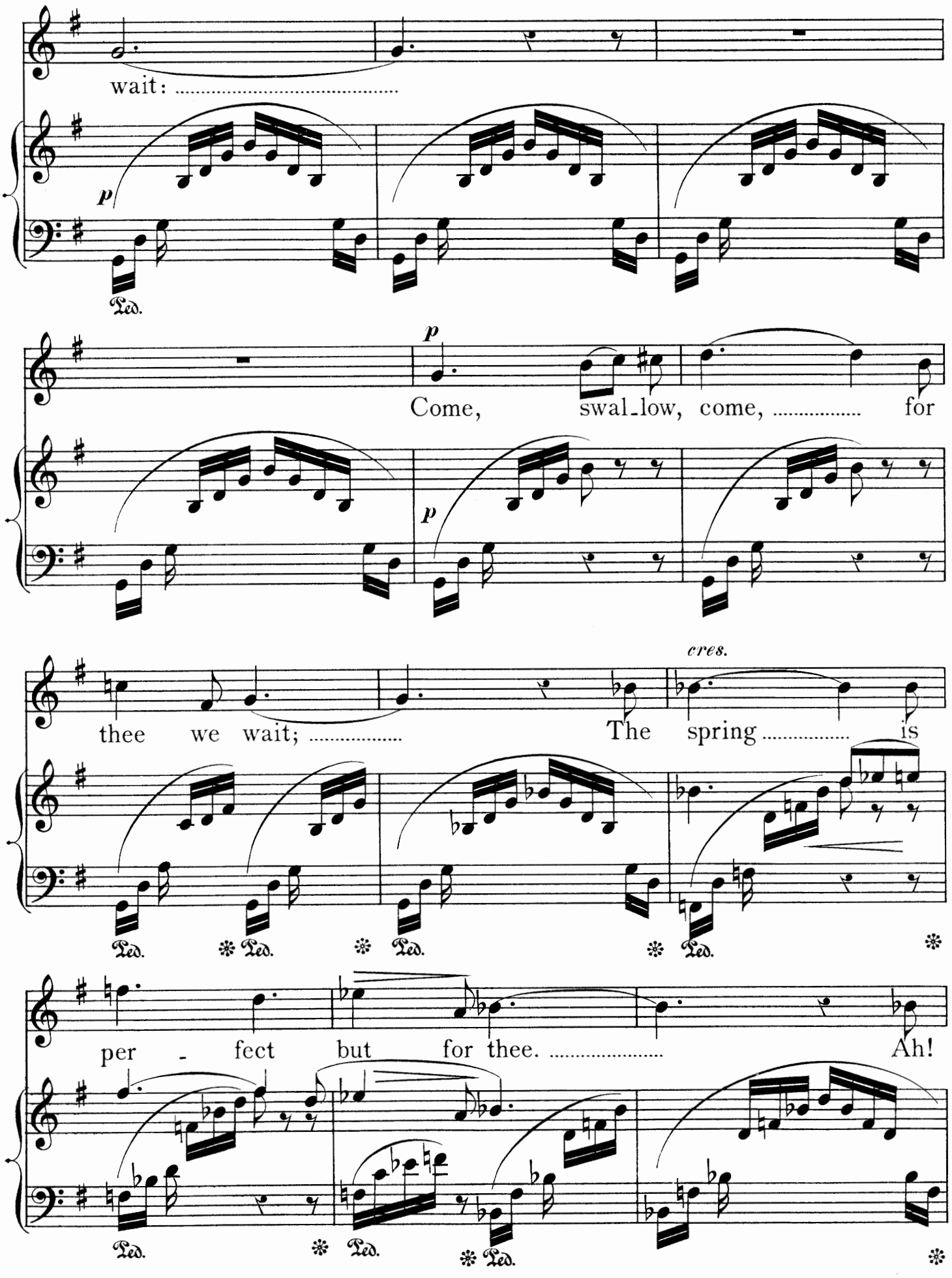
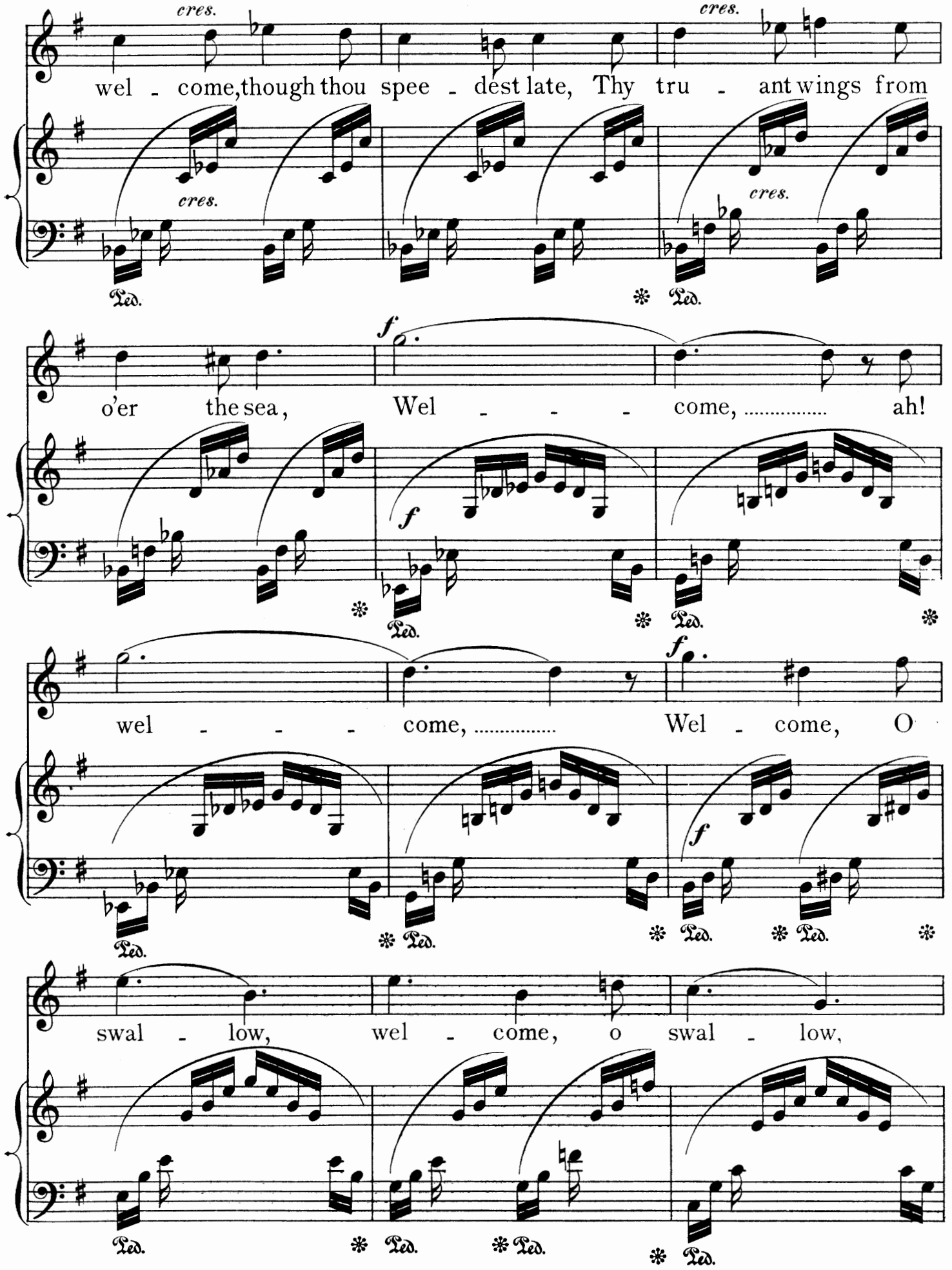

p
thee we wait; .....
Come seek thy nor - thern
Ped.
p
✻ Ped.
home a - new, .....
Come seek thy nor - thern
✻ sempre Ped.
cres.
home a - new, .....
Where pale spring flow'rs are de - li -
cres.
cate, And win - ter skies are changed to blue. .....

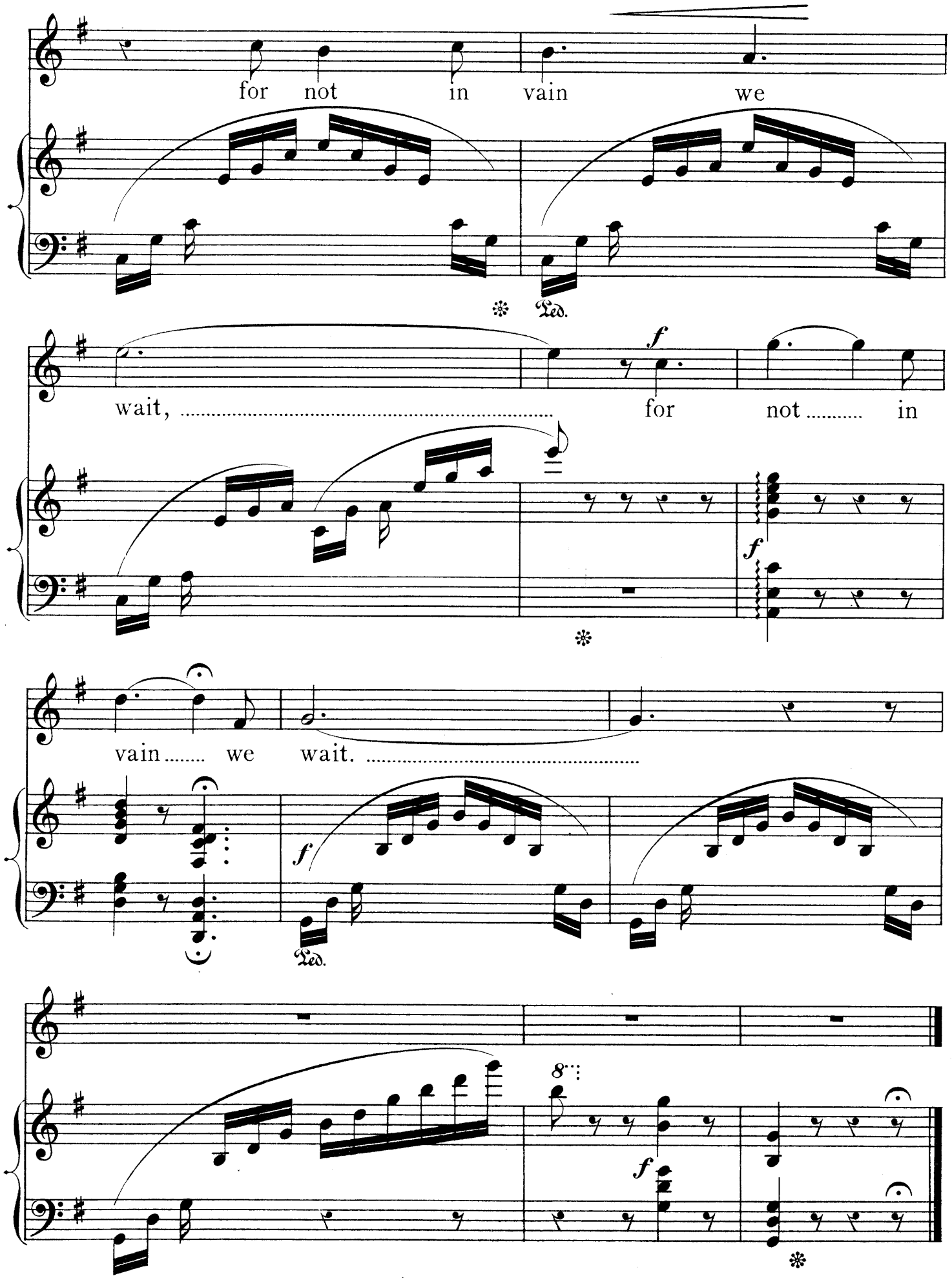

f
Come, swal - low, come,
f
dim.
come, swal - low, come, come, for
dim.
Ped.
p
thee we wait.
p
Ped.
Ped.
mf
Come, swal - low
p

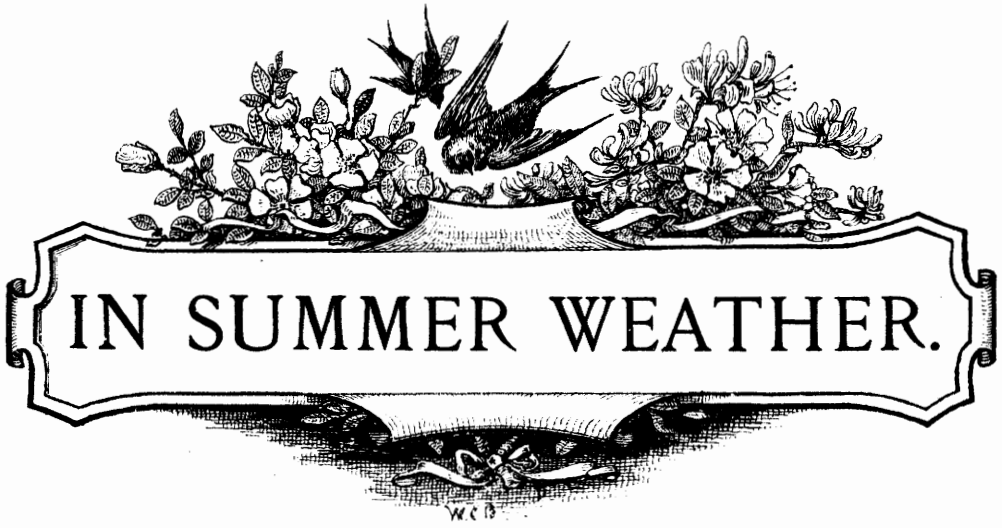

come, ..... for thee we wait. .....
Ped. Ped.
Come, swal - low, come, ..... for thee we wait, .....
Ped.
p
..... The thatch is warm be - neath the sun, .....
p
Ped.
..... the thatch is warm be - neath the sun; .....
sempre Ped.


cres.
..... Here tell of love to thy fond mate, To-day should
cres.
see thy nest be - gun; .....
f
Come, swal - low come, come, swal - low,
f
dim.
come, ..... come, for thee we
dim.
Ped.
*
Ped.
*


wait: .....
p
Ped.
p
Come, swal-low, come, ..... for
p
cres.
thee we wait; ..... The spring ..... is
per - fect but for thee. ..... Ah!


cres.
cres.
wel - come, though thou spee - dest late, Thy tru - ant wings from
cres.
cres.
Ped.
Ped.
f
o'er the sea, Wel - - - come, ..... ah!
f
Ped.
Ped.
f
wel - - - come, ..... Wel - come, O
f
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
swal - low, wel - come, o swal - low,
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


for not in vain we
Ped.
wait, ..... for not ..... in
f
f
vain ..... we wait. .....
f
Ped.
8
f


IN SUMMER WEATHER.

# IN SUMMER WEATHER.

❋ ❋ ❋

THERE'S tender green on the tree,
The birds are in finest feather,
And lovers in ecstacy
Go wandering forth together.
Sing heigh! sing ho! How the merry days go
In the first of the summer weather.

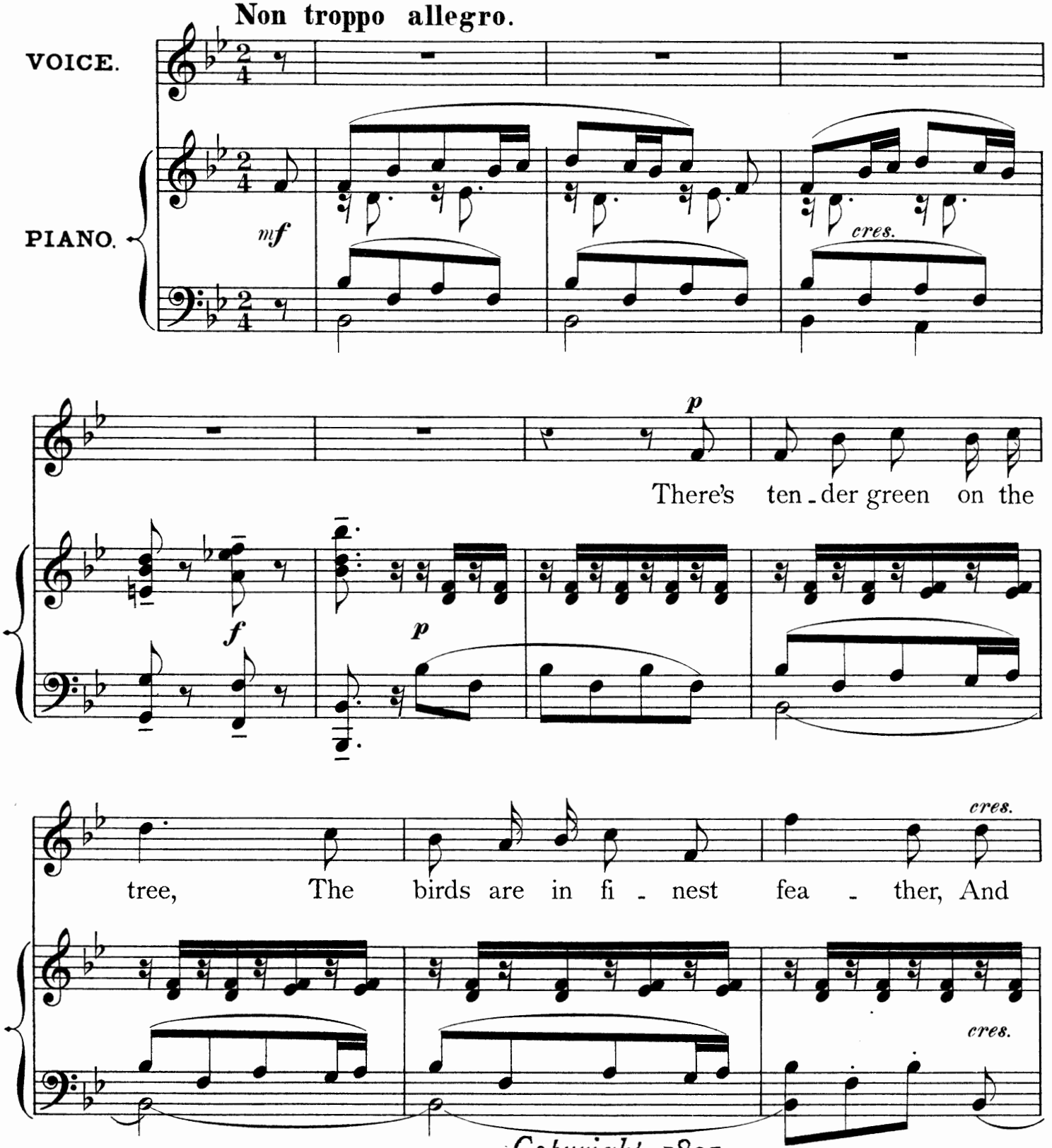
The bird must capture his mate,
By sweet compulsion driven,
And Colin will steal from Kate
The kisses for which he's striven.
Sing heigh! sing ho! But the rogue must know,
How quickly he'll be forgiven.

Then seize the prime o' the time,
That your fruit be rich and mellow;
And warble your love in rhyme,
Ere the leaf be sere and yellow.
Sing heigh! sing ho! 'Tis a world of woe,
Till every one find his fellow.

# IN SUMMER WEATHER.

Written by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Composed by
CHARLES H. LLOYD.

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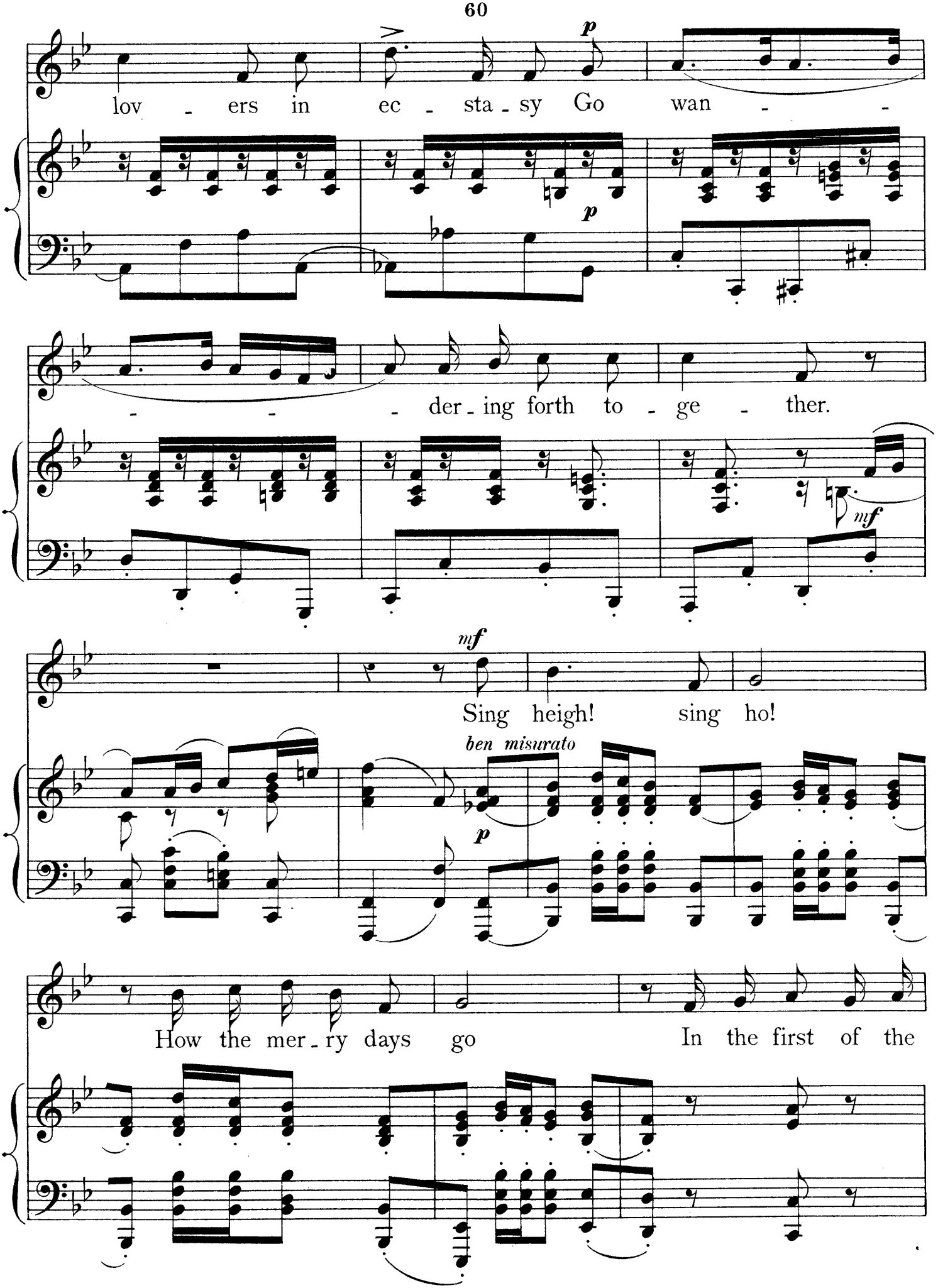
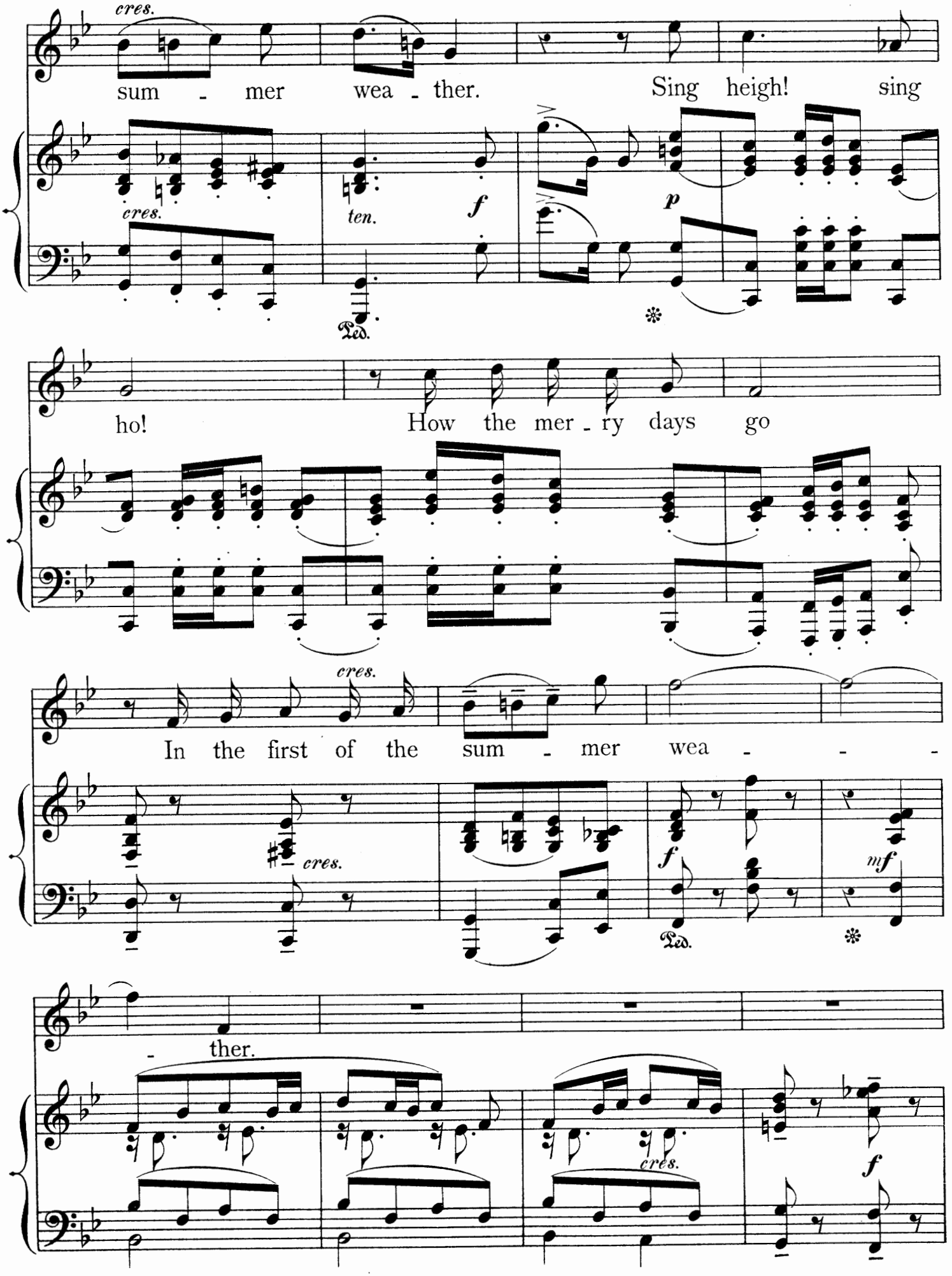
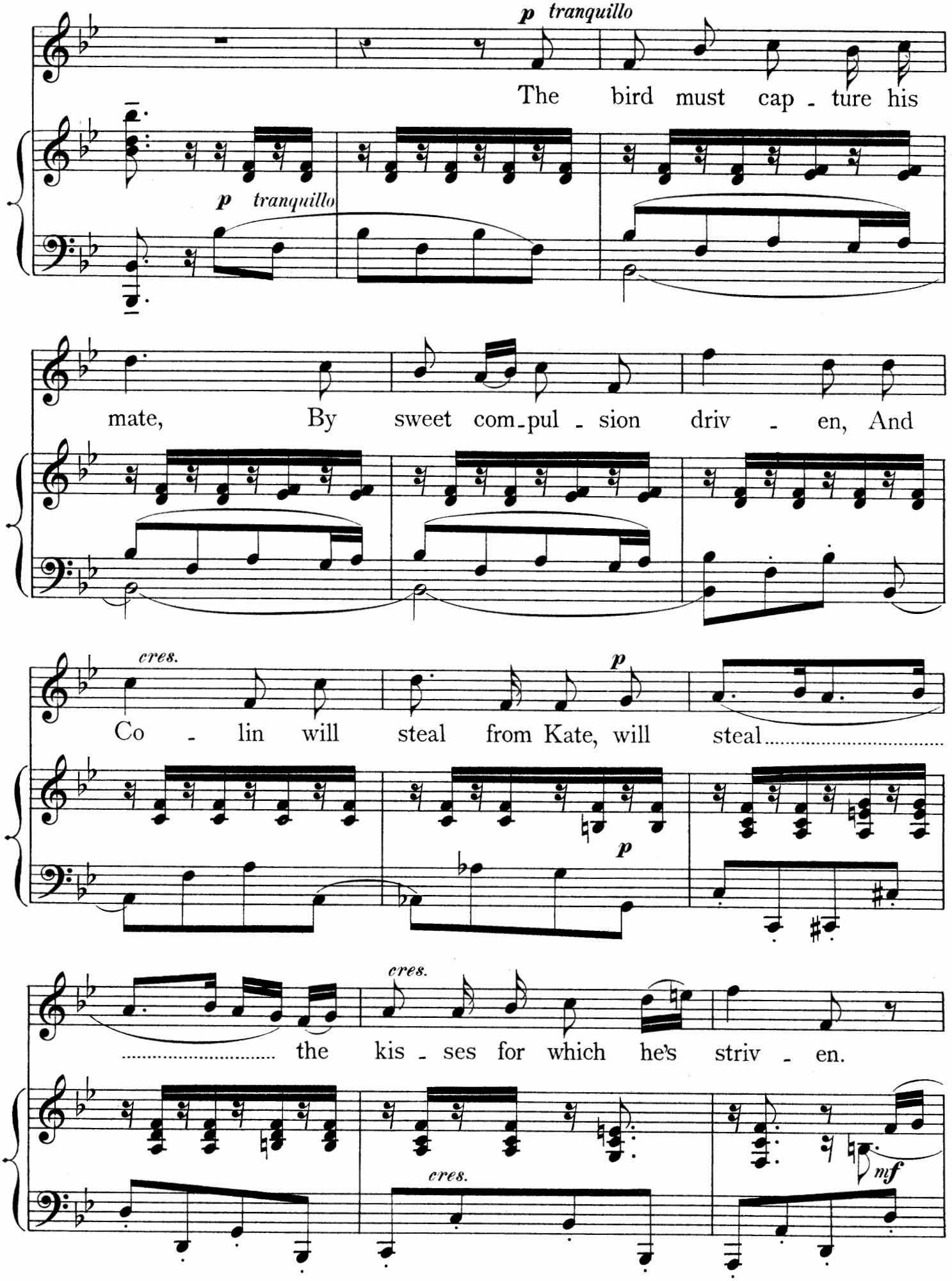
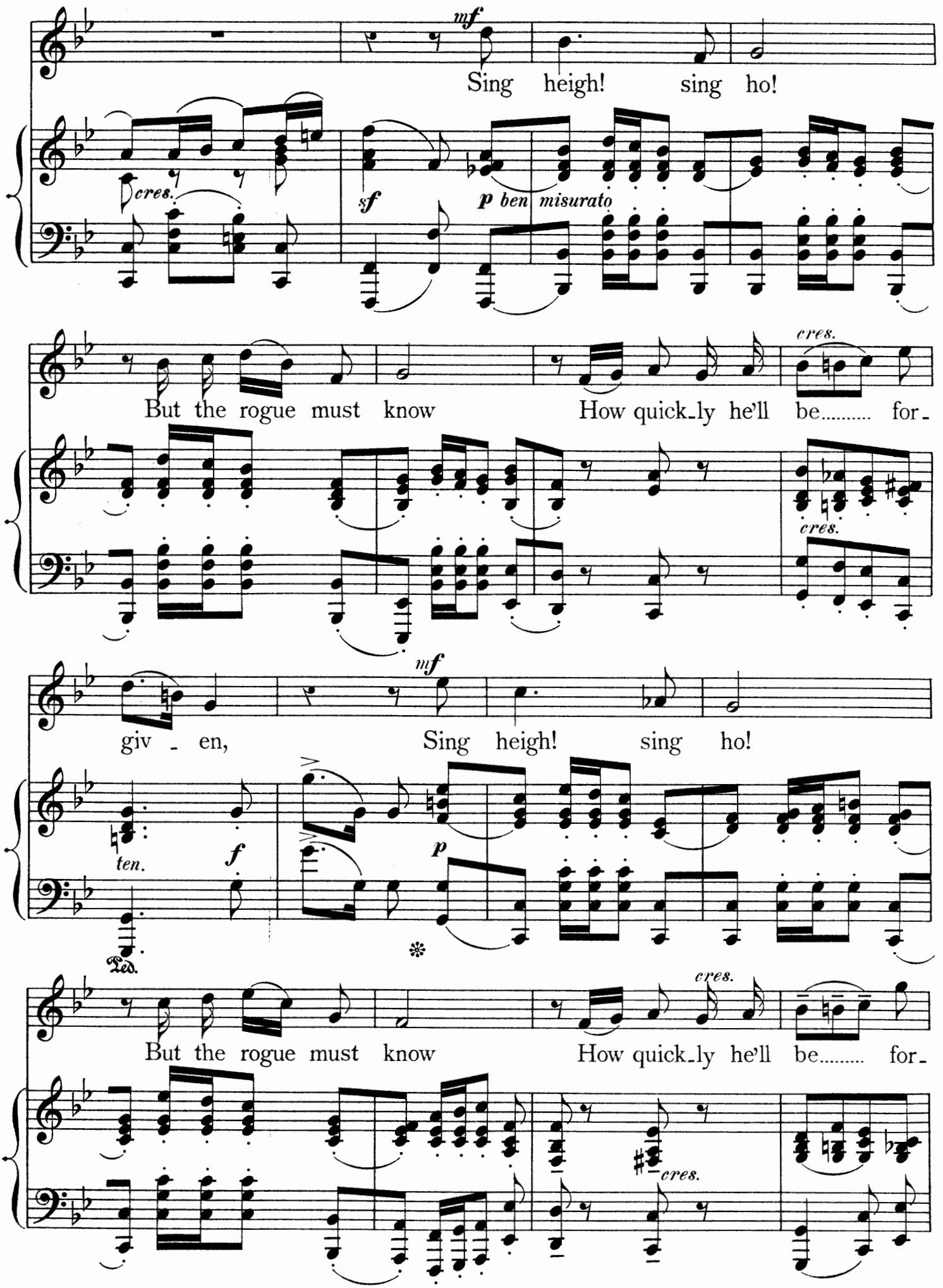
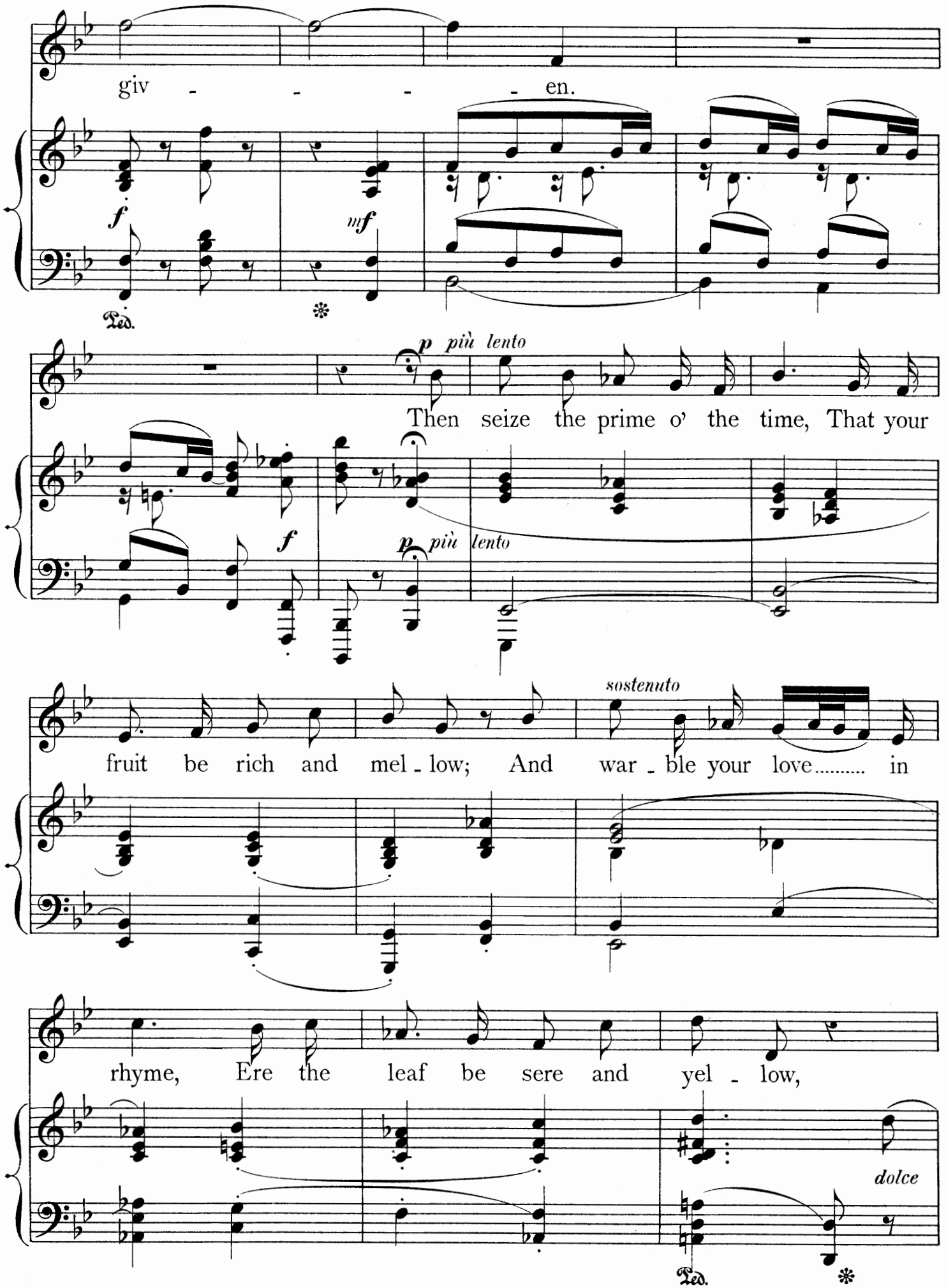
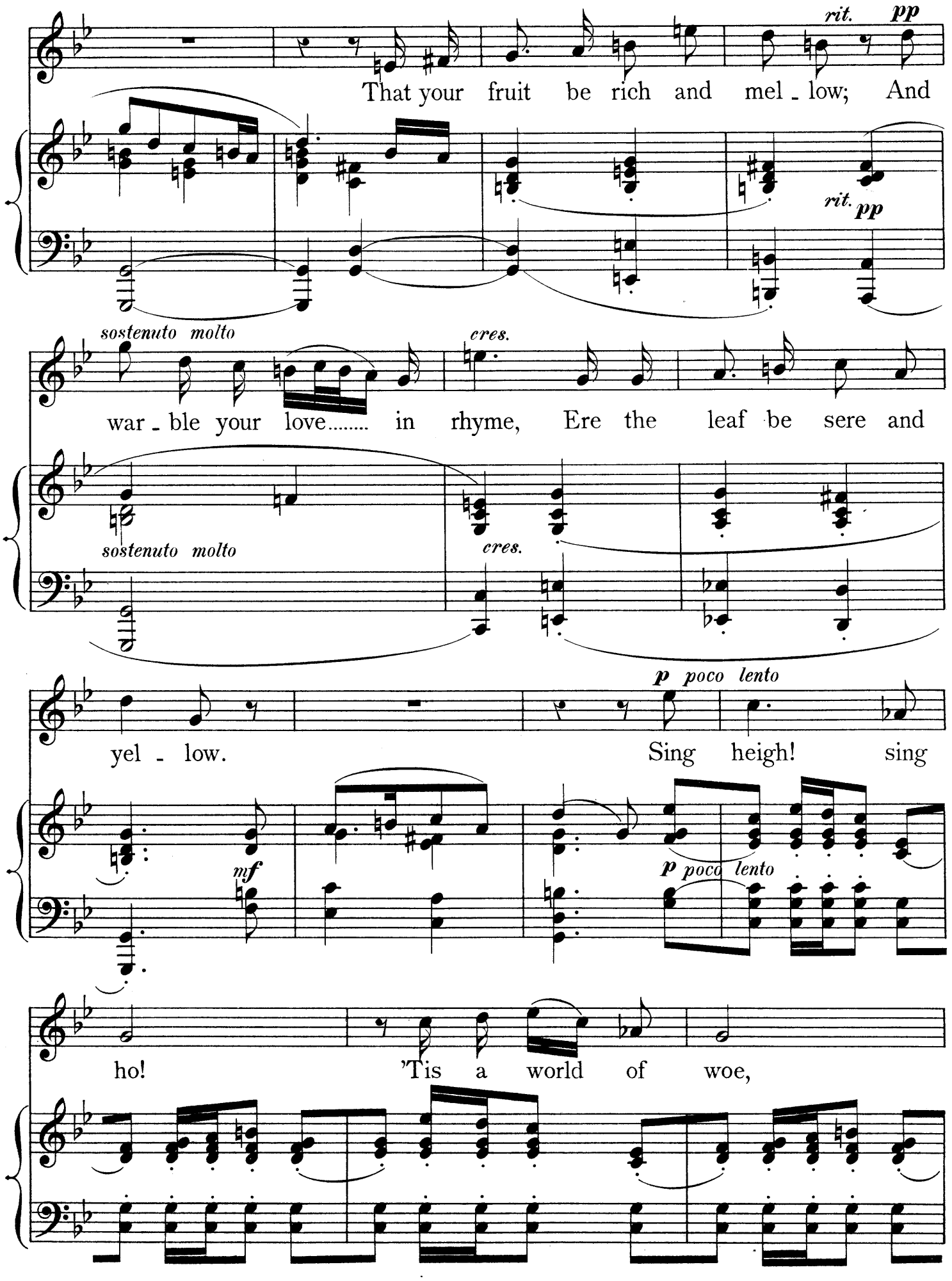

lov - ers in ec - sta - sy Go wan - - - - der - ing forth to - ge - ther.
Sing heigh! sing ho!
How the mer - ry days go In the first of the
p
mf
ben misurato

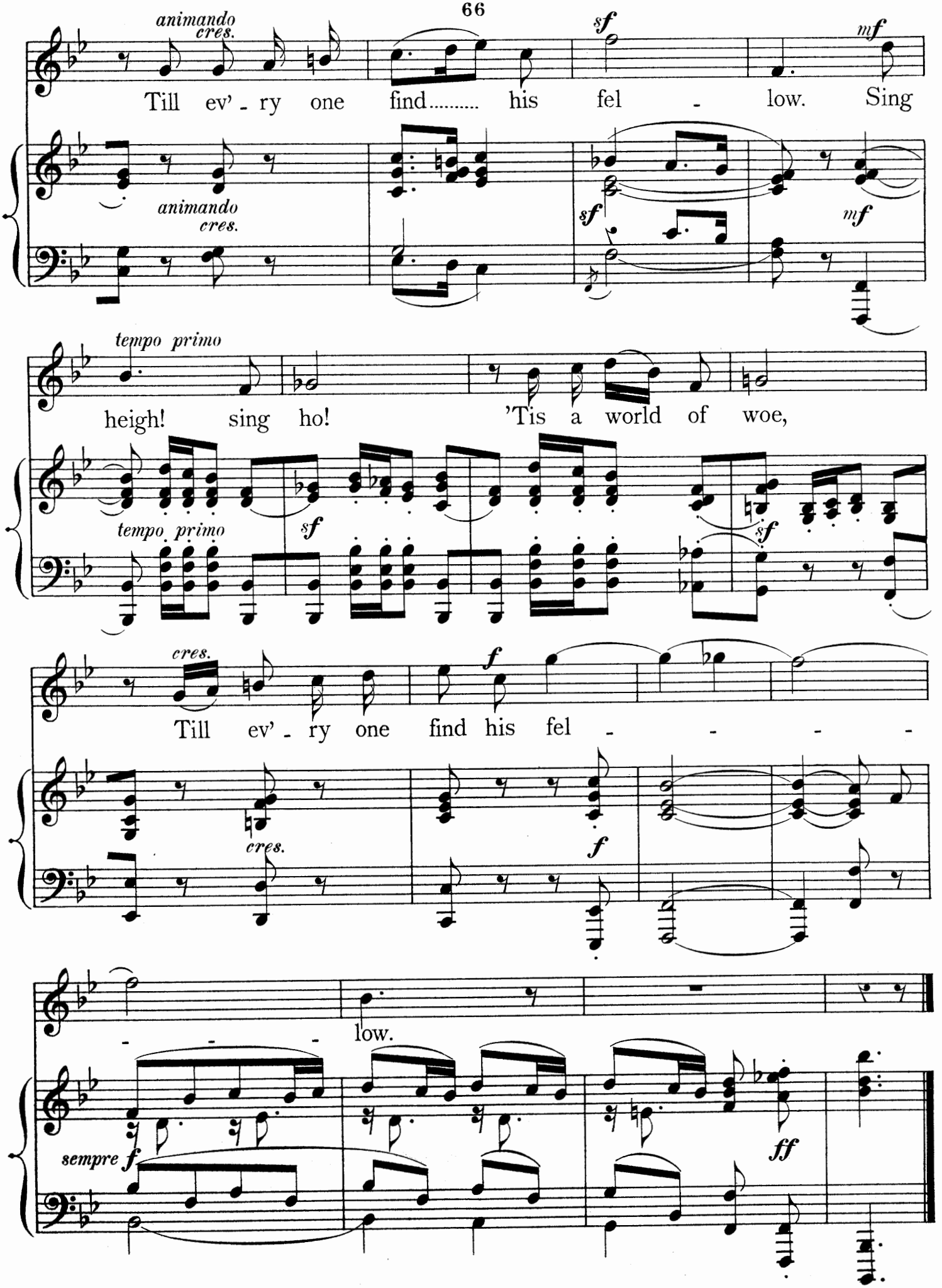

cres.
sum - mer wea - ther. Sing heigh! sing
cres.
ten.
f
p
Ped.
ho! How the mer - ry days go
cres.
In the first of the sum - mer wea - - -
cres.
f
mf
Ped.
- ther.
cres.
f


p tranquillo
The bird must cap - ture his
p tranquillo
mate, By sweet com-pul - sion driv - en, And
cres.
p
Co - lin will steal from Kate, will steal
p
cres.
the kis - ses for which he's striv - en.
cres.
mf


mf
Sing heigh! sing ho!
cres.
sf
p ben misurato
But the rogue must know
How quick-ly he'll be..... for-
cres.
cres.
mf
giv - en,
Sing heigh! sing ho!
ten.
f
p
Ped.
But the rogue must know
How quick-ly he'll be..... for-
cres.
cres.


giv - - - - en.
f
mf
Ped.
p più lento
Then seize the prime o' the time, That your
f
p più lento
sostenuto
fruit be rich and mel - low; And war - ble your love..... in
rhyme, Ere the leaf be sere and yel - low,
dolce
Ped.


That your fruit be rich and mel - low; And
rit.
pp
rit.
pp
sostenuto molto
war - ble your love..... in rhyme, Ere the leaf be sere and
cres.
sostenuto molto
cres.
yel - low.
p poco lento
Sing heigh! sing
mf
p poco lento
ho!
'Tis a world of woe,


animando
cres.
Till ev' - ry one find..... his fel - low. Sing
sf
mf
animando
cres.
sf
mf
tempo primo
heigh! sing ho! 'Tis a world of woe,
tempo primo
sf
sf
cres.
Till ev' - ry one find his fel - - - -
f
cres.
f
- - - low.
sempre f
ff

# ROBIN SLY.

# ROBIN SLY.

## (A COUNTRY BALLAD.)

❋ ❋ ❋

IN the shade sits Robin Sly,
Waiting there till Kate comes by;
Lover's quarrel has been rife,
Robin vows that ere it ends
Kate must kiss and make amends;
"Wilful maid makes shrewish wife."
So says Robin, wise Sir Robin,
Brave Robin Sly.

But while Robin sits sedate,
Who comes through the wicket gate?
Who but Kate and Ploughman Joe?
Kate that laughs at Robin Sly,
Singing as she passes by,
"Let him cool a year or so,"
Angry Robin, wistful Robin,
Sad Robin Sly.

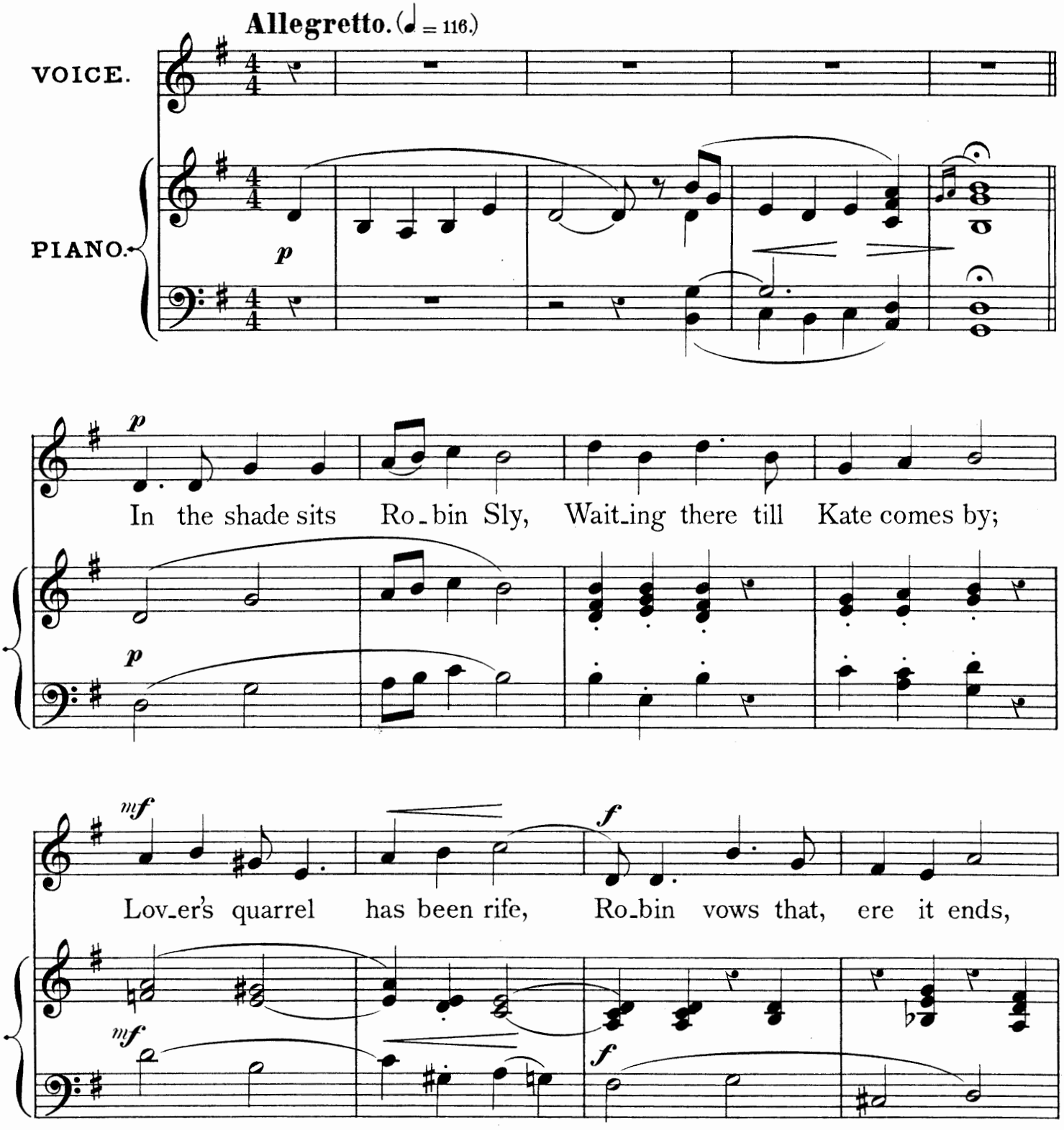
Joe the happiest husband thrives,
Kate the most discreet of wives;
So it is that in the wooing
Maids must have the mastery,
Men must wait till by-and-bye.
Learning this was thy undoing,
Hasty Robin, foolish Robin,
Poor Robin Sly!

# ROBIN SLY.

## (A COUNTRY BALLAD.)

Written by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Composed by
A. C. MACKENZIE.

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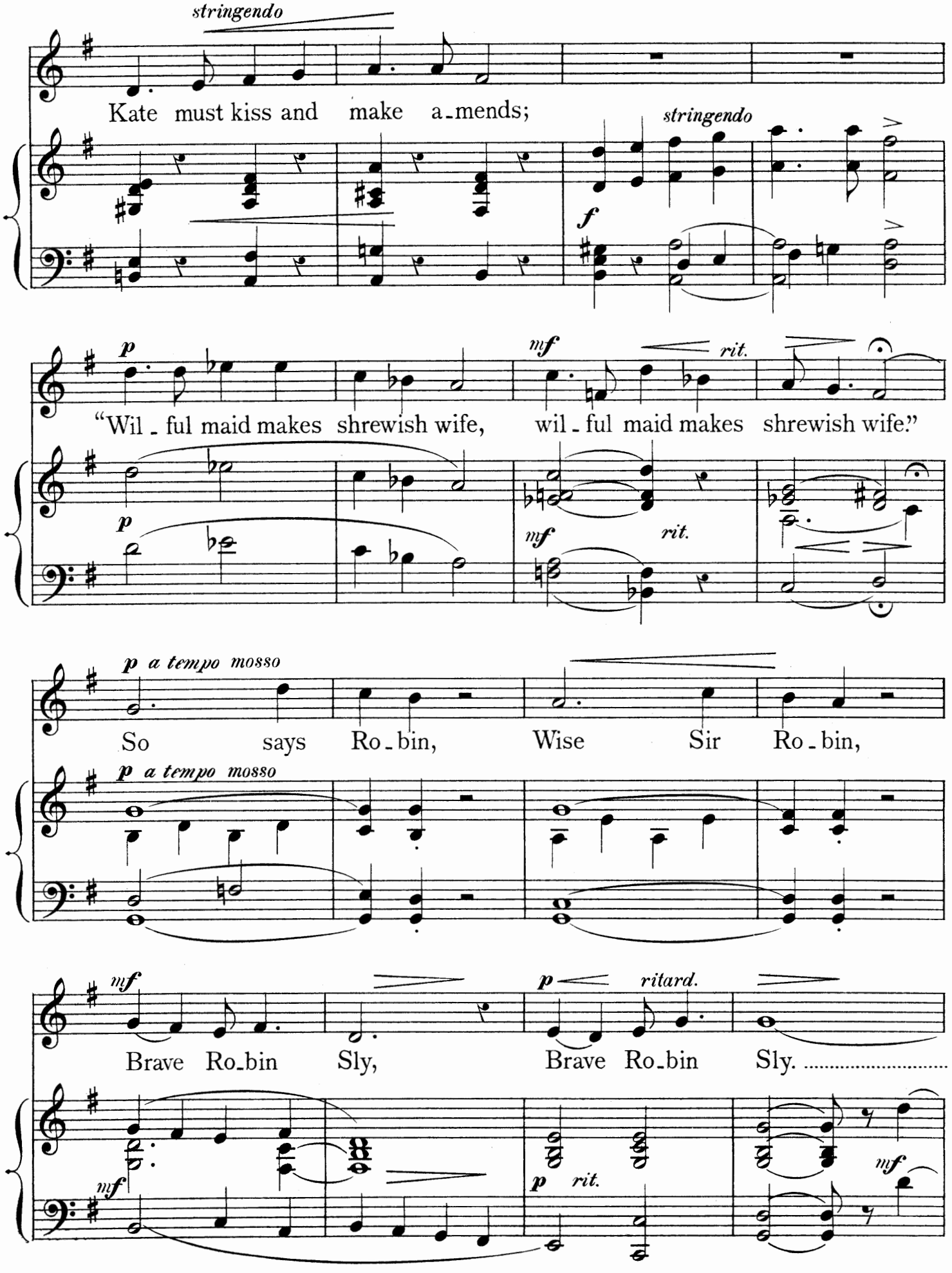
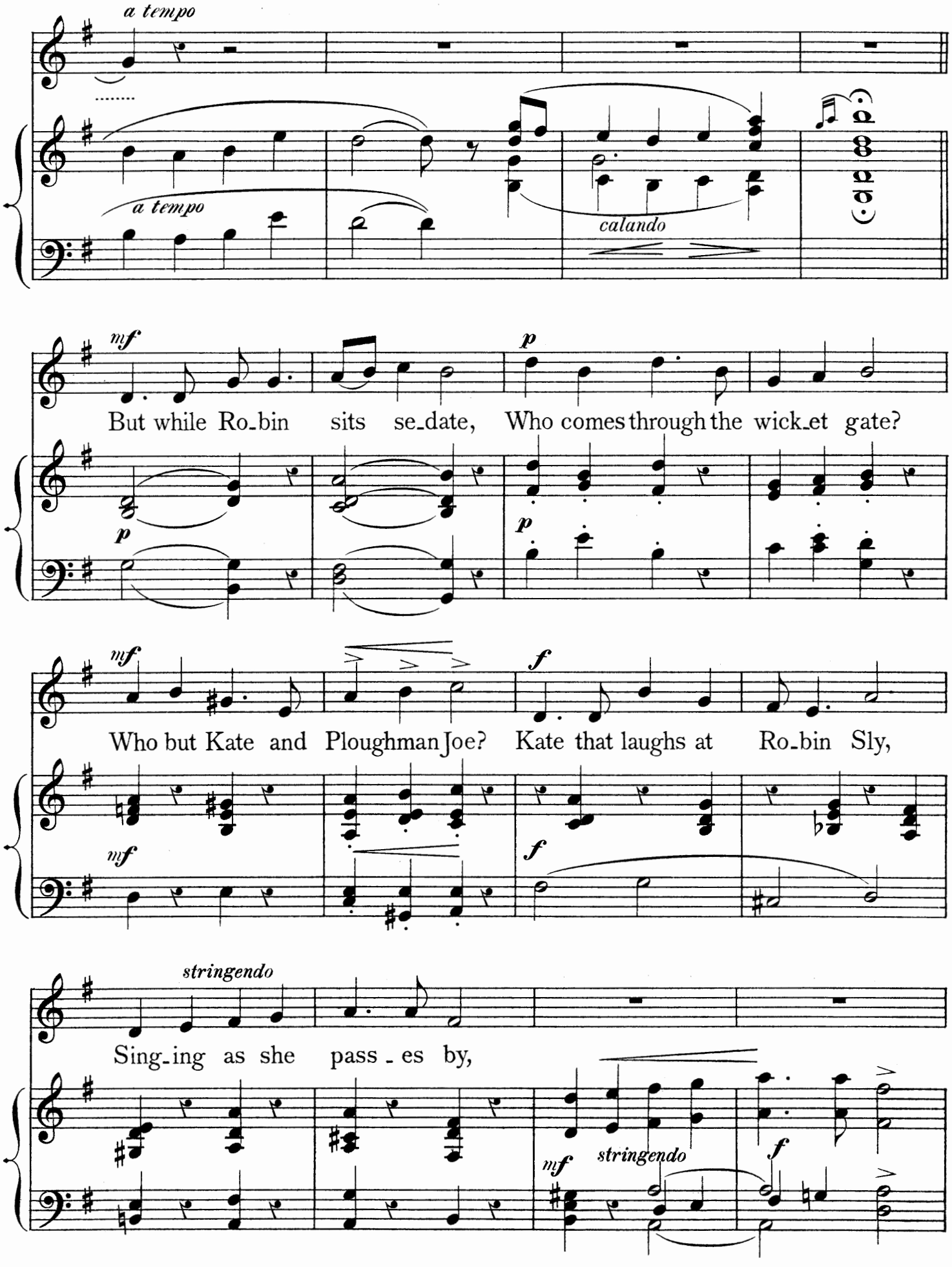
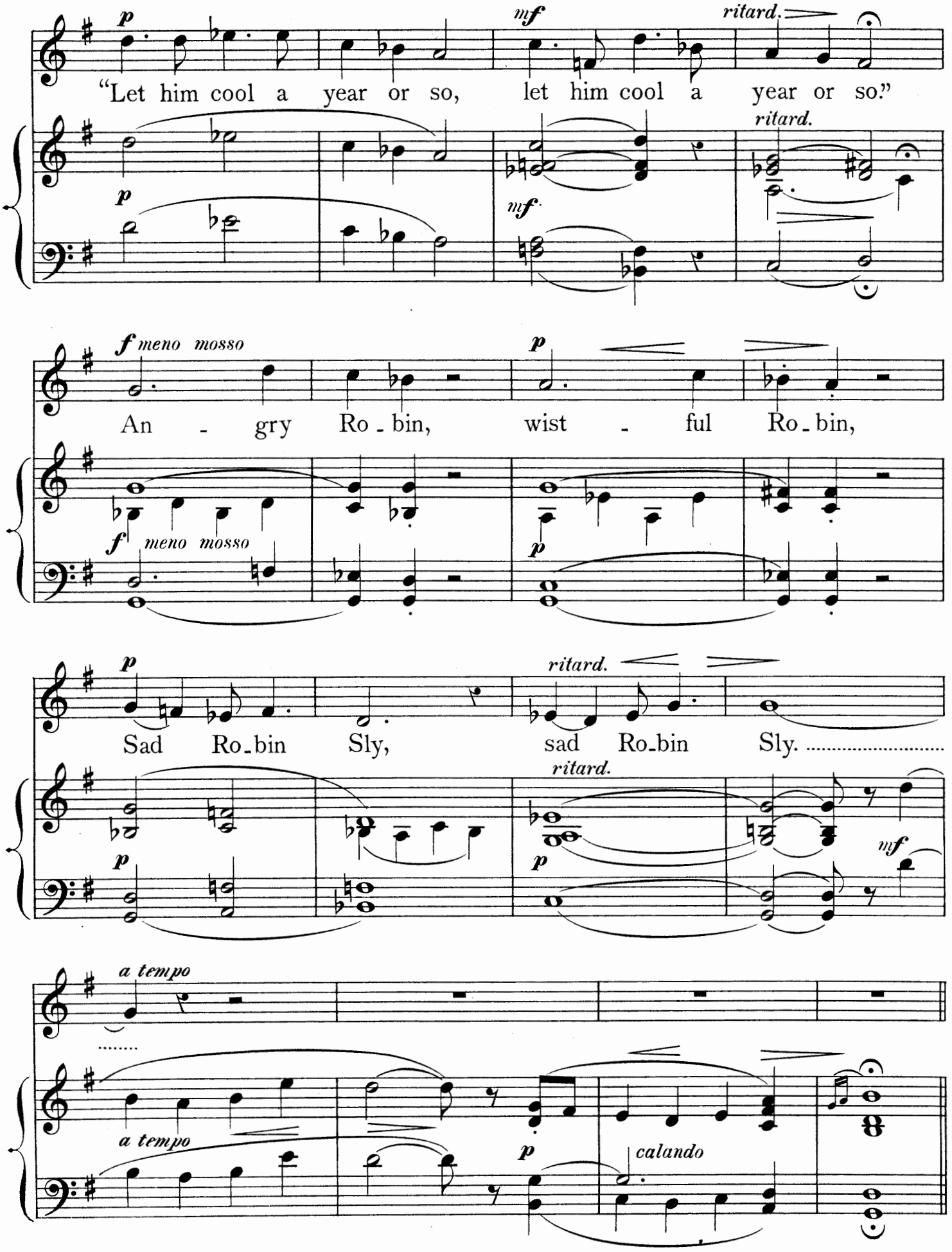
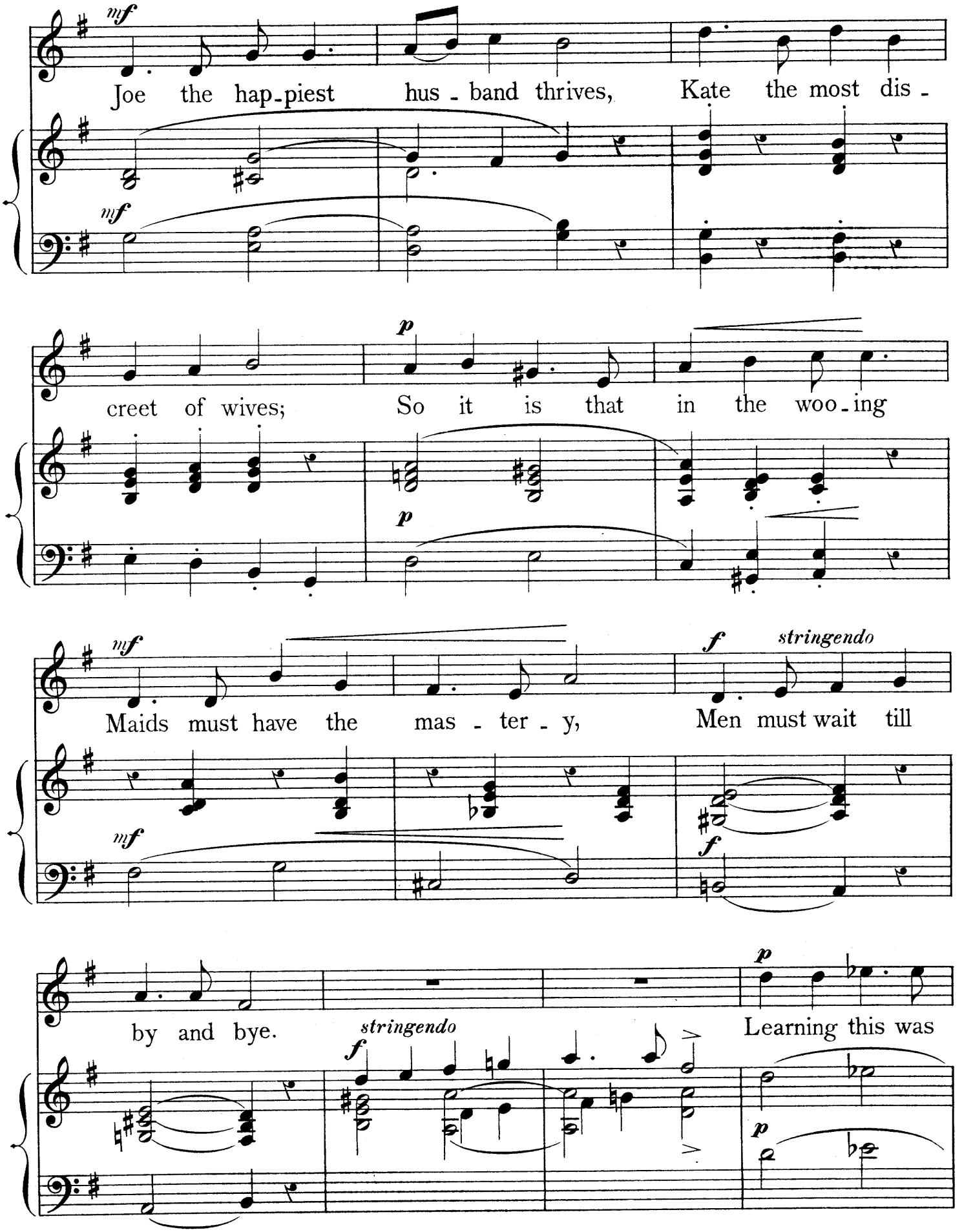
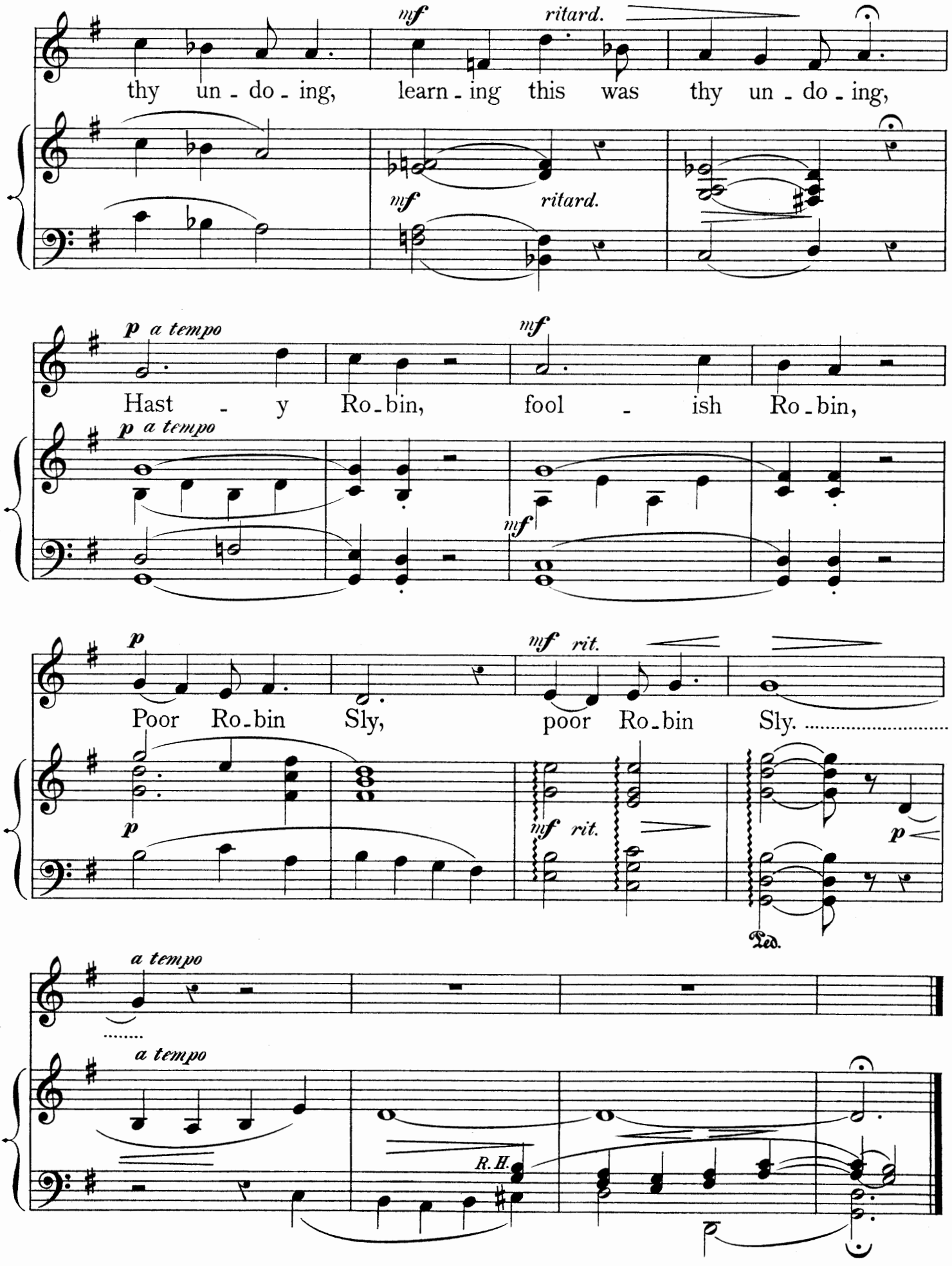

stringendo
Kate must kiss and make a-mends;
stringendo
f
p
mf
rit.
"Wil-ful maid makes shrewish wife, wil-ful maid makes shrewish wife."
p
mf
rit.
p a tempo mosso
So says Ro-bin, Wise Sir Ro-bin,
p a tempo mosso
mf
p
ritard.
Brave Ro-bin Sly, Brave Ro-bin Sly.
mf
p
rit.
mf


a tempo
a tempo
calando
mf
p
But while Ro_bin sits se_date, Who comes through the wick_et gate?
p
p
mf
f
Who but Kate and Ploughman Joe? Kate that laughs at Ro_bin Sly,
mf
f
stringendo
Sing_ing as she pass _ es by,
mf
stringendo
f


p
mf
ritard.
"Let him cool a year or so, let him cool a year or so."
ritard.
p
mf
f meno mosso
p
An - gry Ro - bin, wist - ful Ro - bin,
f meno mosso
p
p
ritard.
Sad Ro-bin Sly, sad Ro-bin Sly.
ritard.
p
p
mf
a tempo
a tempo
p
calando


mf
Joe the hap-piest hus-band thrives, Kate the most dis-
mf
p
creet of wives; So it is that in the woo-ing
p
mf
Maids must have the mas-ter-y, Men must wait till
f stringendo
mf
f
by and bye.
stringendo
f
p
Learning this was
p


mf
ritard.
thy un - do - ing, learn - ing this was thy un - do - ing,
mf
ritard.
p a tempo
mf
Hast - y Ro - bin, fool - ish Ro - bin,
p a tempo
mf
p
mf rit.
Poor Ro - bin Sly, poor Ro - bin Sly.
p
mf rit.
p
Ped.
a tempo
a tempo
R.H.

A SONG OF THE SOUTH.

# A SONG OF THE SOUTH.

* * *

I HAVE a garden beautiful,
By a sea of peerless blue;
There are sunny slopes and grottoes cool,
And a streamlet wanders through.

There are oranges and cypresses,
There are vines, and olives grey,
And soft winds rustling through the trees,
That whisp'ring seem to say:

"Come to my bounteous Paradise,
My Eden of the South,
Come with the love-light in your eyes,
Warm kisses on your mouth."

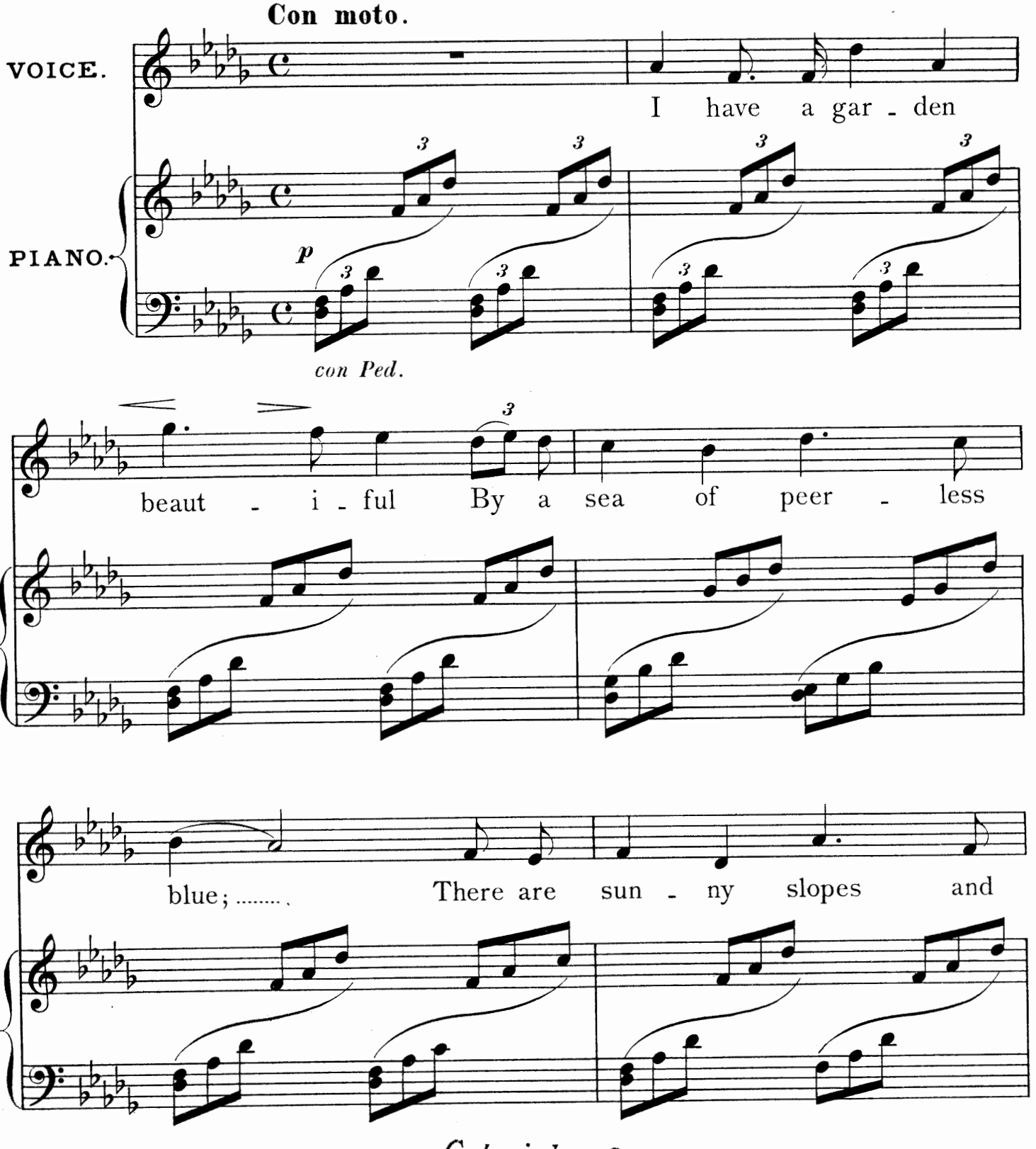
Thrilled by the flower-scented gale,
The sea and sky of blue,
My trembling pulses start and fail,
And faint, dear heart, for you.

Shine through the air, a vision fair,
And make my dream come true!

# A SONG OF THE SOUTH.

Written by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Composed by
HAMISH MACCUNN.

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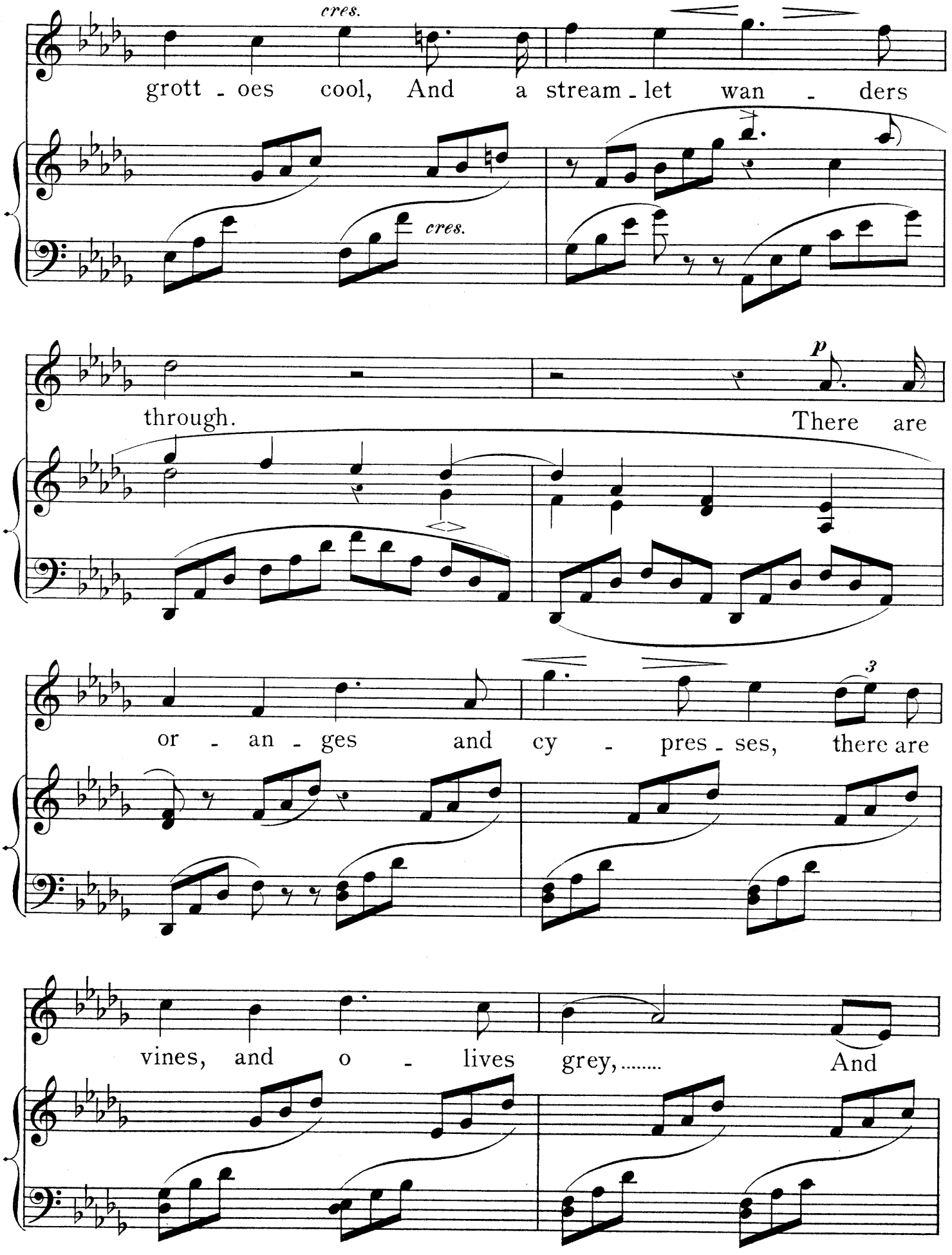
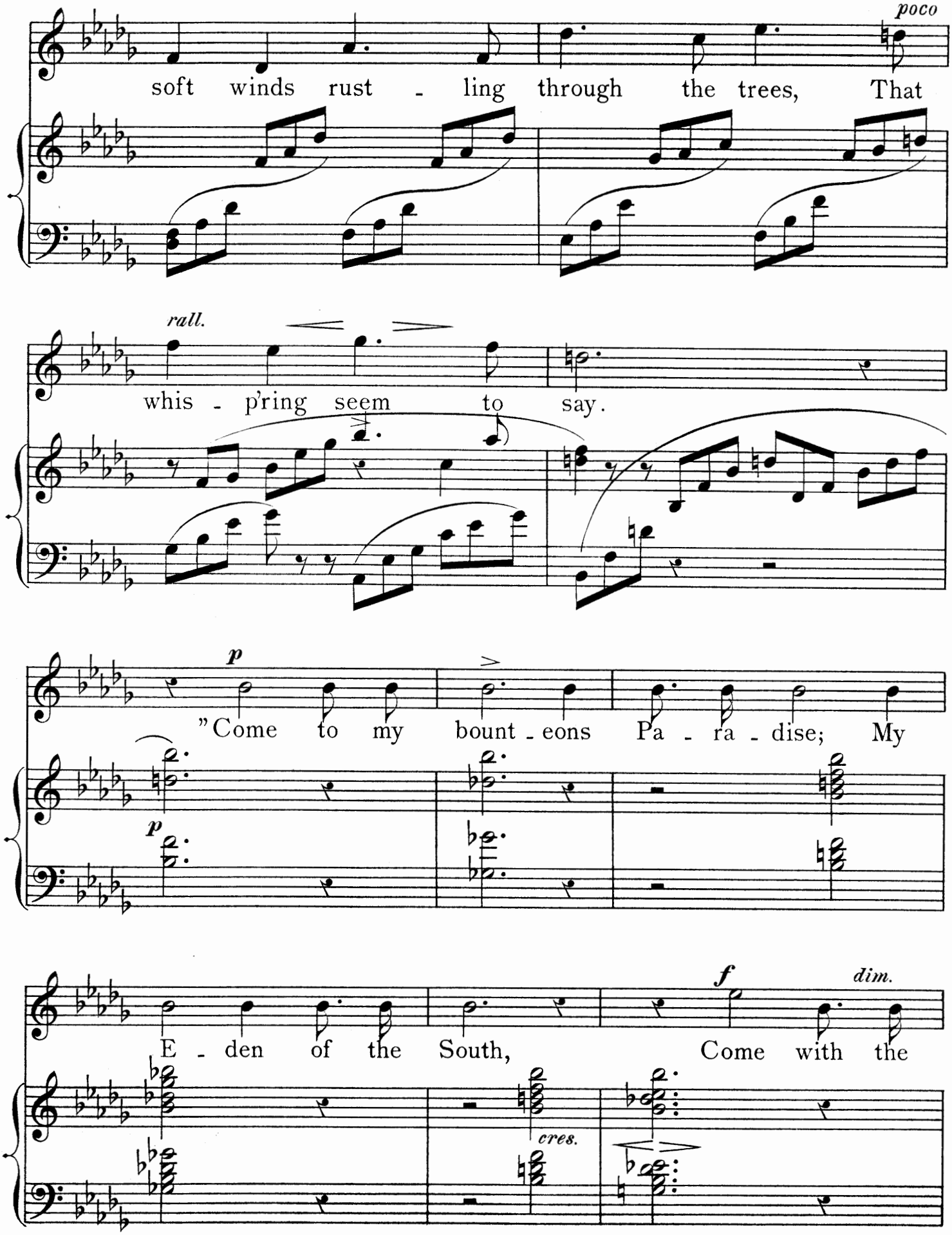
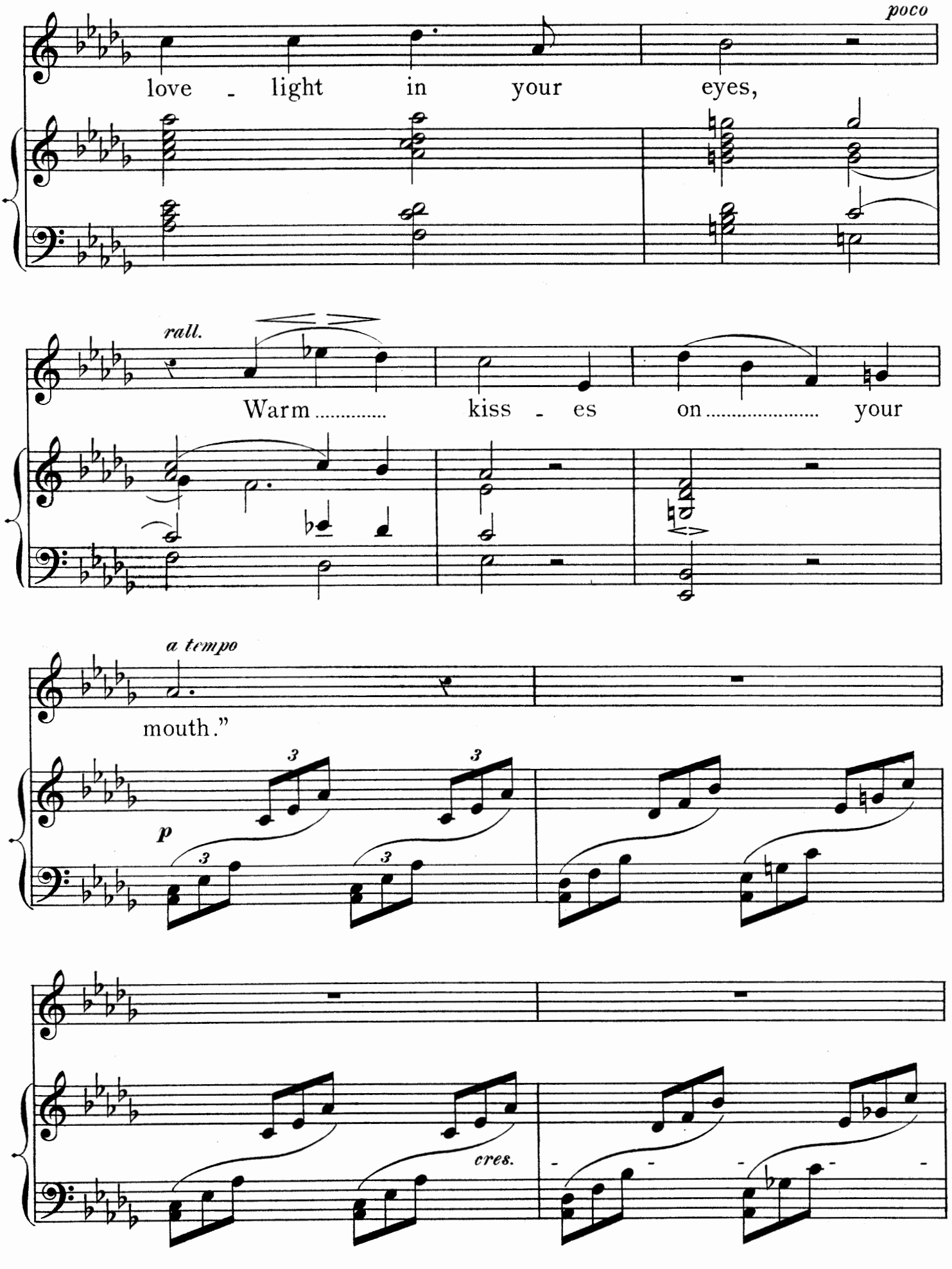
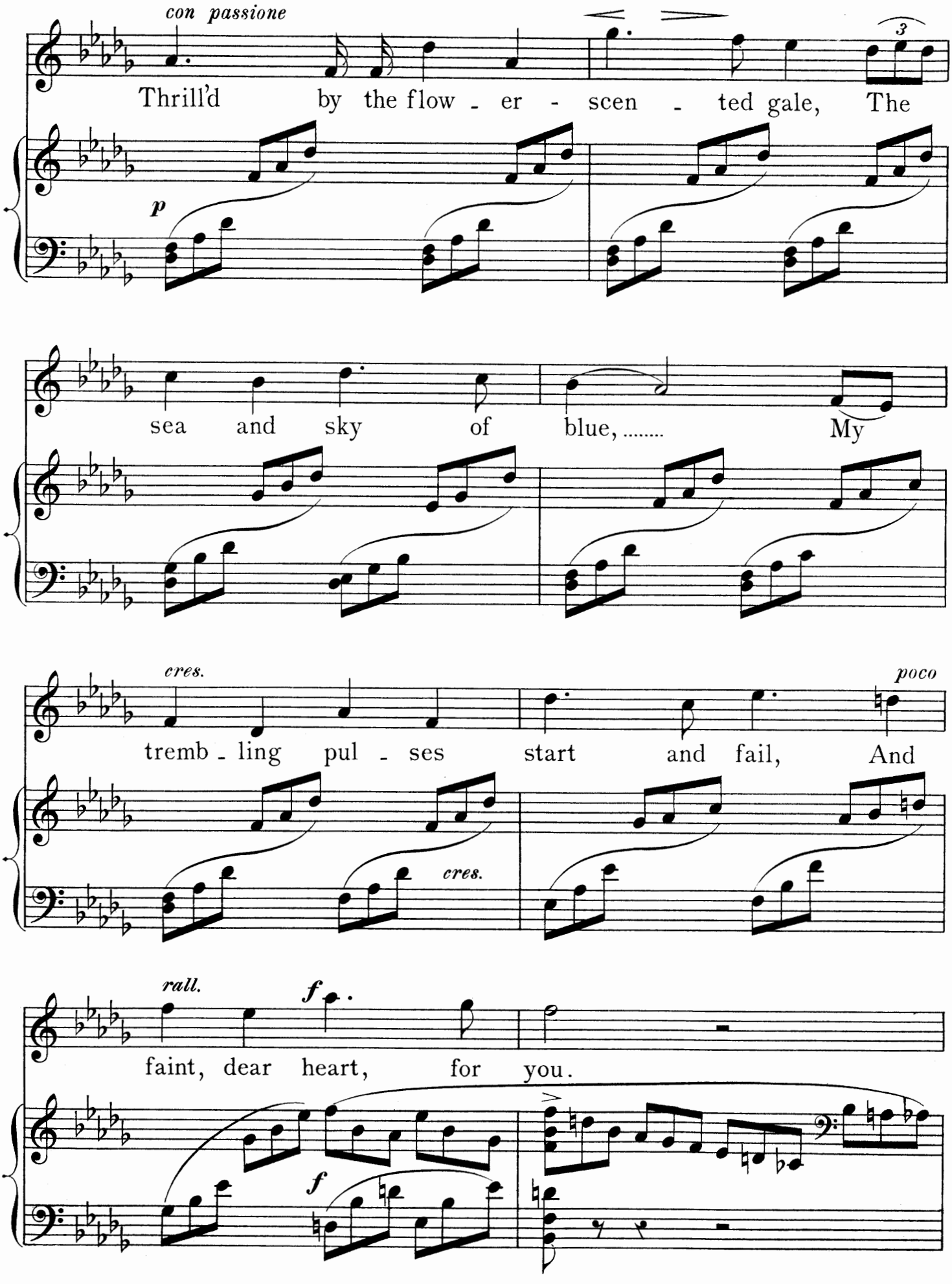

cres.
grott - oes cool, And a stream - let wan - ders
cres.
through.
p
There are
or - an - ges and cy - pres - ses, there are
3
vines, and o - lives grey,..... And


poco
soft winds rust - ling through the trees, That
rall.
whis - p'ring seem to say.
p
"Come to my bount - eons Pa - ra - dise; My
p
f
dim.
E - den of the South, Come with the
cres.


poco
love - light in your eyes,
rall.
Warm ..... kiss - es on ..... your
a tempo
mouth."
p
cres.


con passione
Thrill'd by the flow - er - scen - ted gale, The
p
sea and sky of blue, ..... My
cres.
poco
tremb - ling pul - ses start and fail, And
cres.
rall.
f
faint, dear heart, for you.
f

*Adagio.*

*f*

Shine through the air, ..... a

*Adagio.*

*f*

*con Ped.*

Vi - sion fair, And make my dream, my

*p* *f*

Ped. ✻

dream ..... come true!

*Tempo primo.*

*Tempo primo.*

Ped.

*p*

# THE MAID OF ELSINORE.

# THE MAID OF ELSINORE.

❋ ❋ ❋

A TEARFUL boy king Olaf stood,
'Mid his warriors grim and grey,
As the good ship bore him over the flood,
From his first fond love away.
His wistful eyes still sought the shore,
But his rough earls laughed that Odin's seed
The woodland flower should stoop to heed,
The Maid of Elsinore.

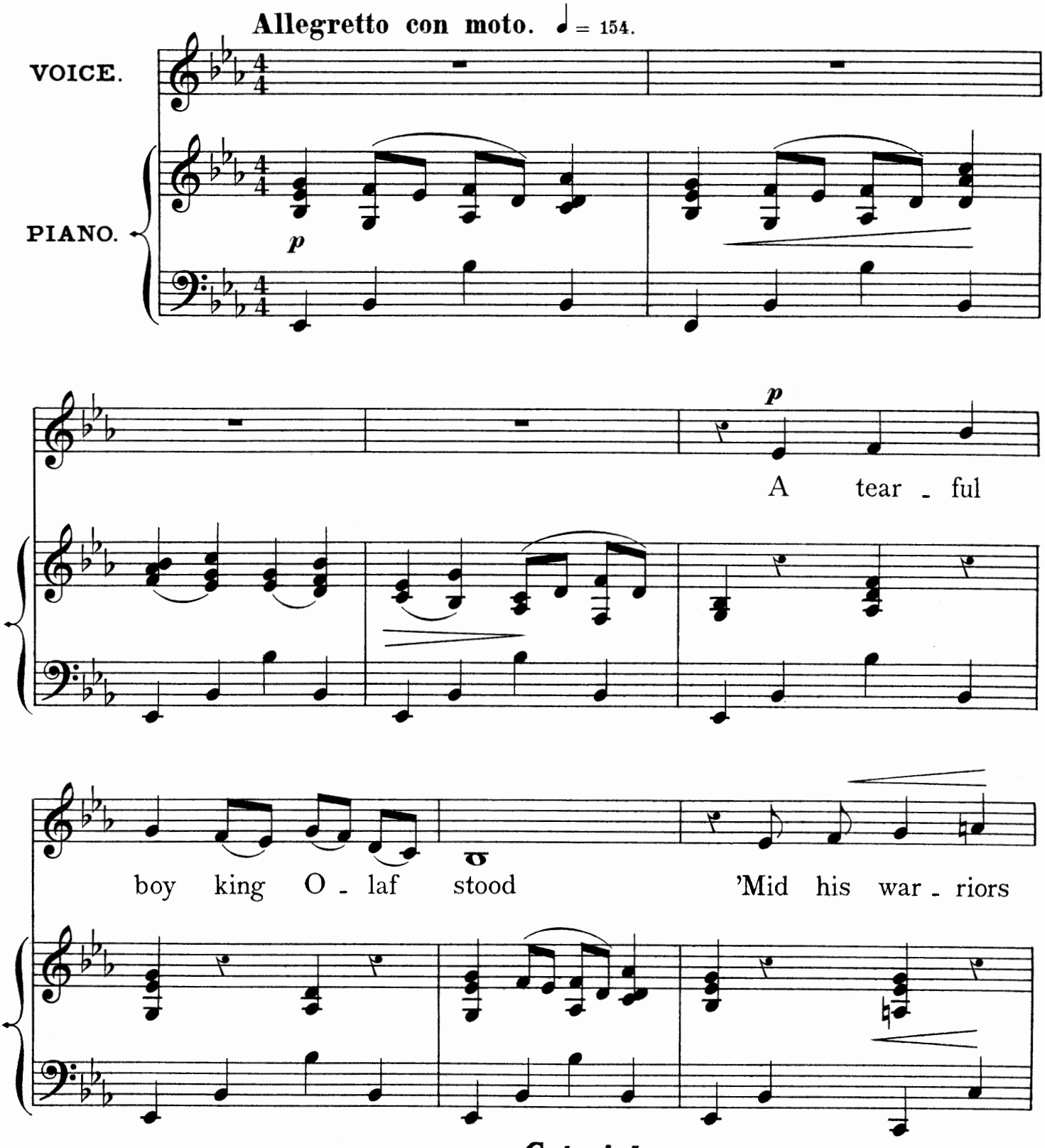
The mountain pine grows strong and sure,
By northern tempests swayed,
The frail hare-bell will bloom secure
In the sheltered forest glade;
Thus Olaf's arm waxed great in war,
Till distant isles his prowess knew,
And fairer bloomed and ever true
The Maid of Elsinore.

'Twas ten long years of storm and fight
By many a foreign main,
Ere great king Olaf's conquering might
Came sailing home again;
The Viking ships were ranged ashore,
The rough earls laughed in scorn no more,
He placed her hands within his own,
Upon her brow the queenly crown;
O'er fiord and field the glad bells pealed
For the Maid of Elsinore.

# THE MAID OF ELSINORE.

Written by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Composed by
C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

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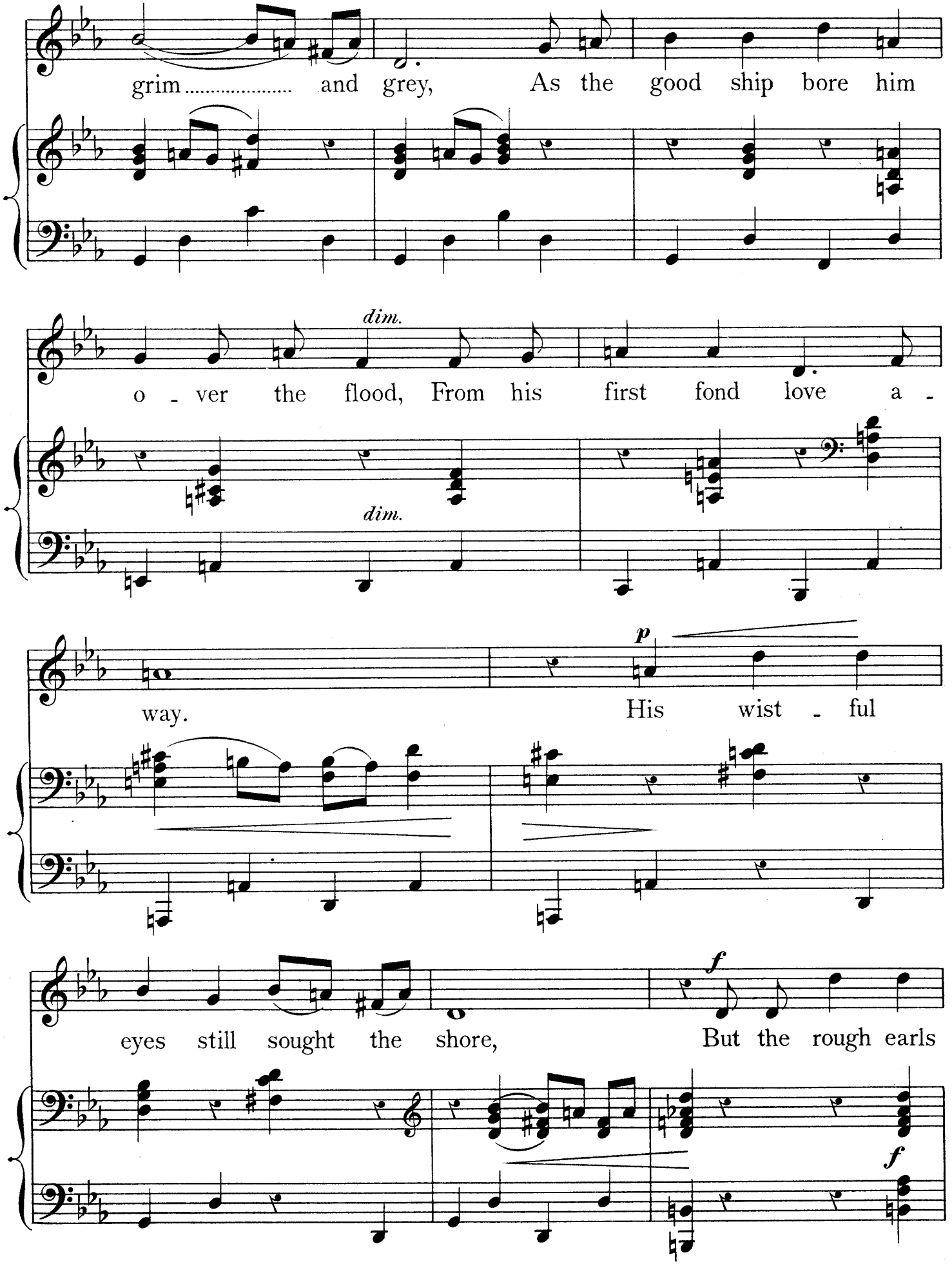
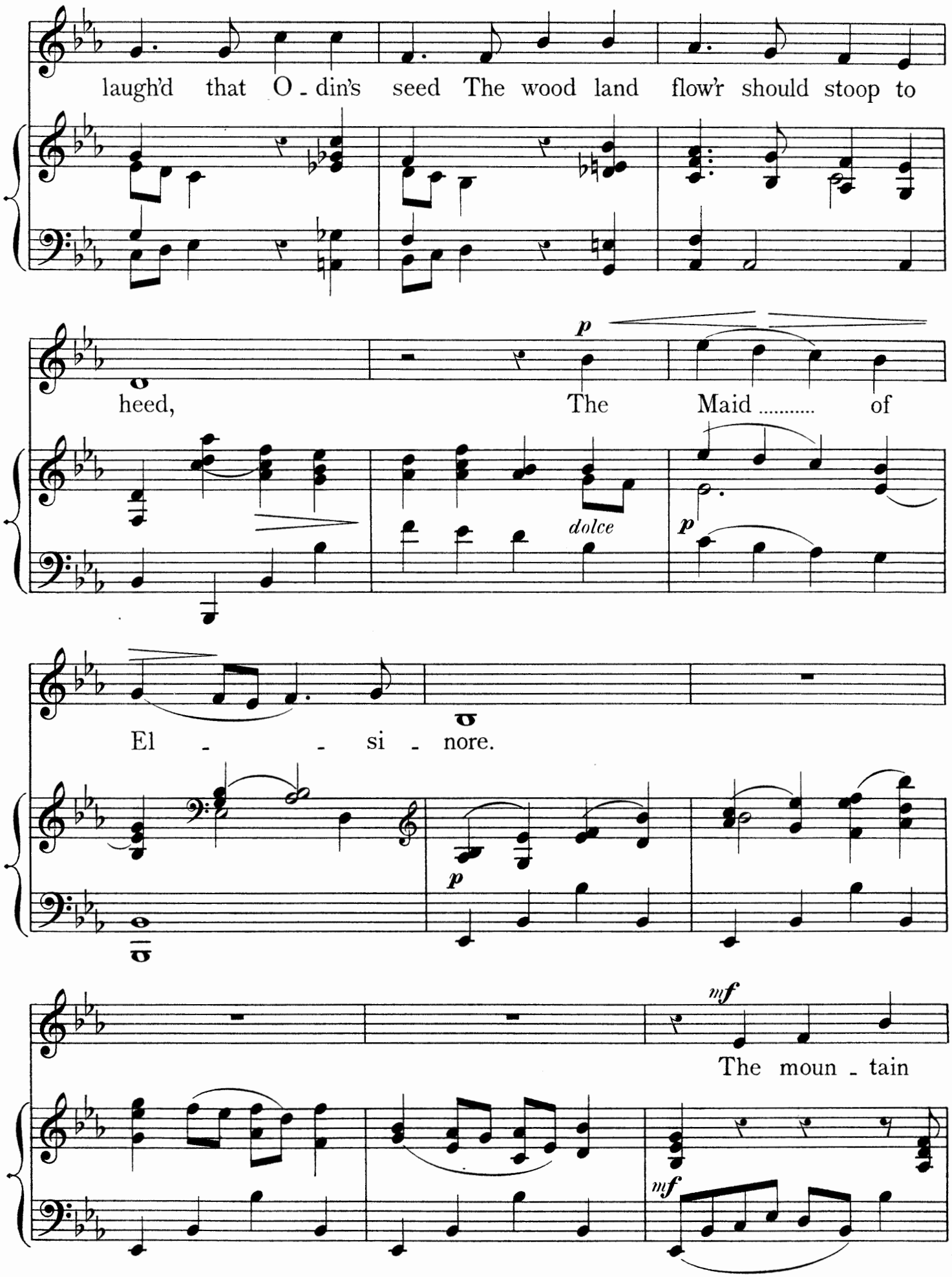
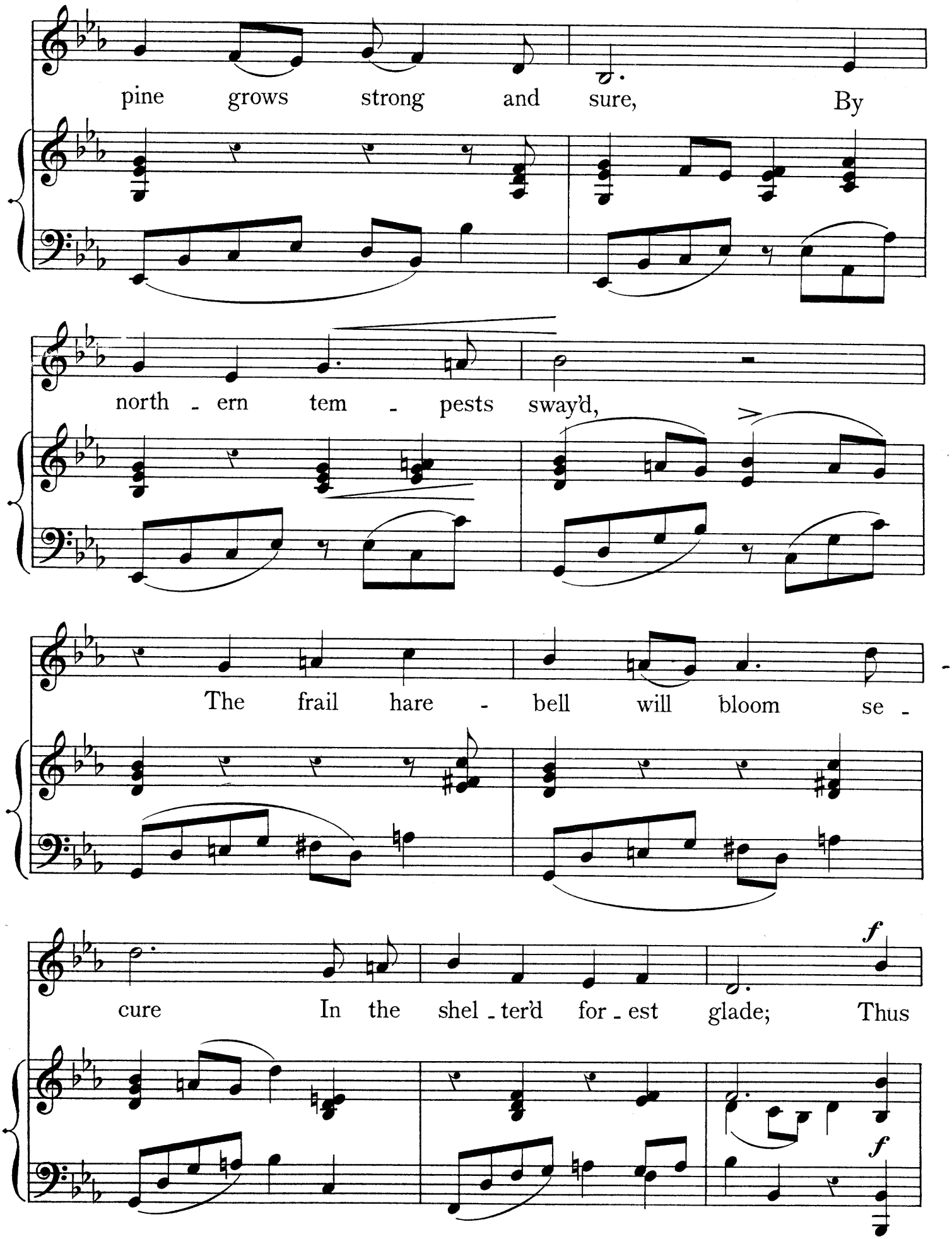
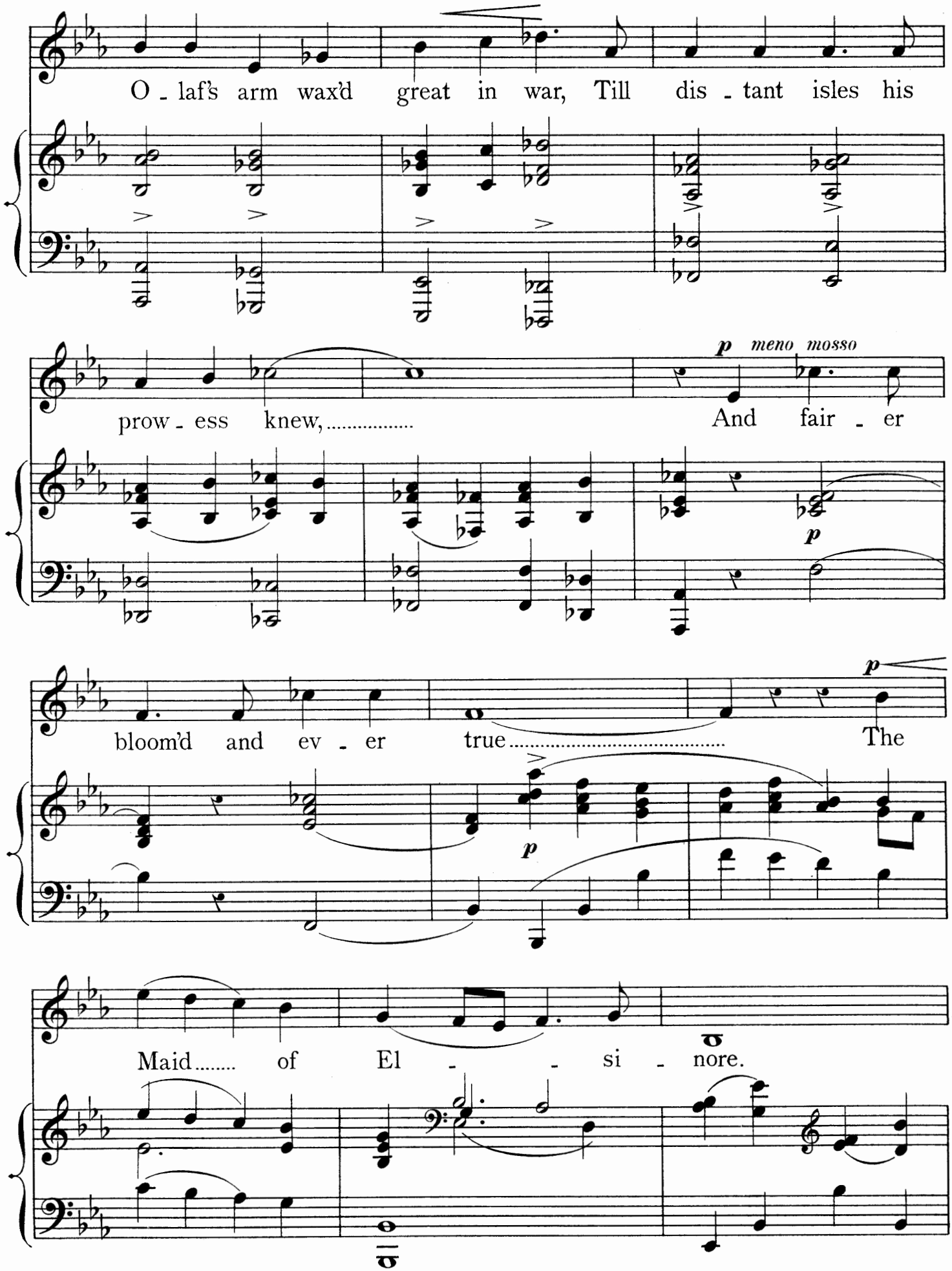
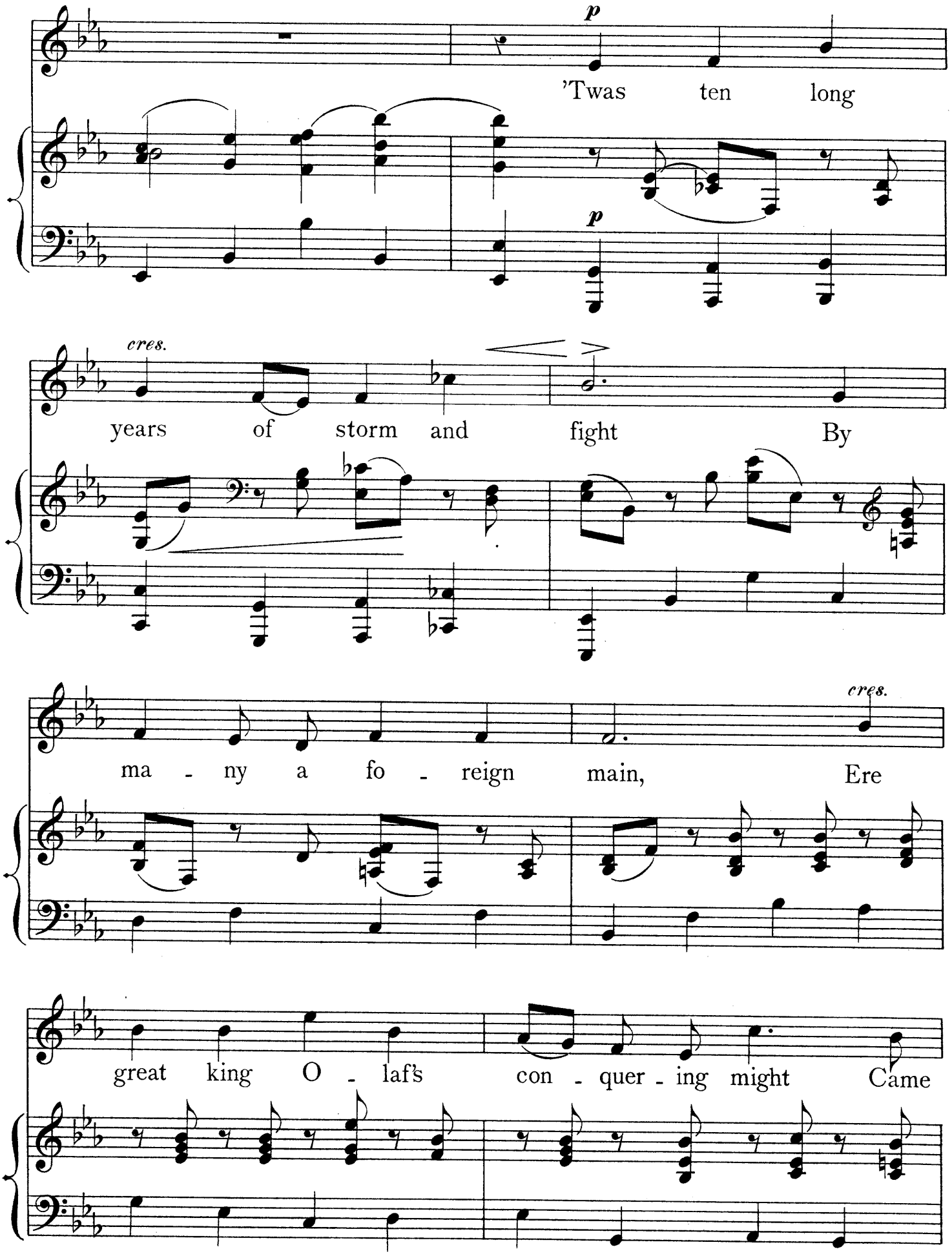
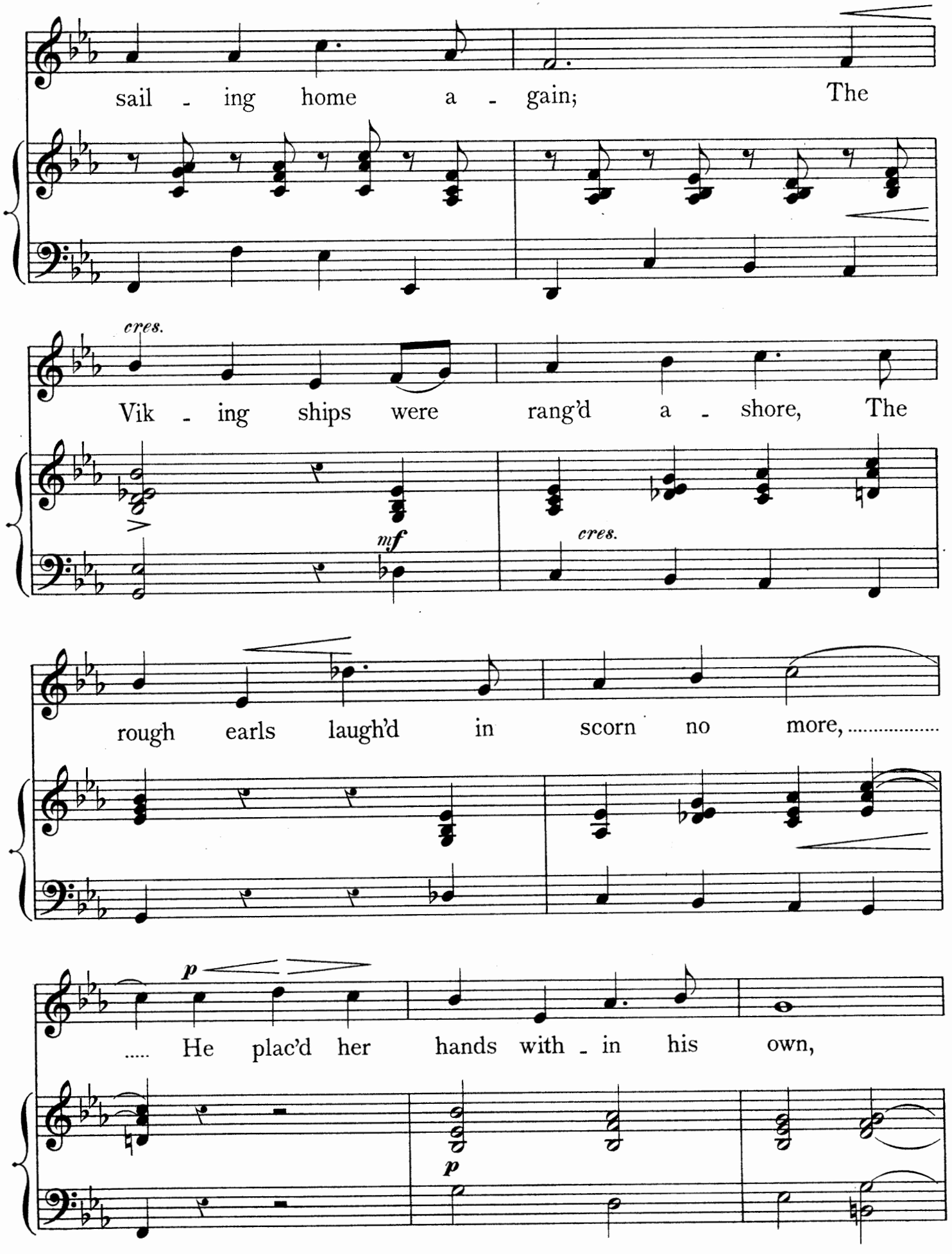

grim ..... and grey, As the good ship bore him
dim.
o - ver the flood, From his first fond love a -
dim.
way.
p
His wist - ful
eyes still sought the shore,
f
But the rough earls
f

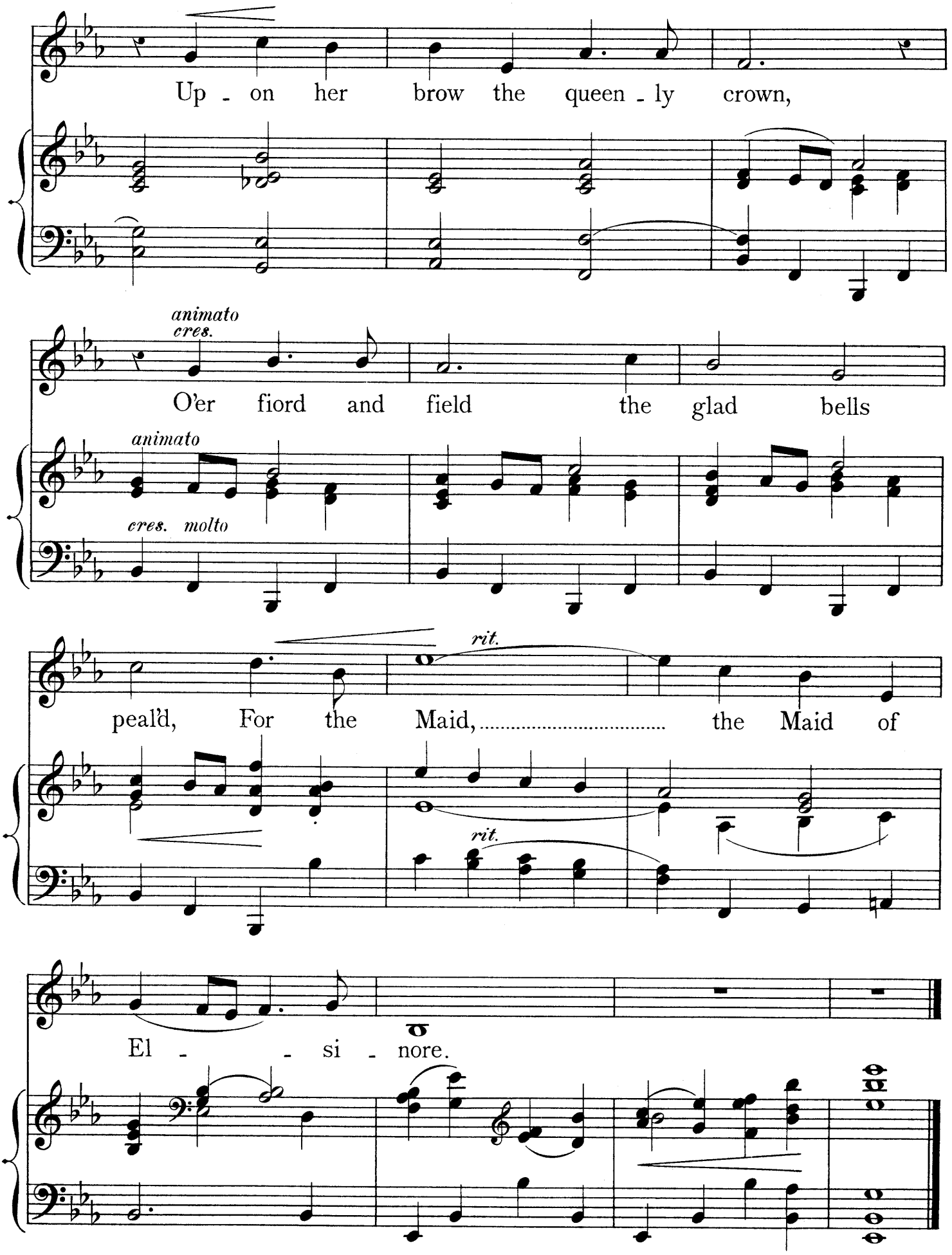

laugh'd that O - din's seed The wood land flow'r should stoop to
p
heed, The Maid ..... of
dolce
p
El - - si - nore.
p
mf
The moun - tain
mf


pine grows strong and sure, By
north - ern tem - pests sway'd,
The frail hare - bell will bloom se -
cure In the shel - ter'd for - est glade; Thus
f
f


O - laf's arm wax'd great in war, Till dis - tant isles his
prow - ess knew,..... And fair - er
p meno mosso
p
bloom'd and ev - er true..... The
p
p
Maid..... of El - - si - nore.


p
'Twas ten long
p
cres.
years of storm and fight By
cres.
ma - ny a fo - reign main, Ere
great king O - laf's con - quer - ing might Came


sail - ing home a - gain; The
cres.
Vik - ing ships were rang'd a - shore, The
mf
cres.
rough earls laugh'd in scorn no more, .....
p
..... He plac'd her hands with - in his own,
p


Up - on her brow the queen - ly crown,
animato
cres.
O'er fiord and field the glad bells
animato
cres. molto
rit.
peal'd, For the Maid, ..... the Maid of
rit.
El - - si - nore.

A PRETTY MAID.

# A PRETTY MAID.



A PRETTY maid went a-maying,
And roamed the fields afar;
And everywhere she went,
With all the world content,
She heard the song-birds saying:
"How pretty, dear, you are.
Pretty pretty dear, pretty pretty dear,
How pretty, dear, you are."

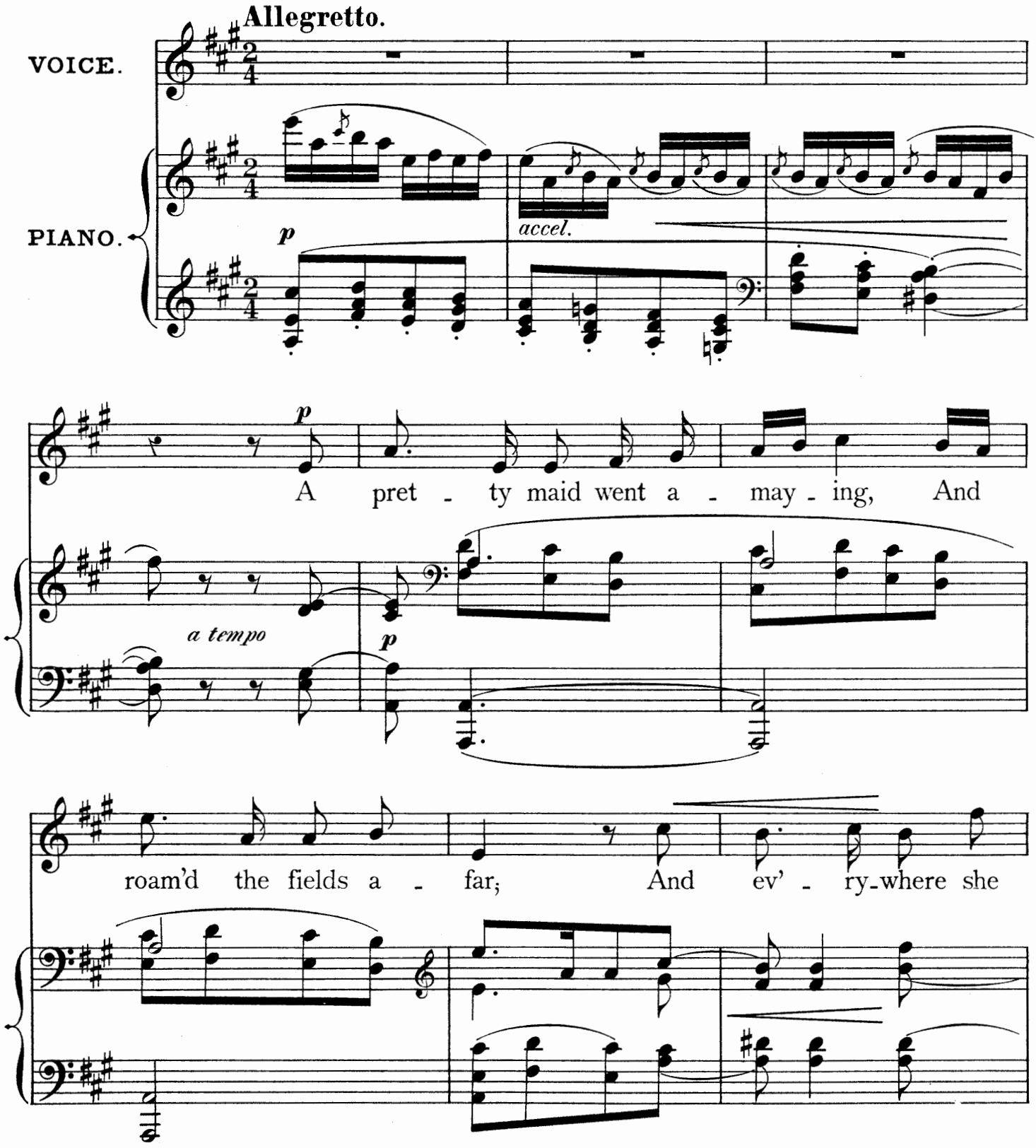
Her lap with flow'rs was laden,
She rested by a brook,
She saw her face below,
And 'mid the water's flow
A voice said to the maiden:
"How pretty, dear, you look.
Pretty pretty dear, pretty pretty dear,
How pretty, dear, you look."

Her true love stood beside her
She did not say him nay,
But still, as in a dream,
She gazed into the stream,
While he with fond words plied her,
And stole her heart away.
"Pretty pretty dear, I've lov'd you for a year,
I'll marry you when I may."

# A PRETTY MAID.

Written by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Composed by
ARTHUR SOMERVELL.

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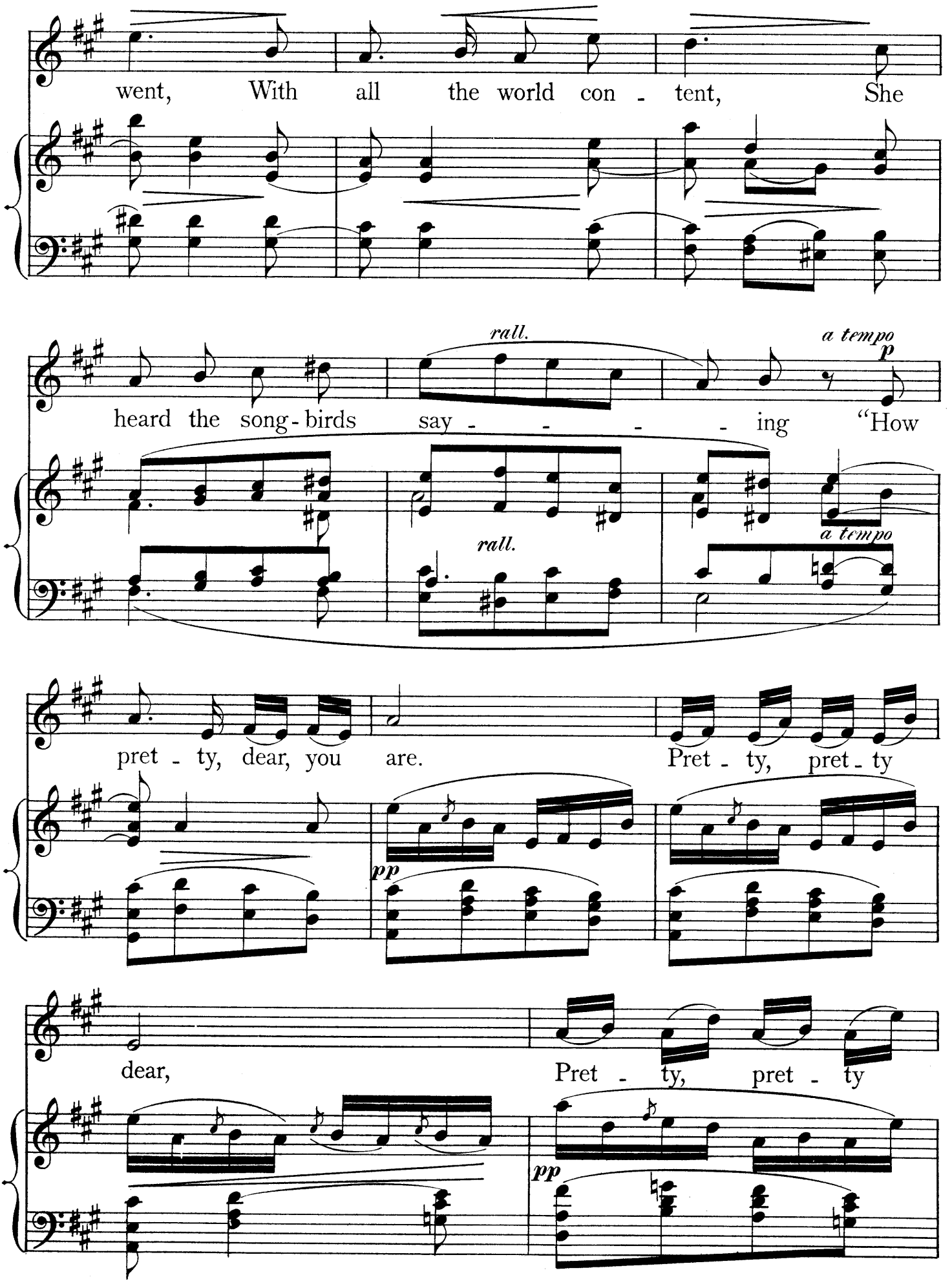
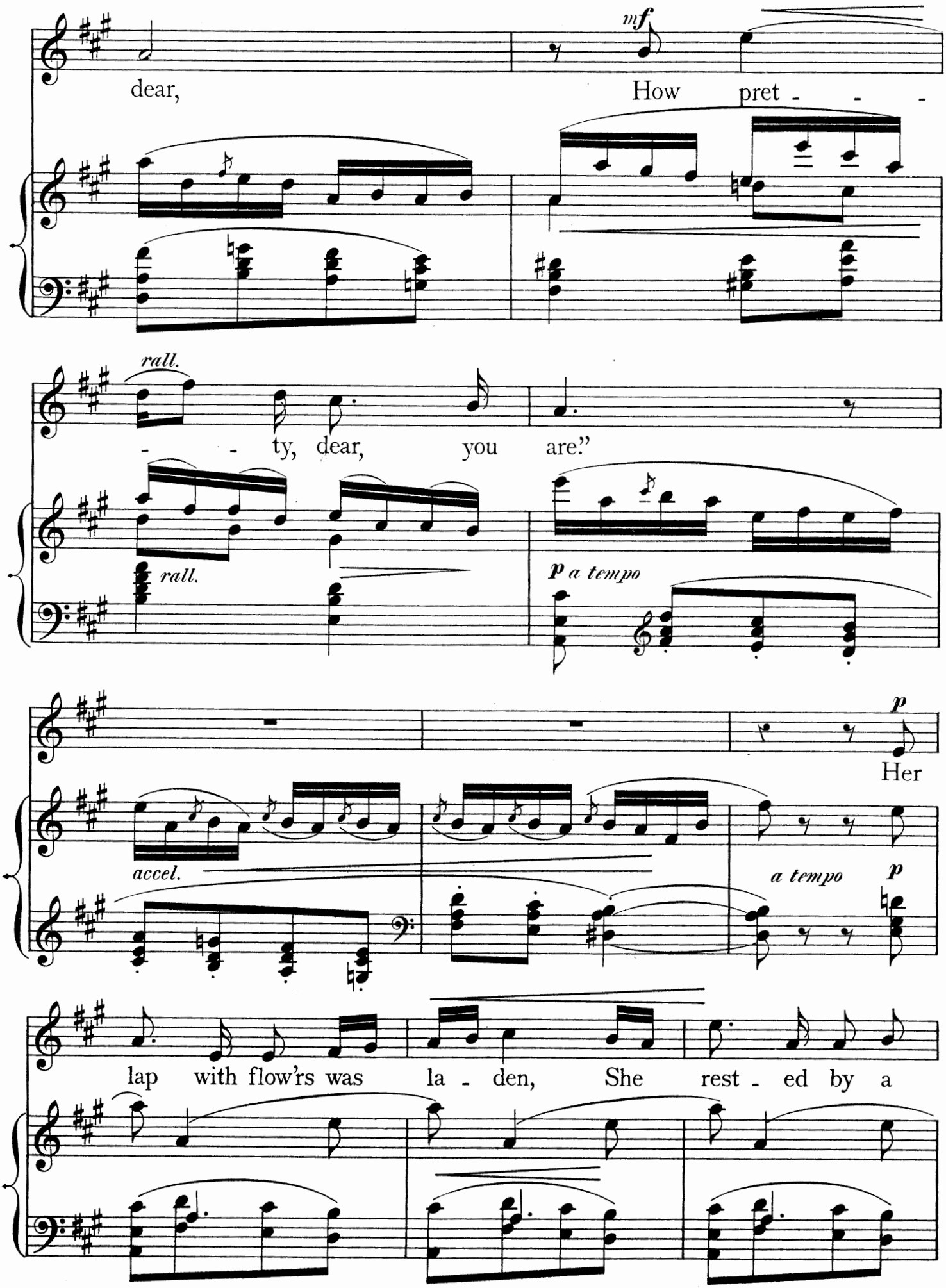
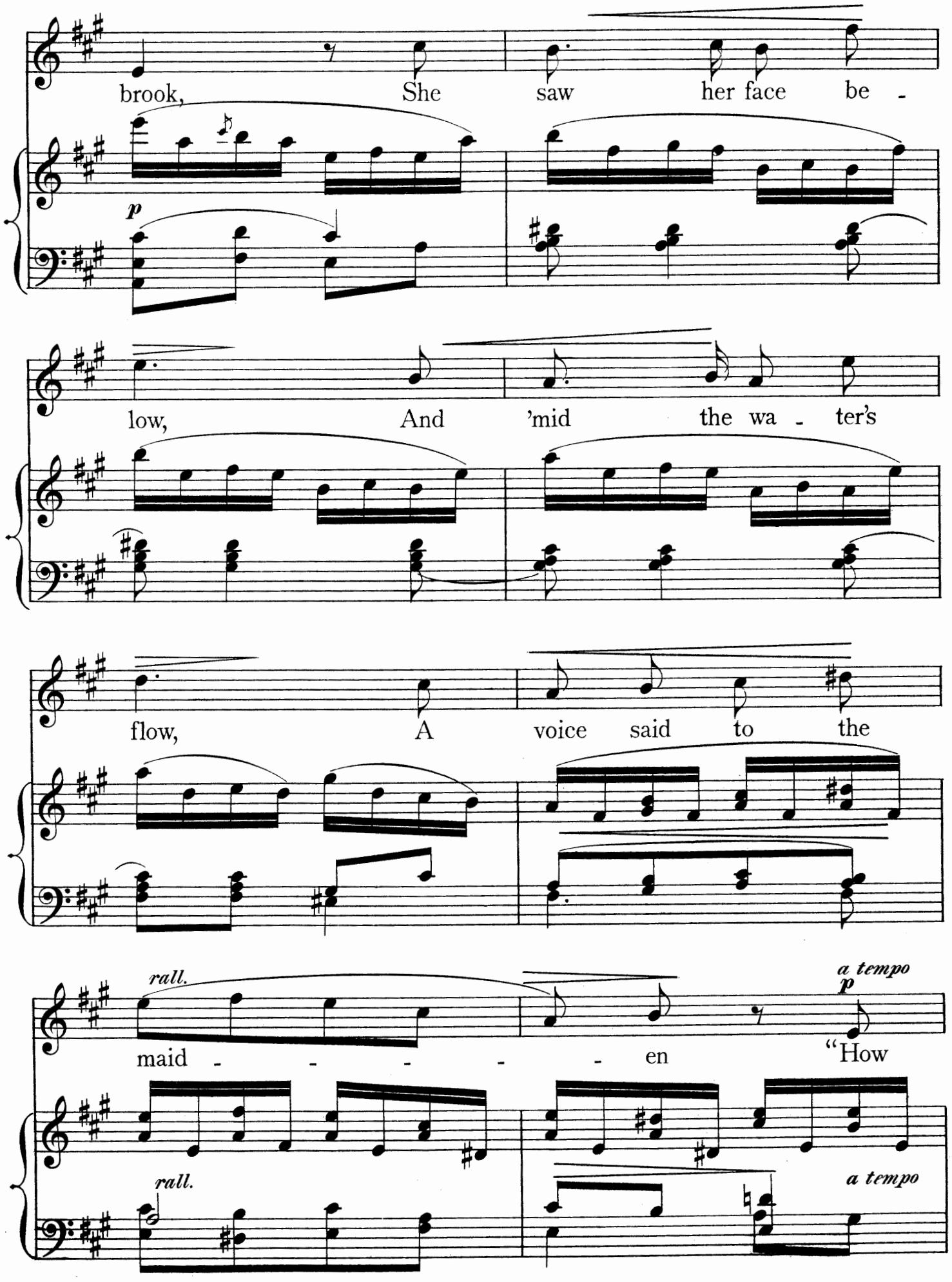
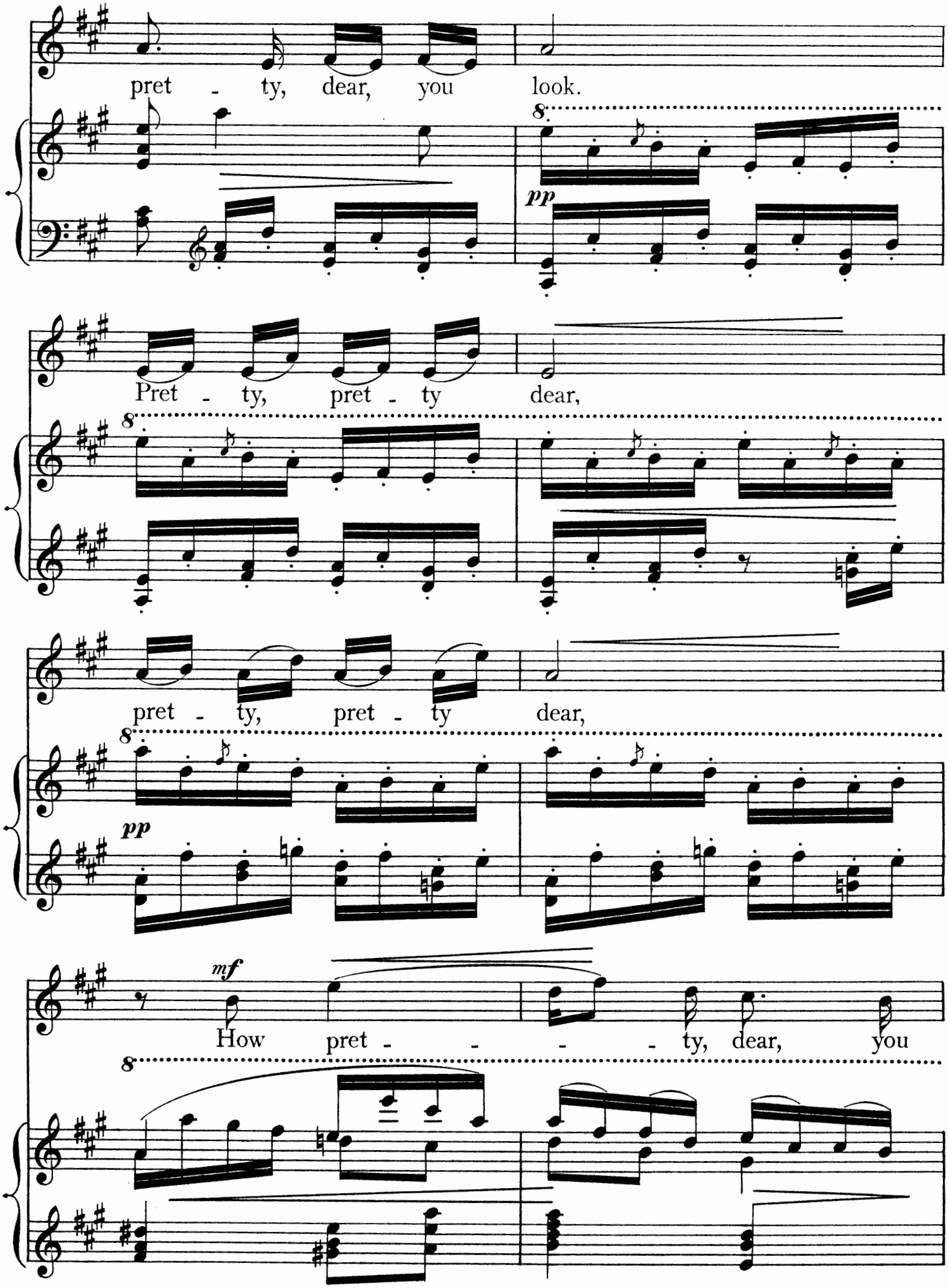
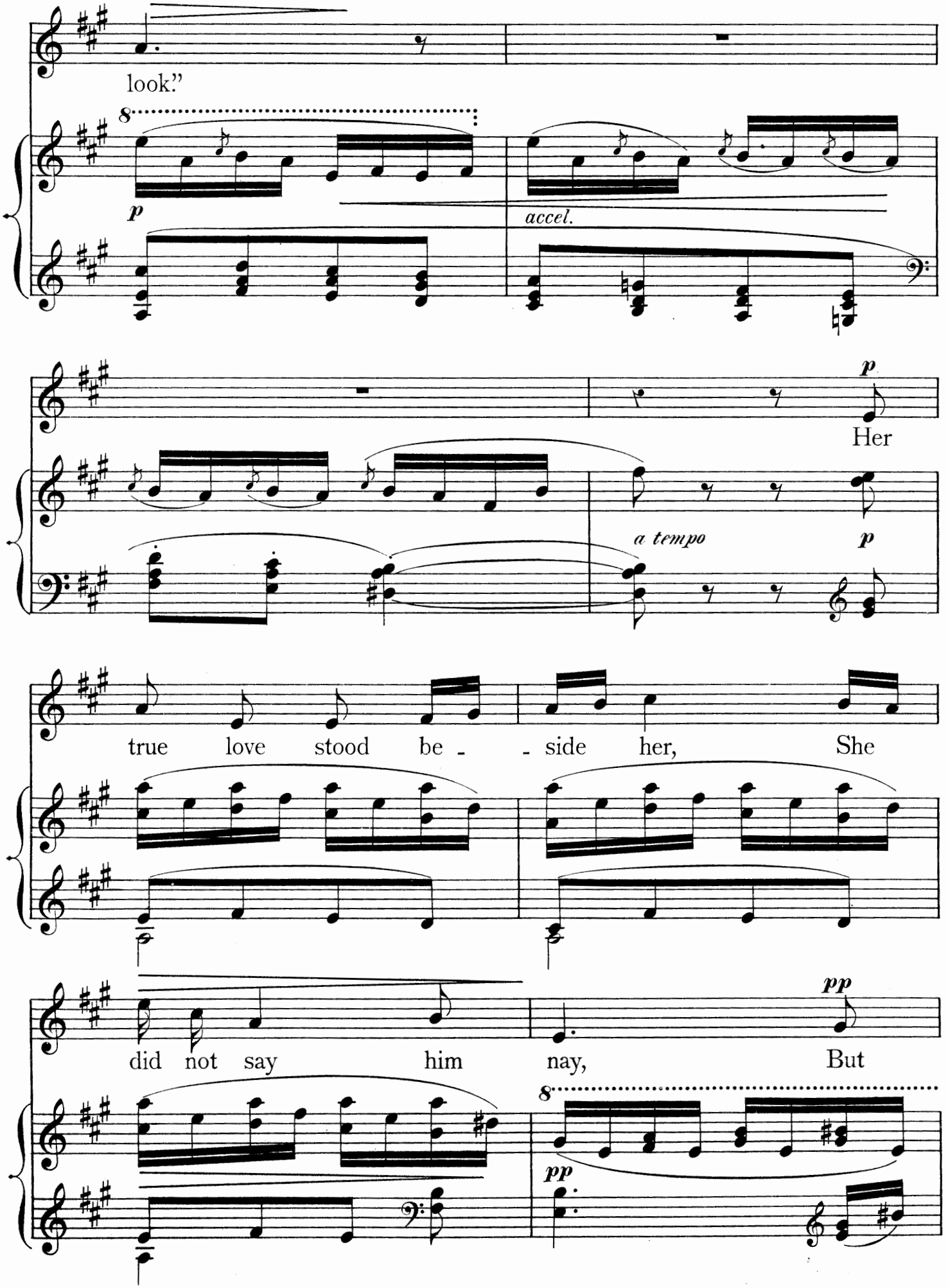
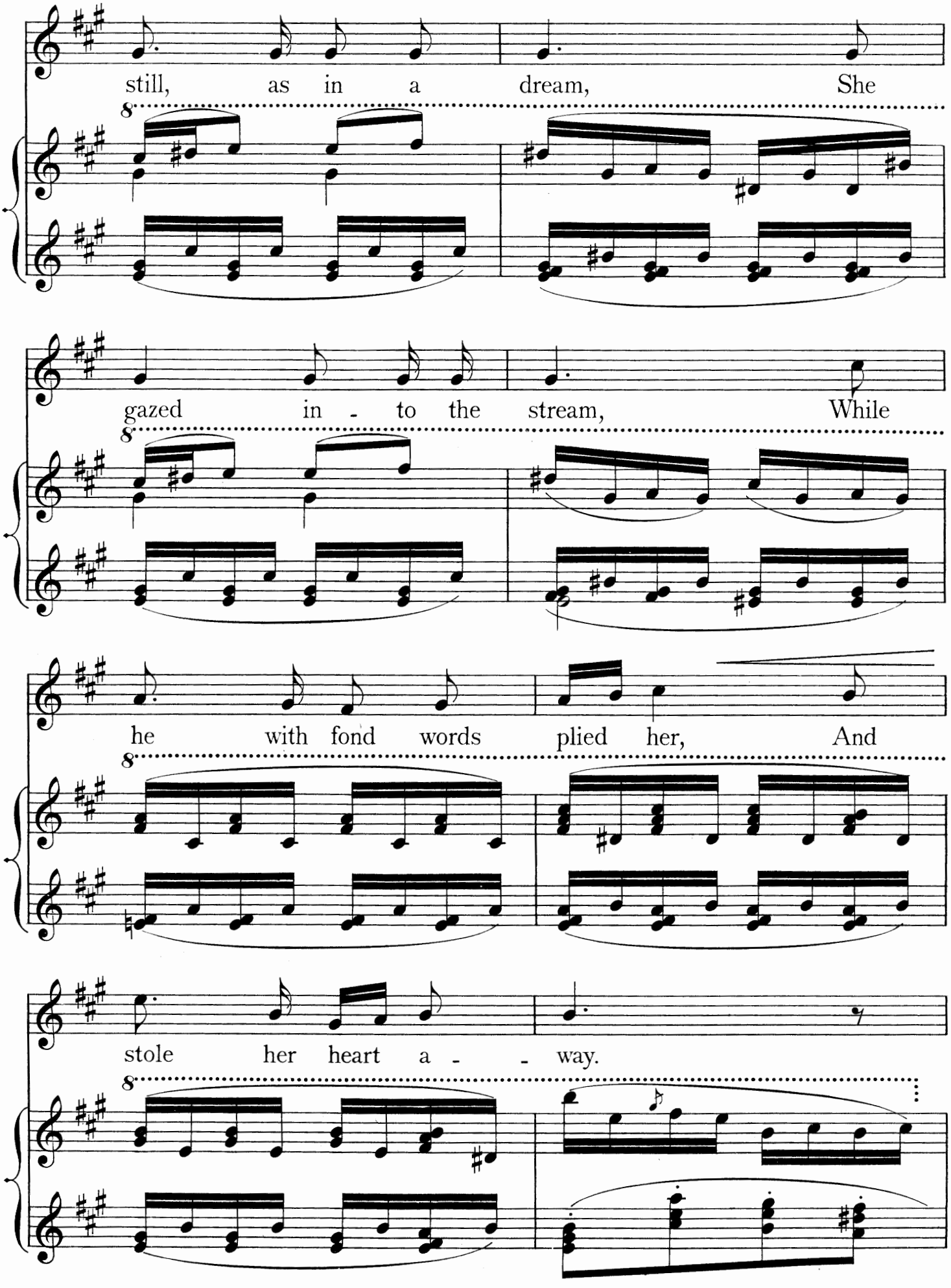

went, With all the world con - tent, She
heard the song-birds say - - - - ing "How
rall.
a tempo
p
rall.
a tempo
pret - ty, dear, you are. Pret - ty, pret - ty
pp
dear, Pret - ty, pret - ty
pp

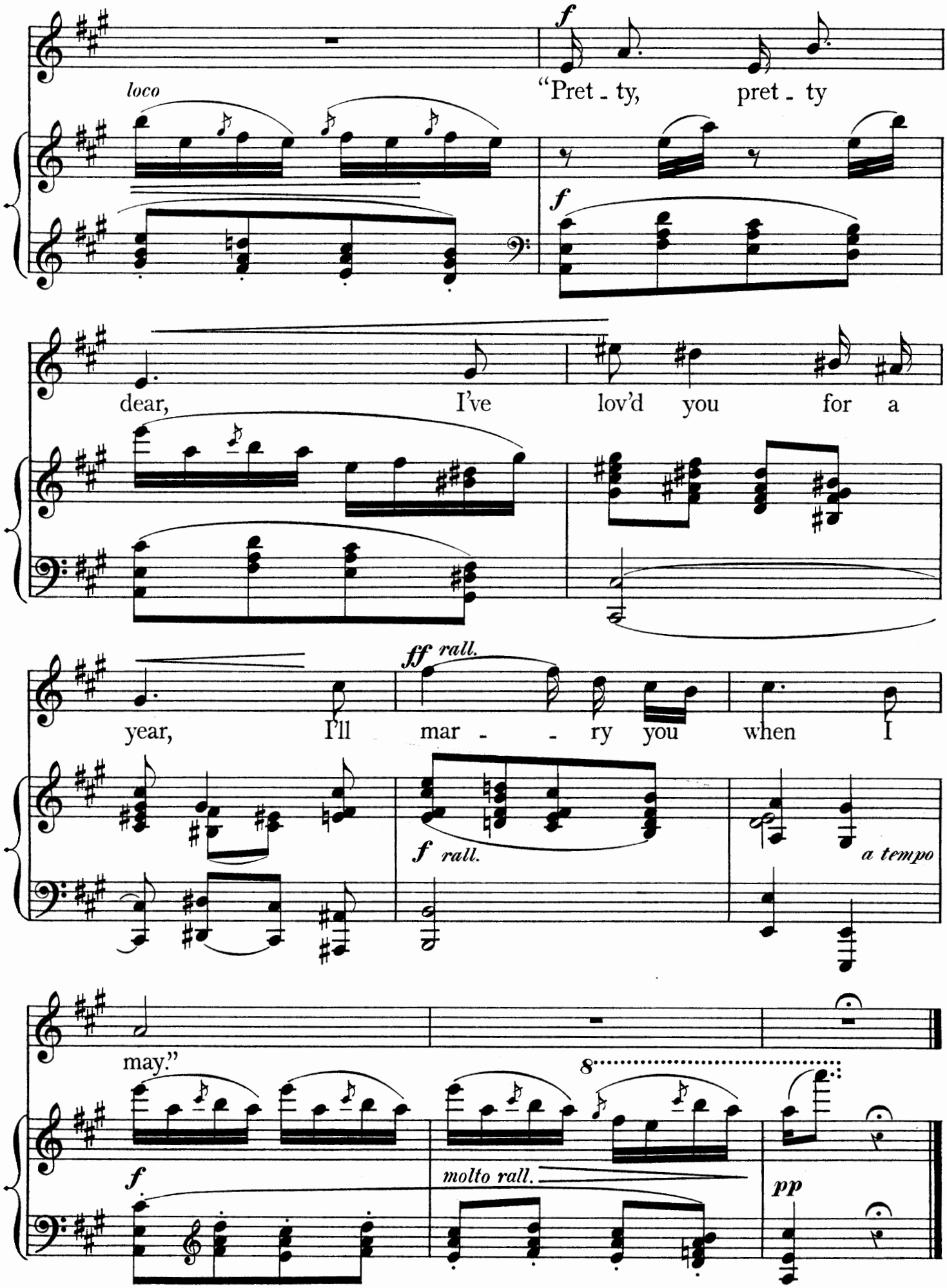

dear,
mf
How pret - - -
rall.
- - ty, dear, you are."
rall.
p a tempo
p
Her
accel.
a tempo
p
lap with flow'rs was la - den, She rest - ed by a


brook, She saw her face be -
p
low, And 'mid the wa - ter's
flow, A voice said to the
rall.
maid - - - - - en
a tempo
p
"How
rall.
a tempo


pret - ty, dear, you look.
8
pp
Pret - ty, pret - ty dear,
8
pret - ty, pret - ty dear,
8
pp
mf
How pret - - - - ty, dear, you
8


look."
8
p
accel.
p
Her
a tempo
p
true love stood be - - side her, She
pp
did not say him nay, But
8
pp


still, as in a dream, She
gazed in - to the stream, While
he with fond words plied her, And
stole her heart a - - way.


loco
f
"Pret - ty, pret - ty
f
dear, I've lov'd you for a
ff rall.
year, I'll mar - - ry you when I
f rall.
a tempo
may."
8
molto rall.
pp

FOR EVER MINE.

# FOR EVER MINE.

* * *

I LIKEN my love to a gossamer
Afloat in the summer air,
And wish that I were the west wind,
Her form on my wings to bear,
She is so daintily delicate,
So pure, so rare.

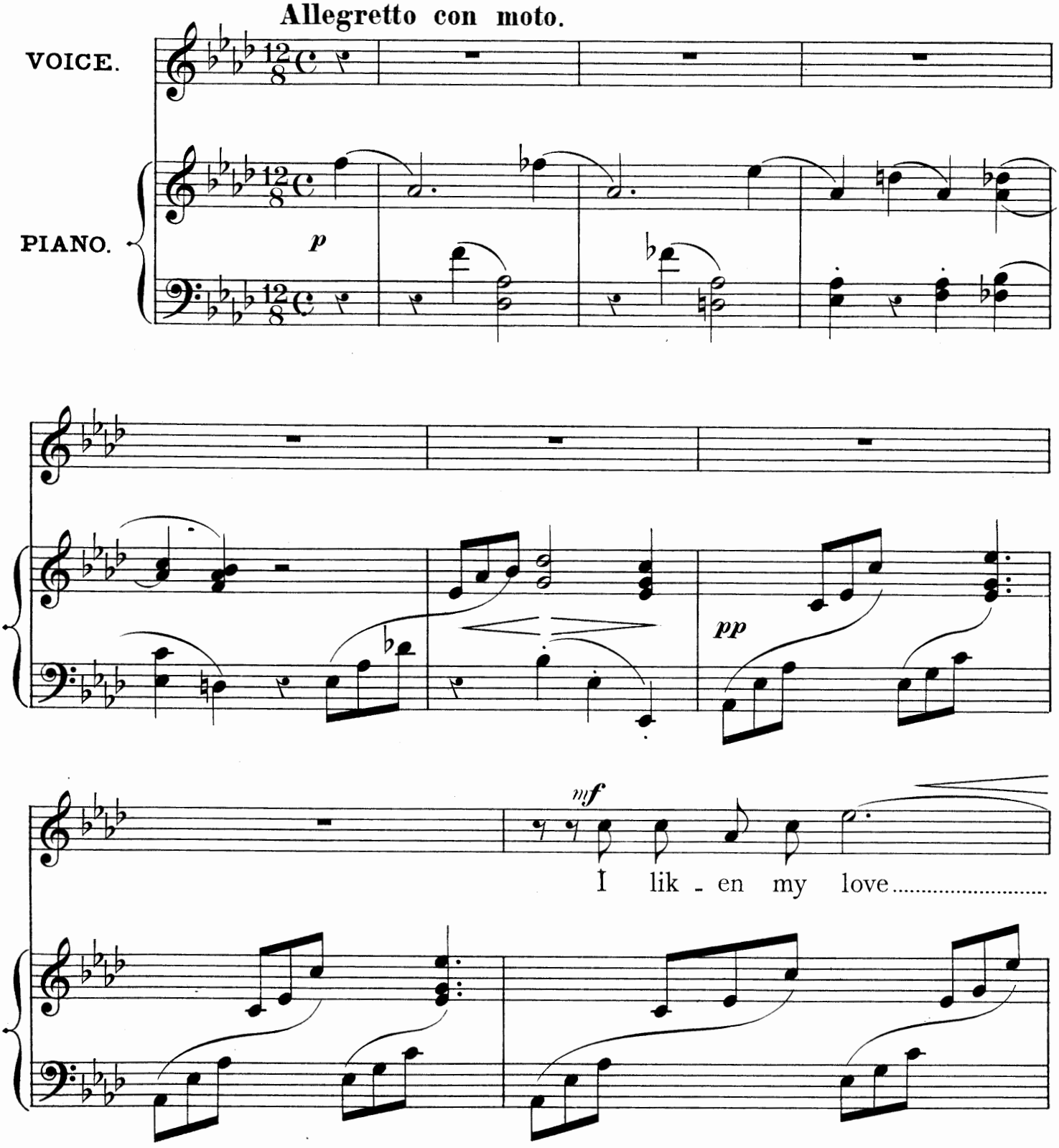
I liken my love to a butterfly,
By a bower of roses flown,
The flowers my fellows are sleeping,
And I am awake alone,
I open my petals to welcome her
To her fairy throne.

I liken my love to a hundred things
In the realm of fancy fine,
Wherein I follow and woo her
In the core of my heart to twine,
O may she peacefully nestle there,
For ever mine!

# FOR EVER MINE.

Written by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Composed by
C. V. STANFORD.

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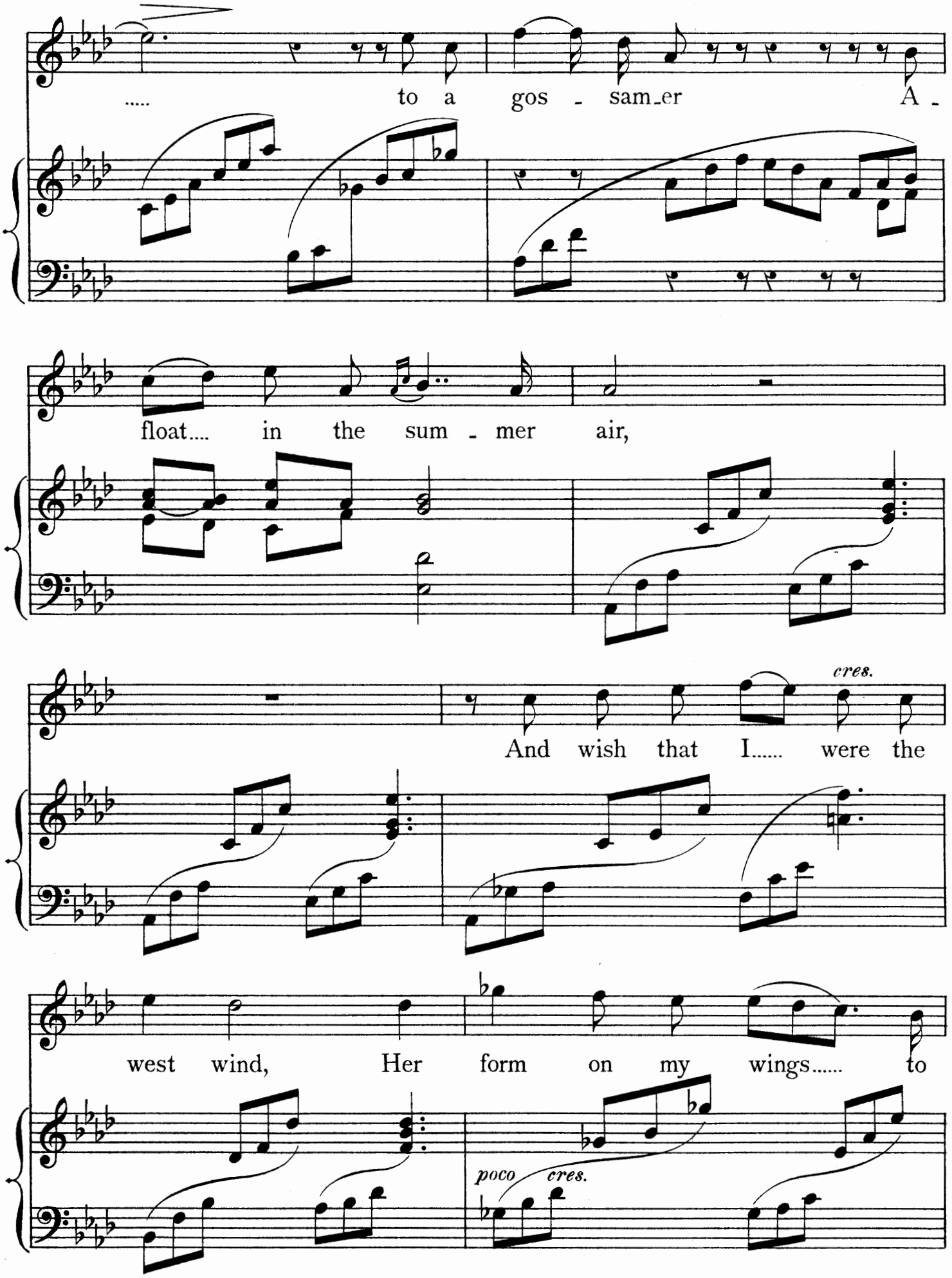
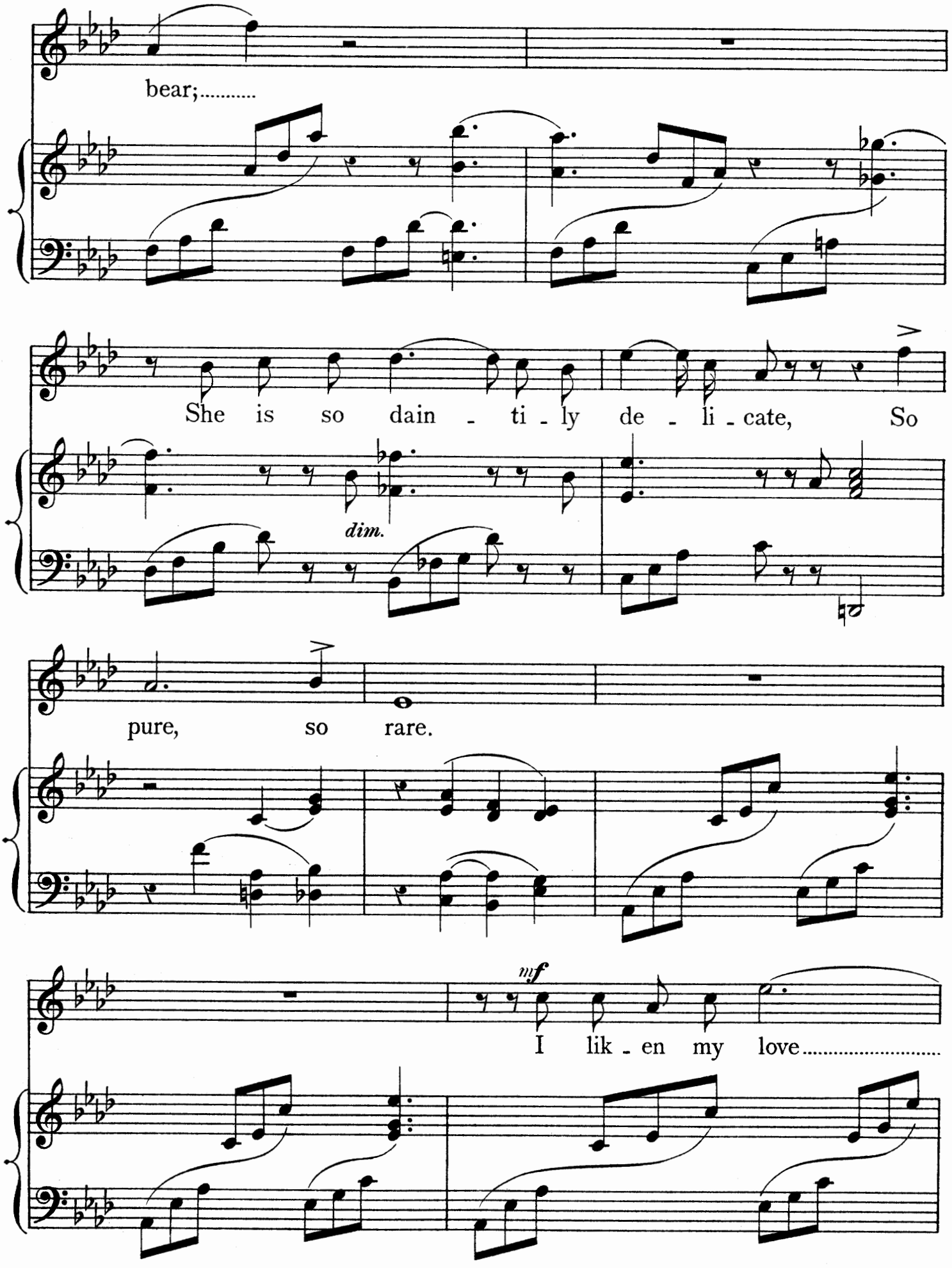
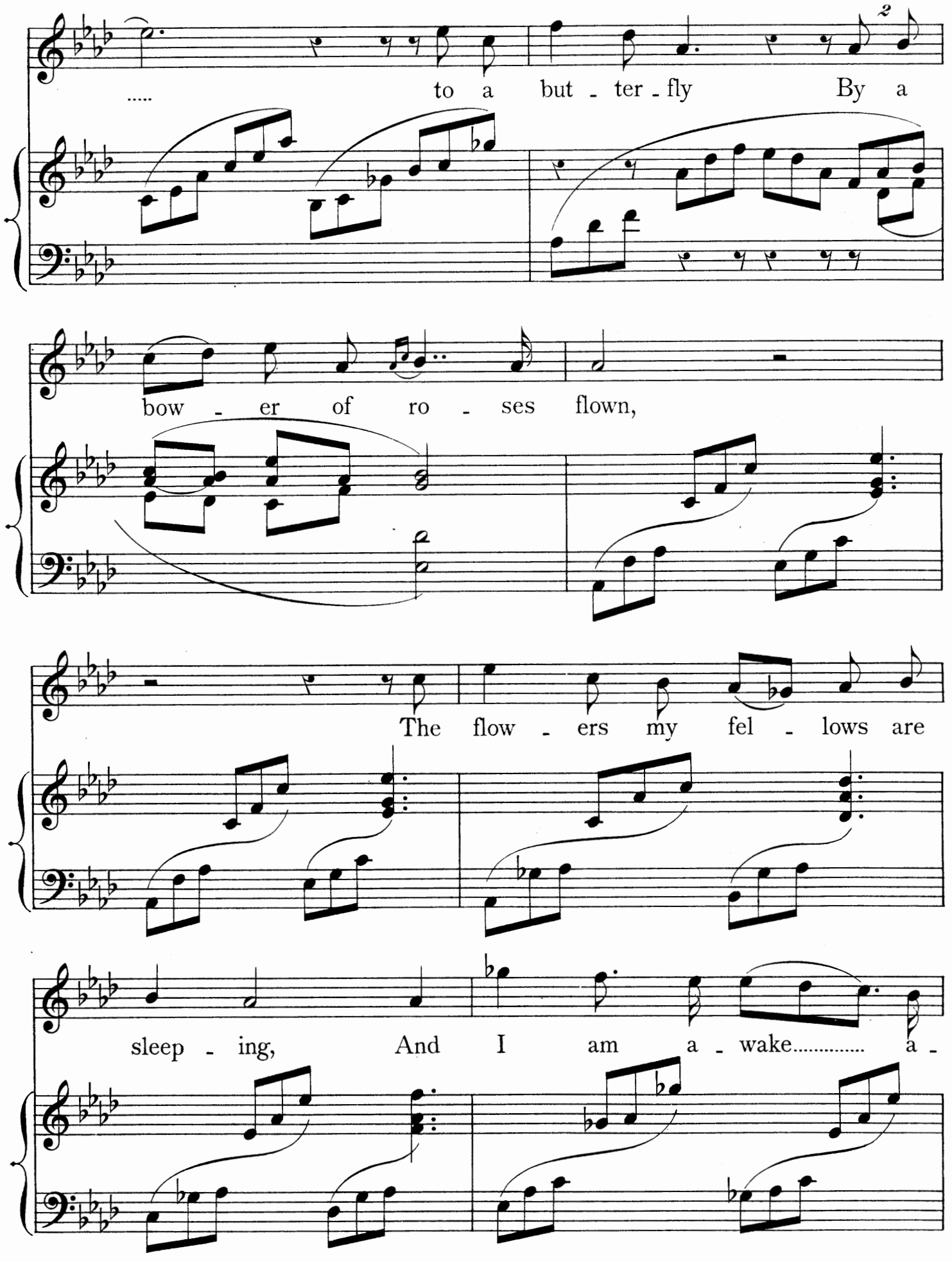
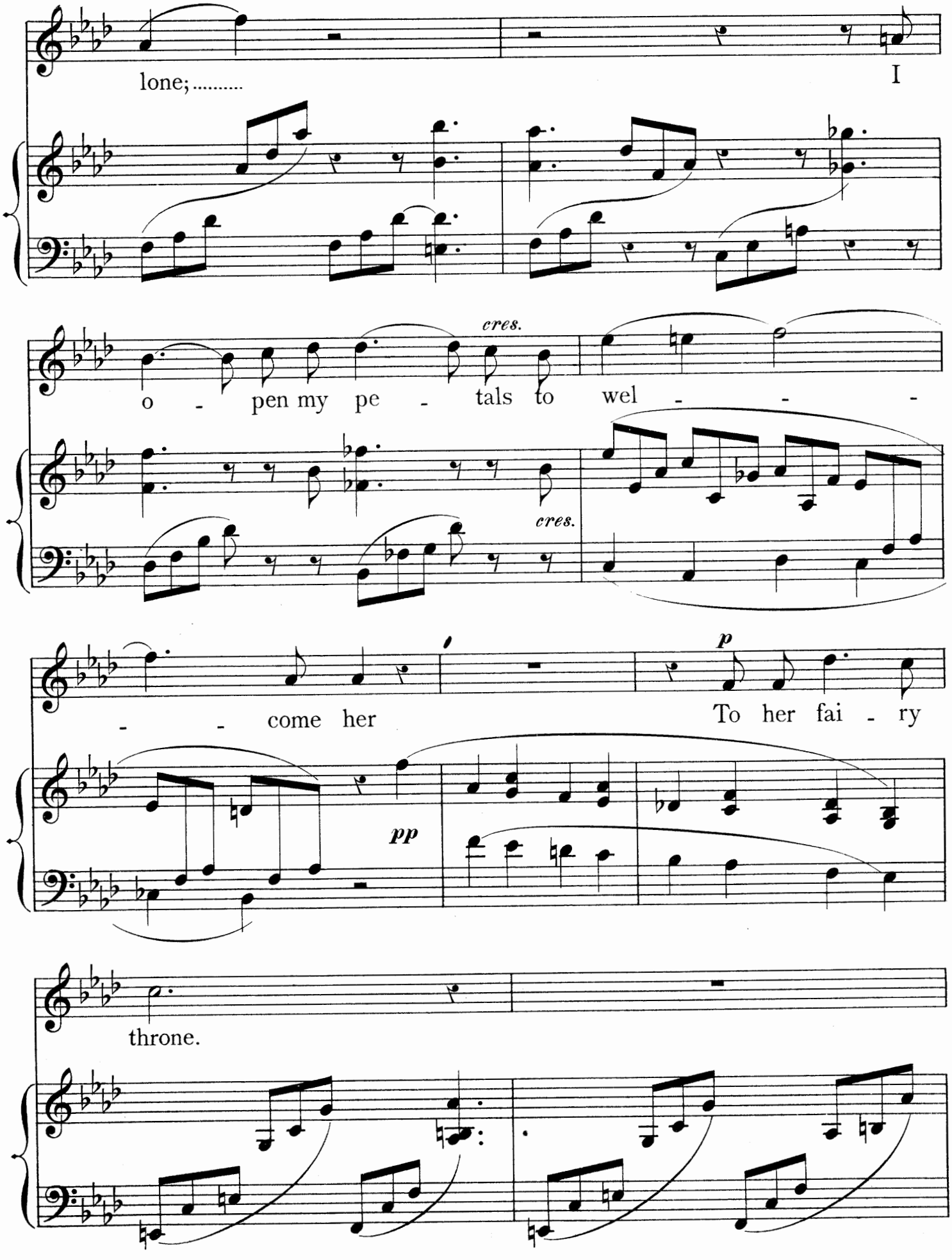
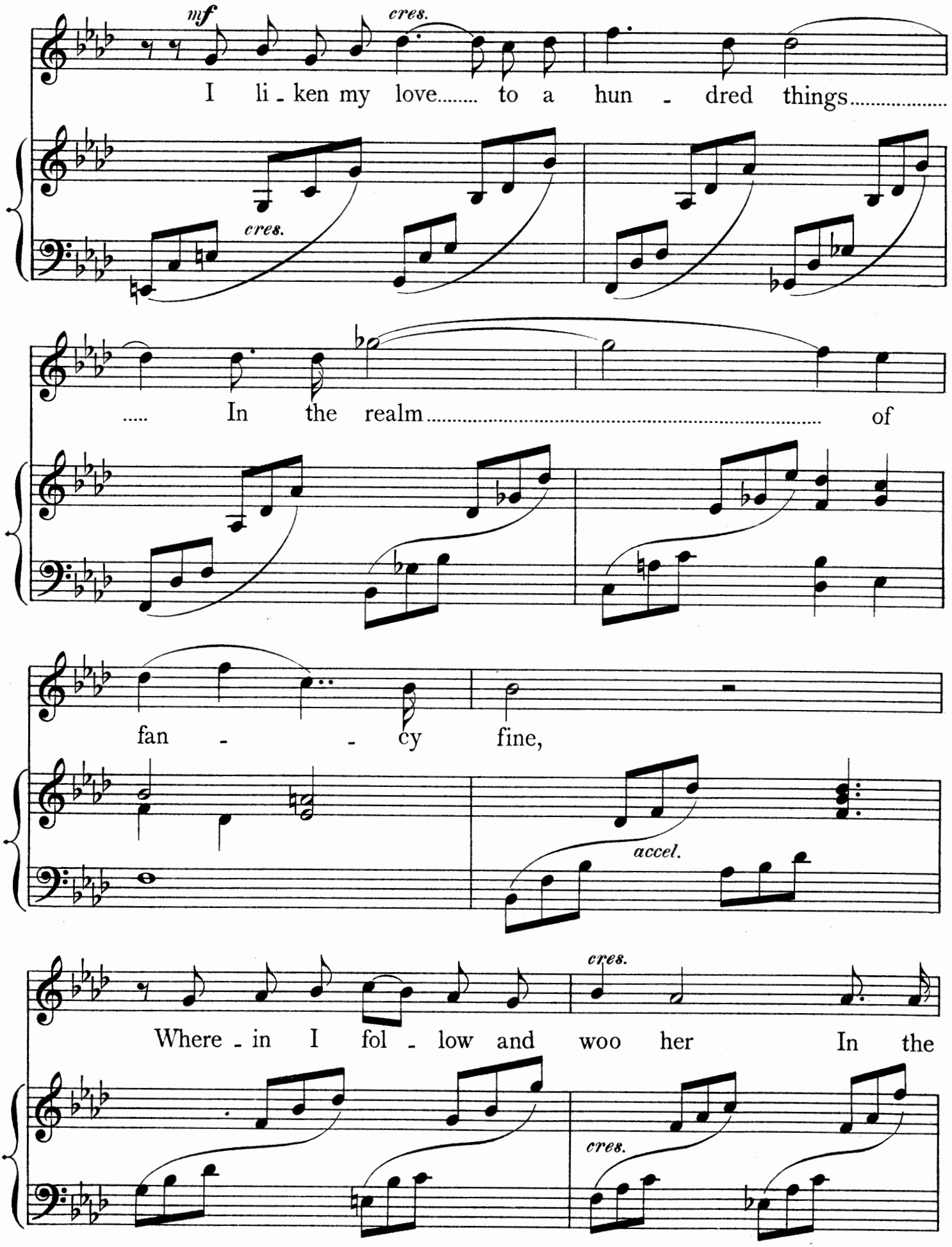
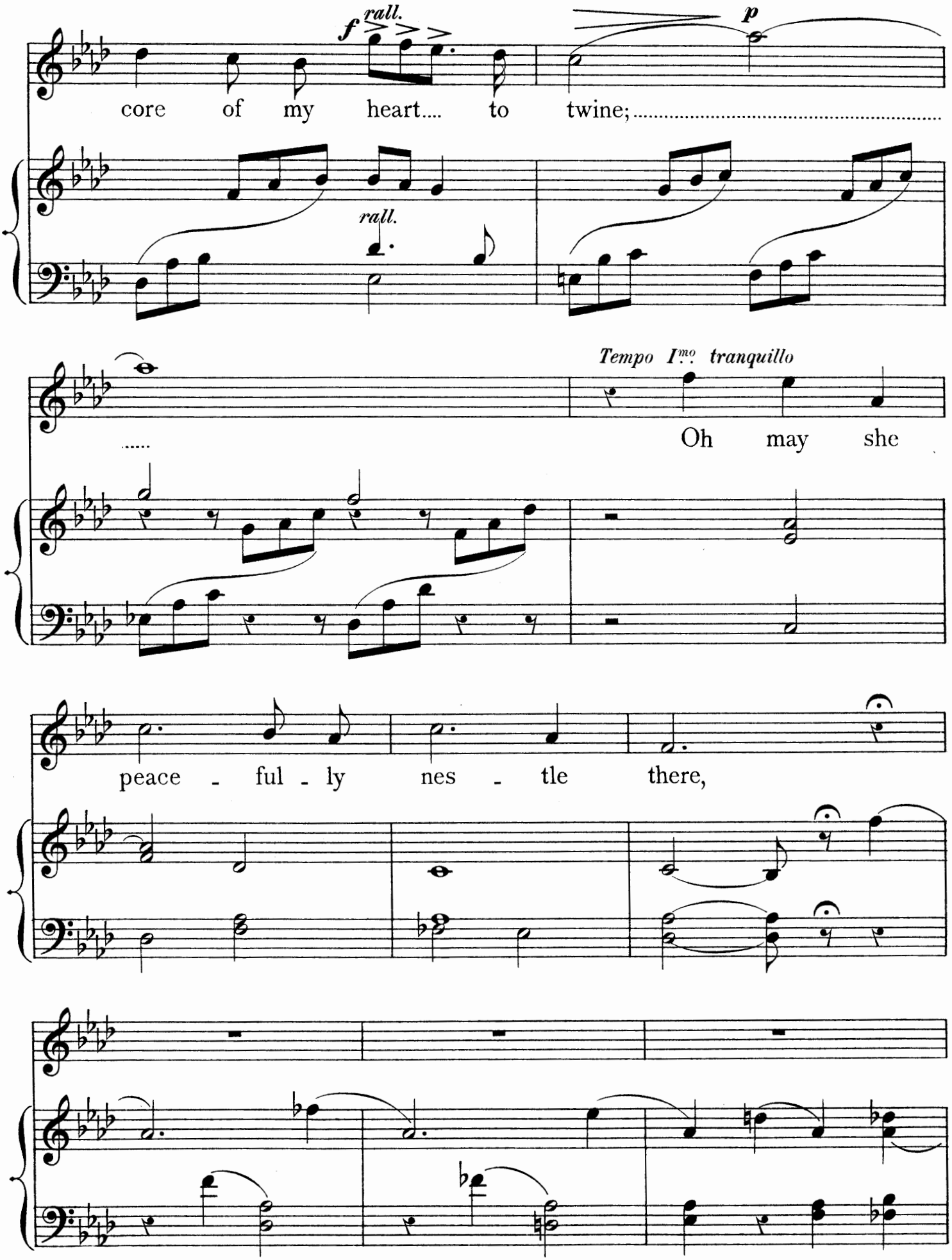

..... to a gos - sam_er A -
float.... in the sum - mer air,
cres.
And wish that I..... were the
west wind, Her form on my wings..... to
poco cres.

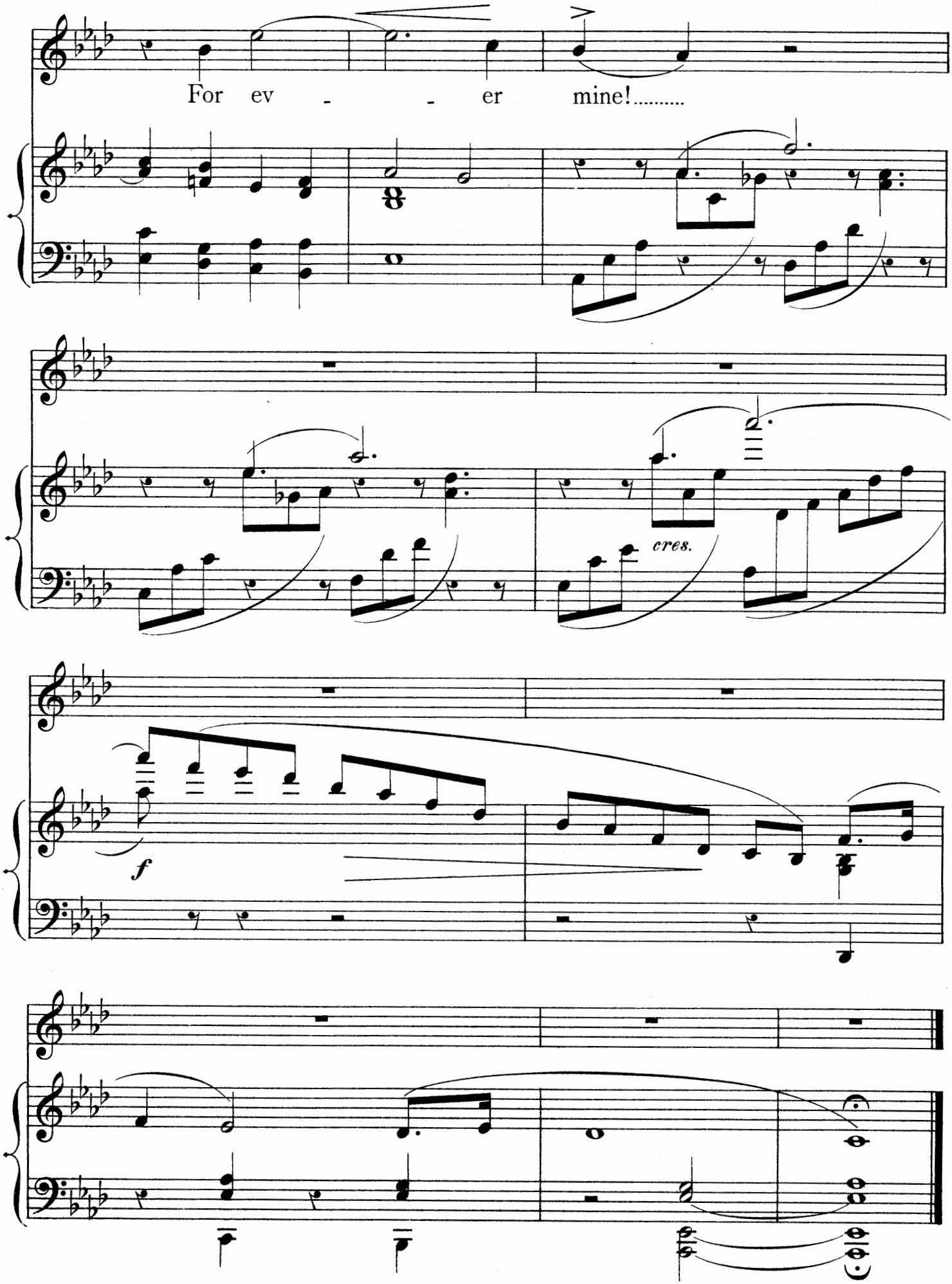

bear;.....
She is so dain - ti - ly de - li - cate, So
dim.
pure, so rare.
mf
I lik - en my love.....


..... to a but - ter - fly By a
bow - er of ro - ses flown,
The flow - ers my fel - lows are
sleep - ing, And I am a - wake..... a -


lone;.....
I
cres.
o - pen my pe - tals to wel - - -
cres.
- - come her
p
To her fai - ry
pp
throne.


mf
cres.
I li - ken my love..... to a hun - dred things.....
cres.
..... In the realm..... of
fan - - cy fine,
accel.
cres.
Where - in I fol - low and woo her In the
cres.


f rall.
p
core of my heart.... to twine;
rall.
Tempo I^mo tranquillo
Oh may she
peace - ful - ly nes - tle there,


For ev - - er mine!.....
cres.
f

TO WELCOME YOU.

# TO WELCOME YOU.

* * *

THERE are faces peeping out of all the flowers,
And the little buds are wakeful every one,
With their pretty lips that pout at chilly showers,
And open with a smile to kiss the sun.

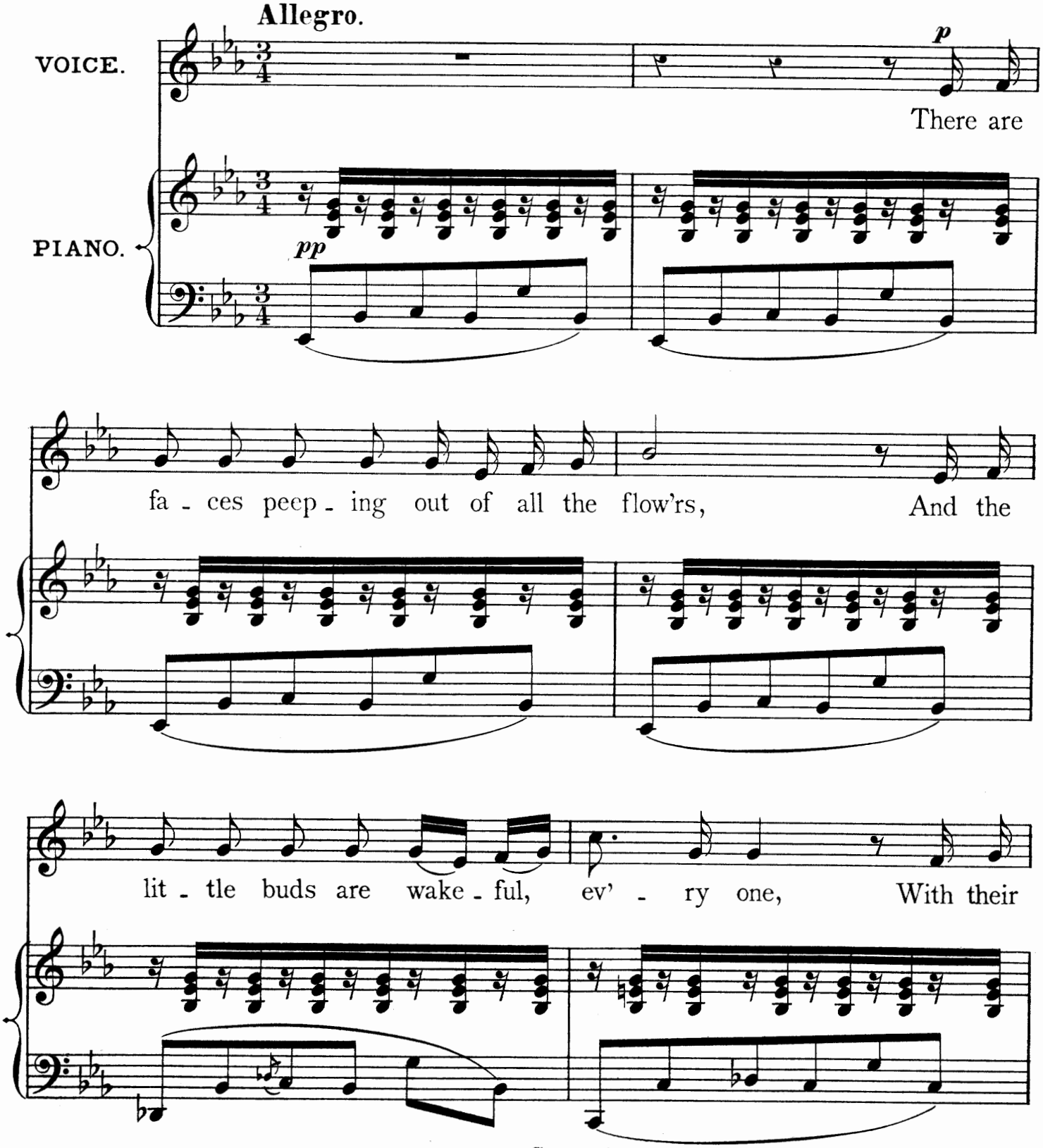
There are voices sweet and low among the rushes
That the ripples of the river gently shake,
There's a murmuring among the alder bushes,
As the wind is wafted gently o'er the lake.

To-day I hear the voices full of singing,
The flower-faces smile and whisper too,
The whole wide world with melody is ringing,
And all, my heart of hearts, to welcome you.

# TO WELCOME YOU.

Written by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Composed by
A. GORING THOMAS.

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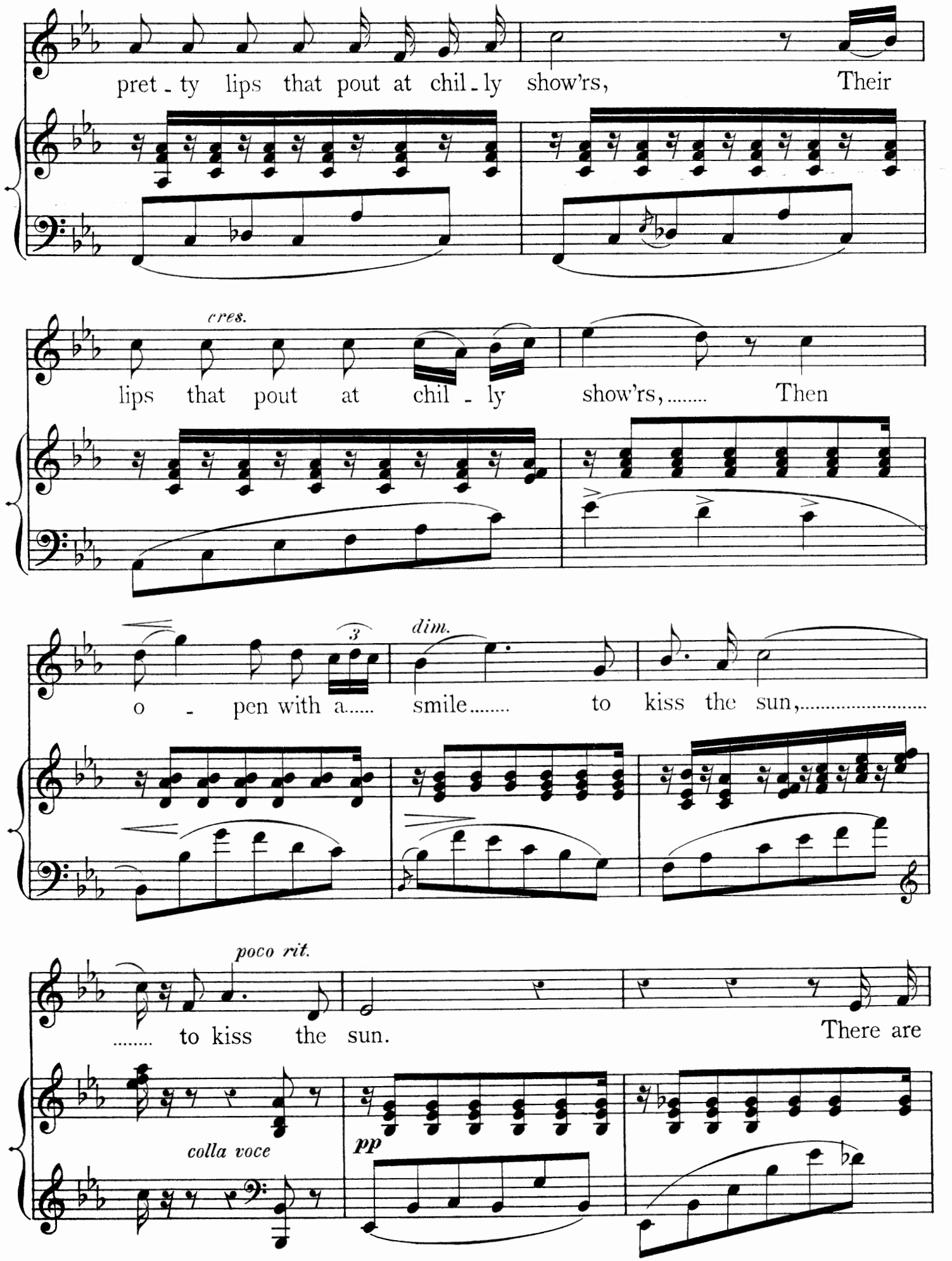
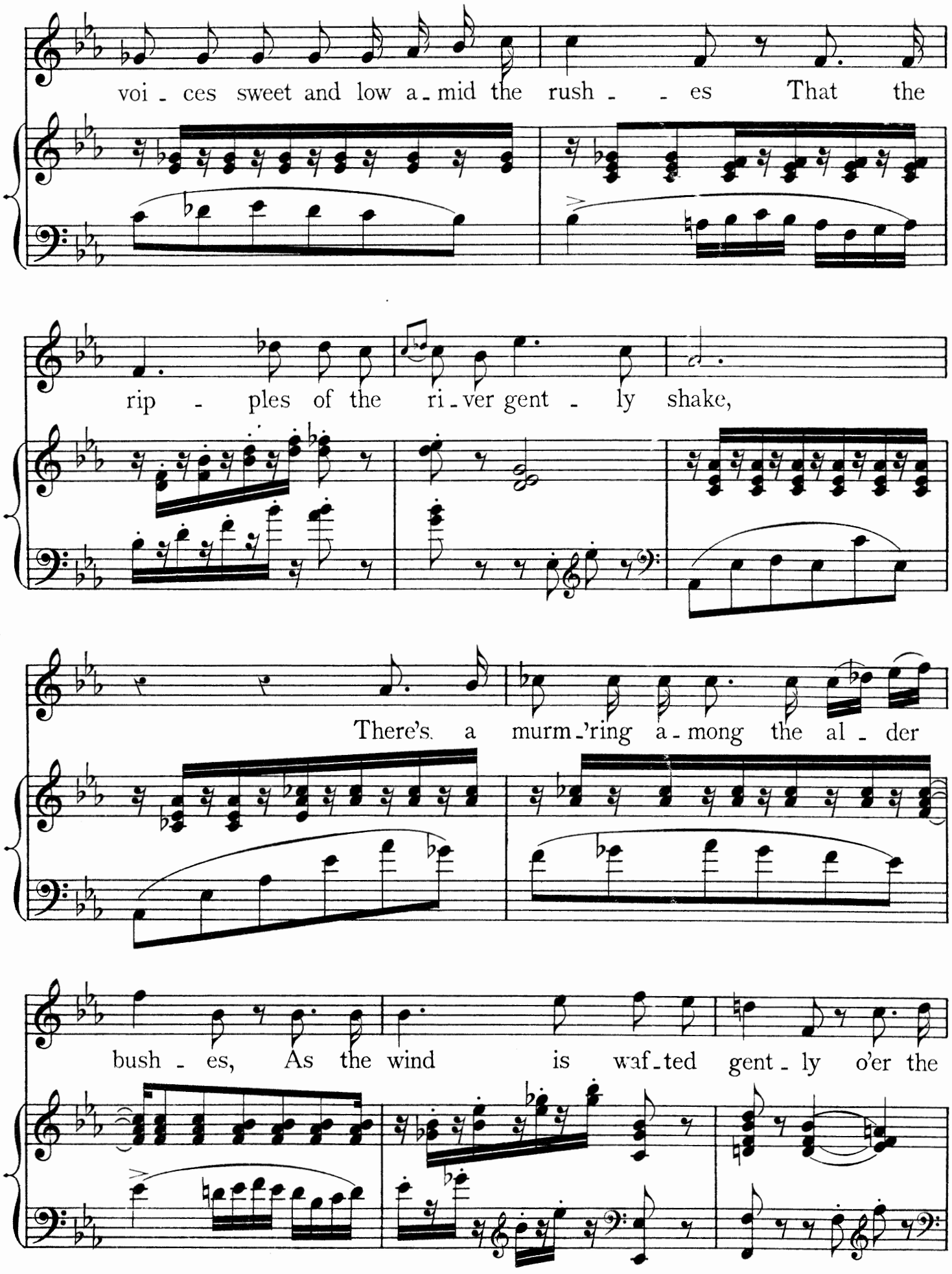
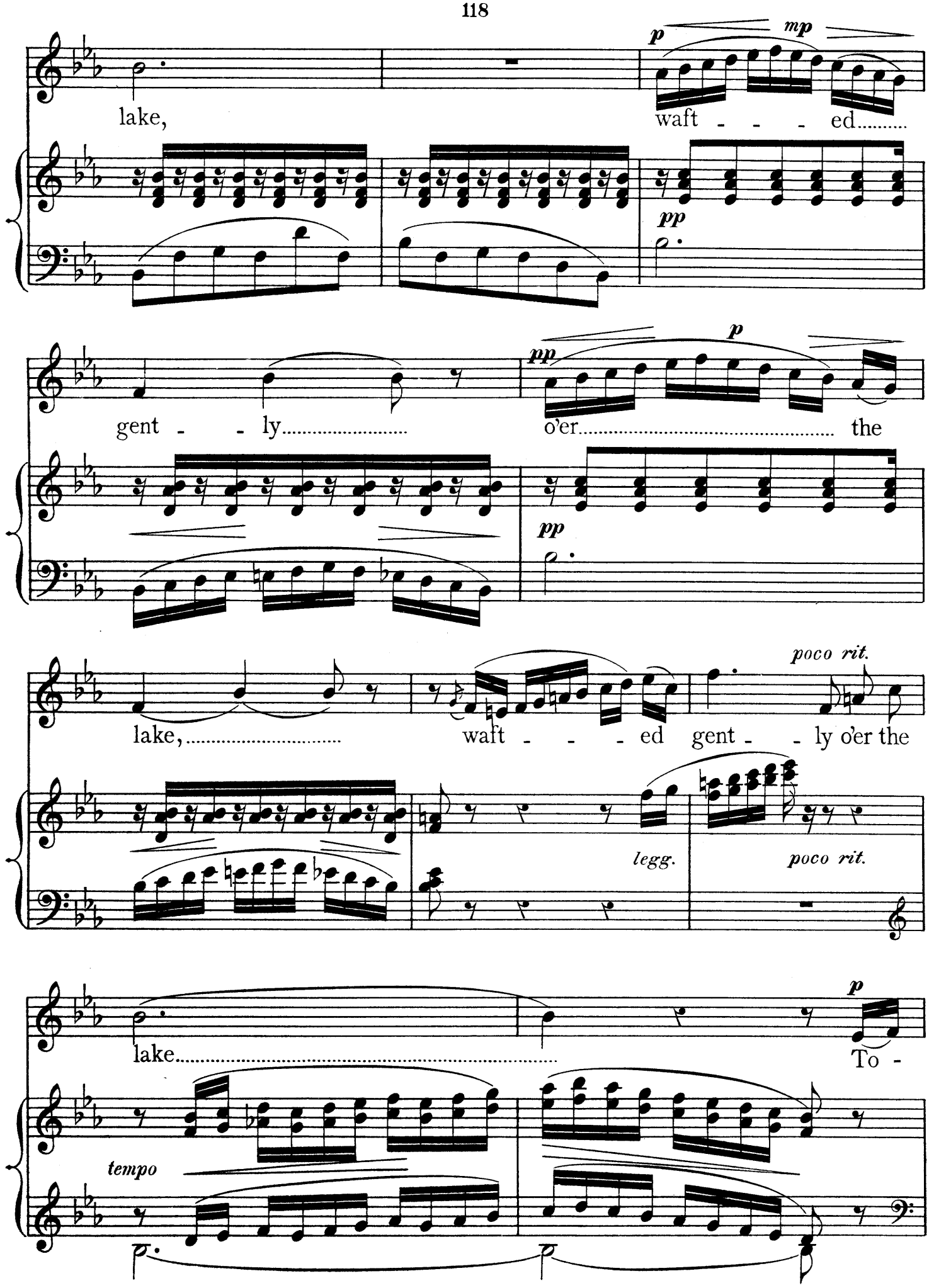
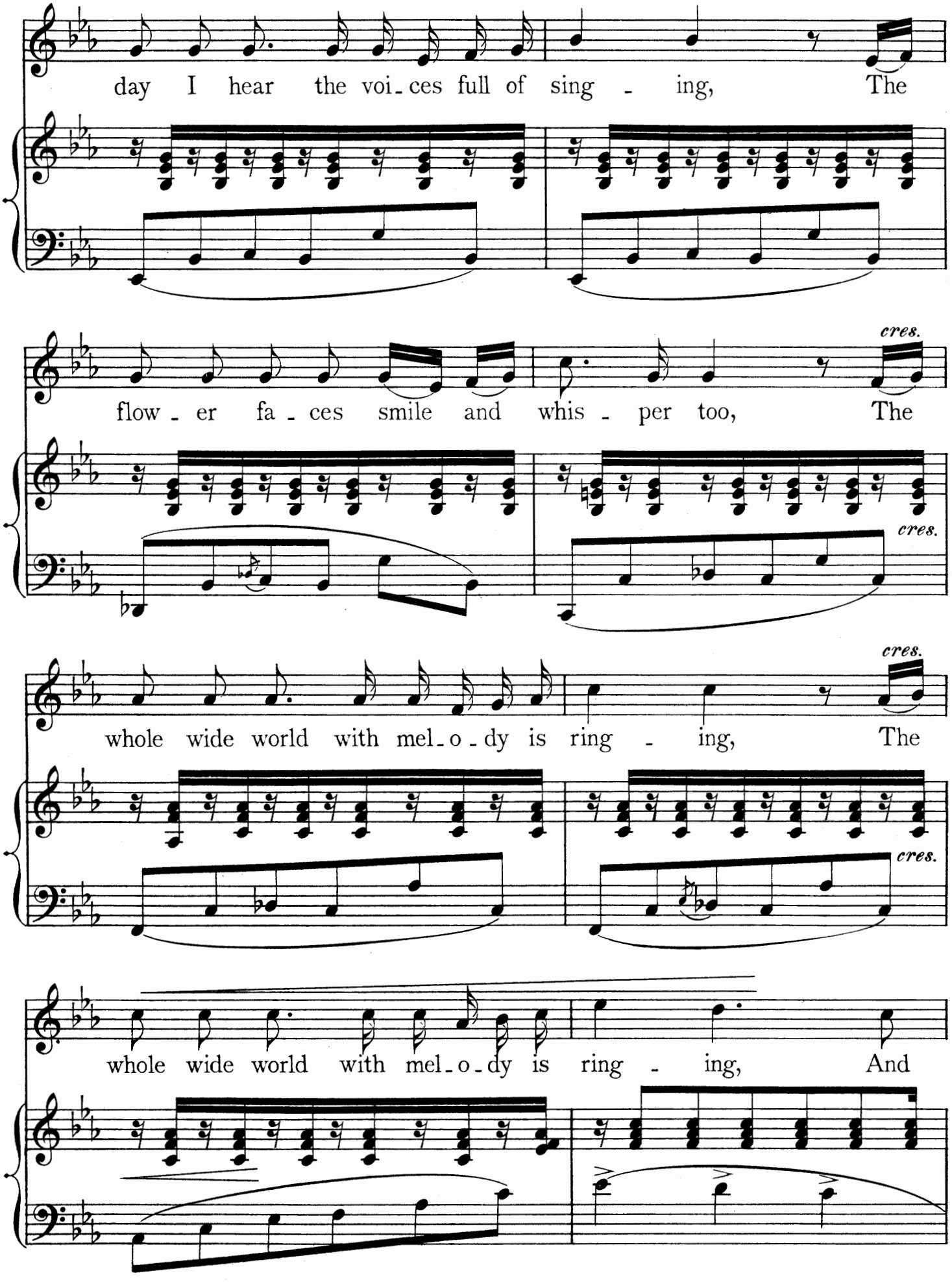
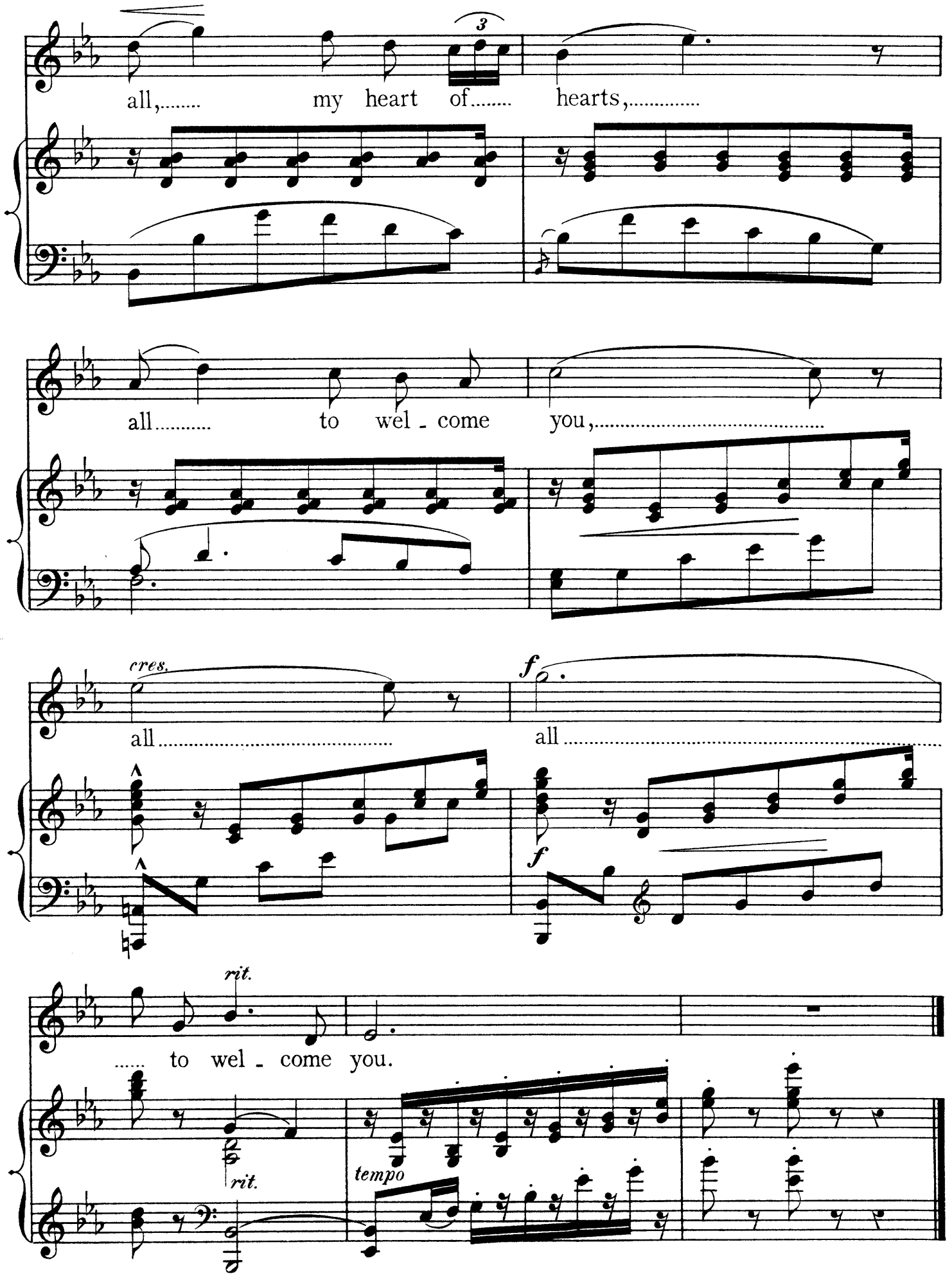
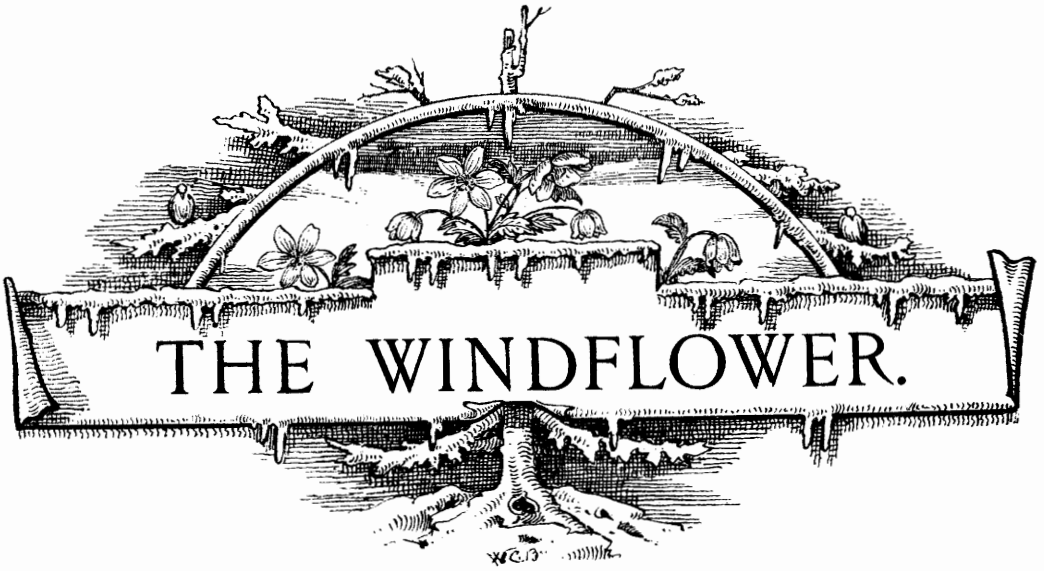

pret - ty lips that pout at chil - ly show'rs, Their
cres.
lips that pout at chil - ly show'rs,..... Then
3
dim.
o - pen with a..... smile..... to kiss the sun,.....
poco rit.
..... to kiss the sun. There are
colla voce
pp


voi - ces sweet and low a - mid the rush - - es That the
rip - ples of the ri - ver gent - ly shake,
There's a murm - 'ring a - mong the al - der
bush - es, As the wind is waf - ted gent - ly o'er the


p
mp
lake,
waft - - - ed.....
pp
gent - - ly.....
pp
p
o'er..... the
pp
poco rit.
lake,.....
waft - - - ed gent - - ly o'er the
legg.
poco rit.
p
lake.....
To -
tempo


day I hear the voi-ces full of sing - ing, The
flow - er fa - ces smile and whis - per too, The
cres.
cres.
cres.
whole wide world with mel-o-dy is ring - ing, The
cres.
whole wide world with mel-o-dy is ring - ing, And


all,..... my heart of..... hearts,.....
all..... to wel - come you,.....
cres.
all.....
f
all.....
f
rit.
..... to wel - come you.
rit.
tempo


THE WINDFLOWER.

# THE WINDFLOWER.

* * *

ERE buds and blades are springing,
Or swallows northward winging,
The white windflower appears.

In many an upland valley
And frost-bound woodland alley
Her star-like head she rears.

The cold east wind hath kissed her,
The snow-flakes call her "sister,"
And nestle at her side.

So meek she lives and lowly,
So fragile pure and holy,
The spring's unsullied bride.

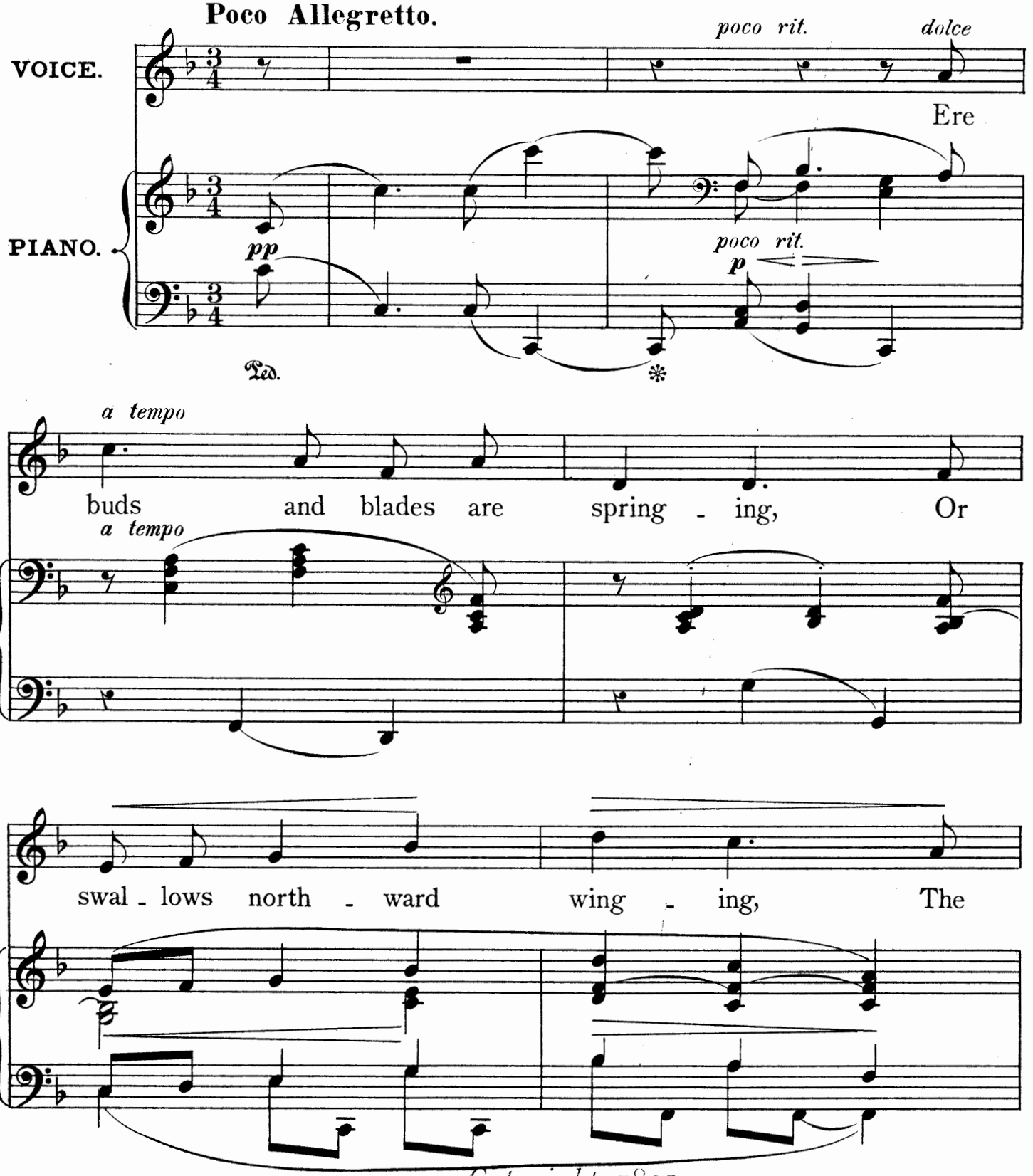
But when the hot sun showers
His strength on summer flowers,
Her short sweet life is done.

So we one day discover
Our life's first bloom is over,
Our love's first promise gone.

# THE WINDFLOWER.

Written by
HAROLD BOULTON.

Composed by
CHARLES WOOD.

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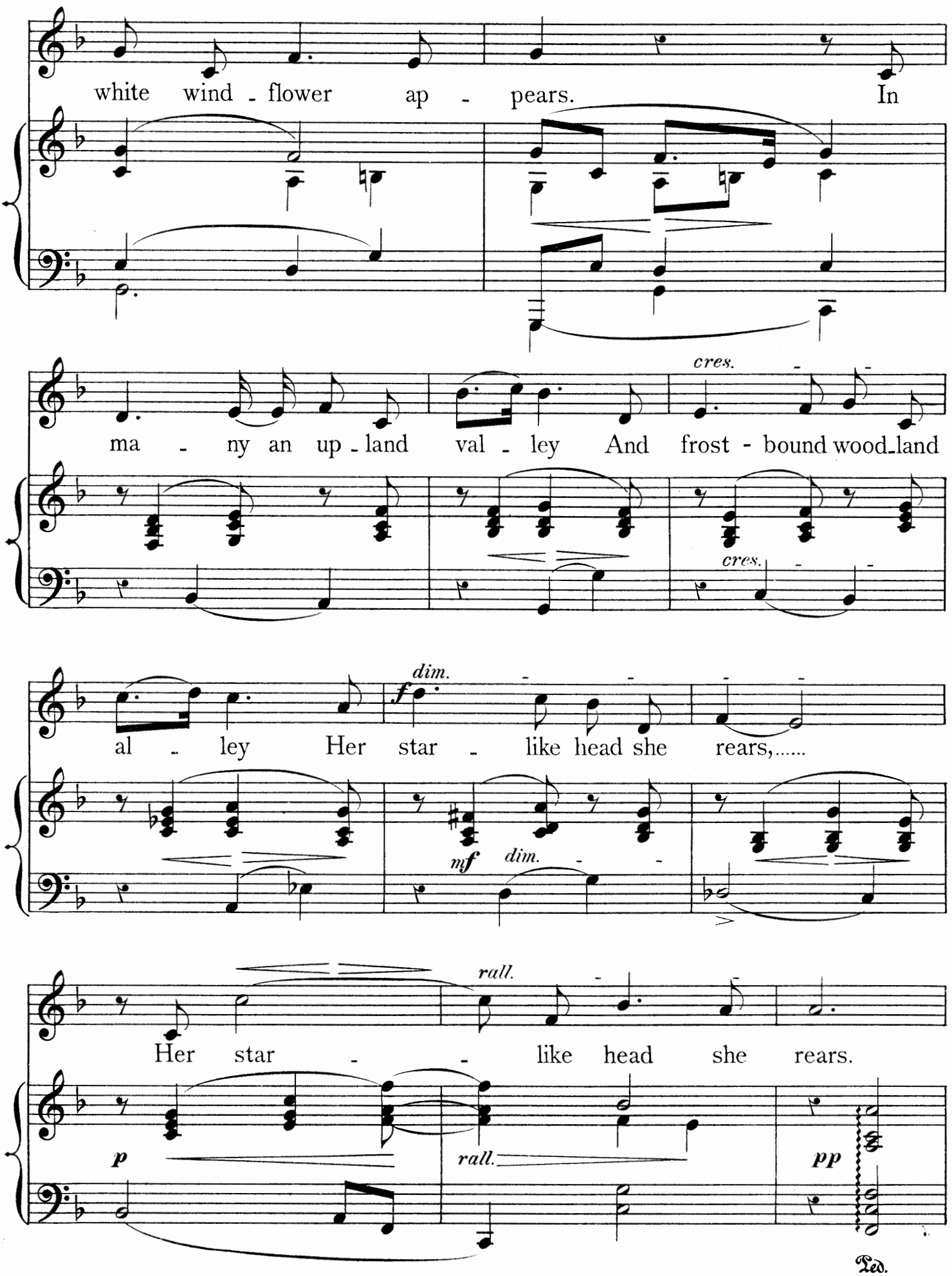
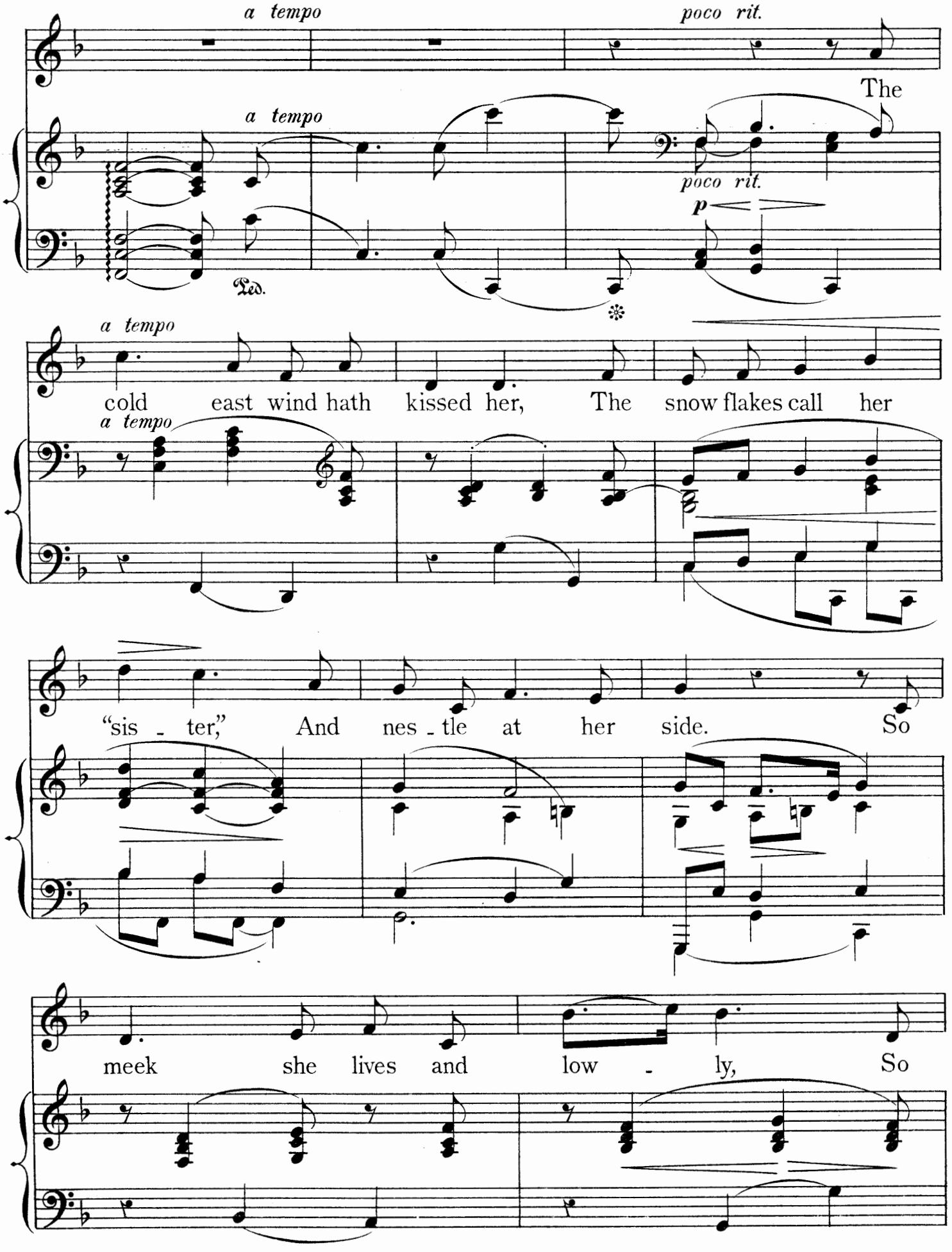
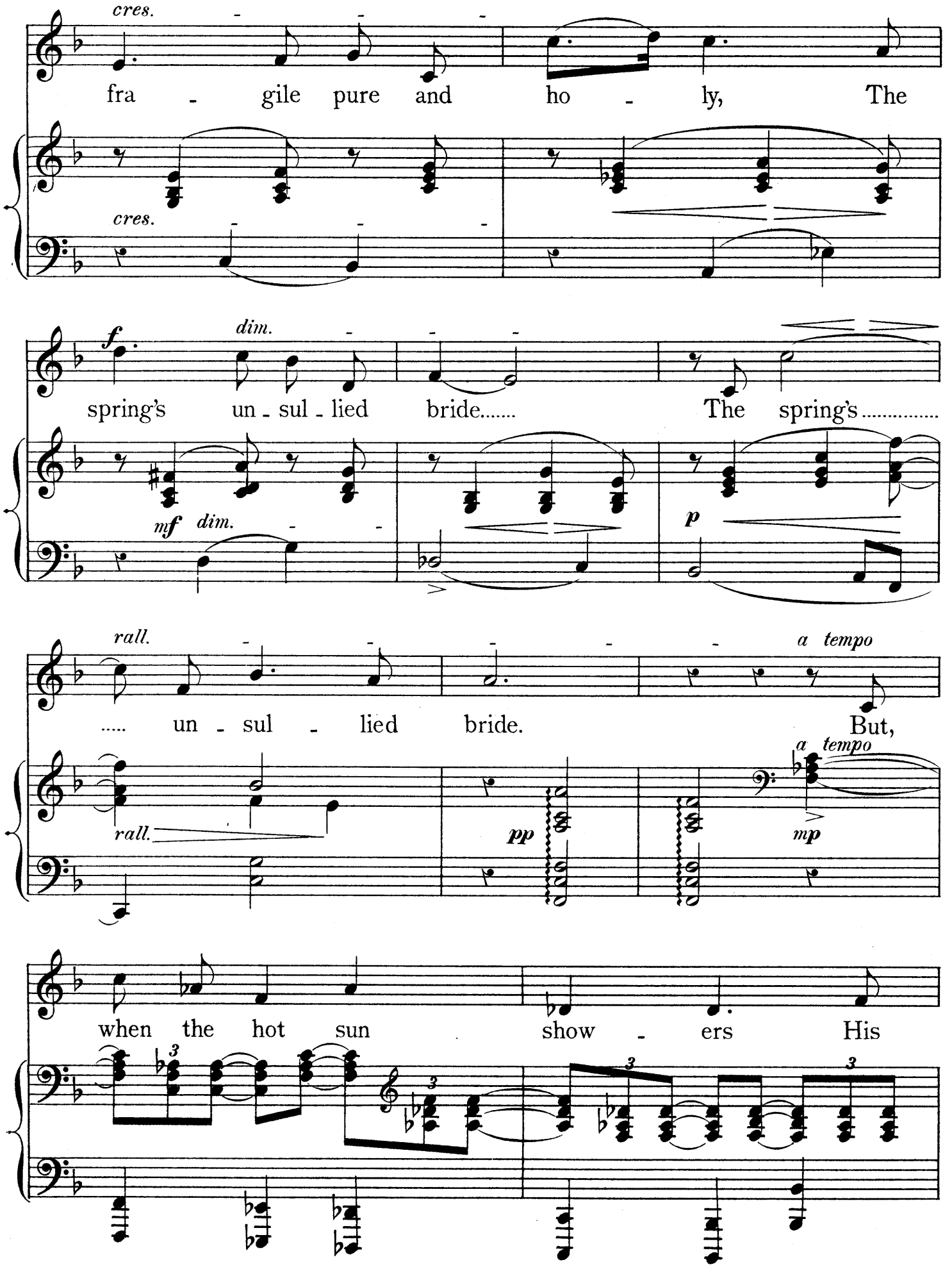
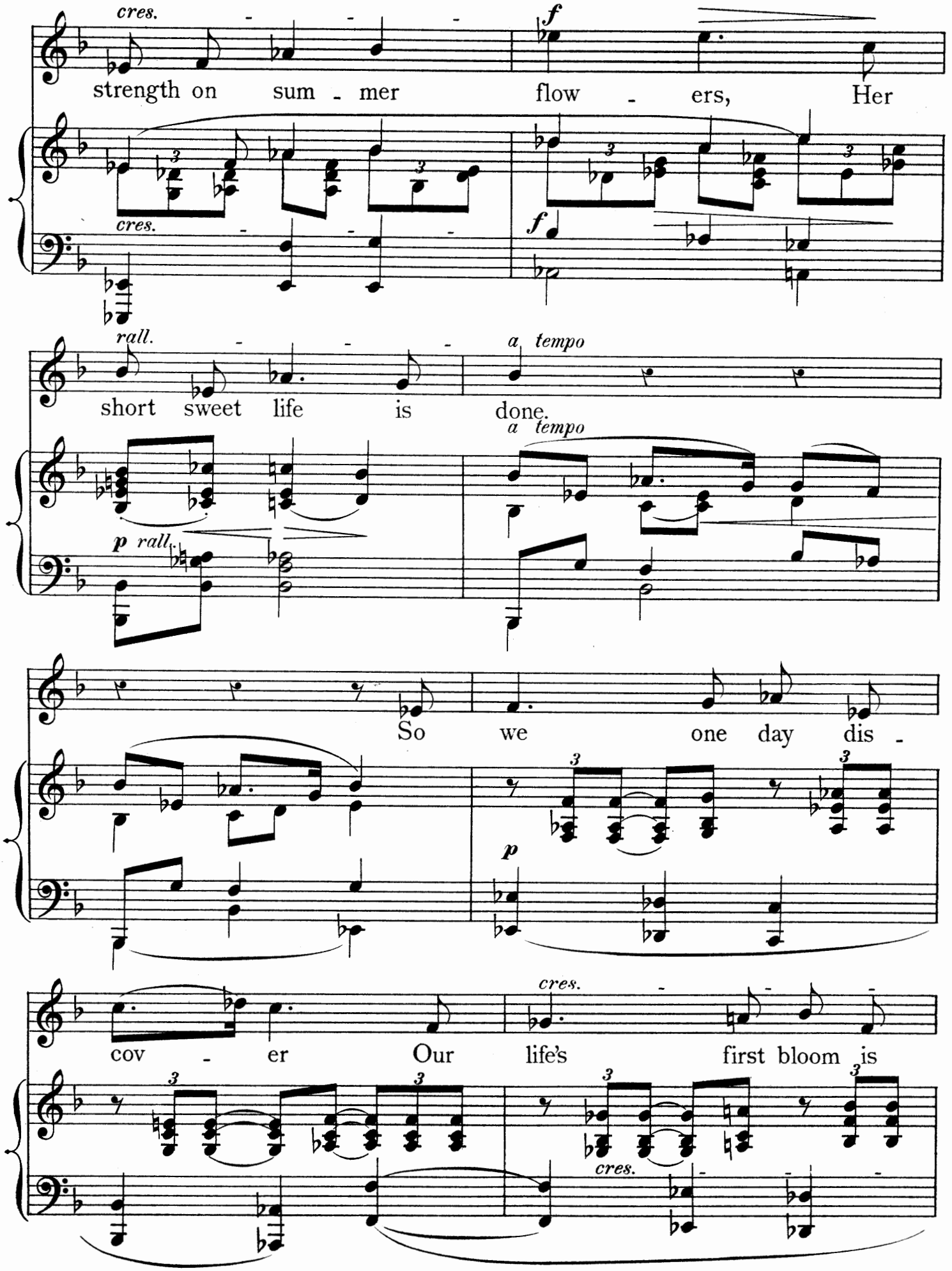
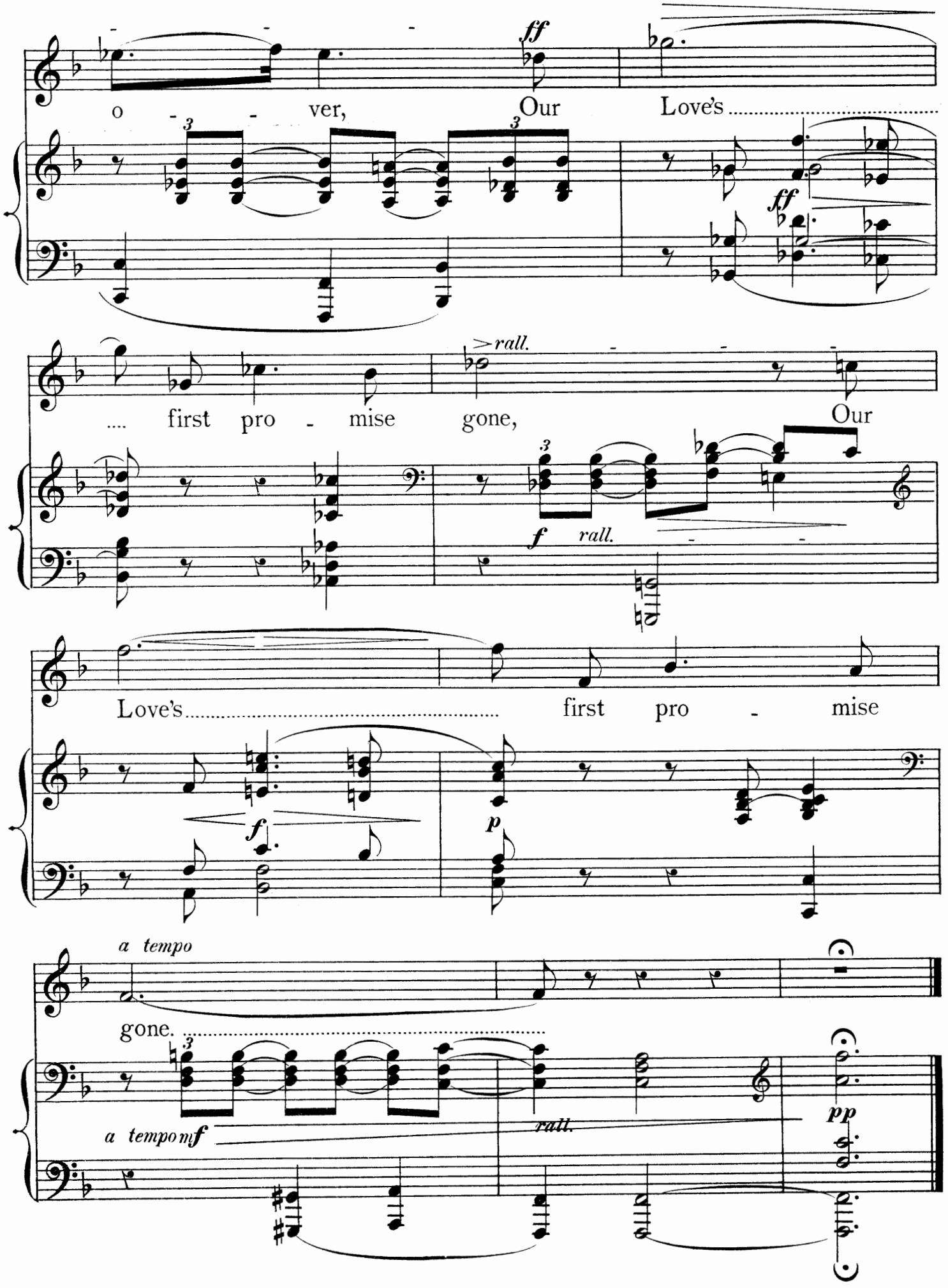

white wind - flower ap - pears. In
ma - ny an up - land val - ley And frost - bound wood-land
cres.
cres.
al - ley Her star - like head she rears,.....
dim.
f
mf
dim.
Her star - - like head she rears.
rall.
rall.
p
pp
Ped.


a tempo
poco rit.
The
a tempo
poco rit.
p
Ped.
a tempo
cold east wind hath kissed her, The snow flakes call her
a tempo
"sis - ter," And nes - tle at her side. So
meek she lives and low - ly, So


cres.
fra - gile pure and ho - ly, The
cres.
f
dim.
spring's un - sul - lied bride..... The spring's.....
mf dim.
p
rall.
a tempo
..... un - sul - lied bride. But,
rall.
pp
a tempo
mp
when the hot sun show - ers His


cres.
f
strength on sum - mer flow - ers, Her
cres.
f
rall.
a tempo
short sweet life is done.
a tempo
p rall.
So we one day dis -
p
cov - er Our life's first bloom is
cres.
cres.


ff
o - ver, Our Love's
ff
>rall.
.... first pro - mise gone, Our
f rall.
Love's first pro - mise
f
p
a tempo
gone.
a tempo mf
ratt.
pp

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THE LEADENHALL PRESS,
50, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.

*EXTRACTS FROM*

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A most interesting and superbly illustrated quarto.

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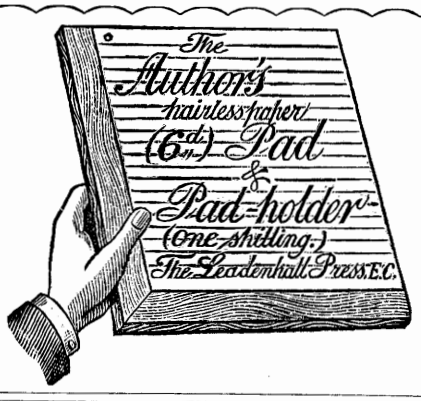


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