



*Miscellaneous*  
*Songs By*  
*Cleanor Everest Freer*

OP. 12.

**Nº 1. Faith.**

50 ¢

Words by Frances Anne Kemble

**Nº 2. The Dancers**

50 ¢

Words by Michael Field

**Nº 3. Galloping Song**

60 ¢

Words by Sara Hamilton Birchall

**Nº 4. Song of the Roses.**

60 ¢

Words by Elizabeth Barrett Browning (SAPPHO)

**Nº 5. August Night.**

60 ¢

Words by Hester Bancroft

**Nº 6. Summer Night.**

50 ¢

Words by Alfred Tennyson



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## August Night.

Along the ripened grain the full moon lies  
 In splendor on the wide-spread yellow fields,  
 And closer Heaven arches round the earth—  
 The richness of the harvest, as it dies,  
 Seems breath of Her contentment that she yields—  
 Completion big with promise of new birth.  
 The hunger of my heart unmated cries:  
 How long, how long till I too shall have love?

### II.

Dense overhead the orchard branches sway,  
 As faint the night wind stirring breathes on high;  
 A thrush croons gently, dreaming 'mid the leaves;  
 The heavy boughs with thick-set apples weigh,  
 And slow their mellow perfume passes by,  
 All mingled with the fragrance of the sheaves—  
 The craving of my soul in sorrow cries:  
 How long, how long till I too shall have love?

### III.

Beneath the moon the whole world seems to blend,  
 Content sighs in the fields of rustling corn,  
 And, live with sound, the warm air trembles near  
 All fulness! God, the night will never end,  
 And I, alone, discordant and forlorn,  
 Unmated, on this love-night of the year!  
 The hunger of my weeping heart still cries:  
 Must I alone live ever without love?

*Hester Bancroft.*

# August Night.

HESTER BANCROFT.

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER, Op. 12, No 5.

*Lento.*

A - long the rip - ened grain the full moon lies In

*p*

splen - dor on the wide - spread yel - low fields, And clos - er Heav - en

*poco rall.*

arch - es round the earth. The rich - ness of the har - vest, as it dies, Seems

*colla voce*

*atempo*

breath of Her content-ment that she yields — Com-ple-tion big with prom-ise of new birth The

*rall.*

hun-ger of my heart un-mat-ed cries: How long, how long till I too shall have love?

*Andante.*

Dense o-ver-head the or-chard branch-es sway, As faint the

night wind stir-ring breathes on high; A thrush croons gen-tly, dream-ing 'mid the

*un poco meno mosso*

leaves; The heav - y boughs with thick-set ap - ples weigh, And

*un poco meno mosso*

*poco rall.*

slow their mel-low per-fume pass - es by, And min-gled with the fra-grance of the sheaves —

*colla voce*

*atempo*

*poco rall.*

The crav-ing of my soul in sor-row cries: How\_ long, how long till I too

*atempo* *colla voce*

Tempo I.

shall have love? Be -

*p*

neath the moon the whole world seems to blend, Con-tent sighs in the fields of

rus-ting corn, And, live with sound, the warm air trem-bles near All

*rall.*  
ful-ness, God, the night will nev-er end,  
*colla voce*  
*p ad lib.*

Andante.

And I, a-lone, dis-cord-ant and for-lorn, Un-mat-ed,

on this love-night of the year! The hun-ger of my weep-ing heart cries:

*colla voce*

Lento molto.

Must I a-lone live ev-er with-out love?—

*p* *pp*