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My Favorite Folk Songs

Marcella Lembrich



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Biographical Sketch

Praxede Marcelline Kochanska, who took her mother's maiden name of Sembrich for her professional career, was born in Wisniofczyk, in Galicia, Poland. Her father, Casimir, was a true musician, and she took her first lessons in piano playing from him, at the age of four. When she was six years old he began to teach her the violin. She went to the conservatory at Lemberg, where her teacher was Guillaume Stengel, who subsequently became her husband.



When, at the advice of Professor Epstein, she decided to cultivate her voice and abandon the career of a virtuosa, she studied in Vienna and Milan with Lamperti. She made her first appearance in Athens and was immediately engaged for the Royal Opera House in Dresden, where, at the age of nineteen, she made her début as Lucia with brilliant success. But she was destined for a world career and, in 1880, was singing with great success at Covent Garden in London. Later she appeared in Paris, Petrograd, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid and the leading cities of Europe, always with the most triumphant results. She came to the United States first with Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1883, and returned there in 1897, remaining until 1909. She has appeared since in concert only and has won a new fame through her song recitals, which have been annual features of the musical season in the chief American cities.

Preface



It is wise, I think, for any one presenting a collection of songs to public notice to accompany it with a statement of the principles which were followed in making the selection. It is especially wise and, indeed, almost imperatively necessary that this be done in the case of folksongs, which represent a field that has been actively cultivated for comparatively a short time, and concerning which there is still a great deal of confusion and diversity of opinion in the minds not only of the public but also of critical writers on music. In the case of the songs of acknowledged masters of composition one may follow one's likings as far as one pleases and still provide a great variety of kind. If the same policy were followed in the making of a collection of folksongs, however, there would be great danger of neglecting one of the highest purposes which such a collection ought to serve. Folksongs are reflections of the feelings and predilections of many peoples whose characteristic manner of musical expression they preserve and exemplify. Many of them are tragic in contents and manner, and if a singer whose style is dominantly lyrical should cull from the general literature only such songs as seemed most engaging to him or her the collection would not be truly representative. On the other hand a singer with taste and style tending onesidedly toward the dramatic would be apt to neglect the songs of a purely lyrical nature. There should be no limitation of this character in a collection which aims to be comprehensively representative, even though it be an expression of an artist's likings, as this confessedly is.

Though I have gathered together in this volume a great many of the songs which I love best and which have seemed to give the greatest pleasure to my audiences during the last twelve or fifteen years in which I have made an occasional feature of folksongs in my public recitals, I have yet tried to take a wider view than a merely personal one so as to make the collection widely and comprehensively representative. I have also adhered, as closely as possible, to the principle of selection which I laid down when I began singing folksongs in public; I have restricted the selection to songs which conform to the scientific definition advocated by such writers and investigators as Professor Friedlander and Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, namely, that folksongs are the

creations of the folk and not of the individuals inspired by conscious art. Beautiful as many *Volksthumliche Lieder* (as the Germans call them) are, I have thought it best to restrict the examples in this collection to true *Volkslieder*.

In introducing folksongs into my recital programs I was by no means actuated solely by a desire to serve educational ends. Finding a great deal of pleasure in the songs because of their melodic loveliness and simplicity and the genuineness and warmth of their sentiment, in which I could not help recognizing phases of the emotional life of the different peoples of the world, I felt that their melodic and rhythmical beauty and naïve eloquence would win recognition in the concert-room and that the songs would bear comparison with the best products of the modern masters of artistic song. In fact it is by bringing folksongs and art songs into juxtaposition that the influence which the former have had upon the latter can best be shown. The songs of the people can thus help artists and public to an appreciation of the products of the great composers. Can any one hear the strophic songs of Schubert, Franz and Brahms, without perceiving in them an echo of German folksong? Are not such songs as Brahms's *Sonntag, Der Gang zum Liebchen, Minnelied*, and *Der Jäger* permeated through and through with the spirit of folksong, and is not the same influence observable also in their structure? Modern civilization has atrophied the faculty which created the folksong almost everywhere; but its spirit is stirring today as never before within over a century. Never before have the composers of all schools been so influenced by it and never before, since the long ago when it was created, has it so fully fulfilled its mission as a medium of popular or national expression. I have therefore found it a pleasant duty to cull these specimens from the songs of many peoples of Teutonic, Slavic and Romanic origin, knowing that in them lies the spirit of Teutonic, Slavic and Romanic art and that when they are sung they will find an echo in the hearts of lovers of music all over the world.

Marcella Sembrich

New York, November, 1917.



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LAUGHING WATER

1

*) (BE-THAE WA-AN)

English Text by H. W. L.

Pawnee Indian Melody
Harmonized by
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Allegro courante (♩ = 88) *mp*

VOICE

PIANO

p *con Pedale*

Ah, ho!

Heart of mine! Ah, Ho! ^{+) or vibrato}

cresc.

Spar - kling, sing - ing Laugh - ing Wa - ter, Love-ly Min - ne - ha - ha! —

Ped *

*) Indian love music. This tune was sung without words.

+) The Indian makes a pulsation of the voice, rather than a trill.

Bright as the smile of A - pril sun, Heart of mine!

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with a trill on the first measure and a large arpeggiated chord in the third measure. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Best be - loved! Mu - sic of morn - ing, Beau - ty's daugh - ter,

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a large arpeggiated chord in the first measure and a crescendo marking above the vocal line in the third measure. The piano part includes arpeggiated chords and moving lines in both hands.

Love - ly Min - ne - ha - ha! Sweet as a dream when

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes a trill in the right hand and a trill in the left hand. The system ends with a double bar line and a small asterisk symbol.

June is done, Heart of mine! Best be - loved!

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) has a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The piano part includes a *p* (piano) dynamic marking and a fermata over a measure.

CODA.

O - ver the prai - rie I ha - sten to thee. Ah!

The second system of the musical score, marked CODA. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "O - ver the prai - rie I ha - sten to thee. Ah!". The piano accompaniment features a *f* (forte) dynamic marking and a *sempre con Pedale* instruction. The system includes a *accel.* (accelerando) marking and a fermata over a measure.

a tempo

mp *cresc.*

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line is mostly silent, with a few notes. The piano accompaniment features a *mp* (mezzo-piano) dynamic marking and a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking. The system includes a *a tempo* marking and a fermata over a measure.

LITTLE PAPOOSE

*) (WAE-TON WA-AN)

Omaha Indian Melody

Harmonized by

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

English Text by H. W. L.

Allegretto (♩ = 92)

PIANO

p
con Pedale

p *colla*

Soft - ly slum - ber, my ba - by man; _____
Heah e tha ae he thae thae, _____ *poco rit*

legato

Cres - cent Moon of Straw - ber - ries floats a - bove the
Heah e tha ae ha ah ae he e

sempre legato
a tempo

_____ While gen - tly thy cra - dle
thae _____ +Ae - de - he - ke _____

*) Wae-ton Wa-an, Woman's Song.

+) Ae-de-he-ke, when he gets there; wa shu shae, brave.

The words in Italics have no meaning; they correspond to tra la la.

rocks on the bough. Dream a
wa - shu shae Heah e

dream of the years to come, Dream of vic - to - ry's
tha ae he thae thae, Heah e tha ae

molto legato sempre

mu - sic, Thou as the he - ro chief. Ha yah
ha, Oh ae he e thae.

ho!

rall. pp

*) From this point the Indian continues the tune an octave lower.

DEEP RIVER

American Negro Melody

Deep — riv - er, my home is o - ver Jor - dan, —

Deep — riv - er, Lord, I want to cross o - ver in - to camp-ground.

Negro Spiritual

Arranged by WILLIAM ARMS FISHER
Op. 19, No. 1

VOICE *Lento* *p*

Deep — riv - er, my

PIANO *pp* *p*

home is o - ver Jor - dan, — Deep — riv - er, Lord, I

want to cross o - ver in - to camp-ground.

rit.

Orchestra parts - 50¢

Note:- In making this arrangement the beautiful piano transcription by the late Coleridge-Taylor has been closely followed. W. A. F.

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mp a tempo

Deep riv - er, my home is o - ver

a tempo

mp

Jor - dan, Deep riv - er, Lord, I

dim.

dim.

want to cross o - ver in - to camp-ground.

rit. *p*

rit. *a tempo*

p

mf a trifle faster

Oh, don't you want to go to the

poco rit.

mf

gos - pel — feast, — That prom - ised land — where

f *dim.*

f *dim.*

The first system of the musical score is in D major (two sharps). The vocal line begins with a half note 'gos', followed by a quarter note 'pel', a half note 'feast', a quarter note 'That', a half note 'prom', a quarter note 'ised', a half note 'land', and a quarter note 'where'. The piano accompaniment features a flowing eighth-note melody in the right hand and block chords in the left hand. Dynamics include a forte (*f*) marking over the 'feast' and 'That' measures, and a diminuendo (*dim.*) leading into the final measure.

all — is peace, — Oh! don't you want to go — to that

p *cresc.*

p *cresc.*

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a half note 'all', a quarter note 'is', a half note 'peace', a quarter note 'Oh!', and then eighth notes for 'don't you want to go to that'. The piano accompaniment maintains its harmonic support. Dynamics include a piano (*p*) marking at the start and a crescendo (*cresc.*) leading into the final measure.

prom - ised land, — that land — where all is peace? —

dim. e rit. *rit.* *dim.*

The third system concludes the phrase. The vocal line has eighth notes for 'prom - ised land', a quarter note 'that', a half note 'land', and then eighth notes for 'where all is peace?'. The piano accompaniment features a descending eighth-note line in the right hand. Dynamics include a 'dim. e rit.' (diminuendo and ritardando) marking over the 'land' measure, a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking over the 'where' measure, and a 'dim.' (diminuendo) marking at the end.

Tempo I

p

Deep — riv - er, my home is o - ver



Jor - dan, — Deep — riv - er, Lord, I



p molto rit. pp

want to cross o - ver in - to camp - ground. —

molto rit. più rit.

p pp ppp



REASSURED

(DIE BERUHGIGTE)

Translated by A. M. von Blomberg

Austrian Folksong

Gaily

VOICE

1. When at the break of day I to my sweet-heart stray,
 2. "Yes, yes, my love," I say, Then is she blithe and gay,
 1. Wann i hald frua af - schteh Und zu main'm Di - ärnd'l geh,
 2. Sag i'm Di - ärn - d'l: „Ja!“ Is s'glai hearz - li fra,

PIANO

Very fast

"Oh," says my sweet-heart, "Pray Love, are you e'er true, And how are you? A - ny thing
 Nor does she ask all day: "Love, are you e'er true, And how are you? A - ny thing
 Fragt mi das Di - ärnd'l: „he, Kimst o - da kimst nid, O - da wiä geht's, O - da wiä
 Frägt mi da nim - ma „he, Kimst o - da kimst nid, O - da wiä geht's, O - da wiä

new? Where do you go? What do you do? Is your love now and e'er true?"
 new? Where do you go? What do you do? Is your love now and e'er true?"
 schteht's, O - da was tuäst, O - da was traibst, O - da bin i da nid liäb?"
 schteht's, O - da was tuäst, O - da was traibst, O - da bin i da nid liäb?"

col voce

THE SORROW OF LOVE

(LIEBESKUMMER)

11

Translated by A.M. von Blomberg

Austrian Folksong

Rather slowly

VOICE

Ah, _____ 1. What makes the for - est dark? Ah, _____
 Ah, _____ 2. What makes the for - est dark? Ah, _____
 Ah, _____ 3. What makes the for - est dark? Ah, _____
 A, _____ 1. Dass's im Wald fin - str is, A, _____
 A, _____ 2. Dass's im Wald fin - str is, A, _____
 A, _____ 3. Dass's im Wald fin - str is, A, _____

PIANO

'Tis but the wood. Ah, _____ My sweet - heart
 'Tis but the trees. Ah, _____ That she is _____
 'Tis but the leaves. Ah, _____ She loves an -
 Das macht das Holz. A, _____ Dass mein Schatz
 Das ma - ch'n d'Bam; A, _____ Dass mi main
 Das macht das Lab; A, _____ Dass main Schatz an'a -

makes me proud, Ah, _____ She's fair and good.
 fond of me, Ah, _____ My own eye sees.
 oth - er too, Ah, _____ That hurts and grieves.
 sau - br is, A, _____ Das macht mi stolz.
 Schatz nid mag, A, _____ Das glaub i kam.
 an - dan had, A, _____ Das macht mi harß.

LAMENT

(STESK)

Translated by Deems Taylor

Bohemian Folksong

Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

In slow waltz time (♩ = 104)

VOICE

1. Sad is my emp - ty life, Gone is all
 1. Ach, ne - ni tu, ne - ni, co - by mne

PIANO

p *mf*

hap - pi - ness, Emp - ty and sad my life, Gone all my
 te - si - lo, Ach ne - ni tu, ne - ni co mne te -

p *poco cresc.* *strin - - gen - - do*

joys. Van - ish'd all hap - pi - ness, Leav - ing me
 si! Co mne te - si - wa - lo, wo - dau up -

p *poco* *strin - - gen - - do*

p a tempo *p*

com - fort - less; Sad is my emp - ty life, Gone all my joys.
 ly - nu - lo, Ach *a tempo* ne - ni tu, ne - ni, co mne te - si.

mf

2. Nev - er does For - tune bring Aught that can
2. Po - rád mne dá - wa - gi, co - se mne

p *mf*

com - fort me. All that she of - fer - eth Sor - row de -
ne - li - bi; po - rád mne dá - wa - gi, co ja ne -

p *poco* *strin cresc.* - - - gen - - - do -

stroys. Vain - ly the youth I choose, Odd is the
chei. Dá - wa - gi mne widow - ce, ten má jen

p *poco* *strin - gen do*

p a tempo *p*

swain that woos. Sad is my emp - ty life, Gone all my - joys.
pul srd - ce Pul, ho dal ne - boz - ce, pul by dal - mne.

a tempo

THE TREASURE

(WŠAK NÁM TAK, NEBUDE)

German text by A. WALDEN
Translated (from the German) by H. F. B.

(Bohemia)

Song and Dance Tune
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Lively

VOICE

p

1. Fear not, O sweet - est one, Fear nei - ther
2. Fear not, O sweet - est one, Thou nev - er
1. Wšak nám tak ne - bu - de Až se o -

PIANO

p

espress.

mp *dim.*

care nor woe, Treas - ure I've hid - den there, Close by the
poor shalt be. Tha - lers I've bur - ied deep, 'Neath clo - ver
že - nj - me, Wšak nám tak ne - bu - de, až se wdá -

mp *dim.*

f *p*

stream. Come to the brook - let clear, Nought shouldst thou
fair, There in the mead - ow green, Safe lie they
me. Dá - me sy de - la - ti Ko - lj - ky

f *p*

rit. *mf a tempo*

have_ to_ fear, Wait then, sweet, joy - ous - ly, Swift - ly mine
 all_ un - seen: Wait then, sweet, joy - ous - ly, Swift - ly mine
 na_ dě - ti, Však nám tak ne - bu - de až_ se o -

dim. *p* *dim.*

shalt thou be, Fear not, O sweet-est one, Sor - row shall flee.
 shalt thou be. Hope on with pa - tient heart, Un - til I_ come.
 že_ nj - me, Však nám tak ne - bu - de, až_ se wdá - me.

1.
 Nicht fürchte, Liebchen, dich
 vor Noth und Sorgen:
 Ein'n Schatz besitze ich
 am Bach verborgen.
 Unten am klaren Bach,
 Bedeckt mit grünem Moos:
 Freu' dich, süß Liebchen mein,
 wirst bald die Meine sein,
 Dann schwindet jede Noth,
 Kummer und Pein!

2.
 Nicht fürchte, Liebchen, dich
 vor Bettlergaben;
 Ich hab' die Thaler schon
 im Feld vergraben;
 Im Feld, im grünen Klee,
 Dass dort kein Mensch sie seh':
 Freu' dich, süß Liebchen mein,
 wirst bald die Meine sein,
 Nur gedulde dich, mein Kind,
 bis ich sie find'!

As the Bohemian text is untranslatable, Dr. Reimann gives the above German version as an equivalent.

THE OUTLAW

(TRI GODINI)

Translated by H. F. B.

(Bulgaria)

Folksong

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

VOICE

Largo *mf* *pp* *mf* *pp*

1. In the dun - geon have I lan - guish'd for
 1. Tri go - di - ni v'tam - ni -

PIANO

mf *pp* *mf* *pp*

three long years; To the scaf - fold will they bring me,
 ca Ce - ti - ri v'pran -

dim. *mf* *pp* *trem.* *fp* *mf* *con espress.*

mf *p cresc.* *f* *rit.* *pp*

Ah! my grief out - weighs my fears.
 gu. Do - de - ja mi zi - vo - ta.

sfz *p cresc.* *f* *rit.* *pp*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in a single staff with lyrics in English and Bulgarian. The piano part is in two staves (treble and bass clef). The tempo is marked 'Largo'. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first line of the song. The second system contains the second line. The third system contains the third line. Dynamics include mf, pp, dim., trem., fp, f, and rit. There are also triplets marked with a '3' over the notes.

mf *pp* *mf* *pp*

2. Pa - rents have I none to help
2. Ne - mam bas - - ta, ni maj - -

mf *pp* *mf* *pp*

mf *pp* *mf* *pp*

dim. *mf* *pp* *3*

me in my need, Nei-ther broth - er nor sis - - ter
ka Ni - to brat nit ses -

dim. *mf* *fp* *trem.* *mf* *3*

con espress.

mf *p* *cresc.* *f* *rit.* *pp*

Ah! my life is hard in - deed.
tra Do - de - ja mi ži - vo - ta.

sfz *p* *cresc.* *f* *rit.* *pp*

GAI LON LA

Translated by C. F. M.

French Canadian Folksong
Arranged by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Allegretto

VOICE

1. Down by my moth - er's
2. Night - in - gales there are
1. Par der - rier' chez ma
2. Le ros - si - gnol y

PIANO

p

dwel - ing For - ests their bran - ches spread, Night - in - gales
trill - ing 'Mong the leaves o - ver - head; Songs of de -
tan - te Lui yà - tun bois jo - li; Le ros - si -
chan - te Et le jour et la nuit. Il chan - te

ten. *rit.*

there are trill - ing 'Mong the leaves o - ver - head.
light they're tell - ing Maids who are not yet wed.
gnol y chan - te Et la jour et la nuit.
pour ces bel - les Qui n'ont pas de ma - ri.

ten. *rit.*

f a tempo

Gai lon la, ro - ses are gay
 Gai lon la, gai le ro - sier

a tempo

In the fair month of May.
 Du jo - li mois de mai.

3.

Songs of delight they're telling
 Maids who are not yet wed;
 Love has already crown'd me
 And to the altar led.
 Gai lon la, etc.

4.

Love has already crown'd me
 And to the altar led;
 But my dear lad did leave me,
 For us to fight he sped.
 Gai lon la, etc.

5.

But my dear lad did leave me,
 For us to fight he sped;
 Ever forebodings grieve me,
 Captive is he, or dead.
 Gai lon la, etc.

6.

Ever forebodings grieve me,
 Captive is he, or dead; —
 Sweetheart, he lives, believe me!
 Greet him with kisses glad.
 Gai lon la, etc.

3.

*Il chante pour ces belles
 Qui n'ont pas de mari.
 Il ne chant' pas pour moi
 Car j'en ai-t-un joli.
 Gai lon la, etc.*

4.

*Il ne chant' pas pour moi
 Car j'en ai-t-un joli.
 Il n'est point dans la danse,
 Il est bien loin d'ici.
 Gai lon la, etc.*

5.

*Il n'est point dans la danse,
 Il est bien loin d'ici,
 Il est dans la Hollande:
 Les Hollandais l'ont pris.
 Gai lon la, etc.*

6.

*Il est dans la Hollande:
 Les Hollandais l'ont pris.
 — Que donniez-vous, belle,
 Qui l'amènerait ici?
 Gai lon la, etc.*

WHY SO SILENT, TELL ME, BIRDIE

(PAUN I KOLO)

Translated by H. F. B.

(Bosnia)

Folksong

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Moderato (♩ = 42)

VOICE

Why so si - lent, tell me, bird - ie, Why so si -
 Pa - un pa - se, tra - va - ra - ste, pa - u - ne

PIANO

pten.

lent? Tell me, bird - ie dear, tell me, bird - ie
 moj! pa - u - ne moj! pa - u - ne

mf *pp* *rall.*

mf *pp* *rall.*

mf Allegretto (♩ = 92) *p*

dear. Art thou griev - ing for thy free - dom, My bird - ie, my
 moj! Pa - u - na - nam no - ge bo - le, pa - un moj, pa -

mf *p*

mf *p* *rall.*

bird - ie? Art thou long - ing for the wood - land, my bird - ie, bird - ie dear?
 un moj! Pa - u - na - nam o - ci bo - le, pa - un moj pa - un moj!

mf *p* *rall.*

THE JASMIN-FLOWER

(MOO-LEE-HWA)

21

Chinese Folksong
Arranged H. E. Krehbiel

Andante

PIANO *mp*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a similar but lower-pitched line. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the dynamics 'mp' (mezzo-piano). The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

1. Sweet and fair, a jas - min-flow'r, Sweet and fair, a jas - min-flow'r
1. How yé to sien hwa - a - a, How yé to sien hwa - a - a,

The first vocal entry is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a similar but lower-pitched line. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the dynamics 'mp' (mezzo-piano). The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Bloom'd with-in my sum - mer bow'r, Bloom'd with - in my sum - mer bow'r,
Yu chow yu ché lo tsai go kia, Yu chow yu ché lo tsai go - kia,

The second vocal entry is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a similar but lower-pitched line. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the dynamics 'mp' (mezzo-piano). The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

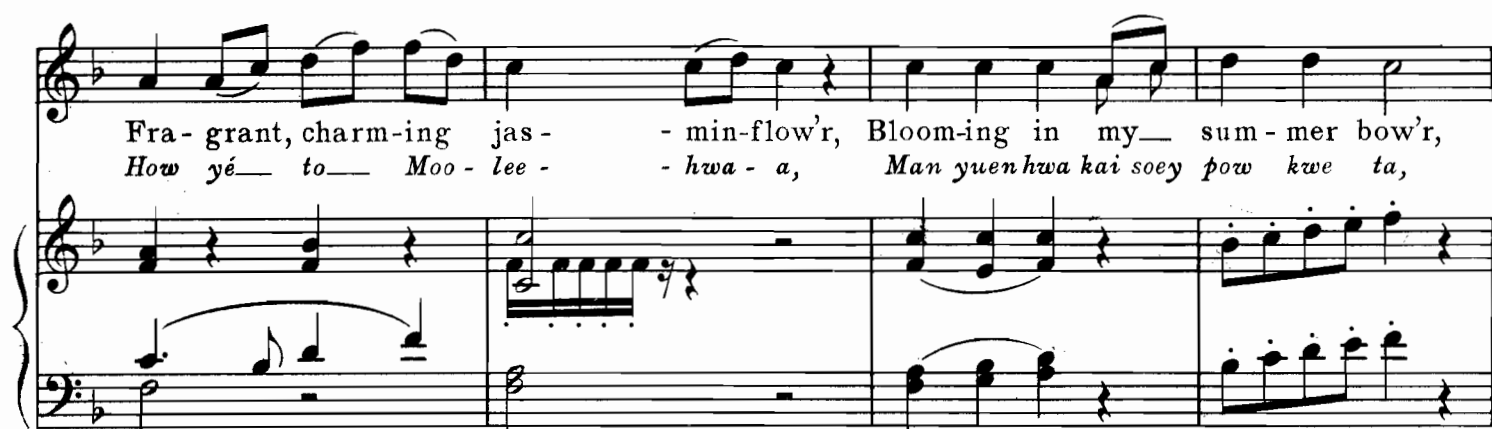
Hap - py hours, Fra - grant flow'rs.
Tui choi sien, hwa'rh lah.

The third vocal entry is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a similar but lower-pitched line. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the dynamics 'mp' (mezzo-piano). The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

The figure  is intended to imitate the wooden gong on which the Chinese leader of an orchestra beats. It should be played dryly but made prominent. H. E. K.



2. Fra- grant, charm- ing jas - - min-flow'r,
 2. How yé— to— Moo - lee - - hwa - a,



Fra- grant, charm- ing jas - - min-flow'r, Bloom- ing in my— sum - mer bow'r,
 How yé— to— Moo - lee - - hwa - a, Man yuen hwa kai soey pow kwe ta,



Bloom- ing in my— sum - mer bow'r, Nev - er— will I part from thee,
 Man yuen hwa kai soey pow kwe ta, Go— pown tai— tsai yé— ta



Do thou for - tune— bring me,— Do thou for - tune— bring.
 Tai yu— kung ka hwa kin ma,— Tai yu kung ka hwa kin.

BARBARA ALLEN

23

English Folksong
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

VOICE *Molto moderato* *mp espress.* *cresc.*

1. In Scar-let Town where I was born There
2. All in the mer - ry month of May, When
3. He sent his man un - to her then To the
4. For death is print - ed on his face And
5. So slow - ly, slow - ly she came up, And

PIANO *mp espress.* *cresc.*

mf

was a fair maid dwell - in', Made ev - 'ry youth cry—
green buds they were swell - in', Young Jen - my Grove on his
town where she was dwell - in', "You must come to my—
o'er his heart is steal - in', Then haste a - way to—
slow - ly she came nigh him, And all she said when

mf espress.

dim. *poco rall.* *p*

"well - a - day," Her name was Bar - bara Al - len.
death-bed lay For love of Bar - bara Al - len.
mas - ter dear Giff your name be Bar - bara Al - len.
com-fort him, O love - ly Bar - bara Al - len?"
there she came:—"Young man, I think you're dy - ing?"

dim. *poco rall.* *p*

mp espress. *cresc.*

6. He turn'd his face un - to her, straight, With dead - ly sor - row
 7. "If on your death - bed you do lie, What needs the tale you're
 8. He turn'd his face un - to the wall As dead - ly pangs he
 9. As she was walk - ing o'er the fields She heard the bell a -
 10. She turn'd her bod - y round a - bout And spied the corpse a -

mp espress. *cresc.*

mf *dim.*

sigh - ing: "O love - ly maid, come pit - y me; I'm
 tell - in'; I can - not keep you from your death; Fare -
 fell in; "A - dieu! A - dieu! A - dieu to you all! A -
 knell - in'; And ev - 'ry stroke did seem to say, "Un -
 com - ing; "Lay down, lay down the corpse," she said, "That

mf espress. *dim.*

poco rall. *p*

on my death - bed ly - ing?"
 well," said Bar - bara Al - len.
 dieu to Bar - bara Al - len?"
 worth - y Bar - bara Al - len!"
 I may look up - on him?"

poco rall. *p*

mp espress. *cresc.*

11. With scorn - ful eye she look - ed down, Her cheek with laugh - ter
 12. When he was dead and laid in grave Her heart was struck with
 13. Hard - heart - ed crea - ture him to slight Who lov - ed me so
 14. She, on her death - bed as she lay, Beggd to be bur - ied
 15. "Fare - well," she said, "ye vir - gins all, And shun the fault I

mp espress. *cresc.*

mf *dim.* *poco rall.*

swell - in'; ——— Whilst all her friends cried out a - main: — "Un - worth - y Bar - bara
 sor - row; ——— "O moth - er, moth - er, — make my bed, — For I shall die to -
 dear - ly! ——— O that I'd been more kind to him — When he was a - live and
 by him, ——— And sore re - pent - ed — of the day — That she did e'er de -
 fell in; ——— Hence - forth take warn - ing — by the fall — Of cru - el Bar - bara

mf espress. *dim.* *poco rall.*

p 11, 12, 13, 14. Last time

Al - len!"
 mor - row.
 near me!"
 ny him.
 Al - len!"

p *pp*

PRETTY POLLY OLIVER

English Air of the Seventeenth Century

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Allegretto grazioso *mf*

VOICE

1. As pret - ty Pol - ly
2. So in sol - dier's at -

PIANO *mf*

O - li - ver sat mus - ing, 'tis said, A com - i - cal fan - cy came
tire - to the wars she set out, And bore a brave part in both

in - to her head; Nor fa - ther nor moth - er shall make me false
raid and in rout; In the bat - tle she found him slight - ly wound - ed and

prove, I'll list for a sol - dier and fol - low my love.
low On the ground where he lay with his face to the foe.

rit.

rit.

f

3. Now Pol - ly he
4. The ser - geant, he

a tempo

mf

mf

knew in a mo - ment's quick glance, And he cried: "Why, my dear, now I've
sent for the par - son to come, And cou - ple the lov - ers who'd

met you in France;" But the lass, she said "nay, he was sure - ly mis -
fol - low'd the drum; And Pol - ly, re - stored to her wom - an - ly

took," But her words were be - lied by the love in her look.
state, Found all she had sought in a home and a mate.

rit.

rit.

THE THREE RAVENS

Old Ballad (circa 1611)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Lento espressivo

VOICE *mp* *cresc.*

1. There were three ra - vens sat on a tree, Down a down, hey
 2. Down in yon - der green — field, Down a down, hey

PIANO *mp* *cresc.*

mf *f sostenuto*

down, hey down, They were as black as they might be, With a down.
 down, hey down, There lies a knight slain un - der his shield, With a down.

mf *f*

mp *dim.*

The one of them said to his make Where shall we now our
 His hounds lie down — at his feet, So well do they their

mp *dim.*

p rit. *pp*

break - fast take, With a down, der - ry, der - ry, der - ry down, down.
 mas - ter keep, With a down, der - ry, der - ry, der - ry down, down.

p rit. *pp*

mp *cresc.*

3. His hawks they fly so ea - ger - ly, Down a down, hey
 4. She lift - ed up his blood - y head, Down a down, hey
 5. She bur - ied him be - fore the prime, Down a down, hey

mp *cresc.*

mf *f sostenuto*

down, hey down, There's no fowl that dare him come nigh, With a down. _____
 down, hey down, And kiss'd his wounds that were so red, With a down. _____
 down, hey down, She was dead her - self ere e - ven-song time, With a down. _____

mf *f*

mp *dim.*

_____ She Down there comes a fal - low doe, As great with young as
 _____ got him up up - on her back And car - ried him to the
 _____ God send ev - 'ry gen - tle - man Such hawks such hounds, and

mp *dim.*

p rit. *pp*

she might go, With a down, der - ry, der - ry, der - ry down, down.
 earth - en lake, With a down, der - ry, der - ry, der - ry down, down.
 such a loved one, With a down, der - ry, der - ry, der - ry down, down.

p rit. *pp*

MY DEAR, IF WE WERE WANDERING

(LA BELL' SI NOUS ÉTIOM' DEDANS)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

Normandy Folksong
Arranged by J. B. Wekerlin

Allegro (♩ = 126)

VOICE

PIANO

f *p*

1. My dear, if we were wan-d'ring in
1. La bell' si nous é - tiom' de - dans

8

for - est still, — My dear, if we were wan-d'ring in for - est still,
su haut bois, — La bell' si nous é - tiom' de - dans su haut bois,

8

We would gath-er nuts and eat our fill — We would gath-er nuts and
 On s'y man-ge - riom' fort bien des noix — On s'y man-ge - riom' fort

p
 eat our fill; We would eat at leis-ure up-on our way, With a
 bien des noix; On s'en man-ge - riom' à no-te loi-si, Ni-que

roun - de - lay! — Dear - est, you have sure - ly
 nac no muse! — Bel - le, vous m'a - rez t'em -

rit.
 turn'd my head, and caught my heart as well, With your beau-ty's spell.
 bar - li - fi, t'em - bar - li - fi - co - té Par vo - te biau - té.
rit.

a tempo

f *p*

2. My dear, if we could
2. La bell', si nous é -

8

dwelt in the gar - den gay, — My dear, if we could dwelt in the
tiom' de - dans su jar - din, — La bell' si nous é - tiom' de - dans

8

gar - den gay, We would sing so blithe - ly — night and
su jar - din, On s'y chan - te - - riom' soir — et ma -

8

day, — We would sing so blithe - ly — night and day;
 tin, — On s'y chan - te - riom' soir — et ma - tin;

8

p
 We would sing at leis - ure in gar - den gay, With a roun - de -
 On s'y chan - te - riom' à no - te loi - - si, Ni - que nac no

p

lay! — Dear - est, you have sure - ly turn'd my
 mussel! — Bel - - le, vous m'a - - rez t'em - bar - li -

f

head, and caught my heart as well, With your beau - ty's speli.
 fi, t'em - bar - li - fi - co - té, Par vo - te biau - té.

rit.

NIGHTINGALE SWEETLY SINGING

(ROUSSIGNOULET QUI CANTOS)

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

Béarnese Song

Edited and arranged by

JULIEN TIERSOT

Calm and sustained
(Calme et soutenu)

PIANO *mf*

1. Night-in-gale sweet-ly sing - - ing, - There on the bough a - bove, Rap-tured your
1. Rous-si-gnou-let qui can - - tos, - Sus la bran-que paü-sat, Que t'plat et

song is ring - - ing, Near you the mate you love. While I am sad - ly
que t'en - can - - tos - Aü-près de ta miey - tat. Et you, plé de tris.

griev-ing, Bur-den'd my heart with care, - My own true love I'm leav - - ing, -
tes - so, Lou cos tout en - cla bat, - En quit-tan ma mes - tres - - se -

Leav- ing in deep de - spair.
Par - ti de - ses - pe - rat.

English

1.

Nightingale sweetly singing,
There on the bough above,
Raptured your song is ringing,
Near you the mate you love;
While I am sadly grieving,
Burden'd my heart with care,
My own true love I'm leaving,
Leaving in deep despair!

2.

She knew, her heart foretelling,
Each must the other leave.
How my own heart was swelling,
Grieving to see her grieve.
Softly her low voice dying,
Hand in mine she did say:
"Joyless my heart is sighing,
For we must part to-day!"

3.

As when her mate they sever
From the fond turtle-dove,
Thus my heart, faithful ever,
Dreams but of you, my love!
Since but for you I'm living,
To friendship's call be true,
Sorrow for sorrow giving,
Here in our last adieu!

Béarnese

1.

Roussignoulet qui cantos
Sus la branque paüsat,
Que t'platz et que t'encantos
Aüprès de ta mieytat.
Et you, plé de tristesso
Lou cos tout enclabat,
En quittan ma mestresso
Parti desesperat.

2.

Ero bé pressentibo
Lou dio deü parti!
Lou cos que sem mouribo
De la bédé souffri,
D'une boutz langourouso
Ditz, m'estregné la maa:
"Bé séri malhurouso
Siñs calè sépara."

3.

Taü coum la tourtièrèlo
En quittan soun pariou,
Moun cos toustém fidèlo
Saünéyo à soun amon.
Oubyet de ma tendresso
Aü noum de l'amistat,
Plagnetz lou qui p'adesso
Soun darrè adichat.

French

1.

Roussignolet qui chantes
Sur la branche posé,
Qui te plais et t'enchantes
Auprès de ta compagne. ⁽¹⁾
Et moi, plein de tristesse,
Le cœur tout endolori,
Enquittant ma maîtresse
Je pars désespéré.

2.

Elle avait bien pressenti
Le jour du départ
Le cœur quime mourait
De la voir souffrir!
D'une voix langoureuse
Elle dit, m'étreignant la main,
"Que je serais malheureuse
S'il fallait nous séparer!"

3.

Tout comme la tourterelle
En quittant son ami,
Mon cœur, toujours fidèle,
Songe à son amour.
Objet de ma tendresse,
Au nom de l'amitié,
Plaiguez qui vous adresse
Son dernier adieu.

(1) *Ta mieytat*: littéralement "ta moitié."

THE THREE CAPTAINS

(LES TROIS CAPITAINES)

DANCE SONG

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

Edited and arranged by
JULIEN TIERSOT

Con anima
(Animé)

PIANO

The piano introduction is in 3/8 time, marked 'Con anima (Animé)' and 'PIANO'. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both starting with a forte (f) dynamic. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets. The bass line consists of quarter and eighth notes.

Solo

1. Oh, as thro' Lor-raine I took my way, With my sa - bots, _____
 2. There were cap - tains three I met one day, With my sa - bots, _____
 1. *En pas - sant par la Lor - rai - ne A - vec mes sa - bots, _____*
 2. *Ren - con - trai trois ca - pi - tai - nes, A - vec mes sa - bots, _____*

The solo section features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is in 3/8 time and includes the lyrics for two verses. The piano accompaniment is marked 'mf' and consists of a steady eighth-note bass line with chords in the right hand.

Chorus

Oh, as thro' Lor-raine I took my way, With my sa - bots, _____
 There were cap - tains three I met one day, With my sa - bots, _____
En pas - sant par la Lor - rai - ne A - vec mes sa - bots, _____
Ren - con - trai trois ca - pi - tai - nes, A - vec mes sa - bots, _____

The chorus section features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is in 3/8 time and includes the lyrics for two verses. The piano accompaniment is marked 'mf' and consists of a steady eighth-note bass line with chords in the right hand.

If this song is sung as a solo, or by a chorus without soloist, thereby losing its dialogue character, the last repetition of each verse, following the sign ♢, is to be omitted, returning to the sign §.

Dans le cas où la chanson, chantée soit en solo, soit par un chœur sans soliste, perdrait son caractère dialogué, on supprimerait la dernière reprise de chaque couplet, après le signe ♢; en reprenant chaque fois de ce signe §.

Solo *p*

There were cap - tains three I met one day, With my sa - bots, Don -
 And that I was ug - ly they did say, With my sa - bots, Don -
 Ren - con - trai trois ca - pi - tai - nes A - vec mes sa - bots, Don -
 Ils m'ont ap - pel - lé vi - lai - ne A - vec mes sa - bots, Don -

f marcato *p*

dai - ne, Oh! Oh! Oh! With my sa - bots.
 dai - ne, Oh! Oh! Oh! With my sa - bots.
 dai - ne, Oh! Oh! Oh! A - vec mes sa - bots.
 dai - ne, Oh! Oh! Oh! A - vec mes sa - bots.

Chorus *p* *f marcato*

There were cap - tains three I met one day, With my sa-bots, Don-dai - ne, Oh! Oh!
 And that I was ug - ly they did say, With my sa-bots, Don-dai - ne, Oh! Oh!
 Ren - con-trai trois ca - pi - tai - nes A - vec mes sa - bots, Don-dai - ne, Oh! Oh!
 Ils m'ont ap - pel - lé vi - lai - ne A - vec mes sa - bots, Don-dai - ne, Oh! Oh!

p All verses except the last *f* Last time only

Oh! With my sa - bots.
 Oh! A - vec mes sa - bots.
 Oh!
 Oh! With my sa - bots.
 A - vec mes sa - bots.

3.

And that I was ugly they did say,
 With my sabots,
 And that I was ugly they did say,
 With my sabots.
 I am not at all uncomely, nay,
 With my sabots,
 Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
 With my sabots.

Repeat last four lines for Chorus

4.

I am not at all uncomely, nay,
 With my sabots,
 I am not at all uncomely, nay,
 With my sabots.
 For the king's own son, he loves me, yea,
 With my sabots,
 Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
 With my sabots.

Repeat last four lines for Chorus

5.

For the king's own son, he loves me, yea,
 With my sabots,
 For the king's own son, he loves me, yea,
 With my sabots.
 Made a gift to me, his court to pay,
 With my sabots,
 Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
 With my sabots.

Repeat last four lines for Chorus

6.

Made a gift to me, his court to pay,
 With my sabots,
 Made a gift to me, his court to pay,
 With my sabots.
 'Twas of marjoram a fair bouquet,
 With my sabots,
 Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
 With my sabots.

Repeat last four lines for Chorus

7.

'Twas of marjoram a fair bouquet,
 With my sabots,
 'Twas of marjoram a fair bouquet,
 With my sabots.
 Should it flow'r, as queen a realm I'll sway,
 With my sabots,
 Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
 With my sabots.

Repeat last four lines for Chorus

8.

Should it flow'r, as queen a realm I'll sway,
 With my sabots,
 Should it flow'r, as queen a realm I'll sway,
 With my sabots.
 Should it die my hopes are gone for aye,
 With my sabots,
 Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
 With my sabots.

Repeat last four lines for Chorus

3.

*Ils m'ont appelé vilaine,
 Avec mes sabots,
 Ils m'ont appelé vilaine,
 Avec mes sabots.
 Je ne suis pas si vilaine
 Avec mes sabots,
 Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
 Avec mes sabots.
 Choeur. Je ne suis pas, etc.*

4.

*Je ne suis pas si vilaine
 Avec mes sabots,
 Je ne suis pas si vilaine
 Avec mes sabots.
 Puisque le fils du roi m'aime,
 Avec mes sabots,
 Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
 Avec mes sabots.
 Choeur. Puisque le fils, etc.*

5.

*Puisque le fils du roi m'aime,
 Avec mes sabots,
 Puisque le fils du roi m'aime,
 Avec mes sabots,
 Il m'a donné pour étrenne
 Avec mes sabots,
 Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
 Avec mes sabots.
 Choeur. Il m'a donné, etc.*

6.

*Il m'a donné pour étrenne,
 Avec mes sabots,
 Il m'a donné pour étrenne,
 Avec mes sabots,
 Un bouquet de marjolaine
 Avec mes sabots,
 Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
 Avec mes sabots.
 Choeur. Un bouquet, etc.*

7.

*Un bouquet de marjolaine,
 Avec mes sabots,
 Un bouquet de marjolaine,
 Avec mes sabots.
 S'il fleurit, je serai reine,
 Avec mes sabots,
 Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
 Avec mes sabots.
 Choeur. S'il fleurit, etc.*

8.

*S'il fleurit, je serai reine
 Avec mes sabots,
 S'il fleurit, je serai reine
 Avec mes sabots.
 S'il y meurt, je perds ma peine
 Avec mes sabots,
 Dondaine, Oh! Oh! Oh!
 Avec mes sabots.
 Choeur. S'il y meurt, etc.*

THE PARABLE OF THE SINFUL RICH MAN

(LA PARABOLE DU MAUVAIS RICHE)

English version by Frederick H. Martens

Edited and arranged by
JULIEN TIERSOT

Not too slow, but grave and sustained
(*Pas trop lent, mais grave et soutenu*)

PIANO

mf

Clad in rags the Sa - viour wan - ders: "Char - i - ty of you I — pray!"
Jé - sus-Christ s'ha - bil - leen pau - vre: "Fai - tes - moi la cha - ri - té."

Clad in rags the Sa - viour wan - ders: "Char - i - ty of you I — pray!"
Jé - sus-Christ s'ha - bil - leen pau - vre: "Fai - tes - moi la cha - ri - té."

But the crumbs swept from your ta - ble, — They my hun - ger would al - lay?" —
Les mi - et - tes de la — ta - ble — Je fe - rai bien mon di - ner."

f

"All the crumbs swept from my—
"Les mi - et - tes de ma—

ta - ble, To my hun - gry dogs they fall;— All the crumbs swept from my—
ta - ble, Je les gar - de pour mes chiens, Les mi - et - tes de ma—

f

ta - ble, To my hun - gry dogs they fall;— For my dogs they bring me—
ta - ble, Je les gar - de pour mes chiens, Mes chiens m'ap - por - tent des—

rab - bits:— You, you bring me naught at all."
liè - vres;— Toi, tu ne m'ap - por - tes rien."

mf

La - dy, at the win - dow stand - ing,
 Da - me, qu'ê - tes en fe - nè - tre,

Char - i - ty of you I plead! La - dy, at the win - dow stand - ing,
 Fai - tes - moi la cha - ri - té. Da - me, qu'ê - tes en fe - nè - tre,

Char - i - ty of you I plead! "En - ter in, you poor man, en - ter!
 Fai - tes - moi la cha - ri - té?" "Oh! en - trez, en - trez, bon pau - vre:

Sup - per warm shall fill your need?
 Bon sou - per vous trou - ve - rez."

p

When He stepp'd in - to the cham-ber, Round Him shone a won - drous light,
 En en - trant de - dans la cham-bre Ils ont vu gran - de clar - té,

When He stepp'd in - to the cham-ber, Round Him shone a won - drous light,
 En en - trant de - dans la cham-bre Ils ont vu gran - de clar - té.

"Tell me, tell me, poor man, tell me, Is the moon now ris - ing,
 "Oh! di - tes - moi donc, bon pau - vre, Si la lu - ne s'est le -

bright?"
 vée?"

cresc.

mf

"Nay, 'tis not the moon has— ris - en, 'Tis your char - i - ty in - stead,—
 "Non, non, ce n'est pas la— lu - ne, C'est vos bon - nes cha - ri - tés,—

Nay, 'tis not the moon has— ris - en, 'Tis your char - i - ty in - stead,—
 Non, non, ce n'est pas la— lu - ne, C'est vos bon - nes cha - ri - tés,—

'Tis your deeds of kind - ness— la - - - dy,— That their glow a - bout you—
 C'est vos oeu - vres, chère— da - - - me,— Qui par-tout sont é - pan -

shed."—
 chées."—

“Tell me, pray, you poor man, tell me, Are you Je - sus in dis - guise?—
 “Oh! di - tes - moi donc, bon— pau - vre, Vous me sem - blez Jé - sus - Christ!—

Tell me, pray, you poor man, tell me, Are you Je - sus in dis - guise?—
 Oh! di - tes - moi donc, bon— pau - vre, Vous me sem - blez Jé - sus - Christ!—

“Nev - er fear, my gen - tle— la - - dy, — King am I a - bove the—
 “Na - yez crain - te, bon - ne— da - - me, — Je suis Roi du Pa - ra -

cresc.

skies.—
 dis.—

f

f

Three days hence you'll die, my la - dy, Joys of Par - a - dise you'll
 Dans trois jours vous se - rez mor - te, En Pa - ra - dis vous i -

know; — Three days hence you'll die, my la - dy, Joys of Par - a -
 rez; — Dans trois jours vous se - rez mor - te, En Pa - ra - dis

dise you'll know; — While your hus - band burns in — tor -
 vous i - rez; — Et vo - tre ma - ri, Ma - da -

ment — In the flames of Hell be - low? —
 me, — En En - fer i - ra bru - ler? —

ff

MUST I GO

(MUSS I DENN)

(Germany)

Translated by H.F.B.

Swabian Folksong (1825)
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Moderately

VOICE

p *più p*

1. Must I go, must I go from my dear vil-lage home, dear vil-lage home, While thou
 1. When I come, when I come back to thee, sweet-heart, thee, sweet-heart, Ne'er—
 1. Muss i denn, muss i denn, Zum Städ - te - le 'naus, Städ - te - le - 'naus, und —
 1. Wenn i komm', wenn i komm', wenn i wie - drum komm', wie - drum komm', kehr' i

PIANO

p *più p*

cresc.

stay-est here, my love? Tho' a - far I wan-der, wan - der free, All my heart, my joy is with
 from thy side I'll rove.} du, mein Schatz, bleibst hier.} Kann i gleich nit all - weil bei dir sein, han i doch mein Freud' an—
 ein, mein Schatz, bei dir.}

cresc.

mp *dim.* *p*

thee, When I come when I come, back to thee, sweet-heart, thee, sweet-heart, Ne'er from thy side I'll rove.
 dir. Wenn i komm', wenn i komm', wenn i wie - drum komm', wie - drum komm', kehr' i ein, mein Schatz, bei dir.

mp *dim.* *p*

p

2. { Do not weep, do not weep when I roam far a-way, roam far a-way, As if
 2. { When a - far, when a - far, sweet-est maids shall I see, maids shall I see, None so
 2. { Wie du weinst, wie du weinst, dass i wan - de - re muss, wan - de - re muss, Wie wenn
 2. { Sind au drauss, sind au drauss, der Mä - de - le viel, Mä - de - le viel, Lie - ber

p

cresc.

all our love was flown; } Fear thou not, tho' oth - er maids I see, For I love but thee a -
 sweet as thee, my own. }
 d'Lieb'jetzt wär vor - bei, } Denk du net, wenn i en An - dre seh, So sei mein' Lieb vor -
 Schatz, i bleib dir treu! }

cresc.

mp *dim.* *p*

lone, When a - far, when a - far, sweet-est maids shall I see, maids shall I see, None so sweet as thee, my own.
 bei; Sind au drauss, sind au drauss, der Mä - de - le viel, Mä - de - le viel, Lie - ber Schatz, i bleib dir treu!

mp *dim.* *p*

3.

In a year, when the vintage is o'er,
 I'll return again to thee;
 And if then, thy love still am I,
 Then shall our wedding be.
 In a year my service will be done,
 And our fond hearts shall be one,
 And if then, thy love still am I,
 Then shall our wedding be.

3.

Ueber's Jahr, wenn me Trübele schneid't,
 Stell' i hier mi wiedrum ein;
 Bin i dann, dein Schützele noch,
 So soll die Hochzeit sein.
 Ueber's Jahr, da ist mein Zeit vorbei,
 Da gehör, i mein und dein;
 Bin i dann, dein Schützele noch,
 So soll die Hochzeit sein.

MY HEART AND THY HEART

(DEIN HERZ UND MEIN HERZ)

A ROUND

Swabian Folksong

Not too fast

VOICE

1. My heart and thy heart Can not dis - sev - er,
 2. No lock-smith in the world Can make an - oth - er,
 1. Dein Herz und mein Herz sind z'am - ma - schloss - a,
 2. Ka Schlos-ser in d'r Welt kan a neu - e mach - a,

PIANO

p

rit. *accel.* Allegro *fz*

The key that lock'd them Is lost for ev - er Tra la la la la la la la la
 So leave we our two hearts Fast lock'd to - geth - er Tra la la la la la la la la
 d'Schlüs-sel, da uff - thut ischt ab - ge - bro - cha. Tra la la la la la la la la
 ma mues d'zwo Herz - le bei'-nan-der la - ssa. Tra la la la la la la la la

rit. *colla parte*

fz *f molto rit.* *pp* *a piacere*

la la la la la la la la The key that lock'd them Is lost for ev - er.
 la la la la la la la la So leave we our two hearts Fast lock'd to - geth - er.
 la la la la la la la la d'Schlüs-sel, da uff - thut ischt ab - ge - bro - cha!
 la la la la la la la la ma mues d'zwo Herz - le bei'-nan-der la - ssa

colla parte *pp* *colla parte*

THE LANTHORN

(DIE LATERN)

49

(Cumberland dialect)

Swabian Folksong

Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

In slow waltz tempo

VOICE

PIANO

scherzando

mf con grazia

poco sosten.

p

(He) 1. "Guid—
(Er) 1. Gu—ten

mwor-nin', bon-ny Lee-zie, wilt' len' me thy—leet? The muin is na—
Mor-gen, lie-bes Lie-serl, ach, leih' mir die La-tern; es—ischt ja so—

glint-in', an' murk is—the neet. I mun thro' the lon-nin a—
fin-ster und scheint nit—a Stern. Es ischt ja—so—fin-ster und—

fore it—be—day,—Sae-len' me thy—lan—thorn, sweet Lee-zie, I—pray."
scheint nit der Mond; i—bitt' di gar—schön, lie-bes Lie-serl, hör' an!

pp mysteriously
(heimlich)

ppp

espress.

p

(She) 2. "Süd I do what you
(Sie) 2. I — darf dir's nit

mf con grazia *poco sostenuto* *pp*

ax me, mey mud - der wad fratch; She'll hear if yen clut - ters or
lei - he, mei Mut - ter ischt bös, sie — thut bald nach - schlei - che, wenn sie

pp

tirls at the latch; Mey mud - der wad cheyde me, as oft she has —
hört a — Ge - tös? Ja, Mut - terl wird schel - te, i — hor's scho vo —

ppp

done, — Wi, 'Deuce tek the — hiz - zy, thy lan - thorn is — gone!"
fern, — wird hei - sse: Du — Schnap - perl, wo hascht dei — La - tern?

espress.

(He) 3. "Tis_ nob - bet a_—
(Er) 3. Darfst d'rums nit so—

mf con grazia *poco sostenuto* *pp*

lan-thorn, for aw tou may prate, An' sin' tou's sae pride-fu' na
stolz sein mit dei-ner La-tern, un-ser's Nach-bar's sei- Ka-therl, die

lan-ger I'll wait; For Ag-gy she'll len' me her awn wi' guid
leicht mir sie gern. Wenn s'glei a bissl z'rri-se isch, ischt doch noch wol-

ppp

will,— An' tho' I sud brek it, she'll len' it me still?
gut,— und wenn a der Wind weht, halt' i vor mei-nen Hut!

espress.

THE MILL WHEEL

(DAS MÜHLRAD)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

German Folksong (1780)
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

Andante
Tenderly
Innig *p*

VOICE

1. Up yon-der up-on the moun-tain A
2. The one, she is named Su-san-na, The
1. Da dro-ben auf je-nem Ber-ge da
2. Die ei-ne die hei-sset Su-san-ne, die

PIANO

p

mf

house stands strong and high, And there in the ear-ly
oth-er An-na Ma-rie, The third I would rath-er not
steht ein ho-hes Haus, da schau-en wohl al-le früh
an-de-re An-na Ma-rei; die drit-te die thu' ich nicht

morn-ing Three pret-ty young maid-ens I spy!
tell you, For she will be wed-ded to me.
mor-gen drei schö-ne Jung-frau-en her-aus!
nen-nen weil sie es mein ei-gen soll sein.

p

3. Down there in the fer - tile val - - ley The
 4. The wheel of the mill is bro - - ken, But
 3. Da drun - ten in je - nen Tha - - le da
 4. Das Mühl - - rad ist zer - bro - - chen, die

p

mf

brook - let a mill - wheel turns; Naught oth - er than love it is
 love will for ev - - er stand; And when two fond lov - ers are
 trei - bet das Was - ser ein Rad, das mah - let nichts an - dres als
 Lie - be hat doch kein End; und wenn zwei Herz - lieb - chen sich

grind - ing From morn till the set - ting sun burns. _____
 part - ing They clasp each oth - er's hand. _____
 Lie - be von Mor - gen bis A - - bend spät. _____
 schei - den, so rei - chen's ein - an - der die Händ! _____

THE SANDMAN

(SANDMÄNNCHEN)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

German folksong from the Lower Rhine

Misterioso
pp

VOICE

1. The flow - - ers all are sleep - - ing Be -
 2. The birds that sang so sweet - - ly To
 3. Now at the win - dow lat - - tice The
 1. Die Blü - me - lein, sie schla - fen Schon
 2. Die Vö - ge - lein, die san - gen So
 3. Sand - männ - chen kommt ge - schli - chen Und

PIANO

pp

neath the moon - light pale; Each lit - tle head is
 greet the sun - shine bright In nests are tuck'd up
 Sand - man shows his head To look for lit - tle
 längst in Mon - den - schein, Sie ni - cken mit den
 süß im Son - nen - schein, Sie sind zur Ruh' ge -
 guckt durch's Fen - ster - lein, Ob ir - gend noch ein

nod - - ding Up - on its stem so frail:
 neat - - ly To sleep till morn - ing light.
 chil - dren Who have not gone to bed.
 Kö - pfen Auf ih - ren Sten - ge - lein.
 gan - gen In ih - re Nest - chen klein;
 Lieb - chen Nicht mag zu Bet - te sein:

mf *p*

The — ev — er rus — tling bran — ches seem To —
 The — cot — tage in the gar — den here Is —
 And — if he takes them by sur — prise With —
Es — rüt — telt sich der Blü — then — baum, Er —
Das — Heim — chen in dem Äh — ren — grund, Es —
Und — wo er nur ein Kind — chen fand, Streut'

pp

whis — per in a dream: Sleep — thou,
 still a — wake, I fear: Sleep — thou,
 sand he fills their eyes. Sleep — thou:
säu — selt wie im Traum: Schla — fe,
thut al — lein sich kund: Schla — fe,
er in's Aug' ihm Sand: Schla — fe,

pp

sleep — thou, — O — dar — ling — child of mine!
 sleep — thou, — O — dar — ling — child of mine!
 sleep — thou, — O — dar — ling — child of mine!
schla — fe, — schlaf' du, mein Kin — de — lein!
schla — fe, — schlaf' du, mein Kin — de — lein!
schla — fe, — schlaf' du, mein Kin — de — lein!

THE MUSICIAN (O MOISIKOS)

Translated by H. F. B.

Attributed to ATHANASIOS CHRISTOPULOS (born 1770)

(Greece)

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegretto

VOICE

PIANO

mf

1. What a stu - pid fel - low thou, Leave thy sing - ing, hear me
1. 'E - su phi - le mou - si - ké! Pho - - na - kla mou Ba - dra -

cresc. *f*

now. Wa - ter is to thee so dear, To a frog thoult turn, I
ké! Ne - ro pi - non - tas glu - ka Ke - lai - deis to mpa - ku -

cresc. *f*

p *mf*

fear. But a good - ly draught of wine Drain I from a gob - let fine, Ly - ing
ka. K'e - go pi - non - tas kra - si me ten kou - pa té chru - se, mes' s'ta

p *mf*

f

where cool shad - ows are, Gay I sing Tra - la - la - la.
den - dra t'an - de - rá Tra - gou - dō to ta - ra - ra.

mf

2. Come then, com - rade, drink with me, Life is short, sweet let it
 2. El 'as pi - nou - me ma - zu. 'O ka - de - - nas o - so

mf

cresc. *f*

be. Let the dull world go its way, Wine's the mis - tress we o -
 zē, Kai ton kos - mo ton ka - - lo As ge - loū - me san trel -

cresc. *f*

p *mf*

bey. Fools strive vain - ly till they die, "This is bad — that good," they cry. Ours is
 ló. Tu - pklais na - choun ta — pol - la Kai me - ga - la tou - ka - la Kai ta

p *mf*

f

wis - dom bet - ter far, Drink and sing Tra - la - la - la.
 ple - - o dau - - ma - sta, Eis to piei mas om - pros - - ta.

f

SEE, LOVE, ABOVE THE STARS

(CSILLAG ELÉG RAGYOG)

Translated by H. E. Krehbiel

Hungarian Folksong

Arranged by Heinrich Reimann (after Brahms)

Fast (♩ = 132)

VOICE

PIANO

See, love, a - bove the stars are bright - ly shin - ing, —
 Csil - lag — e - lég ra - gyog az é - gen, ró - zám —

— And I for thee a - lone am pin - ing, — Far from thy
 — Le - gel - tet künn a ré - ten nyá - jat — Be - hajt - ja -

home thou'rt roam - ing — Ha - sten, ro - ver, Come to meet thy
 az a kol - ba, ma - ga el - jön Hoz - zám a fo -

lov - er! Ha - sten, ro - ver, Come meet thy lov - er!
 nó - ba ma - ga el - jön hoz - zám a fo - nó - ba.

ff *p* *mf poco sostenuto* *p a tempo* *sostenuto fast* *sostenuto*

still faster
f (noch etwas schneller)

Cheeks red as ro - ses, Where love re -
 Csi - cse - ri bor - só nyuk - szik az

p

p

pos - es, How my heart is beat - ing
 or - só, Do - bog szí - ve tá - ja

poco sostenuto *p a tempo*

At thought of meet - ing! Eyes bright - ly shin - ing
 mert a ba - bá - ja Szép - sze - me, csil - log,

colla parte

mf

Hap - pi - ness en - shrin - ing: Ha - sten, ro - ver,
 sze - rel - me - sen vil - log Mert ro - zsá - ja

p

stringendo *f*

Come to meet thy lov - er! Ha - sten, ro - ver,
 el - jön a fo - nó - ba, Mert ro - zsá - ga

f

sostenuto *a tempo*

Come — meet thy lov - er!
 el - jön a fo - nó - ba.

fz molto sostenuto *a tempo* *ffz* *ffz*

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

61

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Air: "The Groves of Blarney"
Arranged by William Arms Fisher

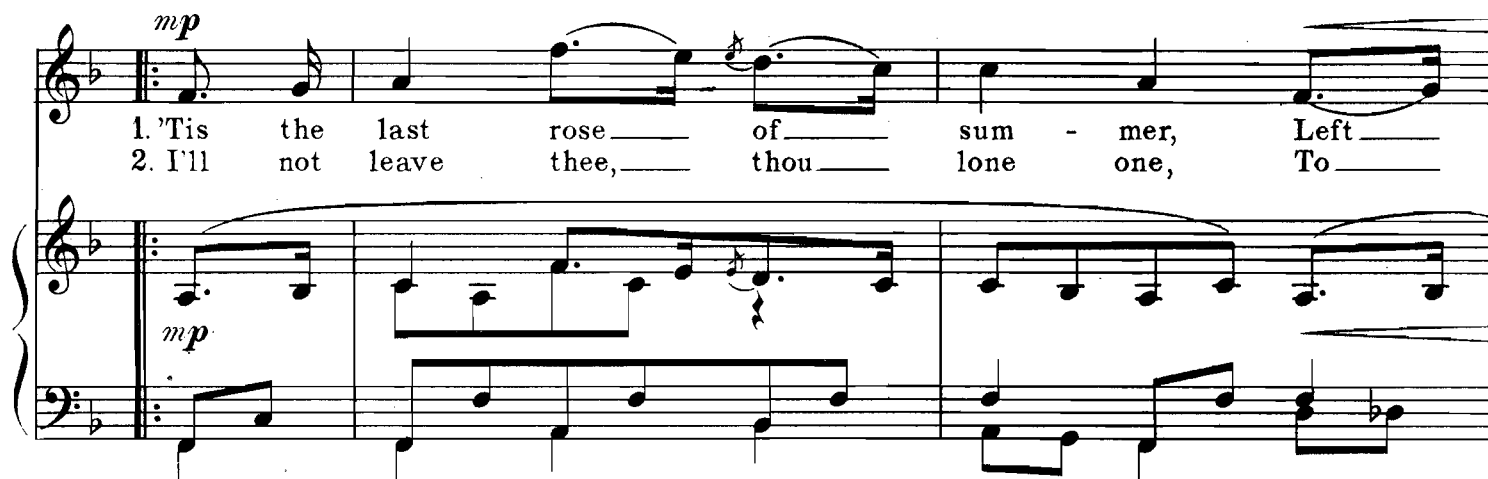
Andante con espress.

PIANO *p*

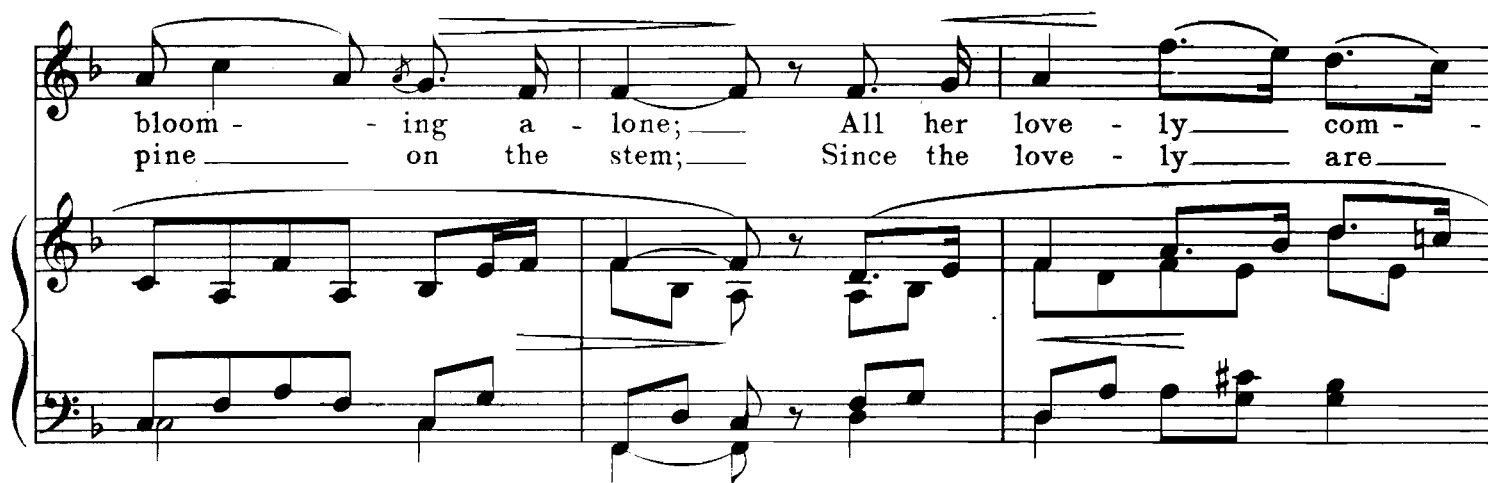


mp

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To



bloom - ing a lone; All her love - ly com -
pine on the stem; Since the love - ly are



dim.

pan - ions Are fad - ed and gone; No
sleep - ing, Go, sleep thou with them. Thus

dim.



cresc. e rit.

flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is
kind - ly I'll scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the

a tempo

nigh To re - flect back her blush - es, Or
bed, Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie

a tempo

rit.

give sigh for sigh.
scent - less and dead.

delicato

mp a tempo

rit.

3. So soon may I fol - low When friend - ships de -

mf

con Pedale

cay; And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The

gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie

rit. a poco

with - er'd, And fond ones are flown, Oh! who would in -

rit. a poco

dim. e rit.

hab - it This bleak world a - lone?

dim. e rit.

p

Ad.

BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

THOMAS MOORE

Air: "My lodging, it is on the cold ground"

Arranged by William Arms Fisher

Moderato e graziosamente

VOICE *mf*

1. Be - lieve me if all those en -
2. It is not while beau - ty and

PIANO *mf*

con Pedale

dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to - day, _____ Were to
youth are thine own, And thy cheek un-pro-faned by a tear, _____ That the

change by to - mor - row and fleet in my arms, Like fair - y gifts fad - ing a -
fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more

way, _____ Thou wouldst still be a-dored as this mo-moment thou art, Let thy
 dear! _____ Oh! the heart that has tru-ly loved nev-er for-gets, But as

love-li-ness fade as it will; _____ And a-round the dear ru-in each
 tru-ly loves on to the close; _____ As the sun-flow-er turns on her

wish of my heart Would en-twine it-self ver-dant-ly still. _____
 god when he sets, The same look that she turn'd when he rose. _____
 (gave) L.H.

LA ROMANELLA

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

Neapolitan Folksong
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

Andante cantabile (♩ = 108)
mf espressivo

VOICE

1. Woe to you, trai - tor! Me you a -
2. As you've be - wrayd me, As you've be -
1. Aje tra - det - to - rel! Tu m'aje las -
2. Lu tra - de - mien - to che mò mme

PIANO

mf ben tenuto

ban - don! Scorn for an - oth - er, one loves you
tray'd me, Ere pass the day — she'll dupe you in
sa - ta, è m'aje scag - na - ta ppe chel - la
fa - je, non pas - sa cra - je, te lo fa -

well! With me com - pare her, May - hap - she's -
turn! Tears my eyes burn - ing, An - guish and -
lal! Gnor - si, che chel - la de - mme è chiu -
ral! E ches - te la - gre - me che - mò - m'an -

p

rit.

fair - er; Wheth - er more faith - ful? Ah, time will
 yearn - ing, In doub - le meas - ure You'll pay a -
 bel - la, Ma ppe fe - de - le po se ve -
 no - za - no, pur - zi co au - su - ra, aje da scon -

colla parte

a tempo
p

tell! With me com - pare her, May - hap she's fair - er, Wheth - er more
 gain! Tears my eyes burn - ing, An - guish and yearn - ing, In doub - le
 drà! ma ppe fe - de - le po se ve - drà, ma ppe fe -
 tà! e ches - te la - gre - me che mò m'an - no - za - no, pur - zi co au -

a tempo
p

faith - ful? Ah, time will tell!
 meas - ure You'll pay a - gain!
 de - le po se ve - drà?
 su - ra, aje da scon - tà!

espress.

O ONCE MINE EYES HAD SEEN YOU

(PILL' URA CHI TI VITTI)

SICILIANA

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

Italian Folksong

Andante

VOICE

p

O once mine eyes had seen you, All peace from me had
 Pill' u - ra chi ti vit - ti, jeu chiu nun ap - pi ab -

PIANO

p

van - ish'd, And long - ings I'd have ban - ish'd, My
 ben - tu, Min - ti - si un sen - ti - men - tu, nè

soul sur - prised sub - due. My complaints con - fused ex -
 sac - ciu lu - chi fu. La - men - ti si con -

mf

mf

hal - ing Tales of your beau - ty pre - vail - ing Now
fu - si, quan - u jeu vit - ti a - ti - a e

prove be - yond all fail - ing That I, that I love
diss - in - tra di mi - a, già nam - mu - ra - tu

you, That I, that I love you; They
sù, già nam - mu - ra - tu sù, e

prove be - yond all fail - ing That I, that I love you.
diss - in - tra di mi - a, già nam - mu - ra - tu sù.

PEASANT'S SONG

(CANZONETTA DI CAMPAGNUOLO)

From the Romagna

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

Italian Folksong

Quasi Recitative Allegro Adagio Andante

VOICE

O — you tree, that so lov - ing - ly I've nur - tured, Your thirst so
 Al - be - ro, ti te - ne - va tan - to ca - ro, E t'in - na -

PIANO

oft with my — sweat as - sua - ging, Wa - ter - ing branch - es and boughs and then your
 qua - va coi — miei su - do - ri, Pri - ma ba - gna - va la ci - mae poi i

Adagio Andante

root - lets, Why are these fad - ing leaves your death pre -
 ra - mi, I fo - gli han - no per - so i co -

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano part is in two staves (treble and bass clefs). The tempo markings are Quasi Recitative, Allegro, Adagio, and Andante. The dynamics are marked with *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The lyrics are in Italian and English. The score is divided into three systems. The first system covers the first two lines of the song. The second system covers the next two lines. The third system covers the final two lines. The piano part provides harmonic support for the voice, with chords and single notes. The voice part is melodic and expressive, with some notes tied across measures.

Allegro

Andante

sa - ging? Your lus-cious fruit is bit - ter be-yond all say - ing, And gone the
lo ri, I be - i frut - ti son di - ve - nu - tà - ma - ri, Ed han - no

sa - vor where - in_ once I pleas-ured. Come, Death, and wel - come! for thee I'm
per - so i va - ghi sa - po - ri. Vien mor - te pu - re, quan - do ti

pray - ing, Since in my sweet-heart's love I lost all I treas - ured.
pa - re, Men - tre la mi - a bel - la ha can - già - t'a - mo - re.

SHOULD YOU CHANCE ON LOVE AT PLAY

(SE AMOR MAI DA VU SE VEDE)

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

Venetian Folksong

Allegretto

VOICE

p

1. Lit - tle ones, if un - sus - pi - cious, Should you chance on Love at
 2. Let me tell you how he caught me, How he crept on me un -

1. Se A - mor mai da vu se ve - de, Ca - ri put - ti, a go - go -
 2. Sa - ven co - me l'ha fat - to A - chia - par - mi sto bric -

PIANO

p

play; To a - void him were ju - di - cious, Do not
 heard, How by stealth he sly - ly sought me, As a
 lar, Per pie - tà no de - ghe fe - de, No lo
 con? El s'ha mes - so co - me un gat - to Quac - chio

stop to— pet him, pray! Though his mouth be sweet - ly smil - ing, Though he
 cat might stalk a bird! To a fair - y - tale I heark - en'd, That Na -
 stes - si a ca - rez - zar. Sul - la boc - ca el mostra il ri - se, La dol -
 quac - chio in cuf - fo - lon. L'as - pet - ta ch'un di Ni - net - ta Me con -

mf

beam on you be - guil - ing; Though with mer - ry lips he's
 net - ta, here, was tell - ing, Not a care my spir - it
 lez - za sul suo vi - so, Ma col ri - der sul - la
 tas - se u - na fia - bet - ta, Mi cre - den - do es - ser in

p

laugh - ing, He will stab you with - out mer - cy while he's chaf - fing With his
 dark - en'd, On her fair - y - tale a - lone my mind was dwell - ing: From be -
 boc - ca El ve piz - xi - ca, ve piz - xi - ca, ve toc - ca E fra
 por - to, De co - lu non m'a - vea ac - cor - to, m'a - vea ac - cor - to, E la

mf p mf

ar - dent kiss - es ply - ing, Like a cloud of ar - rows fly - ing, Till he
 hind he seized and bound me, Left me, fet - ter'd where he found me, With the
 mez - zo al - le ca - rez - ze, Mil - le dar - di, mil - le frez - ze Quel fur -
 vien per la drio vi - a, Chiap - pa, stren - ze e me - na vi - a, Nè val

poco cresc. p

2^d verse

knows he's trapp'd his prey, Till he knows he's trapp'd his prey!
 chains that gird me still, With the chains that gird me still.
 baz - zo sa - mi - scair, Quel fur - baz - zo sa mi - scair.
 pian - to, nè - ra - son, Nè val pian - to, nè ra - son.

p

THE SAVOYARDE

(LA SAVOYARDE)

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

Piedmont Folksong
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

Quasi presto (♩ = 160)

VOICE *mf*

1. Tell me, Gian - net - ta do you mean to
 2. I'll be a 'bac - cy - ped - dler's hap - py
 3. Flat - ter and coax him, that's the prop - er

1. As - co Gian - net - ta ti voue - sti lou -
2. Jeou voue - li un ho - me qui vende de ta -
3. Quand vou ca - lig - nung vous prou - met - toun,

PIANO *p*

wed, la - li - ret - ta, Tell me, Gian -
 bride, la - li - ret - ta, I'll be a
 trick, la - li - ret - ta, Flat - ter and
 gar, la - li - ret - ta, As - co Gian -
 bac, la - li - ret - ta, Jeou voue - li un
 proung, la - li - ret - ta, Quand vou ca -

net - ta, do you mean to wed?
 'bac - cy - ped - dler's hap - py bride.
 coax him that's the prop - er trick.
 net - ta ti voue - sti lou - gar?
 ho - me qui vende de ta - bac.
 lig - nung vous prou - met - toun, proung,

simile

f

Yes, dear - est moth - er, be - fore the day be
 He'll play the drum, and I'll sing wher - e'er we
 Tears and re - proach - es make hus - bands take the
Nen - ni, ma mai - re, mi vouc - li ma - ri -
Sin saou lou rou - ze et dou - ge lou - mous -
Et quand vous teg - noung vous dog - nouns dou bas -

f

sped, la - li - ret - ta, Yes, dear - est moth - er, be -
 ride, la - li - ret - ta, He'll play the drum, and I'll
 stick, la - li - ret - ta, Tears and re - proach - es make
 dar, la - li - ret - ta, *Nen* - ni, ma mai - re, mi
 cat, la - li - ret - ta, *Sin* saou lou rou - ze et
 tounge, la - li - ret - ta, *Et* quand vous teg - noung vous

1.&2.

3.

Ossia:

fore the day be sped!
 sing wher - e'er we ride.
 hus - bands take the stick!
 vouc - li ma ri dar.
 dou - ge lou - mous cat.
 dog - nouns dou bas tounge!

1.&2. 3.

CATINA, MY SWEETHEART

(CATINA BELLINA)

CANZONETTA VENEZIANA

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

Italian Folksong

Allegretto

VOICE

Ca - ti - na, my sweet-heart, you're fair - er than fair; I'd
 Ca - ti - na bel - li - na, gra - zio - sa vu sè So

PIANO

fain grant your pray'r; Yet, dear - est, a - las, to this heart None
 quel che vo - lè; Ma ca - ra, ma ca - ra, sto cor no as -

love may im-part: Too much has it suf-fer'd, And dead is its glow, So with
 col-ta più amor: L'ha trop-po sen tio l'è un cor des - co - ni - o No

love I'll have noth - ing to do! Now, dear - est, you know!
 gh'è più quel bal - sa-mo no Ca - ti - na ca - pi.

WHEREIN HAVE I OFFENDED?

77

(CHE T'HO FATTO?)

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

Neapolitan Popular Song
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

Allegretto (♩ = 96)
p leggiero

VOICE

1. O dear-est love, now tell me, pray, Where-in have I of -
2. To mus-ic soft of lut-ed strings, Be-neath your win-dow
1. Al-men fan-ciul-la a-scol-ta-mi ma che ti fe-ci
2. A se-ra poi chia-man-do-ti sot-to la fi-nes-

PIANO

p sempre staccato

fend-ed, That you should treat me in a way That all my joy has
plain-ing, My lov-ing heart to you, love, sings When mid- night's hour is
ma-i, che tan-to mi fa pian-ge-re e sos-pi-rar mi
tret-ta il cor più for-te bat-ter-mi per te sen-tia, di-

poco sost.

colla parte

end-ed? I love you, ah, my words are true, I'm yours for aye and
wan-ing. Yet vain the song I sing to you, In vain my tears are
fa-i? Ti vo-glia be-ne, cre-di mi e ti vo be-ne as-
let-ta; mi res-tan or le la-gri-me, so-lo il do-lor m'as-

sost. assai

a tempo

cresc. colla parte

rit. un poco lento

ev - er! Why, pout - ing, turn from one you knew Could nev - er be un -
 flow - ing! There's naught re - mains for me to do, A - las, but die for
 sa - i: ma tu non mi vuoi cre - de - re, ma tu mi fai sof -
 pet - ta; se più non vuoi tu cre - der - mi, tu mi fa - rai mo -

colla parte

a tempo *p leggiero*

true?
 you.
 friv.
 riv.

3. Come, dear - est love, and
 3. Mo che t'ho fat - to,

a tempo *rit.* *p*

tell me, pray, Where - in have I of - fend - ed? All base sus - pi - cion
 dim - me - lo? non ve - dia te vi - ci - no, tu mi fa - res - ti

poco sost. *sost. assai*

put a - way And let— this— tiff be end - ed! A lit - tle kiss to
 pian - ge - re, cru - del, — co - me un bam - bi - no: In - ver, ti die - di un

colla parte *cresc. colla parte*

a tempo *rit.* *un*

seal my bliss, My dear - est, will you — grant me! Why, what a scowl - ing
 ba - - cio su quel gen - til — vi - si - no, ma da quest' o - ra,

poco lento

face is this? Nay, love, you get no kiss!
 cre - di - mi, mai più te 'ne da - rò!

a tempo *rit.*

colla parte

DEAREST MAIDEN

(KAU FRA HALLINGDALEN)

(Norway)

Translated by H. F. B.

Shepherd's Song

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Allegro giocoso
mf

VOICE

Dear - est maid - en, list to my sing - ing, La - la - la - lay,
La - la Su - nev! La - la mej, la - la! A - le - a - lej,

PIANO

mf

Oh, sweet-est one! Answer me soon! Yes or no, say! Go then or stay!
La - la te dej, Sva - ra du mej! Nej el - ler Ja, Kort el - ler bra,

dim. *mp*

Wait a lit-tle while, then art thou mine for aye! } La - la, La - la,
Aat - te Dar i Dag - Han kom - mer vel i - sta.

dim. *p sostenuto*

Più vivo

pp

La - la, La - la! La - la, La - la.

pp *f*

p *più p*

La - la, La - la, La - la, La - la, La - la,

mp *più p*

f *p*

La - la, La - la, La - la, La - la, La - la,

fp *p*

più p *dim.*

La - la, La - la, La - la, La - la.

più p *dim.*

*a tempo**mf**p*

1. Oh, shame on thee, maid-en, thou an - swer-est not, Oh, shame on thee, maid-en, thou
 2. I thank thee, dear maid-en, for an - swer so sweet, I thank thee, dear maid-en, for
 1. Aa skam - me dig, Sun - ev, du svar' ik - kje mej, Aa skam - me dig, Sun - ev, du
 2. Aa Tak ska du ha, for du sva - ra mej, Aa Tak ska du ha, for du

*mf**p*

an - swer-est not, The la - zi - est, ug - li - est, wick - ed - est, ill - tem - per'd
 an - swer so sweet. The spright-li - est, mer - ri - est, val - iant, hand - som - est
 svar' ik - kje mej! Den styg - ga - ste, jö - ta - ste, Tur - vut - te, lur - vut - te.
 sva - ra mej! Den vak - kra - ste, ve - na - ste, Snil - la - ste, pe - na - ste

*ten.**rit.**fa tempo*1. *dim.* *p*2. *dim.* *p*

fel-low I wish may be thy lot. So wish I for thee, if thou an - swer-est not.
 fel-low, he lies at thy feet. So wish I for thee, for thy an - swersweet.
 Gu-ten Eg gji - va ska dej. Aa dae ska du ha, for du svar' ik - kje mej!
 Gu-ten Eg gji - va ska dej. Aa dae ska du ha, for du sva - ra mej!

*rit.**fa tempo*

1.

2.

dim. *p**dim.* *p*

Più vivo

f *p*

La - la, — La - la, La - la, — La - la, La - la,

più p *f*

La - la, La - la, La - la, La - la, — La - la,

p *più p*

La - la, — La - la, La - la, — La - la,

poco dim. *a* *poco* *pp rall.* *morendo*

La - la, La - la, La. —

NORWEGIAN ECHO SONG

(KOM KJYRA)

H. A. BJERREGAARD

Translated by Auber Forestier

WALDEMAR THRANE

(1790-1828)

Allegretto

PIANO

f

La

f

accel.

sonore ed in tempo moderato

f

Come hith-er! Come hith-er, cow! Come hith-er! Hoah! hoah! hoah! hoah! ho—ho—
 Kom Kjø - ra! kom Kjø - ra mi! kom Kjø - ra! Hoah! hoah! hoah! hoah! trr - -

f

f colla voce

p *Vivo e quasi parlando*

ah! Come, cow, come, calf, come, Bos - sy! Come, Brin - dle and Cher - ry and Flos - sy! The
 ah! Kom Ku, kom Kalv, kom Kjø - ra! Kom al - le di un - der - li Dy - ra! A

The version here given of this Norwegian folksong is the one used by Jenny Lind. The unaccompanied Coda, at the close, introducing an echo, was added by the Swedish songstress.

parlando

smith, with his tongs and ham - mer, is here, He'll put the brand on my Bos-sies dear, The
Sme - en kom fram me Ham - mer å Tan Sat - te de Mar - kje på Stu - te hodn De

più sonore

naugh - ty old sher - iff so or - ders. Ho - ah! ho - ah! ho - ah! Come, all—
vøl - te den skal - ku - ti Lens - man, Ho - ah! ho - ah! ho - ah! kom al -

f

— ye Bos - sies dear! Poor Bos-sies!
- - le Kjø - ra mi! A Stak - kar!

Moderato dolce

O'er the hill drops down the sun, — long - er grow the shad-ows,
Sø - la gar bak A - se ne, — Skug - gan bli så lan - gje,

Steal - ing on - ward, one by one, Far a - cross the mead - ows.
 Not - ta kjem snart at - te - ve Tø - ke meg ti Fan - gje.

accel.

accel.

f

Vivo

Low-ing herds have sought the fold, Soon my dai - ly tasks are told,
 Kry-tran u - ti Kvi - en står, Eg åt Sæ - ter stu - li går,

mp *più* *f*

con forza

Low-ing herds have sought the fold, Soon my dai - ly tasks are told.
 Kry-tran u - ti Kvi - en står, Eg åt Sæ - ter stu - li går!

Molto allegro

f

DEAREST MAIDEN, HARK, I PRAY THEE

(KRAKOWIAK)

Translated by H. F. B.

Polish Dance Song, from Krakow

Allegretto

VOICE

1. Dear-est maid-en, hark, I pray thee, Make with me a
 2. Light-ly laughs the ro-guish maid-en, From her red lips
1. U-klad ze mna zrób, dzie-wecz-ko, zo-czy-wi-stym
2. Dzie-wcze sie na to u-smię-cha nic nie mó-wi,

PIANO

p

mer-ry bar-gain, Sweet-est songs of love I'll sing thee, But with kiss-es—
 comes no an-swer, Like a bird her heart I'll cap-ture, With my sing-ing,—
two-im zys-kiem jac dam piosn-ke za pios-necz-ka ty mi u-ścisk-
wiec ze-zwa-la; ja zac-zy-nam spie-wac zci-cha tra la la la,—

thou must pay me. Ah, so sweet the com-pact nev-er
 pas-sion la-den. Sing and sing till soft eyes dark-en,
za u-ścis-kiem. Przy u-kla-dzie tym ob-sta-waj
tra la la la. Spié-wam cia-gle, o-na slu-cha

f

Could I— claim my— songs a - gain then, Keep them while I—
 Fill'd with love, as— night with shad-ow, And so sweet my
 a — wa - ru - jac — so - bie zy - ski ty mi pio - snek
 sa - dze — wiec o — téj fi - lu - tce Ze gdy mi na -

8

f

earth for - get - ting, Kiss those love - ly— lips for ev - er.—
 song, thy spir - it Sure - ly— such a— song must hear - ken.—
 nie od - da - waj ja — ci — od - dam — twe u - sci - ski.—
 dsta - wia u - cha od - da — mi — i — ser - ce wkro - tce.—

8

a tempo
p
 Tra la la la la— la— la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
 Tra la la la la— la— la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

8

p a tempo

rit. *a tempo*
 tra la la la la— la— la la la la la la la la la la la la!
 tra la la la la— la— la la la la la la la la la la la

8

rit. *a tempo* *f*

HOW SHALL I UNHAPPY

(CÓŻ JA NIEBORACZEK)

Translated by George Harris, Jr.

Polish Folksong from Sandomir
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

Moderato
mf

VOICE

How shall I, un - hap - - py, e'er for - get — my
Cóż ja nie - bo - ra - - czek cóż ja pocz - ne

PIANO

mf *cresc.* *fz*

yearn - ing? — Mem - o - ry sends — tear - drops from my eye - lids
te - - raz — jak ja so - bie — wspo - mnę to za - pla - cę

p scherz. *p*

mf poco più mosso

burn - ing. To the fields I wan - der, O how sad my —
nie - raz. Wyj - de na po - lecz - - ko, bied - ne mo - je —

mf

* This theme from Chopin's Mazurka, Op. 7, No. 1, is closely allied in origin to this folksong, and therefore the editor has employed it in the accompaniment. H. R.

sostenuto

lot is! And with tears re - mem - ber how of pain — my
 ły - cie, jak ja so - bie wspo - mnę za - pła - cę, — so -

colla parte

pp

thought is, my thought is, ah! —
 wi - cie, so - wi - cie, O da - na, da - na, da - na, da - - - - na!

colla parte fz

pp

rit.

sotto voce

For my love be - tray'd me, my folk let me suf - fer, —
 Ko - cha necz - ka — zdrad - - na bra - cia nie po te - - mu —

cresc.

fz

p scherz.

riten. e sostenuto assai

And the world all — mar - vell'd at so false a lov - er.
 lu - dzie się dzi — wu - ją ko - cha - niu mo - je - mu.

colla parte

OH, HOP-VINE (OJ CHMIELU)

Translated by George Harris, Jr.

Polish Wedding Song from Sandomir
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

Lento (♩ = 88)

VOICE

1. Oh, hop - vine, hop - vine, thou a - bun - dant
1. Oj chmie - lu, chmie - lu ty buj - ne zie -

PIANO

p

plant, For love and feast-ing thou shalt ev - er want.
le, nie bę - dzie przez cię ła - dne we - se - le.

rit.

Allegro (♩ = 52)

Oh, hop - vine, e'er un - hap - py On hill - top
Oj chmie - lu oj nie - bo - że to na — dół

and in val - ley, Thou un - hap - py vine, hop - vine!
To po gó - rze chmie - lu nie bo - że bo - że.

ritenuto

ritenuto

Tempo I

p

2. Oh, hop - vine, hop - vine, all to thee must yield,
 3. Oh, hop - vine, hop - vine, in no leaf - y fold
 2. Oj chmie - lu, chmie - lu ty roz - boj - ni - ku,
 3. Oj chmie - lu, chmie - lu na to - bie ro - sa

p *rit.*

rit.

Thou dost chase the maid - ens o - - ver the field.
 Dew-drops of the morn - ing dost thou soft - ly hold.
 Go - - ni - leś pan - ny po pas - ter - ni - ku.
 nie u - trzy - mas ty wie - sie - ni gro - sa.

Allegro

f

3. Oh, hop - vine, e'er un - hap - py, May God in heav'n
 3. Oj chmie - lu, oj nie - bo - że niech ci Pan Bóg

f *rit.*

riten.

come to help thee, Thou un-hap-py vine, hop-vine!
 Do-po-mo-ze chmie-lu nie-bo-ze, bo-ze,

riten.

Ad. *Ad.*

Tempo I

p

Oh, hop-vine, hop-vine, may its leaf-y dress,
 Oj chmie-lu, chmie-lu na to-bie li-scie,

p

lento assai

My be-lov-ed treas-ure, guard thy hearth and bless.
 Mu-ja pa-nien-ke o-ce-pi-li-scie.

lento assai

AH! SEE THE OLD PEAR-TREE

(ZÉLÉNA GRUSHA)

Translated by Rosa Newmarch

(Russia)

Folksong from Saratov
Arranged by N. Rimsky-Korsakov

Allegro

VOICE

mf

1. Ah! see the old pear-tree in the wind sway - -
 2. see the old pear-tree in the wind sway - -
 3. cru-el my fa-ther, cru-el my moth - -
 1. Ach! zé-lé-na gru-sha v'sa-du sha-ta - -
 2. zé-lé-na gru-sha v'sa-du sha-ta - -
 3. per-ro-dimym batiouch-koy, Per-ro-dimoy ma - -

PIANO

- ing! There sweet Ma-shen-ka
 - ing! There I va-nov-na
 - er, Who gave Ma-shen-ka
 - yet-sya Seyait (é) Ma-shen-ka
 - yet-sya Seyait I va-nov-na
 - tounsh-koy, Kak mo-lo-doo v'choo -

weep-eth in an-guish. 2. Ah!
 tell-eth her sor-row. 3. Ah!
 un-to a stran-ger.
 du-sha ra-spla-ka-las. 2. Ach!
 ra-zoo pee-lars. 3. Ach!
 jee lion-di ot-day - out.

BY THE BRIDGE

(WOZLI RYCZKI WOZLI MOSTA)

Translated from the Russian
by Constance Purdy

Russian Dumka
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

Andante (♩ = 92)

VOICE

1. By the bridge and by the riv - er,
2. And with three scythes low I laid it,

PIANO

poco rit.

By the bridge and by the riv - er,
And with three scythes low I laid it,

Poco allegro (♩ = 104) *poco sostenuto*

By the bridge and by the riv - er Tall stands the grass,
And with three scythes low I laid it For him the guest,

colla parte

a tempo *espr. rit.*

By the bridge and by the riv - er Tall__ stands the grass.____
 For the guest and for the sweet-heart I__ held so dear.____

a tempo

mf a tempo

Tall it stands, and soft__ and__ silk - en,
 Now with grief my heart__ is__ la - den,

a tempo

Tall it__ stands, and soft__ and__ silk - en,
 Now with__ grief my heart is__ la - den,

a tempo

poco a poco string. e cresc.

Soft and silk-en, green and fra-grant, Tall the grass stands,
Now with grief my heart is la-den, Heav-y my heart,

poco a poco string. e cresc.

f

Soft and silk-en, green and fra-grant, Tall the grass stands.
Now with grief my heart is la-den,

f

2. dim. e rit.

Heav-y my heart!

dim. colla parte p rit.

O'ER THE DISTANT LONELY MOUNTAINS

99

(DALEKAYA I BLEZKAYA)

A. KOCIPINSKI

Translated by H. F. B.

Russian Folksong

Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

Allegro (♩ = 112)

VOICE

PIANO

p

O'er the dis-tant lone-ly moun-tains, seek-ing love I wan-der,
O - dna go - ra ve - so - ka - ya, A dru - ga - ya nez - ka;

pp
il basso sempre un poco marcato

Though there dwells a gen-tle maid-en in the val-ley yon-der.
O - dna me - la da - le - ka - ya A dru - ga - ya blez - ka.

poco *a* *poco* *cresc.*

Rich in world's wealth, sweet the maid-en ma-ny love her dear-ly,
Oe-ou sé-i ble-zen-ko-i Vo-le ta ko-ro-ve;

poco *a* *poco* *cresc.*

But I dream of dis-tant glan-ces, where wild love burns clear-ly.
A - oū-to-i da-le-ko-i Ta tshor-ne-i bro-ve.

Joys of wealth would but a moment still my soul's re-pin-ing,
 A— oū— se - i ble - zen - ko - i Vo - le po - zde - ka - out;

While like stars those eyes for ev - er were through dark-ness shin-ing.
 A— oū— to - i da - le - ko - i Briv - ke né zlen - ya - out.

poco *a* *poco* *stringendo*

Swift I— come then, O be - lov - ed, spurn-ing wealth and leis - ure,
 Oe— ya— sou - u ble - zen - kya - oū Lou - dyam po - da - ru - ou,

cresc.

Soon will in these arms en-fold thee, O my heart's one treas - ure.
 A— do— to - i da - le - ko - i, Oe sam po - man - dru - ou.

molto rit. *ff* *ff*

f *molto rit.*

SOWN WITH MILLET WAS MY GARDEN

(SIAŁEM PROSO NA ZAGONIE)

101

Translated by George Harris, Jr.

Folksong from Little Russia
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

VOICE *Molto moderato* (♩=80)

1. Sown with mil - - let was my gar - - den,
2. Died the mil - - let ere the har - - vest,
1. Sia - łem pro - - so na za - go - - nie
2. Pro - so ze - - szło lecz przed żni - - wem,

PIANO *espress.*

Yet no flow'r has grown, Once I loved a
By cold hail laid bare, And my love for the
nie mo - łem go zacząć Po - ko - cha - łem,
zbił je żni - ny grad, Mo - ja mi - łość

beau-teous maid - en, She was ne'er my own.
e - vil maid - en Made my world de - spair.
łu - be dziew - czę, nie mo - łem go wziąć.
do dziew - czy - ny zły zep - su - wał świat.

fz

poco più mosso

Mil - let sown, no flow'r grown, Maid - en loved
 Mil - let by hail laid bare, By love all
 Bo - po siać, to nie ząć, bo kô chać
 Plon - zbo za znicz - czył grad dzie wczę cia

poco più mosso

p

ritard, molto espressivo *a tempo*

ne'er my own, Though the maid - en did be - tray me,
 made de - spair, Though my hopes of love are fad - ed,
 to nie wziąć Choć mnie zdra - dza lu - be dziew - czę,
 nie dał świat. Choć za - wiod - ła me na - dzie - je,

colla parte *espress.*

Yet I can - not moan.
 Mem - 'ry still is fair.
 nie mo - gę go kłać.
 wspo - mi nam ja rad!

MY NEIGHBOR

103

(A SUSIDA)

Translated by Deems Taylor

Ruthenian Folksong

Andante

VOICE *mf*

1. Tall my neigh-bor's wheat is—grow-ing, Leaves of ten-der green are show-ing.
 2. Soft-ly, dear one, cease to—wor-ry, Vex thee not, nor vain-ly—hur-ry.

1. A su-si - da zy - to - si - je A - wsu - si - dy ze le - ni - je
 2. Oy su - si - da ne tu zy — I nie - czo - ho ne ka - zy —

PIANO *mf*

Bleak and bare my fields are ly - ing; Though to till them I've been try - ing,
 I will help thee, lit - tle neigh-bor; Fields will bloom, if man but la - bor,

A u me - ne ni o - ra - no a - ni zy - ta ne si - ja - no,
 My bu - dem po - la o - ra - ty I na nyeh zy - to si - ja - ty,

p *dim.*

dim. molto

Bleak and bare my fields are ly - ing; Though to till them I've been try - ing.
 I will help thee, lit - tle neigh bor, Fields will bloom, if man but la - bor.

A u me - ne ni o - ra - no a - ni zy - ta ne si - ja - no.
 My bu - dem po - la o - ra - ty I na nyeh zy - to si - ja - ty.

p *pp*

THE DANCERS

(OY SZUMYT I HUDE)

Translated by Deems Taylor

Ruthenian Folksong

Moderato

VOICE

1. "Hark! the thun-der, mark the light-ning! See the tor-rent's whi - t'ning foam!
 2. Spake the bold and hand-some Cos-sack: "Ev - er fear-less do I — roam!
 1. Oy szu - myt — i hu - dyt — Drob ny dosz — czyk i - de —
 2. O - by-zwaw - si - a ko - zak — Na so - lod - kim me - du —

PIANO

Pit - y me, a fright-en'd maid-en; Who, pray, will take me home? —
 Dance thou gai - ly, lit - tle maid-en; Lo! I will take thee home, —
 A ktoż me - ne mo - ło den - ku do - do - mu za - we - de, —
 Hu - lay, hu - lay di - we - zynon - ko Ja do do - mu za - we - du. —

mf *f*

Pit - y me, a fright-en'd maid-en; Who, pray, will take me home?"
 Dance thou gai - ly, lit - tle maid-en; Lo! I will take thee home."
 A ktoż me - ne mo - ło den - ku do - do - mu za - we - de.
 Hu - lay, hu - lay di - wczy non - ko Ja do do - mu za - we - du.

p *f*

3. Thanks to thee, my bold young lov - er, Yet be care - ful, I im - plore,
 4. Lo, the mad and mer - ry rev - el, Joy - ous shout, and laugh - ter - gay!
 3. Oj pro - szus — ia te - be — Ne we - dysz — ty me - ne —
 4. Hu - lay, hu - lay di - wczy non - ko Pry - kras - na — i ho - za —

Lest we rouse my moth - er's an - ger Come thou not with - in my door, —
 "Leave thy dan - cing, lit - tle maid - en; Come, child, we must a - way, —
 Mo - ia Ma - ty du - że ły - cha Bu - de by - - ty me - ne, —
 Dla te - be — wsi ko - za - ki Ki - nut za - - po - ro - za, —

Lest we rouse my moth - er's an - ger Come thou not with - in my door!"
 Leave thy dan - cing, lit - tle maid - en; Come, child, we must a - way!"
 Mo - ia Ma - ty du - że ły - cha Bu - de by - - ty me - ne.
 Dla te - be — wsi ko - za - ki Ki - nut za - - po - ro - za.

THE WOODLAND CABIN

(HRYC)

Ruthenian Folksong

Andante

VOICE

1. Say, dost thou know where the wood - land cab - in
 1. Czy ty ne zna - jesz gde - mo - ja cha -

PIANO

stand - - eth Down by the brook - side, —
 tyn - - ka Mo - - ja cha - tyn - - ka —

deep — hid in shad - - ow? There, ev - 'ry
 zsa - - mo - - ho kra - - ju. Zsa - - mo - - ho

p *mf*

eve - - ning a love - ly maid - en com - - eth, —
 kra - - ju — ko - - lo kre - ny - - ci —

cresc. *sf*

Seek - ing its shel - ter as gray — twi - light fall - eth.
 Gde cho - diat diw - ki — na — we czar - ny - ci.

p

2.

When deepest night veils the lonely wood in darkness,
 Then take thou heed, O youth, lest she snare thee.
 Shun thou the flame in her sombre eyes deep-glowing;
 Dear lad, beware, lest her dark spell enchant thee.

3.

Forth to the meadow at early dawn she goeth,
 Plucks there a blossom pale-hued and deadly;
 When sinks the sun in the western sky of crimson
 Brews she a draught for the doomed lad unwitting:

4.

Lo! on the morrow the youth lies cold and lifeless;
 Bitter the tears of sad friends that mourn him
 Wrathful, the mother beholds her daughter's sinning;
 Heavy the blow from her stern hand avenging.

5.

"Mother, my mother, now dies thy sinful daughter;
 Dies, like the lad who no longer loved her.
 Ne'er would the grave hold his body well-beloved
 Had he been true to his love ever-faithful!"

6.

Forth to the churchyard the sad procession goeth;
 Stricken with grief the poor mother mourneth.
 Now tolls the bell, now the priest a prayer intoneth
 Over the grave where the fair maiden sleepeth.

2.

Ne chody Hryciu na wieczornyei
Po na wieczornyeiach diwki czarownyei
Kotroja diwka ezornobrywaja
Ta czarownyeia sprawedlywaja.

3.

W nedilu rana zilo kopała
A w ponediłok cih społoskała
Wi wtorek rano zila waryła
Przyszła sereda Hrycia struiła.

4.

Pryiszow czetwer krye pomer
Pryiszła piatnycia pochowa-ły hrycia
Pryiszła sobota maty doniu była
Naszczoty doniu Hrycia struiła.

5.

W nedilu rano wewsi dzwon dzwonił
Hryeiowa maty bily ruezky lomył
Wze Hrycia wziały na ementarzanesły
Zemlo prysypały amen zaspiwały.

6.

Stanu pred Bohom skažu prawdywie
Szezos mene ze swita zbauyła złoślywie
O Boże boże z wysokoho neba
Czyż za kochanie umeraty treba.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

(GIN A BODY MEET A BODY)

ROBERT BURNS
(1759-1796)



Old Scottish Air
Arranged by Colin Campbell

Archly

VOICE

PIANO

mp

Ad. *

p

1. Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy Com - in' thro' the rye,
2. Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy Com - in' frae the town,
3. Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy Com - in' frae the well,

p

cresc. *p rit.*

Gin a bo - dy greet a - bo - dy, Need a bo - dy cry?
Gin a bo - dy kiss a bo - dy, Need a bo - dy frown?
Gin a bo - dy kiss a bo - dy, Need a bo - dy tell?

cresc. *p rit.*

f a tempo *dim. e rit.* *a tempo*

Il - ka las - sie has her lad - die, Nane, they say, hae - I, Yet

f a tempo *dim. e rit.* *a tempo*

cresc. *p* *rit.*

a' the lads they smile at - me, When com - in' thro' the rye.

cresc. *p rit.* *mf a tempo*

Ped. *

4.

Amang the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e mysel;
 But whaur his hame, or what his name
 I dinna care to tell.
 Ilka lassie has her laddie,
 Nane, they say, hae I,
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
 When comin' thro' the rye.

MAXWELLTON BRAES ARE BONNIE

(ANNIE LAURIE)

Verses and Melody
by Lady JOHN SCOTT
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Simply

VOICE

PIANO

p

p *cresc.*

1. Max-well-ton braes are bon-nie Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And it's
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her neck is like the swan, Her

p *pp*

there that An-nie Lau-rie Gi'ed me her prom-ise true; Gi'ed
face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on; That

cresc.

me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be, And for
e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e, And for

f

bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doon an'
bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me doon an'

dim. *rit.*

dee.
dee.

a tempo

3. Like dew on the gow - an ly - ing Is the fa' o' her fair - y

p *pp*

feet; And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing Her

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef, containing the lyrics "feet; And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing Her". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a grand staff bracket. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The vocal melody is simple, with notes corresponding to the syllables of the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands.

voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, She's

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, She's". A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed above the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support.

a' the world to me, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, Id

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "a' the world to me, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, Id". The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support.

lay me down an' dee.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "lay me down an' dee." and includes a fermata. The piano accompaniment also concludes with a fermata. Dynamic markings include *rit.* (ritardando) and *pp* (pianissimo).

WHAT'S THIS DULL TOWN TO ME?

(ROBIN ADAIR)

Old Celtic Air, common
to Scotland and Ireland
Accompaniment by HELEN HOPEKIRK

Andantino

PIANO

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of D major (two sharps). It begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody in the treble clef starts with a half note D, followed by quarter notes E, F#, G, A, B, C, D. The bass clef provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with half notes D and A. The piece is marked *p* (piano) and *rit.* (ritardando) towards the end.

1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near;
2. What made th'as sem bly shine? Rob - in A - dair;
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair;

The piano accompaniment for the first verse is in 3/4 time, key of D major. It begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody in the treble clef starts with a half note D, followed by quarter notes E, F#, G, A, B, C, D. The bass clef provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with half notes D and A. The piece is marked *p a tempo* (piano, at tempo).

What was't I wish'd to see? What wish'd to hear?
What made the ball so fine? Rob - in was there.
But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair.

The piano accompaniment for the second verse is in 3/4 time, key of D major. It begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody in the treble clef starts with a half note D, followed by quarter notes E, F#, G, A, B, C, D. The bass clef provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with half notes D and A. The piece is marked *p* (piano).

cresc. agitato

Where's all the joy and mirth Made this town
What, when the play was o'er, What made my
Yet he I lov'd so well, Still in my

cresc.

f *p* *rit.*

heav'n on earth? O they're all fled wi' thee, Rob - in A -
heart so sore? O, it was part - ing with Rob - in A -
heart shall dwell; Oh, I can ne'er for - get Rob - in A -

f *p* *rit.*

1st and 2nd time *Last time*

dair.
dair.
dair.

pp *L.H.* *L.H.*

COME, MY DEAREST (PJESMA)

(Servia)

Folksong

Translated by H.F.B.

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Andante con espress.

VOICE

mf *dim.*

1. Come, my dear - est, Why so sad this morn - ing?
 2. Thou, sweet on - ly, Prize of my en - deav - or,
 Sun - ce — žar - ko — ne si - jaš — jed - na - ko

PIANO

mf sost. *dim.*

cresc. *mf* *dim.*

Is it then my love thou fear - est, That my suit thou'rt scorn - ing?
 Rapt in dream - ings, cold and lone - ly, Dost de - ny — me ev - er.
 sun - ce žar - ko (i - me mo - je) ne si - jaš jed - na - ko.

cresc. *mf* *dim.*

||: Moj me dragi ne ljubi jednako, ||
 ||: I' jednako, i' nemoj nikako, || etc.
 I' se mani, ili me sahrani.
 Znaš nevero kako si se kleo?
 Na sred sela kod bresta zelena:
 „Drugu necu, za tobom umret cu;“
 A danas si veru prevrnus,
 Bolesna te prevrtala majka,
 Od Mitrova do Petrova danka,
 I opet ti duša ne wzašla,
 Dok na mome krilu ne zaspao!

ON A CRYSTAL THRONE

(NECKEN'S POLSKA)

A.A. AFZELIUS
Translated by H. F. B.

(Sweden)

Folksong
Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Moderato

VOICE

mf

1. On a crys - tal throne, heath wild waves heav - ing, Nec - ken dreams in his
 2. Where-fore lin - g'rest thou, nor heed'st my yearn - ing, Star that shines while the
 1. Djupt i haf - vet på de - man - te - hæl - len Nec - ken hoi - lar i
 2. Å - girs döt - trar ho - nom sak - te - li - ga Gun - ga fram på den

PIANO

mf

stacc.

dim. *p*

deep green hall, Gen - tly, veils the fair - ies are weav - ing, Shades of eve - ning
 world's a - sleep, Thou that once, when Earth's first fires were burn - ing, Wast my bride in the
 grö - nan sal. Nat - tens tär - nor spän - na mör - ka pel - len Öf - ver skog, öf - ver
 kla - ra sjö. Har - pans ljud de gå så sor - ge - li - ga, Sö - ka fjerr - an en

dim. *p*

dim. *f*

soft - ly fall. To the dark - 'ning heav'n how gaze his yearn - ing - eyes,
 sha - dowy deep, And when I with rap - ture fain would raise my song;
 berg och dal. Qväl - len herr - lig star i svar - tan hög - tids - skrud;
 vag att dö. Fast hans ö - ga står åt dun - kla him - mel - en;

dim. *f marc.*

allarg. *p a tempo* *mf*

To the night's bright splen-dor shin-ing stars a - rise, Pearls that Frey - a's pure brow en-ring, And
'Twasthy beau - ty held me in a spell so strong, That my heart sank all still and mute, My
När och fjer - ran ej en sus-ning, in - tet ljud Stör det lugn, öf - ver nej - den rår, När
In - gen stjer - na bū - dar nat-tens drot - tning än: Frej - a smy - ckar sitt gyll - ne hår, Och

allarg. *p a tempo*

to his harp doth griev - ing Nec-ken sing, And to his harp doth griev - ing Nec-ken sing.
soul was si - lent as my gold-en lute, My soul was si - lent as my gold-en lute?
haf - vets kung ur gyll - ne bor - gen går, När haf - vets kung ur gyll - ne bor - gen går.
Nec - ken så sin sorg på har - pan slår. Och Nec - ken sa sin sorg på har - pan slår.

p *rall. dim.* *pp*

mf *p* *dim. rall.* *pp*

3

Thus the singer! Then to heav'n's height leaping
Laughing Freya shone through the night,
Ever she saw to the sea strand creeping
All his sad tears in silv'ry light.
Soft she bless'd the lonely singer with her grace
Shadow'd in the trembling wave her lovely face.
Now is sounding so sweet and strong
Across the deep the joyous harper's song!

4

All the stars of heav'n are dancing, bounding
Mirrord in leaping of the waves,
As the clear and silv'ry song is sounding
O'er the strand, through the echoing caves.
And when rosy-red the Day-god leapt on high,
Trembling, pale, the star swift faded from the sky,
Farewell murm'ring, "Mine hour is o'er."
While golden harp-strings sweetly rang no more.

5

Så den sorgsne. Men sid himlaranden
Freja huldt genom natten ler.
Evidt på den guldbeströdda stranden
Sina tårar hon glänsa ser.
Och sin vän på hafvet helsar hon så mild;
Vagen speglar darrande den huldes bild;
Necken höres på boljan blå
Så gladelig sin gyllne harpa slå.

3

"O, hvar dväljs du, klaraste bland stjernor!
I den blånande skymningsstund?
Du, som fordom, en af joräens tärnor,
Var min brud uti hafvets grund,
Och, när hjertat brann vid mina ömma slag,
Smög sa skön och blyg de tjusande behag
Mot min barm i den svala flod,
Och gyllne harpan stum på vägen stod.

4

Men dig Oden bød högt öfver jorden
Evidt stråla fran Gimles famn.
Med sin harpa sångarn enslig vorden,
Qvar blott äger din bild, ditt namn.
Men en dag, när Midgårdsormen reser sig,
Gudar väpnas, allt förlossas — då hos dig
Skall jag åter på vagor blå
För nya verldar gyllne harpan slå."

6

Nattens tärnor, klara stjernor alla
Gå till dans i den stilla qväll,
När de skära silfvertoner skalla
Öfver stranden från häll till häll.
Men när blodig dagens drott i östern står,
Bleknande och rädd den blida stjernan går,
Sorgligt afsked hon blickar ner,
Och gyllne harpan klingar icke mer.

SORROW

(SORGEN)

Translated by Marion Bromley Newton

Swedish Folksong
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

Moderato (♩ = 92) *p*

VOICE

1. From heav - en's dome a - bove me The
2. He - won my love com - plete - ly, - For
1. Allt un - der him - me - lens fäs - te - der
2. Han föll u - ti mitt - ty - cke - det

PIANO

ti - ny stars do - shine: From heav - en's dome a -
that no blame have I. He - won my love com -
sit - ta stjer - nor - små allt - un - der him - me - lens
rår jag in - te - för han - föll u - ti - mitt -

bove me The ti - ny stars do - shine: The
plete - ly For that no blame have I. He
fäs - te - der sit - ta stjer - nor - små den
ty - cke - det rår jag in - te - för han

mf

friend I love so dear - ly, He nev - er can be -
 prom - ised to be faith - ful, Till pale in death we -
 vän - nen som jag - äls - kat den kan jag al - drig -
 lof - te bli mig - tro - gen in - till min ble - ka -

mine! }
 lie! }
 fä. }
 död. }

Oh! _____
 äh _____

Oh! _____
 äh _____

Oh! _____
 äh _____

Oh! _____
 äh _____

Oh! _____
 äh _____

colla parte

una corda

p

3. And af - ter - ward he
3. Och se'n så för han

left me, And then an - oth - er
från mig och se'n fick jag en

came, And af - ter - ward he
an'n och se'n så för han

left me, And then an - oth - er
från mig och se'n fick jag en

3

came;
an'n

One came to me I
jag fick den jag ej

mf

love not, And "Sor - row" is his name. Oh!
vil - le, och sor - gen he - ter han åh

f

mf *pp* *p rit.*

Oh! Oh! Oh!
åh åh åh

p *f* *pp* *rit.*

And.

ppp *ppp a piacere*

Oh!
åh.

ppp *colla parte*

VIGOROUS AND HONEST IS HE

(RASKER OCH REDLIG ÄR HAN)

Translated by Marion Bromley Newton

Swedish Folksong from Westberga

Arranged by J. Dannström

Allegretto

PIANO

1. Vig-'rous and hon-est is he, and I be-lieve he is not de-ceiv-ing.
 2. Housestands on shore of Sil-jan, and round a-bout there so man-y flow'rs grow.
 3. Ros-i-est sun is shin-ing, and lin-den leaves on the grass are fall-ing.
 1. Ra-sker och red-lig är han och in-te nar-rar han nå-gen tror jag.
 2. Hu-set det står vid Sil-jan, och blom-mer väx-a kring al-la knu-tar.
 3. Rö-da-ste so-len ski-ner och lin-de löf-ven i grä-set fal-la.

To the fine new farm in spring-time he will come, And in the best room there I'm liv-ing.
 Doves sit on the roof and look a-bout and coo, A-peck-ings sharp-ly at the win-dow.
 Birch-es whis-per glad-ly, brook-let rush-es mad-ly, All the birds and I we're call-ing.
 J den ny-a gå-r'en flyt-tar han te' vå-ren, bä-sta kam-mar'n der-i bor jag.
 Up-på ta-ket sit-ta Duf-vor-na och tit-ta, hac-ka smällt på fön-ster-ru-tan.
 Björ-kar-na de su-sa, Bär-kar-na de bru-sa, Fog-lar-na och jag vi tral-la.

brightly

Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Lit - tle friend he may then vis - it as of yore,
 Some - times it may hap - pen as with - in we sit,
 Twit - t'ring gai - ly un - der sum - m'ers sky so blue,
 Lil - la vän - nen han får häl - sa på som förr,
 Hän - da kan det att der in - nan - för i - bländ
 Qvitt - ra mun - tert un - der som - mar - him - len blå,

But if cross he's feel - ing I will close my door, Yes, if cross he's feel - ing,
 He and I will quar - rel just a ti - ny bit, He and I will quar - rel,
 Quar - rel - ling as they do, hap - py, tho', we two, Quar - rel - ling as they do,
 men om han blir knar - rig stän - ger jag min dörr, ja, om han blir knar - rig,
 Han och jag vi gnab - bas och - så li - tet grand, han och jag vi gnab - bas,
 kif - vas smått som de, men trif - vas bra än - då! kif - vas smått som de, men

I will close my door.
 just a ti - ny bit.
 hap - py, tho', we two.
 stän - ger jag min dörr.
 och - så li - tet grand.
 trif - vas bra än - då.

Ossia:

Yes, if cross he's feel - ing I will close my door.
 He and I will quar - rel just a ti - ny bit.
 Quar - rel - ling as they do, hap - py, tho', we two.
 ja, om han blir knar - rig stän - ger jag min dörr.
 han och jag vi gnab - bas och - så li - tet grand.
 trif - vas bra än - då men trif - vas bra än - då.

WHEN I WAS SEVENTEEN

(NÄR JAG BLEF SJUTTON ÅR)

H. LILLJEBJÖRN (1797-1875)

Translated by Marion Bromley Newton

Swedish Folksong

Andantino, non troppo lento $\text{♩} \text{ } p$

VOICE

1. Four-teen years I had seem'd just to
 2. Then one day I be-came sev-en-
 3. Yes, the days as they were have gone
 1. Fjor-ton år tror jag visst att jag
 2. Ser-ra-tre när jag blef sjut-ton
 3. Ja, nu är dä' ej mer som dä'

PIANO p

be, Lit-tle maid-en so hap-py and so free; Nev-er
 teen, Bright the sun, cuck-oos sang, and it was spring; All was
 by, Some-times tear-ful and some-times glad am I. Some-times
 va', Li-ten flic-ka, så mun-ter och så gla', ing-en
 år, So-len sken, gö-ken gol, och da va' vår, Allt va'
 va', Stun-dom är jag så sor-gsen, stun-dom gla', Stun-dom

heard from a sweet-heart of mine, And nev-er thought of a lov-er so fine.
 fair, earth so green, heav-en blue, Yet there was some-thing I miss'd all too true.
 white is my cheek, some-times red; I care not wheth-er I'm liv-ing or dead.
 fri-a-re hör-de jag å, Å ing-en hel-ler jag tänk-te up-på.
 skönt, jor-den grön him-len bla, Men lik-val fel-tes mig nå-got an-då.
 är jag så hvit, stun-dom rö', Å jag vill hvar-ken lef-va el-ler dö.

p

REFRAIN

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la

p

la la la la

D.S.

^{*)} VAR I.

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

ten. VAR II.

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

rit.

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

rit.

^{*)} These variants are by Madame Sembrich.

MAY SONG

(CANCION DE MAJA)

Andalusian Song
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

Gaily, with rhythm (♩ = 80)

PIANO *ff*

mf

1. Fool-ish lov - ers, cease to lan - guish, Cease to wear-y— and com - plain.
 2. Sil - ly fel - lows, vain your pas - sion, Dan-gling round me— ev-'ry - where,
 1. De que sir - ve à las U - si - as Ca - me - lar à lo se - ñor,
 2. Un se - ñor cur - ra - ta - qui - llo Me quie - re á mi jon - ja - bar,

Leave your sigh - ing, leave your an - guish, Nought to me a - vails your—
 Dress'd in all the lat - est fash - ion, Such con - ceits I can - not—
 Si ca - ra - cen de xan - dun - ga A la me - jor o - ca -
 Y se vis - te de mil mo - dós Pa - ra po - der - me agra -

poco sostenuto

pain. All your wiles ig - nor - ing, Free as bird I'm soar - ing, All your sweet al -
 bear. Such fan - tas - tic pa - cing, Bow-ing and grim - a - cing, Emp - ty flat - t'ring
 sion? A - si di ma - jo - ta Quie - ro siem - pre an - dar, Que es el ma - ne -
 dar. To - do es dar sal - ti - tos Los pies ar - ra - strar, Re - frun - cir la

poco espress.

poco sostenuto

poco sost. a tempo

lure - ments Light - ly I dis - dain, Gay I'm sing - ing, "Go, poor lov - ers, -
 speech - es, Curl'd and scent - ed hair. Gay I'm sing - ing, "Go, vain lov - ers, -
ji - llo De der - ra - m : sal, Yyo le di - go: Ar - ri - ma - te
bo - ca, El pe - lo pei - nar; Yyo le di - go: Ar - ri - ma - te

a tempo

colla parte

come not — near, — Go, poor lov - ers, — come not — near." Ah!
 come not — near, — Go, vain lov - ers, — come not — near." Ah!
pa ra a - llá, Ar - ri - ma - te *pa - ra a - llá.* Ay!
pa ra a - llá, Ar - ri - ma - te *pa - ra a - llá.* Ay!

sf Last verse

ff Last verse

3. But one only, life's sole treasure,
 Has my wild heart caught at last,
 And at dances love's soft pleasure
 Makes my heart beat loud and fast.
 In the dance so sprightly,
 He my hand takes lightly;
 All my love and longing,
 At his feet I cast.
 So I'm singing,
 "Go, poor lovers, love is here."

3. Un santurrón embustero
 Me quiere a mi cortejar,
 Y pretende mas que todos
 Con capa de santidad;
 Yo que lo conozco,
 Le dejo al hablar,
 Y cuando respondo,
 Es con mucha sal;
 Y yo le digo etc.

THINK NOT THOU CANST DECEIVE ME

(SE PIENSAS ENGAÑARME)

BOLERO CASTELLANO

Translated by Isidora Martinez

Spanish Folksong
Arranged by Heinrich Reimann

Bolero tempo (♩ = 116)

VOICE

Think not thou canst de - ceive
Se pien - sas en - gañ - ar -

PIANO

fp

me, with way - ward hu - mor, with way - ward hu - mor,
me, con gen - io ad - us - to, con gen - io ad - us - to,

p

Think not thou canst de -
con gen - io ad - us -

p

ceive, think not thou canst de - ceive
to, se pien - sas en - gañ - ar -

me with way - ward hu -
me con gen - io ad - us -

mor, with way - ward hu - mor, thou canst de -
to, con gen - io ad - us - to se pien - sas

poco sostenuto

p *colla parte*

ceive
en - gañ - ar!

mf *p*

2d time p and pp

Bo - la bo - li - ta
Bo - la bo - li - ta

bo - la, bo - la bo - li - ta bo - la, bo -
bo - la, bo - la bo - li - ta bo - la, bo -

la la bo - li - ta bo - la.
la bo - li - ta bo - la.

1.

2.

bo - la.
bo - la.

colla parte

ff *veloce*

f

Think not thou canst de - ceive me with way-ward hu -
 Se pien-sas en - gañ - ar - me con gen - io ad-us -

fz

mor, with way-ward hu - mor, Think not thou canst de -
 to, con gen - io ad-us - to, Se pien-sas en - gañ -

fz

ceive me with way - ward hu -
 ar - me con gen - io ad-us -

mor, with way - ward hu - mor.
 to, con gen - io ad-us - tol

ffz

CRUEL CARAMBA

(TIRANA DEL CARAMBA Y COMO TE QUIERO)

Translated by Isidora Martinez

Spanish Folksong

VOICE



PIANO




1. Yes - ter - day you said "To - day," — Yes - ter - day you
 2. When once you most deep - ly of - fend - ed When once you most
 1. A - yer me di - jis - tes — que hoy, A - yer me di -
 2. U - na vez que me o - fen - dis - te, U - na vez que




said "To - day," — Now you say — t'will be — "To - mor - row."
 deep - ly of - fend - ed, I de - cid - ed to — for - get you,
 jis - tes — que hoy, Hoy me di - ces que — ma - ña - na
 me o - fen - dis - te, In - ten - té — dar - te al ol - vi - do,



And to - mor - row sure you'll say — That no
'Twas far worse than I in - tend - ed, I'm near
Y ma - ña - na me di - ras — Que te
Y por po - qui - to me — mue - ro De mie -

more you care a - bout it, That no more — you
dead for fear I've — lost you, I'm near dead — for
se pa - so la — ga - na, Que te se — pa -
do de con - se - guir - lo, — De mie - do — de

care — a - bout it. Cru - el ty - rant of — my be - ing,
fear — I've lost you. Should you hear the church-bells toll - ing,
so — la ga - na. Ay, ti - ra - na de — mi - vi - da,
con - se - guir - lo. Si do - bla - sen las — cam - pa - nas.

Where-fore do — you treat — me ill? When you know that
Do not ask — for whom it can be, For what oth - er,
Por - qué me — tra - tas — tan mal? Si sa - bes que
No pre - gun - tes quien mu - rió Quien ha de ser,

well I love you, With the tru - est, best good
 O my loved one, Should it be if not for
 yo - te quie - ro Con muy fi - na vo - lun -
 vi - da mi - a, Quien ha de - ser, si - no

REFRAIN

will? Ca - ram - ba! how much I love you! I'd not help it
 me? Ca - ram - ba! co - mo te quie - ro Sin po - der - lo
 tad? Yo?

e'en if I could! Ah! Ah!
 re - me - diar, Ay, ay,

if I could, if I could!
 re - me - diar, re - me - diar.

SLEEP, MY CHILD (AÏNTE)

135

Translated by H. F. B.

(Syria)

Folksong from Smyrna
Arranged by L. A. Bourgault-Ducoudray*)

Andante (♩=48)
mormorando

VOICE

Sleep, my child, my pret - ty
Ai - nte. ai - nte koi -

PIANO

pp

one, and soft - ly dream. Cai -
mē - sou, Ko - rē mou. K'è -

poco cresc. *p*

ro in rice I'll make and give
gó, k'è - gó nà soñ cha - ri -

poco cresc. *pp*

thee. All A - lex - an - dria in su - gar
so tēn A - le - xán - dra sa - cha -

*) Taken from "The Collection of Melodies of Greece and the Orient," by L. A. Bourgault-Ducoudray, published by Henry Lemoine & Cie. Copyright MCMXI by Oliver Ditson Company

sweet, Cai - - - ro in rice, in hon - - -
 ri kai - - - tò kai tò Mi - sê - - -

pp *poco cresc.*

- ey all the Nile, For thee Con -
 - ri ri - si, Kai tèn Kon -

pp

stan - - - ti - no - - ple and there three
 stan - - - ti - nou - po - li, treis chró - nous

ppp *dim.*

poco riten.

years shalt thou reign.
 nà tēn ri - - sēs.

dim. col. canto *morendo*

THE SUN HANGS HIGH

(CHARKI HIDJAZ)

(Turkey)

(Khanjian)

Translated by H. F. B.

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock

Moderato
mp

VOICE

The sun hangs high in the burn - ing noon,
Her né rut - bé if - ti - har it -

PIANO

mp

Ossia
8va lower.....

mf

and my soul thirsts for thee with de - sire.
sem - dé chim - di va - r yé - ri.

1st time *f*
2d time *pp*

O my be - lov - ed!
E - y - lé - di - n i - h -

scorn not my sor - row, list to the plead - ing of my heart.
ya sé - ra - pa - y du - n ghi - djé bou ké - m - té - ri.

mp *mf*

Be_ thou my moon_ of_ sil - ver_ splen - dor, Shed o'er_ thy_ slave thy
 Sé - v - mé - mé - k ka - bil_ o - lour - mou sèn ghu - lu - na -

mp *mf*

p

ra - di - ant_ glo - ry. Low-ly_ I_ wor - ship thee from_ a - far,
 zi - k té - ri_ Sé - v - mé - mék_ ka - bil o - lou - r-mou

p

mf 1st time *f* 2d time *pp*

Though with an - guish_ am_ I_ bro - ken. O_ my_ be - lov - ed!
 sen ghu - lu - na - zi - k té - ri_ E - y - lé - di - ni - h -

mf 1st time *f* 2d time *pp*

scorn not my_ sor - row, list to the plead-ing_ of_ my_ heart_
 ya_ sé - ra - pa - y du - n ghi - djé_ bou_ ké - m - té - ri_