

TO THE
STEPHYRS
SONG
FOR
Voice, Piano AND Violoncello.
By
P. G. ANTON.

BOSTON.
OLIVER DITSON & CO. 451 WASHINGTON ST.
N. YORK, C. H. DITSON & CO. CHICAGO, LYON & HEALY. PHILADELPHIA, J. E. DITSON & CO.
S. FRANCISCO, SHERMAN, CLAY & CO.
St. Louis, J. L. Peters. Baltimore, Otto Sutor.

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TO THE ZEPHYRS.

(With 'Cello acc.)

P.G. ANTON.

INTROD.

Andante con moto.

Piano.

Ped. * Ped. *

dolce

Cello Come ze - phyrs, come, and
She is so far, in

fan my cheeks so gent - ly, That glow so warm, with passions burning wild - ly!
vain are my en - treaties, In vain my grief, my woes she never pi - ties.

Come zephyrs, come, and fan my cheeks so gent - ly, That glow so warm, with
She is so far, in vain are my en - treaties, In vain my grief, my

passions burning wild - ly! She is..... so far, O come, my grief re - move!
woes she nev - er pi - ties; The breezes waft sweet fragrance down on me,

p

rit. *tempo p*

Più lento. *cres.* *cres.*

For she can nev - er be my own true love ,... For she can
But hap - py I shall nev - - er, nev - er be, But hap - py

Tempo 1º *Più lento.*

Più lento *cres.*

Tem. 1º *rit. molto* [*da capo*]

nev - er be my own true love.
I shall nev - er, nev - er [*da capo*] be.

[*Tempo 1º?*]

Tem. 1º *rit.* [*da capo*]

dim.

rit. *pp* * *pp* *

ritard. *ppp*

pp

pp

pp

TO THE ZEPHYRS.

Violoncello

G.P. ANTON.

Andante con moto.

Solo. *cres. sfz*

p *ff*

p *pp* *f* *rit.* *tempo dolce*

Più lento. Tempo 1^o Più lento. *Tempo 1^o rit.* *sfz* *p*

Tempo 1^o *Solo.* *cres. sfz*

p *ff*

p *pp* *f* *rit.* *tempo dolce*

Più lento. Tempo 1^o Più lento. *Tempo 1^o rit.* *sfz*

[Tempo 1^o?] *tr.* *rit.* *f*

TO THE ZEPHYRS.

Soprano.

P.G. ANTON.

Andante con moto.

dolce

mf



Cello.

Come, ze - phyr's, come, and fan my cheeks so gently, That



glow so warm, with passions burning wildly! Come, zephyrs, come, and fan my cheeks so



gent - ly, That glow so warm, with pas - sions burn - ing wild - ly! She



is so far, O come, my grief re - move! For she can nev - er

Tempo 1^o

Piu lento

Tempo 1^o



be my own true love, For she can never be my own true



love. She is so far, in vain are my en - treaties, In vain my



grief, my woes she nev - er pities, She is so far, in vain are my en -



treat - ies, In vain my grief, my woes she nev - er pities; The breez - es



waft sweet fra - grance down on me, But hap - py, I shall nev - - er,



nev - er be, But hap - py, I shall nev - - er, nev - er be. -