





J. Wendell Champion

994

BOTSFORD COLLECTION  
OF  
FOLK-SONGS

With English Versions by American Poets

*Compiled and Edited*

*by*

FLORENCE HUDSON BOTSFORD

*Introduction by*

CARL ENGEL

VOLUME ONE

Songs from the Americas, Asia and Africa

*There I beheld a book  
With golden leaves clasped by two chrysolites  
Inscribed, "Of Humble Folk, Their Lives."  
And when one opened it, headlong there came  
A flood of simple, importuning song—  
Lays of the throstile and the soaring lark,  
With now and then a note from nightingale.  
. . . We might have had more joy of nightingales  
But for the mourning of unnumbered doves.*

—Images of a Mystic.

G. SCHIRMER (INC.), NEW YORK



## FOREWORD AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This revised edition of FOLK-SONGS contains many examples not found in previous editions and the larger part of the collection has never before been translated into English.

The editor has been guided throughout by a single purpose—to select the best known and most loved folk and composed songs—preferring those upon which time and usage have set the seal of approval. Nor has this choice been arbitrary since final decisions have frequently been made by native singers. It is hoped, therefore, that every selection will be found acceptable in the school and the home. The folk-lore student will miss odd and obscure songs—also many found in famous collections. Music lovers may look in vain for their favorites or find others in unexpected places. Many of these songs have been taken from the lips of singers in their own countries; but this fact, while it helps to determine the source of a folk-song, is not conclusive. World peoples are in constant migration. Their songs cross neighboring boundaries like seeds upon the wind. Where good tunes fall they persist and flourish, their life springs from the emotions and their natural soil is the human heart.

In bringing together songs of different races and translating them into a single language we make it possible for all lovers of music to enjoy a common heritage. But the rendering must be sympathetic as well as metrical. On the subject of translations authorities agree that a singing message in one tongue can rarely be conveyed to another without loss. Native singers who are bi-lingual quickly detect omissions and interpolations, and they resent the practice of separating the melody from the original text and substituting new words. A folk-song is a racial expression and the theme is wedded to the tune by use and tradition.

Indexed in these volumes are melodies from over forty different tongues and dialects and their use over a long period of time furnishes striking proof of song universality. With little urging or practice, scores of the foreign-born in this country have united their voices in singing each others' songs in the English language. For this triumph we must thank our lyric poets of distinction and verse-makers of merit who have thus given fresh proof of the flexibility of the English tongue.

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The editor wishes to make acknowledgments to men and women in foreign countries who have generously assisted in making records of their folk-songs; to foreign-born men and women of this country for contributions placed at her disposal; to translators without whose aid the collection could not have been completed.

It is to be regretted that space does not allow individual mention of these co-workers, hundreds in number.

The editor is under obligation to musicians and composers for unsigned arrangements; especially to Franklin W. Robinson, for criticism and encouragement; also to Helen Jauncey Kingsbury, whose enthusiasm in the preparation of these songs has been a constant help.

Members of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associations have always generously co-operated. The Chairmen of the Department of Immigration and Foreign Committees—Mrs. R. L. Dickinson, Mrs. Edith Terry Bremer, and Mrs. Elizabeth Hendee—have had long experience with the many-sided problems of immigration. Their interest and support has been unflinching.

Research has been furthered by the music collections in the British Museum, in Petrograd, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Bergen, The Hague, Brussels, Paris, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Milan, Rome, Vienna and Budapest, as well as the public libraries of the United States. Heartly thanks are extended for kindly help of officials in these libraries.

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FLORENCE HUDSON BOTSFORD.

New York City,  
November, 1929.

## A REASON FOR FOLK-SONG

By CARL ENGEL

The singer in his morning tub and the whistling streetcar conductor may sing or whistle a tune they know, or they may give to a half-remembered melody a novel turn, add to it or cut from it, or reshape it entirely, and thus throw out the germinal spores of what, under the proper conditions, might grow into a new composition of anonymous origin, or into a folk-song.

These untutored composers are obviously musical; not always, perhaps, enough so to tell the difference between "Auld lang syne" and "Pop goes the weasel," but they have a natural bent for music. At least they resort to music spontaneously in "letting off steam," when some other man, for the same reason, may curse or giggle or whittle a stick. They follow an instinct similar to that which makes a man scratch his head. The scratching may result from a physical irritation that seeks relief. Or it may result from a mental state, such as embarrassment or indecision, when an automatic gesture helps to fill the awkward wait for the right thought or action.

The scratching, in either case, is apt to be unconscious. So may the whistling and singing be. But oftener both, the bath-room singer and the streetcar whistler, indulge in their melodious exercises without curtailment of their consciousness; they merely show a happy unconcern in the rest of the world, and follow an intuitive need of some sort of musical expression. They give free vent to their feelings, they obey an impulse. And the unconcern with which they do it is characteristic of the causes that make folks sing and make folk-songs.

Silence is a morbid condition, or a refinement. Man is by nature noisy. In that respect, too, he is superior to the loudest animal. And this superiority becomes with every day more patent.

The normal human being knows few stronger and more primitive desires than that of making a sound. It springs from the need of expressing some emotion or thought, and from the urge to communicate it to other beings. This urge is responsible not only for the achievement of articulate speech, but for the language of "music's golden tongue."

Several theories have been advanced in an attempt to explain how song or music came into existence. Darwin saw a link between song and sex. He heard in the bird-call a love-note. He argued that the warmth and tenderness of a voice will melt the coldest heart. But birds sing outside their mating season, and there are conquering lovers whose irresistible attraction does not necessarily reside in their vocal cords.

Darwin's theory has been abandoned. Likewise has that of Herbert Spencer, who believed song to have been an outgrowth of speech. Professor Carl Stumpf, in a plausible hypothesis, has traced the development of song and musical sense from the earliest human efforts to raise the voice for purposes of signalling and calling—signalling to other men and calling upon the mysterious powers of unseen divinities. Perhaps there is a grain of truth in each one of these three theories.

It is more than likely that the cry preceded the word. The inarticulate came before the articulate. The emotional stress of the voice, expressive of all the passions, came before the invention of a vocabulary, however crude. The newly born cries when hungry or in pain, and coos contentedly when the hunger is stilled or the pain has passed. The voice is expressive, sound is suggestive; they acquire and can convey a meaning. Sound can be compelling. Horn and bell are early symbols of its force. But sound can also be softly persuasive.

By the time the first mother whose arms were stiff from rocking her baby had constructed a cradle and slung it from the branch of a tree, she probably had a fairly large repertory of croons. She found them efficacious. Again for the sake of the effect, the caveman yelled with all the strength of his lungs at the mastodon, to scare the beast from its lair and chase it into the trap he had cunningly dug. The cavewoman lulled her youngest to sleep before preparing the mastodon steak for supper. Fortissimo and pianissimo, the shout and the hum, attended the birth of song.

Next to hunger, we are told, the strongest instinct is sex. When the cave-baby was asleep and the stone dishes of the evening meal were washed, the caveman had a chance to tell his mate, in guttural glee, of the day's hunt and the dangers he had run. His stammerings, no doubt, were answered by admiring grunts and amorous whinnies. The love-duet of grand opera was on the way.

Darwin's theory, then, is not without merit, although it is not comprehensive enough. For it takes into consideration only the domestic circle. As for Spencer's, there is no doubt that, once speech had been evolved by a slow and patient process from the emotional inflections of the voice and the rational workings of the brain, those inflections were heightened until speech became chant.

From the domestic circle speech passed to the public forum and the assembly of worshipers. There it was addressed, not to one individual, but to a crowd. To make himself understood, the speaker had to raise his voice. He had to "pitch" it higher. From the vague and confluent intonation of ordinary speech emerged distinct and wider intervals. The rise and fall of the voice was punctuated by cadences. Out of them peered rhythm and melody. Lastly, when the crowd became vocal in responding to the ritual incantations of the leader, it discovered that to pick up the leader's "pitch" for the response produced a uniformity and volume of sound unequalled by the loudest confusion of voices. Pitch, the unanimous agreement (in unison or octave) on a definite tone, was established. The ear began to observe and measure intervals. It discovered a scale. The aural sense, within that scale, set up a difference between agreeable and disagreeable scale degrees, between consonance and dissonance. Trouble had started.

When we go to the opera or to a song recital, we little think of the many years it has taken until such and such an aria or "lied" became possible. The primitive love song and slumber song reach back into a past too distant and shadowy to yield up its secrets. Yet they already constituted a tremendous feat. When the family expanded into the community, the uses of song multiplied until it accompanied every civic event of importance. And when the community became musically creative, it created folk-songs, songs that may have owed their original inception to an individual, but that were fashioned into their definitive shape by oral tradition, by a communal evolution to which not the individual but the mass-consciousness and mass-predilection gave form.

Religious ceremony, dance, war, were so many pretexts for singing. But above all, manual labor, especially work done concertedly by groups of people, actually depended on the regulating rhythm of song, or the impelling beats of a drum, or the monotonous strokes of a clapper. Thus only could all hands be united, all muscles be strained in coördinated and simultaneous movement, so as not to waste a particle of the combined exertion.

Rhythm and song were not only a labor-saving but a labor-producing device. The sweat of the human brow flowed more freely before machines were invented. Also song poured more freely from human lips before the age of machines, and before machine-made music flooded the land.

The pyramids of Egypt are the petrified songs of the Jews who toiled to build them. The Great Wall of China represents a gigantic symphony of drum beats and horn signals that drove millions of weary slaves to lay stone upon stone, mile after mile.

The ancient Greeks rowed to the sound of a flute, and there is evidence that in the same manner the Greek women kneaded bread. The Greeks had songs for the reaping and threshing of corn, for the turning of the hand-mill, for the pressing of grapes, and many other domestic tasks.

Among primitive races these customs still prevail. Work and song to them are synonymous. In West Africa the natives have a saying that "The woman who does not sing much does not work much." The Negro has a rich stock of work songs. The sailor-chanty had its resounding day on all the seven seas before the busy drone of the motor supplanted it. The songs of the road are silenced. When soldiers strike up a marching song they revert to a practice as old as the pursuits of war. The song of the Volga boatmen is the anthem of "a strong pull and a long pull and a pull all together."

A great deal of our life we live by substitution, that is, we let the other fellow "do it" for us. That applies especially to music. Music is a universal need. But not all of us are musical, not even as musical as the bath-room singer and the streetcar whistler. We have other people sing and whistle for us. Yet, nothing can take the place of that direct vocal expression which is our own utterance, the song of our people, the voice of ourselves.

Wet clay turned into stone, ages ago, has preserved for us the outlines of prehistoric shells and ferns and bones. The soft, pliable material of song, hardened in the continued use of generations, has caught within the sharp contours of melody, within the communicative lilt of rhythm, the racial and national characteristics of all the different people of this earth. To know the folk-songs of the world is to know something of the history, something of the temper of mankind. Folk-song is the limpid source of all music, mirrored in which we see the whole range of human emotions. And because of the very fact that all fundamental emotions are common to all human beings, we can understand the meaning of a folk-melody even though the original words that are sung to it should be incomprehensible to us and must be translated for us. The mind may speak many languages, and thought may be wrapped or hidden within a babel of tongues. To the soul is given knowledge of all of them, when their accents are paired with music; especially when the music comes to us in the strong, pure strains of folk-song.

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THE UNCONSTANT LOVYER

Andante

O — come, all my young lov - yers, Whom - so -  
 ev - er wants to gao, — An' we'll all set - tle  
 daown On the O - hi - o.

*accel.*

The Unconstant Lover

O come, all my young lovyers,  
 Whomsoever wants to gac,  
 An' we'll all settle daown  
 On the Ohio.

An' we'll chaw aour terbacker  
 An' smeoke aour pipes  
 An' eat aour pertaties  
 Whensoever they gits ripe.

Naow a meetin' are a pleasure  
 An' a partin' are a grief;  
 But an unconstant lovyer  
 Is wusser nor a thief.

Cos a thief he will rob ye  
 Of all thet ye have;  
 But an unconstant lovyer  
 Will tote ye to yer grave!

# CAPE COD CHANTEY

Recorded by  
Ruth Kimball Gardiner

*Allegro moderato*

Cape Cod girls they have no combs, Heave a -

way, heave a - way! They comb their hair with

cod - fish bones, We are bound for Aus - tra - lia!

Heave a - way my bul - ly, bul - ly boys, Heave a -

way, heave a - way! Heave a - way, and

don't you make a noise, We are bound for Aus - tra - lia!

### Cape Cod Chantey

Cape Cod girls they have no combs,  
 Heave away, heave away!  
 They comb their hair with codfish bones,  
 We are bound for Australia!  
*Heave away, my bully, bully boys,  
 Heave away, heave away!  
 Heave away, and don't you make a noise,  
 We are bound for Australia!*

Cape Cod boys they have no sleds,  
 Heave away, heave away!  
 They slide down hill on codfish heads,  
 We are bound for Australia!

### OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Words by  
 Stephen C. Foster

Music by  
 Stephen C. Foster

Moderato

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The image shows a musical score for the song 'Old Folks at Home'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system ends with a repeat sign, and the second system ends with a double bar line and a 'D.C.' (Da Capo) instruction.

*Eb - ry - where I roam. O dark-eyes, how my*  
*heart grows wear-y Far from de old folks at home.*

*D. C.*

### Old Folks at Home

Way down upon de Swanee ribber,  
 Far, far away,  
 Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,  
 Dere's wha de old folks stay.  
 All up and down de whole creation  
 Sadly I roam,  
 Still longing for de old plantation  
 And for de old folks at home

*All de world am sad and dreary  
 Ebrywhere I roam.  
 O darkeys, how my heart grows weary  
 Far from de old folks at home.*

All 'round de little farm I wandered  
 When I was young;  
 Den many happy days I squandered,  
 Many de songs I sung.  
 When I was playing wid my brudder  
 Happy was I;  
 O take me to my kind old mudder,  
 Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,  
 One dat I love,  
 Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,  
 No matter where I rove.  
 When will I see de bees a-humming  
 All 'round de comb?  
 When will I hear de banjo tumming  
 Down in my good old home?

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

## DE BALLET OF DE BOLL WEEVIL

U. S. A.  
(Texas)Melody and text  
collected by  
John A. LomaxArranged by  
Coralie Gregory

To be sung in the negro style, with marked rhythm

O hab you heard de lat - es, De

lat-es? of de songs? It's a - bout dem lit-tle boll wee-vils; Dey's picked

up bofe feet an' gone A - look - in' for a

home, Jes'a look-in' for a home. De home.

much slower

verses 1 to 5

last ending

## De Ballet of De Boll Weevil

O hab you heard de lates',  
 De lates' of de songs?  
 It's about dem little boll weevils;  
 Dey's picked up bofe feet an' gone  
     A-lookin' for a home,  
     Jes a-lookin' for a home.

De boll weevil is a little bug,  
 F'om Mexico, dey say,  
 Come to try dis Texas soil  
 An' thought he better stay  
     A-lookin' for a home,  
     Jes a-lookin' for a home.

De fus' time I saw de boll weevil  
 He was settin' on de square\*;  
 De nex' time I saw de boll weevil  
 He had all his family there  
     A-lookin' for a home,  
     Jes a-lookin' for a home.

De farmer took de boll weevil  
 An' buried him in hot san';  
 De boll weevil says to de farmer,  
 "I'll stan' it like a man;  
     It is my home,  
     It is my home."

De farmer took de boll weevil  
 An' put him on de ice;  
 De boll weevil says to de farmer,  
 "It's mighty cool an' nice,  
     It is my home,  
     It is my home."

Den de boll weevil says to de farmer,  
 "Jes p'ison me ef you dare,  
 An' when you get your cotton up  
 I'll punch every square.\*  
     I'll have a home,  
     I'll have a home."

---

\*"Square" refers to the cotton square on the plant.

## SIFT ALONG, BOYS

U. S. A. (Cowboy)

*Con moto*

Sift a - long, boys, an' don't ride slow;

Hain't got time, but a long ways to go.

Quirt 'em on the shoul-ders an' rake 'em on the hip;

I've cut out the T B X; now scatter out,— zip!

## Sift Along, Boys

Sift along, boys, an' don't ride slow;  
 Hain't got time, but a long ways to go.  
 Quirt 'em on the shoulders an' rake 'em on the hip;  
 I've cut out the T B X; now scatter out—zip!

Bunch the herd, boys, all in the rail;  
 Hog-tie an' brand 'em, then beat 'em on the tail;  
 Quirt 'em on the shoulders an' rake 'em on the hip;  
 Whip 'em up an' down the sides; now scatter out—zip!

Bunch the herd, boys, an' don't ride slow;  
 Hog-tie an' brand 'em an' don't let any go;  
 Then hit the trail for grub an' watch the pancakes flip;  
 Lay aside your chaps an' quirt; now scatter out—zip!

## THE COWBOY'S LAMENT

Andante

The musical score for 'The Cowboy's Lament' is presented in two systems. Each system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The lyrics are: 'As I walked out in the streets of La-redo, As I walked out in La-re-do one day, I'.

As I ——— walked out in the streets of La - redo, As

I ——— walked out in La - re - do one day, I

The image shows a musical score for the song 'The Cowboy's Lament'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: 'spied a poor cowboy wrapped up in white linen, Wrapped up in white linen and cold as the clay.' The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a more melodic treble line.

### The Cowboy's Lament

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,  
 As I walked out in Laredo one day,  
 I spied a poor cowboy, wrapped up in white linen,  
 Wrapped up in white linen and cold as the clay.

O beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly!  
 O play the Dead March as you carry me 'long!  
 Take me to the valley; there turn the sod o'er me;  
 For I'm a young cowboy; I know I've done wrong.

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,"  
 These words he did say as I boldly stepped by.  
 "Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story;  
 I was shot in the breast and I know I must die.

"My friends and relations, they live in the Nation;  
 They know not where their boy has gone.  
 I first came to Texas and hired to a ranchman,  
 O I'm a young cowboy; I know I've done wrong.

"O there is another more dear than a sister;  
 She'll bitterly weep when she hears I am gone.  
 And there is another who'll win her affections,  
 For I'm a young cowboy; I know I've done wrong.

"Go gather around you a crowd of young cowboys,  
 And tell them the story of this my sad fate;  
 Tell one and the other before they go further  
 To stop their wild roving before 'tis too late."

*From Cowboy Songs, by JOHN A. LOMAN. Copyright, 1920, The Macmillan Company. Published by permission.*

Lento

“O — bu - ry me not on the lone prai - rie!” These

The first system of music is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a steady bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The vocal line begins with a long note on the word 'O'.

words came low and mourn - ful - ly From the

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern. The vocal line has a melodic contour that rises and then falls.

pallid — lips of a youth who lay On his

The third system continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern. The vocal line has a melodic contour that rises and then falls.

dy - ing bed at the close of day.

The fourth system concludes the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern. The vocal line has a melodic contour that rises and then falls.

## The Dying Cowboy

U. S. A. (Cowboy)

"O bury me not on the lone prairie!"  
 These words came low and mournfully  
 From the pallid lips of a youth who lay  
 On his dying bed at the close of day.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie  
 Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,  
 In a narrow grave just six by three;  
 O bury me not on the lone prairie!"

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,  
 Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,  
 Where the buzzard beats and the wind goes free;  
 O bury me not on the lone prairie!"

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,  
 In a narrow grave six foot by three,  
 Where the buffalo paws o'er a prairie sea;  
 O bury me not on the lone prairie!"

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,  
 Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,  
 Where the rattlesnakes hiss and the crow flies free;  
 O bury me not on the lone prairie!"

"O bury me not," and his voice failed there,  
 But we took no heed of his dying prayer;  
 In a narrow grave just six by three  
 We buried him there on the lone prairie.

*From Cowboy Songs, by JOHN A. LOMAX. Copyright by The Macmillan Company, 1920. Published by permission.*

## GAME SONG

U. S. A. (Indian)

(The Plains Tribes)

As sung by  
Vine Victor Deloria

Allegro

\*) Ha hay hi! Ha hay hi! Hay hay hi,

ha hay hi! ha hay hi ee, i - hi!

\*) The words are meaningless exclamations.

# MY BARK CANOE

(Ojibway tribe)

Interpretation by  
Frederick R. Burton

Arranged by  
Frederick R. Burton  
(Original Key A $\flat$ )

Adagio

In the still — night, the  
long hours through, I — guide — my bark ca - noe, My  
bark ca - noe, — my love, to you. While the love, to you.

verses 1 & 2      verse 3

From "American Primitive Music."  
Copyright, 1909, by Frederick R. Burton. Used by permission.

Cekahbay Tebik Ondandayan

My Bark Canoe

Cekahbay tebik ondandayan

In the still night, the long hours through,  
I guide my bark canoe,  
My bark canoe, my love, to you.

Cekahbay tebik ondandayan

While the stars shine and falls the dew,  
I seek my love in bark canoe;  
In bark canoe I seek for you.

Ahgahmah-sibi ondandayan

It is I, love, your lover true,  
Who glides the stream in bark canoe;  
It glides to you, my love, to you.

Interpretation by  
FREDERICK R. BURTON

HER SHADOW

U. S. A. (Indian)

Interpretation by  
Frederick R. Burton

(Ojibway Tribe)

Arranged by  
Frederick R. Burton  
(Original Key E $\flat$ )

Allegro

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a 3/4 time signature, playing a series of chords and eighth notes. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The piece concludes with a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

Out on the lake my ca- noe is glid- ing, Pad- dle dip- ping  
long shore she is hid- ing, She is shy to

The first line of the song features a vocal melody with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The time signature changes from 3/4 to 4/4. The piano accompaniment includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

soft lest she should take a - larm. Ah, hey-ah hey - ah  
yield to love's al - lur - ing charm. Ah, hey-ah hey - ah

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The time signature changes from 4/4 to 5/4. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand.

1.  
ho, Hey-ah hey- ah ho, — thus I go! Some- where a -  
ho, Hey-ah hey- ah, love will

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The time signature changes from 5/4 to 3/4. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand.

2.

win, I know.

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of music. The vocal line starts with a measure rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment features a complex rhythmic pattern with changing time signatures: 4/4, 3/4, 4/4, 3/4, 4/4, and 3/4. The key signature is three flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor).

There is a shad - ow swift - ly steal - ing! Should it be her  
turn, her - self re - veal - ing, I will shout a

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth lines of music. The vocal line includes a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) and a quarter note (C5). The piano accompaniment continues with the same complex rhythmic pattern and includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

own, soon I will end the race. Ah, hey - ah hey - ah  
loud when e'er I see her face, Ah, hey - ah hey - ah

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of music. The vocal line features a quarter note (D5), a quarter note (E5), a quarter note (F5), and a quarter note (G5). The piano accompaniment continues with the same complex rhythmic pattern.

1. 2. *fulsetto*

ho, Hey-ah hey-ah ho, I think it is! Will she but  
ho, Hey-ah hey-ah ho, — there she is! Hal-loo!

Detailed description: This system contains the seventh and eighth lines of music. The vocal line includes a first ending (1.) and a second ending (2.) with a *fulsetto* marking. The piano accompaniment continues with the same complex rhythmic pattern.

## Ayquanahquog Peah Bedahgo Jing

Ayquanahquog peah bedahgo jing  
Keegah wahbahmah non kee mah shay mi nay  
Ay heyah heyah ho  
Heyah heyah ho heyah ho.

## Her Shadow

Out on the lake my canoe is gliding,  
Paddle dipping soft lest she should take alarm.  
Ah, heyah heyah ho,  
Heyah heyah ho, thus I go!  
Somewhere along shore she is hiding;  
She is shy to yield to love's alluring charm.  
Ah, heyah heyah ho,  
Heyah heyah, love will win, I know.  
There is a shadow swiftly stealing!  
Should it be her own, soon I will end the race.  
Ah, heyah heyah ho,  
Heyah heyah ho, I think it is!  
Will she but turn, herself revealing,  
I will shout aloud when e'er I see her face.  
Ah, heyah heyah ho,  
Heyah heyah ho, there she is!  
Halloo!

*Interpretation by*  
FREDERICK R. BURTON

## THE LOVE SIGNAL

(Dakota Tribe)

*Interpretation by*  
Marguerite Wilkinson

*Allegro*

On the hill I am stand-ing, wav-ing to you, dear;

Won't you, won't you— come and meet me here?

## Pahata Nawajin

Pahata nawajin na sina cicoze  
Mayan, mayan leciś kuwa na.

## The Love Signal

On the hill I am standing, waving to you, dear;  
Won't you, won't you come and meet me here?  
Waving my blanket to you, far and far away;  
Won't you, won't you come to me and stay?

*Interpretation by*  
MARGUERITE WILKINSON

# MARRIAGE SONG

English version by  
Alice Corbin

(Dakota Tribe)

As sung by  
Vine Victor Deloria

Andante

Let us go to - geth - er now to our  
home, Let us go to - geth - er now to our  
home. Why de - lay our com - ing home, com - ing home?

## Tiyata Uᅅni Kte

Iyayana tiyata uᅅni kte,  
lyayana tiyata uᅅni kte,  
Tuwa lehaᅅs tiyata gle ᅅni ka

## Marriage Song

Let us go together now to our home,  
Let us go together now to our home.  
Why delay our coming home, coming home?

English version by  
ALICE CORBIN

AYA PO\*)  
(Dakota Tribe)

U. S. A. (Indian)

English version by  
Gertrude Huntington McGiffert

Air by  
George Dowanna

Andante

Great hap - pi - ness, gifts of glad - ness

Are to us — giv - en. Beth - le - hem sends

forth word Christ is come — from — heav'n.

A - ya po, a - ya po, a - ya — po!

★) Aya po - - Carry it on

## Aya Po

Wowiyuŝkiŋ tanka hca wan  
Christ yutaŋiŋ ce;  
Bethlehem etaŋhaŋ  
Wotaŋiŋ waŝte,

*Aya po, aya po, aya po.*

Han, wicahpi waŋ wiyakpa,  
Jesus He etaŋ,  
Qa iyoyaŋpa ska  
Hed otaŋiŋ ce.

Jesus Christ Wanikiya kiŋ  
Wowitaŋ waŝte  
Oŋ ikdutaŋiŋ qa  
Woniya uŝi

GEORGE DOWANNA

## Aya Po

Great happiness, gifts of gladness  
Are to us given.  
Bethlehem sends forth word  
Christ is come from heaven.

*Aya po, aya po, aya po.*

Bright shines a star with white radiance,  
Joy to men bringing;  
Peace on earth and good will,  
Angel hosts singing.

Jesus, the Lord, sends the Spirit,  
His great love revealing,  
The good news has reached us  
For our sins' healing.

English version by  
GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT

# AT PARTING

(Dakota Tribe)

Interpretation by  
Mary Austin

As sung by  
Ella Deloria

*Lento*

Breaks now, \_\_\_\_\_ breaks now my heart,

Think - ing \_\_\_\_\_ from thee I part!

Hear thou \_\_\_\_\_ what says my heart:

Keep me, keep me in thine al - way!

### Cañte Mañica

Cañte mañica ce,  
 Cañte mañica ce,  
 Cañte mañica ce,  
 Ohiñni mi ksuya uñ na.

### At Parting

Breaks now, breaks now my heart,  
 Thinking from thee I part!  
 Hear thou what says my heart:  
 Keep me, keep me in thine alway!  
 Dreams now, dreams now my heart,  
 Weeping, awake I start,  
 Thinking again we part.  
 Dream thou, perchance thy dream will stay!

*Interpretation by*  
 MARY AUSTIN

## FAREWELL TO THE WARRIORS

(Chippewa Tribe)

English version by  
 Frances Densmore

Recorded by  
 Frances Densmore

Moderato

Come, O come, you must de - part On a

long, long jour - ney. Ya wi a, ya

wi — a, Ya ya — wi a, Ya wi a, — a!

### Umbe Animadjag

Umbe animadjag wasûgidijamîn.  
 Ya wi a, ya wi a, ya ya wi a,  
 Ya wi a, a.

### Farewell to the Warriors

Come, O come, you must depart  
 On a long, long journey.  
 Ya wi a, ya wi a, ya ya wi a,  
 Ya wi a, a.

*English version by*  
 FRANCES DENSMORE

# HER BLANKET

(Navajo Tribe)

Thurlow Lieurance

Lento

Flute-call, by "Deer of the Yellow Willow"

ff >

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is marked *ff* and *>*. The bass line provides a harmonic accompaniment.

Tears for my

*f* *slowly*

The first line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a *f* dynamic and a *slowly* marking. The lyrics are "Tears for my".

heart?— Prayers for my soul?— My tears are

*p*

The second line continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a *p* dynamic. The lyrics are "heart?— Prayers for my soul?— My tears are".

old, My prayers for naught. My fate I

*f*

The third line concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a *f* dynamic. The lyrics are "old, My prayers for naught. My fate I".

weave with shut-tle old; Here to re -

main, For e'er and e'er.

*rall.*

*a tempo*

*rall. pp*

*f*

*rall.*

*p*

*ppp*

### Her Blanket

Tears for my heart? Prayers for my soul?  
 My tears are old,  
 My prayers for naught.  
 My fate I weave with shuttle old;  
 Here to remain  
 For e'er and e'er.

My life is written, scarlet and black,  
 Here to remain  
 For e'er and e'er.

My love has flown; my tears are old;  
 The land of ghosts  
 Calls for my soul.

The text is translated from the Indians' expressions.  
 The Indian woman weaves the events of her life in  
 figures. Her sorrow and her hopes are pictured in the  
 blanket. It is the only history and the only manner  
 in which the Navajo can write his or her life's history.

*Allegretto*

When I was a lit - tle boy I lived by my - self, — And  
all the bread and cheese I got I kept up - on a shelf. —

*Wing wong wad - dle, To my jack - straw strad - dle, To my*

*John fair fad - dle, To my long ways home.*

### The Swapping Song

When I was a little boy I lived by myself,  
And all the bread and cheese I got I kept upon a shelf.

*Wing wong waddle,  
To my jack-straw straddle,  
To my John fair faddle,  
To my long ways home.*

The rats and the mice, they led me such a life,  
I had to go to London to buy me a wife.

The lanes were so long and the streets were so narrow  
I had to bring her home in an old wheelbarrow.

The wheelbarrow broke and my wife got a fall,  
Down came wheelbarrow, little wife and all.

Swapped my wheelbarrow and got me a horse,  
Then I rode from cross to cross.

Swapped my horse and got me a mare,  
Then I rode from fare to fare.

Swapped my mare and got me a mule,  
Then I rode like a dag-gone fool.

Swapped my mule and got me a cow,  
In that trade I just learned how.

Swapped my cow and got me a calf,  
In that trade I just lost half.

Swapped my calf and got me a sheep,  
Then I rode myself to sleep.

Swapped my sheep and got me a hen,  
Oh, what a pretty thing I had then!

Swapped my hen and got me a rat,  
Put it on the haystack away from the cat.

Swapped my rat and got me a mole,  
Dag-gone thing ran straight to its hole!

## THE LITTLE MOHEE

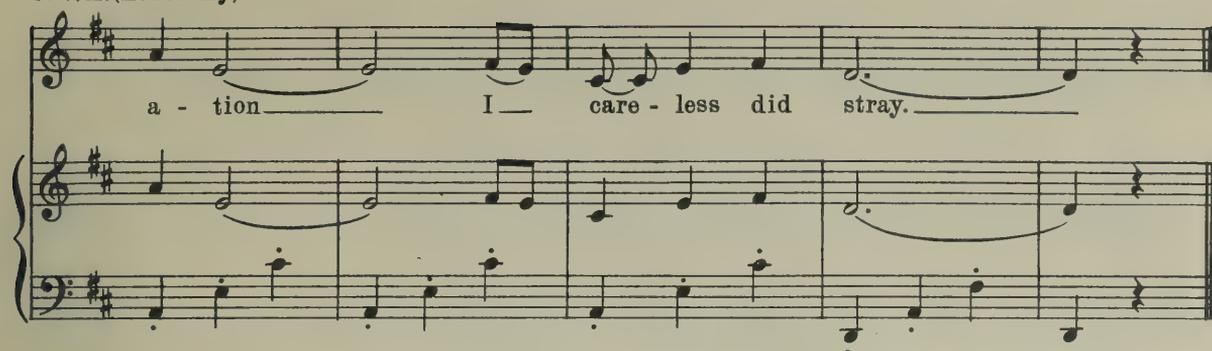
*Allegro moderato*

The musical score for 'The Little Mohee' is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It consists of two systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: 'As I was a - walk - ing for - pleas - ure one day, In sweet re - cre -'. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords and some melodic movement in the right hand.

As — I was a - walk - ing — for —

pleas - ure one day, — In — sweet re - cre -

## U. S. A. (Kentucky)



## The Little Mohee

As I was a-walking for pleasure one day,  
In sweet recreation I careless did stray.

As I sat a-musing, myself on the grass,  
O who did I spy but a young Indian lass.

She came, sat down by me, took hold of my hand  
And said, "You re a stranger and in a strange land.

My father's a chieftain, a chieftain is he;  
I'm his only daughter; my name is Mohee;

And if you will follow you're welcome to come  
And dwell in the cottage which I call it my home."

"O no, my dear maiden, that never can be,  
I have a dear sweetheart and I know that she loves me.

I will not forsake her; I know she loves me;  
Her heart is as true as any Mohee."

It was early one morning, one morning in May;  
I broke her fond heart by the words that I did say:

"I'm going to leave you, so fare you well, my dear,  
My ship's sails are spreading and home I must steer."

The last time I saw her she stood on the strand,  
And as my ship passed by her waved me her hand,

Saying, "When you get over to the girl that you love  
Remember little Mohee in the cocoanut grove."

My friends and companions around me I see;  
But none can compare with the little Mohee.

The girl I had trusted had proved untrue to me;  
I turned my course backward far over the sea.

I turned my course backward, and backward did flee  
To spend my last days with the little Mohee.

# BARBARA ALLEN

U.S.A. (Kentucky)

Arranged by  
Arthur Foote

Moderato

All in the mer - - ry

month of May When green buds were a -

swel - ling, Wil - liam Green on his

death - bed lay For love of Barb - 'ra Al - len.

## Barbara Allen

All in the merry month of May  
When green buds were a-swelling,  
William Green on his death-bed lay  
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant to the town  
To the place where she was dwelling,  
Saying, "Love, there is a call for you  
If your name is Barbara Allen."

She was very slowly getting up  
And very slowly going;  
The only words she said to him  
Were, "Young man, I think you're dying."

"Don't you remember the other day  
When you were in town a-drinking,  
You drank a health to the ladies all around  
And slighted Barbara Allen?"

"O yes, I remember the other day  
When I was in town a-drinking,  
I drank a health to the ladies all around,  
But my love to Barbara Allen."

He turned his pale face to the wall,  
And death was in him dwelling;  
"Adieu, adieu to my friends all;  
Be kind to Barbara Allen."

When she got in two miles of town  
She heard the death bells ringing.  
They rang so clear, as if to say,  
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

So she looked east and she looked west  
And saw the cold corpse coming.  
She says, "Come round, you nice young man,  
And let me look upon you."

The more she looked, the more she grieved  
Until she burst out crying,  
"Perhaps I could have saved that young man's life  
Who now is here a-lying."

"O mother, O mother, come make my bed;  
O make it both soft and narrow;  
For sweet William died today,  
And I will die tomorrow."

"O father, O father, come dig my grave;  
O dig it deep and narrow;  
For sweet William died in love,  
And I will die in sorrow."

Sweet William was buried in the old church tomb,  
Barbara Allen was buried in the yard;  
Out of William's heart grew a red rose;  
Out of Barbara Allen's grew a brier.

They grew and grew to the old church tower,  
And they could not grow any higher;  
And at the end tied a true lover's knot,  
And the rose wrapped around the brier.

# CHRIST WAS BORN IN BETHLEHEM

U.S.A. (Kentucky)<sup>1</sup>

Recorded by  
Evelyn K. Wells

Lento

Christ was born in Beth-le - hem, Christ was born in

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a piano (p) dynamic marking. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and block chords in the left hand.

Beth le hem, Christ was born in Beth - le - hem And

The second system continues the melody and piano accompaniment. It features a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lyrics are spread across the vocal line.

Ma - ry was his niece, And Ma - ry was his niece.

The third system continues the melody and piano accompaniment. It features a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lyrics are spread across the vocal line.

Christ was born in Beth - le - hem And Ma - ry was his niece.

The fourth system concludes the piece. It features a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lyrics are spread across the vocal line. The piece ends with a double bar line.

### Christ Was Born in Bethlehem

Christ was born in Bethlehem  
And Mary was his niece.

Judas he betrayed him,  
And sold him to the Jews.

Joseph begged his body  
And laid it in the tomb.

The tomb it would not hold him;  
It burst the bans of death.

So earl-i in the morning,  
Mary came weeping.

For angels took a-hold of the corner  
And rolled the stone away.

"On, what's the matter, Mary?"  
"They stole my Lord away!"

"Oh, go and tell my brethering  
That Jesus has arose."

So Jesus he arose,  
And arose from the dead.

### THE LITTLE FAMILY .

*Lento*

There was a lit-tle fam'-ly lived up in Beth-a - ny; Two—

sis - ters and one broth - er com - posed this fam - i - ly. With

prayer and with sing - ing, like an - gels in the sky, At—

U.S.A. (Kentucky)

morn - ing and at ev'n - ing they — raised their voic - es high.

### The Little Family

There was a little family lived up in Bethany ;  
 Two sisters and one brother composed this family.  
 With prayer and with singing, like angels in the sky,  
 At morning and at evening they raised their voices high.

They lived in peace and pleasure for many a lonely year,  
 And laid away their treasure beyond this vale of tears.  
 Though poor and without money, their kindness made amends,  
 Their house was ever open to Jesus and his friends.

Although they lived so happy, so kind, so pure and good,  
 Their brother was afflicted and by it thrown in bed.  
 Poor Martha and her sister, they wept aloud and cried ;  
 But still he grew no better ; he lingered on and died.

The Jews came to the sisters, laid Lazarus in the tomb,  
 And tried for to comfort and drive away their gloom.  
 When Jesus heard the tidings, far in a distant land,  
 So swiftly did he travel to see that lonely band.

And while he was a-coming Martha met him on the way,  
 And told him that her brother had died and passed away,  
 He blessed and he cheered her, and told her not to weep,  
 For in him was the power to raise him from his sleep.

Yet while he was a-coming Mary met him, lonely too ;  
 Down at his feet a-weeping rehearsed the tale of woe.  
 When Jesus saw her weeping, he fell a-weeping too,  
 And wept until they showed him where Lazarus was entombed.

He rolled away the cover and looked upon the grave,  
 And prayed unto his Father his loving friend to save ;  
 And Lazarus, in full power, came from the gloomy mound ;  
 And in full life and vigor he walked upon the ground.

So all you who love Jesus and do his holy will,  
 Like Mary and like Martha, you'll always use him well.  
 He'll comfort and redeem you and take you to the skies,  
 And bid you live forever where pleasure never dies.

## AUNT LEAH'S SONG

Recorded by  
Evelyn K. Wells

Animato

A gentle-man came to our— house, He would not tell his  
name; I — knew — he came a - court - ing Al -  
though he were a - shamed, Oh, Al - though he were a - shamed.

## Aunt Leah's Song

A gentleman came to our house,  
He would not tell his name;  
I knew he came a-courting  
Although he were ashamed.

He moved his chair up by my side;  
His fancy pleased me well;  
I thought the spirit moved him  
Some handsome tale to tell.

Oh, there he sat the livelong night,  
And not a word did say;  
And many a sigh and bitter groan,  
He oft-times wished for day.

The chickens they began to crow  
And daylight did appear.  
"How-dye-do, good morning, sir,  
I'm glad to see you here!"

"It's weary of the livelong night,  
It's weary of my life;  
If this is what you call courting, boys,  
I'll never take a wife!"

And when he goes in company  
The girls all laugh for sport,  
Saying, "Yonder comes that same dang fool  
Who don't know how to court!"

## AIN'T GOIN' STUDY WAR NO MORE

U.S.A. (Negro)

As sung at  
Fisk University

Allegro moderato

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato'. The lyrics are: 'I'm goin' lay down my sword an' shield, Down by the riv - er - side, Down by the riv - er - side, Down by the riv - er - side, I'm goin' lay down my sword an' shield, Down by the riv - er - side, Aint goin' study war no more. Aint goin' stud - y war no more, Aint goin' more. Aint goin' stud - y war no more, Aint goin' more.' The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the vocal melody.

I'm goin' lay down my sword an' shield,

Down by the riv - er - side, Down by the riv - er - side,

Down by the riv - er - side, I'm goin' lay down my sword an' shield,

Down by the riv - er - side, Aint goin' study war no

more. Aint goin' stud - y war no more, Aint goin'

more. Aint goin' stud - y war no more, Aint goin'

study war no more, Ain't goin' study war no

more. Ain't goin' study war no more, Ain't goin'

stud-y war no more,

study war no more, Ain't goin' study war no more.

Ain't Goin' Study War No More

I'm goin' lay down my sword an' shield,  
*Down by the riverside,* ]3  
 I'm goin' lay down my sword an' shield,  
*Down by the riverside,*  
 Ain't goin' study war no more.

I'm goin' put on my long white robe.  
 I'm goin' put on my starry crown.  
 I'm goin' put on my golden shoes.  
 I'm goin' talk with the Prince of Peace.

# ARGUING THE BARGAIN

Arranged by  
Sonoma Talley

Moderato

*I'se*

ar - guin' a bar - g'in, my hon - ey

love. *I'se* ar - guin' a bar - g'in, my

hon - ey love. Don't you

*Last time only*  
*Fine*

*Fine*

8

'mem - ber, a lid - dle while a - go, You

tol' me dat you love me? It mus' be so. I'se

*D. S. al Fine*

### Arguing the Bargain

*I'se arguin' a barg'in, my honey love,  
I'se arguin' a barg'in, my honey love.*

Don't you 'member, a liddle while ago.  
You tol' me dat you love me? It mus' be so.

Heart's all love, an' dat love it seem to grow.  
O you mus' love me, darlin'; it can be so.

If you don't love me I'll sorrow way below,  
I'll die an' go to Glory! It will be so.

# JAYBIRD

U. S. A. (Negro )

Arranged by  
Sonoma Talley

Allegretto

De Jay - bird jump from

lim' to lim', An' he tell Bre'r Rabbit to do lak him. Bre'r

Rabbit say to de cun-nin' elf: "You jes' want me to fall an'

kill my - self." I loves dem short - en gals!

*I loves dem short-en gals! O have mer-cy on my soul!*

*m.s.*

### Jaybird

De Jaybird jump from lim' to lim',  
 An' he tell Bre'r Rabbit to do lak him.  
 Bre'r Rabbit say to de cunnin' elf:  
 "You jes' want me to fall an' kill myself."

*I loves dem shorten gals!*  
*I loves dem shorten gals!*  
*O have mercy on my soul!*

Dat Jaybird a-settin' on a swingin' lim',  
 He wink at me an' I wink at him.  
 He laugh at me w'en my gun "crack";  
 It kick me down on de flat o' my back.

Nex' day de Jaybird dance dat lim',  
 I grabs my gun fer to shoot at him.  
 W'en I "crack" down, it split my chin.  
 \*"Ole Aggie Cunjer" fly lak sin.

Way down yon'er at de risin' sun,  
 Jaybird a'talkin' wid a forked tongue.  
 He's been down dar whar de bad mens dwell—  
 †"Ole Friday Devil," fare-you-well!

\*Witch woman.

†"The old Negro superstition of slavery days which declared that it was almost impossible to find jaybirds on Friday because they went to Hades to carry sand to the Devil.

*Melody and text from "Negro Folk Rhymes," by THOMAS W. TALLEY. Copyright, 1922, by The Macmillan Company. Published by permission.*

# LINK O' DAY

Arranged by  
Sonoma Talley

*Largo*

Mas-sa's bin an' sol' yeh, O!

To go up in de ken - tree 'Fo' de

*Fine*

link o' day. Run yeh! Run yeh! 'Fo' de link o'

day! Run yeh! Run yeh! 'Fo' de link o' day!

*molto rit.*

*D. S. al Fine*

## Link o' Day\*

Massa's bin an' sol' yeh, O!  
 To go up in de kentree  
 'Fo' de link o' day.  
 Run yeh! Run yeh! 'Fo' de link o' day!  
 Run yeh! Run yeh! 'Fo' de link o' day!

\* Link o' day—dawn.

# NO HIDIN' PLACE

Recorded by  
Pauline Worth Hamlin

Moderato

Of all the re-lig-ions I pro -

*simile*

fess, Of all the re-lig-ions I pro - fess, Of

all the re-lig-ions I pro-fess, I much pre-fer the Meth-od - is'. There's

no hid - in' place down here! There's no hid - in' place down

here, Hal - le - lu - jah! There's no hid - in' place down

here. I went to the Rock to hide my face, An' the

Rock cried out, "No hid-in' place!" There's no hid - in' place down here.

### No Hidin' Place

Of all the religions I profess, ]3  
I much prefer the Methodis'.

*There's no hidin' place down here!*  
*There's no hidin' place down here,*  
*Hallelujah!*  
*There's no hidin' place down here.*  
*I went to the Rock to hide my face*  
*An' the Rock cried out, "No hidin' place!"*  
*There's no hidin' place down here.*

O Mary had a golden chain, ]3  
An' every link was Jesus' name.

Now I believe without a doubt ]3  
That the Christian has a right to shout.

A sinner sat at the gates of hell, ]3  
An' the gates oped up an' in he fell.

# NOBODY KNOWS DE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN 3

Arranged by  
H. T. Burleigh

Religioso

No - bod - y knows de trou - ble I've seen,

No - bod - y knows but Je - sus,

*Intro*

No - bod - y knows de trou - ble I've seen,

Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Some - times I'm up, some -

*Fine* *F.* *2*

times I'm down! O yes, Lord! Some -

times I'm al - most to de groun'; O yes, Lord!

*D.C.*

### Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen

*Nobody knows de trouble I've seen,  
 Nobody knows but Jesus,  
 Nobody knows de trouble I've seen,  
 Glory Hallelujah!*

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down!  
 O yes, Lord!  
 Sometimes I'm almost to de groun';  
 O yes, Lord!

What makes old Satan hate me so?  
 O yes, Lord!  
 Because he got me once, but he let me go.  
 O yes, Lord!

# HEAR THE LAMBS A-CRYING

As sung at  
Fisk University

*Lento con molto sentimento*

You hear the lambs a - cry - ing? Hear the lambs a -

*Bass to be hummed*

*molto rit.*

cry - ing! Hear the lambs a - cry - ing! O Shep-herd,

*Fine*

feed my sheep! My Sa - vior spoke these words so sweet,

O Shep-herd, feed my sheep! Pe - ter, if you love me,

feed my sheep. O Shep-herd, feed my sheep! Lord, I love Thee,

Thou dost know, — O Shep-herd, feed my sheep!

Give me grace to love Thee more. O Shep-herd, feed my sheep!

*D. C. al Fine*

### Hear the Lambs A-Crying!

*You hear the lambs a-crying?  
Hear the lambs a-crying!  
Hear the lambs a-crying!  
O Shepherd, feed my sheep!*

My Savior spoke these words so sweet,  
O Shepherd, feed my sheep!  
Peter, if you love me, feed my sheep.  
O Shepherd, feed my sheep!  
Lord, I love Thee, Thou dost know,  
O Shepherd, feed my sheep!  
Give me grace to love Thee more.  
O Shepherd, feed my sheep.

When I groan upon the tree,  
When Thou seest, pity me;  
For I'm a pilgrim trav'ling home,  
The lonesome road my Savior trod.

# RISE UP, SHEPHERD, AN' FOLLER

Arranged by  
Franklin Robinson

Moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The lyrics are: 'Dere's a Star in de Eas' on Christ-mas morn, Rise up, shep-herd, an' foller; It 'll lead t' de place where de Sa - vior's born, — Rise up, shep-herd, an' foller. Leave yo' sheep an' leave yo' lambs, Rise up, shep-herd, an foller; Leave yo' ewes an' leave yo' rams,'

Melody and text from "Religious Folk Songs of the Negro"  
Used by permission of Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute

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*Rise up, shep-herd, an' foller. Fol - ler, fol - ler,*

*Rise up, shep-herd, an' foller, Fol - ler de Star o'*

*Beth - le - hem, — Rise up, shep-herd, an' foller.*

### Rise Up, Shepherd, An' Foller

Dere's a Star in de Eas' on Christmas morn,  
 Rise up, shepherd, an' foller;  
 It'll lead t' de place where de Savior's born,  
 Rise up, shepherd, an' foller.

*Leave yo' sheep an' leave yo' lambs,  
 Rise up, shepherd, an' foller;  
 Leave yo' ewes an' leave yo' rams,  
 Rise up, shepherd, an' foller.  
 Foller, foller,  
 Rise up, shepherd, an' foller,  
 Foller de Star o' Bethlehem,  
 Rise up, shepherd, an' foller.*

If yo' take good heed to de angel's words,  
 Rise up, shepherd, an' foller,  
 Yo'll forget yo' flocks, yo'll forget yo' herds;  
 Rise up, shepherd, an' foller.

Words by  
Thomas W. Talley

Melody by  
Thomas W. Talley

*Allegro*

Be - hold that star! Be - hold that star up yon - der!

*Fine*

Be - hold that star! It is the star of Beth - le - hem.

There was no room found in the inn, This is the star of Beth - le - hem, For

Him who was born free from sin, This is the star of Beth - le - hem.

Published by permission *D. C. al Fine*

### Behold that Star!

*Behold that star!  
Behold that star up yonder!  
Behold that star!  
It is the star of Bethlehem.*

*There was no room found in the inn,  
This is the star of Bethlehem,  
For Him who was born free from sin.  
This is the star of Bethlehem.*

*The wise men came on from the East,  
To worship Him, the Prince of Peace.*

*A song broke forth upon the night,  
From angel hosts all robed in white.*

THOMAS W. TALLEY

## PO' LIL LOLO

U. S. A. (Creole)

English version by  
Margaret WiddemerRecorded by H. E. Krehbiel  
Arranged by H. T. Burleigh

*Andante cantabile*

Po' lil Lo - lo, she gwine die,

Po' lil Lo - lo, she gwine die; All she got is mis - er - y;

She all racked wid pain. Po' lil Lo - lo, she gwine die,

Po' lil Lo - lo, she gwine die; All she got is mis - er - y;

From Afro-American Folksongs by H. E. Krehbiel.

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She all racked wid pain. Ca - la - lou got 'broi-der'd skirt, Silk ban -

dan - a fo' her haid, Ca - la - lou got 'broi-der'd skirt, Silk ban -

dan - a fo' her haid. *Po' lil Lo - lo, she gwine die;*

*Po' lil Lo - lo, she gwine die; All she got is mi-ser-y, She got a*

Musical score for the song. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics: "sor-row, sor-row, sor-row; Down in her heart she — got mis-er-y!". The bottom two staves are the piano accompaniment. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. There are triplets marked with a '3' over the notes.

## Pov' Piti Lolotte

Pov' piti Lolotte a mouin,  
 Pov' piti Lolotte a mouin,  
 Li gagnin bobo, bobo,  
 Li gagnin doulé.  
 Calalou poté madrasse,  
 Li poté jipon garni.

*Pov' piti Lolotte a mouin,  
 Pov' piti Lolotte a mouin,  
 Li gagnin bobo, bobo,  
 Li gagnin doulé, doulé, doulé.  
 Li gagnin doulé dans ker à li.*

Pov' piti Lolotte a mouin,  
 Pov' piti Lolotte a mouin,  
 Li gagnin bobo, bobo,  
 Li gagnin doulé.  
 D'amour quand poté la chaîne,  
 Adieu courri tout bonheur.

## Po' Lil Lolo

Po' lil Lolo, she gwine die,  
 Po' lil Lolo, she gwine die;  
 All she got is misery;  
 She all racked wid pain.  
 Calalou got 'broidered skirt,  
 Silk bandanna fo' her haid.

*Po' lil Lolo, she gwine die,  
 Po' lil Lolo, she gwine die;  
 All she got is misery;  
 She got a sorrow, sorrow, sorrow;  
 Down in her heart she got misery.*

Po' lil Lolo, she gwine die,  
 Po' lil Lolo, she gwine die;  
 All she got is misery;  
 She all racked wid pain.  
 When you got love's chains on you  
 Happiness gwine run fum you.

*English version by  
 MARGARET WIDDEMER*

## SUZETTE

English version by  
 Marion MacArthur Laing

Allegretto grazioso

Musical score for the song. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics: "Ah, Su-zette, Su-zette, you do not care;". The bottom two staves are the piano accompaniment. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked "Allegretto grazioso".

Ah, Su - zette, I can see You hear not my prayer.

On the moun-tain high, my dear, I'll cut cane to buy, my dear,

Gifts to bring to you; O my dear, I will make you care!

## Suzette

Ah, Suzette,  
 Suzette, to vé pas, chère:  
 Ah, Suzette, chère amie,  
 To pas l'aimain moin.  
 M'allé haut montagne, z-amie,  
 M'allé coupé canne, z-amie,  
 M'allé fé l'argent, chère amie,  
 Pou poté donne toi.

## Suzette

Ah, Suzette,  
 Suzette, you do not care;  
 Ah, Suzette, I can see  
 You hear not my prayer.  
 On the mountain high, my dear,  
 I'll cut cane to buy, my dear,  
 Gifts to bring to you; O my dear,  
 I will make you care!

English version by  
 MARION MACARTHUR LAING

## SONGS FROM HAWAII

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English version by  
Marguerite Wilkinson

Moderato

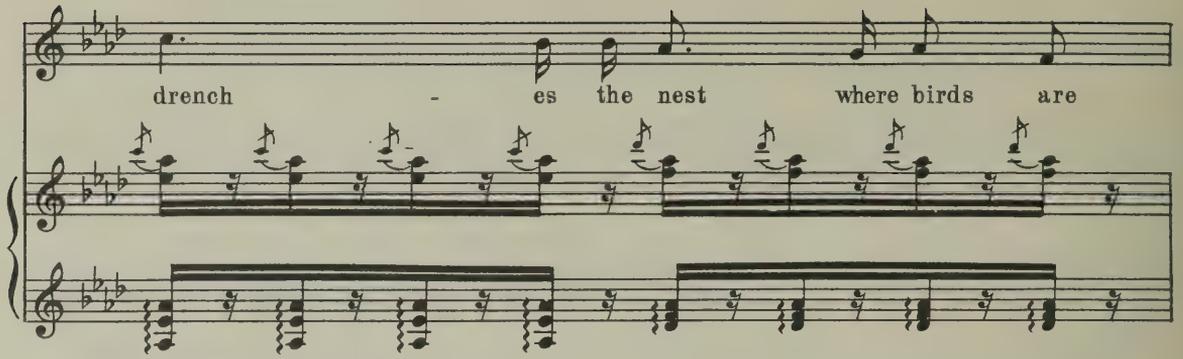
From the cloud on the cliff the rain is

fall - ing, The

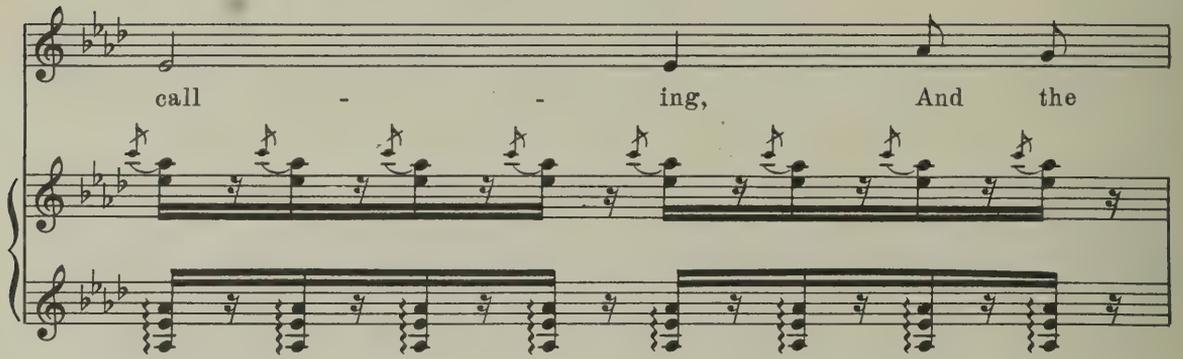
rain is as soft as a kiss, my

dear one, And it

drench - es the nest where birds are



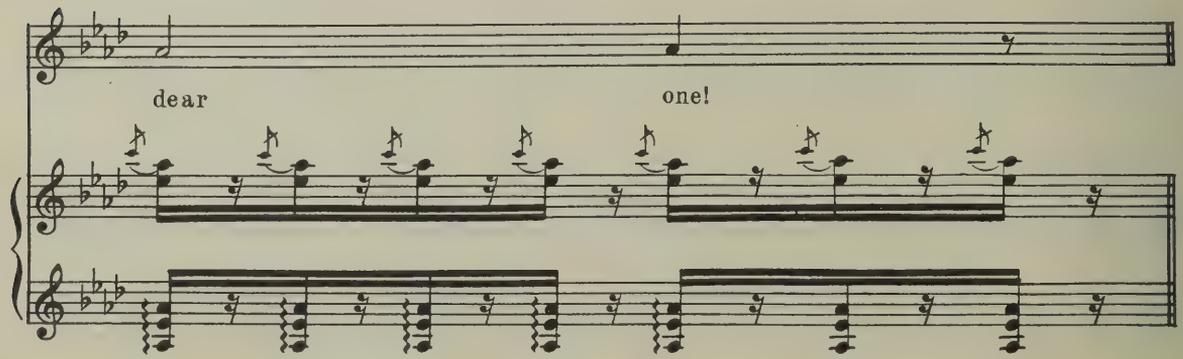
call - ing, And the



flow - er it o - pens O my



dear one!



O fare thee well, O

fare thee well, All the

earth with joy and love and life is

sing - - - ing. One

*fond em - brace to*

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line contains the lyrics "fond em - brace to". The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and a treble line with chords and eighth-note patterns.

*hold with - in my heart Un -*

*colle voci*

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has the lyrics "hold with - in my heart Un -". The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first system. The instruction "colle voci" is written below the piano part.

*til we meet a -*

*colle voci*

The third system shows the vocal line with lyrics "til we meet a -". The piano accompaniment continues. The instruction "colle voci" is written below the piano part.

*gain.*

The fourth system shows the vocal line with the lyric "gain.". The piano accompaniment continues. The system ends with a double bar line.

## HAWAII

## Aloha Oe

Haaheo e ka ua i na pali,  
Ke nihi a e la i kanahele;  
E uhai ana paha i ka liko  
Pua ahihi lehua o uka.

*Aloha oe, aloha oe,  
E ke onaona noho i ka lipo;  
One fond embrace a hoi ae au,  
Until we meet again.*

Maopopo kuu ike i ka nani,  
Na pua rose o Maunawili,  
Ilaila hiaai ai na manu,  
Mikiala i ka nani o ka liko.

QUEEN LILIUOKALANI

## Aloha Oe

From the cloud on the cliff the rain is falling,  
The rain is as soft as a kiss, my dear one,  
And it drenches the nest where birds are calling,  
And the flower it opens, O my dear one!

*O fare thee well, O fare thee well,  
All the earth with joy and love and life is singing.  
One fond embrace to hold within my heart  
Until we meet again.*

Like the beautiful rose of Maunawili  
That gladdens the birds in the nest, my dear one,  
Like the cliff by the ocean is the beauty  
Of the heart that has known them, O my dear one.

*English version by  
MARGUERITE WILKINSON*

## HAWAII

## WHAT IS LOVE?

English version by  
Margaret Widdemer

Allegro moderato

The musical score is for the song 'What is Love?'. It is written in 4/4 time and consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The bottom staff is the bass line, starting with a bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato'. The score includes various musical notations such as triplets, slurs, and dynamic markings like 'sempre leggiero e pp' and 'simile'. The word 'What' is written at the end of the first line of the vocal staff.

is this strange — feel - ing com - ing?

It is love from out the

Verses 1 and 2 | Last verse

air.

*poco rit.*

He Mana'o He Aloha

He mana'o he aloha  
Ka ipo lei manu.

He manu kuu hoa  
No ho mai ika nahele.

Haina ka puana la  
Ani kaulilau.

What Is Love?

What is this strange feeling coming?  
It is love from out the air.

Ah, he who loves me, I love him;  
He has my heart and soul!

Now am I done with my singing;  
I'm swept away by love.

English version by  
MARGARET WIDDEMER

## SONGS FROM CANADA

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CECILIA

CANADA (French)

English version by  
Anne Higginson Spicer

Arranged by  
Edward Burlingame Hill

Allegretto

My fa-ther had no girl but me, My fa-ther had no girl but

*p*

me, And so he sent me off to sea. *Dance then, my*

dar-ling Ce - ci - li - a, Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,

ah! Ce - ci - li - a, ah, ah! Ce - ci - li - a

Cécilia

Mon père n'avait fille que moi, ]2  
Encor' sur la mer il m'envoie ;

*Sautes, mignonne Cécilia.*  
*Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!*  
*Cécilia, ah, ah!*  
*Cécilia.*

Encor' sur la mer il m'envoie, ]2  
Le marinier qui m'y menait,

Le marinier qui m'y menait, ]2  
Il devint amoureux de moi.

Il devint amoureux de moi! ]2  
. . . Ma mignonette, embrassez-moi.

Ma mignonette, embrassez-moi. ]2  
. . . Nenni, Monsieur, je n'oserais.

Nenni, Monsieur, je n'oserais, ]2  
Car si mon papa le savait,

Car si mon papa le savait, ]2  
Fille battue ce serait moi.

Fille battue ce serait moi. ]2  
. . . 'Voulez-vous, bell', qui lui dirait?

'Voulez-vous, bell' qui lui dirait? ]2  
. . . Ce serait les oiseaux des bois.

Ce serait les oiseaux des bois. ]2  
. . . Les oiseaux des bois parlent-ils?

Les oiseaux des bois parlent-ils? ]2  
. . . Ils parl'nt français, latin aussi.

Ils parl'nt français, latin aussi. ]2  
Hélas! que le monde est malin—

Hélas! que le monde est malin ]2  
D'apprendre aux oiseaux le latin.

Cecilia

My father had no girl but me, ]2  
And so he sent me off to sea.

*Dance then, my darling Cecilia*  
*Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!*  
*Cecilia, ah, ah!*  
*Cecilia.*

And so he sent me off to sea; ]2  
A sailor lad conducted me.

A sailor lad conducted me, ]2  
Who quickly fell in love, did he.

Who quickly fell in love, did he, ]2  
And, "Love," he said, "give a kiss to me."

And, "Love," he said, "give a kiss to me," ]2  
"I fear, good sir, that cannot be.

"I fear, good sir, that cannot be, ]2  
Father would know, and then, ah me!

"Father would know, and then, ah me! ]2  
A beaten daughter I would be.

"A beaten daughter I would be." ]2  
"Who would tell on us I don't see.

"Who would tell on us I don't see." ]2  
Two little birds that sing on the tree."

"Two little birds that sing on the tree? ]2  
Can little birds talk like you and me?"

"Can little birds talk like you and me? ]2  
"Yes, French and Latin as you shall see.

"Yes, French and Latin as you shall see.  
"The world is a cruel place to be, ]2

"The world is a cruel place to be, ]2  
"When Latin is taught to birds on the tree!"

*English version by*  
ANNE HIGGINSON SPICER

# PRETTY FANNY

CANADA (French)

English version by  
Anne Higginson Spicer

Arranged by  
Edward Burlingame Hill

Allegro

It is the pret - ty Fan - ny, lon gai, it

is the pret - ty Fan - ny Who seeks

her wed - ding day. Ma lu - ron, lu - ret - te,

Who seeks her wed - ding day. Ma lu - ron, lu - ré.

## La Belle Française

C'est la belle Française,

*Lon gai,*

C'est la belle Française

Qui veut s'y marier,

*Ma luron lurette,*

Qui veut s'y marier,

*Ma luron luré.*

Son amant va la voire

Bien tard après souper.

Il la trouva seulette

Sur son lit qui pleurait.

. . . Ah! qu'av'-vous donc, la belle,

Qu'av'-vous à tant pleurer?

. . . On m'a dit, hier au soire,

Qu'à la guerr' vous alliez.

. . . Ceux qui vous l'ont dit, belle,

Ont dit la vérité.

Venez m'y reconduire,

Jusqu'au pied du rocher.

Adieu, belle Française,

Je vous épouserai

Au retour de la guerre,

Si j'y suis respecté.

## Pretty Fanny

It is the pretty Fanny,

*Lon gai,\**

It is the pretty Fanny

Who seeks her wedding day.

*Ma luron, lurette,†*

Who seeks her wedding day,

*Ma luron, luré.‡*

Her lover comes a-calling

When supper's put away.

All by herself he found her,

And weeping where she lay.

'What ails you then, my dearest?

'Why weep the hours away?'

'Last night they came and told me

'To war you must away.'

'The tale that they have told you,

It's all true what they say.

'To our old rock come with me

To cheer me on my way.

'So fare you well, sweet Fanny,

My wife you'll be some day,

'When I return from battle

If safely come I may."

English version by  
ANNE HIGGINSON SPICER

\*Gay. †Lu-ret-ta. ‡Lu-ray.

CANADA (French)

## A CHANGE OF MIND

English version by  
Theodosia GarrisonArranged by  
Edward Burlingame Hill

Moderato

'Tis not for - bid - den to change one's mind, Nor  
yet to choose one's fate, Sir; And los - ing

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The lyrics are: 'Tis not for - bid - den to change one's mind, Nor yet to choose one's fate, Sir; And los - ing

you, young man, I find My loss is not so

great, Sir. And this I tell and tell you

still: I love but where I will. \_\_\_\_\_

### Le Changement

Le changement n'est pas défendu,  
 J'en amerai bien d'autres;  
 En vous perdant, mon beau monsieur,  
 Je ne perds pas grand' chose!  
 C'est pour vous dire encore bien mieux  
 Que j'aime quand je veux.

Si j'vous ai dit que je vous aimais,  
 Ne fallait pas le croire;  
 Si je l'ai dit, je m'en dédit—  
 J'en perds donc la mémoire.  
 C'est pour vous dire encore bien mieux  
 Que j'aime quand je veux.

### A Change of Mind

'Tis not forbidden to change one's mind,  
 Nor yet to choose one's fate, Sir;  
 And losing you, young man, I find  
 My loss is not so great, Sir.  
 And this I tell and tell you still:  
 I love but where I will.

If once I said that I loved you well,  
 Now, why should you believe it?  
 'Twas but a jest I chose to tell,—  
 More fool you to receive it!  
 And this I tell and tell you still:  
 I love but where I will.

*English version by*  
 THEODOSIA GARRISON

Melody and text transcribed by  
Alice La Mothe

Harmonization and English version by  
Harvey Worthington Loomis

Allegro vivace

*mf giocoso cresc.*

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a lively melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'Allegro vivace' and the dynamics are 'mf giocoso cresc.'.

Fair dam-o-zel, wilt thou dance with me?

*mp i.h.*

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are 'Fair dam-o-zel, wilt thou dance with me?'. The piano part includes the marking 'mp i.h.'.

La Bas-trin-gue, La Bas-trin-gue? Fair dam-o-zel, wilt thou

*mp*

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'La Bas-trin-gue, La Bas-trin-gue? Fair dam-o-zel, wilt thou'. The piano part includes the marking 'mp'.

dance with me? Sup-pliant here am I, bend-ing the knee.

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'dance with me? Sup-pliant here am I, bend-ing the knee.'.

Fain would I dance, but my slip-pers are lost! Fain would I dance, but my

*mf*

slip-pers are lost! How would a bare-foot-ed maid-en ap-pear In the

*f* *dim.*

maze of the dance with a gay ca-va-lier?

*rall.* *a tempo*

Fair dam-o-zel, wilt thou dance with me La Bas-trin-gue,

*mp* *l.h.*

La Bas - trin - gue? Fair dam - o - zel, wilt thou dance with me?

*mp*

Sup - pliant here am I, bend - ing the knee!

*rall.*

*p grazioso*

### La Bastringue

Mademoisell', voulez-vous danser  
 La Bastringue, La Bastringue?  
 Mademoisell', voulez-vous danser  
 La Bastringue qui va commencer?

Merci, Monsieur, je n'ai pas des souliers ]3  
 Pour danser La Bastringue qui va commencer!

Mademoisell', voulez-vous, etc.

### La Bastringue\*

Fair damozel, wilt thou dance with me  
 La Bastringue, La Bastringue?  
 Fair damozel, wilt thou dance with me?  
 Suppliant here am I, bending the knee.

Fain would I dance, but my slippers are lost! ]2  
 How would a barefooted maiden appear  
 In the maze of the dance with a gay cavalier?

Fair damozel, etc.

*English version by*  
 HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

\**Pron.: Bas-strahng-u(r).*  
 From "Negro Folk Singing Games and Folk Games of the Habitants." By Grace Cleveland Porter.

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# FAIR ISABEAU WAS WALKING

CANADA (French)

English version by  
Zona Gale

Arranged by  
Edward Burlingame Hill

*Lento*

Fair I - sa - beau was walk - ing

Detailed description: This system contains the first line of music. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Lento'. The lyrics are 'Fair I - sa - beau was walk - ing'. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with chords and some melodic movement.

Her gar - den paths a - long, Her gar - den paths a - long. *On the*

Detailed description: This system contains the second line of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Her gar - den paths a - long, Her gar - den paths a - long. On the'. The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand and a steady bass line.

is - land mar - gin, Her gar - den paths a long, *At the*

Detailed description: This system contains the third line of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'is - land mar - gin, Her gar - den paths a long, At the'. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic accompaniment style.

wa - ter's edge *With - in call of a ship.*

Detailed description: This system contains the final line of music. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'wa - ter's edge With - in call of a ship.'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord and a fermata over the last note.

## Isabeau s'y promene

Isabeau s'y promène  
Le long de son jardin. ]2

*Sur le bord de l'île,*  
Le long de son jardin  
*Sur le bord de l'eau,*  
*Sur le bord du vaisseau.*

Elle fit un' rencontre  
De trente matelots. ]2

Le plus jeune des trente,  
Il se mit à chanter. ]2

. . . La chanson que tu chantes,  
Je voudrais la savoir. ]2

. . . Embarque dans ma barque,  
Je te la chanterai. ]2

Quand ell' fut dans la barque  
Ell' se mit à pleurer. ]2

. . . Qu'avez-vous donc, la belle,  
Qu'av'-vous à tant pleurer? ]2

. . . Je pleur' mon anneau d'ore,  
Dans l'eau-z-il est tombé. ]2

. . . Ne pleurez point, la belle,  
Je vous le plongerai. ]2

De la première plonge  
Il n'a rien ramené. ]2

De la seconde plonge  
L'anneau-z-a voltigé. ]2

De la troisième plonge  
Le galant s'est noyé. ]2

## Fair Isabeau was Walking

Fair Isabeau was walking  
Her garden paths along. ]2

*On the island margin,*  
Her garden paths along,  
*At the water's edge*  
*Within call of a ship.*

She met there in her garden  
Full thirty sailor men. ]2

The youngest of the thirty  
Began to sing a song. ]2

"The song that you are singing,  
O tell me what it is." ]2

"If you will board my good ship  
Then I will sing to you." ]2

But when she crossed the good ship  
So sorely did she weep. ]2

"O Beauty, what's the matter?  
Why do you weep so sore?" ]2

"My gold ring I am mourning;  
I dropped it in the sea." ]2

"O never weep, my Beauty,  
Swift for it I will dive." ]2

The first dive in the billows  
Gave nothing to his hand. ]2

The next time did the sailor  
See fluttering down the ring. ]2

The third time dived the gallant  
Ah, never to return. ]2

*English version by*  
ZONA GALE

## CANADA (French)

## SHEPHERDESS, WHENCE COME YOU?

English version by  
Margaret Widdemer

Andante con moto

Shep - herd - ess, whence come you, Whence come you?

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: a right-hand treble staff and a left-hand bass staff, both with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante con moto'. The lyrics are placed below the voice staff.

From the sta - ble yon - der As I walked this night,

I have seen a won - der Shin - ing all so bright.

D'où viens-tu, Bergère?

D'où viens-tu, bergère, ]<sub>2</sub>  
D'où viens-tu?

Je viens de l'étable,  
De m'y promener;  
J'ai vu un miracle  
Ce soir arrivé.

Qu'as-tu vu, bergère, ]<sub>2</sub>  
Qu'as-tu vu?

J'ai vu dans la crèche  
Un petit enfant  
Sur la paille fraîche  
Mis bien tendrement.

Rien de plus, bergère, ]<sub>2</sub>  
Rien de plus?

Saint' Marie, sa mère,  
Qui lui fait boir' du lait,  
Saint Joseph, son père,  
Qui tremble de froid.

Rien de plus, bergère, ]<sub>2</sub>  
Rien de plus?

Ya le boeuf et l'âne  
Qui sont par devant,  
Avec leur haleine  
Réchauffant l'enfant.

Rien de plus, bergère, ]<sub>2</sub>  
Rien de plus?

Ya trois petits anges  
Descendus du ciel,  
Chantant les louanges  
Du père éternel.

Shepherdess, Whence Come you?

Shepherdess, whence come you, ]<sub>2</sub>  
Whence come you?

From the stable yonder  
As I walked this night,  
I have seen a wonder  
Shining all so bright.

Shepherdess, what saw you, ]<sub>2</sub>  
What saw you?

In the manger sleeping  
A young child I saw,  
That his rest was keeping  
Softly on the straw.

Shepherdess, what more, then, ]<sub>2</sub>  
Tell us true?

Mary was his mother,  
Gave to him the breast;  
Joseph was his father,  
Scarce for cold could rest.

Shepherdess, what more, then, ]<sub>2</sub>  
Tell us true?

Ox and ass were kneeling  
Lowly in the stall,  
While their white breath stealing  
Warmed the king of all.

Shepherdess, what more, then, ]<sub>2</sub>  
Tell us true?

Down there came from Heaven  
Little angels three,  
There praise to Christ was given,  
God eternally.

English version by  
MARGARET WIDDEMER

## SONGS FROM LATIN AMERICA

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## THE INCOGNITO GALLANT

MEXICO

Translation by  
Thomas Walsh

*Allegretto giocoso*

One cloud-y night a gal-lant took his  
se - cret way, And left the crowd - ed av - e - nues be -  
hind; Be - neath an old - time bal - co - ny be -  
gan to play And sing his love un-to the evn-ing wind. "O maid-en

*simile*

pure and fair, — and maid of saint - ly face, — In your white

*simile*

sheets so gen - tly sleep - ing there, O wake to

hear my songs; — O rise and grant me grace; — O hear my

trem - bling sighs, — my la - dy fair."

## Galan Incognita .

En noche lóbrega galán incógnita  
 Las calles céntricas atravezó,  
 Y bajo clásica ventana gótica  
 Templo su cítara y así cantó:  
 "Virgen purísima, de rostro angélico,  
 Que en blancas sábanas durmiendo estás,  
 Despierta y óyeme, que en dulces cánticos,  
 Suspiros trémulos vengo a exhalar."

La bella sílfide que oyó estos cánticos  
 Bajo sus sábanas se acurrucó,  
 Y dijo, "Cáscaras, es el murciélago,  
 Que anda romántico no le abro yo.  
 Porque si salgo yo en noche lóbrega,  
 Me van los céfiros a constipar."  
 Y el pobre músico cogió su cítara,  
 Y a otra ventana se fué a cantar.

## The Incognito Gallant

One cloudy night a gallant took his secret way,  
 And left the crowded avenues behind;  
 Beneath an old-time balcony began to play  
 And sing his love unto the evening wind.  
 "O maiden pure, and fair, and maid of saintly face,  
 In your white sheets so gently sleeping there,  
 O wake to hear my songs; O rise and grant me grace;  
 O hear my trembling sighs, my lady fair."

The pretty maid o'erheard what he was driving at,  
 And hid her head beneath the sheets of snow.  
 And murmured, "Pshaw! 'tis only some old, idle bat;  
 Romantic, yes, but I'll not open—no!  
 For if I run about the house this chilly night  
 My death of cold it will most surely bring."  
 The poor musician bound his frail guitar up tight,  
 And to another window went to sing.

*Translation by*  
 THOMAS WALSH

Translation by  
Muna Lee

Arranged by  
Elena Landázuri

Andante

The first system of music features a piano accompaniment in the lower staves and a vocal line in the upper staff. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note bass line with triplets in the right hand. The vocal line is a simple melody in 4/4 time, marked 'Andante'.

In the world live I all lone - ly;

The second system continues the piano accompaniment and the vocal line. The piano part maintains its rhythmic pattern. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'In the world live I all lone - ly;'. The system ends with a double bar line.

In the world live I all lone - ly;

The third system continues the piano accompaniment and the vocal line. The piano part maintains its rhythmic pattern. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'In the world live I all lone - ly;'. The system ends with a double bar line.

There's none on earth who will love me;— From— the trees, shade sought I

The fourth system continues the piano accompaniment and the vocal line. The piano part maintains its rhythmic pattern. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'There's none on earth who will love me;— From— the trees, shade sought I'. The system ends with a double bar line.

*poco più mosso*

on - ly, And their boughs are dead a - bove me, O my

*a tempo*

dar - ling!

### La Guajira

Yo vivo sola en el mundo ]2  
 Y de mí nadie se acuerda;  
 Busco la sombra del árbol,  
 Y los árboles se secan, vida mia!

Ay, mare, yo fui a la feria, ]2  
 A la feria del amor.  
 Mare, yo compre un juguete,  
 Y qué caro me costó, mare mia!

### The Peasant Girl

In the world live I all lonely; ]2  
 There's none on earth who will love me;  
 From the trees, shade sought I only,  
 And their boughs are dead above me—  
 O my darling!

I went to market, my mother, ]2  
 To the booth where love is sold—  
 Mother, I bought but a trinket,  
 And it cost dearer than gold,  
 O my mother!

*Translation by*  
 MUNA LEE

Translation by  
Muna Lee

Allegretto

My la - - dy, your lit-tle par-rot Wants to —  
— take me to the river. I've told — him I will not go there, I'd die —  
— with cold all a - shiv-er! Peck, O peck, O peck, O poll-  
par - rot, Peck, O peck, O peck the sand crys-tals; Peck O

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system is for 'El Perico' and the second for 'The Poll-Parrot'. Each system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal lines include lyrics in Spanish and English. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a more melodic treble line. The tempo marking 'rit.' is placed above the vocal lines in both systems.

El Perico

Señora, su periquito  
 Me quiere llevar al rio,  
 Y yo lo digo que no,  
 Porque me muero de frio.

Pica, pica, pica, perico,  
 Pica, pica, pica la arena;  
 Pica, pica, pica, perico,  
 Pica, pica, pica a tu hermana.

Quisiera ser periquito,  
 Para andar siempre en el aire,  
 Y allí decirte secretos  
 Sin que los oyera nadie.

Vuela, vuela, vuela, perico,  
 Vete á la tierra caliente;  
 Huye, huye, huye, perico,  
 Huye, húyete de la gente.

The Poll-Parrot

My lady, your little parrot  
 Wants to take me to the river.  
 I've told him I will not go there,  
 I'd die with cold all a-shiver!

Peck, O peck, O peck, poll-parrot,  
 Peck, O peck, O peck the sand crystals,  
 Peck, O peck, O peck, poll-parrot,  
 Peck, O peck, O peck at your sister!

I should like to be a parrot,  
 In the air shifting and veering,  
 There to tell you all my secrets  
 Without anybody's hearing.

Fly off, fly off, fly off, poll-parrot,  
 Seek the hotter lands of the tropics;  
 Flee then, flee then, flee then, poll-parrot,  
 Flee then, flee then from everybody!

Translation by  
 MUNA LEE

TO JEREZ WE WILL GO

(Dance)

Translation by  
 Muna Lee

The musical score is for a dance piece in 6/8 time. It is marked 'Allegro animato'. The score is written for piano and includes dynamic markings of 'ff' (fortissimo) and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with a supporting bass line in the bass clef.

This block shows the continuation of the piano accompaniment for 'TO JEREZ WE WILL GO'. It features a steady eighth-note bass line and a more melodic treble line with some slurs and accents.

1. 2.

O if you

wish, to Je - rez we will go, O if you

wish, to Je - rez we will go, To see that la - dy, to see that

la - dy, To see that la - dy, to see that la - dy, To see that

la - dy, To see that la - dy, That la - dy

who knows how to shake her toe. O if you fine.

### The Gruel

Now the gan-der is a - boil - ing, In the steam-y ket - tle

bub - bling; Out he sticks his head and asks us,

1, 2 & 3. Last ending

"Why don't you put in the on - ions?" For in that's no sin what - ev - er!

## Jarabe Tapatio

Si quieres vámonos para Jerez, ]2  
 A ver aquella, aquella, aquella, ]3  
 Aquella que hace muy bien con los pies.

Si quieres vámonos a Zapotlán, ]2  
 A ver aquella, aquella, aquella, ]3  
 Aquella que hace tan sabroso pan.

## To Jerez We Will Go

O if you wish, to Jerez\* we will go, ]2  
 To see that lady, to see that lady, ]3  
 That lady who knows how to shake her toe.

O if you wish, let's go to Zapotlan, ]2  
 To see that lady, to see that lady, ]3  
 That lady who kneads up her bread so fine.

Pronounced Her-réth.

## El Atole

Ya el pato se está cociendo,  
 En los hervores de la olla,  
 Saca la cabeza y dice:  
 Porque no me echan cebolla?

Vengan a tomar atole,  
 Todos los que van pasando;  
 Es que el atolito bueno,  
 El atole se está agriando.

Vengan a beber atole,  
 Todos los que van pasando,  
 Que si el atole está bueno,  
 La atolera se está agriando.

De este atolito de leche,  
 Y tamales de manteca,  
 Todo el mundo se aproveche,  
 Que por esto no se peca.

## The Gruel

Now the gander is a-boiling,  
 In the steamy kettle bubbling;  
 Out he sticks his head and asks us,  
 "Why don't you put in the onions?"

Come on in and taste the gruel,  
 All who pass here; now's the hour!  
 For this gruel, appetizing,  
 This fine gruel's turning sour.

Come on in to drink the gruel,  
 All who pass here; now's the hour!  
 For although the gruel's splendid,  
 It's the cook that's turning sour.

Of the gruel nice and milky,  
 And tamales made with butter,  
 Let all here now take advantage,  
 For in that's no sin whatever!

Translation by  
 MUNA LEE

Translation by  
Muna Lee

*Andante*

In the name of Heav - - en,

I ask you for shel - - ter, For my

wife is tired; She can go no

far - - - ther. - - - Come in,

1-5. 6.

*poco più mosso*

pil - grims, ho - ly lone of my poor - dwel - ling, pil - grims, ho - ly my poor -

1.

pil-grims, In this nook take your part; Not a - dwel - ling, But take al - so of my

2. Allegretto

heart. Scat - ter the can - dies, scat - ter the

sweets now, For all the chil - dren are want - ing to eat now.

## Los Peregrinos

En nombre del cielo,  
Os pido posada,  
Pues no puede andar  
Ya mi esposa amada.

Aquí no es mesón,  
Sigan adelante,  
Pues no vaya a ser  
Algún tunante.

Mi esposa es María  
La Reina del Cielo,  
Os pido posada  
Por solo una noche.

Pues si es una Reina  
Quién lo solicita,  
¿Cómo es que de noche  
Anda tan solita?

Yo soy carpintero  
De nombre José,  
Mi esposa es María  
La Madre de Dios.

Si eres tu José  
Y tu esposa es María,  
Entren, peregrinos,  
No los conocía.

Entren, santos peregrinos, peregrinos,  
A este humilde rincón  
No de mi pobre morada, morada,  
Sino de mi corazón.

Echen confites y canelones  
Para los muchachos que son comelones.

Castaña asada, piña cubierta,  
Denle de palos a los de la puerta

Andale, Lola, no te dilates  
Con la canasta de los cacahuates.

En esta posada nos hemos chasqueado  
Porque la dueña nada nos ha dado.

## The Pilgrims

In the name of Heaven,  
I ask you for shelter,  
For my wife is tired;  
She can go no farther.

I am no inn-keeper;  
You two cannot stay here—  
(Scoundrel he may be,  
Who would make a fray here!)

My wife is that Mary  
Who is Queen of Heaven—  
Shelter you refuse  
Just for one night even?

Well, if she's so queenly,  
She's not wished nor known here!  
How is it at night  
She goes forth alone here?

Carpenter you see me,  
My name's Joseph, brother;  
Mary is my wife—  
She is God's own Mother.

If your name is Joseph,  
Mary there beside you,  
You two we knew not;  
Enter, good betide you!

Come in, pilgrims, holy pilgrims, holy pilgrims,  
In this nook take your part;  
Not alone of my poor dwelling, my poor dwelling,  
But take also of my heart.

*(The Children)*

Scatter the candies, scatter the sweets now,  
For all the children are wanting to eat now.

Candied pineapple! chestnuts well roasted!  
Hit with a stick all those at the door posted!

Come on then, Lola! Hurry, we ask it!  
Bring us the peanuts you have in the basket!

Here from this dwelling we'll go off sadly;  
They've giv'n us nothing and treated us badly!

*Translation by*  
MUNA LEE

Translation by  
Muna Lee

Arranged by  
Elena Landázuri

*Andante con sentimento*

Pop-py, lit - tle purple la - dy From the mead - ows near Te -

The first system of the musical score is for the tempo 'Andante con sentimento'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'Pop-py, lit - tle purple la - dy From the mead - ows near Te -'. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with chords and a left-hand part with a steady eighth-note bass line.

pic, If you're not in love al-read-y Why don't you try to love me? Wake

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics 'pic, If you're not in love al-read-y Why don't you try to love me? Wake'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

*Allegretto*

up now, wake up, be - lov - ed, For dawn now is all a - glow; Yes, it's

The third system is marked 'Allegretto'. The vocal line has the lyrics 'up now, wake up, be - lov - ed, For dawn now is all a - glow; Yes, it's'. The piano accompaniment features a more active eighth-note bass line.

*Tempo Primo*

dawn - ing, yes, it's dawn - ing, Sweet rose-bud from Je - ri - co!

The fourth and final system is marked 'Tempo Primo'. The vocal line has the lyrics 'dawn - ing, yes, it's dawn - ing, Sweet rose-bud from Je - ri - co!'. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord and a double bar line.

## Amapolita Morada

Amapolita morada  
De los llanos de Tepic,  
Si no estas enamorada,  
Enamorate de mí.  
Despierta, adorada mia,  
Despierta que amaneció.  
Que amanece, que amanece,  
Rosita de Jericó.

Si el sereno de la calle  
Me quisiera hacer favor,  
De apagar su linternita  
Inter que pasa mi amor.  
Mil gracias, señor sereno,  
Mil gracias por el favor.  
Ya encienda su linternita  
Porque ya paso mi amor.

## Little Purple Poppy

Poppy, little purple lady  
From the meadows near Tepic,  
If you're not in love already  
Why don't you try to love me?  
Wake up now, wake up, beloved,  
For dawn now is all aglow;  
Yes, it's dawning, yes, it's dawning,  
Sweet rosebud from Jerico!

If the watchman at the corner  
Wishes to be kind to me,  
Let him veil his lighted lantern  
So none my dear love may see.  
O thanks to you, dear old watchman,  
How kind you have been to me!  
Light again your little lantern;  
When my love passed, none did see.

Translation by  
MUNA LEE

## THE OWLET

MEXICO

Translation by  
Muna Lee

Arranged by  
Elena Landázuri

Andantino

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'Ba - by owl - et, pur - ple owl - et,'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a treble line with chords. A second ending is marked with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics 'Sing-ing as dawn shines a - bove, Ba - by bove, Won't you'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar patterns, including a first ending and a second ending. The score concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

Ba - by owl - et, pur - ple owl - et,  
*In 2nd verse take upper notes*

Sing-ing as dawn shines a - bove, Ba - by bove, Won't you

34839

lend me your swift pin-ions, won't you lend me your swift pin-ions won't you

lend me your swift pin-ions That I may fly to my love, That I

1st verse may fly to my love? Te-cu-ru in my nest I'd stay Last time Fine

kwa, kwa, kwa, te-cu-ru kwa, kwa, kwa, te-cu-ru

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line with lyrics: "kwa, kwa, kwa, Poor wee owl-et, poor lit-tle owl-et, It is". The piano accompaniment includes a *p* dynamic marking and a triplet of eighth notes. The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics: "tired from cry-ing so. If I". The piano accompaniment includes a *pp* dynamic marking and a *rall.* marking. The piece concludes with the instruction "D. S. al Fine".

### Tecolotito

Tecolotito morado,  
 Pájaro madrugador.  
 Me prestaras tus alitas, ]3  
 Para ir a ver a mi amor. ]2

Tecuru cua, cua, cua, ]3  
 Probecito tecolotito,  
 Ya se cansa de llorar.

Si yo fuero tecolote,  
 No me lanzaría a volar.  
 Me quedara en mi nidito ]3  
 Y acabándome de criar. ]2

### The Owllet

Baby owlet, purple owlet,  
 Singing as dawn shines above,  
 Won't you lend me your swift pinions ]3  
 That I may fly to my love? ]2

Tecuru kwa, kwa, kwa, ]3  
 Poor wee owl-et, poor little owl-et.  
 It is tired from crying so.

If I were a little owl,  
 I would never steal away;  
 Till my wings were strong and steady, ]3  
 Safe within my nest I'd stay. ]2

Translation by  
 MUNA LEE

Translation by  
Muna Lee

*Andante con sentimento*

One time a bump-kin was sit-ting At the

en-trance of the cor-ral, One ral, And the

o-ver-seer said to him, "Why so

gloom-y, Ni-co-lás?" And the lás?"

El Payo

Estaba un payo sentado  
En las tranças de un corral;  
Y el mayordomo le dice:  
"No estés triste, Nicolás."

"Si quiere que no este triste,  
Lo que pida me han de dar."  
Y el mayordomo le dice:  
"Vé pidiendo, Nicolás."

"Necesito de esa china  
Porque me quiero casar."  
Y el mayordomo le dice:  
"Tiene dueño, Nicolas."

Nicolás, desesperado,  
En un pozo se iba a echar;  
Y el mayordomo le dice:  
"¡De cabeza, Nicolás!"

The Bumpkin

One time a bumpkin was sitting  
At the entrance of the corral,  
And the overseer said to him,  
"Why so gloomy, Nicolás?"

"If you don't want me to be gloomy,  
You have to give what I ask."  
And the overseer said to him,  
"Ask right on then, Nicolás!"

"What I need is that girl over yonder;  
I wish to marry thè lass!"  
And the overseer said to him,  
"You're too late there, Nicolás!"

Poor Nicolas, broken-hearted,  
To drown himself tried at last;  
And the overseer said to him,  
"Jump in head-first, Nicolás!"

Translation by  
MUNA LEE

THE PEACOCK

MEXICO

Translation by  
Muna Lee

Arranged by  
Elena Landázuri

Allegro giocoso

Now that the sap-ling has fal - len, Where slept the pea-cock th'night

through, Now that the sap-ling has fal - len,

Where slept the pea - cock th'night through, On the

hard ground he must slum - ber, On the

hard ground he must slum - ber, On the hard ground he must

slum - ber As oth - er an - i - mals do, Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*rall.*

MEXICO

El Pavu Rial

Ya se Cayo el arbolito ]<sub>2</sub>  
 Donde durmía el pavu rial. ]  
 Y ora durmira en el suelo ]<sub>3</sub>  
 Como cualquier animal.  
 ¡Ha, ha, ha, ha!

The Peacock

Now that the sapling has fallen,  
 Where slept the peacock th' night through, ]<sub>2</sub>  
 On the hard ground he must slumber ]<sub>3</sub>  
 As other animals do.  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Translation by  
 MUNA LEE

THE BULL AND THE COWBOY

MEXICO

Translation by  
 Muna Lee

Arranged by  
 Elena Landázuri

Andante come recitativo

mmm, mmm, **Hurry up, cow-boy; he makes for you now**

**Head him off; show them what you can do now. Rope him now! That I have done!**

**Tie him up! That I have done! Throw him down! That I have done!**

**I'll show you how if you do not know, I'll show you how if**

Andante *(The Bull)*

you do not know! \_\_\_\_\_ Mmm, \_\_\_\_\_ mmm, \_\_\_\_\_ mmm. \_\_\_\_\_

### El Toro y el Ranchero

Yay te va el toro, muchacho, no te lo dejes llegar, ]2  
 Yay te mando un buen sarape pa que lo puedas toriar. ]2  
 (*El toro*) ; Mmm, mmm, mmm!

Y anda, muchacho, yay te va el toro,  
 Saca la vuelta pero con modo.  
 ; Lázalo! ; Ya lo lacé!  
 ; Piálalo! ; Ya lo pialé!  
 ; Túmbalo! ; Ya lo tumbé!  
 Y si no sabe lo enseñaré. ]2  
 (*El toro*) ; Mmm, mmm, mmm!

### The Bull and the Cowboy

And there goes the bull; look out there, ]2  
 Cowboy, don't let him come near!  
 I will send you a red blanket ]2  
 So that you can tease him here. ]2  
 (*The bull*) Mmm, mmm, mmm!

Hurry up, cowboy; he makes for you now.  
 Head him off; show them what you can do now.  
 Rope him now! That I have done!  
 Tie him up! That I have done!  
 Throw him down! That I have done!  
 I'll show you how if you do not know. ]2  
 (*The bull*) Mmm, mmm, mmm!

*Translation by*  
 MUNA LEE

## THE SHEPHERD GIRL

English version by  
Florence Wilkinson

Andante

The brook was all a - ri - ot, — A  
shep - herd girl was she; — I stole up to her so qui -  
et — Mid wa - ter - laugh - ter a - glee. — She  
mur - mured softer than breath - ing: — “O a - las, ay de mi! ay de mi!”

*simile*

## La Zagala

A orillas de una fuente,  
Una zagala ví;  
Y con el ruido del agua  
Me fuí acercando hacia allí;  
Y oí una voz que decía:  
¡Ay de mi! ¡ay de mi! ¡ay de mi!

Como la ví solita  
Mi amor le ofrecí yo;  
Ella quedó turbada  
Y nada me contestó;  
Entonces dije para mí:  
¡Ya calló, ya calló, ya calló!

La tomé de la mano  
Y a un jardín me la llevé,  
Y en su sensible pecho  
Un ramo le coloqué.  
La niña entonces me dijo:  
¡Ay Jesús! ¡que atrevido es usted!

La cogí de la mano  
Y a un café me la llevé,  
Y en sus divinos labios  
Un beso la coloqué.  
La niña entonces me dijo:  
¡Ahora sí que lo quiero yo a usted!

## The Shepherd Girl

The brook was all a-riot,—  
A shepherd girl was she;  
I stole up to her so quiet  
Mid water-laughter a-gee.  
She murmured softer than breathing:  
"O alas, ay de mi! ay de mi!"

Because she looked so lonely,  
"You pretty child!" said I.  
And, frightened a little only,  
She uttered never a cry.  
I lilted, lighter than mocking:  
"O alas, ay de mi! and ay, ay!"

I took her slender fingers  
In mine and led her where  
The garden in shadow lingers.  
I plucked her roses to wear,  
And showered them down on her bosom.  
"Don't you dare to," she cried, "don't you dare!"

A café we had seen, ah,  
As hand in hand we strolled.  
"Divine are your lips, my niña,"  
Across the table I told,  
And kissed her lips while she murmured:  
"I am yours, O my lover so bold."

English version by  
FLORENCE WILKINSON

## THE CABIN

English version by  
Angela Morgan

Con moto

Come \_\_\_\_\_ to my cabin so lone - ly, — Which is wait-ing you

on - ly, Stand-ing emp-ty and drear. \_\_\_\_\_

Come, \_\_\_\_\_ where my hammock is swing - ing, But the sweet bas-il

The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 12/8. The lyrics are "Come, \_\_\_\_\_ where my hammock is swing - ing, But the sweet bas-il". The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with a 4/2 time signature playing a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and a left hand with a 12/8 time signature playing a simple bass line.

bring - ing Naught of fra-grance or cheer. — Come

The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics "bring - ing Naught of fra-grance or cheer. — Come". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic patterns as the first system, ending with a double bar line and a key signature change to three sharps (F#, C#, G#).

Come, my love, how  
out your love, no

The third system features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and lyrics "Come, my love, how out your love, no". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic patterns, ending with a double bar line.

sad am I! With - out your  
faith I find, No hope, no

The fourth system features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and lyrics "sad am I! With - out your faith I find, No hope, no". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic patterns, ending with a double bar line.

1

love, the sun must die. With -

2

God for hu - man - kind. \_\_\_\_\_  
gva.:!

### La Cabaña

Ven a mi pobre cabaña  
Que te espera y extraña  
Cuando faltas de aquí.  
Ven, que te espera mi hamaca,  
Y las flores de albahaca  
No perfuman sin ti.

*Ven, ven, mi amor, que triste estoy;  
¡Sin ti no hay luz, sin luz no hay sol!  
Ven, ven, mi amor, que triste estoy;  
¡Sin ti no hay fe, sin fe no hay Dios!*

Si vuelvas a mi cabaña  
Donde llora la caña  
Con suspiros de amor,  
Se abrirán todas las flores  
Y darán sus olores  
Los naranjos en flor.

### The Cabin

Come to my cabin so lonely,  
Which is waiting you only,  
Standing empty and drear.  
Come, where my hammock is swinging,  
But the sweet basil bringing  
Naught of fragrance or cheer.

*Come, come, my love, how sad am I!  
Without your love, the sun must die.  
Without your love, no faith I find,  
No hope, no God for humankind.*

Come, where my cabin is sleeping,  
And the sugar cane weeping  
With the sadness of love.  
Come, and the flowers will brighten,  
And the orange tree whiten  
With its blossoms above.

*English version by  
ANGELA MORGAN*

English version by  
Wilbur D. Nesbit

Arranged by  
Franklin Robinson

Adagio

I came to the cross in the val - ley; My  
 flock fol - lowed through the dell. There, in the gath - er - ing  
 shad - ows\_ Ah! Grief made my sad bo - som swell.  
 Faith - less, she came not to mur - mur "Fare - well! Fare - well!"

La Cruz del Valle

Al pie de la cruz del valle  
 Con mi rebaño me hallé,  
 Cuando la tarde caía, ¡ay!  
 Cuando se escondía el sol.  
 ¡Y no me dijo la ingrata  
 Ni adios, ni adios!

Yo se que a la cruz del valle  
 Viene ella siempre a rezar,  
 Cuando las noches oscuras, ¡ay!  
 Anuncian la tempestad.  
 Y si la miran de cerca  
 Se ván, se ván.

Antenoché hasta su choza  
 Tocando mi quena fuí;  
 Oyó sin duda la ingrata, ¡ay!  
 Y no cesó de dormir.  
 Nunca mi quena más triste  
 La oí, la oí.

The Cross in the Valley

I came to the cross in the valley;  
 My flock followed through the dell.  
 There, in the gathering shadows—Ah!  
 Grief made my sad bosom swell.  
 Faithless, she came not to murmur,  
 "Farewell! Farewell!"

I know, to the cross in the valley  
 She comes when the storm is nigh;  
 Then will she whisper her prayers—Ah!  
 Then flee the clouds from the sky;  
 For, from the grace of her beauty  
 They fly, they fly.

At night, 'neath her window playing,  
 My flute sought my love to tell.  
 Sleeping, she would not awaken—Ah!  
 Then all my melodies fell.  
 Never my flute sobbed so sadly,  
 "Farewell! Farewell!"

English version by  
 WILBUR D. NESBIT

THE PEARL

English version by  
 Ruth Guthrie Harding

Attributed to  
 José Araya.  
 Re-arranged

Con sentimiento

Lived the pearl in the deeps of o - cean

shad - ow; On rock - y heights, the vi - o - let so

blue; And the dew, in a cloud a - bove the

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in two staves, with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "blue; And the dew, in a cloud a - bove the".

mead - ow — As in my dream - ing, — As in my dream - ing, you. —

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are in the same format as the first system. The lyrics are: "mead - ow — As in my dream - ing, — As in my dream - ing, you. —".

— Now in a king's crown — the love - ly pearl has

The third system continues the musical score. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are in the same format. The lyrics are: "— Now in a king's crown — the love - ly pearl has".

per - ished; — A strang - er's hand has thrown — the flow - er

The fourth system concludes the musical score. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are in the same format. The lyrics are: "per - ished; — A strang - er's hand has thrown — the flow - er".

by; — Died in mist - wreath, the dew the twi - light

cher - ished — As in your mem - 'ry, — As in your

mem - 'ry, I. —

La Perla

En el fondo del mar nació la perla,  
 En la alta roca la violeta azul,  
 En las nubes la gota de rocío,  
 Y en mis ensueños, tú.

Murió la perla en la imperial corona,  
 En búcaro gentil la mustia flor,  
 En brillantes vapores el rocío,  
 Y en tu memoria, yo.

The Pearl

Lived the pearl in the deeps of ocean-shadow;  
 On rocky heights, the violet so blue;  
 And the dew, in a cloud above the meadow—  
 As in my dreaming, you.

Now in a king's crown the lovely  
 pearl has perished;  
 A stranger's hand has thrown the flower by;  
 Died in mist-wreath, the dew  
 the twilight cherished—

As in your memory, I.

English version by  
 RUTH GUTHRIE HARDING

Translation by  
Muna Lee

As sung by  
Gonzalo C. Fernández  
Arranged by Julio Osma

Non troppo allegro

Lit - tle shep - herds, come forth from the vale; — Lit - tle  
shep - herds, come forth and a - dore — Je - sus Sa - vior, born here in a  
man - ger, Who will reign, Heav - en's King ev - er more. —

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The vocal line is in a soprano or alto range. The lyrics are: "Lit - tle shep - herds, come forth from the vale; — Lit - tle shep - herds, come forth and a - dore — Je - sus Sa - vior, born here in a man - ger, Who will reign, Heav - en's King ev - er more. —".

Villancico

Pastorcitos del valle, venid,  
Pastorcitos, venid a adorar,  
A Jesus que nació en un pesebre  
Que es el Dios que aquí reinará.

En pesebre el Dios Niño nació,  
Pastorcillos del mundo, venid  
Con ofrendas de miel y de mirra,  
Que se encuentra rodeado de amor.

¡Quién dijera que aquel que en Belén  
Pobre y solo a este mundo llegó,  
Era el Dios que en el cielo moraba  
Y que solo nos vino a salvar!

Del Oriente los Magos vinieron  
A Belén a adorar al Señor,  
Que tan pobre nació en un pesebre  
Y que es el hijo de Dios.

Little Shepherds

Little shepherds, come forth from the vale:  
Little shepherds, come forth and adore  
Jesus Savior, born here in a manger,  
Who will reign, Heaven's King evermore.

To surround Him with tokens of love,  
In the manger made great by His birth,  
Bring the Infant, our Lord, myrrh and honey,  
All ye dear little shepherds of earth.

Who would say that in Bethlehem town,  
Poor and lonely, to earth there had come  
One Who offers to us our salvation  
And has Heaven above for His home!

From the East there came forth three Wise Men,  
Seeking Bethlehem town to adore  
Jesus Savior, born there in a manger,  
Who will reign, Son of God evermore.

*Translation by*  
MUNA LEE

English version by  
Muna Lee

By Carlos Valderrama  
from Inca themes

Moderato

Tell me, O Lord, of thy  
rea - son, That Thou gav - est me a heart — Through no fault at —  
all of my own. Might - y Sun - god canst Thou  
de - sire? Ten - der Moon, canst Thou love?

Fa - ther a - bove, O great Fa - ther Sun,

*accel.* Let not storm-y win-ter yield— *rit.* Cold to freeze our— love-ly green field.

## Imanirta

Imanirta pacha—camac  
 Sonkoyñita camaraycui  
 Ima jucha ñokapámac?

Inti muna cuya cuya?  
 Cuiya cuna cuna?

Juyapayak:  
 Oh sumac camac  
 Amapuni casa churic  
 Pampa ñocayokta.

JUAN DURAN

*(Free Spanish translation)*

¿Porqué. Creador del mundo,  
 Me hiciste con corazón  
 Sin culpa mía ninguna?

¿Sol poderoso, quieres amar?  
 ¿Luna amorosa, puedes querer?

Dios misericordioso:  
 Oh hermoso padre Sol,  
 No permitas que el frío hiele  
 Nuestros hermosos campos.

## Why, Creator?

Tell me, O Lord, of thy reason,  
 That Thou gavest me a heart  
 Through no fault at all of my own.

Mighty Sun-god, canst Thou desire?  
 Tender Moon, canst Thou love?

Father above,  
 O great Father Sun,  
 Let not stormy winter yield  
 Cold to freeze our lovely green field.

*English version by*  
 MUNA LEE

## SONGS FROM ARMENIA

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## II

## SONGS FROM ASIA

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THE PRISONER TO THE SWALLOW

English version by  
Alice Stone Blackwell

Arranged by  
Frederick S. Converse

*Andante* *p*

O swal-low dear, thou lit-tle

wan - der - ing bird, sweet bird! O swal-low dear, that far dost

roam, With voice how sad thou near my pris-on cell dost sing, With

*ritard.* *Lento molto* *p*

voice how sad! — Sweet bird, dost lament for

thy mate? Dost la-ment for thy mate, dost la-ment for thy mate?

*f* Left to pine here, for - saken and a - lone,  
*dimin.*

*p* Find - ing no com - fort dost thou mourn? Grieve then like me, sweet bird, then grieve,  
*p*

*molto rit.* Grieve like me.  
*molto rit.* *p* *pp*

## Ո՛Վ Ծ Ի Ծ Ե Ռ Ն Ա Կ

Ով ծիծեռնակ, վարանած թռչնիկ, ինչ տրբումագին,  
 Ով ծիծեռնակ, վարանած թռչնիկ,  
 Ինչ տրբումագին ձայնիւ, ձայնիւ կեզանակես  
 Մօտ իմ բանտին:  
 Միթէ վարուժանդ սիրուն  
 Վարուժանդդ սիրուն, վարուժանդդ սիրուն  
 Հոս միայնակ թողուց գփեզ  
 Եւ դու սնմխիթար կը հեծեծես,  
 Ոհ լաց ուրեմբն, ինծի պէս  
 Ինծի պէս:

Բայց երանի, քեզ բիր երանի, կրբաս թռչիլ  
 Բայց երանի քեզ, բիր երանի  
 Կրբաս թռչիլ թեթեւ թեթեւ թեւոցըդ ի ծայր  
 Ընդ սար, ընդ ձոր:  
 Բայց հոս արեւոյն ազօտ նըշոյլ,  
 Արեւոյն ազօտ նըշոյլ, արեւոյն ազօտ նըշոյլ  
 Իմ մութ բանտին է անթափանց  
 Եւ ոչ մեղով հովիկ մը շունչ զովագին  
 Տանելու ձայն իմ սիրելեաց  
 Սիրելեաց:

## The Prisoner to the Swallow

O swallow dear, thou little wandering bird, sweet bird!  
 O swallow dear, that far dost roam,  
 With voice how sad thou near my prison cell dost sing,  
 With voice how sad!  
 Sweet bird, dost lament for thy mate?  
 Dost lament for thy mate, dost lament for thy mate?  
 Left to pine here, forsaken and alone,  
 Finding no comfort dost thou mourn?  
 Grieve then like me, sweet bird, then grieve,  
 Grieve like me.

Yet happier thou, sweet bird, a fortune is thine more blest.  
 A thousand fold art thou more blest,  
 For thou canst freely fly, fly swift on thy light wing  
 O'er hill and dale.  
 But here, here the gentle sun's ray,  
 Here the gentle sun's ray, here the gentle sun's ray  
 Vainly my prison dark may seek to pierce;  
 Here no soft breeze can bear my voice  
 To my own loved ones far away,  
 Far away.

*English version by*  
 ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

English version by  
Edwin Markham

Arranged by  
Franklin Robinson

Andante

Whirl, my spool; go whirl - ing,

whirl - ing; Spin the long white wool - en

thread; Heavy threads and fine, go

twirl - ing For our com - fort, house and

## Ճ Ա Խ Ա Ր Ա Կ

Մանի՛ր, մանի՛ր, իմ գախարակ,  
 Մանի՛ր սպիտակ մալանչներ,  
 Մանի՛ր թելեր հաստ ու բարակ,  
 Որ ես հոգամ իմ ցաւեր :

Մանի՛ր, մանի՛ր, իմ գախարակ,  
 Լիսեռնիկըդ պըտտիք,  
 Մանի՛ր թելեր հաստ ու բարակ,  
 Իլկիդ վըրայ փաթաթիք :

Տիգրանիկըս գուլպայ չունի,  
 Հանդ է գնում ոտաբաց,  
 Գարրիէլըս չուխա չունի,  
 Միշտ անում է սուգ ու լաց :

Մանի՛ր, մանի՛ր, իմ գախարակ,  
 Մանի՛ր սպիտակ փաթիլներ,  
 Մանի՛ր թելեր հաստ ու բարակ,  
 Որ ես հոգամ իմ ցաւեր :

Զրուլ չունինք, չաթու չունինք,  
 Ոչ սամուտն, ոչ պարան,  
 Այսպէս ազգաս դեռ եղած չենք,  
 Կրտսրուկ է ամէն բան :

Դեռ հարս էի, սր գործեցի  
 Քանի կարպետ խալիչա,  
 Բայց դըրանցից շուտ զըրկւեցի,  
 Հիմա չունիմ մի քեչա :

Մանի՛ր, մանի՛ր, իմ գախարակ,  
 Մանի՛ր սպիտակ բուլաներ,  
 Մանի՛ր թելեր հաստ ու բարակ,  
 Որ ես հոգամ իմ ցաւեր :

## The Spool

Whirl, my spool; go whirling, whirling;  
 Spin the long white woolen thread;  
 Heavy threads and fine, go twirling  
 For our comfort, house and bed.

Spin, my spool; go spinning, spinning;  
 Shuttle race, oh race along;  
 Heavy threads and fine, go spinning;  
 Wind them, bobbin, smooth and strong.

My small Dikran has no breeches;  
 Cold is he, cries night and day.  
 Gabriel wears but rags and stitches,  
 Goes out barefoot, work or play.

Spin, my spool; keep spinning, spinning;  
 Gather up, spin soft white flakes;  
 Heavy threads and fine, go spinning;  
 'Twill provide for pains and aches.

We've not even coarsest sacking,  
 Not a rope, nor scrap of fur.  
 Everything we need is lacking;  
 Poor like this we never were.

As a bride I came a-weaving  
 Carpets downy like doves' wings.  
 One by one I've seen them leaving,  
 Rugs and garments, all my things.

Spin, my spool; go spinning, spinning,  
 Spin the long white streams of thread;  
 Heavy threads and fine, go spinning  
 For our comfort, house and bed.

*English version by*  
 EDWIN MARKHAM

COME, O NIGHTINGALE

English version by  
Charles H. Botsford

Moderato

Come, O night - in - gale, — not with wood - notes  
 wild, But a chant in - ton - ing for my rest - less  
 child. Come not, night-in - gale, — he wails on and  
 on; — Nev - er shall my son — wear a priest - ly gown.

## Օ Ր Օ Ր Ո Ց Ի Ե Ր Գ

Արի՛ իմ սոխակ, քո՛ղ պարտե՛զ մերին,  
Տաղերով՝ քուն բեր տղիս աչերին.  
Բայց նա լալիս է.— դու, սոխակ մի՛ գալ.—  
Իմ որդին չուզէ տիրացու դառնալ:

Թո՛ղ դու, տատրակիկ, քու ձագն ու բունը,  
Վայվայով տղիս բե՛ր անուշ քունը.  
Բայց նա լալիս է, տատրակիկ, մի՛ գալ,  
Իմ որդին չուզէ սըգաւոր դառնալ:

Կաչաղակ մարպիկ, գող, արծաթ-աւեր,  
Շահի զըրուցով որդուս քունը բեր.  
Բայց նա լալիս է, կաչաղակ մի՛ գալ,  
Իմ որդին չուզէ սովտաֆար դառնալ:

Թո՛ղ որսըդ, արի՛, քաչապիրտ քազէ,  
Քո՛ւ երգը գուցէ իմ որդին կ՛ուզէ...  
Բազէն որ եկաւ՝ որդիս լընեցաւ,  
Ռազմի երգերի ձայնով՝ քընեցաւ:

ՔԱՄԱՌ-ԲԱԹԻՊԱ

## Come, O Nightingale

Come, O nightingale, not with wood notes wild.  
But a chant intoning for my restless child.  
Come not, nightingale, he wails on and on;  
Never shall my son wear a priestly gown.

Come, O little dove, leave your sheltered nest;  
With your soft complaining, lull my child to rest.  
Still his tears are flowing, fly, sweet dove, away;  
Never shall my son with the mourners pray.

Clever little magpie, hop along in sight;  
Tell us where to look for golden pieces bright.  
Hush, O hush, my child, magpie's gone, you see;  
Never shall my son an old merchant be.

Falcon, leave your eyrie on the mountain height;  
Chant the cry of battle for my child's delight.  
Now the child is sleeping, every tear drop dried;  
Well I know my son shall with warriors ride!

*English version by*  
CHARLES H. BOTSFORD

English version by  
Gertrude Huntington McGiffert

Arranged by  
Romanos Melikian

Moderato leggiero

Come home with me, Man -

- nan; List to my plead - - ing.

Sleep comes not, nor dream - - ing;

Thee, dear, am I need - - ing.

Come, — Man-nan, come, Come, — O my — soul! soul!

*cresc.* *f* *f*

Ա Ր Ի Մ Ա Ն Ա Ն

Արի Մանան, արի՛ գնանք մեր տունը,  
Գիշեր ցերեկ գուրկ է աչքերէս քունը, ջա՛ն,  
Ջա՛ն Մանան ջա՛ն.—

Մանան սարէն կուգայ, շալկինը ժախ է.  
Ոսկեքեղ մագերը քիկունքէն կախ է, ջա՛ն.  
Ջա՛ն Մանան ջա՛ն.—

Երկինքը ամպել է, գետինը քաց է,  
Մանանի քիկունքը կիսէն հետ քաց է, ջա՛ն,  
Ջա՛ն Մանան ջա՛ն.—

Come, Mannan

Come home with me, Mannan;  
List to my pleading.  
Sleep comes not, nor dreaming;  
Thee, dear, am I needing.

*Come, Mannan, come,  
Come, O my soul!*

Down from the hills laden,  
Green herbs she's bringing,  
Her golden hair streaming  
As Mannan comes singing.

Skies grow gray; clouds darken;  
Chill dews are falling;  
Her bare shoulders, gleaming.  
Hear, Mannan, I'm calling!

*English version by  
GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT*

THE SURE HOPE

English version by  
Alice Stone Blackwell

Arranged by  
Isabel D. Post

Lento

Let the wind blow cold; let it beat my face; —

Let the clouds a - bove — heav - y snow - flakes fling; —

Let the north wind blow, rag - ing all it will. —

Yet I live in hope — soon or late comes spring.

## Յ Ո Յ Ս

Թո՛ղ փչէ քամին պաղ պաղ երեսիս,  
 վերէն, ամպերէն սաստիկ ձիւն քո՛ղ գայ,  
 ո՛րքան որ կուզէ՝ քոզ կատողի հիւսիս,  
 Յուսով եմ, վաղ ուշ գարունը պիտ գայ : 61

Թուխպը քո՛ղ պատէ երկինքը պայծառ,  
 Թանձրը մառախուղ երկիր քո՛ղ փակէ,  
 Տարեբք աշխարհիս խտտուիւն իբար,  
 Յուսով եմ, վաղ ուշ արեւ պիտ ծագէ :

Թո՛ղ գայ փորձուքիւն, քո՛ղ գայ հույժանք,  
 հաւար քո՛ղ դառնայ անաղօս լոյսը .  
 Սարսափելի չեն Հային տառապանք  
 Միայն . . . չի հատնէր խեղճուկի յոյսը :

ՔԱՄԱՌԱՆՔԱՎԵՐՈՒՄ

## The Sure Hope

Let the wind blow cold; let it beat my face;  
 Let the clouds above heavy snow-flakes fling;  
 Let the north wind blow, raging all it will,  
 Yet I live in hope soon or late comes spring.  
 Let the heavy clouds make the clear sky dark;  
 Let the mist so dense hide the land from sight;  
 Let earth, air and sea be together mixed,  
 Yet I know the sun will again be bright.  
 Let harsh trials come; persecutions rage;  
 And the light grow dim of the sun on high;  
 To Armenian hearts, pain is naught to dread,  
 But the poor man's hope must not fade and die!

English version by  
 ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

## HABERBAN

ARMENIA

Translation by  
 Zabelle C. Boyajian

Allegretto

(Boy) Ha - ber - ban! — (Girl) Chan - y chan!

(Boy) I have loved your win - some face, And your nev - er

chang - ing — grace. If they give you — not to — me, —

May God send them black dis - grace.

(Girl) Ha - ber - ban! (Boy) Chan - y chan! (Girl) Moun - tain sor - rel

fresh with dew, Sweets I send and hon - ey new;

Is a dain - ty maid like me

Fit to wed a youth like you?

## Հ Ա Բ Ը Ը Բ Ա Ն

## Haberban

Սիրել եմ սէրն երեսին  
Անքառամ բերն երեսին  
Ով իմ սիրածն ինձ չտայ  
Աստըծու կեռն երեսին :

Սարի քրքրվնչուկ քաղա,  
Մեղր ու շափար ֆեզ մաղա,  
Ինձ պէս նագանի աղջիկ  
Քեզ պէս տղին ո՞նց սագա :

Պըզտիկ աղջիկ համ ունիս,  
Չորեֆդիմաց ծամ ունիս,  
Խունջիկ մունջիկ մի անի,  
Ինձ առնելու կամ ունիս :

Գուքանըդ հոլա, հոլա,  
Գուքանիդ տակը ֆոլա,  
Քանի գրծուքիւն անես  
Քեզի առնողը տօլ ա :

Ձեր տան տակին վար կանեմ,  
Չար ագուսին ֆար կանեմ,  
Թող իմ սիրածն ինձի տան  
Գրծուքիւնս բարկ կանեմ :

Ջուրը իր նամբով կերթայ,  
Ցողածը վարդի քերթ ա,  
Ինձ սիրող կարին տղէն  
Չագարի մէջ մի բերդ ա :

Բուսել ես պաղի միջին,  
Շամամի քաղի միջին,  
Գիշեր ցորեկ միալար  
Դու ես իմ խաղի միջին :

Աշուղի պէս խաղ ասա,  
Բըլբուլի պէս տաղ ասա,  
Ինչքան որ գովես արժեմ  
Իմ մօր գովական փեսայ :

*Haberban!*  
*Chan-y chan!*

I have loved your winsome face,  
And your never-fading grace.  
If they give you not to me,  
May God send them black disgrace.

Mountain sorrel, fresh with dew,  
Sweets I send and honey new;  
Is a dainty maid like me  
Fit to wed a youth like you?

You are arch, my little maid;  
In four plaits, your hair you braid,  
Make no more pretense to me,  
For you love me, I'm afraid!

Drive your plough ahead, and go;  
Underneath it thistles grow.  
You are reckless, young, and wild;  
She is mad would wed you so!

Near your house, a field I'll sow  
And I'll stone the ill-starred crow.  
When I have the girl I love  
I'll let all my folly go.

On its way the water flows,  
Washing with its waves the rose;  
My beloved, amidst the youths,  
Like a mighty fortress shows.

In the vineyard you have grown,  
Where the melon plants are sown;  
Day and night upon my lute,  
You and I sing, and you alone.

Sing a minstrel's song to me,  
Or the blackbird's rhapsody;  
All your praises I deserve,  
And my bridegroom you shall be!

*Translation by*  
ZABELLE C. BOYAJIAN

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English version by  
Alice Stone Blackwell

Arranged by  
A. T. Davison

*Andante con dolore*

Dawn of day once more has bro - ken; Snow falls

thick - ly, white as foam. Lo, the

horse comes with no rid - er Ah, my

love has not come home!

## Ա Ր Շ Ա Լ Ո Յ Ա Ր

Արշալոյսը նորէն բացուաւ  
Ամպ ու զամպէն ձիւն եկաւ  
Ալ ձիւն եկաւ անտէր ինկաւ  
Այս իմ եարբս տուն չեկաւ :

Լոյսը բացուաւ, դուռը բացուաւ  
Ալ ձիւն քսնած ներս եկաւ  
Սիրուն կրծքին վէրք ստացած  
Արիւն քաթախ ներս ինկաւ :

Այս սիրուն ձի, դու ինձ ասա,  
Որ տեղ քողմիր իմ եարբը,  
Որ ձորին մէջ, որ քարի տակ  
Անտէր քողմիր իմ եարբը :

Ամպեր եկան մութը պատեց,  
Մինակ նստած կուլամ ես,  
Սիրելիս կորած եարբս  
Սուգ ու շիւան կանեմ ես :

## Daybreak

Dawn of day once more has broken;  
Snow falls thickly, white as foam.  
Lo, the horse comes with no rider—  
Ah! my love has not come home!

Day has dawned; the door is opened;  
Wet and tired, fell in the steed;  
His kind breast wounded and gory,  
In the door he fell to bleed.

Steed beloved, haste to tell me  
Where you left my own true love,  
In what vale, lone and forsaken,  
With what frowning rock above?

Clouds have gathered; all is darkness;  
Here alone I sit and weep.  
I must mourn, grieving forever  
For my love in sorrow deep!

English version by  
ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

## O MY LOVE, MY PLANE-TREE!

ARMENIA

Translation by  
Zabelle C. Boyajian

(Dance - Song)

Arranged by  
Gomidas Wardapet

*Allegretto con amabilitâ*  
*mp*

Up the sun rose like a dart;

*mp*

O my love, my plane - tree! En - vy brought us

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rage and smart, *Thou con - sol - est me!*

The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are "rage and smart, *Thou con - sol - est me!*". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The piano part includes various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

Death un - to the foe - man's son;

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "Death un - to the foe - man's son;". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

*O my - love, my - plane - tree!* E - vil filled his

The third system features the vocal line with the lyrics "*O my - love, my - plane - tree!* E - vil filled his". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

mind and heart. *Thou con - sol - est me!*

The fourth system concludes the vocal line with the lyrics "mind and heart. *Thou con - sol - est me!*". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

*pp* *p*  
*O my love, my plane - tree, O my love, my plane - tree,*

*ppp* *p*  
*O my love, my plane - tree, All praise is — for thee.*

ԻՄ ՉԻՆԱՐԻ ԵԱՐԸ

Արեւ թըռվրոտով ելաւ,  
 Իմ չինարի եարը,  
 Մեր բանը կըռուտով ելաւ.  
 Դարդիման եարը:  
 Թըշնամու որդին մեռնի,  
 Իմ չինարի եարը,  
 Իրա չար սըրտով ելաւ,

Դարդիման եարը:  
 Իմ չինարի եարը,  
 Իմ չինարի եարը,  
 Իմ չինարի եարը,  
 Գովական եարը:

Ճըրագը վառայ, վառայ,  
 Հօր հետ վատամարդ դառայ,  
 Մէր ու աղբէր թող աըլի,  
 Ես իմ սիրածին առայ:

Բարափի ծէրին կանչի,  
 Թող թըշնամին ամանչի.  
 Արեւի՛դ մեռնեմ, եա՛ր ջան,  
 Չիմարի պէս կանանչի՛:

O My Love, My Plane-Tree!

Up the sun rose like a dart;  
*O my love, my plane-tree!*  
 Envy brought us rage and smart.  
*Thou consolest me!*  
 Death unto the foeman's son;  
*O my love, my plane-tree!*  
 Evil filled his mind and heart.  
*Thou consolest me!*

*O my love, my plane-tree,*  
*O my love, my plane-tree,*  
*O my love, my plane-tree,*  
*All praise is for thee.*

Light the candle, light the light;  
 I have fled my brother's sight.  
 Father, mother I have left;  
 With my love I took my flight.

From the mountains call to me;  
 Shamefaced, let the rival flee;  
 Sweet love, for thy sun I'd die;  
 Green my plane-tree ever be!

Translation by  
 ZABELLE C. BOYAJIAN

## SONGS FROM SYRIA

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# ACROSS THE BRIDGE, O COME

Translation by  
Ameen Rihani

Arranged by  
Anis Fuleihan

Allegro moderato

A - cross the bridge, O come, Be - lov - ed, from thy home! Come  
 let us walk and dream; In the cool morn - ing roam. *The*  
 soft winds kiss her robe, Al - hobe, al - hobe, al - hobe! Why  
 has - ten, my ga - zelle, To Dum - mar's dis - tant cell? Be -

*mf*  
*cresc.*  
*ff*  
*p*

side this crys - tal spring, O — lis - ten to love's spell. *The*  
*soft winds kiss her robe, Al - hobe, al - hobe, al - hobe!*

*ff*

*p* *p* *p*

## الدبكه

ويا جايي من الجسري	ويا رايحه على الجسري
عالبارد قبل الشوب	قم يا حبيبي تسري
والهوا شق الثوب	هالهوب الهوب الهوب
٢	
ويا جايي من دمر	يا رايحه على دمر
تحت ظل الثوب	قم يا حبيبي تخمر
والهوا شق الثوب	هالهوب الهوب الهوب

### Across the Bridge, O Come

Across the bridge, O come,  
 Beloved, from thy home!  
 Come let us walk and dream;  
 In the cool morning roam.

*The soft winds kiss her robe,  
 Al-hobe, al-hobe, al-hobe!*

Why hasten, my gazelle,  
 To Dummar's\* distant cell?  
 Beside this crystal spring,  
 O listen to love's spell.

\*Dummar—a Convent.

Translation by  
 AMEEN RUHANI

Translation by  
Kahlil Gibran

Arranged by  
Anis Fuleihan

Andante con moto

O Moth - er mine, spread me the silk - en - sheet, And  
love - sick am I, and flames of love con - sume me. And

let me lie down and cov - er me with rose leaves. For  
If I die to - mor - row,

Moth - er, I be - seech you Call round me my com - rades, the  
O Moth - er mine

*pp*

daugh - ters of love, — And o - ver my bier let them  
 yes - ter - - day — our se - cret was our own; — To -

1. sing — me my dirge. 2. day who does not know it? My

*rit.* *a tempo*

love has gone far, — And  
 you de - ny me pa - per, I'll write on wings of birds; And

1. now — I — would write — to him. — If  
 if ink you de - ny me, — I'll

2.

write with my heart's blood!

*rit.*

8

*a tempo*

you, who are climb - ing the moun - - tain, - A  
 In truth I am not thirst - - y, - But  
 And it may be the wind will lift your scarf And

8

1. & 2.

drink will you not give me from the hol - low of your hand?  
 I would have a word with you;  
 let me look full

8

3.  
at your face!

8.

## موليا

يا امي افرشي لي الحرير بالورد غطيني  
وان مت في حيكم بالله تنادوني  
انا قتيل الهوا وناره بتكوني  
وجيوا بنات الهوى تنذب حوالي

يا امي جيبني رحل ان شالله يعود بالخير  
وان كان ما في ورق لاكتب عاجانح الطير  
والسر ما بيننا واليوم صار للفنير  
وان كان ما في حبر من دم عيني

يا طالعه عالجبيل واسقيني براحاتك  
والله نسمة هوا وتميل لثامك  
ماني بشان العطش قصدي محاكاتك  
ويبان وجه لك وانظر بعيني

### O Mother Mine

O Mother mine, spread me the silken sheet,  
And let me lie down and cover me with rose leaves.

For love-sick am I, and flames of love consume me.  
And if I die tomorrow, Mother, I beseech you

Call round me my comrades, the daughters of love,  
And over my bier let them sing me my dirge.

O Mother mine, yesterday our secret was our own;  
Today who does not know it?

My love has gone far,  
And now I would write to him.

If you deny me paper, I'll write on wings of birds;  
And if ink you deny me, I'll write with my heart's blood!

O you, who are climbing the mountain,  
A drink will you not give me from the hollow of your hand?

In truth, I am not thirsty,  
But I would have a word with you;

And it may be the wind will lift your scarf  
And let me look full at your face!

Translation by  
KAHLIL GIBRAN

# INDIAN TAFFETA

Translation by  
Ameen Rihani

Arranged by  
Anis Fuliehan

*Allegretto*

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff with a treble clef and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is written for the right and left hands on a grand staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and consists of rhythmic patterns in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics: "Taf - ta Hin - di, taf - ta Hin - di, Chif - fon, silk and". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic and harmonic patterns. A slur is placed over the piano accompaniment in the second measure of this system.

The third system continues the vocal line with the lyrics: "sat - in rare! O - pen for me, O young maid - en,". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic and harmonic patterns. A sharp sign (#) appears in the bass line of the piano accompaniment in the second measure.

The fourth system continues the vocal line with the lyrics: "My heart's pin - ing for the fair. O - pen for me,". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic and harmonic patterns.

O young maid - en, My heart's pin - ing for the fair.

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "O young maid - en, My heart's pin - ing for the fair." The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

The

*mf* *p*

The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The vocal line is mostly silent, with a few notes appearing at the end of the system. The piano accompaniment features a complex, flowing eighth-note melody in the right hand and a steady bass line. Dynamic markings *mf* and *p* are present.

fair young maid, who heard me call - ing, Came re - spond - ing

*s* *dolce*

The third system features the vocal line with the lyrics "fair young maid, who heard me call - ing, Came re - spond - ing". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar texture. A dynamic marking *dolce* is present. A breath mark *s* is placed below the vocal line.

with a smile; And quick - ly o - pened, sweet - ly say - ing,

*s*

The fourth system features the vocal line with the lyrics "with a smile; And quick - ly o - pened, sweet - ly say - ing,". The piano accompaniment continues. A breath mark *s* is placed below the vocal line.

“En - ter, please, and rest a - while.” And quick - ly o - pened,

sweet - ly say - ing, “En - ter, please, and rest a - while.”

*dolciss.*

*rit.*

*a tempo*

*pp*

## تفتا هندي

يا بنات	شاش حرير	تفتا هندي	تفتا هندي
بالبنات	قلبي مولع	يا صبيه	افتحي لي
هي جات	وباسه لي	سمعتني	الصبيه
خش وبات	خش وبات	وقالت لي	فتحت لي

### Indian Taffeta

Tafta Hindi, tafta Hindi,  
Chiffon, silk and satin rare!  
Open for me, O young maiden,  
My heart's pining for the fair.

The fair young maid, who heard me calling,  
Came responding with a smile:  
And quickly opened, sweetly saying,  
“Enter, please, and rest awhile.”

\*Indian Taffeta.

Translation by  
AMEEN BIHANI

Translation by  
Ameen Rihani

Arranged by  
Anis Fuleihan

Moderato quasi andante

My day is bit - ter; bit - ter is my day;

*simile*

Bit - ter my cup and bit - ter, too, my lay;

But in my heart, O sweet ca - lam - i - ty,

A tray of sweet - meats for thee I dis -

1. to 4.

*play.* — 8 — 3

*p* *cantabile mf* *espress. e sonore*

Last ending

With pa - ra - play. —

*f* 3

*pp* 8

## مرمر زماني

مرمر زماني وما سقاني مرمـر      قلبي تولع في هواك يا اسـر  
مرمر زماني يا زماني مرمـر      مرمـرتني يا ابن الحرام ترمـر

شوف الحليوه حامله الشمسيه      بيضا وظريفه      والعيون عـليه  
دخلك يا امي ان ما اخذتي لي مـي      لاعمل عمـايل      ما عملها عنـتر

يا رايحه للبتان خذيني معاك      لاحمـلك السـله      وسير واياك  
ان كان ابوك ماعطاني اياك      لاعمل عمـايل      تنكتب بالدفـتر

راحت للصايغ قاتلو يا خالي      عندك اساور      من ذهب الغالي  
قال لها الصايغ يا حلوه تعالي      ايش ما طلبت      من الدكان بيحضر

قيس يا قيس لا تحاكيها      هذي البنيه والجهل      عاميها  
وان كان ياقيس ما بتصليها      لادعي علي \*      قلوستك تكسر

### My Day Is Bitter

*\*My day is bitter; bitter is my day;  
Bitter my cup and bitter, too, my lay;  
But in my heart, O sweet calamity,  
A tray of sweetmeats for thee I display.*

With parasol in hand, behold her passing,  
Her brow, the dawn; her cheek, the rose, surpassing.  
O mother, if I win her not, amassing  
The gifts of love, e'en Antar I'll surprise.

O thou who goest early to the garden,  
Thy heart to love's appeal, O do not harden!  
A word, a smile, a glance, a moment, pardon  
The victim of the arrows of thine eyes.

O take me with thee, fair one; Allah guide thee!  
Thy basket I will bear and walk beside thee;  
And if thy father will not let me bride thee,  
I'll startle e'en the foolish and the wise.

She sought the jeweler's shop her gold to squander,  
"I want a ring that will make mortals wonder."  
The jeweler said, "My heart is thine to plunder  
And thine the jewels too, that I most prize."

O monk, be thou indulgent; do not blame her;  
She's young and fair, and love has come to tame her.  
O monk, if thou'lt not marry and proclaim her  
My bride, I'll tear thy cowl and priestly guise.

*Translation by  
AMEEN RIHANI*

\* This stanza is repeated after each of the succeeding stanzas.

## I WANDERED AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

Translation by  
Kahlil Gibran



*This melody should be sung freely, adapting the note values to the demands of the verse, in the manner of a chant.*

## سأل دمعِي

١  
 واطلعت راس الجبل فتش على طيري  
 وقلت لو بالذهب قلت لو يا طيري  
 والقيت طيري يا امي  
 قال لي زمانك مضى فتش على غيري

٢  
 قالوا حبيبك مخزن والفد راح يموت  
 وسكره من ذهب ومفتاحها ياقوت  
 وانزلت سون الخشب وصي على تابوت  
 واستجبت المملكه شخصين في تابوت

٣  
 لابس قميص الشعر اسود على حله  
 لا روح لريس ديرو وبحكيلو وبقله  
 بينوك الحسم لا يرحم ابو الحله  
 شوفه من الحبيب بتسوى ديركم كله

٤  
 من هو الذي ما عشق من هو الذي ما حب  
 شوفوا رمان الساتين متلان حب  
 من هو الذي ما مشى في وسط قلبه الرب  
 حتى ينجوم السما من بعضها بتنحب

٥  
 يا قلب حاجي بكي يا قلب وسليهم  
 وان كنن يا قلب عندك قصد تسليهم  
 هم سلوك يا قلب وروح وسليهم  
 لاشلعلك من صديري كرامة بعينهم

٦  
 يا اسمر السمر يا ما عيروني فيك  
 انت الورد عالطبق وانا الندى بسقيك  
 وكلما عيروني زاد غرامي فيك  
 وانت القم بالسم وانا النجوم برعيك

## I Wandered Among the Mountains

I wandered among the mountains searching for my lark,  
 And I found him, but alas! in another maiden's cage.  
 With the tinkling of gold I sought to allure him into my cage;  
 But he sang and said, "Go your way. Your day is forever by!"

They said to me, "Your love is ill and wasted, and tomorrow he will die."  
 Then to a carpenter I went and ordered a coffin  
 Whose lock is of gold, and whose key of a ruby carved;  
 And tomorrow, how astonished the kingdom will be  
 When they behold two youths in but a single coffin!

My love now wears a black shirt woven of hair,  
 Like thorns it wounds his skin.  
 Luckless may the weaver be;  
 And restless, the dyer!  
 Some day I shall seek the head of that monastery  
 And plead for my love;  
 Then I shall tell him that one glimpse of love  
 Is holier than all monasteries.

Who among you has not loved?  
 In what heart does God not walk?  
 See how close are the pomegranate seeds;  
 And behold the stars how near and loving!

Be quiet, my heart, and weep no more.  
 He has forgotten you;  
 Forget him too. But should you forget him,  
 Then will I tear you out of my bosom!

O dark one, how often have I been blamed for your sake;  
 And each time I am blamed, my love grows stronger.  
 You are the rose, and I, the dew that refreshes you;  
 You are the silken garments and I, the wind that moves you;  
 You are the Pleiades, and I, Orion, following you;  
 You are the moon, and I, the stars that watch over you.

*Translation by*  
 KAHLIL GIBRAN

## SYRIA

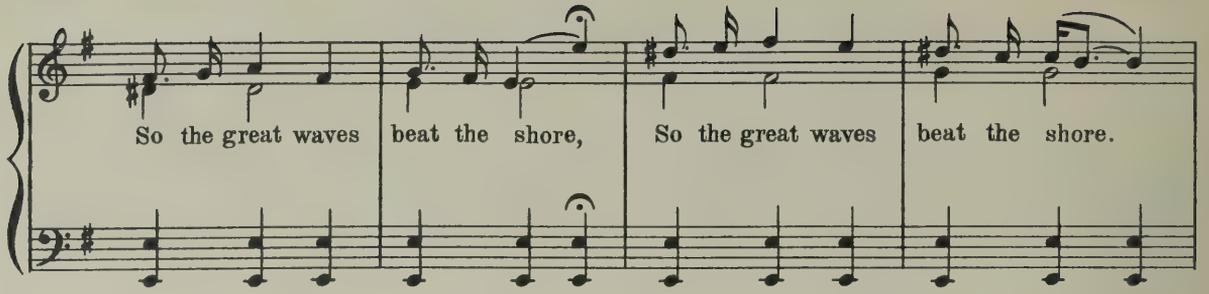
## HEARKEN TO THE JUBILEE

English version by  
 Alice Stone Blackwell

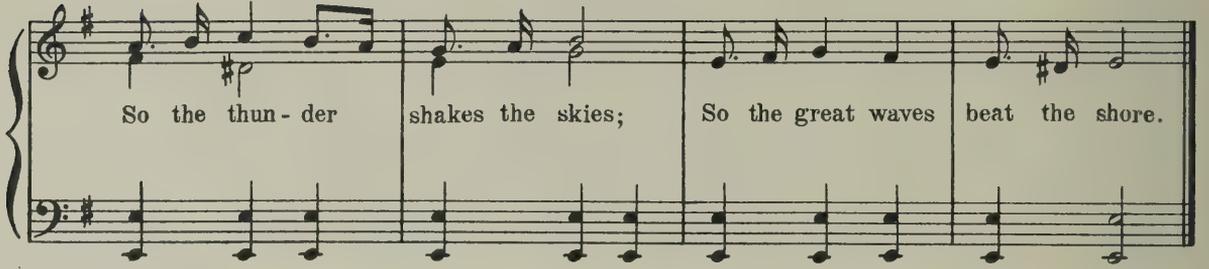
*Maestoso*

Hear - en to the ju - bi - lee! Sounds of joy ring

o'er and o'er. So the thun - der shakes the skies;



So the great waves beat the shore, So the great waves beat the shore.



So the thun- der shakes the skies; So the great waves beat the shore.

## الترنيمه الثلاث المئه والرابعة عشرة

١  
صوت يوبيل اسمعوا انه صوت السرور  
كرعود الجو او لبحج فوق الصخور

٢  
هللويبا ربنا ذو اقتدار سيود  
ليرن الصوت في كل اقطار الوجود

٣  
هللويبا فاسمعوا بلخ الصوت العلى  
صوت العان السما للاراضي قد ملا

### Hearken to the Jubilee

Hearken to the jubilee!  
Sounds of joy ring o'er and o'er.  
So the thunder shakes the skies;  
So the great waves beat the shore.

Hallelujah! God is great!  
Strong is He, and He shall reign.  
Let the sound ring o'er the earth,  
Over mountain, sea and plain!

Hallelujah! List, the song  
Thrills the highest ether blue!  
Now the heavenly music's voice  
Fills the whole world, through and through!

English version by  
ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

CHRISTMAS CHANT

Translation by  
Archbishop Germanos

From the Byzantine Orthodox Church  
service, as sung by His Grace,  
Archbishop Germanos of Baalbek

Lento

Thy na - tiv - i - ty, O Christ, our God,

Hath a - ris - en up - on the world As the

light of wis - dom; For at it they who wor -

shipped the stars Were taught to a - dore

Thee, The Son of right - eous - ness,

And to know Thee, The O - ri - ent from on - high.

O Lord, glo - ry to Thee! Glo - ry to

Thee who hath shown us the light! — Glo - ry be to God

on high, And on earth peace, good -

- will to - wards men.

ميلادك ايها المسيح هنا      قد اطلع نور المعرفة للعالم  
 لان الساجدين للكواكب      به تعلموا من الكواكب السحود  
 لك يا شمس العدل      وان يعرفوك انك من مشارق العلو  
 انت يارب المجد

### Christmas Chant

Thy nativity, O Christ, our God,  
 Hath arisen upon the world  
 As the light of wisdom;  
 For at it they who worshipped the stars  
 Were taught to adore Thee,  
 The Son of righteousness,  
 And to know Thee,  
 The Orient from on high.  
 O Lord, glory to Thee!

Glory to Thee who hath shown us the light!  
 Glory be to God on high,  
 And on earth peace, good-will towards men.

*Translation by*  
 ARCHBISHOP GERMANOS

## THREE MAIDEN LOVERS

Translation by  
Kahlil GibranArranged by  
Anis Fuliehan

Moderato

Three maid - en lov - ers stood by the

wine - press. One longed si - lent - ly for

her lov - er, who was dis - tant.

## ميجانا

١ شفت ثلاث بنات حول المعصره والاولي على فراق حبا محصره  
والثانية بتقول الدعوي ميسره والثالثة بتقول لربي انا

٢ شفلت الرفيقة بالمسا تقطف ذرى والهوا يشعرا بيتبخترا  
متر ومسكين يا لمالك مرا نبيذك الحصرم وخبزك زيوانا

٣ حملت الارطل وراحت عالسليق برمت الضيمة وما لقيت رفيق  
رميت الارطل وقالت للحريق ولهبتك بخور تلحق ربنا

SYRIA

## Three Maiden Lovers

Three maiden lovers stood by the wine-press.  
One longed silently for her lover, who was distant

The second one said, "All will be well."  
"Ah well," said the third, "but is not love God?"

Yester-eve she was reaping with me in the corn,  
And in her hair the wind played gaily.

O ye poor, pitiful, mate-less things!  
Your bread is but thistles and sour grapes, your wine!

My love took her basket to gather the herbs,  
And all through the village she sought her mate for a companion;

And finding him not, she threw down her basket and said,  
"Burn thou up, and let thy flames rise, a sacrifice to God!"

*Translation by*  
KAHLIL GIBRAN

SYRIA

## WELCOME SONG

English version by  
Alice Stone Blackwell

Con moto

Thou art wel - come, O guest! A - man!

Past now are grief and woe. Joy, we will hail thee!

Joy, we will hail thee! Lords, pass the peace cup,

34839

hand — it — round! — Joy, we will hail — thee!

Joy, we will hail — thee! Pass now the peace cup — round! —

## اهلا بمن قد زار

١  
اهلا بمن قد زار والويل عنا مار  
فالتعس يرحلو السعدا قبل كاس الصفا قد دار  
يا اسياد

٢  
ها بنا يا صاح نشدو بذى الافراح  
في كل يوم شكرا لقوم منهم بدا الاصلاح  
يا اسياد

٤  
بعودكم قد عاد يا ايها الاسباد  
عاد السرور تم الجبور وحلت الاسعاد  
يا اسياد

### Welcome Song

Thou art welcome, O guest! Aman!  
Past now are grief and woe.  
Joy, we will hail thee! Joy, we will hail thee!  
Lords, pass the peace cup, hand it round!  
Joy, we will hail thee! Joy, we will hail thee!  
Pass now the peace cup round!

Come now, comrades, O come! Aman!  
Let us all sing these joys!  
Thanks to the people! Daily we'll thank them!  
Through them came freedom; theirs, the praise!  
Thanks to the people! Daily we'll thank them!  
Through them came freedom sweet!

Your returning, O guests! Aman!  
Has brought back happiness!  
Joy now is with us; joy now is with us;  
Hail to good fortune, hail all hail!  
Joy now is with us; joy now is with us;  
Hail to good fortune, hail!

English version by  
ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

## SONGS FROM PALESTINE

## JEWISH SONGS

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AT THE COZY HEARTH

Translation by  
Elias Lieberman

Air by M. Warshavsky  
Arranged by  
Ethel Silberman

Andante ♩ *p*

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system continues the melody with lyrics 'plays a mer-ry blaze Which the cold can't get,'. The third system features a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and lyrics 'While the Rab - bi chants with lit - tle boys and girls'. The fourth system includes a first ending (1.) and a second ending (2.), both marked piano (*p*), with lyrics 'The al - pha - bet, The al - pha - bet'. The piano accompaniment includes various dynamics like *mf* and *p*, and features a repeat sign at the end of the piece.

At the co - zy hearth

plays a mer-ry blaze Which the cold can't get,

While the Rab - bi chants with lit - tle boys and girls

The al - pha - bet, The al - pha - bet

Stu - dy, lit - tle ones; Learn your al - pha - bet;

Learn it pa - tient - ly;

Let me hear you say the les - son once a - gain

*p* That you learned from me.

## אויפ'ן פריפעטשאַק

אויפ'ן פריפעטשאַק ברענט אַ פייערעל  
און אין שטוב אין היים  
און דער רבי לעהרענט קליינע קינדערלעך  
דעם אלף בית.

זעהט־זשע קינדערלעך, געדענקט־זשע טייערע,  
וואָס איהר לעהרענט דאָ,  
זאָגט־זשע נאָך אַמאָל און טאַקע נאָך אַמאָל  
קמץ אלף אָ.

לעהרענט קינדער מיט גרויס חשק—  
אַזוי זאָג איך אייך אָן.  
ווער ס'וועט ניכער פון אייך קענען עברי  
דער בעקומט אַ פּאָהן.

לעהרענט קינדער, האָט ניט מורא,  
יעדער אָנהויב אין שווער,  
גליקליך דער וואָס האָט געלעהרענט תורה,  
צו דארף דער מענש נאָך מעהר זי.

אַז איהר וועט קינדער עלטער ווערען  
וועט איהר אליין פּערשטעהן,  
וויפּיעל אין די אותיות ליגען טרערען  
און וויפּיעל געוויין.

## At The Cozy Hearth

At the cozy hearth plays a merry blaze  
Which the cold can't get;  
While the Rabbi chants with little boys and girls  
The alphabet.

*Study, little ones;  
Learn your alphabet;  
Learn it patiently;  
Let me hear you say the lesson once again  
That you learned from me.*

Con your lesson well, boys and girls of mine,  
Do not shirk or lag;  
He who learns to read his Hebrew Prayer Book  
Gets a little flag.

Con your lessons well, though the start be hard;  
This is sacred lore.  
Blest is he who knows the Holy Book of God;  
Need a Jew know more?

As you older grow, little boys and girls,  
You will learn full well  
All the tears they cost and all the woe they brought  
Patient Israel.

*Translation by  
ELIAS LIEBERMAN*

Translation by  
Elias Lieberman

Arranged by  
Henry Lefkowitz

Andante

Ah the world asks  
vex-ing ques-tions, Tra-la-tra-di-ri-de-rom; -rom;  
We re-spond, tra-di-ri-di-rei-lom, Oy, oy;  
tra-di-ri-de-rom; And if we please we on-ly mur-mur,

*p* *rit.* *p*

*mf* *f*

*mf* *f*

*p* *f* *espress.* *3*

Trai - dim. Ah, still haunt us the

*pp*

*pp*

old, old ques-tions, Tra-la-tra-di-ri-de-rom. rom.

*molto lento*

1. 2.

*rit. molto*

### די אלטע קשיה

פרענט די וועלט אן אלטע קשיה  
 טראַלאַ, טראַדי־רי־דע־ראָם.  
 ענטפערט מען טראַדי־רי־דע־רע־יאָם  
 אוי, אוי, טראַדי־רי־דע־ראָם,  
 און אז מען וויל קען מען דאָך זאָגען טראַי־דים  
 בלייבט דאָך ווייטער די אלטע קשיה  
 טראַלאַ־טראַדי־רי־דע־ראָם.

### The Old, Old Questions

Ah, the world asks vexing questions, ]<sub>2</sub>  
 Tra-la-tra-di-ri-de-rom;  
 We respond, Tra-di-ri-di-rei-lom,  
 Oy, oy; tra-di-ri-de-rom;  
 And if we please  
 We only murmur, Trai-dim.  
 Ah, still haunt us the old, old questions, ]<sub>2</sub>  
 Tra-la-tra-di-ri-de-rom.

Translation by  
 ELIAS LIEBERMAN

English version by  
B. H.

Andante

O E - li - jah, pro - phet great!

O E - li - jah, the Tish - bite! O E - li - jah,

O E - li - jah, O E - li - jah, the Gil - ead - ite!

Gil - ead - ite! Speed - i - ly in our own day, Speed - i -

1. *Fine*

2.

ly in our own day, O may he come to

us. With Mes - si - ah, Dav - id's son!

*D. C. al Fine*

**אליהו הנביא**  
(ניגון יחודי)

אליהו הנביא,  
אליהו התשבתי  
אליהו, אליהו,  
אליהו הנלעדי.  
במהרה בימינו,  
במהרה בימינו,  
יבוא אלינו  
עם משיח בן דוד.

**Elijah the Prophet**

O Elijah, prophet great!  
O Elijah, the Tishbite!  
O Elijah, O Elijah,  
O Elijah, the Gileadite!

Speedily in our own day,  
Speedily in our own day,  
O may he come to us  
With Messiah, David's son!

*English version by*  
B. H.

Translation by  
Elias Lieberman

Arranged by  
Henry Lefkowitz

*Allegro moderato* *mf*

Keep on whirl-ing, In

*f* *mf*

cir- cling fig- ures twirl-ing. God has made me proud and great;

Fortune brought He, O, my happy fate! Revel, children, and dance till late, For my

young- est one is wed- ded, For my young- est one is wed- ded!

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato'. The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the vocal line starting with a rest, followed by the lyrics 'Keep on whirl-ing, In'. The piano accompaniment begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system continues the vocal line with 'cir- cling fig- ures twirl-ing. God has made me proud and great;'. The piano accompaniment continues with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system has the vocal line: 'Fortune brought He, O, my happy fate! Revel, children, and dance till late, For my'. The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The fourth system concludes with the vocal line: 'young- est one is wed- ded, For my young- est one is wed- ded!'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final cadence.

די מעזינקע אויסגעגעבען  
(פאלקס-ליעד)

העכער, בעסער,  
די ראָד, די ראָד, מאַכט גרעסער  
גרויס האָט מיר גאָט געמאַכט  
גליק האָט ער מיר געבראַכט.  
הוליעט קינדער אַ גאַנצע נאַכט:  
די מעזינקע אויסגעגעבען  
די מעזינקע אויסגעגעבען.

שטאַרקער, פריילאָך  
דו די מלכה, איך דער מלך  
אוי, אוי, איך אליין  
האָב מיט מיינע אויגען געזעהן  
ווי גאָט האָט מיר מצליח געווען  
די מעזינקע אויסגעגעבען,  
די מעזינקע אויסגעגעבען.

אייזיק מוּיק  
די באבע געהט אַ קאָזיק  
אַהן עין הרע, זעהט גאָר, זעהט  
ווי זי טופעט ווי זי טרעט,  
אוי אַ שמחה, אוי אַ פרייד  
די מעזינקע אויסגעגעבען  
די מעזינקע אויסגעגעבען.

My Youngest One Is Wedded

Keep on whirling,  
In circling figures twirling.  
God has made me proud and great;  
Fortune brought He, O, my happy fate!  
Revel, children, and dance till late,  
For my youngest one is wedded,  
For my youngest one is wedded!

Join the ring, dear;  
Tonight we're queen and king, dear,  
O, O even I  
Know the grace of Him on high;  
He has raised my soul to the sky,  
For my youngest one is wedded,  
For my youngest one is wedded!

Isaac dances;  
And grandma hops and prances;  
Goodness gracious, watch and see  
How she capers merrily!  
O, what happiness, what glee!  
For my youngest one is wedded,  
For my youngest one is wedded!

*Translation by*  
ELIAS LIEBERMAN

# TEN BROTHERS

157  
JEWISH

Paraphrase by  
Babette Deutsch

Arranged by  
M. Persin

Moderato

Ten broth - ers were we al - to - geth - er,

And the trade we plied was in wine. One of us, a -

las, he died; We were on - ly nine. *mf* Oy.

*p più mosso* Schmer'l take your fid - dle out; Tev - ye, your bas -

*p più mosso*

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soon. Com - rades, come in - to the street And

play for me a tune. *pp* Oy, — oy, — oy,

oy, — oy, — oy! Com - rades, come in -

to the street And play for me a tune. *rit.*

## Ten Brothers

Ten brothers were we altogether,  
And the trade we plied was in wine.  
One of us, alas, he died;  
We were only nine.

*Oy, Schmer'l take your fiddle out,  
Tevye, your bassoon;  
Comrades, come into the street  
And play for me a tune.  
Oy—oy—oy—oy—oy—oy!  
Comrades, come into the street  
And play for me a tune.*

Nine brothers were we altogether,  
And the trade we plied was in freight.  
One of us, alas, he died;  
We were only eight.

Eight brothers were we altogether,  
And the trade we plied was in leaven.  
One of us, alas, he died;  
We were only seven.

Seven brothers were we altogether,  
And the trade we plied was in bricks.  
One of us, alas, he died;  
We were only six.

Six brothers were we altogether,  
Trading in sweets from the hive.  
One of us, alas, he died;  
We were only five.

Five brothers were we altogether,  
And we plied our trade in our store.  
One of us, alas, he died;  
We were only four.

Four brothers were we altogether,  
And the trade we plied was in tea.  
One of us, alas, he died;  
We were only three.

Three brothers were we altogether,  
And the trade we plied was in glue.  
One of us, alas, he died;  
We were only two.

Two brothers were we altogether,  
And we plied our trade with a gun.  
One of us, alas, he died;  
Now there is but one.

One brother only now remaining,  
Sitting all alone in the sun.  
He is dying night and day:  
Soon there will be none.

## צעהן ברודער

צעהן ברודער זיינען מיר געוועזען,  
האָבען מיר געהאַנדעלט מיט לייַן;  
איינער איז געשטאָרבען,  
איז געבליבען ניין.

אי! שמערל מיט דער פידעלע,  
טביה מיט'ן באַס,  
שפיעלט זשע מיר אַ ליערעלע  
אויפ'ן מיטען נאָס!  
אי—אי—אי—אי—אי—אי!  
שפיעלט זשע מיר אַ ליערעלע  
אויפ'ן מיטען נאָס!

ניין ברודער זיינען מיר געוועזען,  
האָבען מיר געהאַנדעלט מיט פראַכט,  
איינער איז געשטאָרבען,  
איז געבליבען אַכט.

אַכט ברודער זיינען מיר געוועזען,  
האָבען מיר געהאַנדעלט מיט ריבען,  
איינער איז געשטאָרבען,  
איז געבליבען זיעבען.

זיעבען ברודער זיינען מיר געוועזען,  
האָבען מיר געהאַנדעלט מיט ג'בעקס,  
איינער איז געשטאָרבען,  
איז געבליבען זעקס.

זעקס ברודער זיינען מיר געוועזען,  
האָבען מיר געהאַנדעלט מיט שטרימף,  
איינער איז געשטאָרבען,  
איז געבליבען פינף.

פינף ברודער זיינען מיר געוועזען,  
האָבען מיר געהאַנדעלט מיט בער,  
איינער איז געשטאָרבען,  
איז געבליבען פיער.

פיער ברודער זיינען מיר געוועזען,  
האָבען מיר געהאַנדעלט מיט בליי,  
איינער איז געשטאָרבען,  
איז געבליבען דריי.

דריי ברודער זיינען מיר געוועזען,  
האָבען מיר געהאַנדעלט מיט היי,  
איינער איז געשטאָרבען,  
איז געבליבען צוויי.

צוויי ברודער זיינען מיר געוועזען,  
האָבען מיר געהאַנדעלט מיט ביינער,  
איינער איז געשטאָרבען,  
איז געבליבען איינער.

אין ברודער בין איך מיר געוועזען,  
האָב איך געהאַנדעלט מיט ליכט,  
שטאַרבען טהו איך יעדען טאָג,  
ווייל עסען האב איך ניכט.

## A TALMUDICAL STUDENT'S LAMENT

JEWISH

Translation by  
Elias Lieberman

Recorded and arranged by  
N. L. Saslavsky

Andante

*mp*

*ten.*

What is  
And my

*ten.*

it the rain-dirge tells me? What is it the rain keeps call - ing, As a -  
boots need mend - ing sore - ly; Through the cracks the mud keeps seep - ing, Win - ter

cross the cloud - ed win - dow Drops like hu - man tears keep fall - ing?  
comes, and what will warm me When the fri - gid winds come leap - ing?

What is it the can-dle tells me As it wags its flame com-plain-ing?  
 Tal-low drips a-long the ed-ges; Noth-ing soon will be re-main-ing.

The first system of music features a vocal line in G major with a treble clef and a piano accompaniment in G major with a grand staff. The piano part includes dynamic markings *ff* and *p*.

Thus I droop with-in my pris-on Like a can-dle-wan-ing

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a prominent tremolo effect in the right hand during the second measure.

mourn-er, Dream-ing dreams un-til I per-ish In some qui-et East-ern

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a tremolo effect in the right hand during the second measure.

cor-ner.

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a tremolo effect in the right hand during the second measure.

A Talmudical Student's Lament

What is it the rain-dirge tells me?  
 What is it the rain keeps calling,  
 As across the clouded window  
 Drops like human tears keep falling?  
 And my boots need mending sorely,  
 Through the cracks the mud keeps seeping;  
 Winter comes, and what will warm me  
 When the frigid winds come leaping?

What is it the candle tells me  
 As it wags its flame complaining?  
 Tallow drips along the edges;  
 Nothing soon will be remaining.  
 Thus I droop within my prison  
 Like a candle-waning mourner,  
 Dreaming dreams until I perish  
 In some quiet Eastern corner.

What is it the time-piece tells me?  
 What is it the clock rehearses,  
 With its mocking yellow dial,  
 With its beat like muttered curses?  
 It is but a helpless dullard;  
 Neither life has it nor powers;  
 It must strike to show the passing.  
 Of its lords and mine, the hours.

What is it my reason tells me?  
 What is it my life keeps dooming?  
 Dawn will turn to shadowed twilight;  
 I must fade before my blooming.  
 Stranger-tables, tears of anguish,  
 Sleep upon the boards of sorrow!  
 I must lose the joys of this world,  
 Waiting for the world to-morrow.

Translation by  
 ELIAS LIEBERMAN

מאי קא משמע-לן ?

(א מאנאלאג פון א ישיבה-בחור)

מאי קא משמע-לן דער רענען ?  
 וואס'זשע לאזט ער מיר צו הערען ?  
 זיינע טראפענס אויף די שויבען  
 קויקלען זיך ווי די טריעבע טרעהרען  
 און די שטיוועל איז צוריסען,  
 און עס ווערט אין נאס א בלאטע;  
 באלד וועט אויך דער ווינטער קומען  
 כ'האב קיין ווארעמע קאפאטע...

מאי קא משמע-לן דאס ליכטעל ?  
 וואס'זשע לאזט עס מיר צו הערען ?  
 ס'קאפעט און עס טריפט איהר חלב  
 און ס'וועט באלד פון איהר נישט ווערען;  
 אזוי צאנק איך דא אין קלייזעל,  
 ווי א ליכטעל, שוואך און טינקעל,  
 ביז איך וועל אזוי מיר אויסנעהן,  
 אין דער שטיבל, אין מזרח ווינקעל...

מאי קא משמע-לן דער זיינער ?  
 וואס'זשע לאזט ער מיר צו הערען ?  
 מיט זיין נעלבען ציפער-בלעטעל,  
 מיט זיין קלינגען מיט זיין שווערען ?  
 ס'איז איין אָנגעשטעלטע כלי,  
 ס'האט קיין לעבען קיין געפיהלען  
 קומט די שעה: דאן מוז ער שלאָנגען,  
 אָהן זיין רצון, אָהן זיין ווילען...

מאי קא משמע-לן מיין לעבען ?  
 וואס'זשע לאזט עס מיר צו הערען ?  
 פוילען, וועלקען אין דער יונגער,  
 פאר דער צייט פערעלטערט ווערען.  
 „עסען טעג“ און שלינגען טרערען  
 שלאָפען אויפ'ן פויסט דעם הארטען  
 טויטען דאָ די „עולם הזה“  
 און אויף עולם הבא ווארטען...

פון אברהם רייזען.

Translation by  
Elias Lieberman

Arranged by  
M. Greenwald

*Presto*

*mf* I was not asked to come, But came un - bid - den;

Why should pov - er - ty Then keep me hid - den?

*f* Low - ly though they be, Low - ly though they be,

Let us not de - ny our own Be - cause of pov - er - ty.

The musical score is arranged in four systems. Each system consists of a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Presto'. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system continues the vocal line. The third system features a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes repeat signs. The fourth system concludes the piece with repeat signs.

## JEWISH

## The Uninvited Aunt

I was not asked to come,  
But came unbidden;  
Why should poverty  
Then keep me hidden?

*Lowly though they be,  
Lowly though they be,  
Let us not deny our own  
Because of poverty.*

Sorele, the Rabbi's wife,  
'Twill not be hidden,  
Though the bride's own aunt  
She came unbidden.

Strike up a dance for me;  
This is my party;  
For though I am poor  
Yet am I hearty.

Come, fiddlers, take the coin  
That I can spare;  
Play the bride's own aunt  
A merry air.

*Translation by  
ELIAS LIEBERMAN*

## ניט קיין געבעטענע

(פאלקס-ליעד)

ניט קיין געבעטענע,  
אליין געקומען;  
כאטש אן ארימע,  
פאָרט אַ מוהמע.

אַרעם איז ניט גוט,  
אַרעם איז ניט גוט,  
לאָמיר זיך ניט שעהמען,  
מיט אייגענע בלוט.

שרה'לע די רביצין,  
די כלה'ס אַ מוהמע;  
ניט קיין געבעטענע,  
אליין געקומען.

שפיעלט מיר אַ סעמעלע,  
ניט קיין קאָזאָקע;  
איד בין אן אַרעמע,  
אַבער אַ חוואַטסקע.

גענעבען אַ פיימעלע —  
צוגענומען;  
שפיעלט מיר אַ סעמעלע,  
פאַר אַ מוהמען.

## A TEAMSTER'S COMPLAINT

JEWISH

Translation by  
Elias Lieberman

Arranged by  
N. L. Saslavsky

Moderato

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time, marked Moderato. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has two staves: the upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The second system also has two staves: the upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The key signature has one sharp (F#).

Would I be a rab - bi, My lore would not bear tell - ing;

Would I be a mer - chant, My stock is not worth sell - ing;

And I have no hay at all, And I have no oats at all;

*And my wife is nag - ging; Not a drop - I've had to drink.*

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Verses 1 and 2.

When I see a stone, I sit me down and moan.

Last verse

sit me down and moan.

### A Teamster's Complaint

Would I be a rabbi,  
My lore would not bear telling;  
Would I be a merchant,  
My stock is not worth selling;  
And I have no hay at all,  
And I have no oats at all;

*And my wife is nagging;  
Not a drop I've had to drink.  
When I see a stone,  
I sit me down and moan.*

Would I be a butcher,  
I will not kill at need;  
Would I be a teacher,  
I cannot even read;  
Horses' hoofs no longer sound,  
And no creaking wheels turn round;

Would I be a blacksmith,  
I lack an anvil's aid;  
Would I keep a tavern,  
My wife would drive off trade;  
And I have no hay at all,  
And I have no oats at all;

### א בעל עגלה ליער

זאל איך ווערען א רב  
קען איך ניט קיין תורה;  
זאל איך זיין א סוחר,  
האָב איך ניט קיין סחורה,  
און קיין היי האָב איך ניט,  
און קיין האָבער האָב איך ניט

און די ווייב שילט זיך,  
און א טרונק בראַנפּען ווילט זיך,  
זעה איך מיר א שטיין,  
ועץ איך מיר און וויין.

זאל איך זיין א שוחט,  
האַלט איך ניט קיין חלף;  
זאל איך זיין אַ מלמד,  
קען איך ניט קיין אלה,  
און די פערד געהען ניט,  
און די רעדער דרעהען ניט.

וויל איך זיין א קאָוואַל,  
האָב איך קיין קאָוואַרלע;  
וויל איך זיין א שיינקער,  
איז מיין ווייב א פאַרלע,  
און קיין היי האָב איך ניט,  
און קיין האָבער האָב איך ניט.

Translation by  
ELIAS LIEBERMAN

# WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THE MESSIAH COMES?

Translation by  
Elias Lieberman

Arranged by  
M. Persin

Andante

Tell us, Rab-bi, do;

What will hap - pen when Mes - si - ah comes at last? When Mes -

si - ah comes at last? We shall pre-pare a joy - ous feast.

What shall we eat then, at the joy - ous feast? The

sa - cred bull and le - vi - a - than, The

sa - cred bull and le - vi - a - than, The

*p*

sa-cred bull and le-vi-a-than we shall eat with him, the  
sa-cred bull and le-vi-a-than we shall eat with him, At the joy-ous feast.

*f*

*D. S. ♪ for following verses*

## וואָס וועט זיין, אַז משיח וועט קומען ?

זאָגט זשע, רבי'ניו, וואָס וועט זיין,

אַז משיח וועט שוין קומען ?

אַז משיח וועט קומען,

וועלען מיר מאַכען אַ סעודה'ניו !

וואָס וועלען מיר עסען, אויף דער סעודה'ניו ?

דעם שור הכר מיט'ן לויתן ! (2 מאָל)

דעם שור הכר מיט'ן לויתן וועלען מיר עסען

אויף דער סעודה'ניו.

וואָס וועלען מיר טרינקען אויף דער סעודה'ניו ?

דעם יין המשומר ! (2 מאָל)

דעם יין המשומר וועלען מיר טרינקען,

דעם שור הכר מיט'ן לויתן וועלען מיר עסען

אויף דער סעודה'ניו.

ווער וועט אינז תורה זאָגען אויף דער סעודה'ניו ?

משה רבינו ! (2 מאָל)

משה רבינו וועט אינז תורה זאָגען,

דעם יין המשומר וועלען מיר טרינקען,

דעם שור הכר מיט'ן לויתן וועלען מיר עסען

אויף דער סעודה'ניו.

ווער וועט אינז שפיעלען אויף דער סעודה'ניו ?

דוד המלך ! (2 מאָל)

דוד המלך וועט אינז שפיעלען,

משה רבינו וועט אינז תורה זאָגען,

דעם יין המשומר וועלען מיר טרינקען,

דעם שור הכר מיט'ן לויתן וועלען מיר עסען

אויף דער סעודה'ניו.

ווער וועט אינז חכמית זאָגען אויף דער סעודה'ניו ?

שלמה המלך ! (2 מאָל)

שלמה המלך וועט אינז חכמות זאָגען,

דוד המלך וועט אינז שפיעלען,

משה רבינו וועט אינז תורה זאָגען,

דעם יין המשומר וועלען מיר טרינקען,

דעם שור הכר מיט'ן לויתן וועלען מיר עסען

אויף דער סעודה'ניו.

ווער וועט אינז טאַנצען אויף דער סעודה'ניו ?

מרים הנביאה ! (2 מאָל)

מרים הנביאה וועט אינז טאַנצען,

שלמה המלך וועט אינז חכמות זאָגען,

דוד המלך וועט אינז שפיעלען,

משה רבינו וועט אינז תורה זאָגען,

דעם יין המשומר וועלען מיר טרינקען,

דעם שור הכר מיט'ן לויתן וועלען מיר עסען

אויף דער סעודה'ניו.

## What Will Happen When the Messiah Comes?

Tell us, Rabbi, do;  
 What will happen when Messiah comes at last,  
 When Messiah comes at last?  
 We shall prepare a joyous feast.

What shall we eat then, at the joyous feast?  
 The sacred bull and leviathan, ]2  
 The sacred bull and leviathan we shall eat with him,  
 At the joyous feast.

What shall we drink then at the joyous feast?  
 The wine we have preserved; ]2  
 The wine we have preserved we shall drink with him;  
 The sacred bull and leviathan we shall eat with him,  
 At the joyous feast.

Who will expound the law at the joyous feast?  
 Moses, the Master; ]2  
 Moses, the Master, will expound the law;  
 The wine we have preserved we shall drink with him;  
 The sacred bull and leviathan we shall eat with him,  
 At the joyous feast.

Who will play for us at the joyous feast?  
 David, the King; ]2  
 David, the King, will play for us;  
 Moses, the Master, will expound the law;  
 The wine we have preserved we shall drink with him;  
 The sacred bull and leviathan we shall eat with him,  
 At the joyous feast.

Who will wisely speak to us at the joyous feast?  
 King Solomon; ]2  
 King Solomon will wisely speak to us;  
 David, the King, will play for us;  
 Moses, the Master, will expound the law;  
 The wine we have preserved we shall drink with him;  
 The sacred bull and leviathan we shall eat with him,  
 At the joyous feast.

Who will dance for us at the joyous feast?  
 Prophetess Miriam; ]2  
 Prophetess Miriam will dance for us;  
 King Solomon will wisely speak to us;  
 David, the King, will play for us;  
 Moses, the Master, will expound the law;  
 The wine we have preserved we shall drink with him;  
 The sacred bull and leviathan we shall eat with him,  
 At the joyous feast.

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# GOPI'S COMPLAINT

Translation by  
Ananda K. Coomaraswamy

Recorded by  
Ratan Devi

Tempo giusto

When I go to draw the wa-ter, moth-er, at Jam-na

1. bank, When I bank, 2. He catches my clothes and

twists my hand, He catches my clothes and twists my hand, When I

go to draw the wa-ter, moth-er. When I go to

Go - ku - la, morn-ing milk to sell, At each step he is

seek-ing to hin-der me. When I go to draw the wa-ter, moth-er.

Jala bharna chali rī mā'i jamanā ghāta  
 Anchara pakara mora marōrat hāth,  
 Haun jo jāta gokula dudha bhechena  
 Bāta ghāta muse karatarāra.

Aiso langar dhītwā mora kyā kahūn  
 Bāra bāra āvat jāvat ye to kāhe ko karat yi nauhara  
 Bhuj pakarāt morā mukh mīndatkar pakarāt mohe girhūn lagāve  
 Jā pukānūn rājā kans ke age nā dar manūngi torā.

### Gopi's Complaint

When I go to draw the water, mother, at Jamna bank,  
 He catches my clothes and twists my hand,  
 When I go to draw the water, mother.  
 When I go to Gokula, morning milk to sell,  
 At each step he is seeking to hinder me.  
 When I go to draw the water, mother.

He is so obstinate, mother, what can I say?  
 He ever comes and goes, mother; why does he so?  
 He is so obstinate, mother.  
 He seizes my arm and shuts my mouth and holds me close.  
 I will make my complaint to Kans Raja; I shall then have no fear of thee!  
 He is so obstinate, mother.

*Translation by*  
 ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY

# TO THE HEM OF THY GARMENT I CLING

Translation by  
Ananda K. Coomaraswamy

Recorded by  
Ratan Devi

Moderato

To thy gar - ment I cling, O Ra - ma!

To thy gar - ment I cling, O Ra - ma!

Thou my re - fuge art, Thou art my

re - fuge; Thou art my Lord, Thou art my Lord.

To the hem of thy gar - ment, O Ra - ma I cling!

## INDIA

Main to tore dāman wāh lagun mere rām,  
 Sarana parhe ki lage tumhikko,  
 Tum ho mere maha rāja,  
 Main to tore dāman wāh lagun mere rām,

## To the Hem of Thy Garment I Cling

To thy garment I cling, O Rama!  
 Thou my refuge art, thou art my refuge;  
 Thou art my Lord, thou art my Lord.  
 To the hem of thy garment, O Rama, I cling!

*Translation by*  
 ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY

## INDIA

Words by  
 Rabindranath Tagore

AMINA'S SONG  
 (Song of a Burmese girl)

The bee is to come and the bee is to hum Till the  
 heart of the flow-er comes out. The bud says yea and the  
 bud says nay, She sways with a fear and doubt. O errant of way-ward

wings, O guest of the sumptuous summer, Give up thy hope yet

keep up thy heart, Sun-ny days' gay new-comer. Whisper in tear-ful

tunes un-tried And wait with a faith de-vout;— For the

bud says yea, And the bud says nay; She sways with a fear—and doubt.

### Amina's Song

The bee is to come and the bee is to hum  
 Till the heart of the flower comes out.  
 The bud says yea and the bud says nay,  
 She sways with a fear and doubt.  
 O errant of wayward wings,  
 O guest of the sumptuous summer,  
 Give up thy hope yet keep up thy heart,  
 Sunny days' gay newcomer.  
 Whisper in tearful tunes untried  
 And wait with a faith devout; ..  
 For the bud says yea, and the bud says nay;  
 She sways with a fear and doubt.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

## JASMINE BLOOMS IN MY COURTYARD

Translation by  
Ananda K. Coomaraswamy

Recorded by  
Ratan Devi

*Lento con espressione*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has two staves: a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Lento con espressione'. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'Jas - mine blooms in my court'. The piano accompaniment features a sixteenth-note triplet in the right hand and a dotted quarter note in the left hand. The second system also has two staves. The lyrics are: 'yard and wafts — its scent a - cross my bed.'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

Angan phūlī chamba mālatī khat nāl ūe chhorī bāsa,  
Jamūān dī karnī pyariā chākri, Kashmīr āñ dī pa'i mahim,  
Chitṭhiān bhej dā koī nahin āondā terā sukha sānd.  
Angan phūlī chamba mālatī khat nāl ūe chhorī bāsa.

## Jasmine Blooms In My Courtyard

Jasmine blooms in my courtyard, and wafts its scent across my bed!  
In Jammu thy service, my beloved, but now art thou gone to far Kashmir:  
How many letters I have sent, beloved! Not one comes back to tell of thee.  
Jasmine blooms in my courtyard, and wafts its scent across my bed!

*Translation by*  
ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY

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English version by  
Witter Bynner

Moderato

Lan - terns lit a year a - go Made the street like  
 day; Wil - lows held the moon;  
 Lov - ers pro - mised love. Now a - gain it's  
 lan - tern - time. No one comes to her; no one comes;

Now her lit - tle coat is wet with tears.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) with a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "Now her lit - tle coat is wet with tears." The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand, both in G major.

去年元夜時  
花市燈如畫  
月上柳梢頭  
人約黃昏後  
今年元夜時  
人與燈依舊  
不見去年人  
淚濕青衫袖

朱泚真女史  
生查子

### The Feast of Lanterns

Lanterns lit a year ago  
Made the street like day;  
Willows held the moon;  
Lovers promised love.  
Now again it's lantern-time.  
No one comes to her; no one comes;  
Now her little coat is wet with tears.

*English version by*  
WITTER BYNNER

English version by  
Witter Bynner

Andante

Riv - er, - flow, riv - er, - flow

Toward your an - cient har - bor - town.

Fair - y moun - tain, what is in her heart? On - ly

grief, on - ly pain, On - ly long - ing till he

come — See her lean - ing in the moon.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics 'come — See her lean - ing in the moon.' The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The piece concludes with a fermata over the final chord.

汴水流 泗水 流 到 瓜 州 古  
 渡 頭 吳 山 點 點 愁 思 悠 悠 恨  
 悠 恨 到 歸 時 方 始 休 月 明  
 人 倚 樓 白 居 易 長 相 思

### Longing

River, flow; river, flow  
 Toward your ancient harbor-town.  
 Fairy-mountain, what is in her heart?  
 Only grief, only pain,  
 Only longing till he come—  
 See her leaning in the moon.

*English version by*  
 WITTER BYNNER

English version by  
Witter Bynner

Largo

See how sad she leans there on her bal - co - ny!

Af - ter the rain, still she weeps. Brave, he now has served

All these thir - ty — times, Three thou - sand miles a -

way from home. Moon and clouds wait for no one's

heart, Life - long sor - row, sor - row - ing hearts, Bro - ken hearts!

了 千 激 歇 怒  
 少 里 烈 抬 髮  
 年 路 三 望 衝  
 頭 雲 十 眼 冠  
 空 和 功 仰 憑  
 悲 月 名 天 欄  
 切 莫 塵 長 處  
 岳 等 與 嘯 瀟  
 飛 閑 土 壯 瀟  
 滿 白 八 懷 雨  
 江 詞 上 閣

Yoh-Wu-Mo

See how sad she leans there on her balcony!  
 After the rain, still she weeps.  
 Brave, he now has served  
 All these thirty times,  
 Three thousand miles away from home.  
 Moon and clouds wait for no one's heart.  
 Lifelong sorrow, sorrowing hearts,  
 Broken hearts!

English version by  
WITTER BYNNER

English version by  
Witter Bynner

*Allegro moderato*

Down the west has gone the sun; Quick I  
leap the col - ored wall. Full are the wil - low leaves  
round her room. There a lit - tle maid - en sits in the  
light And weaves with point-ed fin - gers a pair of hap - py birds.

The musical score consists of four systems. Each system includes a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' in the third system.



English version by  
Witter Bynner

Moderato

What a love - ly - li - ly grows! What a love - ly -

li - ly grows! New the flow'r, new the gar - den,

O what joy in our gar - den grows! When a king

rules like a king, Ev'ry-one lives at peace with all his fel-low-men;

Ev'-ry-bod-y sings, ev'-ry-one sings, Sings and sings.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) with lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music features a simple melody with some grace notes and a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

好一朶水仙花  
好一朶水仙  
花新花吧又一朶  
落在汝  
我家君有道  
民安樂家  
喜唱太平歌  
詩謠一首

### The Lily

What a lovely lily grows,  
 What a lovely lily grows!  
 New the flower, new the garden,  
 O what joy in our garden grows!  
 When a king rules like a king,  
 Everyone lives at peace with all his fellow-men;  
 Everybody sings, everyone sings,  
 Sings and sings.

*English version by*  
 WITTER BYNNER

## SPRING - TIME

Words by  
Cheng Hao  
Translation by  
Louise S. Hammond

Traditional Reading Tune  
Rendered by Chin Chang-nien  
Arranged by  
Louise S. Hammond

Moderato

Scant clouds — just flake — the noon — sky; — By  
wil - lowed stream - lets stroll — I. But men know not my  
heart's — joy, — And say, — "Old fool, — the hours — fly."

春景  
程顥

雲淡風輕近午天  
傍花隨柳過前川  
時人不識余心樂  
將謂偷閒學少年

## Spring-Time

Scant clouds just flake the noon sky;  
By willowed streamlets stroll I.  
But men know not my heart's joy,  
And say, "Old fool, the hours fly."

By CHENG HAO

Translation by  
LOUISE S. HAMMOND

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# IT IS SPRING

Translation by  
Shigeyoshi Obata

Melody and text  
Recorded by  
Yoshio Fujii

*Allegro moderato*

With you, dear heart, \_\_\_\_\_ when I jour - ney, —

\_\_\_\_\_ I care \_\_\_\_\_ not how sea - sons pass.

(spoken)

*Ho-cho-say ho-cho-say!* O hear the night - in-gales call; \_\_\_\_\_

(spoken)

\_\_\_\_\_ It is spring, the \_\_\_\_\_ spring! *Ho-cho-say, ho-cho-say!*

鶯が鳴く  
 春がやさらな  
 ホツチヨセく

月日も忘れ  
 ホツチヨセく

様とな旅すりや  
 月日も忘れ  
 ホツチヨセく

様と旅すりや

It Is Spring

With you, dear heart, when I journey,  
 I care not how seasons pass.  
*Ho-cho-say, ho-cho-say!*  
 O hear the nightingales call;  
 It is spring, the spring!  
*Ho-cho-say, ho-cho-say!*

Translation by  
 SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

LULLABY

JAPAN

Translation by  
 Shigeyoshi Obata

Andante

Sleep, sleep;— lie— down,— dear;— go to sleep!

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Roll on the floor, my dear-est ba - by, and sleep!

## 子守歌

ねんねんよおころりよ  
 坊やはよい子だねんねおし  
 ねんねんよおころりよ  
 坊やはよい子だねんねおし  
 おきあかりこぼしに大張子  
 こんてん大鼓に笙の笛  
 お里のおみやに何もろうた  
 あの山越えてお里行つた  
 坊やお守りはどこへ行つた  
 ねんねんよおころりよ  
 坊やはよい子だねんねおし

### Lullaby

Sleep, sleep; lie down, dear; go to sleep!  
 Roll on the floor, my dearest baby, and sleep!

Do you remember yesterday your nurse was gone,  
 Gone to her town across the mountains of the north?

What did she bring for baby home from yonder town?  
 Flutes and mouth-organs and a thunder-sounding drum;

Doll dogs of paper and doll tumblers fat and round.  
 Now on the floor my sweetest baby lies to sleep.

Sleep, sleep; lie down, dear; go to sleep!  
 Roll on the floor, my dearest baby, and sleep!

Translation by  
 SHIGYOSHI OBATA

Translation by  
Shigeyoshi Obata

Melody and text  
Recorded by  
Yoshio Fujii

Allegro

The musical score is written in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegro'. The score consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'High on the mountains of Kiso It is cold in summer - tide. A warm coat I'd send my love, A warm coat I'd send'.

High \_\_\_\_\_ on the moun - tains of

Ki - so It is — cold in sum - mer -

tide. A \_\_\_\_\_ warm — coat

I'd send my love, — A warm coat — I'd send

my love, A pair of stock - ings, too.

(spoken)

To - ko - se kee - na - sho a - ba - yo Don don!

木曾節  
 木曾の市山嶽山は  
 夏でも寒い  
 裕やりたや裕やりたや  
 足袋を添へて  
 トコセキナシヨ  
 アバヨドンク

A Song From Kiso

High on the mountains of Kiso  
 It is cold in summertime.  
 A warm coat I'd send my love;  
 A warm coat I'd send my love,  
 A pair of stockings, too.  
 Tokose keenasho abayo  
 Don don!

Translation by  
 SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

# THE FOUR SEASONS IN KIOTO

(A Koto song)

Translation by  
Shigeyoshi Obata

As sung by  
Toya Sakamoto  
Arranged by  
Henry Eichheim

*Allegro moderato*

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment is written for a Koto, with some passages featuring a 7-fingered chord.

**System 1:** The vocal line begins with the lyrics "There's, for flow'rs of spring, the hill Hi-ga-shi -". The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand.

**System 2:** The vocal line continues with "ya - - ma; For au - tumn moon, the ri - ver\_\_\_\_\_ Ka -". The piano accompaniment includes a prominent 7-fingered chord in the right hand.

**System 3:** The vocal line has the lyrics "tsu - ra - - ga - - wa;". The piano accompaniment continues with a melodic and harmonic accompaniment.

**System 4:** The vocal line concludes with "To - ba, for fields of young rice;\_\_\_\_\_ For". The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic accompaniment.

snow scenes, O - no; And count - less views pas - sing fair. O

Roy - al Kio - to!

四季の歌

花さく春は東山  
 月澄む秋は桂川  
 田畑の早苗小野の雪  
 都につきぬその眺め

The Four Seasons in Kioto

There's, for flowers of spring, the hill  
 Higashiyama;  
 For autumn moon, the river  
 Katsuragawa;  
 Toba, for fields of young rice;  
 For snow scenes, Ono;  
 And countless views passing fair.  
 O Royal Kioto!

Translation by  
 SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

WAITING

Translation by  
Shigeyoshi Obata

As sung by  
Tamaki Miura  
(Original key F)

Moderato

Voice: A - wait - - - - ing, -

Piano: [Musical accompaniment]

Voice: a - wait - - - - <sup>3</sup>ing

Piano: [Musical accompaniment]

Voice: you, — I watch by — the — sea. — Will you come?

Piano: [Musical accompaniment]

*poco rit.*

Voice: Yo ho - i ma! — Sea winds pass — from — pine —

Piano: [Musical accompaniment]

*più mosso*

Voice: to pine — How my heart —

Piano: [Musical accompaniment]

flut - ters! — Sa — yat - to ka - ke na

ho - i ma ka - - to — na!

The musical score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system has lyrics 'flut - ters! — Sa — yat - to ka - ke na' and the second system has 'ho - i ma ka - - to — na!'. The music is in a key with two flats and a 4/4 time signature.

來るか來るか  
濱へ出てみれば  
船うた

濱の松風氣はもみぢ  
ノホイマ  
サーヤトコセ  
トホイマ  
マ

Waiting

Awaiting, awaiting you,  
I watch by the sea.  
Will you come?  
*Yo ho-i ma!*  
Sea winds pass from pine to pine.  
How my heart flutters!  
*Sa yatto kake na,*  
*Ho-i ma kato na!*

Translation by  
SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

## COUNTING SONG

(New Year's Song)

Translation by  
Shigeyoshi Obata

*Andante con moto*

One for song and O! Wel - come, O

joy - ful New Year, beau - ti - ful and bright,

beau - ti - ful and bright; Gar-lands of rice straw and fern, and

green young sprays of pine, — green young sprays of pine!

数へ歌

一つとや

一夜あくれば賑やかで、賑やかで  
おかざり立てたる松かざり、松かざり

二つとや

二葉の松は色やうて、色やうて  
さんかい松は春日山、春日山

三つとや

みなさんこの日は樂遊び、樂遊び  
春先小窓で羽根をつく、羽根をつく

Counting Song

(NEW YEAR'S SONG)

One for song and O!  
Welcome, O joyful New Year, *beautiful and bright*;  
Garlands of rice straw and fern, and *green young sprays of pine!*

Two for song and O!  
Fair is the happy pine bough, *green from year to year*;  
Blest be the Three-storied Pine on *Kasuga's hillside!*

Three for song and O!  
Comrades, today we gambol *merrily and play*,  
Frisk in warm sunshine and gamely *swing the battledore!*

Translation by  
SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

\*The words in italics are repeated.

English version by  
Grace Hazard Conkling

Children's song

Allegretto

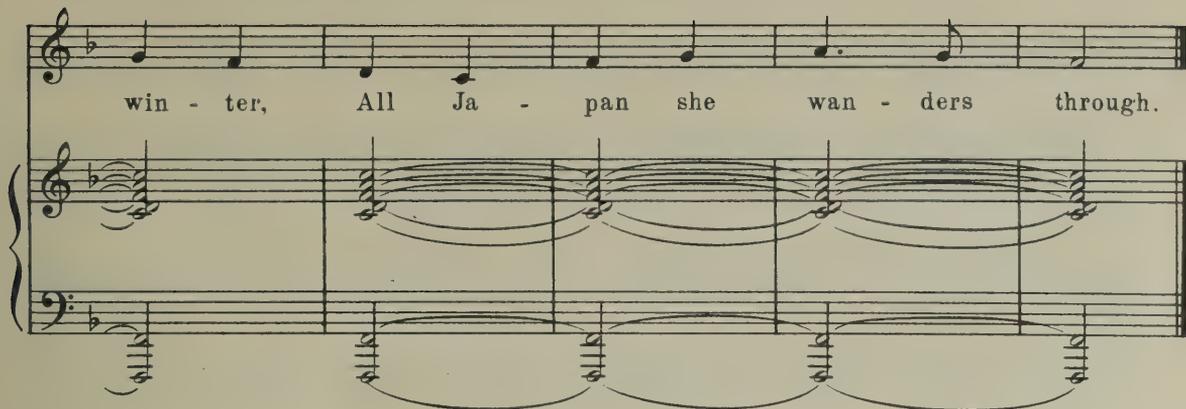
Great is the moon that looks at me!

She's nev-er old-er that I can see; She grows

round, It is quite true, Some-times she is

ver-y new. Spring and sum-mer, fall and

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic structure with chords and moving bass lines. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line in each system.



お月様

お月様えらいな  
 何時も年をとらないで  
 まんまるになつたり  
 三日月になつたり  
 春夏秋冬  
 日本中をてらす  
 お月様えらいな  
 お日様の兄弟で  
 鏡のやうになつたり  
 櫛のやうになつたり  
 春夏秋冬  
 世界中を照らす

The Moon

Great is the moon that looks at me!  
 She's never older that I can see;  
 She grows round, it is quite true;  
 Sometimes she is very new.  
 Spring and summer, fall and winter,  
 All Japan she wanders through.

Great is the moon that looks at me!  
 The sun's sister she surely must be  
 Mirror-round, and sometimes too,  
 Like a comb of silver curled,  
 Spring and summer, fall and winter,  
 She goes shining through the world.

English version by  
 GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

English version by  
Grace Hazard Conkling

Children's song

Allegro

The musical score is written in 2/4 time and consists of four systems. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The lyrics are as follows:

(Rabbit) Tur - tle, tur - tle, on your way, Why are you so slow?  
 No one else in all the world Takes so long to go!  
 To the foot of yon - der hill Run a race with me;  
 Then who's the bet - ter man May - be we shall see!

兔と亀

もしもし亀よ亀さんよ

世界の中にお前ほど

歩みののろい者はない

どうしてそんなにのろいのか

何とおっしゃる兔さん

そんならお前と駆けくらべ

向ふの小山の麓まで

どちらが先にかけてつか

いんなに亀が急いでわ

どうせ晩までかゝるだらう

こゝらでちよいとひと眠り

グーくくくくくくくくくく

これは寝すぎたしくちつた

ピョンくくくくくくくくくく

あんまりをそい兔さん

さつきの自慢はどうしたの

The Rabbit and the Turtle

(Rabbit): Turtle, turtle, on your way,  
Why are you so slow?  
No one else in all the world  
Takes so long to go!  
To the foot of yonder hill  
Run a race with me;  
Then who's the better man  
Maybe we shall see!

Let him hurry as he will,  
He will need all day!  
I'll just take a little snooze.  
Gu, gu, gu. (Snoring.)  
Dear me, I have slept too long!  
Pyon, pyon, pyon! (Running.)

(Turtle): Well, who walks slowly now?  
Are you still so proud?

English version by  
GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

(The Peach Boy)

English version by  
Grace Hazard Conkling

Children's song

Allegro

Mo-mo-ta-ro, gen-tle-heart-ed, found with-in a peach,  
Far-ing forth to con-quer dev-ils and their is-land reach,  
Strong of arm,— brave of pur-pose, con-fi-dent you were;  
No one re-mem-bers quite— such a trav-el-er.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines. The vocal line is a simple melody with lyrics written below the notes. The tempo is marked 'Allegro'.

桃太郎

桃から生れた桃太郎

気はやさしくて力持ち

鬼が島をば打たんとて

いそいで家を出かけたり

日本の吉備團子

情につきくる犬と猿

雉も貰うてお供する

急げやものとも遅るなや

激しい戦に大勝利

鬼が島をば攻めふせて

取つた寶はなになにぞ

金銀珊瑚綾錦

車に積んだ寶物

犬が引き出すエンヤラヤ

雉が綱引くエンヤラヤ

猿があと押すエンヤラヤ

Momotaro

(THE PEACH BOY)

Momotaro, gentle-hearted, found within a peach,  
Faring forth to conquer devils and their island reach,  
Strong of arm, brave of purpose, confident you were;  
No one remembers quite such a traveler.

Never such another dumpling in Japan was known  
As you shared with dog and monkey, giving them your own:  
When the pheasant came to join you he received his share;  
"Haste now, companions bold, time that we were there!"

They have conquered devils' island; fortunes they have made;  
What was their reward of victory? Silk and fine brocade,  
Coral red, gold and silver, all these have they won;  
Never was such a triumph known beneath the sun!

They have heaped upon a wagon wealth to take away.  
How the brave dog tugs to move it. . . . *Engya-raya!\**  
Pheasant, too, pulls to help him. . . . *Engya-raya!*  
Behind, the monkey shoves. . . . *Engya-raya!*

English version by  
GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

\**Engya-raya*, an exclamation used while working.

English version by  
Edwin Markham

Moderato

Cher - ry blooms, cher - ry blooms, Cher - ry blooms are

ev - ry - where, Like a cloud from out the sky! Mist of blos - soms

fills the air, Cher - ries, cher - ries blos - som - ing! Come and see,

come and see; Let all\_ see and sing.

櫻

さくら さくら

彌生のさくらは

見渡す限り

かすみか霞か

にほひを出づる

いさやいさや

見に行かむ

咲いたさくら

花見てもどろ

吉野はさくら

龍田はもみぢ

唐崎の松

常盤々々

いざ行かむ

### Cherry Blooms

Cherry blooms, cherry blooms,  
Cherry blooms are everywhere,  
Like a cloud from out the sky!  
Mist of blossoms fills the air,  
Cherries, cherries, blossoming!  
Come and see, come and see;  
Let all see and sing.

Cherry blooms, cherry blooms,  
All the world their beauty sees!  
Yoshino is cherry land;  
Tatsuta for maple trees;  
Karasaki for the pine.  
Let us go, let us go  
Where pines greenly shine.

*English version by*  
EDWIN MARKHAM

## FROM NIPPON BRIDGE

JAPAN

Translation by  
Shigeyoshi Obata

Melody and text  
Recorded by  
Yoshio Fujii

*Allegretto*

From Nip - pon Bridge in Ye - do Starts our Dai - myo

train; See our ban - ners new Wave in the

morn - ing twi - light, Hey now, ho now, hey! Here is

Shi - na - ga - wa, Day is here now; out with

lan - tern lights! Hey now, hey! Ho now, hey!

日本橋

お江戸日本橋

セツ立

初のぼり行列そろへて

コレワヒサノサ

こちや品川夜明の提灯消す

コチヤエコチヤエ

From the Nippon Bridge

From Nippon Bridge in Yedo  
Starts our Daimyo\* train;  
See our banners new  
Wave in the morning twilight.  
Hey now, ho now, hey!  
Here is Shinagawa.  
Day is here now; out with lantern lights!  
Hey now, hey! Ho now, hey!

Translation by  
SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

\*Daimyo—feudal, princely. Pron. *dime-yo*.

SONGS FROM AFRICA

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# DAY DAWNS WITH FREIGHT TO HAUL

Recorded by  
Natalie Curtis

Rhythmic and spirited with broad swinging movement

Day dawns with freight to haul; e - ya, e - ya,  
Kwae - ja no ma - ka - shot, e - ya, e - ya,

Hand-claps and dance-steps (Group I)

(Group II)

Day dawns with freight to haul; Look for the la - bel!  
Kwae - ja no ma - ka - shot, ji - ka ma - la - ka!

Day dawns with freight to haul; e - ya, e - ya,  
Kwae - ja no ma - ka - shot, e - ya, e - ya,

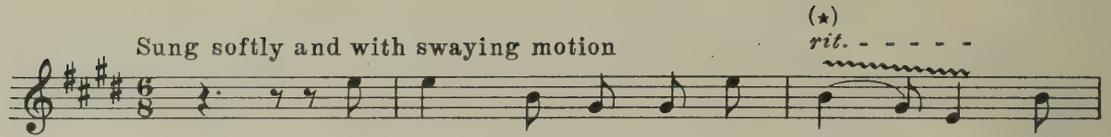
Day dawns with freight to haul; Look for the la - bel!  
Kwae - ja no ma - ka - shot, ji - ka ma - la - ka!

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## LULLABY

ZULULAND

Recorded by  
Natalie Curtis

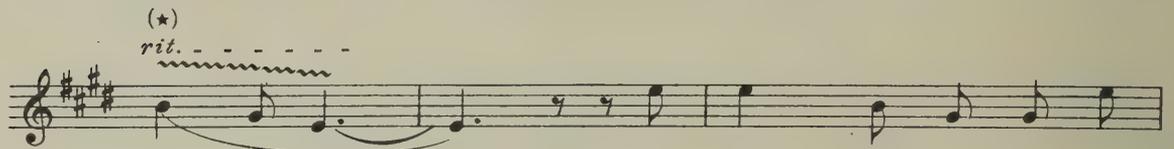
O hush thee, ba - by, O hush — thee! Thy  
O tu - la, mntwa-na, O tu - la! Un -



moth - er is not with thee, She tar - ried in the  
yo - kp a - ka mu - kp U - se - le 'zin - ta -



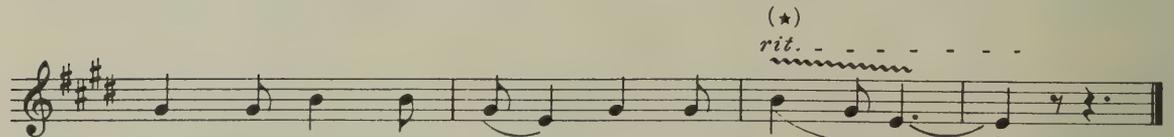
hills: \_\_\_\_\_ The zig - zag trail hath held her, I -  
ben: \_\_\_\_\_ U - hlu - shwa i - zi - gwe - gwe, I -



*wal* \_\_\_\_\_ O hush thee, ba - by O  
*wal* \_\_\_\_\_ O tu - la, mntwa-na, O



hush - thee! Thy moth - er soon is com - ing; She'll  
tu - la, Un - yo - ko o ze - zo - bu - ya, A



bring thee pret - ty ber - ries, I - *wal* \_\_\_\_\_  
k'pa - te - le in - to en - hle, I - *wal* \_\_\_\_\_

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(\*) Intervals blurred in a long cooing, downward slur.

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