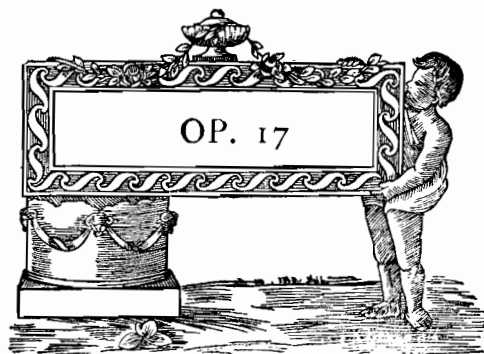


SIDNEY HOMER



# *Four Songs*

WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT

No. 1. "HOW'S MY BOY?"

WORDS BY SYDNEY DOBELL

*High in C (Original)*      *Low in B $\flat$  (Transposed)*

75 cents

No. 2. "FROM THE BRAKE THE NIGHTINGALE"

WORDS BY WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

*Low in C (Original)*      *High in E $\flat$  (Transposed)*

60 cents

No. 3. MICHAEL ROBARTES BIDS HIS BELOVED BE AT PEACE

WORDS BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

*Low in G minor (Original)*      *High in A minor (Transposed)*

60 cents

No. 4. TO RUSSIA

WORDS BY JOAQUIN MILLER

*High in C minor (Original)*      *Low in A minor (Transposed)*

50 cents



NEW YORK : G. SCHIRMER



### HOW'S MY BOY?

"H O, Sailor of the sea!  
How's my boy—my boy?"  
"What's your boy's name, good wife,  
And in what good ship sail'd he?"  
"My boy John—  
He that went to sea;—  
What care I for the ship, sailor?  
My boy's my boy to me.  
You come back from sea,  
And not know my John?  
I might as well have asked some landsman  
Yonder down in the town.  
There's not an ass in all the parish,  
But he knows my John!"

"How's my boy—my boy?  
And unless you let me know,  
I'll swear you are no sailor,  
Blue jacket or no,  
Brass buttons or no, sailor,  
Anchor and crown or no!  
Sure, his ship was the 'Jolly Briton'"  
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"  
"And why should I speak low, sailor  
About my own boy John?  
If I was loud as I am proud,  
I'd sing him over the town!  
Why should I speak low, sailor?"  
"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy—my boy?  
What care I for the ship, sailor?  
I was never aboard her.  
Be she afloat or be she aground,  
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound  
Her owners can afford her!  
I say, how's my John?"  
"Every man on board went down,  
Every man aboard her."  
"How's my boy—my boy?  
What care I for the men, sailor?  
I'm not their mother!—  
How's my boy—my boy?  
Tell me of him and no other!  
How's my boy—my boy?"

SYDNEY DOBELL

To my wife

Words by  
Sydney Dobell.

## "How's my boy?"

Sidney Homer. Op. 17, No 1.  
Original key C major.

*Allegro. with spirit*

Voice. *f*

"Ho Sail - or of the sea! How's my boy - my boy?"

Piano. *f*

*Gravely mf più lento*

"What's your boy's name, good wife, And in what good ship sail'd he?"

*mf più lento*

*Gaily a tempo p*

My boy John, - He that went to sea; -

*p a tempo*

*Mocking mf rit.* *cresc.* *a tempo f*

What care I for the ship, sailor? My boy's my boy to me. You come back from sea,

*mf rit.* *cresc.* *f a tempo*

And not know my John? I might as well have asked some landsman

Yon-der down in the town. There's not an ass in all the par-ish,

*cresc.* *ff poco rit.*

But he knows my John! How's my boy- my boy? And un-

*cresc.* *ff poco rit.*

*a tempo*

less you let me know, I'll swear you are no sail-or,

*a tempo*

*cresc.*

Blue jack-et or no, Brass but-tons or no, sail-or,

*cresc.*

*rit.*

An-chor and crown, or no!

*Boldly ff più lento*

Sure, his ship was the 'Jol-ly Brit-on-'

*rit.*

*ff più lento*

*Sternly f*

"Speak low, wom-an, speak low!"

*Startled p*

"And

*poco rall.*

why should I speak low, sail-or, A - bout my own boy John? If

*lento*

*p*

*poco rall.*

*poco accel.*

I was loud as I am proud, I'd sing him o - ver the town!

*rit.*

*poco accel.*

*rit.*

*pp*

Why should I speak low, sail-or?" "That good ship went down."

*p*

*pp*

*p*

**Tempo I.**

*ff wildly*

"How's my boy- my boy? What care I for the ship, sailor? I was never a-board her.

*ff*

*Bitterly*  
*mf poco meno mosso* *cresc. poco a poco*

Be she a-float or be she a-ground, Sink-ing or swimming, I'll be bound Her

*mf poco meno mosso* *cresc. poco a poco*

*ff rit.*

own-ers can af-ford her! I say, how's my John?"

*ff rit.*

"Ev - 'ry man on board went down, Ev - 'ry man a - board her."



*Despairing*  
**ff** *a tempo*

"How's my boy— my boy? What care I for the men, sail-or?"

**ff** *a tempo*

*rit.*

*a tempo*

I'm not their mother! How's my boy— my boy?

*rit.*

*Imploring*  
*più lento*

*a tempo*

*rit.*

*più lento*

*string.*

Tell me of him, and no oth-er! How's my boy— my boy?"

**fff** *Agonized*

*string.*

**fff**

**ff** *rit.* **p**





# FOUR SONGS by SIDNEY HOMER

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To my wife and children

## Old Watt and the Rabbits

Howard Weeden\*

Sidney Homer. Op. 27, No. 6  
Original key

*Allegro maestoso (Impressively)*

Voice *p*  
Dat thing of rab-bits hav-in' sense Like oth-er folks, is gos-pel true: I've

Piano *p*

*rit. pp*  
heard it tole by dem dat knows, An' 'sides of dat I've seen it, too: One

*Animato*  
night I come home thro' de woods An' in a clear-in' 'mongst de oaks I

*pp*

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PRICE 60 CENTS

To my wife and children

## At Last

Howard Weeden\*

Sidney Homer Op. 27, No. 5  
Original key

*Andante (With longing)*

Voice *mf*  
De road is grown so rough an' dark I tries no more to

Piano *f cantabile*

*cresc. rit. f dim.*  
roam, I'm stand-in' tir-ed by de way Fer God to lead me

*p a tempo*  
Home De friends I knew are gone, an' none Are lef' to un-der-stand, But

*p a tempo*

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PRICE 50 CENTS

To my wife and children

## When the Angels Call

Howard Weeden\*

Sidney Homer. Op. 27, No. 3  
Original key

*Andante. With intimacy*

Voice *p*  
"Mam my, dear Mam - my, what do you see When you

Piano *p molto legato e sostenuto*

*p*  
lift such wist-ful eyes?" "Fac-es, my chile, of

*dim. rit. pp*  
dem dat are gone, Who smile at me out of de skies."

*dim. rit. pp*

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To my wife and children

## Long Ago

Howard Weeden\*

Sidney Homer. Op. 27, No. 4  
Original key

*Lento (simply)*

Voice *p*  
Bright-es' heav-ens used to smile Blue an' low,

Piano *cantabile p*

*p pp rit.*  
Soft-es' breez-es used to sigh, Long a-go!

*p a tempo pp*  
Red-des' ros-es used to bend, Blush an' blow,

*a tempo p pp*

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