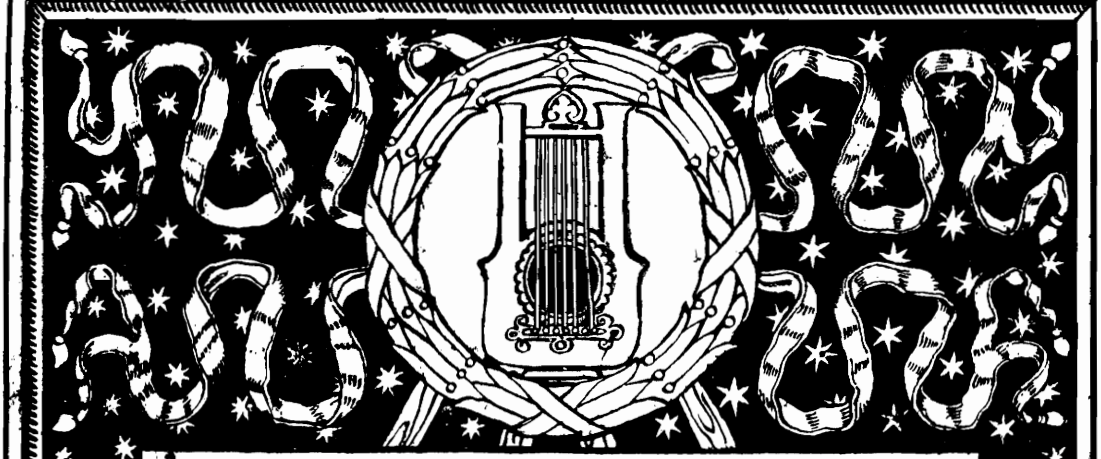

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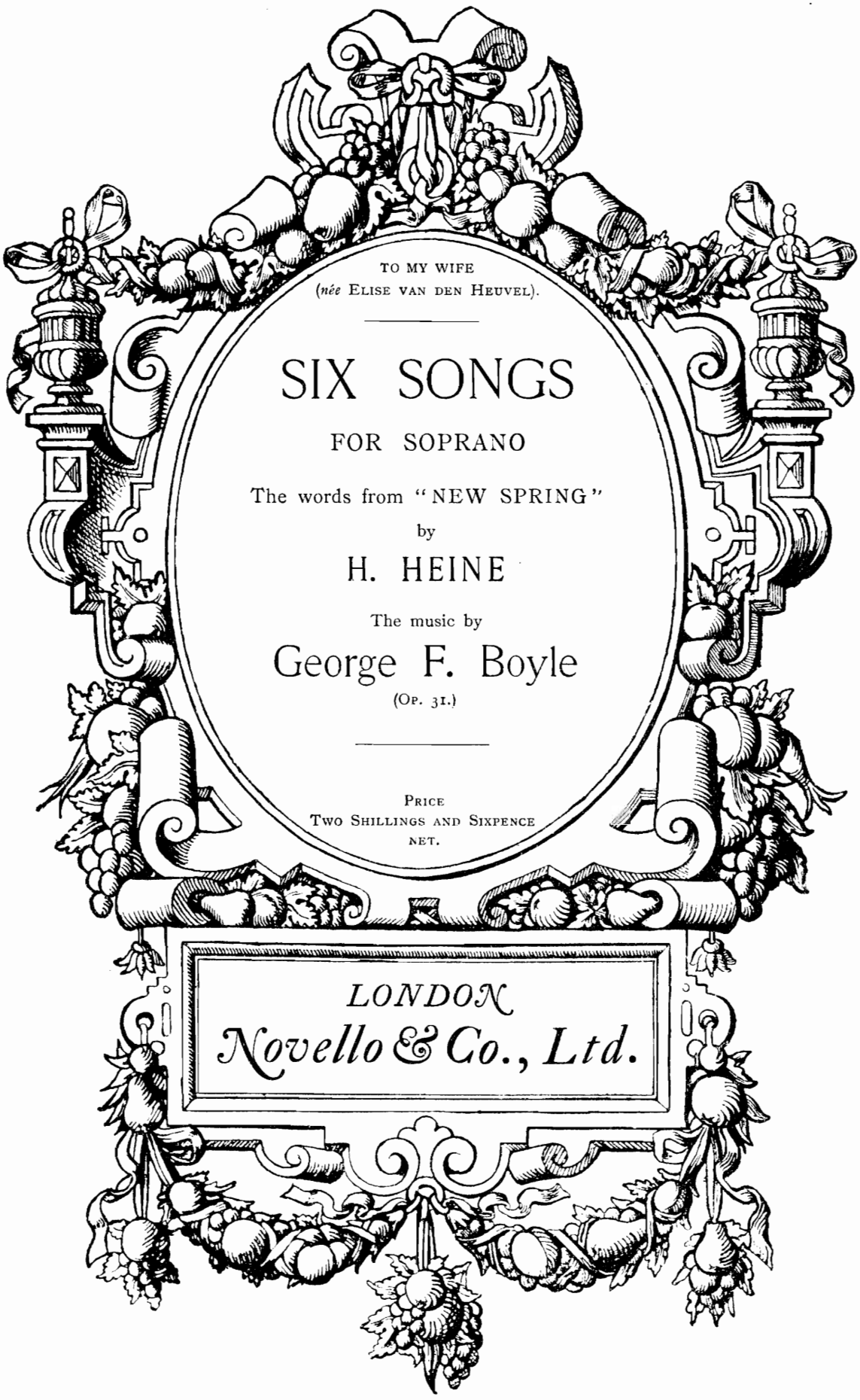

TO MY WIFE
(*née* ELISE VAN DEN HEUVEL).

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FOR SOPRANO

The words from "NEW SPRING"

by

H. HEINE

The music by

George F. Boyle

(OP. 31.)

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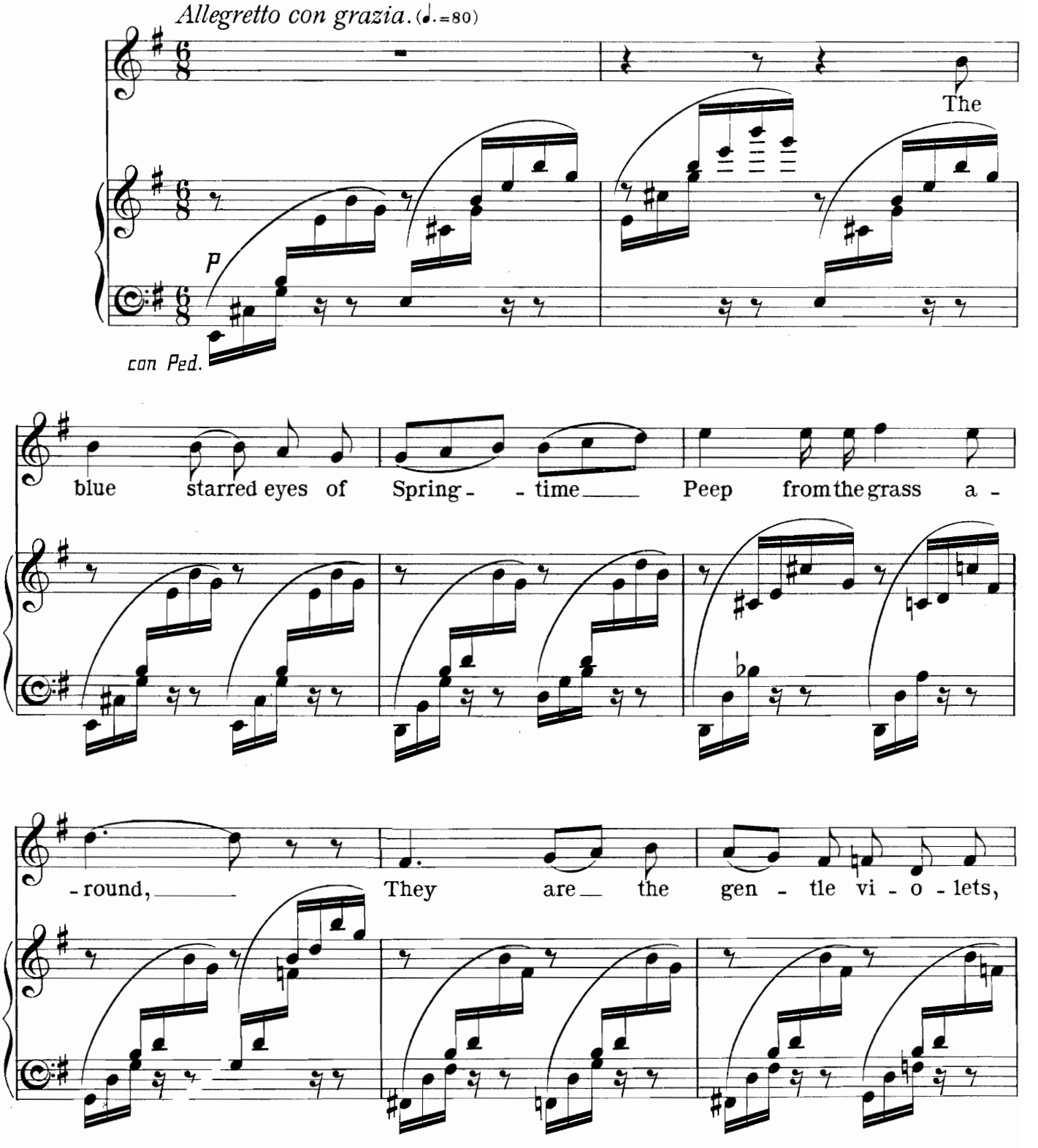
I.

THE BLUE STARRED EYES OF SPRINGTIME.

Francis Hueffer. George F. Boyle.



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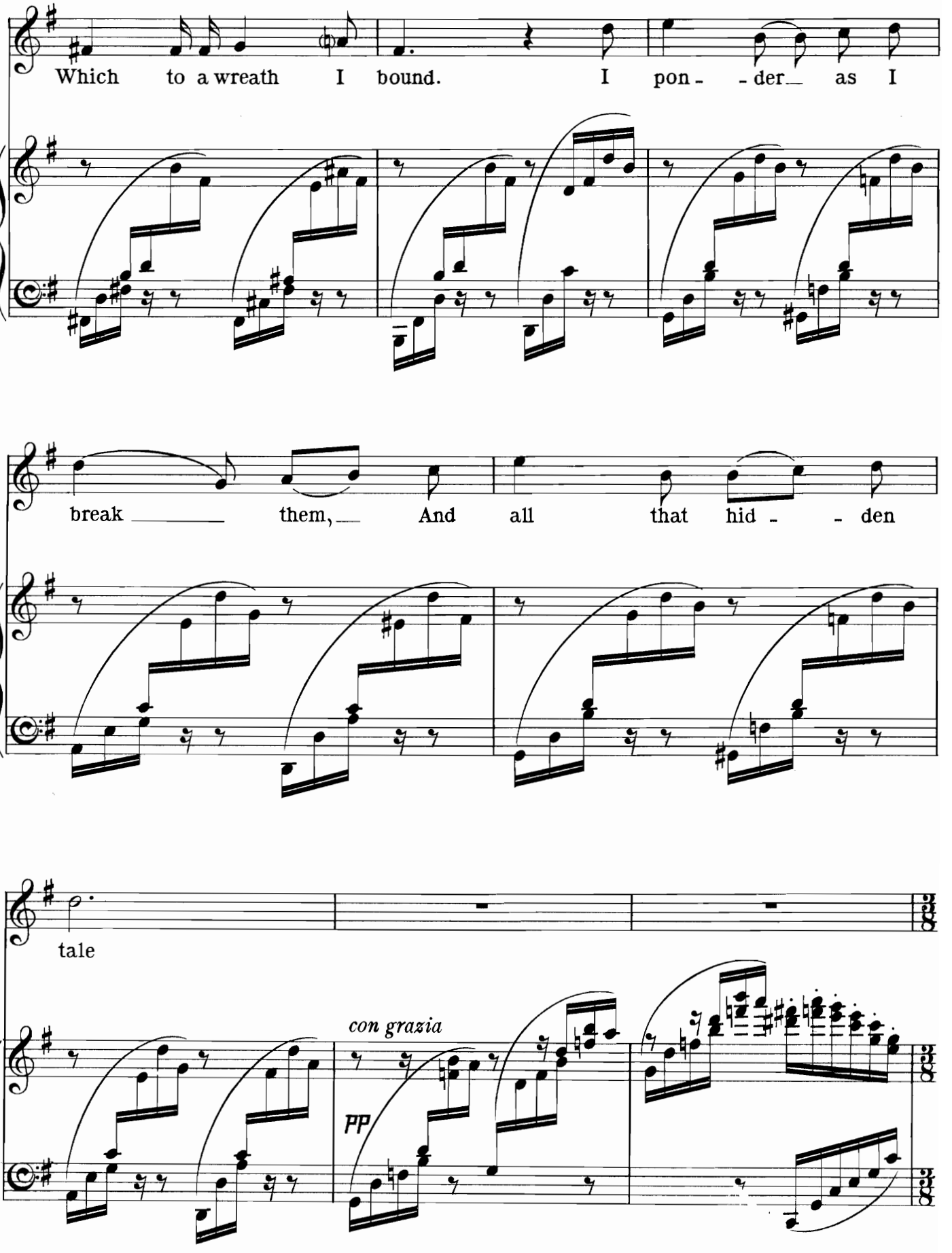
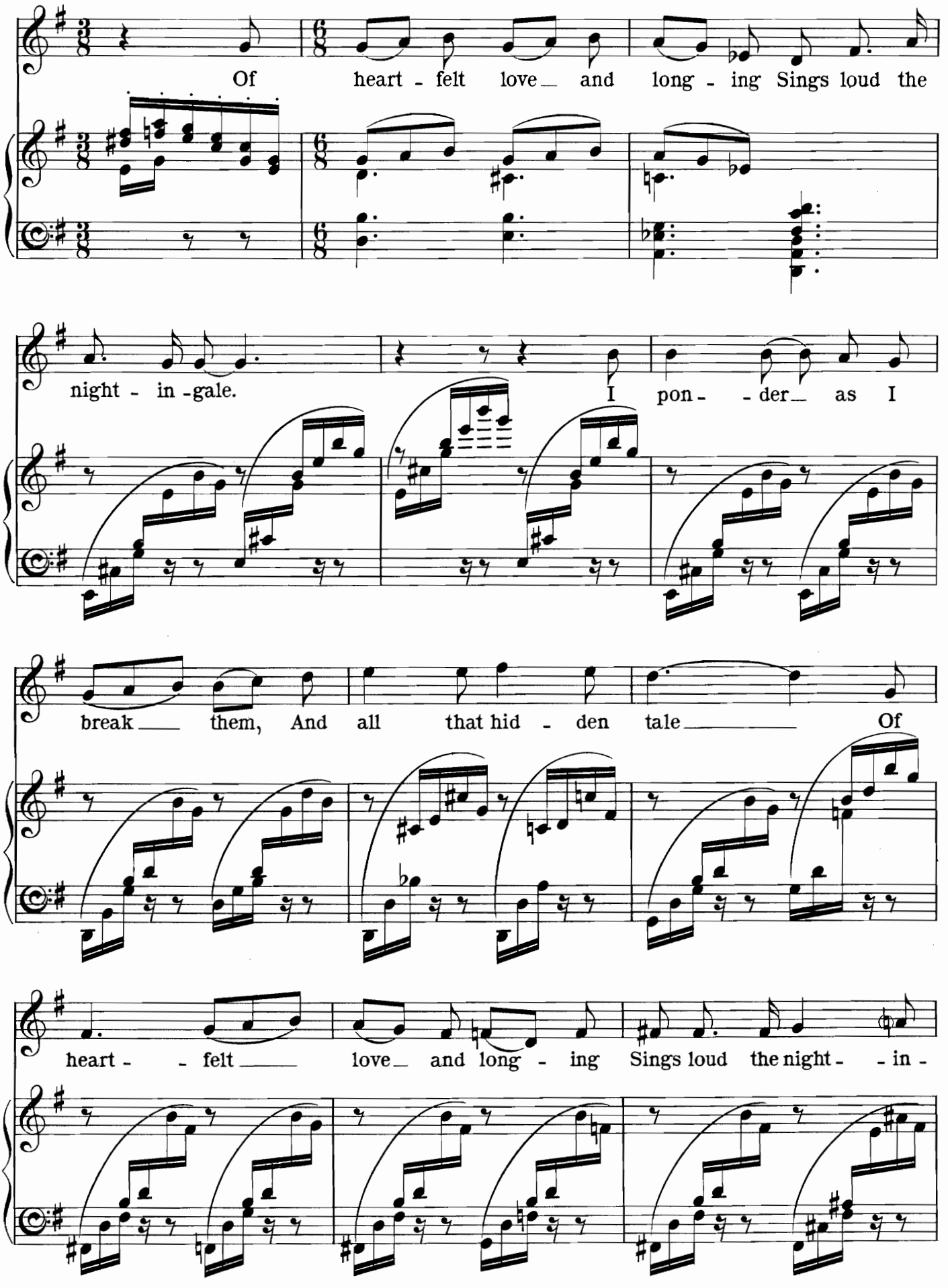
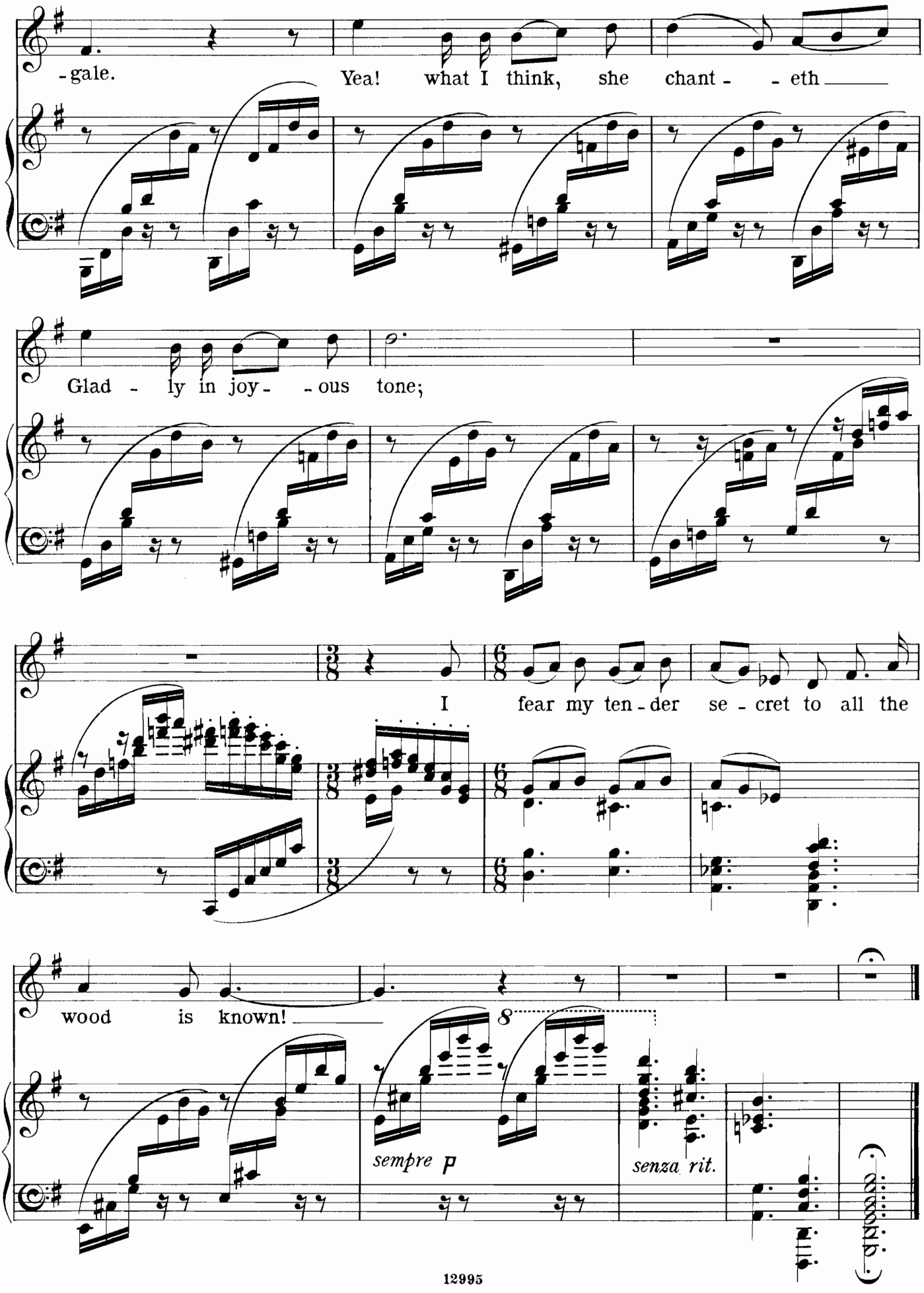

Which to a wreath I bound. I pon - - der as I
break them, And all that hid - - den
tale
con grazia
pp

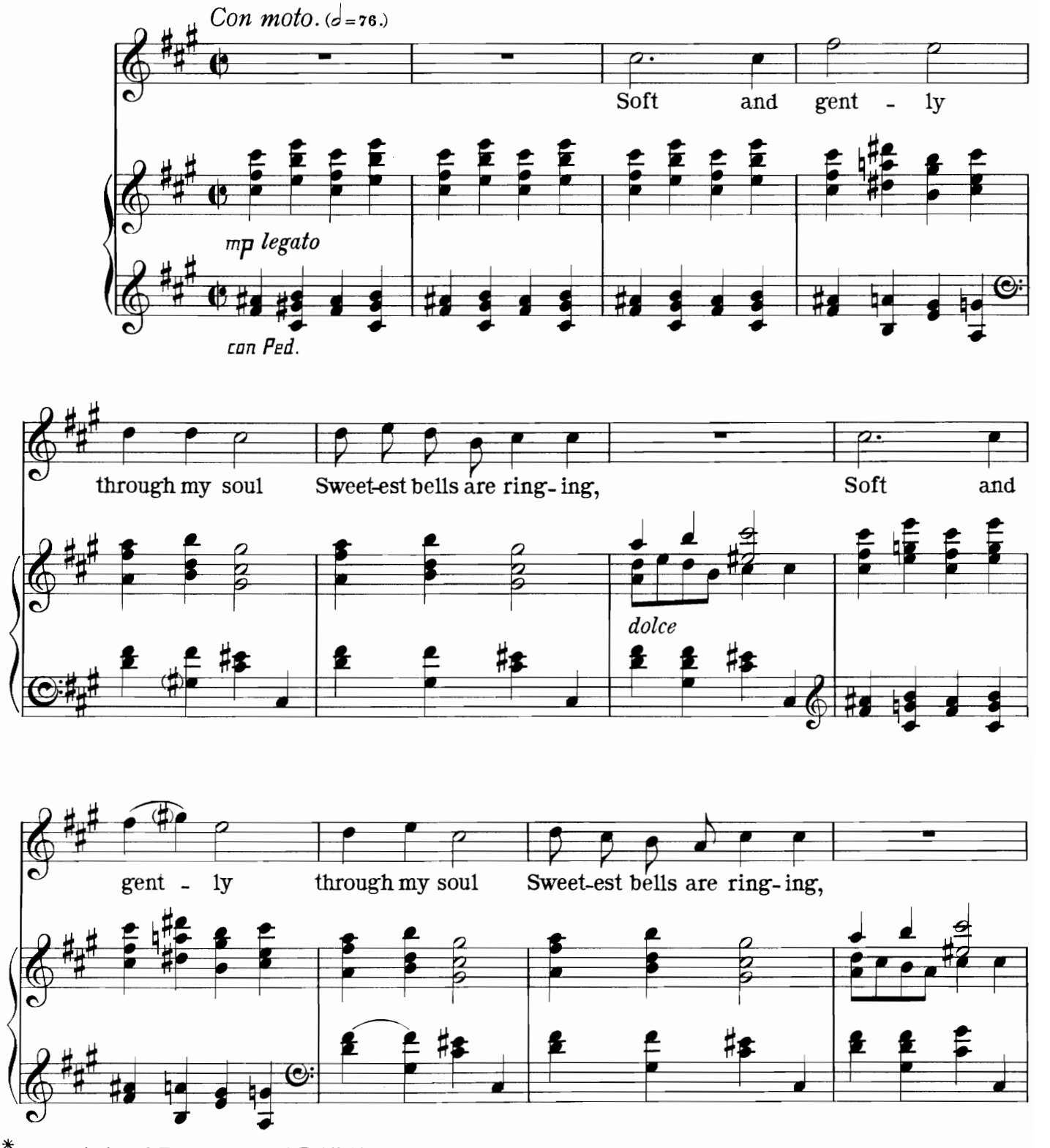

Of heart - felt love_ and long - ing Sings loud the
night - in - gale. I pon - - der_ as I
break_ them, And all that hid - den tale_ Of
heart - - felt_ love_ and long - ing Sings loud the night - - in -


-gale.
Yea! what I think, she chant - - eth
Glad - ly in joy - - ous tone;
I fear my ten - der se - cret to all the
wood is known!
8
sempre p
senza rit.

II.

SOFT AND GENTLY THROUGH MY SOUL.

Kate F. Kroeker.*



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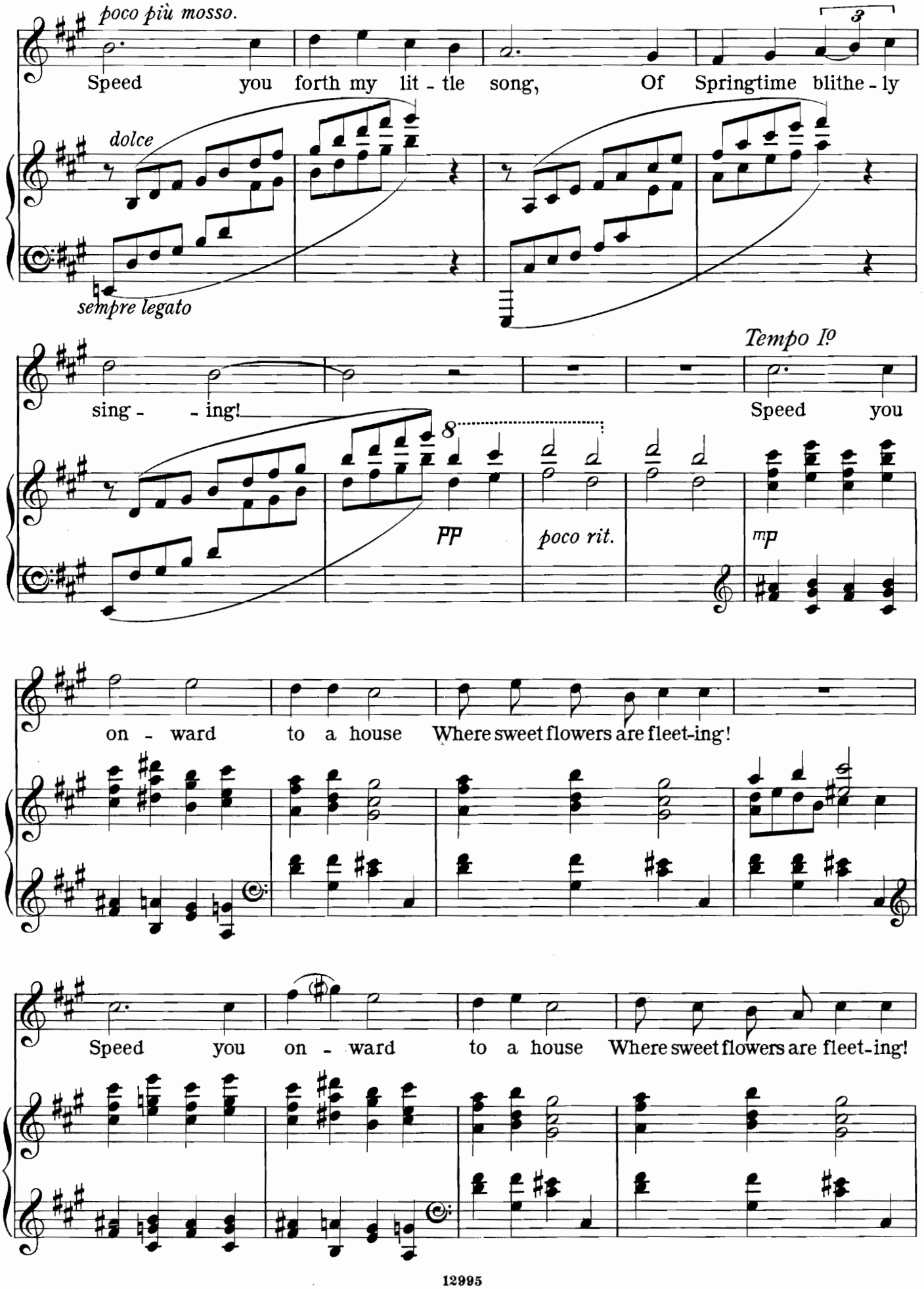
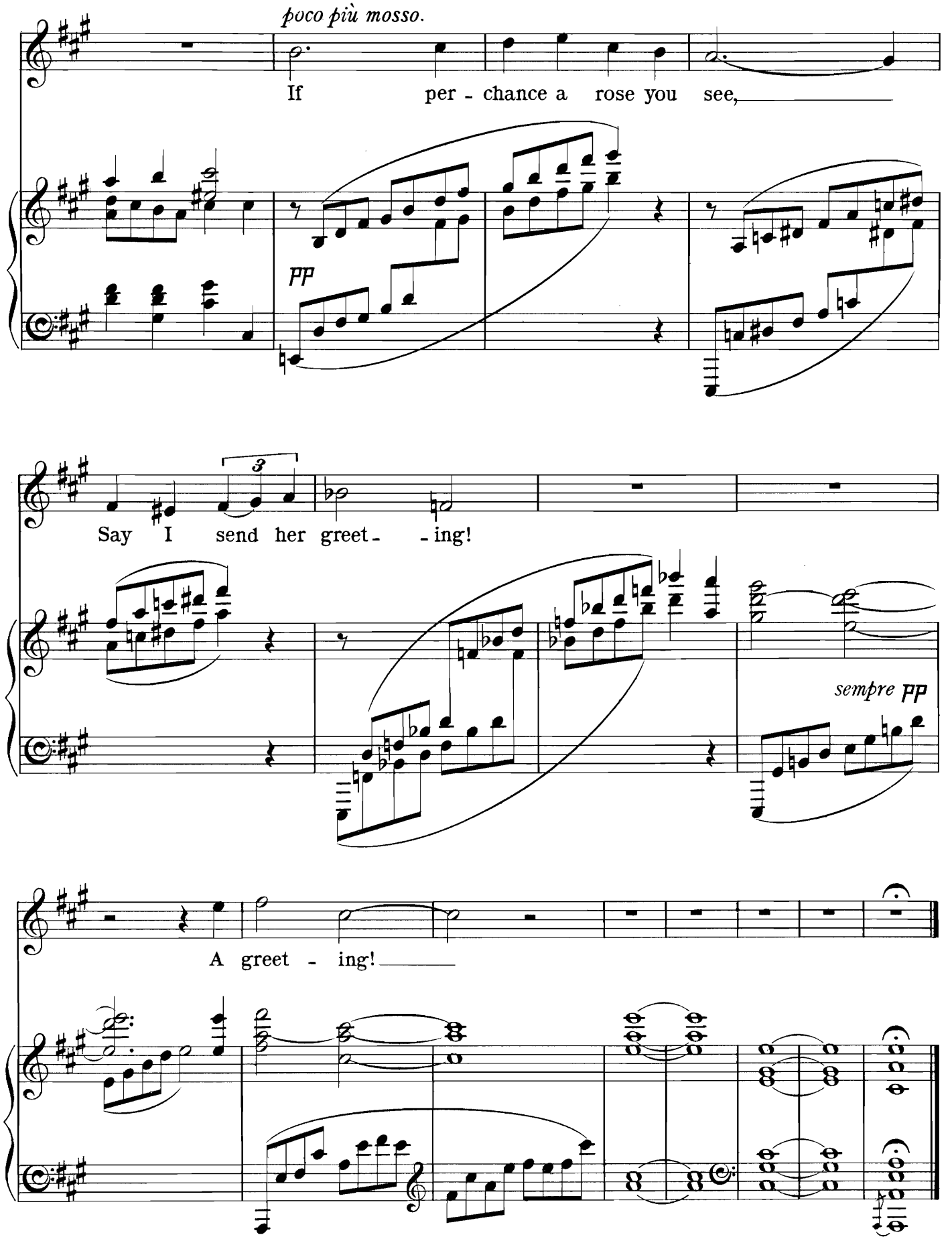
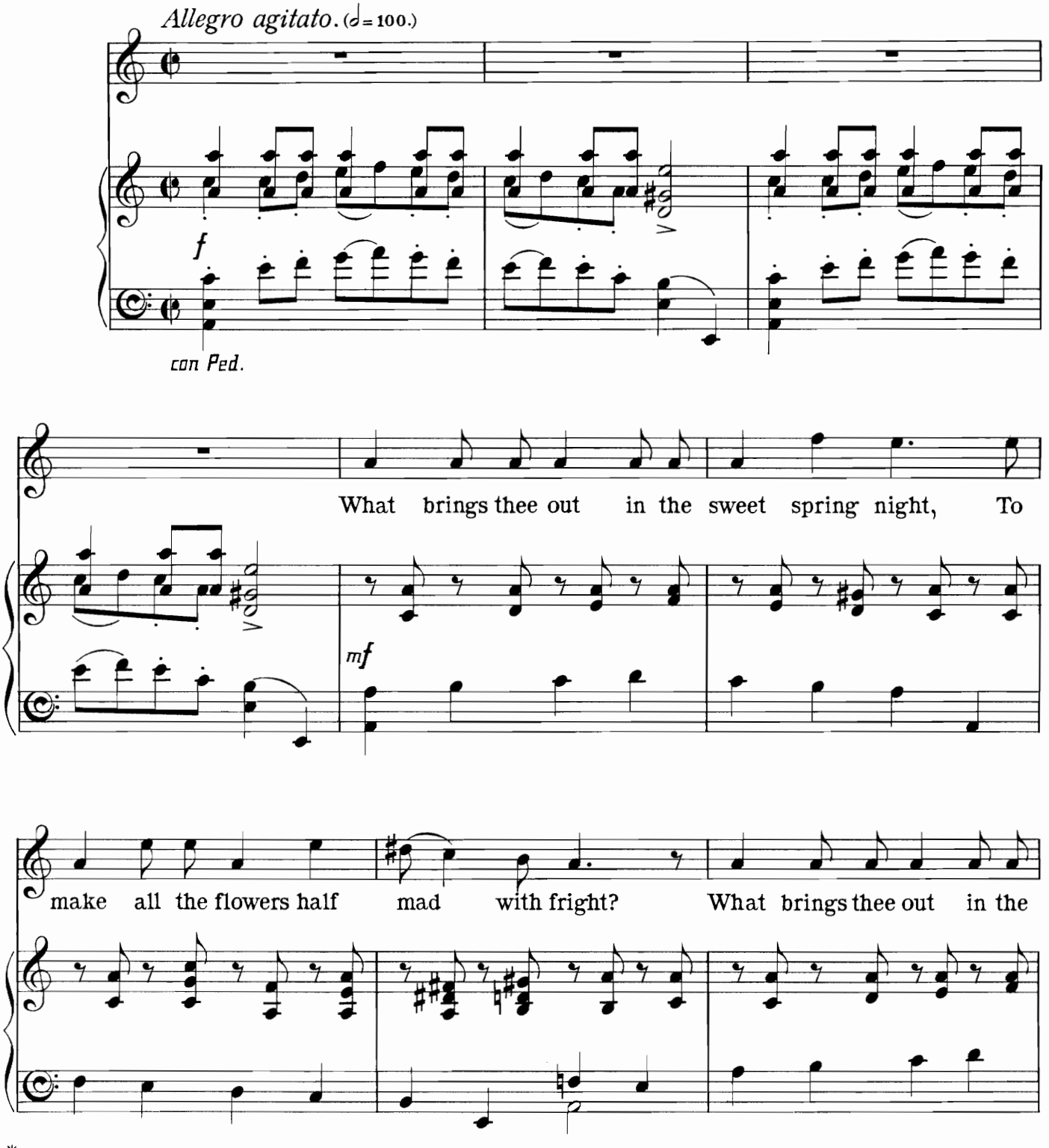

poco più mosso.
Speed you forth my lit - tle song, Of Springtime blithe - ly
dolce
sempre legato
3
Tempo Iº
sing - - ing!
Speed you
8
pp
poco rit.
mp
on - ward to a house Where sweet flowers are fleet-ing!
Speed you on - ward to a house Where sweet flowers are fleet-ing!


poco più mosso.
If per - chance a rose you see,
pp
Say I send her greet - - ing!
sempre pp
A greet - ing!

III.

WHAT BRINGS THEE OUT IN THE SWEET SPRING NIGHT.

Emily Pfeiffer.*



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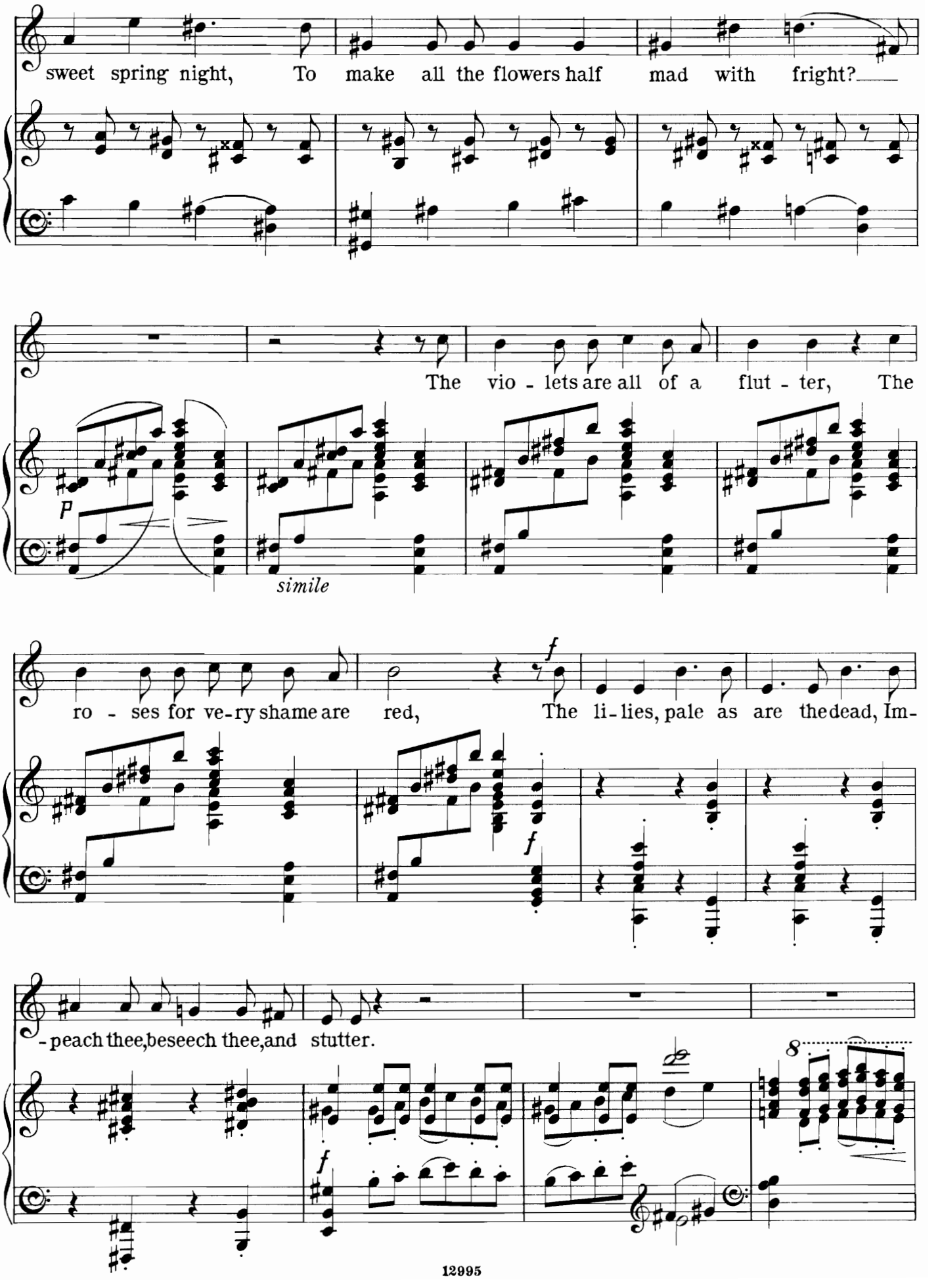
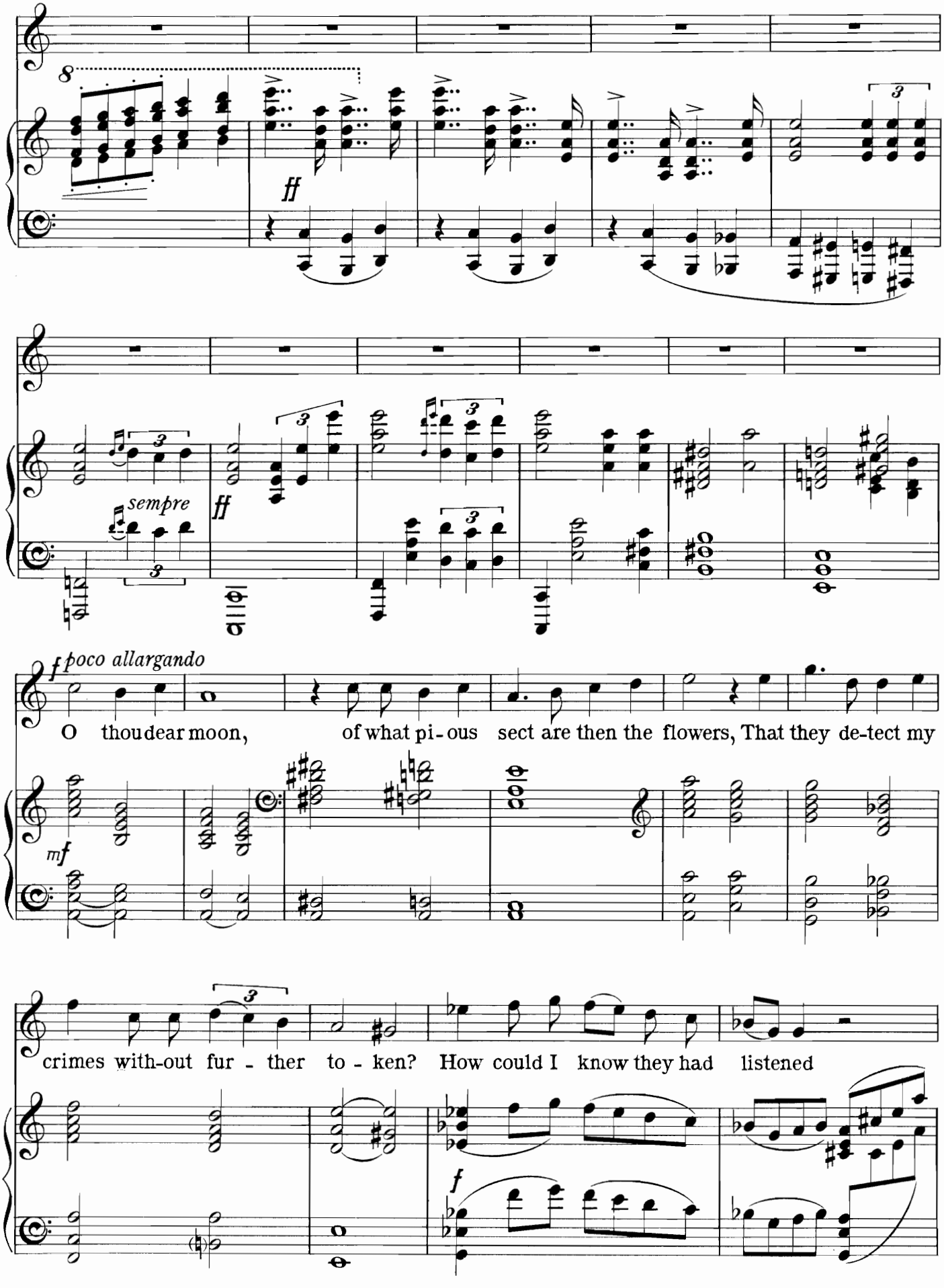
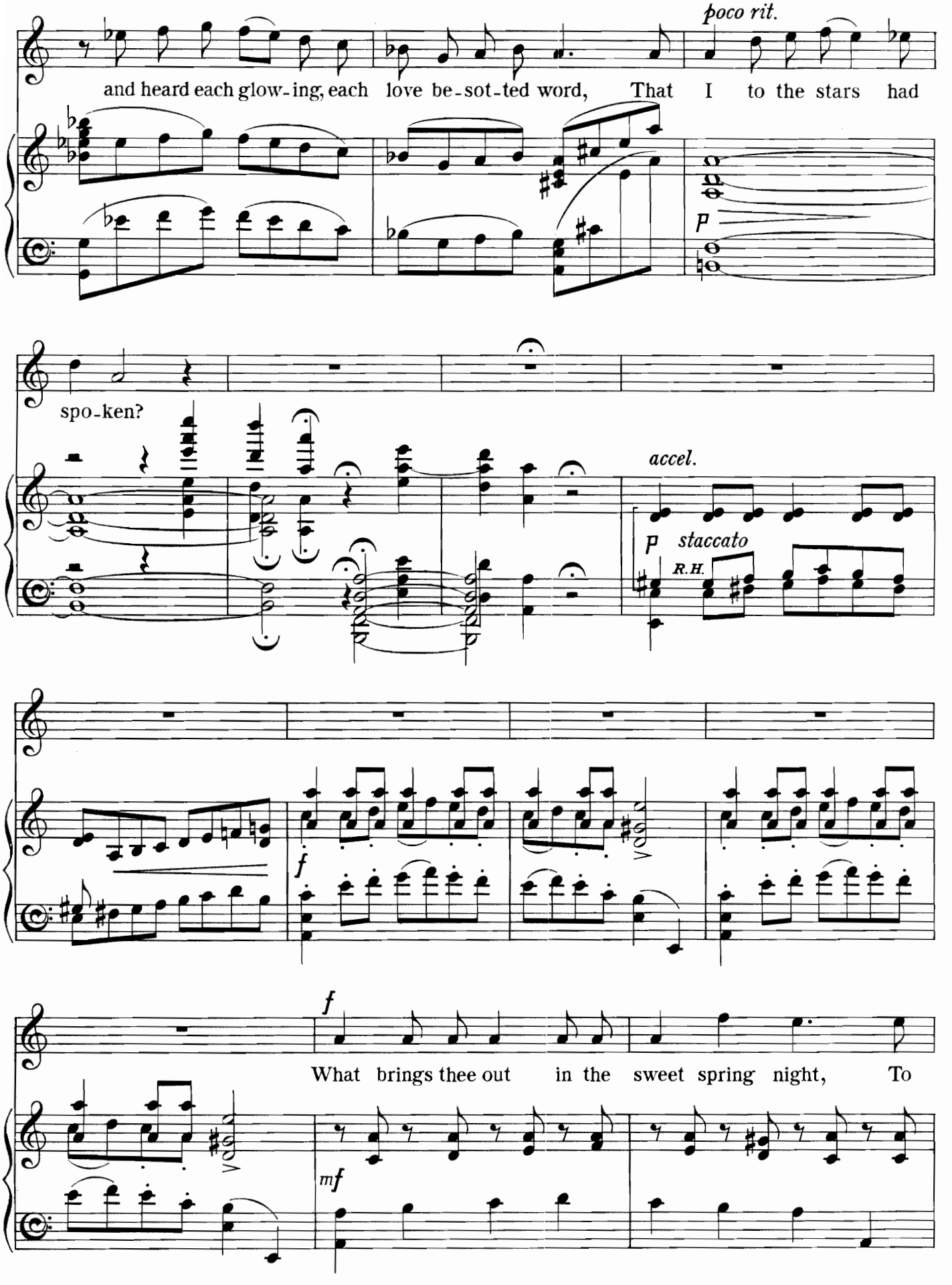
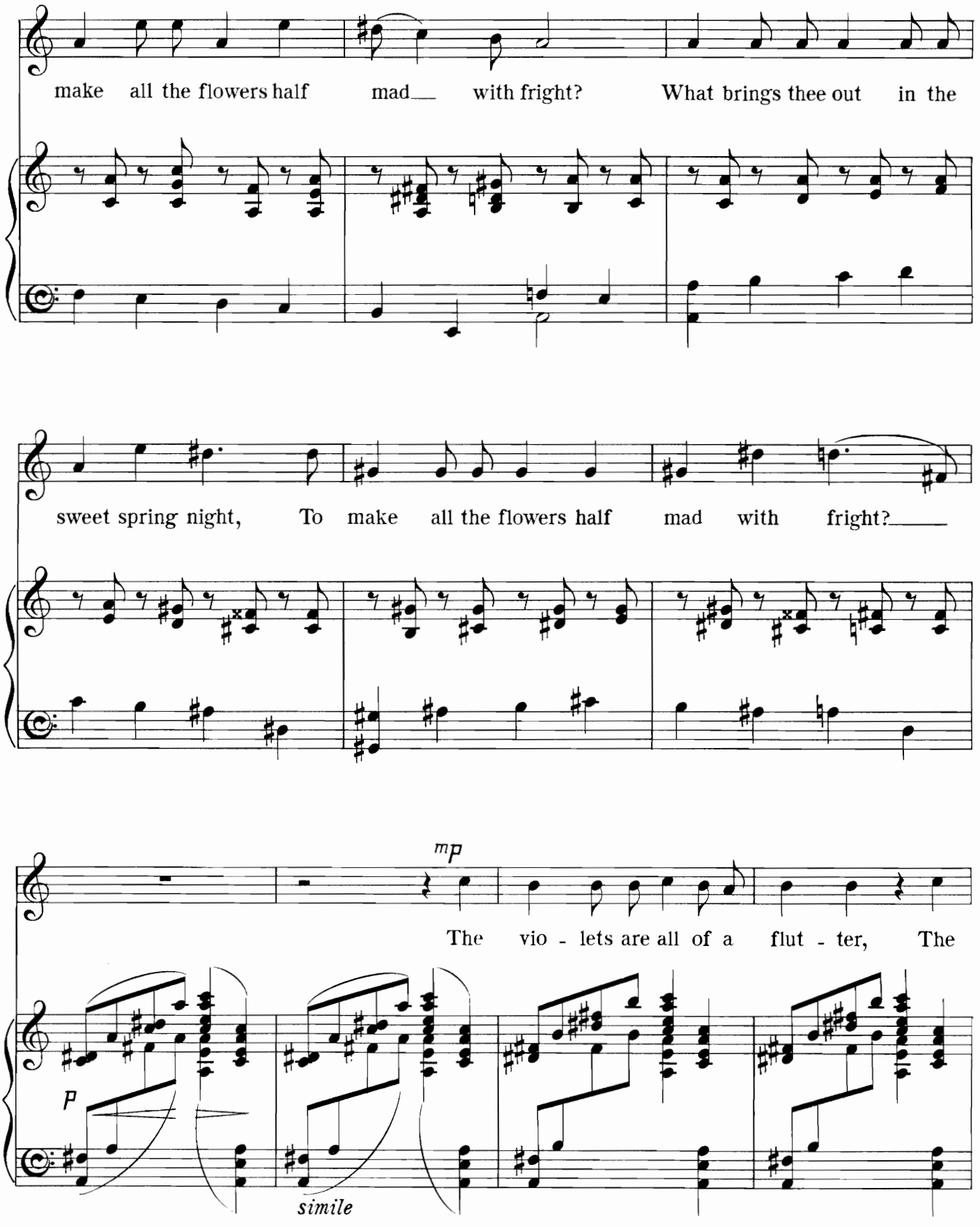
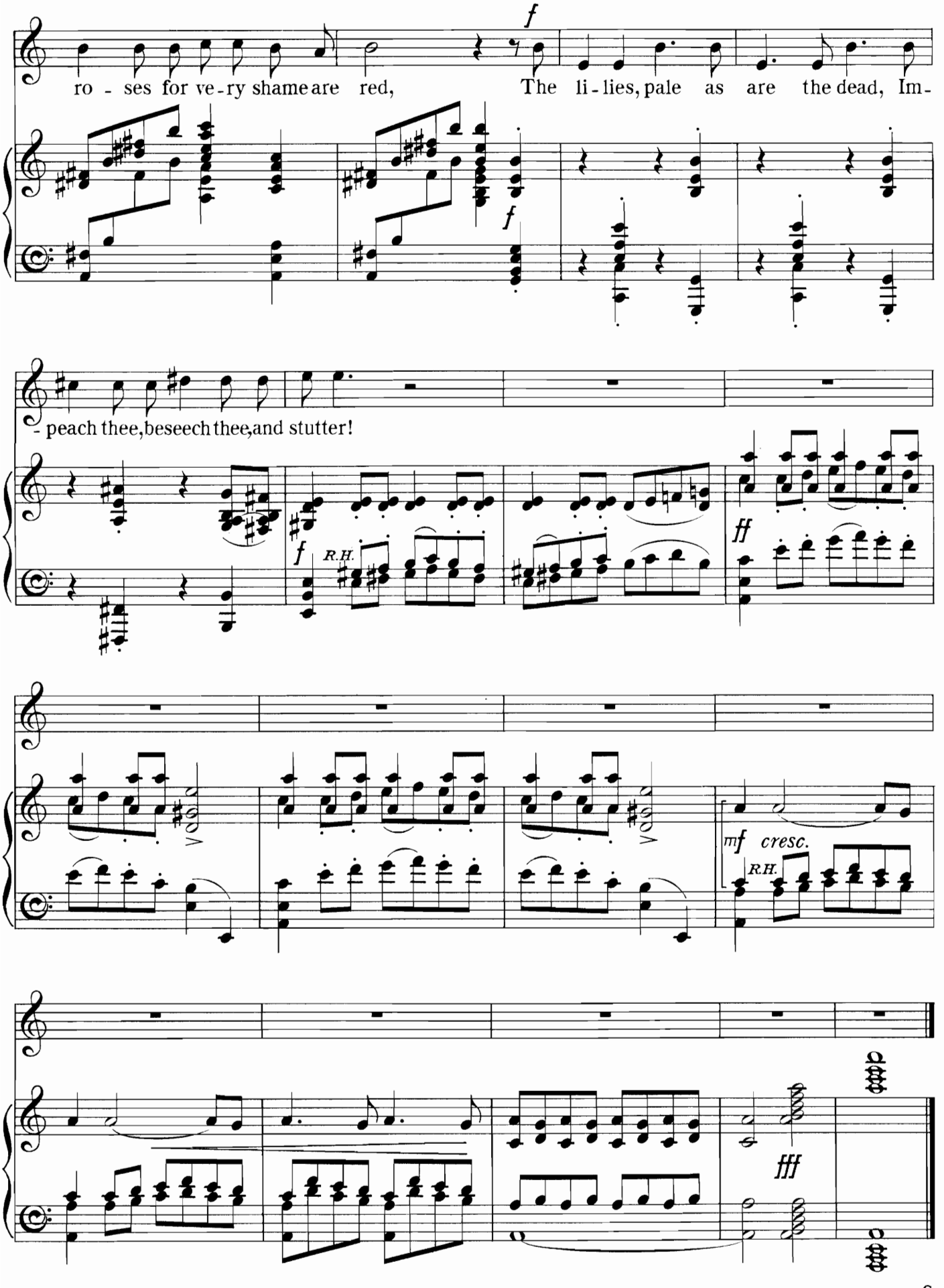

sweet spring night, To make all the flowers half mad with fright?
The vio - lets are all of a flut - ter, The
P
simile
ro - ses for ve-ry shame are red, The li-lies, pale as are the dead, Im-
f
f
-peach thee, beseech thee, and stutter.
8
f


ff
sempre
ff
f poco allargando
O thou dear moon, of what pi - ous sect are then the flowers, That they de-tect my
mf
crimes with-out fur - ther to - ken? How could I know they had listened
f


poco rit.
and heard each glow-ing, each love be-sot-ted word, That I to the stars had
p
spo-ken?
accel.
p staccato
R.H.
f
f
What brings thee out in the sweet spring night, To
mf

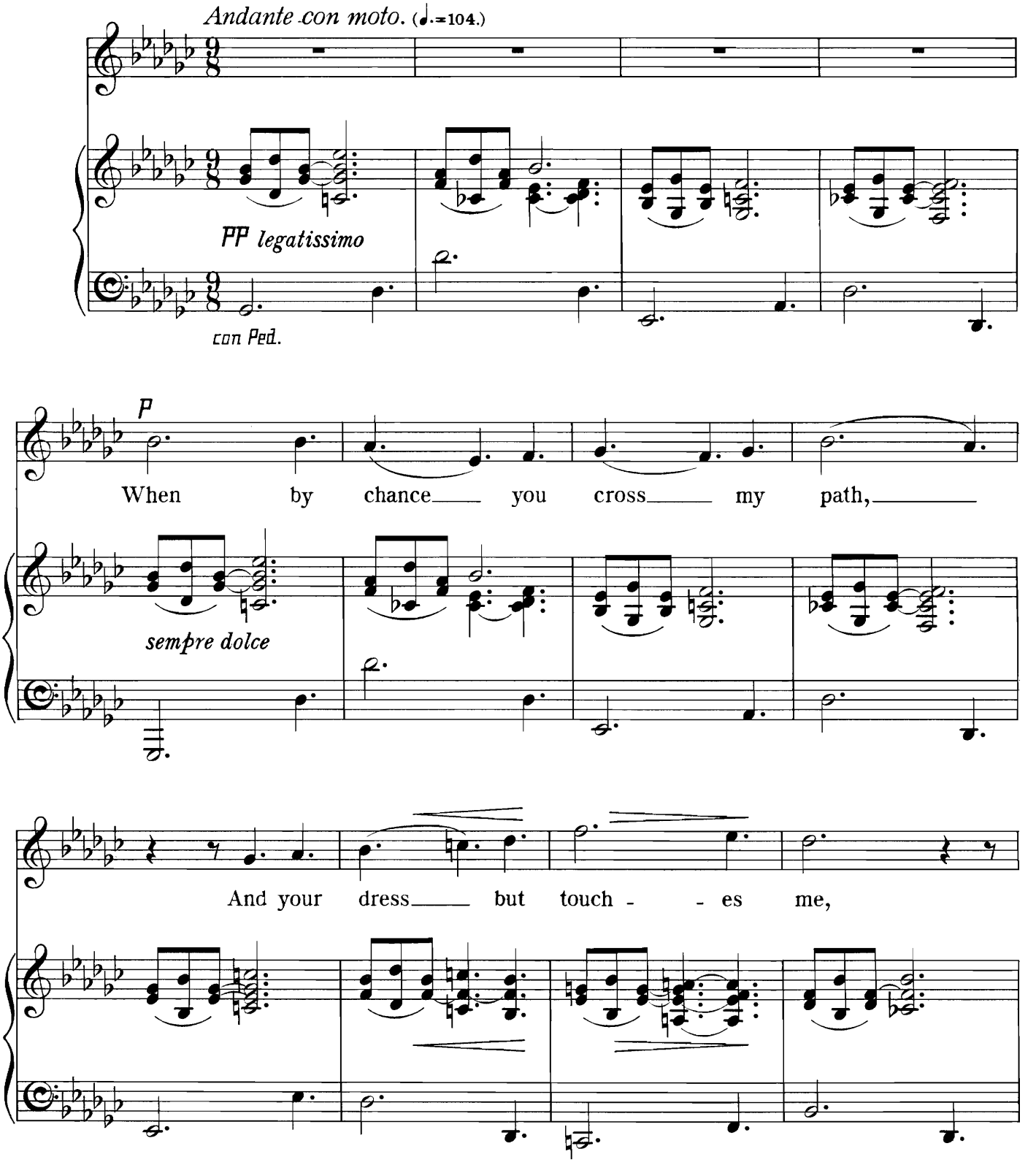

make all the flowers half mad with fright? What brings thee out in the
sweet spring night, To make all the flowers half mad with fright?
mp
The vio - lets are all of a flut - ter, The
p
simile


ro - ses for ve-ry shame are red, The li-lies, pale as are the dead, Im-
- peach thee, beseech thee, and stutter!
f
R.H.
ff
mf cresc.
R.H.
fff

IV.

WHEN BY CHANCE YOU CROSS MY PATH.

J. Snodgrass.*



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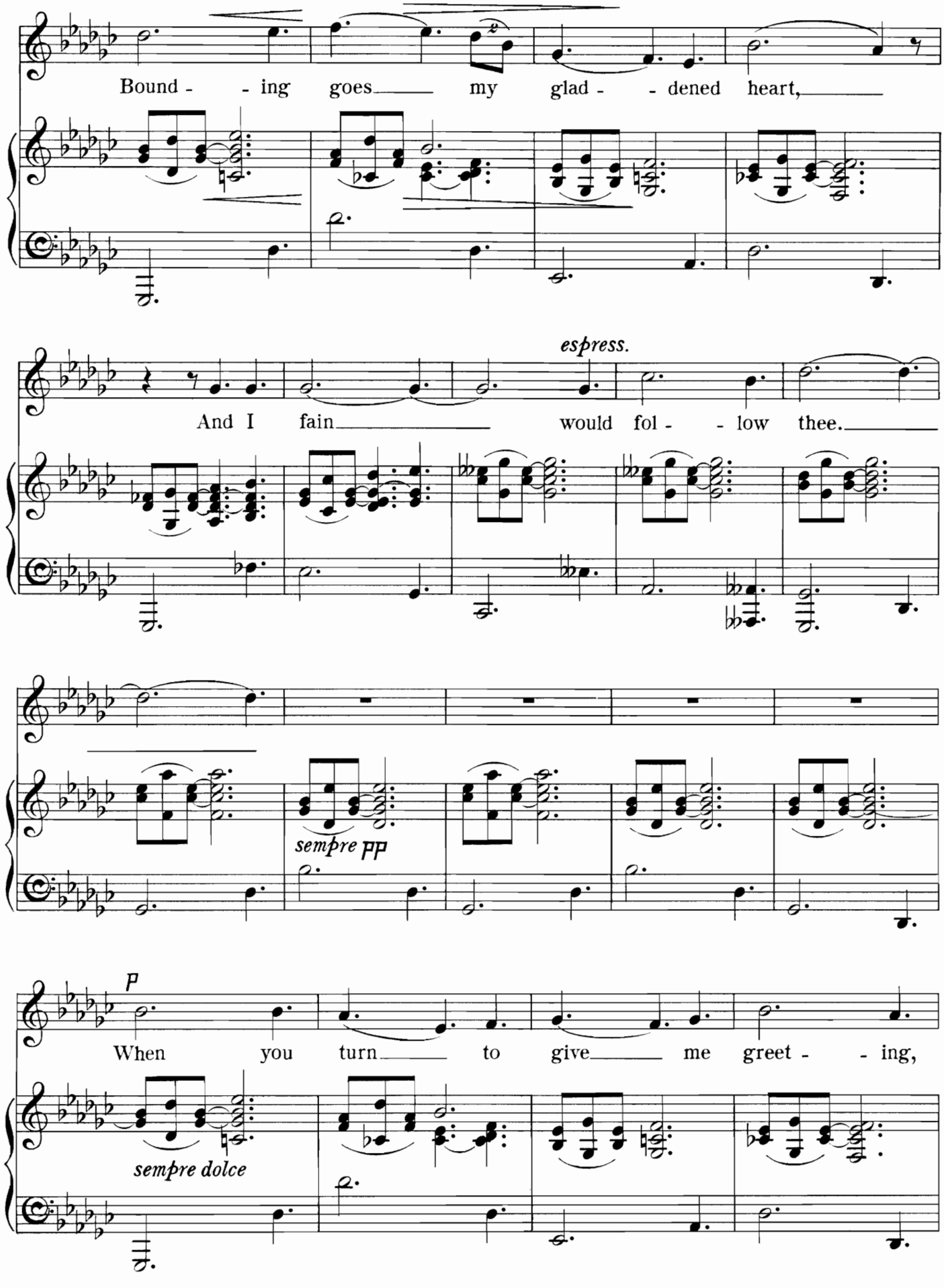
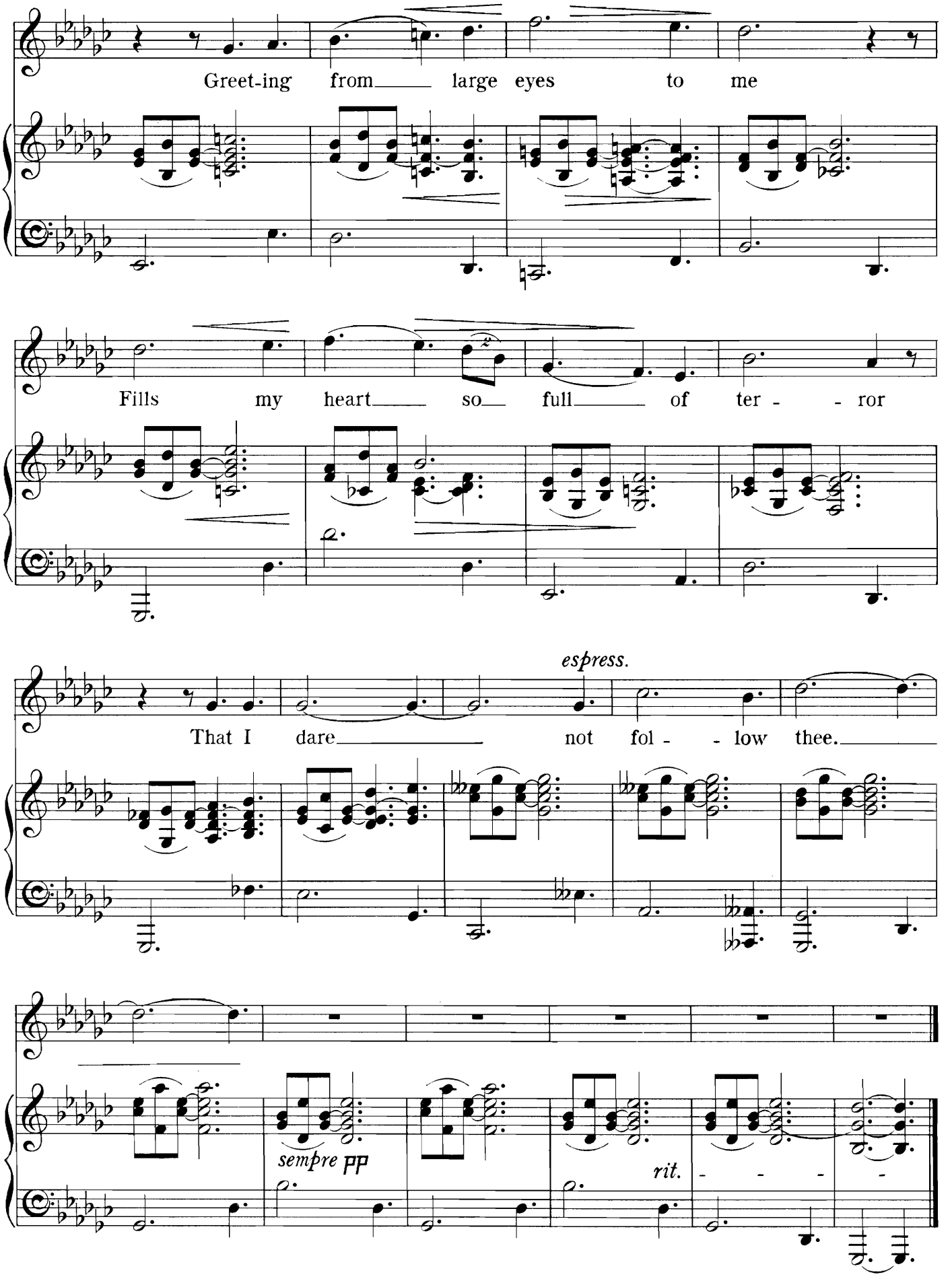
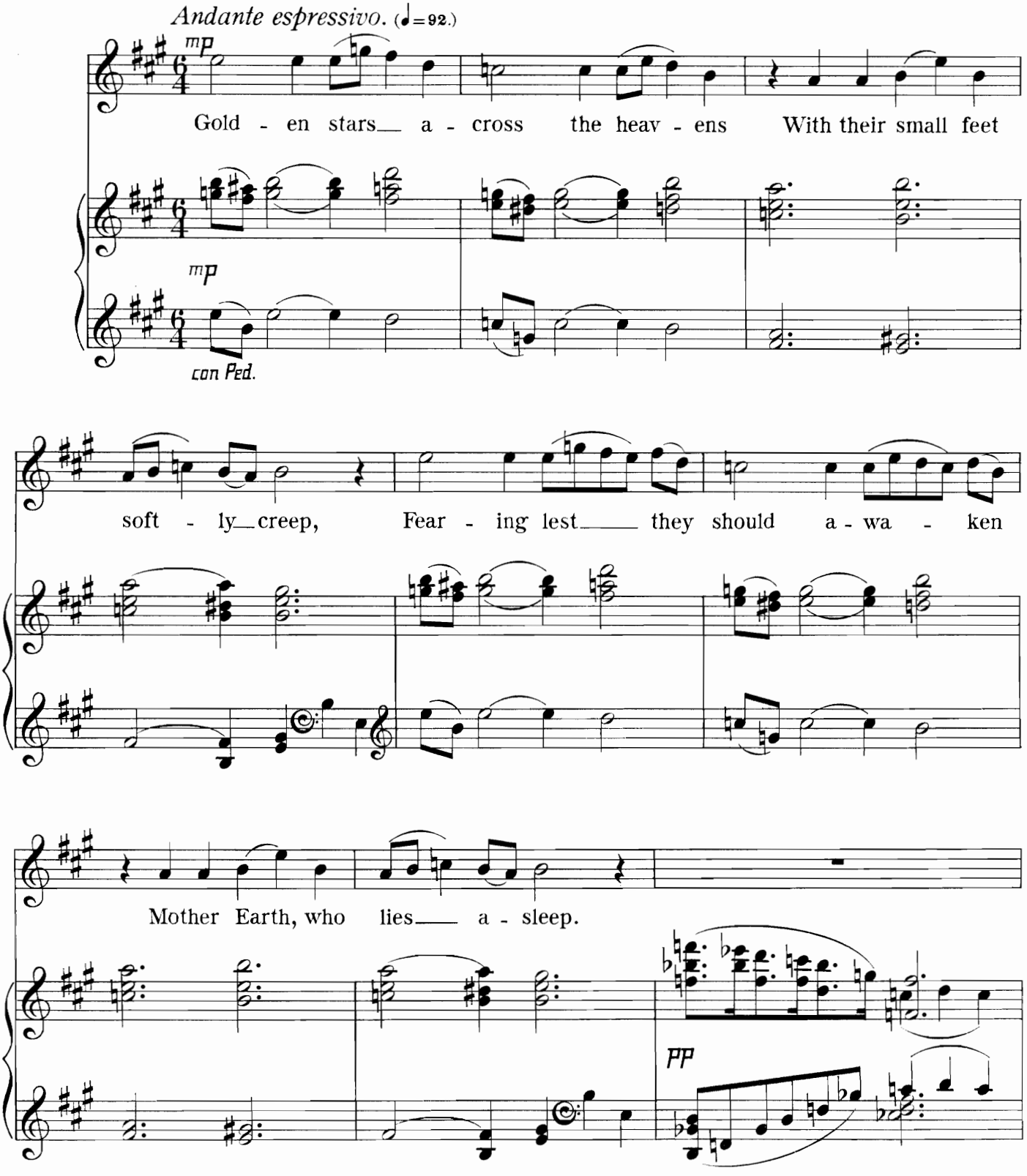

Bound - - ing goes my glad - - dened heart,
espress.
And I fain would fol - - low thee.
sempre pp
p
When you turn to give me greet - - ing,
sempre dolce


Greet-ing from large eyes to me
Fills my heart so full of ter - - ror
espress.
That I dare not fol - - low thee.
sempre pp
rit.

V.

GOLDEN STARS ACROSS THE HEAVENS.

Alma Strettel.*



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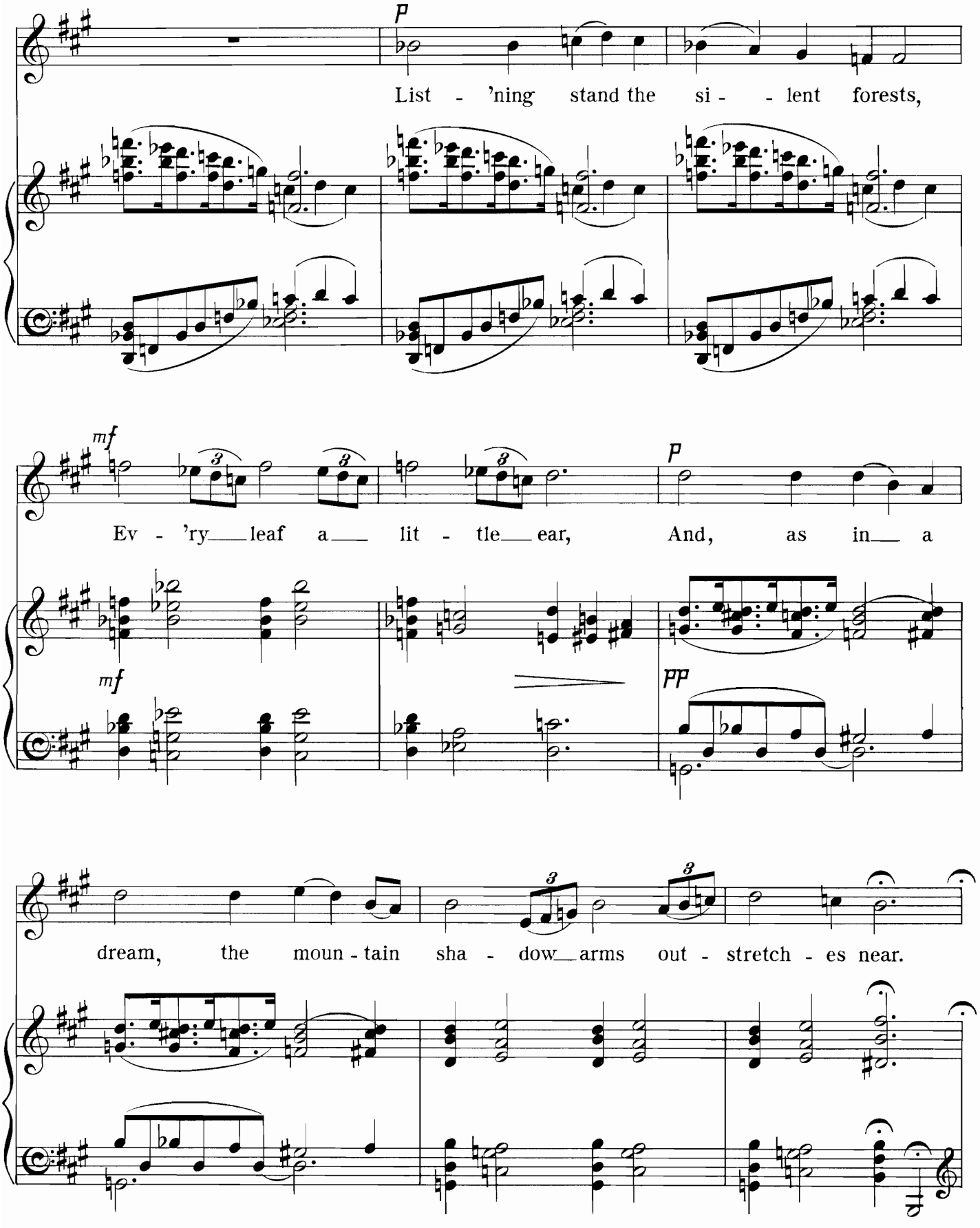
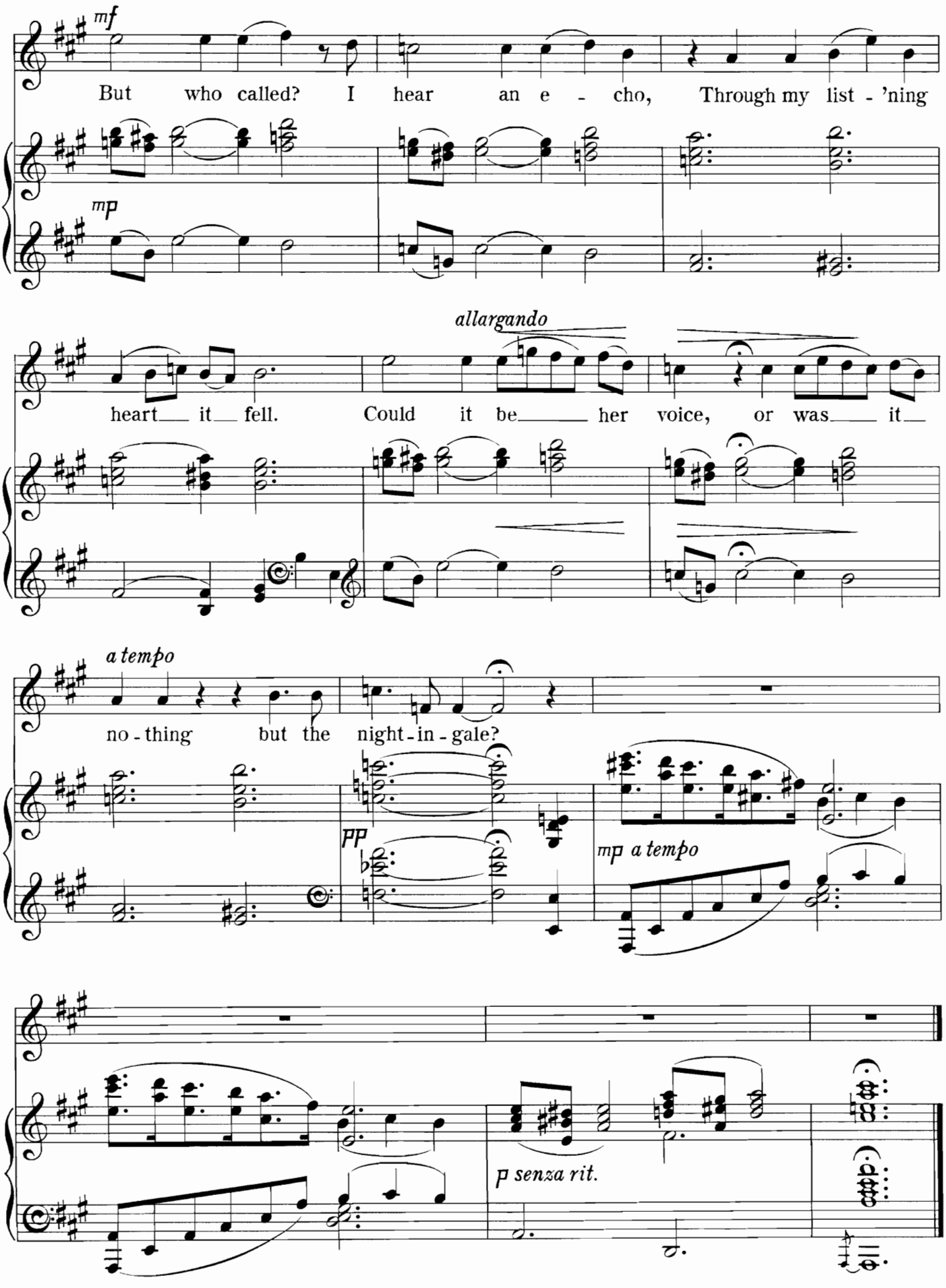
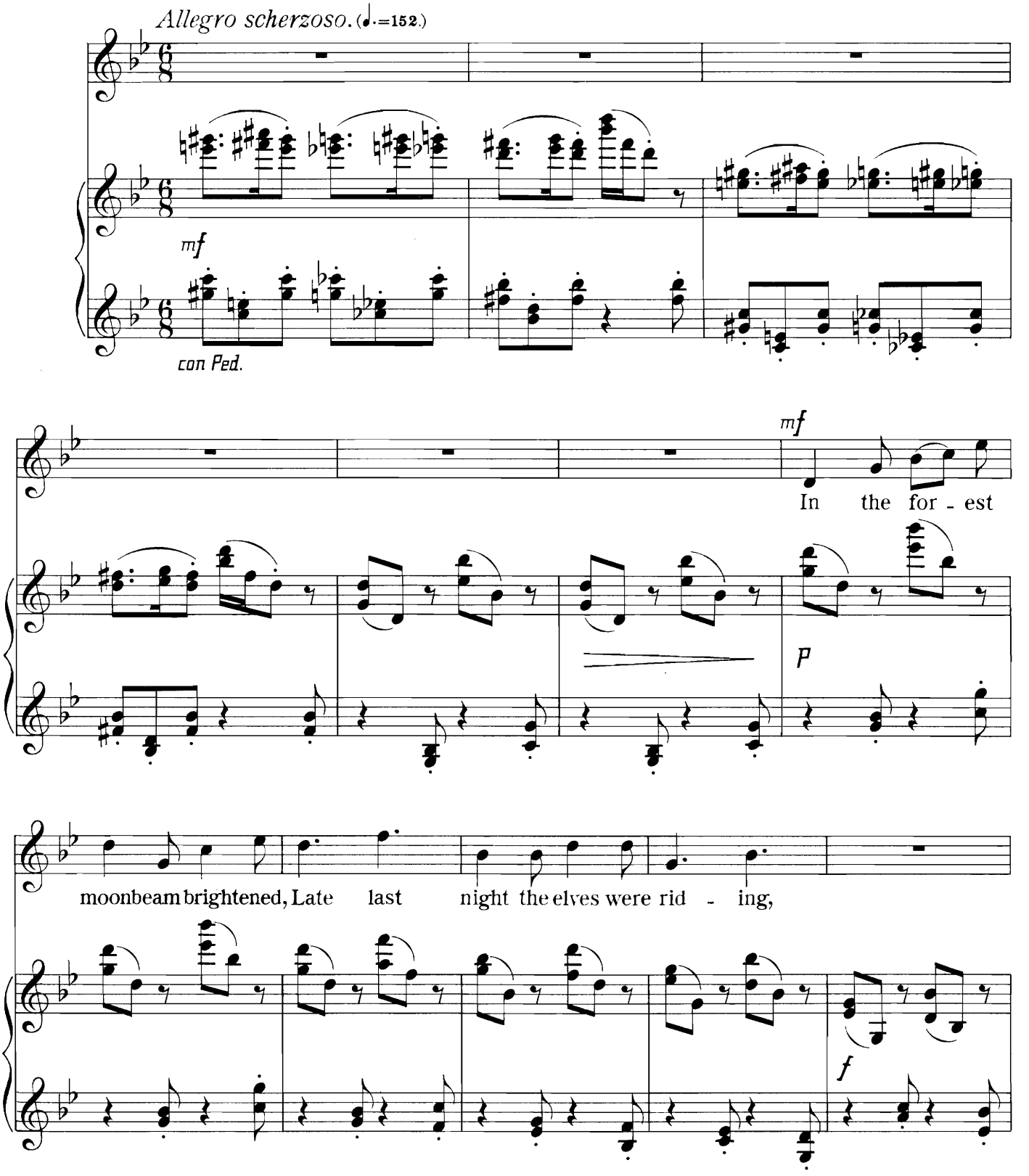

p
List - 'ning stand the si - - lent forests,
mf
Ev - 'ry leaf a lit - tle ear,
p
And, as in a
mf
pp
dream, the moun - tain sha - dow arms out - stretch - es near.


mf
But who called? I hear an e - cho, Through my list - 'ning
mp
allargando
heart it fell. Could it be her voice, or was it
a tempo
no - thing but the night - in - gale?
pp
mp a tempo
p senza rit.

VI.

THE ELVES' RIDE.

Francis Hueffer.



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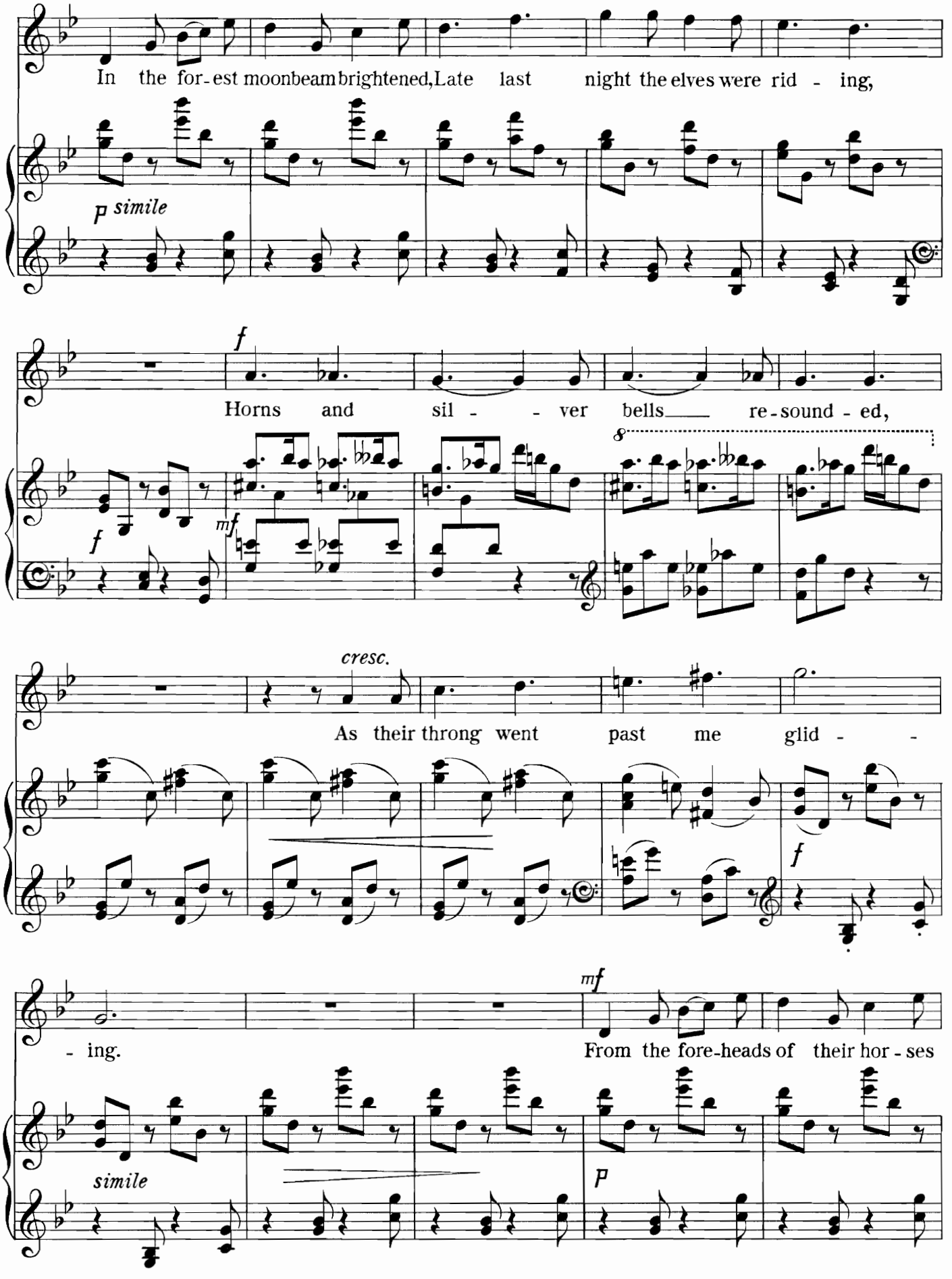
In the for-est moonbeam brightened, Late last night the elves were rid - ing,
p simile
f
Horns and sil - - ver bells re-sound - ed,
mf
f
8
cresc.
As their throng went past me glid - -
f
- ing.
mf
From the fore-heads of their hor-ses
simile
p

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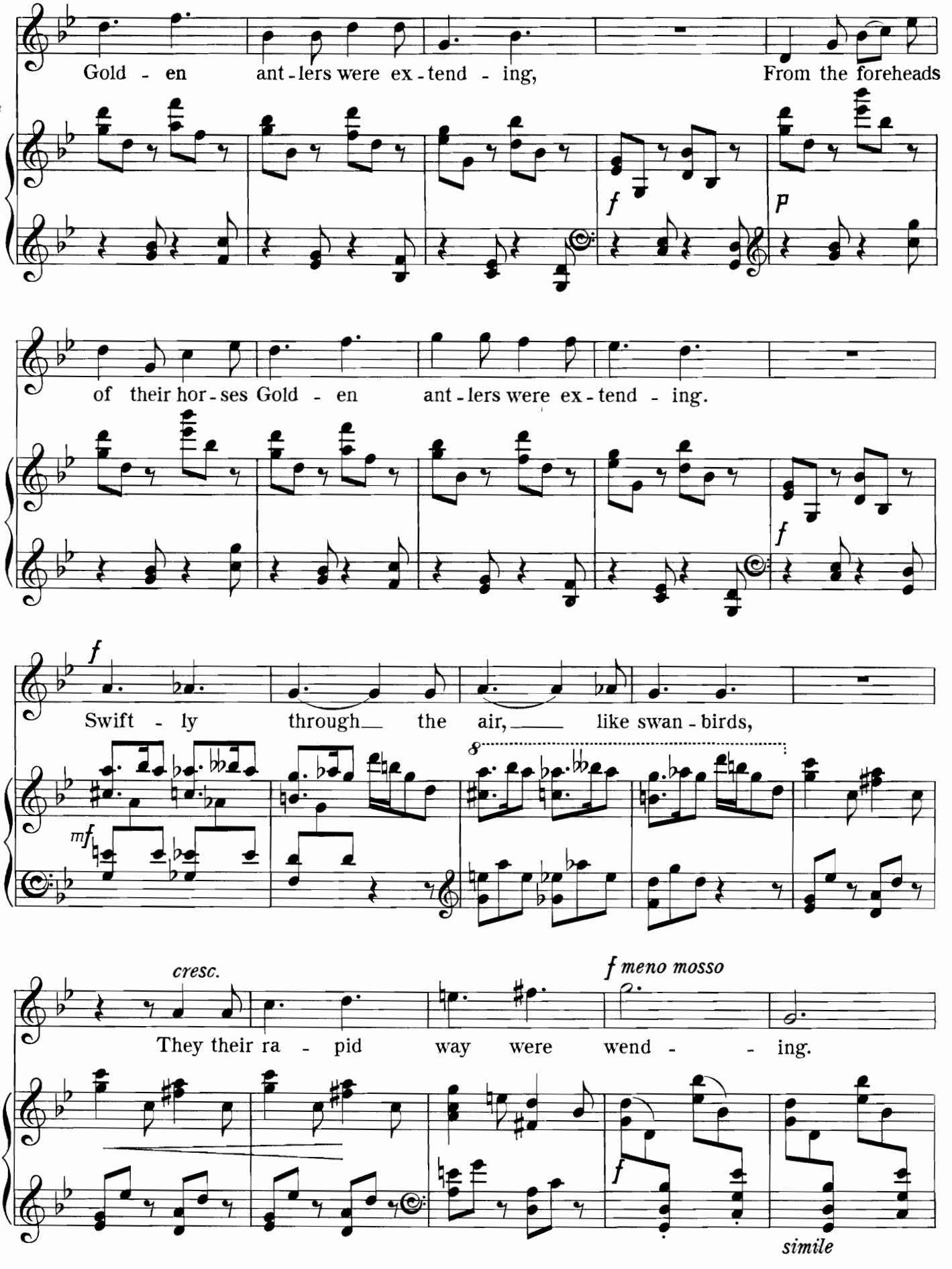
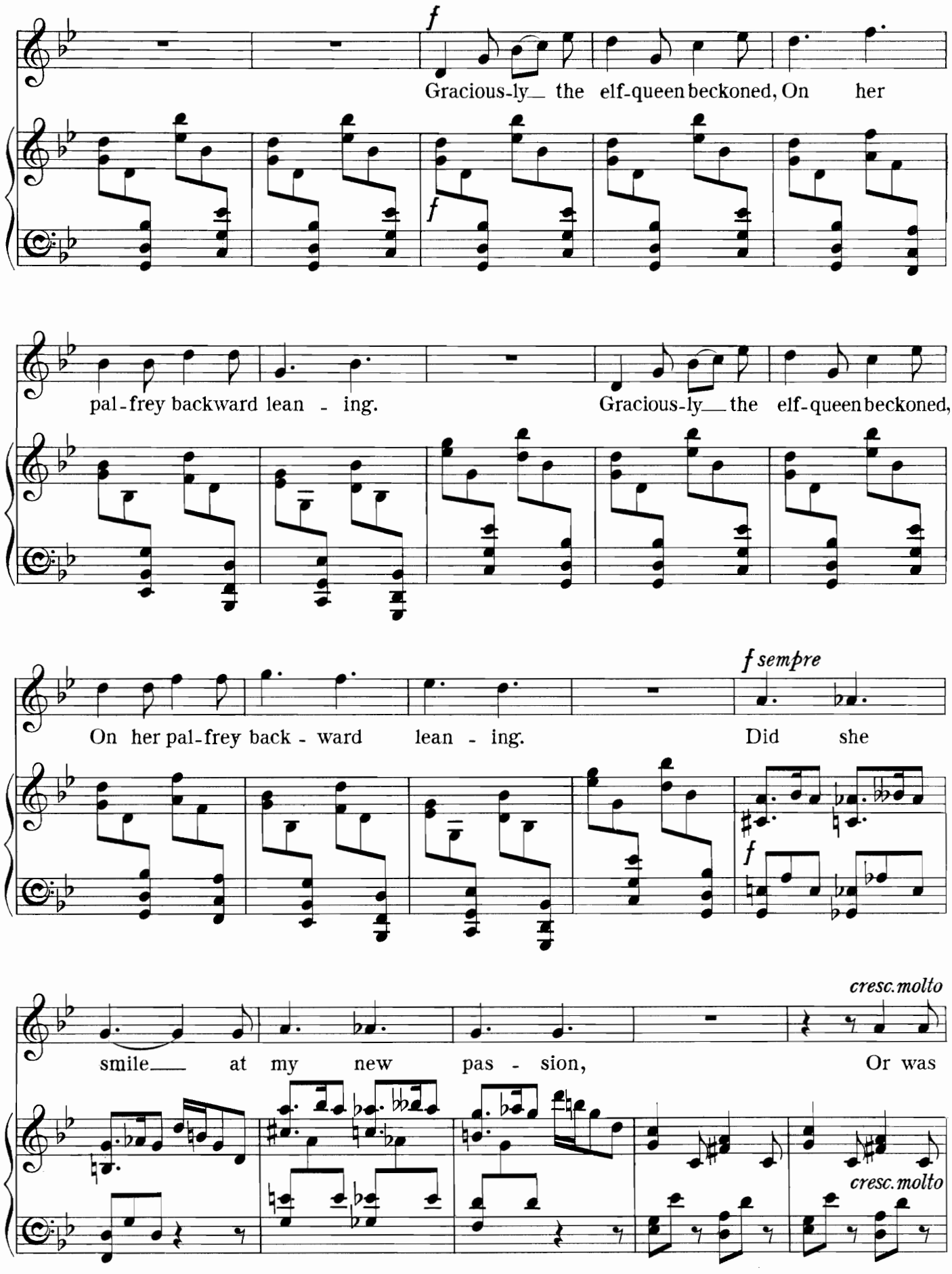
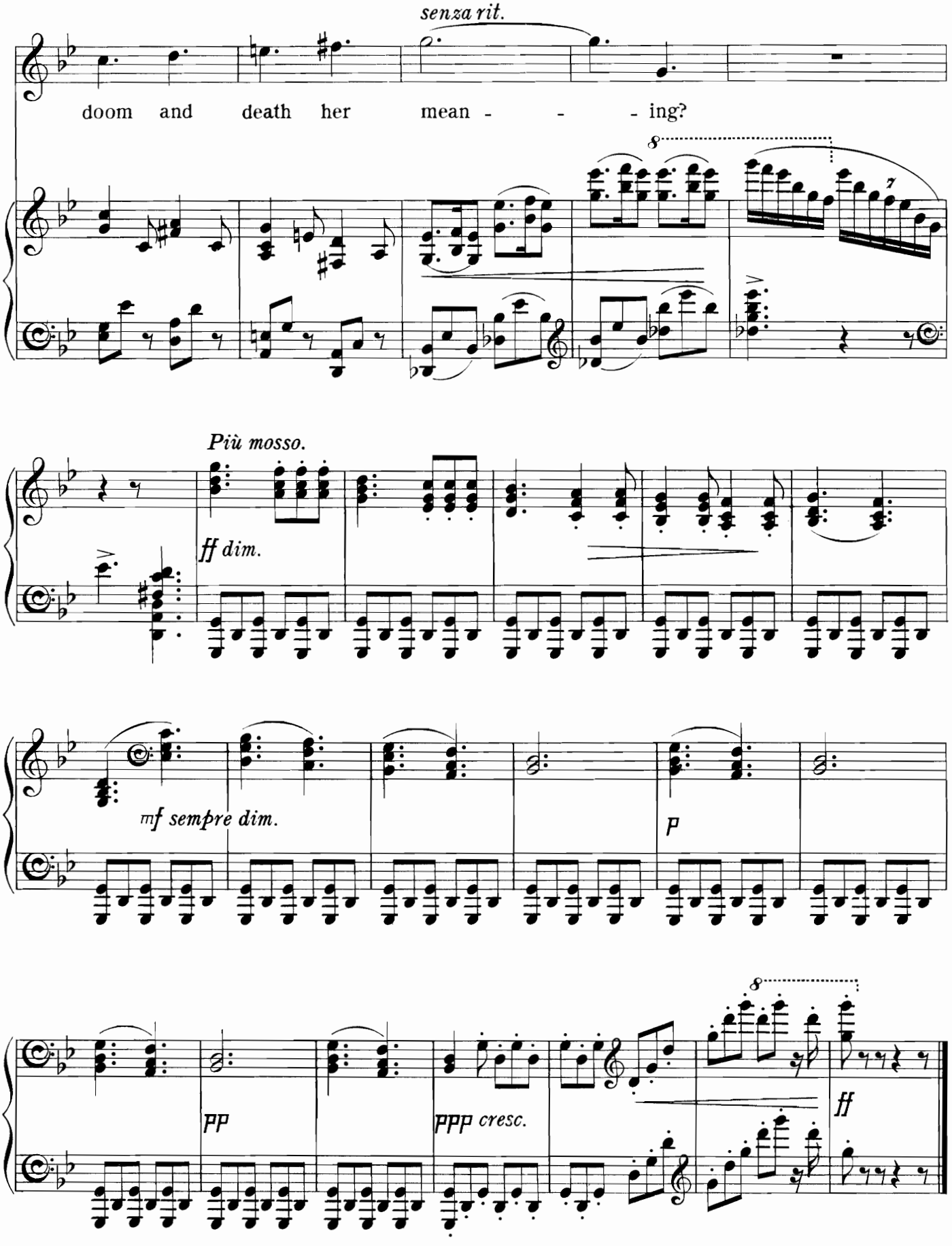

Gold - en ant - lers were ex - tend - ing, From the foreheads
f
p
of their hor - ses Gold - en ant - lers were ex - tend - ing.
f
f
Swift - ly through the air, like swan - birds,
8
mf
cresc.
f meno mosso
They their ra - pid way were wend - - ing.
f
simile


f
Gracious-ly_ the elf-queen beckoned, On her
f
pal-frey backward lean - ing.
Gracious-ly_ the elf-queen beckoned,
f sempre
On her pal-frey back - ward lean - ing.
Did she
f
cresc. molto
smile_ at my new pas - sion,
Or was
cresc. molto


senza rit.
doom and death her mean - - - ing?
8
7
Più mosso.
ff dim.
mf sempre dim.
p
pp
ppp cresc.
8
ff